

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00906978 2



J. James

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SKELTON AND DONNE

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

[ed. A. Dyce]

FOUR VOLUMES IN TWO
VOL. II.



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge



6411
18/10/90
L

PR

2345

A5D8

V.3-4

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

COMPRISING VOL. III., SKELTON, AND DONNE.

VOL. III.

	Page
Notes to Volume I., Skelton.....	1
Notes to Volume II., Skelton.....	204

DONNE.

	Page
LIFE OF DONNE	xi

EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

The Storm. To Mr. Christopher Brook, from the Island Voyage with the Earl of Essex	1
The Calm	4
To Sir Henry Wotton	6
To Sir Henry Goodyere	9
To Mr. Rowland Woodward	11
To Sir Henry Wotton	13
To the Countess of Bedford	15, 17, 22, 26, 47, 56
To Sir Edward Herbert, since Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the Siege of Juliers	20
To the Countess of Huntingdon	29, 49
To Mr. I. W.	32
To Mr. T. W.	33, 34
Incerto	35

	Page
To Mr. C. B.	36
To Mr. S. B.	36
To Mr. B. B.	37
To Mr. R. W.	38
To Mr. I. L.	40
To Mr. I. P.	40
To the Earl of Doncaster, with Six Holy Sonnets.	41
To Sir Henry Wotton, at his going Ambassador to Venice	42
To Mrs. M. H.	44
A Dialogue between Sir Henry Wotton, and Mr. Donne	54
A letter to the Lady Cary, and Mrs. Essex Rich, from Amiens	57
To the Countess of Salisbury	60
To the Lady Bedford	63
Sappho to Philænis	65
To Ben Jonson	67, 69
To Sir Thomas Rowe, 1603	70

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

✓ Anatomy of the World	75, 78
A Funeral Elegy	94
Of the Progress of the Soul	99, 101
An Elegy on the untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry	119
To the Countess of Bedford	123
Obsequies to the Lord Harrington's Brother	124
An Elegy on the Lady Markham	133
Elegy on Mistress Boulstred	136, 140
On Himself	139
Elegy on the Lord C.	142
To Sir Robert Carr	148
Elegy	144
An Epitaph on Shakspeare	146
A Hymn to the Saints, and to Marquess Hamilton	147

DIVINE POEMS.

Holy Sonnets	151
On the Blessed Virgin Mary	164
The Cross	165
Psalm 137	168

CONTENTS.

v

	Page
Resurrection, imperfect	171
The Annunciation and Passion	172
Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward	174
The Litany	176
— Upon the Translation of the Psalms by Sir Philip Sydney, and the Countess of Pembroke his Sister	187
— Ode	189
To Mr. Tilman, after he had taken Orders	190
A Hymn to Christ, at the Author's last going into Ger- many	198
— On the Sacrament	194
The Lamentations of Jeremy, for the most part according to Tremellius	195
Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness	213
A Hymn to God the Father	215
To Mr. George Herbert, with his Seal of the Anchor and Christ	216
A Sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, the Crest of our Poor Family	217

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

Epistle	221
The Progress of the Soul	223

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Flea	249
The Good-Morrow	250
Song	251
Woman's Constancy	253
The Undertaking	254
The Sun-Rising	255
The Indifferent	257
Love's Usury	258
Canonization	259
The Triple Fool	261
Lover's Infiniteness	262
Song	264
The Legacy	265
A Fever	267

	Page
Air and Angels.....	268
Break of Day.....	269
The Anniversary.....	271
A Valediction of my Name in the Window.....	272
Twickenham Garden.....	275
Valediction to his Book.....	276
Community.....	279
Love's Growth.....	280
Love's Exchange.....	281
Confined Love.....	283
The Dream.....	284
A Valediction of Weeping.....	285
Love's Alchemy.....	288
The Curse.....	287
The Message.....	289
A Nocturnal upon S. Lucy's Day, being the shortest Day.....	290
Witchcraft by a Picture.....	292
The Bait.....	292
The Apparition.....	294
The Broken Heart.....	295
A Valediction forbidding Mourning.....	296
The Ecstasy.....	298
Love's Deity.....	300
Love's Diet.....	302
The Will.....	303
The Funeral.....	305
The Blossom.....	307
The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the Hill, on which it is situate.....	308
The Relic.....	310
The Damp.....	311
The Dissolution.....	312
A Jet Ring sent.....	313
Negative Love.....	314
The Prohibition.....	315
The Expiration.....	316
The Computation.....	317

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
The Paradox	317
Song.....	318
Farewell to Love.....	319
Song.....	321
A Lecture upon the Shadow	323
The Token	324
"He that cannot choose but love".....	325

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander	326
Pyramus and Thisbe	326
Niobe	326
A Burnt Ship	326
Fall of a Wall.....	327
A Lame Beggar	327
A Self-accuser	327
A Licentious Person	327
Antiquary	327
Disinherited	327
Phryne	328
An Obscure Writer	328
Raderus	328
Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus	328
Translated out of Gazæus, <i>vota amico facta</i>	328

ELEGIES.

Elegy I. Jealousy.....	329
Elegy II. The Anagram.....	331
Elegy III. Change	333
Elegy IV. The Perfume	335
Elegy V. His Picture	338
Elegy VI.	339
Elegy VII.	341
Elegy VIII. The Comparison	342
Elegy IX. The Autumnal	344
Elegy X. The Dream.....	347
Elegy XI. Upon the Loss of his Mistress's Chain, for which he made Satisfaction	348

	Page
Elegy XII.	352
Elegy XIII. His Parting from her	355
Elegy XIV. Julia	359
Elegy XV. A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife	360
Elegy XVI. The Expostulation	363
Elegy XVII.....	365
To his Mistress going to Bed	369
Elegy on his Mistress	371
Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities	373
Elegy	376

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion on Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's Day	389
Eclogue	385
Epithalamion made at Lincoln's Inn	395

SATIRES.

Satire I	400
Satire II.	404
Satire III.....	408
Satire IV.	413
Satire V.	422
Satire VI.....	425

LATIN POEMS.

In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris, G. Herbert	428
To Mr. George Herbert, sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Christ	429
Amicissimo et Meritissimo Benj. Jonson	430
De Libro, Cum Mutuaretur, Impresso, Domi a Pueris Frustratim Lacerato, et post Reddito Manuscripto.....	431

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

OF THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE, KYNGE EDWARDE THE FORTH.

Page 3. Edward the Fourth died April 9th, 1483, in the 41st year of his age and the 23d of his reign: see Sir H. Nicolas's *Chron. of Hist.* pp. 325, 349, sec. ed. These lines were probably composed soon after the king's death—*per Skeltonidem laureatum* having been subsequently added to the title.

Page 4. v. 8. *lykynge*] i. e. joy, pleasure.

* v. 22. *a cheryfayre*] Cherry-fairs are still held in some parts of England on Sunday evenings, in the cherry orchards. They are the resort of the gay and thoughtless, and as such afforded frequent metaphors to our early writers for the vanity of worldly things.

See Brand's *Antiquities*, by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 457.—Halliwell's *Dict.* in v.

“For all is but a *cherie feire*,
This worldes good, so as thei tell.”

Gower's *Conf. Am.*, Prol., fol. 3. ed. 1554.

“ And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a *cherie feste*.”

Id. Ib. B. vi. fol. cxxxiii. ed. 1554

“ This worlde ys but a *chyrye feyre*, whan 3e be
heyest 3e mowe aslake.”

Lydgate's verses entitled *Make Amendes*,—
MS. Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 67.

“ Reuoluyng als this liif a *chere fayre*,
To loke how sone she deyde the fayrist wight.”

Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—*MS. Harl.*
682. fol. 42.

“ Thys werld hyt turnys euyne as a whele,
All day be day hyt wyl enpayre,
And so, sone, thys worldys wele,
Hyt faryth but as a *chery fare*.”

How the wise man taught his son,—*Pieces of*
An. Pop. Poetry, p. 90. ed. Ritson.

Page 4. v. 28. *to contribute Fraunce*] i. e. to take
tribute of France. In 1475, Edward withdrew from
France with his army on condition that Louis should
pay him immediately 75 thousand crowns, settle on
him an annuity for life of 50 thousand more, &c. See
Lingard's *Hist. of Engl.* v. 303. ed. 8vo.

Page 5. v. 35. *as who sayth*] A not unfrequent ex-
pression in our early poetry, equivalent to—as one
may say, as the saying is.

v. 37. *I se wyll, they leve that doble my 3eris*] i. e. I
see well, that they live that double my years.

v. 38. *This dealid this world*] i. e. Thus dealt this
world. Skelton elsewhere, like many of our old poets,
uses *this* for *thus*; as in his *Ware the Hauke*;

“ Where Christis precious blode

Dayly offred is,
To be poluted *this*." v. 179. vol. i. 179.

Page 5. v. 40. *Had I wylt*] i. e. Had I known,—the exclamation of one who repents of a thing done unadvisedly. It is very common in our early poetry. In *The Paradyse of daynty deuises*, 1576, the second copy of verses is entitled *Beware of had I wylt*.

v. 52. *occupy*] i. e. possess,—or, rather, use: "Surgyons *occupy* oyntmentes, &c., *Vulnarii medici vtuntur*," &c. *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. I. vi. ed. 1530.

v. 53. *I made the Tower stronge*] "Edward iv. . . . fortified the Tower, and *made it strong*." Stow's *Survey*, B. i. 79. ed. 1720.

v. 54. *I purchased Tetersall*] I have not found elsewhere any mention of Edward the Fourth having possessed Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire. "It does not appear into whose hands the Tattershall estate fell after the death of the Lord Treasurer Cromwell [in 1455], until the year 1487, when Henry VII. granted the manor to his mother Margaret Countess of Richmond," &c. *Hist. of the County of Lincoln*, ii. 73.

v. 55. *I amendid Douer*] "K. Edw. iv., by the advice of Lord Cobham, expended 10,000*l.* in repairing and fortifying the several works, and beautifying the apartments in it [Dover Castle]." Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, iv. 63.

Page 6. v. 56. *And London I prouoked to fortify the wall*]—*prouoked*, i. e. incited, caused.—"In the Seventeenth of Edward iv., Ralph Josceline, Maior, caused part of the Wall about the City to be repaired, to wit, between Aldgate and Aldersgate," &c. Stow's *Survey*, B. I. 10. ed. 1720.

v. 57. *I made Notingam a place full royall*] Leland,

describing Nottingham Castle, says; "But the moste bewtifullest Part and gallant Building for lodgyng is on the Northe side, wher Edward the 4. began a right sumptuous pece of Stone Work, of the which he clerely finichid one excellent goodly Toure of 3. Hightes yn Building, and brought up the other Part likewise from the Foundation with Stone and mervelus fair cumpacid Windoes to layyng of the first soyle for Chambers and ther lefte." *Itin.* i. 107. ed. 1770.

Page 6. v. 58. *Wyndsore*] "The present magnificent fabrick [St. George's Chapel at Windsor], which exhibits one of the most beautiful specimens in this or any other kingdom, of that richly ornamented species of architecture, which prevailed towards the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the 16th century, was begun by King Edward IV., who having found it necessary to take down the old chapel on account of its decayed state, resolved to build another on the same site, upon a larger scale, and committed the superintendence of the building to Richard Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury. The work was not completed till the reign of King Henry VIII.," &c. *Lysons's Berkshire*, p. 424: see too p. 468 of the same volume.—An account of the manors, &c., granted by Edward to Windsor College, will be found in *Pote's Hist. of Wind. Castle*, p. 107.

— *Eltam*] "K. Edw. iv. repaired this house [Eltham Palace] with much cost, and inclosed Horne-Park," &c. *Hasted's Hist. of Kent*, i. 51.

v. 64. *solas*] i. e. sport, amusement.

v. 66. *Lady Bes*] Edward married, May 1st, 1464, the Lady Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, and daughter of Wydevile Lord Rivers by Jacquetta (or Jacqueline) Duchess of Bedford.

Page 6. v. 70. *But Windsore alone, now I have no mo*—*mo*, i. e. more.—“He [Edward IV.] lies buried at Windsor, in the new Chappel (whose Foundation himself had laid, being all the Works of Piety by him left) under a Monument of Steel, polish'd and gilt, [iron gilt—see Lysons's *Berkshire*, p. 210.], representing a Pair of Gates, betwixt Two Towers, all of curious transparent Workmanship after the Gothick Manner, which is placed in the North-Arch, faced through with Touch-Stone, near to the High-Altar.” Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 413. ed. 1707.

v. 73. *Why should a man be proude or presume hye?*

*Sainct Bernard therof nobly doth trete,
Seyth a man is but a sacke of stercorry,
And shall returne vnto wormis mete.
Why, what cam of Alexander the greate?
Or els of stronge Sampson, who can tell?
Were not wormes ordeyned theyr flesh to frete?
And of Salomon, that was of wyt the well?
Absolon profferyd his heare for to sell,
Yet for al his bewte wormys ete him also]*

stercorry, i. e. dung: *frete*, i. e. eat, devour: *heare*, i. e. hair.

In cap. iii. of *Meditationes piissimæ de cognitione humanæ conditionis*, a piece attributed to Saint Bernard, we find, “*Nihil aliud est homo, quam sperina fetidum, saccus stercorum, cibus vermium Cur ergo superbis homo Quid superbis pulvis et cinis,*” &c. Bernardi *Opp.* ii. 335-36. ed. 1719. In a *Rythmus de contemptu mundi*, attributed to the same saint, are these lines;

“*Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?*”

Vel pulcher Absalon, vultu mirabilis?

O esca vermium! O massa pulveris!

O roris vanitas, cur sic extolleris?"

Opp. ii. 913-14. ed. 1719

(This *Rythmus* is printed by Mr. Wright among *The Latin Poems attributed to Walter Mapes*, p. 147.) So also Lydgate in a poem on the mutability of human affairs;

“ And *wher is Salomon* moost soueryn of konnynge,
Richest of bilydng, of tresour incomparable?
Face of *Absolon* moost fair, moost amyable?

And *wher is Alisaundir* that conqueryd al?”

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 4, 5.

Page 7. v. 85. *I have played my pageyond]* i. e. I have played my pageant,—my part on the stage of life. Compare

“ Theyr *pageandes* are past,
And ours wasteth fast,
Nothyng dothe aye last
But the grace of God.”

Feylde's *Contrav. bytwene a louer
and a Iaye*, sig. B iii. n. d. 4to.

The word *pageant* was originally applied to the temporary erections (sometimes placed upon wheels) on which miracle-plays were exhibited, afterwards to the exhibition itself. See Sharp's *Diss. on Coventry Pag. and Myst.* p. 2; Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet* ii. 151.

v. 86. *yeld]* i. e. *eld*, age.

v. 87. *This]* i. e. Thus: see note on v. 38.

SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM, &C

* Page 8. v. 3. *leonis*] Alluding to his crest and supporters. See v. 109 of the poem following.

VPON THE DOULOOUR[U]S DETHE AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

This elegy must have been written soon after the earl's murder: see v. 162.—“The subject of this poem . . . is the death of Henry Percy, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry vii. In 1489, the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c. If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best [?]), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificencœ kept up by our ancient nobility

during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS: see v. 32, 183, &c., which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants." PERCY.

Page 8. v. 4. *Of the bloud royall descending nobelly*] "The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of K. Henry iii. The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of K. Edward iii. The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperour Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline de Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. ii. Vid. Camdeni Britan., Edmondson, &c." PERCY.

Page 9. v. 6. *again*] i. e. against.

v. 14. *Elyconys*] i. e. Helicon's.

v. 16. *astate*] i. e. estate, high rank.

v. 20. *nobles*] i. e. nobless, nobleness.

v. 21. *dites*] i. e. ditties.

* v. 24. *hastarddis*] "i. e. perhaps, hasty, rash fellows." PERCY.—Jamieson gives "*Hastard*. Irascible. But compare *haskardis*, rough, rude fellows, p. 319, v. 607.

— *tene*] i. e. wrath.

v. 26. *Confetered*] i. e. Confederated.

v. 27. *slee*] i. e. slay.

v. 30. *ken*] i. e. know.

- Page 10. v. 34. *karlis of kind*] i. e. churls by nature.
 v. 35. *slo*] i. e. slay.
 v. 40. *bode*] i. e. abode.
 v. 43. *redouted*] i. e. dreaded.
 v. 45. *great estates*] i. e. persons of great estate or rank.
 — *lowted*] i. e. bowed, made obeisance.
 v. 46. *mayny*] i. e. train, company, set.
 v. 48. *paues*] i. e. shield (properly a large shield covering the body).
 v. 49. *mot*] i. e. may.
 Page 11. v. 51. *fyll*] i. e. fell.
 v. 53. *agayne*] i. e. against.
 v. 59. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, respectability.
 Page 12. v. 71 *fals packing*] i. e. false dealing (*packing* is—iniquitous combination, collusion, for evil purposes, for deceiving, &c.).
 v. 73. *occupied*] i. e. used: see note p. 3. v. 52.
 — *shilde*] i. e. shield.
 v. 78. *renyed*] i. e. refused.
 v. 81. *buskt them*] “i. e. prepared themselves, made themselves ready.” PERCY. Rather,—hied.
 v. 81. *bushment*] i. e. ambushment.
 — *baile*] i. e. sorrow, trouble.
 v. 82. *wring*] “i. e. contend with violence.” PERCY.
 v. 84. *forsed*] i. e. regarded.
 v. 87. *Presed*] i. e. Pressed.
 v. 88. *faught them agayne*] i. e. fought against them.
 Page 13. v. 96. *whose*] i. e. whoso.
 v. 98. *sort*] i. e. set, band.
 v. 100. *wode*] i. e. frantic, wild.
 v. 102. *gode*] i. e. good.
 v. 106. *spyllt*] i. e. destroyed.

Page 13. v. 109. *The myghty lyon*] "Alluding to his crest and supporters." PERCY.

— *doutted*] i. e. dreaded.

Page 14. v. 115. *shoke*] i. e. shook.

v. 118. *mysuryd*] "i. e. misused, applied to a bad purpose." PERCY.

v. 125. *enharpit of mortall drede*] "i. e. hooked, or edged with mortal dread." PERCY.

v. 126. *kit*] i. e. cut.

v. 128. *aureat*] i. e. golden, excellent.

— *ellumynynge*] i. e. embellishing.

v. 131. *fuyson*] i. e. abundance.

v. 134. *Paregall*] i. e. Equal (thoroughly equal).

v. 135. *Surmountinge*] i. e. Surpassing.

v. 136. *reporte me*] i. e. refer.

Page 15. v. 142. *enkankered*] i. e. corroded.

v. 143. *worshiplly*] i. e. honourably.

v. 145. *supprised*] i. e. overpowered, smitten.

— *lust*] i. e. liking, desire.

v. 151. *Tretory*] i. e. Treachery, treachery.

v. 155. *hole quere*] i. e. whole quire.

v. 160. *holy*] i. e. wholly.

Page 16. v. 162. *yonge lyon*] See note on v. 109. The fifth Earl of Northumberland was only eleven years old at his father's death.

v. 172. *faytors*] "i. e. deceivers, dissemblers." PERCY.—" *Faytoure. Fictor, Simulator.*" *Prompt. Parv* ed. WAY.

v. 176. *chere*] i. e. countenance, or (as it may mean here) spirit.

v. 179. *Algifé*] i. e. Although.

— *thorow saught*] i. e. sought through.

v. 181. *complayne*] i. e. lament for.

Page 17. v. 186. *worshyply*] i. e. honourably.

v. 195 *finaunce*] i. e. fine, forfeiture.

v. 198. *eterminable*] i. e. interminable.

Page 18. v. 212. *hole sorte*] i. e. whole company.

v. 213. *mot*] i. e. may.

— *ad magistrum Rukshaw*] The person here addressed was perhaps “William Rowkshaw, priest,” by whom a letter, dated from the Gilbertine priory of Watton in the east riding of Yorkshire, is printed among the *Plumpton Correspondence*, p. 82. *Camd. Soc. ed.*

AGAYNSTE A COMELY COYSTROWNE, THAT CURY-
OWSLY CHAWNTYD, AND CURRYSHLY COWNTRED,
&c.

* Page 19. *Coystrowne* (which Skelton uses again in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c., v. 171. vol. ii. 327., and has Latinized in his *Speke, Parot*, v. 125. vol. ii. 251.) is written by Chaucer *quistron*;

“This God of Loue of his fashion
Was like no knaue ne *quistron*,
[*Ne resembloit pas un garçon*].”

Rom. of the Rose, fol. 113,—*Workes*,
ed. 1602.

Coystrowne (*questron*, *quoitron*, *coestron*) is—bastard, (from *quæstuarium*, *quæ quæstu corporis vivit*). “*Chetif, coquin, truant, Questron, bastart*.” *Ducange*, ed. *Henschel*, in v. *QUÆSTUARIUS*.

In *Prompt. Parv.* we find “*Cowtryn in songe. Occento*.” ed. 1499. To *counter* is properly—to sing an extemporaneous part upon the plain chant. *Skel-*

ton uses the word in other places, and perhaps not always in its strict sense.

Page 19. v. 4.

*In peuyshnes yet they snapper and fall,
Which men the viii dedly syn call]*

Snapper is commonly explained—stumble; but *Palsgrave* makes a distinction between the words: “I *Snapper*, as a horse dothe that tryppeth, *Je trippette*. My horse dyd nat *stumble*, he dyd but *snapper* a lytell, *Mon cheual ne choppyt poynt, il ne fit que trippetter vng petit.*” *Palsgrave*,* p. 723. Compare the following lines;

“Not say y this but wel parcas that y
In pevissh e synne myght happe me ī aseven,
Which is the viii synne to synnes vii.”

*Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—
MS. Harl. 682. fol. 145.*

v. 6. *prendergest*] A word (probably the origin of the surname *Prendergast*) which I am unable to explain.

v. 8. *bayardys bun*] i. e. horse-loaf, a sort of bread formerly much used for feeding horses: *bayard* is, properly, a bay horse.

v. 9. *sumdele*] i. e. somewhat.

v. 11. *maunchet*] Properly, a small loaf of fine white bread.

— *morell*] Properly, a dark-coloured, a black horse.

* *L'Éclaircissement de la Langue Française*, par Jean *Palsgrave*, e l. F. Génin. Paris, 1852.

Page 19. v. 13. *carp*] Which generally means—speak, talk,—is sometimes found applied to music, and here, perhaps, is equivalent to—make a noise.

v. 14. *Lo, Jak wold be a jentylman !*] So in Heywood's *Dialogue* ;

“ *Iacke would be a gentleman, if he could speake French.*”

Sig. D 2,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

See also Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 124. ed. 1768.

Page 20. v. 15.

*Wyth, Hey, trolly, loly, lo, whip here, Jak,
Alumbek sodyldym syllorym ben !*

*Curyowsly he can both counter and knak
Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men]*

Hey, trolly, loly, Ritson observes, is a chorus or burden “of vast antiquity ;” see *Anc. Songs*, ii. 8. ed. 1829 : *counter* ; see note on title of the poem : *knak*, i. e. triflingly, or affectedly shew off his skill in singing about, &c. In *A very mery and Pythie Commedie, called The longer thou liuëst, the more foole thou art*, &c. *Newly compiled by W. Wager*, 4to. n. d. (written in the early part of Elizabeth's reign), Moros sings, among other fragments of songs,

“ *Martin swart and his man, sodledum, sodledum,
Martin swart and his man, sodledum bell.*”

Sig. A 3.

and in a comparatively recent drama we find ;

“ *The Beare, the Boare, and Talbot with his tuskish
white,*

*Oh so sore that he would bite,
The Talbot with his Tuskish white,
Soudledum Soudledum ;*

The Talbot with his Tuskish white, *Soudledum bell*
 The Talbott with his Tuskish white,
 Oh so sore that he would bite,
Orebecke soudledum, sing orum bell."

The Varietie (by the Duke of Newcastle),
 1649. 12mo. p. 41.

Martin Swart, "a noble man in Germany, and in marciall feactes verye expert," (Hall's *Chron.* (*Henry VII.*) fol. ix. ed. 1548), headed the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel, and fell, fighting with great valour, at the battle of Stoke.

Page 20. v. 19. *pohen*] i. e. pea-hen.

v. 21. *An holy water clarke*] *Aquæbajulus*; an office generally mentioned with contempt.

v. 23. *solfyth to haute*] i. e. solfas too haughtily,—highly.

v. 25. *to sharp is hys my*] "The syllable Mi used in solmisation." Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, iii. 41.

v. 26. *pyrdewy*] Compare *Hycke Scorner*;

"Than into loues daunce we were brought,
 That we played *the pyrdewy*."

Sig. A v. ed. W. de Worde.

and *Colkelbie Sow*;

"Sum *Perdow*y, sum *Trolly lolly*."

v. 303. Laing's *Early Pop. Poet. of Scotland*.

v. 27. *besy*] i. e. busy.

v. 29. *a lewde lewte*] i. e. a vile lute.

— *Roty bully joyse*] "The initial words of some old song." Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, iii. 41.—In our author's *Magnyfycence*, Courtly Abusyon exclaims,

"*Rutty bully, ioly rutterkyn, heyda!*"

v. 757, vol. ii 36

Perhaps the same air is alluded to in *Colkelbie Sow*;

“*Sum Rusty bully with a bek.*”

v. 320.—Laing’s *Early Pop. Poet. of Scotland*.

Page 20. v. 33. *and he wylt*] i. e. if he knew.

v. 34. *sped*] i. e. versed.

— *tauellys*] “*Tauell*, an instrument for a sylke woman to worke with.” Palsgrave, p. 279.

v. 36. *a payre of clauycordys*] i. e. a clavichord (so, formerly, an organ was called *a pair of organs*); of which see an engraving in Hawkins’s *Hist. of Music*, ii. 443.

Page 21. v. 43. *jet*] Is explained in modern dictionaries—strut.—“*I Get*, I vse a proude countenance and pace in my goyng, *Je braggue*.” Palsgrave, p. 563.

v. 47. *dumpys*] i. e. dumps.

v. 48. *prycke songe*] i. e. music *pricked* or noted down; when opposed (see v. 54) to *plain song*, it meant counter-point, as distinguished from mere melody.

v. 49. *a larg and a long*] Characters in old music: one *large* contained two *longs*, one *long* two breves, &c.

v. 50. *iape*] i. e. jest, joke.

v. 51. *solayne*] i. e. sullen.

v. 53. *fayne*] Palsgrave gives, “*I feyne* in syngyng, *Je chante a basse voyx*. We maye nat syng out, we are to nere my lorde, but lette vs *fayne* this songe,” &c., p. 548. But here, I apprehend, *fayne* can only mean—sing in falsetto. Our author, in *The Bowge of Courte*, has

“His throte was clere, and lustely coude *fayne*.”

v. 233. vol. i. 47.

Page 21. v. 55. *Thys docter Deuyas commensyd in a cart*] So again Skelton in his *Colyn Cloute*,

“Auaunt, syr doctour *Deuyas!*”

v. 1159. vol. ii. 165.

Compare a much later writer: “What, a graue Doctor, a base Iohn Doleta the Almanack-maker, *Doctor Deuse-ace* and *Doctor Merryman?*” Nash’s *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596. sig. L 3.—*commensyd*, i. e. who took his degree.

v. 60. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 61. *wark*] i. e. work, business.

v. 62. *walk, and be nought!*] Equivalent to—away, and a mischief on you!

* Page 22. v. 68. *Take thys in worth*] To take in *worth*, or in *gree*, is to accept favorably, be satisfied with.

* v. 69. *Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay*] To G. Steinman Steinman, Esq., author of the *Hist. of Croydon*, I am indebted for the following observations: “The passage has been a puzzle to me. The distance is very great between Crowland and Croydon in Cambridgeshire; and in Croydon in Surrey there is no such place as Crowland, though I can point out to you ‘the Clays’ there. The manor of *Crouham* is in the Surrey Croydon, but far away from ‘the Clays.’” [Perhaps two distant places are purposely brought together for grotesque effect. This would be in the same humor as the confusion of times in the next line,

“Candelmas eyn, the Kalendas of May:”

which expression, it may be observed, occurs also in the Interlude of *Thersytes*, obviously written in imitation of Skelton.

“ Wrytinge at my house on *Candelmasse daye*,
Mydsomer moneth, the Calenders of Maye.]

Page 22. *Qd*] i. e. Quod, quoth.

VPPON A DEEDMANS HED, &C.

couenable, i. e. befitting: *sentence*, i. e. sense, meaning.

v. 13. *shyderyd*] i. e. split, splintered.

v. 18. *fell*] i. e. skin.

Page 24. v. 24. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 29. *Oure days be datyd*,
To be chekmatyd
With drawttys of deth]

Checkmate, the term at chess when the king is made prisoner, and the game consequently finished, is often used figuratively by our early writers. With the present lines compare the following passages:

“ *Wyth a draught he was chek mate.*”

Kyng Roberd of Cysylle,—*MS. Harl.*
 1701. fol. 93.

“ But she had taken suche cold for the defaute of helpe that depe *draughtes of deth* toke her, that nedes she must dye,” &c. *Morte d'Arthur*, B. viii. c. i. vol. i. 247. ed. Southey.

v. 36. *brynnnyng*] i. e. burning.

v. 40. *rew*] i. e. have pity.

v. 43. *shylde*] i. e. shield.

v. 45. *dyne*] i. e. dun, dark.

v. 46. *boteles bale*] i. e. remediless sorrow.

v. 48. *fendys blake*] i. e. fiends black.

Page 25. v. 54. *solace*] i. e. pleasure.

“WOMANHOD, WANTON, YE WANT,” &c.

Page. 25. v. 4. *recheles*] i. e. reckless.

v. 6. *draffe*] i. e. refuse: in our author's *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 171. vol. i. 115, it means hog-wash,—the coarse liquor, or brewers' grains, with which swine are fed.

v. 13. *pohen*] i. e. peahen.

Page 26. v. 18. *auayle*] i. e. advantage, profit.

v. 19. *shayle*] Is several times used by Skelton. “*Schayler*, that gothe awrie with his fete, *boytex*.” Palsgrave, p. 266. “I *Shayle*, as a man or horse dothe that gothe croked with his legges: *Je vas eschays*. p. 700.

* v. 20. *pyggysny*] i. e. pigsney, little pig, a term of endearment.

v. 21. *quyte*] i. e. requite.

v. 26. *doute*] i. e. fear.

v. 28. *all beshrewde*] i. e. altogether cursed.

v. 29. *that farly swete*] i. e. that strange sweet one.

v. 30. *wounnes*] i. e. dwells.

— *Temmys strete*] i. e. Thames' street.

DYUERS BALETTYS AND DYTIES, &c.

solacyous] i. e. pleasant, amusing.

Page 27. v. 2. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

v. 4. *hardely*] i. e. boldly, with confidence.

v. 7. *kepe*] i. e. heed, regard, care.

v. 8. *With ba, ba, ba, and bas, bas, bas,*

She cheryshed hym both cheke and chyn]

i. e. With kissings,—with, kiss me.

“Come ner my spouse, and let me *ba* thy cheke.”

Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Prol.* v. 6015. ed. Tyr.

“I wald him chuk, *cheik and chyn*, and *cheris* him so mekill.”

Dunbar's tale of *The Tua Maryit Wemen and the Wedo*,—*Poems*, i. 71. ed. Laing.

Page 27. v. 11. *He had forgoten all dedely syn*] Compare our author's *Phyllyp Sparowe*, v. 1081. vol. i. 98.

Page 28. v. 15. *rowth*] i. e. rough.

— *waters wan*] Many passages of our early poetry might be cited where this epithet is applied to water: see note on *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 887, where a wrong reading has misled H. Tooke and Richardson.

v. 18. *halsyd*] i. e. embraced (round the neck).

v. 19. *cought*] i. e. caught.

v. 20. *lese*] i. e. dear.

— *rowtyth*] i. e. snoreth.

v. 21. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

* v. 23. *lust and lykyng*] i. e. pleasure and delight.

This somewhat pleonastic expression (used again more than once by Skelton) is not uncommon in our old writers: “Allas! my swete sones, thenne she sayd, for your sakes I shalle lese my *lykyng and lust*.” *Morte d'Arthur*, B. xi. c. x. vol. ii. 174. ed. Southey. Nay, in the interlude of *The Worlde and the Chylde*, 1522, one of the characters bears the name of *Lust and Lykyng*.

* v. 24. *blowboll*] i. e. drunkard.

“To *blowe in a bowle*, and for to pill a platter,” &c.

Barclay's *First Egloge*, sig. A iiiii. ed. 1570.

“Farewell! Peter *blowbowle* I may wel call thee.”

Enterlude of Kyng Daryus, 1565. sig. B.

Page 28. v. 25. *luggard*] i. e. heavy fellow, sluggard.
v. 28. *powle hachet*] So again in our author's *Garlande of Laurell* ;

“ *Powle hatchettis*, that prate wyll at euery ale pole.”
v. 613. vol. ii. 197.

— *bleryd thyne I*] (I—eye) i. e. imposed on, put
a cheat on you.

v. 4. *pastaunce*] i. e. pastime.

v. 7. *corage*] i. e. heart.

Page 29. v. 8. *fauorable*] i. e. well-favoured, beautiful.

* v. 11. *Menolope*] In a “ballade” entitled *The IX. Ladies Woorthie*, printed among Chaucer's *Workes*, the writer, after celebrating the eighth, “*Quene Semiramys*,” concludes thus ;

“ Also the ladie *Menalip* thy sister deere,
Whose marcial power no man coud withstand,
Through the worlde was not found her pere,
The famous duke *Thes[e]us* she had in hand,
She chastised hym and [conquered] all his land,
The proude Greekes mightely she did assaile,
Overcame and vanquished them in battaile.”

fol. 324. ed. 1602.

[*Menalippe* was a sister of *Antiope*, queen of the *Amazons*, and was so far from subduing *Theseus* that she taken prisoner by *Hercules*. *Penelope* is a more probable reading.]

v. 16. *curtoyl*] i. e. curtal.

— *set nought by*] i. e. set no value, or regard, on.

* v. 17. *Gup, morell, gup,*
With jayst ye—]

morell ; see note, p. 12. v. 11.—*Gup* [go up?] and

jayst [stand still ?] are exclamations applied to horses; compare our author's *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 390. vol. i. 123., and his third *Poem against Garnesche*, v. 13. vol. i. 139. So too in *Camelles Rejoindre* to Church-*yarde* (fol. broadside);

“Then *gip* fellowe asse, then *jost* fellowe lurden.”

Page 29. v. 19. *corage*] i. e. heart, affection, inclination.

— *haggys*] I know not in what sense Skelton uses this word: [Qy. youth, hero, gallant ?] so again in his *Colyn Cloute*;

“I purpose to shake oute
All my connyng bagge,
Lyke a clerkely *hagge*.”

v. 50. vol. ii. 127.

and in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c.;

“For thou can not but brag,
Lyke a Scottyshe *hag*.”

v. 294. vol. ii. 331.

v. 20. *Haue in sergeaunt ferroure*] i. e. Bring in sergeant farrier. The title *sergeant* belongs properly to certain of the king's servants: so in an unpublished *Liber Excerpt. Temp. Hen. vii. et Hen. viii.* in the Chapter-house, Westminster;

(xix. of “Item payd to the <i>sergeant</i> plum- Hen. vii.)	mer and bartram upon their indentures for grenewiche	} <i>xxli.</i> ”
--	--	------------------

* v. 23. *kalkyns*] i. e. calkins, the parts of a horse-hoe which are turned up to prevent slipping.

* *keylyth*] i. e. cales, gambols, moves irregularly.

* v. 24. *hewyth*] . e. knocks the ankles togetner.

Page 29. v. 24. *neuer a dele*] i. e. not a bit.

Page 30. v. 30. *dyntes*] i. e. blows.

v. 31. *He bresyth theyr braynpannys*] i. e. He bruise, breaketh their skulls, heads.

v. 32. *all to-brokyn*] A writer in the new ed. of Boucher's *Gloss.* (in v. *All*) justly observes that it is a mistake to suppose that in such expressions *all* is coupled with *to*, and that it becomes equivalent to *omnino* from being thus conjoined. The augmentative *to* is connected with the following word as a prefix, and often occurs without being preceded by *all*: so in our author's *Bowge of Courte*,

“A rusty gallande, *to-ragged* and *to-rente*.”—

v. 345. vol. i. 52.

— *clappys*] i. e. strokes.

v. 33. *to lepe the hach*] i. e. to run away:—(*hatch*—the fastened half or part of the door, the half-door).

“I pretende [i. e. intend] therefore *to leape ouer the hache*.”

The Triall of Treasure, 1567. sig. E ii.

* v. 34. *conusaunce*] i. e. acquaintance, experience: *py* is magpie.

v. 36. *It can be no counsell that is cryed at the cros*] i. e. It can be no secret that is proclaimed at the market-place.

* Page 31. v. 3. *Corage wyth lust*] Affection with desire.

v. 7. *surmountyng*] i. e. surpassing.

v. 8. *Allectuary*] i. e. Electuary.

* — *arrectyd*] i. e. appointed.

— *redres*] i. e. relieve, remedy.

* v. 9. *axys*] i. e. (access) fits, paroxysms.

Page 31. v. 10. *Of thoughtfull hertys plungyd in dystres*] Skelton borrowed this line from Lydgate, whose *Lyf of our Lady* begins

“O thoughtful herte plungyd in distresse.”

Thoughtfull is anxious, heavy, sad.

* v. 13. *Herber*] i. e. arbour.

v. 16. *ruddys*] i. e. ruddy tints of the cheek, complexion.

v. 17. *Saphyre of sadnes*]—*sadnes*, i. e. steadiness, constancy :

“For hit is write and seide how *the safore*
Doth token trowthe.”

Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—
MS. Harl. 682. fol. 44.

— *enuayned with indy blew*] *enuayned*, i. e. enveined. “*Inde*. Fr., Azure-coloured.” Tyrwhitt’s *Gloss. to Chaucer’s Cant. Tales*. “*Inde, ynde* : couleur de bleu foncé, d’azur, *indicum*.” Roquefort’s *Gloss. de la Lang. Rom.* So again our author in his *Magnyfy-cence* ;

“The streynes of her vaynes as asure *inde blewe*.”

v. 1571. vol. ii. 73.

See too his *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 478. vol. ii. 191., and Nevil, son of Lord Latimer, in a poem of great rarity ;

“On the gates two scryptures I aspyed,
Theym for to rede my mynd than I applyed,
Wryten in gold and *indy blewe* for folkes forther-
aunce.”

The Castell of pleasure, sig. A v. 1518.

Sir John Mandeville says that the beak of the Phœnix

"is coloured blew as *ynde*." *Voiage and Travaile*, &c., p. 58. ed. 1725.

Page 31. v. 20. *Geyne*] i. e. Against.

— — — — — *the emeraud comendable*;

Relucent smaragd]

Emeraud (emerald) and *smaragd* are generally considered as synonymous; but here Skelton makes a distinction between them. So too Drayton in his *Muses Elizium*, 1630. p. 78; and Chamberlayne in his *Pharonnida*, 1659. B. ii. c. 4. p. 150. And so R. Holme: "The *Emrauld* is green."—"The *Smaradge* is of an excellent fresh green, far passing any Leaf." *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. pp. 39, 41.

v. 22. *perspectyue*] Which generally signifies a glasu to look through, seems here, from the context, to mean some sort of reflecting glass.

v. 23. *Illumynyd*] i. e. Adorned.

Page 32. v. 29. *Remorse*] Means commonly in early writers,—pity; but that sense is unsuited to the present passage: it seems to be used here for—[a painful recollection.

— — — — — *most goodlyhod*] i. e. perfect goodness.

v. 33. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

v. 40. *mastres*] i. e. mistress.

v. 41. *nys*] i. e. ne is—is not.

v. 43. *more desyrous*] i. e. more desirable.

Page 33. v. 11. *rede*] i. e. advise.

v. 12. *fals poynt*] "This *fals poynt* . . . Hæc *fraus*." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. s viii. ed. 1530.

v. 13. *fell*] i. e. skin.

v. 15. *lesard*] In the Latin above, the corresponding word is *anguis*: long after Skelton's time, the poor harmless lizard was reckoned venomous; so in Shake-

spere's *Third Part of Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 2.. "lizards' dreadful stings."

Page 33. v. 1. *rasyd*] i. e. torn, wounded.

v. 3. *vaynys*] i. e. veins.

— *blo*] i. e. livid. "*Blo*, blewe and grene coloured, as ones body is after a drie stroke, *jaunastre*." Palsgrave, p. 306.

Page 34. v. 5. *ouerthwart*] i. e. cross, perverse, adverse.

v. 7. *dyscure*] i. e. discover.

* v. 10. *dysease*] i. e. disquiet.

MANERLY MARGERIE MYLK AND ALE.

Skelton mentions this piece among his works, in the *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1198. vol. ii. 223. Sir John Hawkins, who printed it together with the music, says that it "appears to have been set by William Cornish of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Henry vii." *Hist. of Music*, iii. 2.

Page 35. v. 1. *besherewe yow*] i. e. curse you,—confound you!

— *be my fay*] i. e. by my faith.

v. 2. *This wanton clarkes be nyse all way*] i. e. These wanton scholars be always foolish, inclined to folly, to toyish tricks: compare our author's *Phyllyp Sparowe*;

"Phyllyp, though he were *nyse*,
In him it was no *vyse*," &c.

v. 173. vol. i. 67.

v. 3. *Avent*] i. e. Avaunt.

— *popagay*] i. e. parrot.

Page 35. v. 6. *Tully vally*] Or *Tilly vally*—an exclamation of contempt, the origin of which is doubtful.

v. 6. *Gup*] See note, p. 20. v. 17.

— *Cristian Cloute*] Compare our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

“He coud not syng himselfe therout
But by the helpe of *Christyan Clout*.”

v. 880. vol. ii. 155.

— *Jak of the vale*] [The hero of some popular ditty.] So our author in his *Magnyfycence*; “some iangelynge *Jacke of the vale*,” v. 260. vol. ii. 14. Compare two pieces of a much later date;

“I am not now to tell a tale
Of George a Greene, or *Jacke a Vale*.”

The Odcombian Banquet, 1611. sig. C 3.

“And they had leauer printen *Jacke a vale*
Or *Clim o Clough*,” &c.

J. Davies,—*Other Eglogues* annexed to
The Shepheards Pipe, 1614. sig. G 4.

v. 8. *Be*] i. e. By.

— *praty pode*]—*praty*, i. e. pretty: *pode*, i. e., perhaps, toad. Compare Roy's satire, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe*, &c.;

“A littell, *praty*e, foolysse *poade*.”

Harl. Miscell. ix. 19. ed. Park.

* v. 10. *Strawe, Jamys foder, ye play the fode*] i. e. apparently, nonsense! James Fodder, you play the child, or fool.

v. 12. *bole*] i. e. (I suppose) bull.

Page 36. v. 15. *I wiss*] i. e. truly, certainly (*-wis*, a.1v.).

* v. 17. *piggesnye*] darling.

Page 36. v. 19. *Be*] i. e. *By*.

— *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

* v. 20. *japed*] i. e. sported with, etc. See Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, ed. Haslewood, p. 212.

* v. 25. *best chepe*] i. e. cheapest.

v. 27. *thought*] i. e. sadness, grief: see note, p. 23. v. 10.

THE BOWGE OF COURTE.

* "It is a *bouge of courte*. *Ceremonia aulica est.*" Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. s iii. ed. 1530. "*Bouche à Court*. *Budge-a-Court*, diet allowed at Court." Cotgrave's *Dict.* "The Kings Archers . . . had *Bouch of Court* (to wit, Meat and Drink) and great Wages of six Pence by the Day." Stow's *Survey*, B. vi. 49. ed. 1720. [Probably from old French, *bouge*, kitchen.]

"The poem called the *BOUGE OF COURT*, or the *Rewards of a Court*, is in the manner of a pageant, consisting of seven personifications. Here our author, in adopting the more grave and stately movement of the seven lined stanza, has shewn himself not always incapable of exhibiting allegorical imagery with spirit and dignity. But his comic vein predominates." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347. ed. 4to.

"*Bouge of Court*, a corruption of *bouche*, Fr. An allowance of meat and drink for the tables of the inferior officers, and others who were occasionally called to serve and entertain the court. Skelton has a kind of little drama called *Bouge of Court*, from the name of the *ship* in which the dialogue takes place. It is a very severe satire, full of strong painting, and excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it." Gifford, note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vii. 428.

Page 37. v. 7. *to werre hym dyde dres*] i. e. did address, apply himself to war.

Page 38. v. 15. *rede*] i. e. conceive, consider.

v. 17. *aforce*] i. e. attempt.

v. 18. *dyscure*] i. e. discover.

v. 20. *illumyne*] i. e. embellish a subject.

v. 21. *Auysynge*] i. e. Advising.

v. 22. *he so*] i. e. who so.

v. 23. *connynge*] i. e. knowledge.

v. 30. *ne wyste*] i. e. knew not.

v. 31. *sore enwered*]—*enwered* means simply—wearing. Richardson (*Dict. in v. En*) observes that “Skelton appears to have wantoned in such compounds.”

v. 33. *I me dreste*] i. e. I addressed, applied myself.

v. 36. *Methoughte I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle,
Come saylynge forth into that haven brood,
Her takelynge ryche and of hye apparayle*]

Of this passage Mr. Wordsworth has a recollection in one of his noble Sonnets;

“*A goodly Vessel* did I then espy
Come like a giant from a *haven broad*;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.”

Works, iii. 34. ed. 1836.

v. 39. *kyste*] i. e. cast.

v. 40. *what she had lode*] i. e. what she had been freighted with

Page 39. v. 44. *prece*] i. e. press,—the throng.

v. 49. *hyghte*] i. e. is called.

v. 50. *estate*] i. e. high rank, dignity.

v. 54. *chaffre*] i. e. merchandise.

v. 58. *traues*] Means here a sort of low curtain or

screen.—Hall, describing the preparations for combat between the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, tells us that the former, having entered the lists, “set hym doune in a chayer of grene veluet whiche was set in a *trauers* of grene and blewe veluet,” &c.; and that the latter “satte doune in his chayer whiche was Crimosen Veluet, *cortened* [curtained] aboute with white and redde Damaske.” *Chron. (Henry IV.)* fol. iii. ed. 1548.—At a later period, curtains, which were used on the stage as substitutes for scenes, were called *traverses*. See also Singer’s note on Cavendish’s *Life of Wolsey*, p. 167. ed. 1827, and Sir H. Nicolas’s note on *Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, p. 259.

Page 39. v. 60. *trone*] i. e. throne.

v. 61. *sperre*] i. e. sphere.

Page 40. v. 72. *she trowed that I had eten sause*]

Compare our author’s *Magnyfycence*;

‘Ye haue *eten sauce*, *I trowe*, at the Taylors Hall.”

v. 1421. vol. ii. 66.

v. 78. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

v. 80. *glome*] i. e. glum,—sullen look, frown.

v. 82. *daynnously*] i. e. disdainfully.

— *fro me she dyde fare*] i. e. from me she did go.

v. 83. *mased*] i. e. amazed, confounded.

v. 87. *hardely*] i. e. confidently.

v. 90. *I auyse you to speke, for ony drede*] i. e. I advise you to speak, notwithstanding any dread you may feel.

Page 41. v. 94. *And this an other*] i. e. And this is another reason.

v. 95. *not worth a bene*] *Bene* (bean) is frequently used by our early poets to express any thing worthless:

“ I yeue not of her harme a bene.”

Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose*,—*Workes*,
fol. 137. ed. 1602.

Page 41. v. 96. *lene*] i. e. lend, furnish with.

v. 100. *cheuysaunce*] i. e. achievement,—profit, gain.

v. 101. *nys*] i. e. ne is,—is not.

v. 106. *werne*] i. e. warn.

v. 107. *styreth*] i. e. steereth, directeth.

* v. 114. *luste*] i. e. desire.

Page 42. v. 117. *casseth*] “ *Casser to casse*,
cassere, discharge, turne out of service, deprive of
entertainment.” Cotgrave's *Dict.*

v. 120. *route*] i. e. company, crowd.

v. 122. *thronge*] i. e. thronged.

* Page 43. v. 134. *Fauell*] i. e. Flattery, Cajolery.

v. 137. *Mysdempte*] i. e. Misdemeaned.

* v. 138. *Haruy Hafter*] [i. e. Sharper] Eds., as
already noticed, have “ *Haruy Haster* ;” and in the
fourth of Skelton's *Poems against Garnesche*, v. 164.
vol. i. 152, the MS. gives the name with the same
error. Compare our author's *Why come ye nat to
Courte* ;

“ *Hauell and Haruy Hafter.*”

v. 94. vol. ii. 280.

and his *Magnyfycence* ;

“ *Nowe, benedicite, ye wene I were some hafter.*”

v. 259. vol. ii. 14.

“ *Craftynge and haftyng*e contryued is by me.”

v. 707. vol. ii. 34.

“ *For to vse suche haftyng*e and crafty wayes.”

v. 1698. vol. ii. 79.

‘ *And from crafters and hafters* I you forfende.”

v. 2485. vol. ii. 119

Page 43. v. 138. *male*] i. e. bag, wallet, pouch.

v. 144. *solace*] i. e. sport.

* v. 150. *Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store*] [*Deynte* means often—pleasant, “nice.”] But both in the present passage, and in a subsequent stanza of the same poem—

“Trowest thou, dreuyll, I saye, thou gawdy knaue,
That I haue *deynte* to see thé cherysshed thus?”

v. 337—

“*deynte*” seems to be equivalent to—pleasure: compare

“Bycause that he hath ioye and great *deintye*
To reade in bokes of olde antiquitye.”

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy (Prologue)*,
sig. B i. ed. 1555.

“Adew, dolour, adew! my *daynte* now begynis.”

Dunbar's tale of *The Tua Maryit Wemen and
the Wedo*,—*Poems*, i. 76. ed. Laing.

v. 154. *it is surmountynge*] i. e. it is surpassing, it excels.

Page 44. v. 155. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 173. *lewde cok wattes*]—*lewde*, i. e. ignorant, vile. Compare our author's third copy of verses *Against venomous tongues*;

“Than ye may commaunde me to gentil *Cok wat*.”
vol. i. 155.

and his *Magnyfycence*;

“What canest thou do but play *cocke wat*?”

v. 1206. vol. ii. 56.

Is *cock wat* only another form of *cockward*, i. e. cuckold? See *Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, p. 279,—*Syr Gawayne, &c.*, edited by Sir F. Madden.

Page 44. v. 174. *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

v. 175. *but no worde that I sayde*] i. e. but mention not a word that I said.

Page 45. v. 180. *reboke*] i. e. belch, cast up.

“As grunting and drinking, *reboking* vp agayne.”

Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, fol. 229. ed. 1570

v. 181. *at a brayde*] i. e. at a start, at a turn, on a sudden, forthwith.

v. 184. *lete*] i. e. hinder.

v. 186. *Twyst*] i. e. Tush.

— *ne reke*] i. e. reck not.

* v. 187. *a soleyne freke*] i. e. a sullen fellow.

v. 189. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 191. *whom and ha*] i. e. hum and ha.

v. 193. *quoke*] i. e. quaked.

Page 46. v. 198. *commaunde*] i. e. communed, conversed.

— *party space*] May mean—a short space; but (as I have noticed *ad loc.*) “*party*” is probably a misprint for “*praty*” (pretty).

v. 199. *auowe*] i. e. vow.

“That hyr *auowe* maad of chastyte.”

Lydgate's *Lyf of our Lady*, sig. b i.

v. 215. *shryue me*] i. e. confess myself, tell my mind.

Page 47. v. 216. *plenarely*] i. e. fully.

v. 219. *dyscure*] i. e. discover.

v. 221. *with all my besy cure*] i. e. with all my busy care,—a common expression in our early poetry.

v. 226. *all and some*] Another expression frequently used by our early poets. “All and some: *Tout entierement.*” Palsgrave, p. 847.

Page 47. v. 228. *he wolde be come*] i. e. he would go
* v. 231. *lyghte as lynde*] So in *Annunciacio*;

“ A, what, I am *light as lynde* !”

Towneley Myst. p. 80.

and in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*;

“ Be ay of chere as *light as lefe on linde*.”

v. 9087. ed. Tyr.

Lynde is the linden or lime-tree.

v. 232. *a versynge boxe*] Does it mean—a dice-box?

v. 233. *fayne*] i. e. sing in falsetto. See note, p. 15.

v. 53.

v. 234. *foxe*] i. e. fox-skin.

v. 235. *Sythe I am no thyng playne*] i. e. Since I,
&c.—the commencement of some song.

v. 236. *pykynge*] i. e. picking, stealing.

— *payne*] i. e. difficulty.

Page 48. v. 239. *sadde*] i. e. grave, serious.

v. 252. *Heue and how rombellow*] A chorus of high
antiquity, (sung chiefly, it would seem, by sailors):

“ They sprede theyr sayles as voyde of sorowe,
Forthe they rowed, saynt George to borowe,
For ioye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
And some songe *heue and howe rombellowe*.”

Cocke Lorelles bote, sig. C i.

“ They rowede hard, and sungge thertoo,
With *heuelow and rumbeloo*.”

Richard Coer de Lion,—Weber's *Met. Rom.* ii. 99.

“ Maydens of Englande sore may ye morne
For your lemmans ye haue loste at Bannockkys
borne,
Wyth *heue a lowe*.”

What weneth the king of England
So soone to haue wone Scotland,
Wyth *rumbylowe*."

Scottish Song on the Battle of Bannock-
burn,—Fabyan's *Chron.*, vol. ii. fol.
169. ed. 1559.

"Your maryners shall synge arowe
Hey how and rumby lowe."

The Squyr of Lowe Degre,—Ritson's
Met. Rom. iii. 179.

"I saw three ladies fair, singing *hey and how*,
Upon yon ley land, hey :
I saw three mariners, singing *rumbelow*,
Upon yon sea-strand, hey."

Song quoted *ibid.*, iii. 353.

Page 48. v. 252. *row the bote, Norman, rowe !*] A frag-
ment of an old song, the origin of which is thus recorded
by Fabyan: "In this. xxxii. yere [of King Henry the
Sixth] Jhon Norman foresaid, vpon the morowe of
Simon and Judes daie, thaccustomed day when the
newe Maior vsed yerely to ride with greate pompe
vnto westminster to take his charge, this Maior firste
of all Maiors brake that auncient and olde continued
custome, and was rowed thither by water, for the
whiche ye Watermen made of hym a roundell or song
to his greate praise, the whiche began: *Rowe the bote,*
Norman, rowe to thy lemman, and so forth with a
long processe." *Chron.* vul. ii. fol. 457. ed. 1559.

v. 253. *Pryncest of youghte can ye synye by rote ?*] The meaning of this line seems to be—Can you sing by rote the song beginning, *Princess of youth ?* Skelton, in his *Garlande of Laurell*, calls Lady Anne Dakers

“*Princes of youth, and flowre of goodly porte.*”

v. 897, vol. ii. 210.

Page 48. v. 254. *Or shall I sayle wyth you a felashyp assaye*] i. e., I suppose,—Or try, of good fellowship, (or, perhaps, together with me,) the song which commences *Shall I sail with you?* Compare the quotation from *The Complaynt of Scotland* in preceding page.

“*Nowe, of good felowshyp, let me by thy dogge.*”

Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, v. 1095. vol. ii. 51.

“*Yng.* But yf thou wylt haue a song that is good,
I haue one of robynhode,
The best that euer was made.

Hu. Then a feleshyp let vs here it.”

Interlude of the iiiii Elementes, n. d.

Sig. E vii.

v. 259. *bobbe me on the noll*] i. e. beat me on the head.

Page 49. v. 262. *gete*] i. e. got.

v. 275. *vnneth*] i. e. scarcely, not without difficulty.

v. 276. *But I requyre you no worde that I saye*] i. e. But I beg you not to mention a word of what I say.

v. 278. *wetynge*] i. e. knowledge, intelligence.

v. 283. *wonderly besene*] i. e. of strange appearance, or array.

v. 284. *hawte*] i. e. haughty.

v. 285. *scornnys*] i. e. scorns.

Page 50. v. 287. *by Cockes blode*] i. e. by God's blood (*Cock* a corruption of *God*).

v. 288. *bote*] i. e. bit.

v. 289. *His face was belymmed, as byes had him stounge*] i. e. His face was disfigured, as if bees had stung him.

Page 50. v. 290. *jape*] i. e. jest, joke.

v. 294. *this comerous crabes hyghte*] i. e. (I suppose) this troublesome crab was called.

v. 298. *euyll apayed*] i. e. ill satisfied, ill pleased.

v. 301. *Dawes*] Equivalent to—simpleton; the *daw* being reckoned a silly bird: so again, in the next line but one, “doctour *Dawcocke*.”

v. 302. *in conceyte*] i. e. in the good opinion, favour of our Lady Fortune: compare v. 270.

v. 304. *sleyte*] i. e. sleight, artful contrivance.

Page 51. v. 311. *layne*] i. e. conceal.

v. 312. *beyte*] i. e. bait.

v. 315. *And soo outface hym with a carde of ten*] “A common phrase,” says Nares, “which we may suppose to have been derived from some game, (possibly *primero*), wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. *A card of ten* meant a tenth card, a ten. . . . I conceive the force of the phrase to have expressed originally the confidence or impudence of one who with a ten, as at brag, *faced*, or *outfaced* one who had really a faced card against him. To face meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face.” *Gloss.* in v. *Face it*, &c. “The phrase of *a card of ten* was possibly derived, by a jocular allusion, from that of *a hart of ten*, in hunting, which meant a full grown deer, one past six years of age.” *Ibid.* in v. *Card of ten*.

v. 317. *meuyd all in moode*] i. e. moved all in anger.

v. 320. *I wende he had be woode*] i. e. I thought he had been mad.

* v. 327. *hayne*] i. e. (perhaps) hind, slave, peasant: [more probably—mean follow, Ang. Sax. *hean*.]

v. 329. *suche maysters to playe*] i. e. to play such

pranks of assumed superiority. Compare v. 341. See Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Maistryss*.

Page 51. v. 330. *I am of countenaunce*] i. e. perhaps, I am a person of credit, good means, consequence (see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 111).

Page 52. v. 334. *no force*] i. e. no matter.

v. 337. *dreyll*] i. e. drudge, low fellow.

* v. 338. *deynte*] i. e. pleasure. See note on v. 150. p. 31.

v. 340. *Well, ones thou shalte be cherméd, I wus*] i. e. Well, one time or other thou shalt be charmed (quelled, as if by a charm), certainly (*I wus*—*i-wis*, adv.).

v. 344. *Ryotte*] "Is forcibly and humorously pictured." Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to.

v. 345. *A rusty gallande, to-ragged and to-rente*] i. e. A shabby gallant, utterly ragged and tattered: see note on v. 32. p. 22.

v. 346. *bones*] i. e. dice.

v. 348. *by saynte Thomas of Kente*] i. e. by saint Thomas a Becket:

"Thought I, *By saint Thomas of Kent*," &c.

Chaucer's *House of Fame*,—*Workes*, fol. 267. ed. 1602.

The picture of Ryotte in the present passage and in v. 389 sqq. gave birth no doubt to the following lines in a poem called *Syrs spare your good*;

"No, by my faith, he saide incontinente,
But by saint Thomas of Kente
I woulde haue at the hasarde a cast or two,
For to learne to caste the dyce to and fro;
And if here be any body that wyll for money playe,
I haue yet in my purse money and pledges gaye:

Some be nobles, some be crownes of Fraunce;
 Haue at all who wyll of this daunce.
 One of them answered with that worde,
 And caste a bale of dyce on the borde," &c.

I quote from *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 371, where are extracts from an ed. of the poem printed by Kytson, n. d.: it originally appeared from the press of W. de Worde; see *Cens. Liter.* i. 55. sec. ed.

Page 52. v. 349. *kyst I wote nere what*] i. e. cast I know never (not) what.

v. 350. *His here was growen thorowe oute his hat*] i. e. His hair, &c. Compare Barclay's *Argument of the first Egloge*;

"At diuers holes *his heare grewe through his hode.*"

Sig. A i. ed. 1570.

and Heywood's *Dialogue*;

"There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood
 That will sure *make his hayre growe through his hood.*"

Sig. G 2.,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

Ray gives, "*His hair grows through his hood.* He is very poor, his hood is full of holes." *Proverbs*, p. 57. ed. 1768.

v. 351. *how he dysgysed was*] i. e. what a wretched plight he was in:

"Ragged and torne, *disguised in array.*"

Chaucer's *Court of Loue*, fol. 329,—
Workes, ed. 1602.

v. 352. *watchynge ouer nyghte*] i. e. over-night's debauch:

v. 355. *he wente so all for somer lyghte*]—*somer*, i. e. summer. Compare;

“It semed that he caried lital array,
Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.”

Chaucer's *Chanones Yemannes ProL*
 v. 16035. ed. Tyr.

See too Bale's *Kyng Iohan*, p. 34. ed. Camd. Soc.; and our author's *Phyllyp Sparowe*, v. 719. vol. i. 85.

Page 52. v. 356. *His hose was garded wyth a lyste of grene*] i. e. his breeches were faced, trimmed with, &c. “There was an affectation of smartness in the trimming of his hose.” Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to.

Page 53. v. 359. *Of Kyrkeby Kendall was his shorte demye*] Kendal, or Kirkby in Kendal, was early famous for the manufacture of cloth of various colours, particularly green. Here the word “Kendall” seems equivalent to—green: so too in Hall's *Chronicle*, where we are told that Henry the Eighth, with a party of noblemen, “came sodainly in a mornyng into the Quenes Chambre, all appareled in shorte cotes of Kentishe Kendal . . . like outlawes, or Robyn Hodes men.” (*Henry viii.*) fol. vi. ed. 1548.—*demye*; i. e., says Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to., “doublet, jacket:” rather, I believe, some sort of close vest,—his “cote” having been mentioned in the preceding line.

v. 360. *In fayth, decon thou crewe*] The commencement of some song; quoted again by our author in *A deuoute trentale for old Iohn Clarke*, v. 44. vol. i. 190, and in *Why come ye nat. to Courte*, v. 63. vol. ii 279.

v. 361. *he ware his gere so nye*] i. e., I suppose, he wore his clothes so near, so thoroughly. But Warton explains it “his coat-sleeve was so short.” Note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to.

Page 53. v. 363. *whynarde*] i. e. a sort of hanger, sword.

————— *his pouche,*
The deuyll myghte daunce therin for ony crowche]
 —*ony crowche*, i. e. any piece of money,—many coins being marked with a *cross* on one side. “The devil might dance in his purse without meeting with a single sixpence.” Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 348. ed. 4to. So in Massinger’s *Bashful Lover*;

“The devil sleeps in my pocket; *I have no cross*
To drive him from it.”

Works (by Gifford), iv. 398. ed. 1813.

v. 365. *Counter he coude O lux vpon a potte]*—*Counter*; see note, p. 11:—i. e. he could sing *O lux*, playing an accompaniment to his voice on a drinking-pot. *O lux beata Trinitas* was an ancient hymn, “which,” says Hawkins, “seems to have been a very popular melody before the time of King Henry viii.” *Hist. of Music*, ii. 354. In a comedy by the Duke of Newcastle is a somewhat similar passage: “I danced a Jig, while Tom Brutish whistled and *play’d upon the head of a pint pot.*” *The Humorous Lovers*, 1677, act i. sc. 1. p. 5.

v. 366. *eestryche fedder]* i. e. ostrich-feather.

v. 367. *fresshely]* i. e. smartly.

v. 368. *What, reuell route]* Here, as below, “route” is a verb—What, let revel roar! Compare;

“And euer be mery lett *reuell rought.*”

A Morality,—*Anc. Mysteries from the Digby MSS.* p. 187. ed. Abbotsf.

Page 53. v. 370. *Felyce fetewse*]—*Felyce*, i. e. *Phyllis*: *fetewse*, i. e. *feateous*; “*Fetyce* and *prety*. *Parniculus*. *Elegantulus*.” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

* v. 731. *klycked gate*] *klycked* is *clicket*, *latch*. “*Cliquetus*, *pessulus versatilis*;” French, *Loquet*; from *Clingere* — *clinch*. See *Ducange*, in v. In *Chaucer’s Marchantes Tale*, v. 9991. ed. Tyr., “*clicket*” means a *latch-key*.

v. 372. *rebaudrye*] i. e. *ribaldry*.

v. 375. *in the deuylls date*] An exclamation several times used by *Skelton*.—In *Pierce Plowman*, a charter, which is read at the proposed marriage of *Mede*, is sealed “*in the date of the deuil*,” sig. C i. ed. 1561.

v. 380. *done*] i. e. *do*.

Page 54. v. 386. *Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pyne*] The expression occurs often in our early poetry; and is found even in one of *Wycherley’s* comedies.

* v. 387. *And lete vs laugh a placke or tweyne at nale*]—“*plucke*,” as I have observed *ad loc.*, seems to be the right reading, though the word occurs in the preceding line: compare *Thersytes*, n. d.

“Darest thou trye maystries with me a *plucke*.”

p. 60. *Rox.* ed.

and a song quoted in the note on our author’s *Magnyfycence*, v. 757;

“A stoupe of bere vp at a *pluk*.”

at nale, (*atten ale*, *at then ale*; see *Price’s* note, *Warton’s Hist. of E. P.* ii. 501. ed. 1824), i. e. at the ale-house. [*Plack*, however, is provincial for “a portion or piece of anything.” See *Halliwell’s Dict.*]

Page 54. v. 389. *of dyce a bale*] i. e. a pair of dice.

* v. 390. *A brydelynge caste*] An expression which I am unable to explain. [Qy. a *parting* cast? Halliwell.] It occurs (but applied to drinking) in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*;

“Let's have a *bridling cast* before you go.

Fill's a new stoop.” act ii. sc. 2.

— *male*] i. e. bag, wallet, pouch.

v. 391. *burde*] i. e. board.

v. 393. *the dosen browne*] Is used sometimes to signify thirteen; as in a rare piece entitled *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards*, &c., 1648. 4to., who are *thirteen* in number. But in our text “the dosen browne” seems merely to mean the full dozen: so in a tract (*Letter from a Spy at Oxford*) cited by Grey in his notes on *Hudibras*, vol. ii. 375; “and this was the twelfth Conquest, which made up the Conqueror's *brown Dozen* in Number, compared to the twelve Labours of Hercules.”

v. 394. *pas*] Seems here to be equivalent to—stake; but I have not found *pass* used with that meaning in any works on gaming. See *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 119. ed. 1689.

v. 398. *The armes of Calyce*] In our author's *Magnyfycence* is the same exclamation;

“By the *armes of Calys*, well conceyued!”

v. 685. vol. ii. 33

Whether Calais in France, or Cales (Cadiz) be alluded to, I know not.

v. 399. *renne*] i. e. run.

v. 401. *To wete yf Malkyn, my lemman, haue gete oughte*] i. e. To know if Malkin, my mistress, has got aught.

Page 54. v. 406. *Bordeaws*] i. e. Bordeaux.

Page 55. v. 411. *curtel*] i. e. curtal.

v. 412. *lege*] i. e. allege.

* v. 413. *haue*] i. e. take.

v. 414. *rybaude*] i. e. ribald.

v. 418. *kyste*] i. e. cast.

v. 420. *sadde*] i. e. serious, earnest.

v. 423. *stede*] i. e. place.

v. 425. *Me passynge sore myne herte than gan agryse*]

For the reading of all the eds. "aryse," I have ventured to substitute "agryse," i. e. cause to shudder. Compare ;

"Sore might hir agrise."

Arthour and Merlin, p. 34. ed. Abbotsf.

"Of his sweuen sore him agros."

Marie Maudelein, p. 226,—Turnbull's *Legendæ Catholicæ* (from the Auchinleck MS.).

"The kinges herte of pitee gan agrise."

Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*, v. 5034. ed. Tyr.

"Swiche peines, that your hertes might agrise."

Chaucer's *Freres Tale*, v. 7231. ed. Tyr.

v. 426. *I dempte and drede*] i. e. I deemed and dreaded.

Page 56. v. 428. *Than in his hode, &c.*]—*hode*, i. e. hood.—This passage is quoted by Warton, who observes, "There is also merit in the delineation of DISSIMULATION . . . and it is not unlike Ariosto's manner in imagining these allegorical personages." *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 349. ed. 4to.

v. 431. *coost*] i. e. coast, approach.

v. 436. *sponne*] i. e. spoon.

v. 437. *to preue a dawē*] i. e. to prove, try a sim-

pleton : see note on v. 301. p. 36.—Warton, who gives the other reading, “to preye a dawe,” explains it—to catch a silly bird. Note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 349. ed. 4to.

Page 56. v. 438. *wrete*] i. e. writ.

v. 440. *His hode was syde, his cope was roset graye*] i. e. His hood was long (or full), his cope was russet grey.

v. 445. *a connyng man ne dwelle maye*] i. e. a wise, a learned man may not dwell.

v. 448. *that nought can*] i. e. that knows nothing.

Page 57. v. 454. *clerke*] i. e. scholar.

v. 455. *in the deuylles date*] See note on v. 375. p. 41.

v. 456. *longe*] i. e. belong.

v. 457. *lewde*] i. e. wicked.

v. 460. *herte brennyng*] i. e. heart-burning.

v. 464. *It is a worlde*] Equivalent to—It is a matter of wonder.

v. 466. *A man can not wote where to be come*] i. e. A man cannot know whither to go : compare v. 228

v. 467. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

— *home*] i. e. hum.

v. 476. *shall wene be hanged by the throte*] i. e. (I suppose) shall think themselves hanged, &c.

v. 477. *a stoppyng oyster*] Compare Heywood ;

“ Herewithall his wife to make vp my mouth,
Not onely her husbands taunting tale auouth,
But thereto deuise to cast in my teeth
Checks and *choking oysters*.”

Dialogue, sig. E,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

v. 477. *poke*] i. e. pouch.

v. 484. *toder*] i. e. toder, t’other.

* Page 57. v. 486. *dreuyll*] drudge, knave.

Page 58. v. 488. *on flote*] i. e. flowing, full.

v. 491. *but what this is ynowe*] i. e. but that this is enough.

v. 502. *Serte*] i. e. Started.

Page 59. v. 504. *nobles*] i. e. the gold coins so called.

v. 508. *His hode all pounsed and garded*]—*hode*, i. e. hood: *pounsed*, i. e. perforated, having small holes stamped or worked in it, by way of ornament—*garded*, i. e. adorned with *gards*, facings.

v. 513. *rounde*] i. e. whisper,—or, rather, mutter, for Skelton (*Garlande of Laurell*, v. 250. vol. ii. 181) and other poets make a distinction between *whisper* and *round*:

“Me lyste not now whysper nether rowne.”

Lydgate's Storye of Thebes, Pars Prima,
sig. b vii. ed. 4to. n. d.

“Whisper and rounde thinges ymaged falsly.”

Barclay's Ship of Fooles, fol. 208. ed. 1570.

“They're here with me already, whispering, *rounding*.”

Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.

* v. 521. *hafte*] i. e. cheat, trick.

v. 522. *payne*] i. e. difficulty.

v. 525. *shrewes*] i. e. wicked, worthless fellows.

Page 60. v. 527. *confetryd*] i. e. confederated.

v. 528. *lewde*] i. e. vile, rascally.

v. 530. *hente*] i. e. seized.

v. 536. *Syth*] i. e. Since.

PHYLLYP SPAROWE

Must have been written before the end of 1508; for it is mentioned with contempt in the concluding lines of Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, which was finished in that year: see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

The *Luctus in morte Passeris* of Catullus no doubt suggested the present production to Skelton, who, when he calls on "all maner of byrdes" (v. 387) to join in lamenting Philip Sparow, seems also to have had an eye to Ovid's elegy *In mortem Psittaci*, *Amor.* ii. 6. Another piece of the kind is extant among the compositions of antiquity,—the *Psittacus Atedii Melioris* of Statius, *Silv.* ii. 4. In the *Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Socraticae Joco-seriae*, &c., of Dornavius, i. 460 sqq. may be found various Latin poems on the deaths, &c. of sparrows by writers posterior to the time of Skelton. See too Herrick's lines *Upon the death of his Sparrow, an Elegie, Hesperides*, 1648. p. 117; and the verses entitled *Phyllis on the death of her Sparrow*, attributed to Drummond, *Works*, 1711. p. 50.

"Old Skelton's 'Philip Sparrow,' an exquisite and original poem." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 163.

Page 61. v. 1. *Pla ce bo*, &c.] Skelton is not the only writer that has taken liberties with the Romish service-book. In Chaucer's *Court of Loue*, parts of it are sung by various birds; *Domine, labia* by the nightingale, *Venite* by the eagle, &c., *Workes*, fol. 333. ed. '602: in a short poem by Lydgate "dyuerse foules" are introduced singing different hymns. *MS. Harl.* 2251. fol. 37: and see too a poem (attributed, without any authority, to Skelton) called *Armony of Byrdes* n. d., reprinted (inaccurately) in *Tyqog. Antiq.* iv. 380.

ed. Dibdin; and Sir D. Lyndsay's *Complaynt of the Papingo*, Works, i. 325. ed. Chalmers. In *Reynard the Fox*, we are told that at the burial of "coppe, chanteklers doughter,"—"Tho begonne they *placebo domino*, with the verses that to longen," &c. Sig. a 8. ed. 1481. Compare also the mock *Requiem* printed (somewhat incorrectly) from *MS. Cott. Vesp. B. 16.* in Ritson's *Antient Songs*, i. 118. ed. 1829; Dunbar's *Dirige to the King at Stirling*, *Poems*, i. 86. ed. Laing; and the following lines of a rare tract entitled *A Commemoration or Dirige of Boner*, &c., by Lemeke Auale, 1569,—

"*Placebo. Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo.*

Heu me, beware the bugge, out quod Boner alas,
De profundis clamaui, how is this matter come to
 passe.

Lævaui oculos meos from a darke depe place," &c.

sig. A viii.

Other pieces of the kind might be pointed out.

Page 61. v. 7. *Philip Sparowe*] *Philip*, or *Phip*, was a familiar name given to a sparrow from its note being supposed to resemble that sound.

v. 8. *Carowe*] Was a nunnery in the suburbs of Norwich. "Here [at Norwich]," says Tanner, "was an ancient hospital or nunnery dedicated to St. Mary and St. John; to which K. Stephen having given lands and meadows without the south gate, Seyna and Leftelina two of the sisters, A. D. 1146, began the foundation of a new monastery called Kairo, Carow, or Carhou, which was dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, and consisted of a prioress and nine Benedictine nuns." *Not. Mon.* p. 347. ed. 1744. In 1273, Pope Gregory the Tenth inhibited the Prioress and

convent from receiving more nuns than their income would maintain, upon their representation that the English nobility, whom they could not resist, had obliged them to take in so many sisters that they were unable to support them. At the Dissolution, the number of nuns was twelve. The site of the nunnery, within the walls, contained about ten acres. It was granted, with its chief revenues, in the 30th Henry viii. to Sir John Shelton, knight, who fitted up the parlour and hall, which were noble rooms, when he came to reside there, not long after the Dissolution. It continued in the Shelton family for several generations.

This nunnery was during many ages a place of education for the young ladies of the chief families in the diocese of Norwich, who boarded with and were taught by the nuns. The fair Jane or Johanna Scroupe of the present poem was, perhaps, a boarder at Carow.

See more concerning Carow in Dugdale's *Monast.* (new ed.) iv. 68 sqq., and Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, ii. 862 sqq. ed. fol.

Page 61. v. 9. *Nones Blake*] i. e. Black Nuns,—Benedictines.

v. 12. *bederolles*] i. e. lists of those to be prayed for.

Page 62. v. 24. *The tearys downe hayled*] So Hawes ;

“ That euermore the salte *teres downe hayled.*”

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. Q viii. ed. 1555.

v. 27. *Gyb our cat*] *Gib*, a contraction of *Gilbert*, was a name formerly given to a male cat :

“ *Gibbe our Cat,*

That awaiteth Mice and Rattes to killen.”

Romaunt of the Rose,—Chaucer's *Workes*, fol. 136. ed. 1602.

Page 62. v. 29. *Worroyd her on that*] So Dunbar;

“He that dois *on dry breid wirry.*”

Poems, i. 108. ed. Laing.

v. 34. *stounde*] i. e. moment, time.

v. 35. *sounde*] i. e. swoon.

v. 37. *Vnneth I kest myne eyes*] i. e. Scarcely, not without difficulty, I cast, &c.

v. 42. *Have rewed*] i. e. Have had compassion.

v. 46. *senaws*] i. e. sinews.

Page 63. v. 58. *frete*] i. e. eat, gnaw.

v. 69. *marees*] i. e. waters.

v. 70. *Acherontes well*] i. e. Acheron's well. So,—after the fashion of our early poets,—Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for *Xenophon*, *Eneidos* for *Eneis*, *Achiliedos* for *Achilleis*, &c.

v. 76. *mare*] i. e. hag.—“*Mare* or *witche.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

v. 78. *edders*] i. e. adders.

* v. 87. *outraye*] i. e. vanquish, overcome: and so in the following passages.

“Whom Hercules most strong and coragious,
Sumtime *outraid*, and slewe hym with his hand.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xxvii.
ed. Wayland.

“Al be that Cresus faught long in hys defence,
He finally by Cyrus was *outrayed*,
And depriued by knyghtly vyolence,
Take in the felde,” &c.

Id. B. ii. leaf lviii

“But it may fall, a dwerye [i. e. dwarf] in his right,
To *outray* a gyaunt for all his gret might.”

Id. B. iii. leaf lxvii

Page 64. v. 98. *Zenophontes*] i. e. Xenophon: see note on v. 70, preceding page.

* v. 107. *thought*] i. e. sorrow.

Page 65. v. 114. *go*] i. e. gone.

v. 115. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 117. *scole*] i. e. school, instruction.

v. 118. *For to kepe his cut,*
Wyth, Phyllyp, kepe your cut !]

Compare Sir Philip Sidney in a sonnet;

“ Good brother Philip, I haue borne you long,
I was content you should in fauour creepe,
While craftily you seem'd your *cut to keepe*,
As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong.”
Astrophel and Stella, p. 548. ed. 1613.

Brome in *The Northern Lasse*, 1632;

“ A bonny bonny Bird I had
A bird that was my Marroe :
A bird whose pastime made me glad,
And Phillip twas my Sparrow.
A pretty Play-fere : Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fist,
Keepe cut, as 'twere a Vsurers Gold,
And bill me when I list.”

Act iii. sc. 2. sig. G 2.

and in *The New Academy*; “ But look how she turnes
and *keeps cut like my Sparrow*. She will be my back
Sweet-heart still I see, and love me behind.” Act iv.
sc. 1. p. 72. (*Five New Playes*, 1659).

v. 125. *Betwene my brestes softe*
It wolde lye and rest]

So Catullus, in the beginning of his verses *Ad Pas-*

verem Lesbicæ, (a distinct poem from that mentioned at p. 46);

“Passer, *deliciæ meæ puellæ*,

Quicum ludere, *quem in sinu tenere*,” &c.

Page 65. v. 127. *It was propre and prest*] Compare v. 264, “As *prety* and as *prest*,” where “*prety*” answers to “*propre*” in the present line. “*Proper* or feate. *coint, godin, gentil, mignot*.” Palsgrave, p. 312:—*prest*, which generally means—ready, seems here to be nearly synonymous with *propre*; and so in a passage of Tusser,—“more handsome, and *prest*,”—cited by Todd (*Johnson’s Dict.* in v.), who explains it “neat, tight.”

v. 137. *gressop*] i. e. grasshopper.—“*Cicada . . . anglice a gresse hoppe*.” *Ortus Vocab.*, fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d.

Page 66. v. 141. *slo*] i. e. slay.

v. 147. *dome*] i. e. judgment, thinking.

v. 148. *Sulpicia*] Lived in the age of Domitian. Her satire *De corrupto statu reipub. temporibus Domitiani, præsertim cum edicto Philosophos urbe exegisset*, may be found in Wernsdorf’s ed. of *Poetæ Latini Minores*, iii. 83.

v. 151. *pas*] i. e. pass, excel.

v. 154. *pretende*] i. e. attempt.

Page 67. v. 171. *perde*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

v. 173. *nyse*] i. e. foolish, inclined to folly, to toyish tricks: compare our author’s *Manerly Margery*, &c., v. 2. vol. i. 35.

v. 176. *too*] i. e. toe.

* v. 186. *ryde and go*] A sort of pleonastic expression which repeatedly occurs in our early writers. [It means ride and *walk*.]

Page 67. v. 192. *Pargame*] i. e. Pergamus.

Page 68. v. 198. *wete*] i. e. know.

v. 205. *be quycke*] i. e. be made alive.

v. 211. *the nones*] i. e. the occasion.

v. 213. *My sparow whyte as mylke*] Compare Sir P Sidney;

“ They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,
To catch her sparow which from her did swerue,
As shee a black-silke Cappe on him begunne
To sett, for foile of his *milke-white* to serue.”

Arcadia, lib. i. p. 85. ed. 1619.

v. 216. *importe*] i. e. impart.

v. 218. *solas*] i. e. amusement.

Page 69. v. 230. *kest*] i. e. cast.

v. 242. *bederoule*] i. e. list of persons to be prayed for.

v. 244. *Cam, and Sem*] i. e. Ham, and Shem.

v. 247. *the hylles of Armony*]—*Armony*, i. e. Armenia.—So in *Processus Noe*;

“ What grownd may this be ?

Noe. The hyllys of Armonye.”

Townley Myst. p. 32.

v. 248. *Wherfore the birdes yet cry
Of your fathers bote*]

The reading of Kele's ed., “*bordes*,” (as I have already observed *ad loc.*) is perhaps the true one ;—(compare *Pierce Plowman* ;

“ And [God] came to Noe anone, and bad him not let
Swyth go shape a shype of shydes and of *bordes*.”

Pass. Non. sig. M ii. ed. 1561.)—

and *qy.* did Skelton write,—

“ *Whereon the bordes yet lye ?*”

Page 70. v. 264. *prest*] i. e. neat. See note on v. 127, p. 51.

v. 272. *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

v. 281. *Carowe*] See note on v. 8. p. 47.

v. 282. *carlyshe kynde*] i. e. churlish nature.

v. 284. *entwynde*] i. e. tore to pieces, destroyed: so again in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*;

“ This goodly flowre with stormis was *entwynde*.”

v. 1445. vol. ii. 234.

Page 71. v. 290. *Lybany*] i. e. Libya.

v. 294. *mantycors*] “ Another maner of bestes ther is in ynde that ben callyd *manticora*, and hath visage of a man, and thre huge grete teeth in his throte, he hath eyen lyke a ghoot and body of a lyon, tayll of a Scorpyon and voys of a serpente in suche wyse that by his swete songe he draweth to hym the peple and deuoureth them And is more delyuerer to goo than is a fowle to flee.” Caxton's *Mirroure of the world*, 1480. sig. e vii. See also R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. p. 212.—This fabulous account is derived from Pliny.

v. 296. *Melanchates, that hounde, &c.*] See the story of Actæon in Ovid's *Metam.*;

“ *Prima Melanchates in tergo vulnera fecit.*”

iii. 232.

v. 305. *That his owne lord bote,
Myght byte asondre thy throte !]*

—*bote*, i. e. bit.—So in *Syr Tryamour*;

“ He toke the stuarde by the *throte*,
And *asonder* he it *botte*.”

Early Pop. Poetry (by Utterson), i. 28.

v. 307. *grypes*] i. e. griffins.

Page 71. v. 311. *The wylde wolfe Lycaon*] See Ovid's *Metam.* i. 163 sqq. for an account of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, being transformed into a wolf. I ought to add, that he figures in a work well known to the readers of Skelton's time—*The Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy.*

Page 72. v. 325. *corage*] i. e. heart, mind, disposition.

v. 329. *departed*] i. e. parted. So in our old marriage-service; "till death us *depart*."

v. 336. *rew*] i. e. have compassion.

* v. 345. *And go in at my spayre,
And crepe in at my gore
Of my gowne before*]

"*Sparre* of a gownc, *fente de la robe*." Palsgrave, p. 273. "That parte of weemens claihts, sik as of their gowne or petticoat, quhilk vnder the belt and before is open, commonly is called the *spare*." Skene, quoted by Jamieson, *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Spare*. *Gore*, a triangular piece of cloth inserted at the bottom of a shirt or shift, to give breadth to the lower part of it.

Page 73. v. 361. *kusse*] i. e. kiss.

"And if he maie no more do,
Yet woll he stele a *cusse* or two."

Gower's *Conf. Am.* lib. v. fol. cxix
ed. 1554.

v. 362. *musse*] i. e. muzzle,—mouth.

v. 366. *this*] i. e. thus.

Page 74. v. 387.

*To wepe with me loke that ye come,
All maner of byrdes in your kynd, &c.]*

—*loke*, i. e. look. Compare Ovid (see note on title of this poem, p. 46) ;

“Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,
Occidit: exequias ite frequenter, aves.
Ite, piæ volucres, et plangite pectora pennis,
Et rigido teneras ungue notate genas.
Horrida pro mæstis lanietur pluma capillis,
Pro longa resonent carmina vestra tuba.”

Amor. lib. ii. El. vi. 5. 1.

Page 74. v. 396. *ianglynge*] i. e. babbling, chattering—an epithet generally applied to the jay by our old poets.

Page 75. v. 403. *the red sparrow*] i. e. the reed-sparrow.

“The *Red-sparrow*, the *Nope*, the *Red-breast*, and the *Wren*.”

Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xiii. p. 215.
ed. 1622.

“The *Red Sparrow*, or *Reed Sparrow*.” R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. p. 246.

v. 406. *to*] i. e. toe.

v. 407. *The spynke*] i. e. The chaffinch. In the *Countrie Farme*, the “*spinke*” is frequently mentioned (see pp. 886, 890, 891, 898, 900. ed. 1600) ; and in the French work by Estienne and Liebault, from which it is translated, the corresponding word is “*pinçon* :” in Cotgrave's *Dict.* is “*Pinson. A Spink, Chaffinch, or Sheldaple* ;” and in Moor's *Suffolk Words*, “*Spinx. The chaffinch*.”

v. 409. *The doterell, that folyshe pek*] The dotterel is said to allow itself to be caught, while it imitates the gestures of the fowler : *pek*, or *peke*, seems here to

be used by Skelton in the sense of—contemptible fellow; so in his *Collyn Cloute*;

“ Of suche *Pater-noster pekes*
All the worlde spekes.”

v. 264. vol. ii. 134.

And see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Peak*.

Page 75. v. 411. *toote*] i. e. pry, peep, search.

v. 412. *the snyte*] i. e. the snipe.

v. 415. *His playne songe to solfe*] See note, p. 15, v. 48: *solfe*, i. e. solfa.

v. 418. *The woodhackle, that syngeth chur*
Horsly, as he had the mur]

—*woodhackle*, i. e. woodpecker: *mur*, i. e. a severe cold with hoarseness. Compare Lydgate;

“ And at his feete lay a prykeryd curre;
He rateled in the throte as he had the murre.”

Le Assemble de dyeus, sig. b i. n. d. 4to.

v. 421. *The popyngay*] i. e. The parrot.

v. 422. *toteth*] Or *tooteth*; see note on v. 411.

v. 424. *The mauys*] Is properly the song-thrush, as distinguished from the missel-thrush: see note on v. 460, p. 58.

v. 425. *the pystell*] i. e. the Epistle.

v. 426. *a large and a longe*] See note, p. 15. v. 49.

v. 427. *To kepe iust playne songe,*
Our chaunters shalbe the cuckoue]

See note, p. 15. v. 48. So Shakespeare mentions “the plain-song cuckoo gray.” *Mids. Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 1.

v. 430. *puwyt the lapwyng*] In some parts of England, the lapwing is called *pewit* from its peculiar cry

Page 76. v. 432. *The bitter with his bumpe*] “The Bitter, or Bitterne, *Bumpeth*, when he puts his Bill in the reeds.” R. Holme’s *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. p. 310.

v. 434. *Menander*] Means here *Mæander*: but I have not altered the text; because our early poets took great liberties with classical names; because all the eds. of Skelton’s *Speke, Parrot*, have

“Alexander, a gander of *Menanders* pole.”

v. 178. vol. ii. 254.

and because the following passage occurs in a poem by some imitator of Skelton, which is appended to the present edition;

“Wotes not wher to wander,
Whether to *Meander*,
Or vnto *Menander*.”

The Image of Ipocrisy, Part Third.

v. 437. *wake*] i. e. watching of the dead body during the night.

v. 441. *He shall syng the grayle*]—*grayle*, says Warton (correcting an explanation he had formerly given), signifies here “*Graduale*, or the *Responsorium*, or *Antiphonarium*, in the Romish service He shall sing that part of the service which is called the *Grayle*, or *graduale*.” *Obs. on the F. Queen*, ii. 244. ed. 1762.

v. 442. *The owle, that is so foule*]—*foule*, i. e. ugly. The *Houlate*, (in the poem so called, by Holland), says,

“Thus all the foulis, for my *filth*, hes me at feid.”

Pinkerton’s *Scot. Poems*, iii. 149.

v. 444. *gaunce*] i. e. gaunt.

v. 445. *the cormoraunce*] i. e. the cormorant.

* Page 76. v. 447. *the gaglynge gaunte*]—*gaglynge* is cackling: Our author in his *Elynour Rummyng* has—

“ In came another dant,
Wyth a gose and a *gant*.”

v. 515. vol. i. 127.

where *gant* is plainly used for gander. In the present passage, however, *gaunte* must have a different signification (“The gose and the *gander*” being mentioned v. 435), and means, I apprehend,—wild goose. [Rather gannet, solan goose, as explained by Way, *Promptor. Parvul.* vol. i. p. 186.]

v. 449. *The route and the kowgh*] The Rev. J. Mitford suggests that the right reading is “The *knout* and the *rowgh*,”—i. e. the knot and the ruff.

v. 450. *The barnacle*] i. e. The goose-barnacle,—concerning the production of which the most absurd fables were told and credited: some asserted that it was originally the shell-fish called barnacle, others that it grew on trees, &c.

v. 451. *the wilde mallarde*] i. e. the wild-drake.

v. 452. *The dyuendop*] i. e. The dabchick or didapper.

v. 454. *The puffin*] A water-fowl with a singular bill.

v. 455. *Money they shall dele, &c.*] According to the ancient custom at funerals.

v. 460. *The threstyl*] Or *throstle*, is properly the missel-thrush: see note on v. 424.

v. 461. *brablyng*] i. e. clamour, noise—properly, quarrel, squabble.

Page 77. v. 462. ————— *the ospraye*
That putteth fysshes to a fraye]

—*fraye*, i. e. fright. It was said that when the osprey, which feeds on fish, hovered over the water, they became fascinated and turned up their bellies.

v. 468. *The countrynge of the coe]*—*countrynge*; see note p. 11 : *coe*, i. e. jack-daw.

v. 469. *The storke also,*
That maketh his nest
In chimneyes to rest;
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abyde
Of cokoldry syde]

The stork breeds in chimney-tops, and was fabled to forsake the place, if the man or wife of the house committed adultery. The following lines of Lydgate will illustrate the rest of the passage :

“ a certaine knight,
 Gyges called, thinge shameful to be tolde,
 To speke plaine englishe, made him [i. e. Can-
 daules] cokolde.

Alas! I was not auised wel beforene,
 Vnkonnyngly to speake such langage :
 I should haue sayde how that he had an horne,
 Or sought some terme wyth a fayre vysage,
 To excuse my rudenesse of thys gret outrage :
 And in some land Cornodo men do them cal,
 And some affirme that *such folke haue no gal.*”

Fall of Prynces, B. ii. leaf lvi. ed Wayland

v. 478. *The estryge, that wyll eate*
An horshowe so great]

—*estryge*, i. e. ostrich : *horshowe*, i. e. horse-shoe.—In *Struthiocamelus*, a portion of that strange book *Philomythie*, &c., by Tho. Scot., 1616, a merchant seeing an ostrich, in the desert, eating iron, asks—

“ What nourishment can from those mettals grow ?
 The Ostrich answers ; Sir, I do not eate
 This iron, as you thinke I do, for meate.
 I only keepe it, lay it vp in store,
 To helpe my needy friends, the friendlesse poore
 I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
Many a fowndred horse that wants a shooe,
 Seruing a Master that is moneylesse :
 Such I releiue and helpe in their distresse.”

Sig. E 7

Page 77. v. 482. *freat*] i. e. gnaw, devour.

v. 485. *at a brayde*] Has occurred before in our author's *Bowge of Courte* ; see note, p. 32. v. 181 ; but here it seems to have a somewhat different meaning, and to signify—at an effort, at a push. “ *At a brayde, Faysant mon effort, ton effort, son effort, &c.*” Palsgrave, p. 831. This expression is used here in connection with singing : [?] and in one of the *Christmas Carols*, printed for the Percy Society, p. 51, we find,

“ Wherefor syng we alle *atte a brayde*,
 nowell.”

v. 487. *To solfe aboue ela*]—*solfe*, i. e. solfa : *ela*, .. e. the highest note in the scale of music.

v. 488. *lorell*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellow (see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*) : used here as a sportive term of reproach.

Page 78. v. 491. *The best that we can,
To make hym our belman,
And let hym ryng the bellys ;
He can do nothyng ellys]*

"*Sit campanista, qui non vult esse sophista*, Let him bee a bell-ringer, that will bee no good Singer." Withals's *Dict.* p. 178. ed. 1634.

v. 495. *Chaunteclere, our coke,
.
.
.
.
By the astrology
That he hath naturally, &c.]*

So Chaucer ;

"But when *the cocke*, commune *Astrologer*,
Gan on his brest to beate," &c.

Troilus and Creseide, B. iii. fol. 164.—
Workes, ed. 1602.

See also Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. i. sig. D v. ed. 1555 ; and his copy of verses (entitled in the Catalogue *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*), *MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 132.

v. 501. *Albumazer*] A famous Arabian, of the ninth century.

v. 505. *Haly*] Another famous Arabian : "claruit circa A. C. 1100." *Fabr. Bibl. Gr.* xiii. 17.

v. 507. *tydes*] i. e. times, seasons.

v. 509. *Partlot his hen*] So in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale* ; Lydgate's copy of verses (entitled in the Catalogue *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*), *MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 132 ; and G. Douglas's Prol. to the xii Booke of his *Eneados*, p. 401. l. 54. ed. Ruddiman, who conjectures that the name was applied to a hen in reference to the ruff (the *partlet*), or ring of feathers about her neck.

Page 79. v. 522. *thurifycation*] i. e. burning incense
 v. 524. *reflary*] As I have already noticed, should probably be “reflayre,”—i. e. odour. See Roquefort’s *Gloss. de la Lang. Rom.* in v. *Flareur*, and *Suppl.* in v. *Fleror*; and Cotgrave’s *Dict.* in v. *Reflairer*. In *The Garlande of Laurell*, our author calls a lady “*reflaring rosabell*.” v. 977. vol. ii. 213.

v. 525. *eyre*] i. e. air, scent.

“Strowed wyth floures, of all goodly *ayre*.”

Hawes’s *Pastime of pleasure*, sig. D iiiii.
 ed. 1555.

See too *The Pistill of Susan*, st. viii.—Laing’s *Early Pop. Poetry of Scot.*

* v. 526. *sence*] i. e. incense.

v. 534. *bemole*] i. e. in B molle, soft or flat. So in the last stanza of a poem by W. Cornishe, printed in Marshe’s ed. of Skelton’s *Workes*, 1568;

“I kepe be rounde and he by square
 The one is *bemole* and the other bequare.”

v. 536. *Plinni sheweth all*
In his story naturall]

See *Historia Naturalis*, lib. x. sect. 2.

v. 545. *corage*] i. e. heart,—feelings.

* Page 80. v. 552. *the sedeane*] Does it mean subdean, or subdeacon? [*Sedekine*, sub-deacon. Halliwell, *Dict.*]

v. 553. *The quere to demeane*] i. e. to conduct, direct the choir.

v. 555. *ordynall*] i. e. ritual.

v. 556. *the noble fawcon*] “There are seuen kinds of Falcons, and among them all for her *noblenesse* and hardy courage, and withal the francknes of her mettell, I may, and doe meane to place the Falcon gentle in

chiefe." Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 25. ed. 1611.

Page 80. v. 557. *the gerfawcon*] "Is a gallant Hawke to behold, more huge then any other kinde of Falcon, &c." *Id.* p. 42.

v. 558. *The tarsell gentyll*] Is properly the male of the gosshawk; but Skelton probably did not use the term in its exact meaning, for in the fifth line after this he mentions "the gosshauke." It is commonly said (see Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.) to be called *tiercel* because it is a *tierce* or third less than the female. But, according to Turbervile, "he is termed a *Tyercelet*, for that there are most commonly disclosed three birds in one selfe eyree, two Hawkes and one Tiercell." *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 59. ed. 1611.

v. 560. *amysse*] i. e. amice—properly the first of the six vestments common to the bishop and presbyters. "Fyrst do on the *amys*, than the *albe*, than the *gyrdell*, than the *manyples*, than the *stoole*, than the *chesyble*." *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. E iiiii. ed. 1530.

v. 561. *The sacre*] A hawk "much like the Falcon Gentle for largenesse, and the Haggart for hardines." Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 45. ed. 1611.

v. 563. *role*] i. e. roll.

v. 565. *The lanners*] "They are more blancke Hawkes then any other, they haue lesse beakes then the rest, and are lesse armed and pounced then other Falcons be." Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 47. ed. 1611.

— *the marlyons*] Or *merlins*,—the smallest of the hawks used by falconers.

v. 566. *morning gounes*] i. e. mourning-gowns.

Page 80. v. 567. *The hobby*] “Of all birdes of prey that belong to the Falconers vse, I know none lesse then the Hobby, unles it be the Merlyn.” Turber-vile’s *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 53. ed. 1611.

— *the muskette*] i. e. the male sparrow-hawk. “You must note, that all these kind of hawkes haue their male birdes and cockes of euerie sort and gender, as the Eagle his Earne and the Sparrow-hawke his *Musket*.” *Id.* p. 3. “The male sparrow hawke is called a *musket*.” *The Countrie Farme*, p. 877. ed. 1600.

v. 568. *fet*] i. e. fetch.

v. 569. *The kestrell*] A sort of base-bred hawk.

— *warke*] i. e. work, business.

v. 570. *holy water clarke*] See note, p. 14. v. 21.

Page 81. v. 590. *And wrapt in a maiden’s smocke*] Spenser seems to have recollected this passage: he says, that when Cupid was stung by a bee, Venus

—“tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock.”

See a little poem in his *Works*, viii. 185. ed. Todd.

v. 595. *Lenger*] i. e. Longer.

v. 600. ——— *the pretty wren,*
That is our Ladyes hen]

So in a poem (attributed, on no authority, to Skelton) entitled *Armony of Byrdes*, n. d., and reprinted entire in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 380. ed. Dibdin;

“Than sayd *the wren,*
I am called *the hen*
Of our lady most cumly.” p. 382.

Wilbraham, in his *Cheshire Gloss.* p. 105, gives the following metrical adage as common in that county;

“ The Robin and the Wren
 Are God's cock and hen,
 The Martin and the Swallow
 Are God's mate and marrow.”

In the *Ballad of Kynd Kittok*, attributed to Dunbar, we are told that after death she “ wes our Ledyis henwyfe,” *Poems*, ii. 36. ed. Laing.—An Elysium, very different from that described in the somewhat profane passage of our text, is assigned by the delicate fancy of Ovid to the parrot of his mistress, in the poem to which (as I have before observed, p. 46.) Skelton seems to have had an eye;

“ *Colle sub Elysio nigra nemus illice frondens,*” &c.

Amor. ii. 6. 49.

Page 82. v. 609. *asayde*] i. e. tried—tasted :

v. 619. *scath*] i. e. harm, mischief.

v. 629. *Of Gawen*] Son of King Lot and nephew of King Arthur. Concerning him, see the *Morte d'Arthur* (of which some account is given in note on v. 634),—*Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyȝt*, in *MS. Cott. Nero A. x.* fol. 91,—*Ywaine and Gawin*, in Ritson's *Met. Rom.* vol. i.,—the fragment of *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, at the end of Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.*,—*The Awntyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyn*, in Laing's *Early Pop. Poetry of Scot.*, (the same romance, from a different MS., under the title of *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, in Pinkerton's *Scot. Poems*, vol. iii.),—*The Knightly Tale of Gologrus and Gawane*, reprinted at Edinburgh in 1827 from the ed. of 1508, (the same romance, under the title of *Gawan and Gologras*, in Pinkerton's *Scot. Poems*, vol. iii.),—and the romance of *Arthour and Merlin*, from

the Auchinleck MS., published by the Abbotsford Club, 1838.

I had written the above note before the appearance of a valuable volume put forth by the Bannatyne Club, entitled *Syr Gawayne; A collection of Ancient Romance-Poems, by Scottish and English Authors, relating to that celebrated Knight of the Round Table, with an Introduction, &c., by Sir F. Madden, 1839.*

Page 82. v. 629. *syr Guy*] In *The Rime of Sire Thopas*, Chaucer mentions "*Sire Guy*" as one of the "romances of pris." For an account of, extracts from, and an analysis of, the English romance on the subject of this renowned hero of Warwick, see Ritson's *Met. Rom. (Dissert.)* i. xcii., Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* i. 169. ed. 4to., and Ellis's *Spec. of Met. Rom.* ii. I must also refer the reader to a volume, issued by the Abbotsford Club, entitled *The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick, and Rembrun his son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.* 1840.

v. 631. — *the Golden Flece,*
How Jason it wan]

A boke of the hoole lyf of Jason was printed by Caxton in folio, n. d. (about 1475), being a translation by that venerable typographer from the French of Raoul le Fevre. A copy of it (now before me) in the King's Library, though apparently perfect, has no title of any sort. Specimens of this prose-romance, which is not without merit, may be found in Dibdin's *Biblioth. Spenc.* iv. 199.—The story of Jason is also told by Chaucer, *Legend of Hipsiphile and Medea*; by Gower, *Conf 4m. Lib.* v.; and, at considerable length, by Lydgate, *Warres of Troy*, B. i.

Page 82. v. 634.

*Of Arturs rounde table,
With his knyghtes commendable,
And dame Gaynour, his quene,
Was somewhat wanton, I wene ;
How syr Launcelote de Lake
Many a spere brake
For his ladyes sake ;
Of Trystram, and kyng Marke,
And al the hole warke
Of Bele Isold his wyfe]*

—warke, i. e. work, affair.—Concerning the various romances on the subject of Arthur, Lancelot, Tristram, &c. see Sir F. Madden's Introduction to the volume already mentioned, *Syr Gawayne*, &c.—In this passage, however, Skelton seems to allude more particularly to a celebrated compilation from the French—the prose romance of *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur*, &c., commonly known by the name of *Morte d'Arthur*. At the conclusion of the first edition printed in folio by Caxton (and reprinted in 1817 with an Introd. and Notes by Southey) we are told “*this booke was ended the ix. yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth by syr Thomas Maleore, knyght*” . . . “*Whiche booke was reduced in to Englysshe by Syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd and by me [Caxton] deuyded in to xxi bookes chapyred and empynted and fynysshed in thabbey Westmestre the last day of July the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV.*”

In the *Morte d'Arthur*, the gallant and courteous Sir Launcelot du Lake, son of King Ban of Benwyck, figures as the devoted lover of Arthur's queen, Gueneuer (Skelton's “*Gaynour*”), daughter of King Lode-

greans of Camelard. On several occasions, Gueneuer after being condemned to be burnt, is saved by the valour of her knight. But their criminal intercourse proves in the end the destruction of Arthur and of the fellowship of the Round Table. Gueneuer becomes a nun, Launcelot a priest. The last meeting of the guilty pair,—the interment of Gueneuer's body by her paramour,—and the death of Launcelot, are related with no ordinary pathos and simplicity.

The same work treats fully of the loves of Sir Trystram, son of King Melyodas of Lyones, and La Beale Isoud (Skelton's "*Bele Isold*"), daughter of King Anguysse of Ireland, and wife of King Marke of Cornwall, Trystram's uncle.—(Trystram's wife, Isoud La Blaunche Maynys, was daughter of King Howel of Bretagne).—The excuse for the intrigue between Trystram and his uncle's spouse is, that their mutual passion was the consequence of a love-potion, which they both drank without being aware of its nature.

"In our forefathers time," observes Ascham, somewhat severely, "when Papistrie, as a standing poole, couered and ouerflowed all England, fewe bookes were red in our tonge, sauing certayne bookes of Chiualrie, as they sayd for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries, by idle Monkes, or wanton Chanons: as one for example *Morte Arthur*: the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall pointes, in open mans slaughter, and bolde bawdrye: in which booke, those bee counted the noblest knights, that doe kill most men without any quarell, and commit fowlest aduouleries by sutlest shifts: as Sir Launcelote, with the wife of king Arthure his maister: Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke

his uncle: Syr Lamerocke, with the wife of king Lote, that was his own aunte. This is good stuffe, for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I knowe, when Gods Bible was banished the Court, and *Morte Arthure* receaved into the Princes chamber." *The Schole Master*, fol. 27. ed. 1571.

Page 83. v. 649. — of syr Lybius,
Named Dysconius]

See the romance of *Lybeaus Disconus* (*Le beau desconnu*), in Ritson's *Met. Rom.* ii. ; also Sir F. Madden's note in the volume entitled *Syr Gawayne*, &c. p. 346.

v. 651. *Of Quater Fylz Amund,*

 . . . how they rode eche one
 On Bayarde Mountalbon ;
 Men se hym now and then
 In the forest of Arden]

The English prose romance on the subject of these worthies came originally from the press of Caxton, an imperfect copy of his edition n. d. folio, being in Lord Spencer's library; see Dibdin's *Ædes Althorp.* ii. 298: and that it was also translated from the French by Caxton himself, there is every reason to believe; see Dibdin's *Bibliog. Decam.* ii. 438. According to the colophon of Copland's ed., this romance was reprinted in 1504 by Wynkyn de Worde; see *Typ. Antiq.* ii. 116. ed. Dibdin. Copland's edition has the following title: *The right pleasaunt and goodly Historie of the foure sonnes of Aimon the which for the excellent endytyng of it, and for the notabie Prowes and great vertues that were in them: is no les pleasaunt to rede, then worthy to be knowen of all estates bothe hyghe and lowe,* M.CCCCC.LIIII. folio.

The names of the brothers were "Reynawde, Alarde, Guycharde, and Rycharde, that were wonderfull fayre, wytty, great, mightye, and valyaunte, specyally Reynawde whiche was the greatest and the tallest manne that was founde at that tyme in al the worlde. For he had xvi. feete of length and more." fol. i. ed. Copl. The father of this hopeful family was Duke of Ardeyne.

Bayarde—(properly a bay horse, but used for a horse in general)—"was suche a horse, that neuer was his like in all the world nor neuer shall be except Busifal the horse of the great Kinge Alexander. For as for to haue ronne. xxx. myle together he wolde neuer haue sweted. The sayd Bayard thys horse was growen in the Isle of Boruscan, and Mawgys the sonne of the duke Benes of Aygremount had gyuen to his cosin Reynawde, that after made the Kynge Charlemayne full wrothe and sory." fol. v. Reynawde had a castle in Gascoigne called Mountawban; hence Skelton's expression, "*Bayarde Mountalbon.*" A woodcut on the title-page represents the four brothers riding "*eche one*" upon the poor animal. "I," says Reynawde, relating a certain adventure, "mounted vpon Bayarde and my brethern I made to mount also thone before and the two other behynde me, and thus rode we al foure vpon my horse bayarde." fol. lxxxii.

Charlemagne, we are told, made peace with Reynawde on condition that he should go as a pilgrim, poorly clothed and begging his bread, to the holy land, and that he should deliver up Bayard to him. When Charlemagne had got possession of the horse,—"*Ha Bayarde, bayarde,*" said he, "thou hast often angred me, but I am come to the poynt, god gramercy, for to

venge me;" and accordingly he caused Bayarde to be thrown from a bridge into the river Meuse, with a great millstone fastened to his neck. "Now ye ought to know that after that bayarde was caste in the riuier of meuze: he wente vnto the botom as ye haue herde, and might not come vp for bicause of the great stone that was at his necke whiche was horryble heuye, and whan bayarde sawe he myghte none otherwise scape: he smote so longe and so harde with his feete vpon the mylle stone: that he brast it, and came agayne aboute the water and began to swym, so that he passed it all ouer at the other syde, and whan he was come to londe: he shaked hymselfe for to make falle the water fro him and began to crie hie, and made a merueyllous noyse, and after beganne to renne so swyftlye as the tempest had borne him awaie, and entred in to the great forest of Ardeyn and wit it for very certayn that the folke of the countrey saien, that he is yet alyue within the wood of Ardeyn. But wyt it whan he seeth man or woman: he renneth anon awaye, so that no bodye maye come neere hym." fol. exlv.

Page 83. v. 661. *Of Judas Machabeus*] "Gaultier de Belleperche Arbalestrier, ou Gaultier Arbalestrier de Belleperche, commença le Romans de Judas Machabee, qu'il poursuiuit jusques à sa mort Pierre du Riez le continua jusques à la fin." Fauchet's *Recueil de l'origine de la langue et poesie Françoise*, &c., v. 197.

v. 662. —*of Cesar Julious*] In the prologue to an ancient MS. poem, *The boke of Stories called Cursor Mundi*, translated from the French, mention is made of the *romance*

“Of *Julius Cesar* the emperour.”

Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, i. 123, note,
ed. 4to.

Page 83. v. 663. — of the loue betwene
Paris and Vyene]

This prose romance was printed by Caxton in folio: *Here begynneth thystorye of the noble ryght valyaunt and worthy knyght Parys, and of the fayr Vyene the daulphyns doughter of Vyennes, the whyche suffred many aduersytees bycause of theyr true loue or they coude enioye the effect therof of eche other.* Colophon: *Thus endeth thystorye of the noble, &c. &c., translated out of frenshe in to englysshe by Wylliam Caxton at Westmestre fynysshed the last day of August the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXXV, and enprynted the xix day of decembre the same yere, and the fyrst yere of the regne of kyng Harry the seuenth.*

Gawin Douglas tells us in his *Palice of Honour*, that, among the attendants on Venus,

“Of France I saw thair *Paris and Veane*.”

p. 16. Bann. ed.

v. 665. *duke Hannibal*]

—duke, i. e. leader, lord.—
So Lydgate;

“Which brother was vnto *duke Haniball*.”

Fall of Prynces, B. ii. leaf xlv. ed.
Wayland;

and in a copy of verses entitled *Thonke God of alle*, he applies the word to our Saviour;

“The dereworth *duke* that deme vs shalle.”

MS. Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 66.

v. 667. *Fordrede*] i. e. utterly, much afraid.

“ To wretthe the king thai were for dred [*sic*].”

Seynt Katerine, p. 170,—Turnbull's *Legendæ Catholicæ* (from the Auchinleck MS.).

Page 83. v. 668. *wake*] i. e. watch,—besiege.

Page 84. v. 673. *Of Hector of Troye*,
That was all theyr ioye]

See the *Warres of Troy* by Lydgate, a paraphractical translation of Guido de Colonna's *Historia Trojana*: it was first printed in 1513. See too the *Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy*. Compare Hawes;

“ Of the worthy *Hector that was all theyr ioye*.”

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. P iii. ed. 1555.

v. 677. — of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Vpon fayre Cressyde, &c.]

See Chaucer's *Troilus und Creseide*.

v. 682. *Pandaer*] Or *Pandare* as Chaucer occasionally calls Pandarus.

— *bylles*] i. e. letters: see Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*.

* v. 686. *An ouche*] [i. e. a buckle, clasp, brooch; or any other ornament.]—Concerning *ouche*, a word whose etymology and primary signification are uncertain, see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. *Nouches*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Ouch*.—Here, perhaps, it means a brooch: for in the third book of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, Cressid proposes that Pandarus should bear a “blew ring” from her to Troilus; and (*ibid.*) afterwards the lovers

“ enterchaungeden her ringes,
Of which I can not tellen no scripture,
But well I wot, a *broche* of gold and azure,

In which a Rubbie set was like an herte,
Creseide him yaue, and stacke it on his sherte."

Chaucer's *Workes*, fol. 164. ed. 1602.

After Cressid becomes acquainted with Diomede, she gives him *a brooch*, which she had received from Troilus on the day of her departure from Troy. *Id.* fols. 179, 181.

* Page 85. v. 700. *That made the male to wryng*] So Skelton elsewhere;

"That ye can not espye
Howe the male dothe wrye."

Colyn Cloute, v. 687. vol. ii. 149.

"The countrynge at Cales
Wrang vs on the males."

Why come ye nat to Courte, v. 74.
vol. ii. 279.

and so Lydgate;

"Now al so mot I thryue and the, saide he than,
I can nat se for alle wittes and espyes,
And craft and kunnyng, but that *the male so wryes*
That no kunnyng may preuayl and appere
Ayens a womans wytt and hir answeere."

The prohemy of a mariage, &c.,—*MS. Harl.*
372. fol. 50.

I do not understand the expression. [Mail sometimes signifies that part of a clasp which receives the spring into it. (Halliwell.) Might not the expression here mean, there was something that "made the catch to swerve," prevented the lovers from coming together?]

v. 702. *The song of louers lay*—*lay* seems here to mean—law.[?]

"Of *louers lawe* he toke no cure."

Harpalus (from pieces by uncertain authors printed with the poems of Surrey),—Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P* ii. 68. ed. 1794.

* Page 85. v. 716. *kys the post*] [i. e. to be baffled, fail of one's object.] So Barclay ;

“ Yet from beginning absent if thou be,

Eyther shalt thou lose thy meat and *kisse the post*,” &c.

Egloge ii. sig. B iiiii. ed. 1570.

The expression is found in much later writers: see, for instance, Heywood's *Woman Kilde with Kindnesse*, sig. E 2. ed. 1617.

v. 717. *Pandara*] So in Chaucer (according to some copies) ;

“ Aha (quod *Pandara*) here beginneth game.”

Troilus and Creseide, B. i. fol. 147,

Workes, ed. 1602.

v. 719. *But lyght for somer grene*] See note, p. 38.
v. 355.

v. 727. *ne knew*] i. e. knew not.

v. 728. *on lyue*] i. e. alive.

Page 86. v. 732. *make*] i. e. mate.

v. 735. *proces*] i. e. story, account. So again in this poem “*relation*” and “*prosses*” are used as synonymous, vv. 961, 969. The 15th chap. of the first book of Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces* is headed “*A processe of Narcissus, Byblis, Myrra*,” &c.

v. 736. — *of Anteocus*] Whom Chaucer calls “the cursed king Antiochus.” *The Man of Lawes Prol.* v. 4502. ed. Tyr. His story may be found in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. fol. clxxv. sqq. ed. 1554.

v. 739. ——— *of Mardocheus*,
And of great Assuerus, &c.]

“ Even scripture-history was turned into romance. The story of Esther and Ahasuerus, or of Amon or Hamon, and Mardocheus or Mordecai, was formed into a fabulous poem.” Warton, note on *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 178. (where some lines of the romance are quoted from a MS.) ed. 4to.

Page 86. v. 741. *Vesca*] i. e. Vashti.

v. 742. *teene*] i. e. wrath: see the book of *Esther*.

v. 745. *Of kyng Alexander*] See Weber's *Introduction*, p. xx. sqq., and the romance of *Kyng Alisaunder* in his *Met. Rom.* i.; also *The Buik of the most noble and vailzeand Conquerour Alexander the Great*, reprinted by the Bannatyne Club, 1831.

v. 746. — *of kyng Euander*] As the lady declares (v. 756) that she was slightly acquainted with Virgil, we may suppose that her knowledge of this personage was derived from *The Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy*, and Caxton's *Boke of Eneydos*.

v. 751. *historious*] i. e. historical.

v. 752. *bougets and males*] i. e. budgets and bags.

v. 754. *sped*] i. e. versed in.

Page 87. v. 760. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 766. *Phorocides*] i. e. Pherecydes.

v. 767. *auncyente*] i. e. antiquity.

v. 768. *to diffuse for me*] i. e. too difficult for me to understand. “*Dyffuse*, harde to be vnderstande, *diffuse*.” Palsgrave, p. 310.

“ But oft yet by it [logick] a thing playne, bright and pure,

Is made *diffuse*, vnknownen, harde and obscure.”

Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, fol. 53. ed. 1570.

v. 775. *enneude*] “ I *Enneue*, I set the laste and freshest coloure vpon a thyng, as paynters do whan

their worke shall remayne to declare their connyng, *Je renouuelle*. Your ymage is in maner done; so sone as I haue ennewed it I wyl sende it you home," &c. Palsgrave, p. 536.

" Ylike enewed with quickenes of coloure,
Both of the rose and the lyly floure."

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. ii.
sig. I ii. ed. 1555.

Page 87. v. 776. *pullysshed*] i. e. polished.

— *lustly*] i. e. pleasant, beautiful.

v. 779. *frowardes*] i. e. frowardness.

v. 788. *sped*] i. e. versed.

Page 88. v. 791. *Solacious*] i. e. affording amusement.

v. 792. *alowed*] i. e. approved.

* v. 793. *enprowed*] In the Glossary to Fry's *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, 1814, where a portion of the present poem is given, *enprowed* is rendered "profited of."

v. 799. *warke*] i. e. work.

v. 804. ——— *Johnn Lydgate*

Wryteth after an hyer rate]

Lydgate, however, disclaims all elevation of style: see his *Fall of Prynces*, Prol. sig. A iii. ed. Wayland; his *Warres of Troy*, B. ii. sigs. F ii, K ii, B. v. sigs. E e i. ii. iii. ed. 1555.

v. 806. *dyffuse*] i. e. difficult: see note on v. 768, *supra*.

v. 807. *sentence*] i. e. meaning.

v. 809. *No man that can amend, &c.*] So Hawes, speaking of the works of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate;

" Whose famous draughtes *no man can amende*."

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. G iii. ed. 1555.

Page 88. v. 812. *to haute*] i. e. too high, too loftily.

* v. 817. *In worth*] i. e. kindly.

v. 841. *Joanna*] See note p. 48.

Page 90. v. 860. *If Arethusa wyll send
Me enfluence to endyte*]

Skelton recollected that Virgil had invoked this nymph as a Muse ;

“ Extremum hunc, *Arethusa*, mihi concede laborem.”
Ecl. x. 1.

v. 869. *lust*] i. e. pleasure.

v. 872. *enbybed*] i. e. made wet.

Page 91. v. 875. *Thagus*] i. e. Tagus.

v. 882. *remes*] i. e. realms.

v. 886. *Perce and Mede*] i. e. Persia and Media.

v. 896. *She floryssheth new and new
In bewte and vertew*]

So Lydgate :

“ And euer encrecyng in *vertue new and newe.*”
The Temple of Glas., sig. b vii. n. d. 4to.

Page 92. v. 903. *askry*] i. e. call out against, raise a shout against : see note on v. 1358.

v. 905. *odyous Enui, &c.*] Here Skelton has an eye to Ovid's picture of Envy :

“ Pallor in ore sedet ; macies in corpore toto :
Nusquam recta acies : livent rubigine dentes :
Pectora felle virent : lingua est suffusa veneno.
Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.
Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis :
Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum : carpitque et carpitur *una*;
Suppliciumque suum est.” *Met. ii. 775.*

See too the description of Envy in *Pierce Plowman*, sig. F ii. ed. 1561.

Page 92. v. 908. *ledder*] i. e. leather, leathern.

v. 912. *crake*] i. e. creak.

v. 913. *Leane as a rake*] From Chaucer.

“As *lene* was his hors as is a rake.”

Prol. to Cant. Tales, v. 289. ed. Tyr.

v. 915. *vnlusty*] i. e. unpleasant, unseemly.

v. 919. *wronge*] i. e. wrung.

* v. 930. *bete*] i. e. agitated; or bitten.

v. 931. *frete*] i. e. eaten, gnawed.

Page 93. v. 936. *semblaunt*] i. e. semblance, appearance.

v. 947. *slo*] i. e. slay.

v. 963. *agayne*] i. e. against.

Page 94. v. 968. *dres*] i. e. address, apply.

v. 969. *prosses*] i. e. relation, story. See note, p. 75.

v. 970. *ken*] i. e. instruct.

v. 973. *As hym best lyst*] i. e. As best pleases him.

* v. 980. *bedell*] i. e. servitor.

* v. 987. *Compyle*] i. e. compose.

Page 95. v. 999. *sort*] i. e. set, assemblage.

v. 1002. *fauour*] i. e. appearance, look—or, perhaps, beauty,—in which sense the word occurs v. 1048.

v. 1003. *Ennewed*] See note on v. 775.

* v. 1014. *stepe*] i. e. deep sunk in the head. [?]

v. 1016.

With her browes bent]

—*bent*, i. e. arched. Compare Hawes;

“Her forehead *stepe* with fayre browes ybent,
Her eyen gray.”

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. S i. ed. 1555.

I may just observe that these passages (and many others which might be cited) shew how unnecessarily Ritson substituted "brent" for "bent" in *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*; see his note, *Met. Rom.* iii. 351.

Page 95. v. 1019. *Polixene*] i. e. Polyxena, the daughter of Priam,—celebrated by Lydgate in his *Warres of Troy*, and by others.

Page 96. v. 1031. *The Indy saphyre blew*] *Indy* may perhaps be used here for—Indian; but I believe the expression is equivalent to—the azure blue sapphire (Skelton in his *Garlande of Laurell* has "*saphiris indy blew*," v. 478, vol. ii. 191); see note, p. 23. v. 17.

* v. 1032. *ennew*] give a finish to, embellish. See note on v. 775. p. 76.

v. 1034. *lere*] i. e. skin.

v. 1035. *lusty*] i. e. pleasant, beautiful.

— *ruddes*] i. e. ruddy tints of the cheek, complexion.

v. 1048. *with fauour fret*]—*fauour*, i. e. beauty; so Skelton has "*feturs fauorable*," in the second of his *Baletlys*, v. 8. vol. i. 29: *fret*, I believe, does not here mean fraught (see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*), but is equivalent to—wrought, adorned,—in allusion to fret-work; so in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*,—

"*Fret all with orient perlys of Garnate.*"

v. 485. vol. ii. 191.

Page 97. v. 1052. *The columbine commendable*,
The ielofer amyable]

ielofer is perhaps what we now call gillyflower; but it was formerly the name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams. So *Graunde Amoure* terms *La Bell Pucell*;

“The gentyll *gylofer*, the goodly *columbyne*.”

Hawes's *Pastime of pleasure*, sig. N i. ed. 1555.

Page 97. v. 1065. *denayd*] i. e. denied.

v. 1069. *conueniently*] i. e. fittingly, suitably.

* Page 98. v. 1077. *sker*] i. e. scar, meaning the wart.

v. 1078. *Enhached*] i. e. Inlaid: our author has the word again in his *Garlande of Laurell*;

“*Enhachyde* with perle and stones preciously.”

v. 40. vol. ii. 172.

v. 1081. *To forget deadly syn*] Compare the first of our author's *Balettyes*, v. 11. vol. i. 27.

v. 1096. *pastauunce*] i. e. pastime.

v. 1097. *So sad and so demure*]—*sad*, i. e. serious, grave, sober: so afterwards, “*Sobre*, demure Dyane.” v. 1224.

v. 1100. *make to the lure*] A metaphor from falconry: “*Lure* is that whereto Faulconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather, in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl.” Latham's *Faulconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.

Page 99. v. 1105. *crased*] i. e. crushed, enfeebled.

v. 1106. *dased*] i. e. dazzled.

* v. 1116. *And to amende her tale,*

Whan she lyst to auale]

—*auale* is generally—to let down, to lower: [condescended to show me some favor?] but I know not now to explain the present passage, which appears to be defective.

Page 99. v. 1118.

*And with her fyngers snale,
And handes soft as sylke,
Whyter than the mylke,
That are so quyckely vayned]*

—*quyckely vayned*, i. e. lively veined. Compare Hawes;

“By her propre hande, soft as any sylke.”

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. H iiiii. ed. 1555.

“Her fingers small, and therto right longe,
White as the milke, with blew vaynes among.”

Id. sig. S i.

v. 1124. *Vnneth*] i. e. Scarcely, not without difficulty. Here again the text seems to be defective.

v. 1125. *reclaymed*] A metaphor from falconry. “Reclaiming is to tame, make gentle, or to bring a Hawk to familiarity with the man.” Latham’s *Falconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658.

Page 100. v. 1146. *tote*] i. e. look, gaze.

v. 1147. *fote*] i. e. foot.

v. 1148. *hert rote*] i. e. heart-root.

* v. 1151. *She is playnly expresse
Egeria, the goddesse,
And lyke to her image,
Emportured with corage,
A louers pilgrimage]*

I must leave the reader to form his own idea of the meaning of the last two lines, which are beyond my comprehension. [Perhaps—made to bear herself (or else, simply portrayed) with courage (feeling); a fit object for lovers to make pilgrimages to.]

v. 1157. *Ne*] i. e. Nor.

Page 100. v. 1157. *wood*] i. e. mad, furious.

Page 101. v. 1170.

*So goodly as she dresses,
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heer so fyne,
Lyke Phebus beames shyne.
Wherto shuld I disclose
The garterynge of her hose?]*

—*Phebus beames shyne*, i. e. the shine of Phœbus' beams. Compare Hawes;

*"Her shining here so properly she dresses
Alofe her forehed with fayre golden tresses*

Her fete proper, she gartered well her hose."

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. S i. ed. 1555

v. 1177. *to suppose*] i. e. to be supposed.

v. 1178. *were*] i. e. wear.

v. 1179. *gere*] i. e. dress, clothes.

v. 1180. *fresshe*] i. e. gay.

Page 102. v. 1194. *kyrtell*] "*Kyrtell*, a garment, *corpset*, *surcot*, *cotelle*." Palsgrave, p. 236. It has been variously explained (see notes on *Henry IV.* Part ii. act ii. sc. 4, *Shakespeare* by Malone and Boswell, xvii. 98, 99, Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*, and Nares's *Gloss.*), petticoat,—safe-guard or riding-hood,—long cloak,—long mantle, reaching to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face, and usually red,—apron,—jacket,—and loose gown!!! The following note by Gifford on *Cynthia's Revels* (Jonson's *Works*, ii. 260) gives the most satisfactory account of a kirtle: "Few words have occasioned such contro-

versy among the commentators on our old plays as this; and all for want of knowing that it is used in a twofold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always a jacket and petticoat, a half kirtle (a term which frequently occurs) was either the one or the other: but our ancestors, who wrote when this article of dress was everywhere in use, and when there was little danger of being misunderstood, most commonly contented themselves with the simple term (kirtle), leaving the sense to be gathered from the context."

Page 102. v. 1199. *let*] i. e. hinder.

v. 1205. *pullysshed*] i. e. polished.

v. 1223. *Jane*] See note, p. 48.

Page 103. v. 1242. *saynt Jamys*] i. e. Saint James of Compostella: see note on *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 354.

v. 1243. *pranys*] i. e. prawns.

v. 1244. *cranys*] i. e. cranes.

v. 1250. *sadly*] i. e. seriously, soberly.

v. 1251. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

Page 104. — *an adicyon*] Though found in all the eds. of *Phyllyp Sparowe* which I have seen, it was not, I apprehend, originally published with the poem. It is inserted (and perhaps first appeared) in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1261. vol. ii. 226, where he tells us that some persons "take greuance, and grudge with frownyng countenance," at his poem on Philip Sparrow,—alluding probably more particularly to Barclay; see note, p. 46, and *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

v. 1269. *ianglynge iayes*] See note on v. 396, p. 55.

v. 1274. *depraue*] i. e. vilify, defame. "Thus was

syр Arthur *depraued* and euyл sayd of." *Morte d'Arthur*, B. xxi. c. i. vol. ii. 433. ed. Southey.

Page 105. v. 1289. *estate*] i. e. high rank, dignity.

v. 1291. *Hercules that hell dyd harow*]—*harow*, i. e. lay waste, plunder, spoil,—overpower, subdue,—Hercules having carried away from it his friends Theseus and Pirithous, as well as the dog Cerberus. The *harrowing of hell* was an expression properly and constantly applied to our Lord's descent into hell, as related in the Gospel of Nicodemus. There were several early miracle-plays on this favourite subject; and Lydgate strangely enough says that Christ

“Took out of helle soulys many a peyre,
Mawgre Cerberus and al his cruelte.”

Testamentum,—*MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 49.

I may add, that Warner, speaking of Hercules, uses the words “harrowed hell.” *Albion's England*, p. 23. ed. 1612.

v. 1293. *Slew of the Epidaures, &c.*] *Qy.* is not the text corrupted here?

v. 1295. *Onocentaures*] i. e. Centaurs, half human, half asses. See Ælian *De Nat. Anim.* lib. xvii. c. 9. ed. Gron., and Phile *De Anim. Prop.* c. 44. ed. Pauw. Both these writers describe the onocentaur as having the bosom of a woman. R. Holme says it “is a Monster, being the Head and Breasts of a Woman set upon the Shoulders of a Bull.” *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. ii. p. 208.

v. 1296. *Hipocentaures*] i. e. Centaurs, half human, half horses.

v. 1302. *Of Hesperides withhold*] i. e. Withheld by the Hesperides.

Page 106 v. 1314. *rounses*] i. e. common hackney-

horses (though the word is frequently used for horses in general).

Page 106. v. 1318.

*He plucked the bull
By the horned skull,
And offred to Cornucopia]*

The "bull" means Achelous, who, during his combat with Hercules, assumed that shape:

"rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit; truncaque a fronte revellit.
Nāides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrarunt; divesque meo bona Copia cornu est."

Ovid. *Met.* ix. 85.

v. 1322. *Ecates]* i. e. Hecate's.

v. 1326. — *the venomous serpent,
That in hell is neuer brent]*

—*brent*, i. e. burned. A somewhat profane allusion to the scriptural expression "the worm dieth not;"—(*worm* and *serpent* were formerly synonymous).

v. 1332. *infernal posty]*—*posty*, i. e. power. So Lydgate;

"Of heuene and erthe and *infernal pooste*."

Testamentum,—*MS. Harl.* 2255. fol. 47

v. 1333. *rosty]* i. e. roast.

v. 1335. *wood]* i. e. mad, wild.

Page 107. v. 1340. *frounsid]* i. e. wrinkled.

v. 1344. *Primo Regum]* i. e. *The First Book of Kings*, or, as it is now called, *The First Book of Samuel*, chap. xxviii.

"*Primo regum* as ye may playnly reade."

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. ii. leaf xxxix
ed. Wayland.

Page 107. v. 1345.

He bad the Phitonesse

.
*But whether it were so,
 He were idem in numero,
 The selfe same Samuell, &c.]*

—*Phitonesse*, i. e. Pythoness, witch,—the witch of Endor.

“ And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,
 As to the *Phitonesse* did Samuel:
 And yet wol som men say it was not he,” &c.
 Chaucer’s *Freres Tale*, v. 7091. ed. Tyr.

“ And secreteleye this Saule is forth gone
 To a woman that should him rede and wisse,
 In Israell called a *phytonesse*.

.
 To diuines this matter I commit,

.
Whether it was the soule of Samuell,” &c.
 Lydgate’s *Fall of Prynces*, B. ii. leaf xl.
 ed. Wayland.

See also Gower’s *Conf. Am.* B. iv. fol. lxxiii. ed. 1554 ;
 Barbour’s *Bruce*, B. iii. v. 982. ed. Jam. ; G. Douglas’s
 Preface to his Virgil’s *Æneados*, p. 6, l. 51. ed.
 Rudd. ; and Sir D. Lyndsay’s *Monarchie*, B. iv
Works, iii. 151. ed. Chalmers.

v. 1346. *dresse*] i. e. address, apply.

v. 1351. *condityons*] i. e. qualities. But in our au-
 thor’s *Garlande of Laurell*, where this “adicyon” is
 given, the passage according to Fake’s ed., and rightly
 perhaps (compare the preceding lines), stands thus ;

“ And by her supersticious
Of wonderfull condiciouns.”

v. 1343. vol. ii. 229.

Page 107. v. 1352. *stede*] i. e. place.

* v. 1358. *ascry*] i. e. to assail (with a shout). In Langtoft's *Chronicle* we find,

“ Edward was hardie, the Londres gan he *ascrie*.”

p. 217. ed. Hearne,—

(who in Gloss. renders “*ascrie*”—cry to). The original French has,

“ Sir Eduuard fiz le rays, les loundrays *escrye*.”

MS. Cott. Jul. A v. fol. 122.

Roquefort gives “*Escrier*: Faire entendre son cri d'armes dans une bataille . . . marcher à l'ennemi, l'attaquer,” &c. *Gloss. de la Lang. Rom. (Sup.)*: [crier, attaquer, poursuivre avec des cris. Duconge. *Suppl.*]

v. 1360. *my selfe dyscharge*] i. e. unburden myself,—open my mind.

v. 1365. *shene*] i. e. shine.

Page 108. v. 1371. *Scroupe pulchra Joanna*] See note p. 48.

ELYNOUR RUMMYNGE.

On the title-page, and also on the last leaf of Rand's edition of this poem, 1624, 4to, (reprinted, not with perfect accuracy, in the *Harleian Miscellany*; see vol. i. 415. ed. Park.) is an imaginary portrait, of which the subjoined is a fac-simile:



“When Skelton wore the Laurell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.”

George Steevens having heard that a copy of Rand's edition was in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, prevailed on the Dean to bring it to London; and having made a drawing of the title-page, gave it to Richardson the printseller, who engraved and published it. Steevens, soon after, contributed to the *European Magazine* for May, 1794, vol. xxv. 334,—

“Verses meant to have been subjoined (with the following Motto) to a Copy from a scarce Portrait of Elinour Rimming, lately published by Mr. Richardson, of Castle-street, Leicester-square.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori
 Xanthia Phoceu ! prius insolentem
 Serva Briseis niveo colere
 Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
 Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ ;
 Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 Virgine raptâ.

HORACE.

“ Eleonora Rediviva.

To seek this nymph among the glorious dead,
 Tir'd with his search on earth, is Gulston fled :—
 Still for these charms enamour'd Musgrave sighs ;
 To clasp these beauties ardent Bindley dies ;—
 For these (while yet unstag'd to public view)
 Impatient Brand o'er half the kingdom flew ;—
 These, while their bright ideas round him play,
 From classic Weston force the Roman lay :—
 Oft too, my Storer ! heaven has heard thee swear,
 Not Gallia's murder'd Queen was half so fair :—
 ‘ A new Europa ! ’ cries the exulting Bull,
 ‘ My Granger now (I thank the gods) is full : ’—
 Even Cracherode's self, whom passions rarely move,
 At this soft shrine has deign'd to whisper love.—
 Haste then, ye swains, who Rumming's form adore,
 Possess your Elinour, and sigh no more.

W. R.”

The Marquis of Bute told Dallaway that he gave twenty guineas for the original engraving of Elinour : see Dallaway's *Letheræum*, 1821, p. 6.

Rand's edition opens with the following lines, which, I need hardly observe, are by some rhymer of the day :

“ Skeltons Ghost.

To all tapsters and tiplers,
And all ale house vitlers,
Inne-keepers and cookes,
That for pot-sale lookes,
And will not giue measure,
But at your owne pleasure,
Contrary to law,
Scant measure will draw
In pot and in canne,
To cozen a man
Of his full quart a penny,
Of you there's to many :
For in King Harry's time,
When I made this rime
Of Elynor Rimming
With her good ale tunning,
Our pots were full quated,
We were not thus thwarted
With froth-canne and nick-pot
And such nimble quick shot,
That a dowzen will score
For twelue pints and no more.
Full Winchester gage
We had in that age ;
The Dutchmans strong beere
Was not hopt ouer heere,
To vs t'was unknowne :
Bare ale of our owne

In a bowle we might bring
 To welcome the king,
 And his grace to beseech,
 With, *Wassall my Leigh*.¹
 Nor did that time know
 'To puffe and to blow
 In a peece of white clay,
 As you doe at this day,
 With fier and coale,
 And a leafe in a hole ;
 As my ghost hath late seene,
 As I walked betweene
 Westminster Hall
 And the church of Saint Paul,
 And so thorow the citie,
 Where I saw and did pittie
 My countrymen's cases,
 With fiery-smoke faces,
 Sucking and drinking
 A filthie weede stinking,
 Was ne're knowne before
 Till the deuill and the More
 In th' Indies did meete,
 And each other there greeete
 With a health they desire
 Of stinke, smoake, and fier.
 But who e're doth abhorre it,
 The citie smoakes for it ;
 Now full of fier-shops
 And fowle spitting chops,
 So neeing and coughing,
 That my ghost fell to scoffing,

¹ *Leigh*] Meant for "Liege."

And to myselfe said,
Here's fylthie fumes made ;
Good physicke of force
To cure a sicke horse.
Nor had we such slops,
And shagge-haire on our tops :
At wearing long haire
King Harry would sweare,
And gaue a command
With speede out of hand
All heads should be powl'd,
As well young as old,
And his owne was first so,
Good ensample to show.
Y'are so out of fashion,
I know not our nation ;
Your ruffes and your bands,
And your cuffes at your hands ;
Your pipes and your smokes,
And your short curtall clokes ;
Scarfes, feathers, and swerds,
And thin bodkin beards ;
Your wastes a span long,
Your knees with points hung,
Like morrice-daunce bels ;
And many toyes els,
Which much I distaste :
But Skelton's in haste.
My masters, farewell ;
Reade ouer my Nell,
And tell what you thinke
Of her and her drinke :

If shee had brew'd amisse,
I had neuer wrote this."

At the end of the poem is, from the same hand,

" *Skelton's Ghost to the Reader.*¹ -

Thus, countrymen kinde,
I pray let me finde,
For this merry glee,
No hard censure to be.
King Henry the Eight
Had a good conceit
Of my merry vaine,
Though duncicall plaine
It now nothing fits
The time's nimble wits:
My lawrell and I
Are both wither'd dry,
And you flourish greene
In your workes daily seene,
That come from the presse,
Well writ I confesse;
But time will devouer
Your poets as our,
And make them as dull
As my empty scull."

¹ *Skelton's Ghost to the Reader, &c.*] I give these lines from the *Harl. Miscel.*, the copy of Rand's ed. which was lent to me by Mr. Heber, wanting the last leaf.

Concerning Elynour Rummyng and the poem by which Skelton has rendered her famous, Dallaway has the following remarks,—*his account of the circumstances which introduced Skelton to her acquaintance being a mere hypothesis!!* “When the Court of Henry viii was frequently kept at the palace of Non-such (about six miles distant), the laureate, with other courtiers, sometimes came to Leatherhead for the amusement of fishing, in the rivèr Mole; and were made welcome at the *cabaret* of Elinor Rummyng, whom Skelton celebrated in an equivocal encomium, in a short [?—it consists of 623 lines—] poem, remarkable only for a very coarse jest, after a manner peculiar to the author and the times in which he lived, but which has been more frequently reprinted than his other works. The gist or point of this satire had a noble origin, or there must be an extraordinary coincidence of thought in the *Beoni*, or *Topers*, a ludicrous effusion of the great Lorenzo de Medici, when a young man.* Her domicile, near the bridge, still exists. The annexed etching was made from a drawing taken previously to late repairs, but it still retains its first distinction as an ale-house.”

* Dallaway was led to this remark by the following passage in Spence's *Anecdotes*, &c.; “Skelton's poems are all low and bad: there's nothing in them that's worth reading.—P. [Mr. Cleland, who was by, added, that the Tunning of Ellinor Rummin, in that author's works, was taken from a poem of Lorenzo de' Medici's].” p. 173, ed. 1820.—“*I Beoni*,” observes Mr. D'Israeli, referring to Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, i. 290, “was printed by the Giunti in 1568, and therefore this burlesque piece could never have been known to Skelton.” *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 79.



“ Some of her descendants occur in the parish register in the early part of the last century.” *Lethereum*, 1821, pp. 4-6.

The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng] Whan tonne you and God wyll: *Quant brasserez vous*,” &c. Palsgrave, p. 759. and here *Tunnyng* means—Brewing.

Page 109. v. 1.

*Tell you I chyll,
If that ye wyll
A whyle be styll]*

--*I chyll*, i. e. Ich wyll, I will. Compare *Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt* ;

“ And 3e wyl a whyle be styлле,
I schal telle yow how thay wro3t.”

p. 74. Bann. ed.

and the Prol. to *Kyng Alisaunder* ;

“ Yej` ye wolen sitte stille,
Ful feole Y wol yow telle.”

Weber's *Met. Rom.* i. 5.

Page 109. v. 4. *gyll*] Equivalent here to girl—a familiar name for a female ; as in the proverb, “ Every Jack must have his *Gill* : ” supposed by some etymologists to be an abbreviation of *Julia*, *Juliana*, or *Gillian* ; by Richardson (*Dict.* in v.) to be a corruption of *giglot*.

v. 6. *gryll*] “ Grymm, *gryl* and horryble : horribilis.” *Prompt. Parv.* [ed. Way.] The word is of frequent occurrence ; but its exact meaning here seems to be doubtful.

v. 12. *lere*] i. e. complexion, skin.

v. 14. *chere*] i. e. look, countenance.

v. 17. *bowsy*] i. e. bloated by drinking.

Page 110. v. 21. *here*] i. e. hair.

v. 22. *lewde*] i. e. vile, nasty.

v. 23. *sayne*] i. e. say.

v. 27. *Her nose somdele hoked,*

And camously croked]

—*somdele hoked*, i. e. somewhat hooked. “ *Cammyd*, or schort nosyd. Simus.” *Prompt. Parv.* [ed. Way.]

“ A *Camoise* nose, that is to saie crooked vpward as the Morians [Moors].” Baret's *Alvearie*. “ *Camuse*.

Flat.” Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*.

“ *Camused*. Flat, broad and crooked ; as applied to a nose, what we popularly call a *snub-nose*.” Nares's

Gloss. Todd, quoting this passage of Skelton, explains *camously*, awry. *Johnson's Dict.* in v.

* Page 110. v. 34. *gowndy*] i. e. sore running eyes. So Lydgate ;

“ A *gowndy* eye is deceyued soone,

That any colour cheseth by the moone.”

Warres of Troy, B. ii. sig. H iii. ed. 1555.

v. 35 *unsowndy*] i. e. unsound.

v. 38. *jetty*] i. e. that part of a building which projects beyond the rest.

v. 40. — *how she is gumbed,*

Fyngered and thumbed]

i. e. what gums, fingers, and thumbs she has.

v. 45. *huckels*] i. e. hips.

Page 111. v. 49. *Foted*] i. e. Footed.

v. 51. *iet*] i. e. strut.

v. 52. *fet*] Means, perhaps, *feat*,—neat, handsome one.

v. 53. *flocket*] “ Is described as a loose garment with large sleeves:” see Strutt’s *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 373.

v. 54. *rocket*] i. e. a garment, worn often without, and sometimes with sleeves ; sometimes it was made to reach the ground, and sometimes much shorter and open at the sides. See *Id. Ibid.*

v. 55. *Wyth symper the cocket*] So Heywood in his *Dialogue* ;

“ Vpright as a candell standth in a socket,

Stoode she that day, so *simper decocket*.”

Sig. F,—*Workes*, ed. 1598

and Jonson in his *Masque*, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed* ;

“Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of *simper-the-cockets*.”

Works (by Gifford), vii. 376.

In a note on the latter passage, Whalley quotes from Cotgrave's *Dict.*: “*Coquine*, a beggar-woman, also a cockney, *simper de cockit*, nice thing.” Gifford (*ibid.*) remarks, “*Cocket* was a fine species of bread, as distinguished from common bread; hence, perhaps, the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over, a thing, is to touch it *as in scorn*.” Nares (*Gloss. in v.*) doubts (justly, I think) the connexion of *simper-the-cocket* with *cocket* bread, and explains it, “quasi *simpering coquette*,” observing, that “one of Cotgrave's words in rendering ‘*coquette*’ is *cocket*.” I may add, that in *Gloss. of Prov. and Loc. Words* by Grose and Pegge, ed. 1839, is, “*Cocket*, brisk, apish, pert,” and “*Simper*, to mince one's words.” [“An affected mealy-mouthed girl.” *Cotgrave*. “A *simper-de-cocket*, *coquine*, *fantastica*.” Howell, 1660 Halliwell.]

Page 111. v. 56.

*Her huke of Lyncole grene,
It had ben hers, I wene,
More then fourty yere]*

“*Huke*, *surquanie*, *froc*.” Palsgrave, p. 233. “A loose kind of garment, of the cloak or mantle kind.” Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 364. “*Lyncolne* anciently dyed *the best greene* of England.” Marg. note

in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 25. p. 111. ed. 1622.—
Compare a celebrated ballad;

“ My *cloake* it was a verry good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it *four and forty yeere.*”

Take thy old cloak about thee,—Percy's
Rel. of A. E. P. i. 206. ed. 1794.

Page 111. v. 63. *woll*] i. e. wool.

v. 68. *gytes*] i. e. clothes. *Gite* is properly a gown:

“ And she came after in a *gite* of red.”

Chaucer's *Reves Tale*, v. 3952. ed. Tyr.

v. 69. *pranked with pletes*]—*pletes*, i. e. plaits. “ I
Pranke ones gowne, I set the *plyghtes* in order.” Pals-
grave, p. 664.

v. 70. *Her kyrtel Brystow red*]—*kyrtel*; see note
p. 83. v. 1194.

“ London hath scarlet, and *Bristowe* pleasaunt red.”

Barclay's *Fourth Egloge*, sig. C iii. ed. 1570.

“ At *Brystowe* is the best water to *dye reed.*” Hor-
manni *Vulgaria*, sig. V ii. ed. 1530.

* v. 72. *sowe of led*] i. e. as we say, a pig, about
250 lbs.

* v. 73. *wrythen*] i. e. twisted.

v. 74. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 75. *whym wham*] i. e. something whimsically, fan-
tastically devised. The word is frequently applied to
articles of female finery by our early dramatists. In
Ane Interlude of the Laying of a Gaist, we are told
that the Gaist (ghost)

“ stall fra peteouss Abrahame

An quhorle and *ane quhum quhame.*”

—Laing's *An. Pop. Poetry of Scotland*.

Whim-wham is used by Gray, *Works*, iii. 123. ed. Mitford, and by Lamb, *Prose Works*, ii. 142.

Page 111. v. 76. *trym tram*] i. e. some trim, neat ornament, or pretty trifle. In Weaver's *Lusty Juuentus*, Hipocrisie, after enumerating a variety of popish trumpery, adds

“ And a hundred *trim trams* mo.”

Sig. B iiiii. ed. Copland.

v. 77. *brayne pan*] i. e. skull, head.

v. 78. *Egyptian*] i. e. gipsy.

Page 112. v. 85. *gose*] i. e. goose.

v. 88. *shone*] i. e. shoes.

v. 90. *baudeth*] i. e. fouls. “ I *Baudy*, or fyle or soyle with any filthe, *Je souylle*.” Palsgrave, p. 444. “ The auter clothes, and the vestementes shulde be very clene, not *baudy*, nor torne,” &c. Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. E iiiii.

v. 94. *wonnynge*] i. e. dwelling.

v. 96. *Sothray*] i. e. Surrey.

v. 97. *stede*] i. e. place.

v. 98. *Lederhede*] i. e. Leatherhead; see p. 95.

v. 99. *tonnysh gyb*] The epithet *tonnysh* is perhaps derived from her occupation of *tunning* (see note, p. 96), or perhaps it may allude to her shape: *gyb* is properly a male cat (see note, p. 48. v. 27); but the term, as here, is sometimes applied to a woman;

“ And give a thousand by-words to my name,

And call me Beldam, *Gib*, Witch, Night-mare,
Trot.”

Drayton's *Epistle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*,—*Poems*, p. 175. ed. 1619. fol.

Page 112. v. 100. *syb*] i. e. related, akin.

v. 102. *nopyy*] i. e. nappy.

Page 113. v. 103. *port sale*] If the right reading, must be used here for—sale in general. “Port-sale, The Sale of Fish as soon as it is brought into the Harbour; also an Out-cry or Publick Sale of any Commodity.” Kersey’s *Dict.*

v. 105. *To sweters, to swynkers*] i. e. to those who sweat and labour hard,—to labourers of various kinds.

“For we can neyther *swyncke nor sweate.*”

Pierce Plowman, sig. I ii. ed. 1561.

v. 110. *Now away the mare*] Skelton has the same expression in his *Magnyfycence*, v. 1342. vol. ii. 62. Compare *The Frere and the Boye*;

“Of no man he had no care,

But sung, hey howe, *away the mare.*”

Ritson’s *An. Pop. Poetry*, p. 37.

and *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, n. d.;

“Ah sira, mary *away the mare*,

The deuil giue thee sorow and care.”

sig. B ii.

and *A new Commoditye &c. of the bewte & good proper-tes of women, &c.* n. d.

“Tush, syr, be mery, let pas *away the mare.*”

Sig. A ii.

The words are doubtless a portion of some song or ballad. In Ravenscroft’s *Melismata, Mvsicall Phansies, &c.* 1611, is a song (No. 6) supposed to be sung by “Seruants out of Seruice” who “are going to the Citie to looke for new;”

“ Heigh ho, *away the Mare,*
 Let vs set aside all care,
 If any man be disposed to trie,
 Loe here comes a lustie crew,
 That are enforced to criu
 A new Master, a new,” &c.

Page 113. v. 111. *sley*] i. e. slay.

v. 115. *Wyth, Fyll the cup, fyll*] So in *The Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous*, by Copland, n. d.;

“ *With, Fyll the pot, fyll*, and go fyll me the can.”

Utterson's Early Pop. Poet. ii. 15.

v. 122. *Hardely*] i. e. Assuredly.

v. 123. *heles dagged*] In *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. is “*Daggyd, Fractillosus*,”—a sense in which Skelton certainly has the word elsewhere (*Garlande of Laurell*, v. 630. vol. ii. 198); but here perhaps *dagged* may mean—be-mired: “I Daggyll or I *dagge* a thing with myer.” Palsgrave, p. 506.

v. 124. *all to-iagged*] See note, p. 22. v. 32.

Page 114. v. 130. *tunnynge*] i. e. brewing; see note, p. 96.

v. 131. *leneth . . . on*] i. e. lendeth, furnisheth . . . of: compare v. 491.

v. 139. *sorte*] i. e. set, company.

* v. 142. *skewed*] Does it mean—distorted? or walking obliquely? or squinting? see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* in v. *Skew*. A friend suggests that this epithet, as well as that in the preceding line, may be applied to colour, [*piebald*]*—*the words being still used as terms of the stable.

v. 143. *sho clout*] i. e. shoe-cloth.

v. 145. *herelace*] i. e. hair-band.

Page 114. v. 147. *tresses vntrust*] So Lydgate, .
 "With *heyr vntrussed*." *Warres of Troy*, B. iii. sig.
 S 1. ed. 1555.

v. 148. *vnlust*] i. e. unpleasantness, unseemliness.

*v. 149. *Some loke strawry,*
Some cawry mawry]

—*loke*, i. e. look: *strawry* [newly come from the
 straw?] I do not remember to have met with else-
 where: *cawry mawry* (as a substantive) occurs in
Pierce Plowman;

"[Envy] was as pale as a pellet; in the palsey he
 semed

And clothed in *Caurymaury*," &c.

sig. F ii. ed. 1561.

v. 151. *tegges*] A term found again in our author's
 first poem *Against Garnesche*;

"Your wynde schakyn shankkes, your longe lothy
 legges

Bryngges yow out of fauyr with alle femall *teggys*."

v. 29. vol. i. 134.

In what sense Skelton uses *tegge*, I cannot pretend to
 determine. In Warwickshire and Leicestershire, a
teg means a sheep of a year old; and Ray gives, "A
Tagge, a Sheep of the first Year, *Suss*." *Coll. of*
Words, &c., p. 88, appended to *Proverbs*, ed. 1768.
 [Palsgrave (p. 279) applies the term to a young deer:
 "*tegge*, a pricket saillant;" properly the doe in its
 second year. Halliwell.]

v. 152. *Lyke rotten egges*] Lydgate in a satirical de-
 scription of a lady has—

“ Colowryd *lyche a rotyn eey* [i. e. egg].”

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 156.

Page 114. v. 153. *lewde sorte*] i. e. vile set, low rabble.

v. 155. *tyde*] i. e. time, season.

Page 115. v. 161. *commy*] i. e. come.

* v. 163. *shreud aray*]—*shreud*, i. e. evil, bad: *aray*, i. e. case, plight, situation, condition.

v. 171. *draffe*] i. e. hog-wash — either the coarse liquor, or brewers' grains, with which swine are fed.

v. 173. *swyllynge tubbe*] i. e. tub in which *swillings* (hog-wash) are preserved for swine.

* v. 174. *For, be there neuer so much prese*

These swyne go to the hye dese]

—*prese*, i. e. press, throng: *dese*, or *dais*, a word of doubtful etymology, generally means — a table of estate,—the upper table raised on a platform more elevated than the others. See Tyrwhitt's note on *Cant. Tales*, v. 372; and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Dais*. It sometimes signifies a long bench (see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Deis*); and such seems to be its meaning here, as in the fourth line after this “the hye benche” is mentioned.—Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe, &c.*, has imitated the present passage of Skelton;

“ *For, be there never so grett prease,*

They are set up at the hy dease.”

Harl. Miscell. ix. 51. ed. Park.

[To go to the *hye dese* seems here to mean only to take the best place].

Page 116. v. 185.

God gyue it yll preuyng

Clently as yuell cheuyng]

—*preuyng*, i. e. proving; *clently*, i. e. wholly.

“ And prechest on thy benche, *with evil prefe* ;” (i. e. evil may it prove !)

Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Prol.* v. 5829. ed. Tyr.
—*yuell cheuyng*e, i. e. evil ending, bad success.

“ *God geve it yvell chevyng*e.”

Roy's *Rede me*, &c., *Harl. Miscell.* ix. 79. ed. Park.

See also *Cocke Lorelles bote*, sig. B i., *Towneley Myst.* p. 108, and Chaucer's *Chanones Yemannes Tale*, v. 16693. ed. Tyr.

Page 116. v. 189. *patch*] I know not how to explain.

v. 190. *ron*] i. e. run.

v. 192. *ioust*] i. e. joist.

v. 196. *bolle*] i. e. bowl.

v. 198. *skommeth*] i. e. skimmeth.

v. 199. *Whereas*] i. e. Where.

v. 201. *blennes*] i. e. blends.

v. 212. *And ye may it broke*] i. e. If you may brook it.

v. 213. *loke*] i. e. look.

Page 117. v. 218. *ble*] i. e. colour, complexion.

v. 219. *Ich am*] i. e. I am.

v. 222. *In lust and in lykyng*] See note, p. 19. v. 23.

v. 223. *whytyng*] So in our early dramas, *whiting-mop* (young whiting) is a cant term for a nice young woman, a tender creature: see Puttenham's *Arte of E. P.*, 1589. p. 184., and note in my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iii. 37.

v. 224. *mullyng*] This term of endearment occurs in the *Coventry Mysteries*, applied by one of the shepherds to the infant Saviour;

“Thow I be the last that take my leve,
 3it fayre *mullynge* take it nat at no greve.”

MS. Cott. Vesp. D viii. fol. 91.

Compare also Hormanni *Vulgaria*: “This is a fayre and swete *mullynge*. Blandus est *puerulus* insigni festiuitate.” Sig. dd vii. ed. 1530.

— *mytyng*] In the *Towneley Mysteries*, one of the shepherds says to the infant Saviour,

“Haylle, so as I can, haylle, praty *mytyng*!” p. 96.

and Jamieson gives *myting* as a fondling designation for a child, *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*—In our author’s third poem *Against Garnesche*, v. 115. vol. i. 143, “myteyng”—(but used as a term of contempt)—is, as here, the rhyme to “wyteyng.”

Since writing the above note, I have met with a passage in the comedy called *Wily Beguilde*, which might be adduced in support of the reading, “nytyng;” but I still think that “mytyng” is the true one: the dramatist evidently recollected Skelton’s poem, in the ed. of which he had found “nytyng,” “nittinge,” or “nittine:”—“Comely Pegge, my *nutting*, my sweeting, my Loue, my doue, my honnie, my bonnie, my ducke, my deare and my deareling.” Sig. C 4. ed. 1606.

Page 117. v. 225. *His nobbes and his conny*] So in a song in *The Triall of Treasure*, 1567;

“My mouse, my *nobs*, and *cony* swete.” Sig. E. *conny*, i. e. rabbit.

v. 227. *Bas*] i. e. Kiss.

— *bonny*] i. e. precious one (rather than—beautiful one,—for it has the epithet “prety”).

v. 229. *This make I my falyre fonny*] *This*, i. e. Thus; it has been suggested that *falyre* means fellow;

which I doubt: *fonny* i. e. to be foolishly anorous; compare—

“As freshly then thou shalt begin to *fonne*
And dote in loue.”

Chaucer's *Court of Loue*,—*Workes*, fol. 329. ed. 1602

Page 117. v. 230. *dronny*] i. e. drone.

v. 232. *rout*] i. e. snore.

Page 118. v. 247. *a salt*] i. e. a salt-cellar.

v. 251. *Some fyll theyr pot full*
Of good Lemster woll]

The meaning is—in the pot which was to hold the ale they brought wool “instede of monny” (v. 244).

v. 254. *athrust*] i. e. a-thirst.

v. 258. *slaty or slyder*] i. e. miry or slippery.

Page 119. v. 266. *renne*] i. e. run.

v. 269. *byrle*] The word *birl*—to pour out, furnish for, or part drink among guests—(see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v., and Leyden's *Gloss. to The Comp. of Scotland* in v. *Beir*)—is not very common in English literature: “the olde God of wyne called Baccus *birlyng* the wyne.” Hall's *Chronicle*, (*Hen. viii.*) fol. lxxiii. ed. 1548.

v. 271. *She swered by the rode of rest*]—*rode*, i. e. *rood*,—cross: see note on *Ware the Hauke*, v. 69.

“That is hardly saide, man, *by the roode of rest.*”

Barclay's *First Egloge*, sig. A iii. ed. 1570.

* v. 274. *By and by*] i. e. straightway.

v. 280. *haruest gyrdle*] i. e. perhaps, a girdle worn at the feast after the gathering in of the corn.

* v. 283. *Some*] i. e. one.

v. 286. *To offer to the ale tap*] So in *Jak Hare*, a poem attributed to Lydgate;

“ And with his wynnynge he makith his offrynge
At the ale stakis.”

MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 14.

* Page 119. v. 288. *sowre dowe*] i. e. leaven.

v. 289. *howe*] i. e. ho.

v. 292. *And pype tyrly tyrlowe*] Compare a Song
belonging to the Tailors' and Shearmen's Pageant;

“ Thé sange terly terlow.”

Sharp's *Diss. on Coventry Pag. and
Myst.*, p. 114.

Page 120. v. 295. *hekell*] i. e. comb for dressing
flax.

v. 296. *rocke*] i. e. distaff.—In a poem entitled
*Cryste Crosse me Spede. A. B. C. Imprynted at
London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me
Wynkyn de Worde*, 4to. (which I know only from the
account of it in *Typog. Antiq.* ii. 367. ed. Dibdin) are
the following lines;

“ A grete company of gossyps, gadred on a route,
Went to besyege an ale hous rounde aboute;
Some brought a distaffe & some a rele,
Some brought a shouell & some a pele,
Some brought drynke & some a tankarde,
And a galon potte faste they drewe thederward,” &c.

Though no edition of *Elynour Rummyng* has come
down to us printed anterior to *Cryste Crosse me Spede*,
the evident imitation of the former in the passage just
quoted, shews that it must have existed.

v. 298. *wharowe*] i. e. whirl, or wharve, for a spin-
dle. “ A spyndell with a wharowe—*fusus cum spon-
dulo, siue verticillo siue harpage.*” *Hormanni Vulg.*
sig. t i. ed. 1530.

* Page 120. v. 299. *rybskyn*] In *Prompt. Parv.*, MS. Harl. 221, is "*Rybbe skynn. Melotula.*" In a MS. *Catholicon in Lingua materna*, dated 1483, I find "*Rybbynge skyn. nebrida. pellicudia.*"—Does it mean (as Albert Way, Esq. has obligingly suggested to me) a leather apron, used during the operation of flax-dressing? [“*Pellicula*, Anglice a rybschyn; *nebrida*, idem est.’ Nominale MS.” Halliwell’s *Dict.* See also the same, in v. Trip-skin: “a piece of leather, worn on the right-hand side of the petticoat by spinners with the rock, on which the spindle plays, and the yarn is pressed by the hand of the spinner.—Forby.”]

v. 303. *thrust*] i. e. thirst.

v. 305. *But drynke, styll drynke,
And let the cat wynke*]

So in *The Worlde and the Chylde*, 1522;

“*Manhode.* Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt,
For that is curtesy.

Folye. Mary, mayster, ye shall haue in hast:
A ha, syrs, let the catte wyncke,” &c.

Sig. C ii.

See also three epigrams by Heywood *Of the winking Cat*,—*Workes*, sig. P 4. ed. 1598.

v. 314. *chaffer*] i. e. merchandise.

v. 319. *in all the hast*] Compare:

“Bulwarkes were made *in all the haste.*”

Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. z iii. ed. 1530.

“the ryght way

To London they tooke *in all the haste.*”

Smith’s *xii Mery Jestes of the wyddow Edyth*,
ed. 1573. sig. H iii.

Page 120. v. 320. *vnlast*] i. e. unlaced.

Page 121. v. 323. *all hallow*] i. e. all saints,—perhaps, All-saints' day.

v. 324. *It was a stale to take
The deuyll in a brake]*

For "*stare*," which is the reading of all the eds., I have substituted "*stale*"—i. e. lure, decoy. So in Marmyon's *Hollands Leaguer*, 1632;

"And if my skill not failes me, her I'll make
A Stale, to take this Courtier in a brake."

Act ii. sc. 1. sig. D 3.

Compare too an epigram by Heywood;

"Take time when time commeth: are we set time to take?"

Beware time, in meane time, *take not vs in brake.*"

Workes, sig. Q 3. ed. 1598.

and Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*; "At last, as ye have heard here before, how divers of the great estates and lords of the council lay in a-wait with my Lady Anne Boleyn, to espy a convenient time and occasion *to take* the cardinal *in a brake.*" p. 147. ed. 1827.—In our text, and in the passages just quoted, *brake* seems to be used for trap: among its various significations, it means a strong wooden frame for confining the feet of horses, preparatory to their being shod; see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 463.

v. 327. *gambone*] i. e. gammon.

v. 328. *resty*] i. e. reasty, rancid.

v. 330. *Angry as a waspy*]—*waspy*, i. e. wasp. So Heywood;

"Now mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angry as a waspe."

Dialogue, sig. C 4,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

* Page 121. v. 331. *yane*] i. e. yawn, gape.

— *gasp*] i. e. gasp.

* v. 332. *go bet*] [apparently an old hunting cry, “go better,” i. e. faster.] Compare ;

“ Arondel, queth Beues tho,
For me loue *go bet*, go.”

Sir Beues of Hamtoun, p. 129.

Maitl. ed.

“ *Go bet*, quod he, and axe redily,
What corps is this,” &c.

Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale, v. 12601.

ed. Tyrwhitt,—

who observes that in the following lines of Chaucer's *Legend of Dido* (288), *go bet* seems to be a term of the chase ;

“ The herd of hartes founden is anon,
With hey, *go bet*, pricke thou, let gon, let gon.”

“ He hath made me daunce, maugre my hede,
Amonge the thornes, hey *go bette*.”

The Frere and the Boye,—*An. Pop. Poetry*,

p. 46. ed. Ritson,—

who supposes the words to be the name of some old dance.

v. 333. *met*] i. e. measure.

v. 334. *fet*] i. e. fetched.

* v. 335. *spycke*] i. e. bacon.

v. 336. *flycke*] i. e. flich.

v. 339. *stut*] i. e. stutter.

v. 343. *sayne*] i. e. says.

— *a fyest*] So Hawes ;

“ She let no ferte nor yet *fyste* trueely.”

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. Q viii. ed. 1555

“ *A fiest, Tacitus flatus.*”

Withals's *Dict.* p. 343. ed. 1634.

Page 121. v. 346. *wyth shamfull deth*] Equivalent to—may you die with a shameful death! see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, in v. *With.*

v. 347. *callettes*] i. e. trulls, drabs, jades.

v. 348. *I shall breake your palettes*]—*palettes*, i. e. crowns, pates. So in a poem by Sir R. Maitland;

“ For your rewarde now *I sall brek your pallat.*”

Anc. Scot. Poems from Maitl. MSS.,
ii. 317. ed. Pinkerton,—

who in the *Gloss.*, wrongly explains it “cut your throat.”

v. 350. *And so was made the peace*] In confirmation of the reading which I have given, compare *Reynard the Fox*;

“ Thus was *the pees made* by fyrapel the lupaerd
frendly and wel.”

Sig. e 5. ed. 1481;

and see note on v. 319. p. 110.

Page 122. v. 354. *sainct James in Gales*] The body of Saint James the Great having, according to the legend, been buried at Compostella in Galicia (*Gales*), a church was built over it. Pilgrims flocked to the spot; several popes having granted the same indulgences to those who repaired to Compostella, as to those who visited Jerusalem. In *The foure P. P.* by Heywood, the Palmer informs us that he has been

“ At saynt Cornelys, at *saynt James in Gales*,
And at saynt Wynefrydes well in Walles,” &c.

Sig. A ii. ed. n. d.

v. 355. *Portyngales*] i. e. Portuguese.

Page 122. v. 356. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

v. 360. *the Crosse in Chepe*] Was originally erected in 1290 by Edward I. at one of the resting places of the body of his beloved Eleanor, in its progress from Herdeby, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried; and was adorned with her image and arms. Of its being afterwards rebuilt,—of the conduits that were added to it, &c. &c. an account will be found in Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 35. ed. 1720, and *Sup. to Gent. Mag.* for 1764, vol. 34. 607. This structure was barbarously demolished in 1643, as a monument of Popish superstition.

v. 362. *route*] i. e. disorderly crowd.

v. 364. *Sneuelyng in her nose,*
As thoughe she had the pose]

—*pose*, i. e. a rheum in the head. So Chaucer;

“*he speketh in his nose,*

And sneseth fast, and eke *he hath the pose.*”

The Manciples Prol. v. 17010. ed. Tyr.

See also *Reves Tale*, v. 4149.

v. 371. *fyll*] i. e. fell.

* v. 372. *barlyhood*] Or *barlikhood*, is said to mean a fit of obstinacy or violent ill-humour produced by drunkenness: see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* and *Supp.* in v.; also Stevenson's addition to Boucher's *Gloss.* in v. *Barlic*. [Here, more probably, simple intoxication.]

v. 378. *newe ale in cornes*] So in *Thersytes*, n. d.;

“*I will make the drincke worse than good ale in the cornes.*”

p. 56. Rox. ed

“*New ale in cornes. Ceruisia cum recrementis*”

Baret's *Alvearie*, in v. *Ale*.

Page 123. v. 386. *fabell*] i. e. talking.

v. 388. ————— *folys fylly*

That had a fole wyth wyllly]

Whether *folys fylly* means a foolish young jade (a *filly*,—compare what follows), or foolish Philly (*Phyllis*,—compare our author's *Bowge of Court*, v. 370. vol. i. 53); and whether or not *wyllly* is meant for a proper name (as it is given in the comparatively recent ed. of Rand), let the reader judge.

v. 390. *Iast you, and, gup, gylly*] See note, p. 20.

v. 17. “What, *gyppe, gyll* with a galde backe, begynne you to kycke nowe: *Hey, de par le diable, gilotte*,” &c. Palsgrave, p. 598. So Dunbar uses *gillot* for a young mare; see his *Poems*, i. 65, ii. 459 (note), ed. Laing.

v. 394. *sennet*] i. e. sennight, week.

v. 395. *pay*] i. e. satisfaction, content.

v. 397. *Of thyne ale let vs assay*]—*assay*, i. e. try, taste.

v. 398. *pylche*] i. e. cloak of skins.

v. 399. *conny*] i. e. rabbit.

* v. 400. *donny*] Richardson, *Dict.* in vv. *Dun, Dunny*, cites this line as containing an example of the latter word,—rightly, perhaps, for *donne* (*dun*) occurs in Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, v. 1002. vol. ii. 47.—The common people of Ireland, employ *donny* in the sense of—poor, mean-looking, as “a *donny* creature;” also in the sense of—poorly, [so in Lancashire,] as “How are you to-day?”—“Och! but *donny*, very *donny*.” For this information I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Edgeworth, who has used the word in one of her excellent tales.

Page 123. v. 407. *blommer*] i. e. perhaps, noise, uproar.

v. 408. *a skomm'r*] i. e. a skimmer.

* Page 124. v. 409. *a slyce*] ["An instrument of the kitchen to turne meate that is fried," Elyot, in v. *Spatha*, ed. 1569. Halliwell, *Dict.*]

v. 412. *sterte*] i. e. started, rushed.

v. 414. *somdele seke*] i. e. somewhat sick.

v. 415. *a peny cheke*] Does it mean—a puny chick?

v. 418. *Margery Mylkeducke*] So again in our author's *Magnyfycence*;

"What, *Margery Mylke Ducke*, mermoset!"

v. 462. vol. ii. 23.

Compare one of the *Coventry Mysteries*;

"Malkyn *Mylkedoke* and fayre Mabye."

MS. Cott. Vesp. D viii. fol. 74.

v. 419. *Her kyrtell she did vptucke*
An ynche aboue her kne]

So in our old ballad poetry;

"Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee."

Child Waters,—Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.*
iii. 56. ed. 1794.

v. 422. *stubbed*] i. e. short and thick.

v. 423. *pestels*] i. e. legs,—so called, perhaps, because the leg-bone resembles a *pestle* used in a mortar. The expression "*pestle of pork*" frequently occurs in our early writers; as in the following passage concerning the tremendous appetite of Charlemagne; "Whan he took hys repaast he was contente wyth lytel brede, but as touchyng the pytaunce, he ete at his repaast a quarter of moton, or ii hennes, or a grete

ghoos, or a grete *pestel* of porke, or a pecok, or a crane, or an hare all hool." Caxton's *Lyf of Charles the Grete*, &c., 1485. sig. b iii.

Page 124. v. 423. *clubbed*] i. e. like clubs.

v. 426. *foule*] i. e. ugly.

v. 429. *cantell*] i. e. corner, piece, fragment.

v. 431. *quycke*] i. e. live.

v. 435. *punyete*] i. e. pungent.

v. 436. *sorte*] i. e. set, company.

Page 125. v. 441. *I wote nere*] i. e. I know never, not.

* v. 443. *podynges and lynkes*] "*Links*, a kind of Pudding, the skin being filled with Pork Flesh, and seasoned with diverse Spices, minced, and tied up at distances." (R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688. B. iii. p. 83.) [Strings of sausages.]

v. 450. *keke*] i. e. kick.

v. 451. *the vertue of an vnset leke*] "*Vnsette lekes* be of more *vertue* than they that be sette *præstant in medicina*." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. f ii. ed. 1530.

v. 452. *breke*] i. e. breeches.

v. 453. *feders*] i. e. feathers.

v. 460. *noughty froshynges*] i. e. worthless things, stunted by frost. In Suffolk, *froslin* is applied to any thing—a lamb, a *goslin*, a chicken, an apple, &c., nipped, or pinched, or injured by frost: see Moor's *Suffolk Words*, Appendix.

v. 462. *callet*] i. e. trull, drab, jade.

* v. 465. *wretchockes*] "The famous imp yet grew a *wretchock*; and though for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rocked in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed

with broken beer, and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*." Jonson's *Masque, The Gipsies Metamorphosed*,—*Workes*, vii. 371. ed. Gifford, who thus comments on the passage in his authoritative style: "i. e. pined away, instead of thriving. Whalley appears to have puzzled himself sorely in this page, about a matter of very little difficulty. In every large breed of domestic fowls, there is usually a miserable little stunted creature, that forms a perfect contrast to the growth and vivacity of the rest. This unfortunate abortive, the goodwives, with whom it is an object of tenderness, call a *wrethcock*; and this is all the mystery. Was Whalley ignorant that what we now term chick, was once chocke and chooke?" The fol. ed. of the *Masque of Gipsies* has "*wretch-cock*," which Nares, who does not know what to make of the word, observes "would admit of an easy derivation from *wretch* and *cock*, meaning a poor wretched fowl." *Gloss.* in v. [Perhaps *wrethcock* is merely a diminution of *wretch*.]

Page 125. v. 466. *shyre shakyng nought*] i. e. sheer worthless. So again our author in his *Magnyfycence*,

"From *qui fuit aliquid* to *shyre shakynge nought*."

v. 1319. vol. ii. 61.

Page 126. v. 475. *full*] i. e. fallen.

* v. 483. *foggy*] i. e. bloated.

v. 489. *craw*] i. e. crop, stomach.

v. 491. *on*] i. e. of: compare v. 131.

v. 492. *an old rybibe*] Chaucer, in *The Freres Tale*, says,

"This Sompnour, waiting ever on his pray,

Rode forth to sompne a widewe, *an olde ribibe*."

v. 6958. ed. Tyrwhitt,—

who says he cannot guess how this musical instrument came to be put for an old woman, "unless perhaps from its shrillness." The word so applied occurs also in Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, act i. sc. 1, where Gifford observes, "*Ribibe*, together with its synonym *rebeck*, is merely a cant expression for an old woman. A ribibe, the reader knows, is a rude kind of fiddle, and the allusion is probably to the inharmonious nature of its sounds." *Works*, v. 8.

Page 126. v. 493. *She halted of a kybe*] i. e. She limped from a chap in the heel. The following remedy is seriously proposed in *The Countrie Farme*, and was no doubt applied by our ancestors: "*For kibes on the heeles, make powder of old shooe soles burned, and of them with oile of roses annoint the kibes; or else lay vnto the kibes the rinde of a pomegranat boiled in wine.*" p. 83. ed. 1600.

v. 498. *wroken*] i. e. wreaked.

* Page 127. v. 501. *on Gods halfe*] [i. e. for God's sake: *halfe*, like *halben* in German.]

v. 503. *beshrew*] i. e. curse.

v. 506. *lampatrams*] A word which I am unable to explain.

v. 507. *shap*] i. e. pudendum.

v. 512. *stert*] i. e. started.

v. 515. *dant*] In Kilian's *Dict.* is "*Dante. Ambuoaia, mulier ignaua.*" ed. 1605; and in *Gloss. to West. and Cumb. Dialect*, "*Dannet, a . . . woman of disreputable character:*" but, for aught I know, the word in the text may have some very different signification.

v. 516. *a gose and a gant*] Must mean here,—a goose and a gander: yet Skelton in *Phyllyp Sparowe* mentions first "the gose and the gander," and afterwards "the gaglynge gaunte:" see note, p. 58. v. 447.

Page 127. v. 517. *wesant*] i. e. weasand.

v. 519. *olyfant*] i. e. elephant.

* v. 520. *bullyfant*] [A mock derivation from bull, in imitation of elephant.]

v. 522. *hedes*] i. e. heads.

v. 525. *ale pole*] i. e. pole, or stake, set up before an ale-house by way of sign.

Page 128. v. 535. *A strawe, sayde Bele, stande vtter*] —*stande vtter*, i. e. stand more out, back.

“*Straw*, quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice.”

Chaucer's *Chanones Yemannes Tale*, v. 16393.

ed. Tyr.

“*Stonde vtter*, felowe! where doest thou thy curtesy preue?”

The Worlde and the Chylde, 1522.

sig. B iv.

v. 538. *sterte*] i. e. started.

— *fysgygge*] “*Trotiere*: A raumpe, *fisgig*, fisking huswife, raunging damsell, gadding or wandring flirt.” Cotgrave's *Dict.* “*Fiz-gig*, a wild flirting wench.” *Dialect of Craven, &c.*

v. 550. *bybyll*] i. e. drink, tippie.

v. 553. *Wheywormed*] i. e. covered with *wheyworms*,—pimples from which a whey-like moisture exudes.

Page 129. v. 555. *puscull*] i. e. pustule.

v. 556. *muscull*] i. e. muscle,—the shell of which is frequently “scabbyd.”

v. 557. *noppy*] i. e. nappy.

v. 558. *soppy*] i. e. sop.

v. 560. *mote I hoppy*] i. e. may I hop. “*Hoppy*, to hop or caper. Exm.” Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839

Page 129. v. 561. *coleth*] i. e. *cooleth*.

— *croppy*] i. e. crop, stomach.

* v. 563. *Haue*] i. e. Take.

v. 573. *defoyled*] i. e. defiled.

v. 575. *sorte*] i. e. set, company.

v. 582. *a pryckemedenty*] i. e. one affectedly nice, finical.

v. 583. *Sat lyke a seynty*
And began to paynty
As thoughe she would faynty]

—*seynty*. i. e. saint: *paynty*, (p. 130,) i. e. paint,—
feign: *foynty*, i. e. faint. Compare our author's *Colyn*
Cloute ;

“ That counterfaytes and *payntes*
 As they were very *sayntes*.”

v. 922. vol. ii. 157.

Page 130. v. 587. *a lege de moy*] So again in our
 author's *Colyn Cloute* ;

“ And howe Parys of Troy
 Daunced a *lege de moy*,
 Made lusty sporte and ioy
 With dame Helyn the quene.”

v. 952. vol. ii. 158.

I have not found elsewhere the term *lege de moy*.
 Mace, in his *Musick's Monument*, 1676, mentions a
Tattle de Moy,—“ a New Fashion'd Thing, much like
 a Serabard; only It has more of Conceit in It, as (in
 a *Madrigal*) speaking the word (*Tattle de Moy*),” &c
 p. 129.

v. 594. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

* Page 130. v. 598. *spence*] i. e. store-room, for drink, or victuals; pantry, cupboard, &c.

v. 609. *awne*] i. e. own.

v. 610. *Neyther gelt nor pawne*] i. e. Neither money nor pledge.

Page 131. v. 615. *balke*] i. e. beam, post: "*Balke* of an house, *pouste*." Palsgrave, p. 196.

v. 616. *tayle*] i. e. tally.

v. 617. *yll hayle*] i. e. ill health,—ill luck,—a common imprecation in our old poetry;

"*Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a fonne.*"

Chaucer's *Reves Tale*, v. 4087. ed. Tyr.

See too *Chester Mysteries (De Del. Noe)*, p. 27. Roxb. ed.

v. 619. *to mytche*] i. e. too much.

v. 620. *mummynge*] i. e. frolicking, merriment.

v. 622. *gest*] i. e. story.

v. 623. *this worthy fest*] So in the *Coventry Mysteries*;

"*At wurthy festys riche men woll bene.*"

MS. Cott. Vesp. D viii. fol. 32.

and in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, "It is not to be doubted but that the king was privy of all *this worthy feast*." p. 199. ed. 1827.

POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE.

All the particulars concerning Garnesche which I have been able to discover, will be found in the *Account of Skelton and his Writings*. (vol. i. pp. xli, lxvii.)

Page 132. v. 1. *Sithe*] i. e. Since.

Page 132. v. 4. *Syr Tyrmagant*]—or *Termagant*,—a very furious deity, whom the Crusaders and romance-writers charged the Saracens with worshipping, though there was certainly no such Saracenic divinity. Concerning the name, see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 125. ed. 1813, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.—So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, which in various minute particulars bears a strong resemblance to the present pieces *Against Garnesche*;

“*Termygantis temptis and Vespasius thy eme.*”

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 85. ed. Laing.

— *tyrnyd*] i. e. tourneyed, encountered.

v. 5. *Syr Frollo de Franko*] Was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul, slain by King Arthur: see *Geoffrey of Mon.* l. ix. cap. ii., *The Legend of King Arthur*, Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* iii. 39. ed. 1794, &c. &c.

— *talle*] i. e. valiant.

v. 6. *Syr Satrapas*] Neither with this, nor with the personage mentioned in the next line, have I any acquaintance.

v. 8. *haue ye kythyd yow a knyght*]—*kythyd*, i. e. made known, shewn.

“*It kythit be his cognisance ane knight that he wes.*”

Golagros and Gawane, p. 137, *Syr Gawayne*, &c. ed. Bann.

Garnesche had the dignity of knighthood; see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*. In the heading, and first line, of this poem, he is called *Master*; but knights were frequently so addressed. In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* mention is made of “*Sir William Fitzwilliams, a knight*,” who is presently called “*Master Fitzwilliams*,” pp. 310, 311. ed. 1827, and of “*Sir Walter*

Walshe, *knight*," who is immediately after termed "*Master Walshe*," pp. 339, 340, and of "that worshipful *knight Master Kingston*," p. 374.

Page 132. v. 8. *Syr Dugles the dowty*] "The high courage of Dowglasse wan him that addition of *Doughty Dowglasse*, which after grew to a Prouerbe." Marg Note on the description of the Battle of Shrewsbury, in Drayton's *Polyolhion*, Song 22. p. 37. ed. 1622

v. 9. *currysly*] i. e. currishly.

Page 133. v. 10. *stowty*] i. e. stout.

v. 11. *Barabas*] The robber mentioned in Scripture.

— *Syr Terry of Trace*]—*Trace*, i. e. Thrace : but I do not recollect any romance or history in which a Sir Terry of that country is mentioned.

v. 12. *gyrne*] i. e. grin.

— *gomys*] i. e. gums.

v. 15. *Syr Ferumbras the ffreke*]—*ffreke* (common in romance-poetry in the sense of—man, warrior) is here, as the context shews, equivalent to furious fellow : we have had the word before, see p. 32. v. 187. Consult the analysis of the romance of *Sir Ferumbras* in Ellis's *Spec. of Met. Rom.* ii. 356, and Caxton's *Lyf of Charles the Grete*, &c., 1485, for much about this Saracen, called in the latter *Fyerabras*,—"a meruayllous geaunte,"—"whyche was vaynquysshed by Olyuer, and at the laste baptysed, and was after a Saynt in heuen." Sig. b viii.

v. 16. *Syr capten of Catywade, catacumbas of Cayre*] *Cayre* is Cairo ; but I am unable to explain the line. In the opening of Heywood's *Four P. P.*, the Palmer says, he has been at "the graet God of Katewade," alluding, as O. Gilchrist thinks, to Catwadebridge in

Sampford hundred in Suffolk, where there may have been a famous chapel and rood; see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, i. 61. last ed.

Page 133. v. 17. *Thcw*] i. e. Though.

— *Syr Lybyus*] See note, p. 69. v. 649.

v. 18. *contenons oncomly*] i. e. countenance uncomely.

v. 19. *apayere*] i. e. impair—become less.

v. 22. *Of Mantryble the Bryge, Malchus the muryon*]—*murryon*, i. e. Moor; so in the third of these poems, Skelton calls Garnesche "Thou *murrionn*, thou mawment," v. 170. vol. i. 145; so too in the Scottish Treasurer's Accounts for 1501, "Peter the *Moryen*," Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 306. ed. Laing; and in a folio broadside, *M. Harry Whobals mon to M. Camell, &c.* (among the "flytings" of Churchyard and Camell), "Some *morryon* boye to hold ye vp." If the present passage means that the Bridge was guarded by a Moor called Malchus, I know not what authority Skelton followed. Concerning the Bridge of Mantryble see the analysis of the romance of *Sir Ferumbras*, Ellis's *Spec. of Met. Rom.* ii. 389; and Caxton's *Lyf of Charles the Grete, &c.*, 1485, "Of the meruayllous bridge of Mantryble, of the trybute there payed for to passe ouer," &c., sig. e viii., and how "the strong brydge of mantryble was wonne not wythoute grete payne," sig. h viii.: it was kept by a giant, named Algolufre in the former, and Galafre in the latter, who was slain by the Frenchmen when the Bridge was won. In *The Bruce* of Barbour, the hero reads to his followers "Romanys off worthi Ferambrace" and how Charlemagne "wan *Mantrybill* and passit Flagot." B. ii. v. 832 sqq. ed. Jam. "The tail of the *brig of the mantribil*" is men-

tioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 98. ed. Leyden. Compare also *Don Quixote*; "nor that [history] of Fierabras, with the *Bridge of Mant[r]ible*, which befell in Charlemaines time, and is, I sweare, as true, as that it is day at this instant." P. i. B. iv. c. xxii. p. 546., Shelton's trans., 1612.

Page 133. v. 23. *blake Baltazar with hys basnet routh as a bere*] Does *blake Baltazar* mean one of the Magi, or, as they were commonly called, the Three Kings of Cologne? "the third, Balthasar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard," &c. *Festa Anglo-Romana*, p. 7, cited in Brand's *Pop. Ant.* i. 19 (note), ed. 1813: *with his basnet routh as a bere*, i. e. with his cap (not helmet, it would seem,) rough as a bear.

v. 24. *Lycon, that lothly luske*]—*Lycon* is probably Lycaon; see note, p. 54. v. 311. "Here is a great knaue i. a great lyther *luske*, or a stout ydell lubbar." Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540. sig. X ii. "*Luske*, a vyle parsonne, *ribavlt, esclauē, lovrдавlt*." Palsgrave, *Lesclar de la Lang. Fr.* p. 241. The word is often used as a term of reproach in general.

v. 25. *brymly*] i. e. fiercely, ruggedly.

— *here*] i. e. hair.

v. 26. *bake*] i. e. back.

— *gere*] i. e. dress.

Page 134. v. 30. *a camoke*] Is explained—a crooked stick, or tree; a crooked beam, or knee of timber.

v. 31. *teggys*] See note, p. 104. v. 151.

v. 33. *Orwelle hyr hauyn*] By Harwich.

v. 36. *Sarson*] i. e. Saracen. So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note, p. 123. v. 4), "*Sarazene, syphareit*," &c. Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 75. ed. Laing.

Page 134. v. 36. *ble*] i. e. colour, complexion.

v. 37. *As a glede glowynge*] i. e. glowing like a burning coal:—but *qy.* did Skelton write “as a glede *glowrynge*?” i. e. staring like a kite. He uses *glede* in this latter sense in *Magnyfycence*, v. 1059. vol. i. p. 50: and in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note, p. 123. v. 4) we find,—

“hungry *gled.*”

“Lyke to ane stark theif *glowrand* in ane tedder.”

Dunbar's Poems, ii. 70, 72. ed. Lang.

— *ien*] i. e. eyne, eyes.

v. 39. *passee*] i. e. excel.

v. 40. *Howkyd as an hawkys beke, lyke Syr Topyas*] i. e. Hooked, &c. The allusion is to Chaucer's *Sire Thopas*, who “had a semely nose.” v. 13659. ed. Tyr.

v. 41. *buske*] i. e. prepare, or rather, perhaps, hie.

Be] i. e. By.

Page 135. *gorbelyd*] i. e. big-bellied.

Godfrey] Concerning this person, who assisted Garnesche in his compositions, and is afterwards called his *scribe*, I can give the reader no information.

v. 2. [*Your*] *gronynge*, *your grontyng*, *your groinyng* *lyke a swyne*] Skelton has elsewhere;

“Hoyning like hogges that *groynis* and wrotes.”

Against venemous tongues, vol. i. 154.

“The Gruntyng and the *groynninge* of the gronnyng swyne.”

Garlande of Laurell, v. 1376. vol. ii. 230.

To *groin* is explained to groan, to grunt, to growl; but perhaps our author may have used it like the

French "*Groigner*. To nuzle, or to root with the snout." Cotgrave's *Dict*.

Page 135. v. 3. *alle to peuiche*] See note, p. 22. v. 32.

v. 4. *mantycore*] See note, p. 53. v. 294.

— *maltaperte*] i. e. malapert, (perhaps an error of the transcriber).

v. 5. *lere*] i. e. complexion, skin.

— *gresyd bote*] i. e. greased boot.

v. 6.

*Ye cappyd Cayface copious, your paltoke on your pate,
Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware yet of chek
mate*]

Cayface, i. e. Caiaphas : *copious* is perhaps an allusion to some sort of cope, in which that personage might have figured on the stage. The usual explanations of *paltock* ("*Paltok*. Baltheus," *Prompt. Parv.*; "a short garment of the doublet kind," *Strutt's Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 352) do not seem to suit the present passage. In Palsgrave, p. 251, we find "*Paltocke*, a patche, *palleteau*;" and see what immediately follows in this poem: *Thow*, i. e. *Though*: *chek mate*; see note, p. 17. v. 29.

Compare *The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note, p. 123. v. 4)

"Thow irefull attircop, *Pylat* appostata."

· · · · ·
· · · "Cayphass thy fectour."

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 85, 86. ed. Laing.

v. 8. *Hole*] i. e. Whole, healed.

— *Deu[ra]ndall*] Was the celebrated sword of *Roland*: see (among other works which might be

referred to) Caxton's *Lijf of Charles the Grete*, &c., 1485, "How Rolland deyed holyly after many martyres and orysones made to god ful deuoutely, and of the complaynte maad for *hys swerde durandal*." Sig. m i.

Page 135. v. 8. *awne*] i. e. own.

Page 136. v. 11. *Ye countyr vmwhyle to capcyously, and ar ye be dysiryd*]—*countyr*; see note, p. 11: *vmwhyle*, i. e. some time: *to*, i. e. too: *ar*, i. e. ere.

v. 12. *all to-myryd*] meaning, I suppose, all betouled.

v. 15. *Gabionyte of Gabyone*] So in his *Replycacion agajnst certayne yong scolers*, &c. Skelton calls them "*Gabaonite*," vol. i. 244.

* — *gane*] i. e. gape, yawn.

* v. 16. *Huf a galante*] [*Huff* seems to mean a swaggering, bullying fellow.] Compare;

"*Hof hof hof a frysch galaunt*."

Mary Magdalene,—*An. Mysteries from the Digby MSS.* p. 85. ed. Abbotsf.

"Make rome syrs and let vs be mery,
With *huffa galand*, syngte tyrll on the bery."

Interlude of the iiii Elementes, n. d.
sig. B ii.

In some *Glossary*, to which I have lost the reference, is "*Huff*, a gallant."

— *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 17. *Lusty*] See note on title of the next poem, p 131.

— *jaspe*] Does it mean—wasp?

v. 19. *that of your chalenngge makyth so lytyll fors*] i. e. that maketh (make) so little matter of your challenge.

Page 136. v. 22. *Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, for and Syr Olyuere*] Concerning the first two see notes, p. 65, 66. v. 629: *Cayus*, or *Kay*, was the foster-brother of King Arthur; see the *Morte d'Arthur*, &c. &c.: *for and* [and eke] is an expression occasionally found in much later writers; see Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, act v. sc. 1., *Works*, iii. 544. ed. Dyce; and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,—

“*For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.*”

Act ii. sc. 2. [sc. 3.],—

a passage which the modern editors have most absurdly altered: *Olyuere* was one of the twelve peers of France.

v. 23. *Priamus*] Perhaps the personage so named, who fought with Gawayne, and was afterwards made a knight of the Round Table; see *Morte d'Arthur*, B. v. ch. x. xii. vol. i. 148 sqq. ed. Southey.

v. 24. *Arturys auntyent actys*] An allusion, perhaps, more particularly to the *Morte d'Arthur*; see its other title in note, p. 67. v. 634.

Page 137. v. 25. *fysnamy*] i. e. physiognomy. So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*.

“ — thy frawart phisnomy.”

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 68. ed. Laing.

v. 26. *to hawte*] i. e. too haughty.

— *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

v. 29. *Godfrey*] See note on title of this poem, p. 127.

— *gargons*] i. e. Gorgon's.

v. 30. *Syr Olifranke*] Qy. a mistake of the transcriber for *Syr Olifaunte*, the giant mentioned in Chaucer's *Sire Thopas*?

Page 137. v. 30. *splay*] i. e. display.

v. 31. *Baile*] Seems to mean—howl, cry. “*I Balle, as a curre dogge doth, le hurle.*” Palsgrave, p. 443.

— *folys*] i. e. fools.

v. 32. *3e*] i. e. ye.

v. 36. *Gup*] See note, p. 20. v. 17.

— *gorbellyd*] i. e. big-bellied.

v. 37. *turney*] i. e. tourney, contend.

— *to fare to seke*] i. e. too far at a loss, inexperienced,—unable.

* v. 38. *whypslovens*] [A general term of abuse which explains itself.]

— *a coke stole*] i. e. a cucking-stool, a chair or stool fixed at the end of a long pole, used for the punishment of scolds and brawlers by plunging them in the water.

Page 138. v. 39. *mantycore*] See note, p. 53. v. 294: *marmoset*, a kind of ape, or monkey.

v. 40. *wraw*] i. e. peevish, angry.

* Page 139. — *lusty Garnyche, welle be seyn Crys-teouyr*] Both these epithets allude to his dress: “*Lusty or fresshe in apparayle, frisque.*” Palsgrave, p. 318; *welle be seyn*, [well looking.]—Compare Dunbar;

“Gife I be *lusty in array,*
Than luvē I paramouris thay say

Gife I be nocht *weill als besene,*” &c.

Poems, i. 185. ed. Laing.

v. 1. *lewde*] i. e. ignorant, vile.

v. 3. *skrybe*] Means Godfrey, see note on title of the preceding poem, p. 127, and compare v. 90 of the present.

- Page 139. v. 6. *I caste me*] i. e. I project, design.
 v. 9. *fauyr*] i. e. appearance, look.
 v. 11. *cousshons*] i. e. cushions.
 v. 12. *condycyonns*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits.
 v. 13. *Gup, marmeset, jast ye, morelle*] See notes,
 p. 12. v. 11. p. 20. v. 17, and preceding page, v. 39.
 v. 14. *lorelle*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellow.
 * v. 15. *Lewdely*] i. e. [ill, maliciously ;] but in v. 19
 it is to be understood in its more original meaning—
 ignorantly.
 v. 20. *ʒe*] i. e. ye.
 * Page 140. v. 26. *dryvyll*] i. e. menial.
 v. 27. *your nose dedde sneuyll'e*] So in *The Flytyng
 of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note, p. 123. v. 4) ;
 “ Out ! out ! I schowt, upon *that snout that snevillis.*”
Dunbar's Poems, ii. 86. ed. Laing.
 v. 30. *fonne*] i. e. fool.
 v. 31. *A gose with the fete vponne*] i. e. a goose with
 its feet on.
 v. 32. *slvfferd vp*] i. e. slabbered up.
 — *sowse*] “ *Succiduum. anglice. sowce.*” *Ortus
 Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. (and so *Prompt.
 Parv.* ed. 1499). “ *Souce, trippes.*” *Palsgrave*, p
 273.
 v. 34. *xulde*] i. e. should : a provincialism (see, for
 instance, the *Coventry Mysteries* passim), to be attri-
 buted not to Skelton, but to the transcriber.
 v. 36. *bawdy*] i. e. foul ; see note, p. 101. v. 90.
 * v. 38. *haftynge*] i. e. cheating.
 — *polleynge*] i. e. plundering.
 v. 40. *Gynys*] i. e. Guines.
 v. 41. *sperre*] i. e. spire, shoot,—stripling.

Page 140. v. 42. *lewdly*] i. e. vilely, meanly.

— *gere*] i. e. apparel.

* v. 46. *dud frese*] i. e. coarse frieze: [a *dudd* was also a coarse wrapper or dread-nought. Rags, or poor clothes in general, are still called duds. See Way's *Prompt. Parv.*]

Page 141. v. 52. *ʒe*] i. e. ye.

v. 53. *warde*] i. e. wardrobe.

v. 54. *kyst a shepys ie*] i. e. cast a sheep's eye.

v. 56. *gonge*] i. e. privy.

v. 62. *bassyd*] i. e. kissed.

* v. 68. *pyllyd garleke*] [i. e. scalled—*pylled* is peeled.] Compare the next poem *Against Garnesche*;

“Thow callyst me *scallyd*, thou callyst me mad:

Thow thou be *pyllyd*, thow ar nat sade.”

v. 116. vol. i. 151.

Pilled-garlick was a term applied to a person whose hair had fallen off by disease; see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.

v. 69. *hocupy there no stede*] i. e. occupy there no place, stand in no stead,—avail nothing.

v. 70. *Syr Gy of Gaunt*] So our author again, in his *Colyn Cloute*;

“Auaunt, *syr Guy of Gaunt*.”

v. 1157. vol. ii. 165.

In *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* (which, as already shewn, strongly resembles the present pieces *Against Garnesche* in several minute particulars) we find—

“thow *spreit of Gy*.”

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 72. ed. Laing.

and at p. 37 of the same vol., in *The Droichis Part of the Play*, attributed to Dunbar,—

“I wait I am the spreit of Gy.”

So too Sir D. Lyndsay in his *Epistill to the Kingis Grace* before his *Dreme*,—

“And sumtyme, lyke the *grislie gaist of Gy*.”

Works, i. 187. ed. Chalmers,—

who explains it “the well-known Sir Guy of romance.” But both Dunbar and Lyndsay allude to a story concerning the ghost of a person called Guy, an inhabitant of Alost. There is a Latin tract on the subject, entitled *De spiritu Guuidonis*, of which various translations into English are extant in MS. One of these is now before me, in verse, and consisting of 16 closely written 4to pages: *Here begynnyth a notabyll matere and a gret myracule don be oure lord ihesus cryst and shewyd In the 3eer of his incarnation MCCCXXIII.* [printed Latin tract now before me has MCCCXXIII.] *and in the xvi day of decembyr in the Cete of Aleste. Whiche myracule ys of a certeyn man that was callyd Gy. and deyle and aftyr viii days he apperyd to his wyf aftyr the comaundment of god. of whiche apperyng she was aferd and of tyn tyme rauysshid. Than she toke conseyl and went to the ffreris of the same cete and tolde the Pryor ffrere Iohnn goly of this mater, &c. As Gaunt is the old name of Ghent, and as Alost is about thirteen miles from that city, perhaps the reader may be inclined to think,—what I should greatly doubt,—that Skelton also alludes to the same story.*

Page 141. v. 71. *olyfaunt*] i. e. elephant.

v. 72. *pykes*] i. e. pickaxe. “*Pykeys. Ligo. Marra.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

— *twybyll*] “*Twybyll*, writis instrument. *Biscuta. Biceps.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. “*Twybill*

or mactok. Marra. Ligo." *Ibid.* "Bipennis . . . a *twyble* or axe, a twall." *Ortus Vocab.* ed. 1514. (in the earlier ed. fol. n. d. W. de Worde, the English explanation is less full).

* Page 141. v. 75. *wary*] [i. e. abuse, speak evil of; often, to curse; but here, possibly, war, contend, war-ray.]

Page 142. v. 79. *eldyr steke*] i. e. elder-stick.

v. 87. *sowtters*] i. e. shoemakers, cobblers.

v. 88. *seche a nody polle*] i. e. such a silly head, ninny.

v. 89. *pryste*] i. e. priest.

v. 90. *your scrybys nolle*] i. e. your scribe's head,—Godfrey's; see note on title of the preceding poem, p. 127.

v. 91. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 93. *make*] i. e. compose verses.

v. 94. *dawpate*] i. e. simple pate, simpleton; see note, p. 36. v. 301.

v. 101. *Bolde bayarde*] The proverbial expression, "as bold as blind bayard,"—(*bayard*, properly a bay horse, but used for a horse in general),—is very ancient, and of very frequent occurrence in our early literature; its origin is not known:

"For *blynde bayarde* caste peryll of nothyng,
'Tyll that he stumblyng fall amydde the lake."

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. v.
sig. E e ii. ed. 1555.

v. 102. *kynde*] i. e. nature.

Page 143. v. 108.

*Ye wolde be callyd a maker,
And make moche lyke Jake Raker]*

i. e. You would be called a composer of verses, or poet, and you compose much in the style of Jack Raker. So again our author ;

“ Set *sophia* asyde, for euery *Jack Raker*
And euery mad medler must now be a maker.”

Speke, Parrot, v. 165. vol. ii. 253.

“ He maketh vs *Jacke Rakers* ;
He sayes we ar but crakers,” &c.

Why come ye nat to Courte, v. 270. vol. ii. 285.

So too in the comedy by Nicholas Udall, entitled *Ralph Royster Doyster* ;

“ Of Songs and Balades also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely doe as *Jacke Raker*.”

Act ii. sc. 1. p. 27. (reprint.)

Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 448) speaks of Jack Raker as if he really had existed: I rather think that he was an imaginary person, whose name had become proverbial.

Page 143. v. 110. *crakar*] i. e. vaunter, big talker.

v. 114. *despyghtyng*] i. e. grudging, malice.

v. 115. *nat worthe a myteyng*]—*myteyng* (which occurs in our author's *Elymour Rummyng* as a term of endearment, v. 224. vol. i. 117) is here perhaps equivalent to “*Myte*, the leest coyne that is.” Palsgrave, p. 245.

v. 117. *scole*] i. e. school.

v. 118. *occupyed no better your tole*] i. e. used no better your tool, pen :

v. 119. *Ye xulde haue kowththyd me a fole*] i. e. You should have made me known for, shewn me to be, a fool.

v. 121. *wyse*] i. e. think, intend.

Page 143. v. 122. *xall*] i. e. shall.

v. 123. *Thow*] i. e. Though.

— *Sarsens*] i. e. Saracen's.

v. 124. *Row*] i. e. Rough.

— *here*] i. e. hair.

v. 125. *heuery*] i. e. every.

v. 127. *peson*] i. e. pease.

v. 129. *geson*] i. e. scarce, scanty.

* v. 131. *Your skyn scabbyd and scuruy,
Tawny, tannyd, and shuruy, &c.]*

—*shuruy*, i. e., perhaps, "*shrovy*, squalid." Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia*: [probably only a softened form of *scurvy*.] With this passage compare *The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy* (see note, p. 127. v. 4); "Fy! skolderit skyn, thow art bot skyre and skrumple."

• • • • •
"Ane crabbit, *skabbit*, evill facit messane tyk."

• • • • •
"Thow lukis *lowsy*."

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 70, 84, 72. ed. Laing.

Page 144. v. 139. *Xall kyt both wyght and grene*] i. e. Shall cut both white and green,—an allusion to the dress which our author appears to have worn as Laureat; see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

v. 140. *to grett*] i. e. too great.

v. 143. *puauntely*] i. e. stinkingly, strongly.

v. 155. *crawes*] i. e. crops, stomachs.

v. 157. *perke*] i. e. perch.

v. 158. *gummys*] i. e. gums.

* v. 159. *serpentins*] [i. e. a kind of cannon.] "His campe was enuironed with artilerie, as fawcones, ser-

pentynes, cast hagbushes," &c. *Hall's Chronicle* (Henry viii.), fol. xxviii. ed. 1548.

Page 144. v. 160. *bynde*] i. e. bend; so in the next poem we find "*wyll*" for "*well*," and "*spynt*" for "*spent*," peculiarities to be attributed to the transcriber, not to Skelton.

v. 162. *scorpyone*] So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* "*scorpion vennemous*." *Dunbar's Poems*, ii. 75. ed. Laing.

v. 163. *bawdy babyone*] i. e. filthy baboon; see note, p. 101. v. 90.

v. 165. *mantycore*] See note, p. 53. v. 294.

Page 145. v. 168. *gresly gargone*] i. e. grisly Gorgon.

— *glaymy*] i. e., I suppose, slimy, clammy.

v. 169. *seymy*] i. e. greasy.

v. 170. *murrionn*] i. e. Moor; see note, p. 125. v. 22.

— *mawment*] "*Mawment. Idolum. Simulacrum.*" *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. "*Maument, marmoset, poupee.*" Palsgrave, p. 244. "*Mawment, a puppet.*" Brockett's *Gloss. of North Country Words.*—(*Mawmet*, i. e. Mahomet.)

v. 172. *marmoset*] A sort of ape or monkey.

v. 173. *I wyll nat dy in they det*]—*they*, i. e. thy; as in the next poem.—Compare *Cocke Lorelles Bote*;

"Yf he call her calat, she calleth hym knaue agayne;
She *shyll not dye in his dette.*" Sig. B i

v. 175. *xulddst*] i. e. shouldst.

v. 176. *xall*] i. e. shall.

v. 177. *hole*] i. e. whole.

v. 178. *Soche pelfry thou hast pachchyd*] I do not

understand this line: *pelfry* is, perhaps, pilfery; but does it not rather mean—petty goods,—which Garnesche had *pachchyd*, fraudulently got together? “Muche of theyr fishe they do barter with English men, for mele, lases, and shoes, and other *pelfery*.” Borde’s *Boke of knowledge*, sig. I, reprint. “Owt of whyche countre the sayd Scottys fled, and left mych corne, butters, and other *pylfre*, behinde theim, whyche the ost hade.” Letter from Gray to Crumwell, *State Papers*, iii. 155,—the Vocabulary to which renders *pylfre*, pillage—wrongly, I believe. Dekker, describing “The Blacke Arte” (or “Picking of Lockes”), tells us that “The gaines gotten is *Pelfry*.” *The Belman of London*, &c. sig. F 4. ed. 1608.

Page 145. v. 179. *houyr wachyd*] i. e. over watched.
v. 180. *thou xuldyst be rachchyd*] i. e. thou shouldest be stretched—have thy neck stretched. So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*;

“For substance and geir thow hes a widdy teuch
On Mont Falcone, about *thy craig to raz*.”

Dunbar’s *Poems*, ii. 79. ed. Laing.

v. 182. *be bedawyd*] Does it mean—be daunted? or, be called simple fellow? see note, p. 36. v. 301.

v. 183. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 184. *gronde*] i. e. ground.

v. 186. *Syr Dalrag*] So our author elsewhere;

“Let syr Wrigwrag wrastell with *syr Delarag*.”

Speke, Parrot, v. 91. vol. ii. 250.

“Adué nowe, sir Wrig wrag,
Adué, *sir Dalrag*!”

Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c.

v. 297. vol. ii. 331.

Page 145. v. 187. *brag*] i. e. proud, insolent.

v. 189. *kyt . . . to large*] i. e. cut . . . too large.

v. 190. *Suche pollyng paiaunttis ye pley*] i. e. Such plundering pageants, thievish pranks, you play. The expression to "play a pageant"—to play a part,—has before occurred, see note, p. 6. v. 85. With the present passage compare: "This one *pageant* hath stayned al other honest dedes . . . *flagitium*." *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. N v. ed. 1530. "That was a wyly *pageaunt* . . . *commentum*." *Id.* sig. N vi. "Thou gatest no worshyp by this *pageant* . . . *facinore*." *Id.* sig. P v. "He had thought to playe me a *pagent*: *Il me cuyda donner le bont*." Palsgrave, p. 658. "A felowe which had renued many of Robin Hodes *Pagentes*." Fabyan's *Chron.* vol. ii. fol. 533. ed. 1559. "After he had *plaied* all his troublesome *pageants*," &c. Holinshed's *Chron.* (Hen. viii.) vol. iii. 830. ed. 1587.

v. 191. *poynt*] i. e. appoint, equip.

— *fresche*] i. e. smart.

v. 192. *he*] i. e. Godfrey; see note on title of the second of these poems, p. 127.

v. 193. *rowllys*] i. e. rolls.

v. 194. *sowllys*] i. e. souls.

Page 146. v. 197.

That byrd ys nat honest

That fylythe hys owne nest]

—*fylythe*, i. e. defileth. This proverb occurs in *The Owl and the Nightingale* (a poem of the 12th century), p. 4. Rox. ed.

v. 199. *wyst what sum wotte*] i. e. knew what some know.

v. 204. *Jake a thrum*] In his *Magnyfycence*, ou

author mentions "*Jacke a thrommys bybyll*," v. 1444. vol. ii. 67 (also in his *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 209. vol. ii. 179); and in his *Colyn Cloute* he uses the expression,—

"As wyse as *Tom a thrum*."

v. 284. vol. ii. 134.

where the MS. has "*Jacke athrum*."—Compare: "And therto acordes too worthi prechers, *Jacke a Throme* and *Ione Brest Bale*." *Burlesques,—Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (by Wright and Halliwell), i. 84.

**goliardum*] Equivalent, probably, to buffoon, or ridiculous rhymcr. ["The *goliardi*, in the original sense of the word, appear to have been in the clerical order somewhat the same class as the jongleurs and minstrels among the laity, riotous and unthrifty scholars, who attended on the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practising the profession of buffoons and jesters. The name appears to have originated towards the end of the twelfth century; and, in the documents of that time and of the next century, is always connected with the clerical order." Wright, *Poems of Walter Mapes*, p. x.] See Du Cange's *Gloss.* in v., Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. 562, and Roquefort's *Gloss.* in v. *Goliard*.

lusty Garnyshe well beseen Crystofer] See note on title of the third of these poems, p. 131.

Page 146. v. 1. *gargone*] i. e. Gorgon.

v. 3. *Thowthe ye kan skylle of large and longe*] i. e. Though you be skilled in large and long; see note, p. 15. v. 49.

Page 146. v. 4.

Ye syng allway the kukkowe songe :

Your chorlyshe chauntyng ys al o lay]

—o lay, i. e. one strain. So Lydgate;

“*The cokkowe syng can than but oon lay.*”

The Chorle and the Bird,—MS. Harl.

116. fol. 151.

Page 147. v. 12. *Cicero with hys tong of golde]* So Dunbar speaking of Homer and Tully;

“*Your aureate tongis both bene all to lyte,*” &c.

Poems, i. 13. ed. Laing.

v. 17. *xalte]* i. e. shalt.

— *warse]* i. e. worse.

v. 18. *They]* i. e. Thy; as in the preceding poem.

v. 23. *lest good kan]* i. e. that knows the least good.

v. 25. *wylage]* i. e. village.

v. 28. *Lothsum as Lucifer]* So in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, “*Luciferis laid.*” Dunbar’s *Poems*, ii. 75. ed. Laing.

v. 29. *gasy]* i. e. gaze, look proudly.

v. 30. *Syr Pers de Brasy]* i. e. Pierre de Brézé, grand-seneschal of Anjou, Poitou, and Normandy, and a distinguished warrior during the reigns of Charles vii. and Lewis xi.: he fell at the battle of Monthléry in 1465.

Page 148. v. 31. *caytyvys carkes]* i. e. caitiff’s carcass.

v. 32. *blasy]* i. e. blaze, set forth.

v. 33. *Gorge Hardyson]* Perhaps the “George Ardeson” who is several times mentioned in the un-

published *Bokis of Kyngis Paymentis Temp. Hen. vii. and viii.*, preserved in the Chapter-House, Westminster: one entry concerning him is as follows;

“ [xxiii. of George Ardeson and Do-
Hen. vii.] mynicke Sall er bounden in
an obligacion to pay for the
lycence of cccl buttes of mal-
vesey vi^a viii^d for euery but
within iii monethes next af-
ter they shalbe layde vpon
lande } cxvi^{ll} xiii^a.”

Page 148. v. 34. *habarion*] i. e. habergeon. “*Haburion. Lorica.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

v. 35. *the Januay*] i. e. the Geneose. “The *ian-uays Genuenses.*” *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. k iii. ed. 1530.

v. 36. *trysyd hys trowle away*] i. e. (I suppose) enticed away his trull.

v. 37. *paiantes*] i. e. tricks. See note, p. 140. v. 190.

v. 39. *gate*] i. e. got.

* — *gaudry*] i. e., perhaps, trickery, [from gaud, a trick. The word often occurs in other poets in the sense of finery.]

v. 41. *Fanchyrche strete*] i. e. Fenchurch Street.

v. 42. *lemmanns*] i. e. mistresses.

v. 43. *Bas*] i. e. Kiss.

* — *buttyng*] A term of endearment, which I do not understand. [The same as “bunting” (Qy. bantling?) in the nursery song, “Bylo (balow), baby bunting.”]

— *praty*] i. e. pretty.

Page 148. v. 47. *Bowgy row*] i. e. Budge Row: "This Ward [Cordwainers Street Ward] beginneth in the East, on the West side of Walbrooke, and runneth West, thorow *Budge Row* (a street so called of the Budge Furr, and of Skinners dwelling there)," &c. Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 15. ed. 1720.

v. 50. *mow*] i. e. mouth,—mock.

* v. 54. *lust*] i. e. desire.

v. 55. *broke*] i. e. badger.

* v. 56. *Gup, Syr Gy*] See notes, p. 20. v. 17. p. 133. v. 70: *moke*, i. e. mock.

v. 57. *xulde*] i. e. should.

v. 59. *herey*] i. e. hairy.

* v. 60. *on Goddes halfe*] for God's sake.

Page 149. v. 61. *pray*] i. e. prey.

v. 63. *auncetry*] i. e. ancestry.

v. 66. *askry*] i. e. assail with a shout. See note, p. 78. v. 903.

v. 68. *Haroldis*] i. e. Heralds.

v. 69. *Thow*] i. e. Though.

v. 73. *brothells*] i. e. harlots. "Brothell, *pailliarde, putayn*." Palsgrave, p. 201.

v. 75. *Betweyn the tappett and the walle*] A line which occurs again in our author's *Magnyfycence*, v. 1249. vol. ii. 58; *tappett*, i. e. tapestry, hangings.

v. 76. *Fusty bawdyas*] An expression used again by Skelton in his *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Foo, *foisty bawdias*! sum smellid of the smoke."

v. 639. vol. ii. 198.

It occurs in the metrical tale *The Kyng and the Hermyt*

"When the coppe comys into the plas,
Canst thou sey *fusty bandyas*, [*baudyas*]"

And think it in your thought ?
 And you schall here a totted frere
 Sey *stryke pantnere*,
 And in ye [the] cope leve ryht nouht."

Brit. Bibliogr. iv. 90.

and several times after, in the same poem.

* Page 149. v. 77. *harres*] Equivalent to—collection.
 "Haras, a race; horses and mares kept only for
 breed." *COTG. Way's Prompt. Parv*

v. 78. *clothe of Arres*] i. e. tapestry; so called from
 Arras in Artois, where the chief manufacture of such
 hangings was.

v. 79. *eylythe*] i. e. aileth.

— *rebawde*] i. e. ribald.

v. 82. *Auaunsid*] i. e. Advanced.

v. 83. *hole*] i. e. whole.

* v. 85. *lorell*] good-for-nothing, worthless fellow.

See note, p. 132. v. 14.

— *to lewde*] i. e. too ignorant, vile.

v. 86. *Lythe and lystyn*] i. e. Attend and listen—a
 sort of pleonastic expression common in our earliest
 poetry.

* — *all bechrewde*] all accursed.

v. 88. *pointyd*] i. e. appointed.

v. 89. *semyth*] i. e. beseemeth.

* — *pyllyd*] i. e. scalded.

Page 150. v. 91. *scryue*], i. e. write.

v. 92. *cumys*] i. e. becomes.

v. 93. *tumrelle*] i. e. tumbrel.

v. 94. *melle*] i. e. meddle.

v. 95. *The honor of Englande*] i. e. Henry the
 Eighth.

v. 97. *wy*] i. e. well; as afterwards in this poem.

Page 150. v. 97. *parcele*] i. e. part, portion.

v. 98. *yawe*] i. e. gave.

v. 99. *Eliconys*] i. e. Helicon's.

v. 101. *commyth*] i. e. becometh.

— *remorde*] Fr. "*Remordre*. To bite again; also, to carpe at, or find fault with." Cotgrave's *Dict.* The word is frequently used by Skelton (see, for instance, vol. i. 209, where he introduces it with other terms nearly synonymous,—“reprehending” and “rebukynge”).

v. 102. *creaunser*] i. e. tutor: see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.—Erasmus in his *Paraph. in Epist. Pauli ad Galat.* cap. 4. v. 2,—*Opp.* vii. 956. ed. 1703-6, has these words; “sed metu cohibetur, sed alieno arbitrio ducitur, sub *tutoribus* et *actoribus* agens,” &c.: which are thus rendered in *The Paraphrase of Erasmus vpon the Newe Testament*, vol. ii. fol. xiii. ed. 1548-9; “but is kept vnder with feare, and ruled as other men wyll, passyng that tyme vnder *creansers* and *gouernours*,” &c. (Fr. *creanser*.)

v. 105. *primordiale*] i. e. original, earliest.

v. 106. *rybawde*] i. e. ribald.

— *reclame*] i. e. tame,—a metaphor from falconry; see note, p. 82. v. 1125.

v. 114. *bawdy*] i. e. foul; see note, p. 101. v. 90.

Page 151. v. 117. *Thow*] i. e. Though.

— *pyllyd*] i. e. scaldhead.

— *sade*] i. e. sad,—sober, discreet,—wise (see the preceding line).

v. 120. *Thowth*] i. e. Though.

v. 122. *throw*] i. e. little while, moment.

v. 125. *thé froo*] i. e. from thee.

v. 127. *lewde*] i. e. ignorant.

Page 151. v. 127. *shrow*] i. e. curse

v. 132. *Prickyd*] i. e. Pointed.

v. 133. *I wold sum manys bake ink horne*

Wher thi nose spectacle case]

—*manys*, i. e. man's: *bake*, i. e. back: *Wher*, i. e. Were. Compare our author's poem against Dundas, v. 37. vol. i. 215, and Bale's *Kynge Iohan*, p. 35. Camden ed.

v. 135. *wyll*] i. e. well; as before in this poem.

v. 136. *ouyrthwarthe*] i. e. overthwart,—cross, perverse, cavillous, captious.

v. 144. *steuyn*] i. e. voice.

v. 145. *follest*] i. e. foulest.

Page 152. v. 146. *lyddyr*] Or *lither*,—is—sluggish, slothful, idle; but the word is often used in the more general meaning of wicked, evil, depraved.

v. 146. *lewde*] i. e. ignorant.

v. 147. *well thewde*] i. e. well dispositioned, well mannered.

v. 148. *Besy*] i. e. Busy.

v. 149. *Syr Wrig wrag*] A term several times used by Skelton; see note, p. 139. v. 186.

v. 151. *slyght*] i. e. trick, contrivance.

v. 153. *to mykkylle*] i. e. too much.

v. 154. *I xulde but lese*] i. e. I should but lose.

v. 155. *tragydesse*] i. e. tragedies. Skelton does not mean here dramatic pieces: compare his piece *Against the Scottes*, v. 72. vol. i. 205. So Lydgate's celebrated poem, *The TRAGEDIES, gathered by Iohn Bochas, of all such Princes as fell from theyr estates, &c.*

v. 157. *my proces for to saue*]—*proces*, i. e. story; see notes, p. 75. v. 735. p. 79. v. 969. So our author in his *Why come ye nat to Courte*;

“Than, our *processe for to stable.*”

v. 533. vol. ii. 294.

Page 152. v. 158. *xall*] i. e. shall.

v. 162. *a tyd*] i. e. betime.

v. 164. *Haruy Haftar*] See note, p. 30. v. 138.

v. 166. *xulde*] i. e. should.

v. 170. *hay . . . ray*] Names of dances, the latter less frequently mentioned than the former :

“I can daunce *the raye*, I can both pipe and sing.”

Barclay's *First Egloge*, sig. A ii. ed. 1570.

v. 171. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 173. *lewdenes*] i. e. ignorance, baseness, worthlessness.

Page 153. v. 176. *spynt*] i. e. spent, employed.

v. 180. *I xall thé aquyte*] i. e. I shall requite thee.

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES.

Page 154. *Psalm cxlij.*] *Vulg.* cxix. 3.

Psal. lxvii.] *Vulg.* li. 7.

v. 4. *Hoyning*] “*Hoigner* To grumble, mutter, murmure; to repine; also, to whyne as a child or dog.” Cotgrave's *Dict.* “*Hoi*, a word vsed in driuing hogges,” says Minshew; who proceeds to derive it “a Gr. *κοτ*, quod est imitatio vocis porcellorum.” *Guide into Tongues.*

* — *groynis*] i. e. grunts. See note, p. 127. v. 2.

— *wotes*] i. e. roots.

Page 155. v. 2. *made . . . a windmil of an olde mat*] The same expression occurs again in our author's *Magnyfycence*, v. 1040. vol. ii. 49.

v. 4. *commaunde*] i. e. commend.

— *Cok wat*] See note, p. 31. v. 173.

Page 155. v. 2. *lack*] i. e. fault, blame.

* v. 3. *In your crosse rowe nor Christ crosse you spede*] — *crosse rowe*, i. e. alphabet; so called, it is commonly said, because a cross was prefixed to it, or perhaps because it was written in the form of a cross. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Christ-cross*. [*Christ crosse me spede*, seems to have been the beginning of an early school lesson. Such a lesson preserved in MS. Rawl. 1032, commences, "Christe crosse me spede in alle my worke."

Halliwell, *Dict.*]

"How long agoo lerned ye *Crist crosse me spede*?"

Lydgate's *Prohemy of a mariage*, &c.,—
MS. Harl. 372. fol. 50.

In *The Boke of Curtasye* we find;

"Yff that thou be a ȝong enfaunt,
And thenke tho scoles for to haunt,
This lessoun schulle thy maister the merke,
Cros Crist the spede in alle thi werke."

The sec. Boke, p. 7.

(printed for the Percy Society.)

and see title of a poem cited p. 109. v. 296.

v. 7. *cognisaunce*] i. e. badge.

v. 1. *scole*] i. e. school, teaching.

— *haute*] i. e. high, lofty.

v. 2. *faute*] i. e. fault.

* Page 156. v. 2. *faitours*] Used here as a general term of reproach,—scoundrels.

* — *straught*] i. e. distracted.

v. 4. *liddrous*] i. e. evil, wicked. See note, p. 147.

v. 146.

— *lewde*] i. e. ignorant, vile.

Page 156. v. 3. *vale of bonet of their proude sayle*] — *vale*, i. e. lower: *bonet* means a small sail attached to the larger sails.

* v. 4. *ill hayle*] i. e. ill success. See note, p. 122. v. 617.

v. 4. *untayde*] i. e. untied, loose.

— *renning*] i. e. running.

v. 7. *lewldy alowed*] i. e., perhaps, ignorantly approved of.

v. 9. *vertibilite*] i. e. variableness.

v. 10. *folabilite*] i. e. folly.

v. 12. *coarte*] i. e. coarct, constrain.

v. 13. *hay the gy of thre*] Perhaps an allusion to the dance called *heydeguies* (a word variously spelt).

Page 157. v. 2. *Pharaotis*] i. e. (I suppose) Pharaoh.

v. 1. *vnhappy*] i. e. mischievous.

v. 2. *atame*] i. e. tame.

Page 158. v. 1. *tratlers*] i. e. prattlers, tattlers.

v. 3. *Scalis Malis*] i. e. Cadiz. "The tounes men of Caleis, or *Caleis males*, sodainly rong their common bell," &c. Hall's *Chronicle* (Hen. viii.). fol. xiii, ed. 1548. "His fortunatest piece I esteem the taking of *Cadiz Malez*." *A Parallel of the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham*, — *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 177. ed. 1672.

v. 4. *nut shalis*] i. e. nutshells.

v. 7. *ren*] i. e. run.

— *lesinges*] i. e. falsehoods.

v. 8. *wrate suche a bil*] i. e. wrote such a letter.

v. 10. *ill apayed*] i. e. ill pleased, ill satisfied.

v. 1. *hight*] i. e. is called.

v. 2. *quight*] i. e. requite.

Page 158. v. 5. *Although he made it neuer so tough*] The expression, *to make it tough*, i. e. to make difficulties, occurs frequently, and with several shades of meaning, in our early writers; see R. of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, p. 510. ed. Hearne, and the various passages cited in Tyrwhitt's *Gloss to Chaucer's Cant. Tales* in v. *Tough*. Palsgrave has "I *Make it tough*, I make it coye, as maydens do, or persons that be strange if they be asked a questyon." p. 624.

ON TYME.

Page 160. v. 5. *hym lyst*] i. e. pleases him.

v. 6. *couenable*] i. e. fit.

v. 10. *sad*] i. e. serious.

Page 161. v. 17. *trauell*] i. e. travail, labour.

v. 21. *prease*] i. e. press, throng.

v. 23. *lacke*] i. e. blame.

v. 24. *rotys*] i. e. roots.

— *vere*] i. e. spring.

Quod] i. e. Quoth.

PRAYER TO THE SECONDE PARSON.

Page 163. v. 7. *Agayne*] i. e. Against.

v. 8. *woundis fyue*] A common expression in our early poetry;

"Jhesu, for *thi woundes fyve*, &c.

Minot's *Poems*, p. 5. ed. Ritson

See too Dunbar's *Poems*, i. 229. ed. Laing.

v. 10. *blø*] i. e. livid.

WOFFULLY ARAID

Is mentioned by our author as one of his compositions in the *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1418. vol. ii. 233.

With the opening of this piece compare Hawes's *Conuercyon of Swerers*, where Christ is made to exclaim,

“ They newe agayne do hange me on the rode,
 They tere my sydes, and are nothyng dysmayde,
 My woundes they do open, and deuoure my blode :
 I, god and man, moost *wofully arayde*,
 To you complayne, *it maye not be denayde* ;
 Ye nowe to-lugge me, ye tere me at the roote,
 Yet I to you am chefe refuyte and bote.”

and a little after,

“ Why arte thou *harde herted*, &c.

Sig. A iii. ed n. d. 4to.

Barclay too has,

“ Some sweareth armes, nayles, heart, and body,
 Tearing our Lorde worse then the Jewes him *arayde*.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 33. ed. 1570.

Woffully araid is, I believe, equivalent to—wofully disposed of or treated, in a woful condition. “ *Araye*, condicion or case, *poynt*.” Palsgrave, p. 194.—(and see note, p. 105. v. 163).

“ *Isaac*. What have I done, fader, what have I saide ?

Abraham. Truly, no kyns ille to me.

Isaac. And thus gyltles shalle be *arayde*.”

Abraham,—*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 40.

—“ His [Tybert's] body was al to-beten and blynde

on the one eye. Whan the kyng wyste this, that tybert was thus *arayed*, he was sore angry, &c." *Reynard the Fox*, sig. b 8. ed. 1481. Again in the same romance, when Isegrym the wolf has received a kick on the head from a mare, he says to Reynard, "I am so foule *arayed* and sore hurte, that an herte of stone myght haue pyte of me." Sig. f 4.

"Who was wyth loue: more *wofully arayed*
Than were these twayne."

Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, sig. I iiiii.
ed. 1555.

"I am fowle *arayed* with a chyne cowgh. *Laceor pertussi*." — "He was sore *arayed* with sycknesse. *Morbo atrociter conflictus est*." *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sigs. H iii. I ii. ed. 1530.

Page 165. v. 4. *naid*] i. e. denied.

v. 8. *encheson*] i. e. cause.

v. 9. *Sith*] i. e. Since.

* v. 12. *fretid*] i. e. fretted, galled.

* v. 13. *threted*] i. e. threatened.

v. 14. *mowid*] i. e. made mouths at, mocked.

Page 166. v. 19. *hart rote*] i. e. heart-root.

v. 20. *panyys*] i. e. pains.

— *vaynys*] i. e. veins.

— *crake*] i. e. crack.

v. 24. *Entretid thus in most cruell wyse,*
Was like a lombe offerd in sacrifice]

Entretid, i. e. Treated. So in a "litel dite" by Lydgate, appended to his *Testamentum* ;

"Drawen as a felon in moost cruel wyse

Was lik a lamb offryd in sacrifice."

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 64.

Page 166. v. 29. *bobbid*] i. e. struck. So Lydgate in the piece just cited ;

“Bete and eke *bobbid*.”

Ibid.

and in the *Coventry Mysteries*, Nichodemus seeing Christ on the cross, says

“Why haue þe *bobbyd* and thus betyn owth
All his blyssyd blood?”

MS. Cott. Vesp. D viii. fol. 186.

— *robbid*] i. e. (I suppose) robbed. [Qy. stript?]

* v. 30. *Onfayned*] Generally means un-glad, displeased, which even in the forced sense of—to my sorrow, is against the intention of the passage: it seems to be used here for—Unfeignedly: and see note, p. 160. v. 81. [This word will perhaps bear the interpretation—not entreated, unasked.]

— *deynynd*] i. e. disdained ;

“Youth *dayneth* counsell, scorning discretion.”

Barclay's *Fifth Egloge*, sig. D ii. ed. 1570.

v. 33. *myzt*] i. e. might.

Page 167. v. 39. *enterly*] i. e. entirely.

v. 43. *zytt*] i. e. yet.

v. 45. *race*] i. e. tear, wound.

v. 48. *Butt gyve me thyne hert*]—*hert*, i. e. heart.

With this and v. 41 compare Lydgate's “*litel dite*” already cited ;

“*Gyff me thyn herte*, and be no mor *vnkynde*.”

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 66

v. 49. *wrouzt*] i. e. wrought, formed.

— *bowgt*] i. e. bought, redeemed.

Page 167. v. 50. *hyzt*] i. e. high.

v. 55. *sawlys*] i. e. soul's.

v. 59. *Hytt*] i. e. It.

— *nayd*] i. e. denied.

v. 60. *blow*] i. e. livid.

NOW SYNGE WE, &c.

This piece is mentioned by Skelton as his own composition in the *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1420. vol. ii. 233.

Page 168. v. 1.

*Now synge we as we were wont,
Vexilla regis prodeunt]*

Compare Lydgate ;

“Wherefore *I synge as I was wont,
Vexilla regis prodeunt.*”

*Poem about various birds singing praises
to God,—MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 38.*

The hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, &c. may be seen in *Hymni Ecclesiæ e Breviario Parisiensi*, 1838, p. 71. I ought to add that the present poem is not a translation of it.

v. 3. *on felde is* [*s*] *playd*] i. e. is displayed on field.

v. 4. *nayd*] i. e. denied.

v. 11. *thees*] i. e. thighs.

v. 13. *pyne*] i. e. pain.

v. 14. *spylt*] i. e. destroyed, put to death.

Page 169. v. 17. *dong*] i. e. dung, struck.

v. 25. *fote*] i. e. foot.

v. 31. *Syth*] i. e. Since.

v. 33. *chere*] i. e. spirit,—or reception.

v. 35. *lykes*] i. e. pleases.

Page 169. v. 40. *eysell*] i. e. vinegar.

Page 170. v. 51. *doone*] i. e. done.

v. 60. *isprode*] i. e. spread.

Page 171. v. 68. *payne*] i. e. labour, strive.

v. 71. *mys*] i. e. miss, fail.

v. 72. *Withouten nay*] i. e. Without contradiction, assuredly.

v. 74. *hardnes*] i. e. cruelty.

LATIN POEM.

Page 172. v. 7. *gentis Agarenæ*] i. e. of the race of Hagar.

WARE THE HAUKE.

This poem was evidently called forth by a real event; but the name of the "hawking parson" has not transpired. According to Barclay, skill in hawking sometimes advanced its possessor to a benefice;

"But if I durst truth plainly vtter and expresse,
This is the speciall cause of this inconuenience,
That greatest fooles, and fullest of lewdnes,
Hauing least wit, and simplest science,
Are first promoted, and haue greatest reuerence,
For if one can flatter, and *beare a Hauke on his fist,*
He shalbe made Parson of Honington or of Clist."

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 2. ed. 1570.

I may add, that afterwards, in the same work, when treating of indecorous behaviour at church, Barclay observes;

"Into the Church then comes another sette,
Without deuotion, ietting vp and downe,

Or to be seene, and to showe his garded cote :
Another on his fiste a Sparhauke or Fawcone, &c.
 fol. 85.

Page 173. v. 5. *abused*] i. e. vitiated, depraved.

“ Be all yonge galandes of these *abused* sorte,
 Whiche in yonge age vnto the court resorte ? ”

Barclay's *Third Egloge*, sig. C ii. ed. 1570.

v. 8. *daw*] i. e. simpleton, fool.

* v. 10. *funte*] i. e. font.

v. 16. *him fro*] i. e. from him.

Page 174. v. 22. *dysgysed*] i. e. guilty of unbecom-
 ing conduct : so again in our author's *Colyn Cloute* ;

“ They mought be better aduysed
 Then to be so *dysgysed*.”

v. 581. v. ii. 145.

v. 30. *apostrofacion*] i. e. apostrophe.

v. 34. *wrate*] i. e. wrote.

v. 35. *lewde*] i. e. ignorant, worthless.

v. 42. *Dis*] Of which Skelton was rector ; see *Ac-
 count of his Life and Writings*.

v. 43. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

— *fauconer*] i. e. falconer.

* v. 44. *pawtenar*] i. e. a net-bag. “ *Pautner*
 [*Pawtenere*, MS. Harl. 221.] *Cassidile*.” *Prompt.*
Parv. ed. 1499. “ Will. Brito : *Cassidile* dicitur pera
 Aucupis in modum reticuli facta, in quo ponit quos in
 casse, id est, rete, cepit.” Du Cange's *Gloss.* in v.
 “ Pera . . . anglice a skryppe or a *pawtner*.” *Ortus*
Vocab. fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d.

Page 175. v. 48. *hogeneous*] i. e. hugeous, huge.

v. 49. *auter*] i. e. altar.

v. 50. *craked*] i. e. talked vauntingly.

Page 175. v. 55. *yede*] i. e. went.

v. 56. *pray*] i. e. prey.

v. 60. *tyrid*] A term in falconry: the hawk *tired* on what was thrown to her, when she pulled at and tore it.

v. 62. *mutid*] i. e. dinged.

* — *a chase*] i. e. a spot. Compare a passage in that curious tract, by Walter Smith, *xii Mery Jestes of the wyddow Edyth* ;

“ Her potage & eke her ale were well poured
With an holsome influence that surgeons call
Pouder Sinipari that wil make on cast his gall : ”

in consequence of which, she is compelled suddenly to quit the supper-table, and,

“ When that she was vp, she got her fourth apace,
And er she had walkt xxx fote, she marked *a chase*
And eftsones another, through the Hal as she yede,” &c.

Sig. f iii. cd. 1573.

“ A *chase* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or chace. At long tennis, it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling.” Douce’s *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 485. Compare our author’s *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 880. vol. ii. 306.

v. 63. *corporas*] i. e. communion-cloth, the fine linen cloth used to cover the *body*, or consecrated elements.

v. 65. *gambawdis*] i. e. gambols, pranks.

v. 66. *wexid*] i. e. waxed.

— *gery*] “ *Gerysshe*, wylde or lyght heeded, *farouche*.” Palsgrave, p. 313.

“Howe *gery* fortune, furyous and wode.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. iii. leaf lxxvii.
ed. Wayland.

“And as a swalowe *geryshe* of her flyghte,
Twene slowe and swifte, now croked nowe vpright.”
Ibid. B. vi. leaf cxxxiii.

Tyrwhitt explains “*gery*—changeable.” *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*. Richardson observes that in the present passage of Skelton “it seems to be *giddy* (sc.) with turning round.” *Dict.* in v.

Page 175. v. 69. *the rode loft*] A loft (generally placed just over the passage out of the church into the chancel,) where stood the *rood*,—an image of Christ on the cross, with figures of the Virgin Mary and Saint John on each side of it: compare v. 126 of the present poem;

“His hawke then flew vppon
The rode with Mary and John.”

v. 70. *perkyd*] i. c. perched.

v. 71. *fauconer*] i. e. falconer.

— *prest*] i. e. ready.

v. 72. *dow*] i. e. pigeon.

* v. 73. *And cryed, Stow, stow, stow!*] So Fansy, in our author's *Magnyfycence*, exclaims to his bird, (which, however, appears to have been an owl)

“*Stowe, byrde, stowe, stowe!*

It is best I fede my hawke now.”

v. 980. vol. ii. 47.

Compare Brathwait's *Merlin*;

“But *stow*, bird, *stow*,
See now the game's afoote,

And white-mail'd Nisus,
He is flying to't."

Odes, p. 250, appended to *Natures
Embassie*, 1621.

"Make them come from it to your fist, eyther much or little, with calling and chirping to them, saying: Towe, Towe, or *Stowe, Stowe*, as Falconers vse." Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 182. ed. 1611.

Page 176. v. 76. *lure*] [i. e. "that whereto faulconers call their young hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham, quoted by Halliwell, *Dict.*]

v. 78. *endude*] "She [the hawk] *Enduyth* whan her meete in her bowelles falle to dygestyon." *Book of St. Albans*, by Juliana Berners, sig. C iii.

v. 79. *ensaymed*] i. e. purged from her grease. "*Ensayme* of an hawke," says the lady just quoted, "is the greeyes." Sig. A v. See too "How you shall enseame a Hawke," &c. in Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 115. ed. 1611.

v. 80. *reclaymed*] i. e. tamed.

v. 81. *fawconer*] i. e. falconer.

— *vnfayned*] Either, unfeignedly (in the next line but six is "not *fayne* nor forge") or un-glad, displeased: see note, p. 154. v. 30.

v. 83. *lyst*] i. e. liking, inclination.

v. 85. *loked*] i. e. looked.

— *the frounce*] Is a distemper in which a whitish foam gathers in wrinkles (frounces) about the hawk's mouth and palate. "The *Frounce* proceedeth of moist and cold humours, which descend from the hawkes head to their palate and the roote of the

tongue. And of that cold is engendred in the tongue the *Fronnce*," &c. Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 303. ed. 1611.

Page 176. v. 87. *the gorge*] "Is that part of the Hawk which first receiveth the meat, and is called the *Craw* or *Crop* in other fowls." Latham's *Faulconry*. (Explan. of Words of Art,) 1658.

v. 89. *clap*] i. e. stroke.

v. 91. *sparred*] i. e. fastened, shut ("boltyd and harryd" being in the next line).

v. 93. *wyth a prety gyn*]—*gyn*, i. e. contrivance.

"And with a prety gynne
Gyue her husbände an horne."

The boke of mayd Emlyn, &c.
n. d. sig. A ii.

v. 100. *On Sainct John decollacion*] i. e. On the festival of the beheading of St. John.

Page 176. v. 103. *secundum Sarum*] So in Sir D. Lyndsay's *Complaynt of the Papingo*;

"Suppose the geis and hennis suld cry alarum,
And we sall serve *secundum usum Sarum*."

Works, i. 327. ed. Chal.

The proverbial expression, "It is done *secundum usum Sarum*," is thus explained by Fuller: "It began on this occasion; Many Offices or forms of service were used in severall Churches in England, as the Office of York, Hereford, Bangor, &c. which caused a deal of Confusion in Gods Worship, untill Osmond Bishop of Sarum, about the year of our Lord 1090, made that Ordinall or Office which was generally received all over England, so that Churches thence forward easily understood one another, all speaking the same words

in their Liturgy. It is now applied to those persons which do, and Actions which are formally and solemnly done, in so Regular a way by Authentick Precedents, and Paterns of unquestionable Authority, that no just exception can be taken thereat." *Worthies (Wilt-Shire)*, p. 146. ed. 1662.

Page 177. v. 104. *Marche harum*] i. e. March hare.
v. 106. *let*] i. e. leave, desist.

v. 107. *fet*] i. e. fetch

v. 110. *to halow there the fox*] — *halow*, i. e. halloo.
"Men blewe the hornes and cryed and *halowed the foxe*." *Reynard the Fox*, sig. h 5. ed. 1481.

v. 112. *Boke*] i. e. Book.

* v. 114. *lectryne*] [i. e. reading-desk.]

"Sum syng at the *lectorne* with long eares lyke an asse."

Bale's *Kynge Johan*, p. 27. Camd. ed.

v. 116. *With, troll, cytrace, and trouy*] So in *Apilus and Virginia*, by R. B., 1575;

"*With hey tricke, how trowle, trey trip, and trey trace*." Sig. B.

v. 117. *hankin bouy*] Compare *Thersytes*, n. d.;

"And we wyll haue minstrelsy
that shall pype *hankyn boby*."

p. 62. Roxb. ed.

and Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, 1596;
"No vulgar respects haue I, what Hoppenny Hoe and his fellow *Hankin Booby* thinke of mee." Sig. K 2:
and Brome's *Joviall Crew*, 1652; "he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont to see my Ghossips rock to day, mould Cacklebread, daunee clutterde-

pouch and *Hannykin booby*, binde barreles, or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us." Act ii. sc. i. sig. D 2.

* P. 177. vv. 120, 121. *gospellers . . . pystillers*] i. e. [priests that chant the gospel and the epistle, respectively, at mass.]

v. 125. *gydyngge*] "He controlled my lyuyng and *gydyngge . . . mores*." *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. N vi. ed. 1530.

"Wise women has wayis, and wonderfull *gydingis*."

Dunbar's tale of *The Tua Maryit Wemen and the Wedo*,—*Poems*, i. 77. ed. Laing.

v. 127. *The rode with Mary and John*] See note on v. 69. p. 159.

v. 128. *fon*] i. e. fool.

v. 129. *daw*] i. e. simpleton.

Page 178. v. 137. *hawkis bels*] i. e. the bells attached to the feet of the hawk.

v. 138. *losels*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellows,—the same as *lorels*, which has several times occurred before (see note, p. 60. v. 488, &c.): "Lorell or *losell* or *lurdeyn*." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. "Lorrell or *losell*." Palsgrave, p. 241.

v. 142. *snappar*] i. e. stumble; but see note, p. 12 v. 4.

v. 144. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 146. *bokis*] i. e. books.

v. 149. *mayden Meed*] See the allegorical account of Meed in *Pierce Plowman*; where we find,

"That is *mede the maid*, quod she, hath noyed me full oft."

Sig. B iv. ed. 1561

Page 178. v. 158. *toke*] i. e. took.

v. 159. *this*] Perhaps for *thus*: compare v. 181.

Page 179. v. 164. *Exodi*] i. e. the book of *Exodus*.

“In *Exodi* ben these mencions.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf vii.
ed. Wayland.

v. 166. *Regum*] i. e. *The Third*, now called *The First, Book of Kings*.

v. 178. *the rode*] i. e. cross. See note on v. 69.
p. 159.

v. 181. *this*] i. e. thus; see note, p. 2. v. 38.

v. 183. *dowues donge*] i. e. dove's dung.

Page 180. v. 194. *croked*] i. e. crooked.

— *Cacus*] See extract from *The Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy*, in note, p. 168. v. 23.

v. 196. *Nother*] i. e. Neither.

— *Olibrius*] Was “the provost” by whose order Saint Margaret, after being put to sundry tortures, was beheaded at Antioch. *Golden Legende*, fol. ccxiii. sqq. ed. 1483. See also *The Legend of Seynt Mergrete*, printed from the Auchinleck MS., in Turnbull's *Legendæ Catholicæ*. Most readers will recollect Mr. Milman's dramatic poem, *The Martyr of Antioch*.

v. 198. — — — *Phalary*,
Rehersed in Valery]

i. e. Phalaris, recorded in Valerius Maximus, lib. iii. cap. iii. (where it is related that the Agrigentines, at the instigation of Zeno Eleates, stoned the tyrant Phalaris to death: “’Tis plain,” says Bentley, “he mistakes Phalaris for Nearchus.” *Diss. upon the Ep. of Phalaris*,—*Works*, i. 241. ed. Dyce), and lib. ix. cap. ii.

Page 180. v. 200. *Sardanapall*] So our early writers often spell his name ;

“ Last of all was *Sardanapall*.”

Lydgate's Fall of Prynces, Boke ii.
leaf L. ed. Wayland.

v. 204. *Egeas*] Is mentioned with various other evil personages in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*,

“ Herod thy uthir eme, and grit *Egeass*.”

Dunbar's Poems, ii. 86. ed. Laing.

and in the Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* ;

“ The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Egeus fed with humane flesh.”

Last sc. of act iv. sig G 3. ed. 1606.

v. 205. *Syr Pherumbras*] See note, p. 124. v. 15.

v. 211. *poll by poll*] i. e. head by head,—one by one.

“ And ye shall here the names *poll by poll*.”

Cocke Lorelles bote, sig. B ii.

Page 181. v. 212. *Arystobell*] i. e. (I suppose) Aristobulus,—who, having succeeded his father Hyrcanus as high-priest and governor of Judea, assumed the title of king,—cast his mother into prison, and starved her to death,—caused his brother Antigonus to be assassinated,—and died after reigning a year. See *Prideaux's Connect*. Part ii. B. vi.

v. 214. *miscrantys*] i. e. infidels. “ These three kynges were the fyrst of *myscreauntes* that by-leued on cryst.” *The three kynges of Coleyne*, sig. C ii. ed. 1526.

v. 216. *Sowden*] i. e. Soldan, Sultan.

v. 225. *pekysch*] See note, p. 55. v. 409.

v. 228. *crokid*] i. e. crooked.

Page 181. v. 230. *this*] i. e. thus; as before, see v. 181.

— *ouerthwarted*] i. e. cavilled, wrangled. “To hafte or *ouerthwarte* in a matter, to wrangle.” Baret’s *Alvearie* in v.

v. 231. *proces*] i. e. subject-matter; see note, p. 75. v. 735, &c.

Page 182. v. 239. *rehers*] i. e. tell, declare.

v. 240. *sentence*] i. e. meaning.

v. 241. *scholys*] i. e. schools.

v. 242. *folys*] i. e. fools.

* v. 244. *Dawcocke*] i. e. simpleton. See note, p. 36. v. 301.

v. 249. *fista*] i. e. fist.

Page 183. v. 250. *you lista*] i. e. you please.

v. 260. *Dialectica*] i. e. *Dialectica*.

v. 264. *forica*] Is Latin for a public jakes; and compare vv. 62, 183: but I cannot determine the meaning of it here.

v. 270. *Jacke Harys*] Must not be mistaken for the name of the person who called forth this piece; we have been already told that he “shall be nameless,” v. 38. So in our author’s *Magnyfycence*, Courtly Abusyon terms Cloked Colusyon “cankard *Jacke Hare*.” v. 768. vol. ii. 37. There is a poem by Lydgate (at least attributed to him) concerning a personage called *Jak Hare*, of which the first stanza is as follows:

“A froward knave plainly to discryve,
 And a sluggard plainly to declare,
 A precious knave that cast hym never to thryve,
 His mowth wele wet, his slevis right thredebare,
 A tourne broche, a boy for wat of ware
 With louryng face noddying and slombryng,

Of newe cristened called *Jak Hare*,
Whiche of a bolle can pluk out the lyneng.”

MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 14

Since the above note was written, the ballad on Jack Hare has been edited from *MS. Lunsd.* 699. fol. 88. by Mr. Halliwell, among Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, p. 52 (printed for the *Percy Society*). “The original of this,” says Mr. H. (p. 267), “is an Anglo-Norman poem of the 13th century, in *MS. Digb. Oxon.* 86. fol. 94, entitled ‘De Maimound mal esquier.’”

Page 183. v. 274. *federis*] i. e. feathers.

Page 184. v. 284. *fisty*] i. e. fist.

v. 290. *Apostata*] This form, as an English word, continued in use long after the time of Skelton.

v. 291. *Nestorianus*] “*Nestoriani* quidam heretici qui beatam mariam non dei, sed hominis dicunt genitricem.” *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. : but here *Nestorianus* seems to be put for Nestorius, the founder of the sect.

v. 300. *This*] i. e. Thus; as before, see v. 181.

v. 301. *Dys church ye thus deprauyd*] To deprave generally means—to vilify in words (as in our author's *Colyn Cloute*, “*The Churche to deprave*,” v. 515. vol. ii. 143); but (and see the poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. v. 191. vol. ii. 327) here *deprauyd* must be equivalent to—defiled.

v. 305. *Concha*] “*Concha* recensetur vulgo inter vasa ac ministeria sacra, cujus varii fuere usus.” *Du Cange's Gloss.*

v. 306. *sonalia*] i. e. the bells attached to the hawk's feet.

Page 185. v. 313. *Et relis et ralis*,
Et reliqualis]

Occurs again in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1216. vol. ii. 223.

- v. 315. *Galis*] i. e. Galicia.
- v. 320. *chalys*] i. e. chalice.
- v. 324. *Masyd*] i. e. Bewildered, confounded.
- v. 325. *styth*] i. e. anvil.
- v. 327. *daw*] i. e. simpleton.

EPITAPHE, &c.

Page 187. v. 3. *this*] i. e. these.

v. 4. *queed*] i. e. evil. The word is common in our earliest poetry :

“ That euer schuld haue don him *qued*.”

Arthur and Merlin, p. 51. ed. Abbotsf.

A DEUOUTE TRENTALE, &c.

trentale] i. e. properly, a service of thirty masses for the dead, usually celebrated on as many different days.

Page 190. v. 44. *I faith, dikkon thou crue*] See note, p. 39. v. 360.

v. 46. *knauate*] i. e. knave.

v. 47. *rode*] i. e. rood, cross ; see note, p. 159. v. 69.

v. 53. *fote ball*] i. e. foot-ball.

v. 61. *Wit[h], hey, howe, rumbelowe*] See note, p. 33. v. 252.

Page 192. v. 23.

Crudelisque Cacus

barathro, peto, sit tumulatus]

To readers of Skelton's days Cacus was known not so much from the 8th book of Virgil's *Æneid*, as from

The Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy, (a translation by Caxton from the French of Raoul le Fevre), where his story is related at considerable length, and with great variation from the classical fable: "In the cyte of Cartagene, a kynge and geant regned. named Cacus whiche was passyng euyll and full of tyrannye, and had slayn by his cursidnes the kynges of Aragon and of Nauerre. their wyues and their children And possessid her seignouryes and also helde in subieccion alle the contrey into ytaly," &c. Book ii. ed. 1471—about the middle of the volume, which is printed without paging or signatures. His death is afterwards thus described: "But hercules ranne after and retayned hym And enbraced hym in his armes so harde that he myght not meue And brought hym agayn And bare hym vnto a depe pytte that was in the caue where he had caste in all ordures and filthe, hercules cam vnto this fowle pytte that the grekes had founden And planted cacus there Inne. his heed downward from on hye vnto the ordure benethe, Than the ytaliens cam aboute the pitte and caste so many stones vpon hym that he deyde there myserably. Suche was the ende of the poure kynge Cacus. he deyde in an hooll full of ordure and of styngkynge filthe."

v. 28. *best*] i. e. *beast*.

Page 193. *Apud Trumpinton scriptum per Curatum ejusdem, &c.*] A passage wrongly understood by Skelton's biographers: see *Account of his Life and Writings*.

Page 194.

*Diligo rustincum cum portant bis duo quintum,
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos]*

The Rev. J. Mitford proposes to read—

Diligo rusticulum cum portat Dis duo quintum,
Et cantat Delos, est mihi dulce melos:

understanding *duo quintum* to mean decimum, a tenth or tithe, and explaining the whole, I like the peasant when he brings his tithe to Dis, and sings "Delos,"—pays it from motives of devotion.

LAMENTATIO URBIS NORVICEN.

In 1507, the city of Norwich was "almost utterly defaced" by two dreadful fires: the first broke out on 25th April, and lasted for four days; the second began 4th June, and continued for two days and a night. See Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, ii. 131, ed. fol.

IN BEDEL, &c.

Page 195. *Mortuus est asinus,
Qui pinxit mulum]*

"*Mulum de asino pingere, Dicitur potest, quando exemplar et res efficta non multum inter se distant; vel quando ineptiæ ineptiis repræsentantur, vel mendacia mendaciis astruuntur. Magna similitudo inter asinum et mulum est. Tertullianus. [Adv. Valent. cap. xix.]*"
Erasmi *Adagia*, p. 1663. ed. 1606.

EPITAPHIUM IN HENRICUM SEPTIMUM.

Page 198. Henry the Seventh died April 21st, 1509, in the 24th year of his reign (see Sir H. Nicolas's *Chron. of Hist.* pp. 333, 350. sec. ed.), and in the 52d

(according to some authorities, the 53d) year of his age; and was interred in the splendid chapel which bears his name.

“Here lieth buried in one of the stateliest Monuments of Europe, both for the Chappell, and for the Sepulchre, the body of Henry the seuenth . . . This glorious rich Tombe is compassed about with verses, penned by that Poet Laureat (as he stiles himselfe) and Kings Orator, Iohn Skelton: I will take onely the shortest of his Epitaphs or Eulogiums, and most to the purpose.

Septimus hic situs est Henricus, gloria Regum
Cunctorum, ipsius qui tempestate fuerunt,
Ingenio atque opibus gestarum et nomine rerum,
Accessere quibus nature dona benigne:
Frontis honos, facies augusta, heroica forma,
Junctaque ei suavis coniux, perpulchra, pudica,
Et fecunda fuit: felices prole parentes,
Henricum quibus octauum terra Anglia debes.”

Weever's *Anc. Fun. Mon.*, p. 476. ed. 1631.

But the above lines are not in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*; nor are they assigned to him in *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti*, &c. 1603,—where they occur, sig. D.

— *ad sinceram contemplationem reverendi in Christo patris ac domini, domini Johannis Islippæ abbatis Westmonasteriensis*] So Skelton again in his *Replycacion*, &c. “ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosæ immortalitatis, præsens pagella felicitatur, &c.” vol. i. 230; and in his *Garlande of Laurell*,—

“ Of my ladys grace *at the contemplacyoun,*
Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose,
Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrinacioun,
He dyd translate,” &c.

v. 1219. vol. ii. 224.

Compare also Hollinshed; “ *At the contemplation* of this cardinall, the king lent to the emperour a great summe of monie.” *Chron.* (Hen. viii.) vol. iii. 839. ed. 1587. Concerning the Abbot Islip see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

Page 199. v. 19. *sua*] Used for *ejus*.

— *Leo candidior Rubeum necat ense Leonem*] *Leo candidior*, i. e. the Earl of Surrey, whose badge was a White Lion: *Rubeum Leonem*, i. e. King James the Fourth, slain at Flodden, who bore the royal arms of Scotland, a Red Lion. See note on the poem *Against the Scottes*, p. 179. v. 135.

TETRASTICHON VERITATIS.

Page 201. v. 1. *cuprum*] i. e. *cupreum*. “The Tomb itself [principally of black marble], with the metal statues which lie upon it, and the beautiful casts in *alto-relievo* [of copper gilt], which ornament the sides, were executed by the celebrated Italian artist Pietro Torrigiano . . . for the sum of 1500*l*. Its surrounding Screen, or ‘Closure’ [of gilt brass and copper], which is altogether in a different style of workmanship, though almost equally curious, was, most probably, both designed and wrought by English artizans.” Neale’s *Account of Henry the Seventh’s Chapel*, pp. 54, 59.

AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

The battle of Flodden, one of the most disastrous events in Scottish history, has been rendered so familiar to readers of our own day by the poem of *Marmion*, that a particular account of it here is unnecessary. It took place on September 9th, 1513. The English army was commanded by the Earl of Surrey (created Duke of Norfolk the February following); the Scottish by their rash and gallant monarch James the Fourth, who perished in the field amid heaps of his slaughtered nobles and gentlemen.

Page 202. v. 2. *tralynges*] i. e. prattling, idle talk.

v. 5. *Lo, these fonde sottes, &c.*]—*fonde*, i. e. foolish.

This passage resembles a rhyme made in reproach of the Scots in the reign of Edward the First :

“ These scaterand Scottes
Holde we for sottes,” &c.

Fabyan's *Chron.* vol. ii. fol. 140.
ed. 1559.

v. 11. *Branxton more*] i. e. Brankston Moor.

v. 12. *stowre*] Means generally—hardy, stout; here perhaps it is equivalent to—obstinate: but in Palsgrave we find “*Stowre* of conversation, *estourdy*,” p. 326.

Page 203. v. 22. *closed in led*] The body of James, disfigured with wounds, was found the day after the battle; it was carried to Berwick, and ultimately interred in the priory of Shene: see Weever's *Anc. Fun. Mon.*, p. 394. ed. 1631. After the dissolution of that house, according to Stow's account, the body,

enclosed in lead, was thrown into one of the lumber-rooms; and the head, which some workmen hewed off "for their foolish pleasure," was brought to London and buried in St. Michael's Church, Wood Street: *Survey*, B. iii. 81. ed. 1720.

Page 203. v. 26. *byllys*] i. e. bills,—a sort of beaked pikes,—battle-axes.

v. 30. *Folys and sottys*] i. e. Fools and sots.

v. 32. *crake*] i. e. vaunt.

v. 33. *To face, to brace*] So Borde in his *Boke of knowlege* introduces a Scotchman saying,

"I wyll boost my selfe, I wyll *crake and face*."

Sig. G 2. reprint.

Compare our author's *Magnyfycence*;

"*Cl. Col.*

By God, I tell you, I wyll not be *out facyd*.

By the masse, I warrant thé, I wyll not be *bracyd*."

v. 2247. vol. ii. 106.

and his *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Some *facers*, some *bracers*, some make great crackis."

v. 189. vol. ii. 178.

In *Hormanni Vulgaria* we find, "He *faceth* the matter, and maketh great crakes. *Tragice loquitur*, et ampullosa verba proicit." Sig. P. iiiii. ed. 1530. "He is not aferde to *face or brace* with any man of worshyp. Nullius viri magnitudinem *allatrare* dubitat." Sig. O ii. And in Palsgrave, p. 542, "I *face*, as one dothe that brauleth or falleth out with a nother to make hym a frayde, *Je contrefays des mines* . . . I dare nat passe by his dore, he *faceth and braceth* me so: . . . *il contrefayt tellement des mines*." 'I *Brace or face*, *Je*

bragge. He *braced* and made a *bracyng* here afore the dore as thoughe he wolde haue kylled *Il braggoyt*," &c. p. 462.

Page 203. v. 36. *ouerthwart*] i. e. cross, perverse, wrangling.

v. 41. *quayre*] i. e. quire,—pamphlet, book.

Page 204. v. 51. *sumner*] i. e. summoner (it generally meant what we now call apparitor).

v. 52. *greyth*] i. e. agreeth, suiteth.

v. 53. *Our kynge of Englande for to syght*—*syght*, i. e. cite. While Henry viii. was encamped before Terouenne, James iv. sent his chief herald to him, with a letter (which may be found in Hall's *Chron.* (*Hen. viii.*), fol. xxix. ed. 1548), reckoning up the various injuries and insults he had received from Henry, and containing what amounted to a declaration of war, unless the English monarch should desist from hostilities against the French king.

v. 57. *kynge Koppynge*] Compare the *Coliphizacio*, where Cayphas exclaims—

"Therfor I shalle the name that ever shalle rew the, *Kyng Copyn* in oure game," &c.

Towneley Mysteries, p. 194,—

the Glossary informing us that "A coppin is a certain quantity of worsted yarn wound on a spindle, and the spindle then extracted,"—which may be true, though it does not explain the passage. Some game must be alluded to.

v. 59. *Hob Lobbyyn of Lowdean*] So again our author in *Speke, Parrot*;

"*Hop Lobbyyn of Lowdeon* wald haue e byt of bred."

v. 74. vol. ii. 249.

Perhaps there is an allusion to some song or ballad: *Lowdean* is, I apprehend, Lothian.

* Page 204. v. 60. *what good ye can*] [i. e. what manners you know.]

v. 61. *Locrian*] i. e. Loch Ryan—a large bay in Wigtonshire, which, by approximating to the bay of Luce, forms the peninsula called the Rinns of Galloway. It is mentioned by Barbour;

“ And at *Lochriane* in Galloway
He schippyt, with all his menye.”

The Bruce, B. xi. v. 36. ed. Jam.

In the poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. Skelton speaks of the Scots

“ Of *Locryan*,
And the ragged ray
Of *Galaway*.”

v. 21. vol. ii. 322.

and in his verses against Dundas, he calls him

“ Dundas of *Galaway*.”

v. 29. vol. i. 215.

See too v. 109 of the present poem. Our author uses Scottish names at random.

v. 62. *sence*] i. e. cense.

v. 63. *Saint Ionis towne*] i. e. Perth. Compare Langtoft's *Chronicle*, p. 333, ed. Hearne; Minot's *Poems*, p. 6. ed. Ritson; and Barbour's *Bruce*, B. ii. v. 53. ed. Jam. It is said that the Picts, after their conversion to Christianity, or the Scots, after their king had succeeded to the Pictish throne, consecrated the church and bridge of Perth to St. John the Baptist; and that hence in process of time many persons

gave to the town the name of St. Johnston : see Jamieson's note on the passage last referred to.

Page 204. v. 72. *tragedy*] See note p. 147. v. 155.

Page 205. v. 79. *enbybe*] i. e. wet.

v. 83. *Irysh keteringes*]—*Irysh*, i. e. Highlanders and Islesmen :

“Than gert he all thè *Irschery*
That war in till his cumpany,
Off Arghile, and the Ilis alsua,” &c.

Barbour's *Bruce*, B. xiii. v. 233. ed. Jam.

—*keteringes* (see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Cateranes*), i. e. marauders who carried off cattle, corn, &c.

v. 86. *armony*] i. e. harmony.

v. 89. *me adres*] i. e. apply myself.

v. 90. *proces*] i. e. story.

v. 91. *Jocky my jo*] Perhaps a fragment of some song or ballad. In Scotch, *Jocky* is the diminutive of *Jock*, the abbreviation of *John* : *jo* is sweetheart, dear, (*joy*).

v. 92. *summond*] See note on v. 53, page 175.

v. 97. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 98. *harrold*] i. e. herald. See note on v. 53.

v. 100. *pye*] i. e. magpie.

Page 206. v. 101. *Syr skyrgalyard*] So again our author in his *Speke, Parrot* ;

“With, *skyregalyard*, prowde palyard, vaunteperler,
ye prate.” v. 427. vol. ii. 269

and in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. ;

“Suche a *skyrgaliarde*.”

v. 168. vol. ii. 327.

“ William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the *Galliard*, was a noted freebooter. . . . His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called *The Galliard*. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character.” *Scott's Minst. of the Scott. Bord.* i. 305. ed. 1810. To *skir* (under which Richardson in his *Dict.* cites Skelton's term “ a skyrkaliarde ”) is to scour, to move rapidly.

Page 206. v. 101. *skyt*] i. e. hasty, precipitate.

v. 103. *layd*] “ I *Laye* for me, or alledge to make my mater good.” Palsgrave, p. 602.

v. 104. *not worth a fly*] A common expression in our early poetry ;

“ The goos saide then all this *nys worth a flie.*”

Chaucer's *Ass. of Foules*,—*Workes*,
fol. 235. ed. 1602.

v. 106. *brother*] James married Margaret sister of Henry the Eighth.

v. 109. *Gup*] See note, p. 20. v. 17.

— *Syr Scot of Galawey*] See note on v. 61. p. 176.

v. 110. *fall*] i. e. fallen.

v. 111. *Male vryd*] i. e. ill-fortuned (Fr. *malheur*).

v. 117. *Scipione*] i. e. Scipio.

v. 119. *Thoughe ye vntruly your father haue slayne*] James iii. was slain by a ruffian whose name is not certainly known, under circumstances of great atrocity, in 1488, in a miller's cottage, immediately after his flight from the battle of Sauchie-burn, where his son (then in his 17th year) had appeared in arms against him. The mind of James iv. was haunted by remorse for his father's death ; and he wore in penance an iron girdle, the weight of which he every year increased.

Page 206. v. 121. *Dunde, Dunbar*] Scottish names used at random : so again in our author's verses against Dundas, "*Dunde, Dunbar*," v. 60. vol. i. 216 ; and in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c.* "*Dunbar, Dunde*," v. 24. vol. ii. 322.

v. 122. *Pardy*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

v. 124. *shent*] i. e. destroyed, brought to disgrace or punishment.

v. 128. *checkmate*] See note, p. 17. v. 29.

v. 129. *the castell of Norran*] In taking the Castle of Norham, James wasted some days, previous to the battle of Flodden, while he ought to have employed his forces in more important enterprises.

v. 130. *to sone*] i. e. too soon.

Page 207. v. 132. *bylles*] i. e. bills, axes. See note on v. 26. p. 174.

v. 133. *Agaynst you gaue so sharpe a shower*] *Shower* is often applied by our old writers to the storm, assault, encounter of battle :

"The *sharpe showres* and the cruel rage
Abyde fully of this mortall werre."

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. iv.
sig. Y iiiii. ed. 1555.

"He was slawe yn *sharpe showre*."

Kyng Roberd of Cysylle,—MS. Harl.
1701. fol. 94.

and see our author's poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c.* v. 240. vol. ii. 329.

v. 135.

*The Whyte Lyon, there rampaunt of moode,
He ragyd and rent out your hart bloode ;
He the Whyte, and ye the Red*]

The White Lion was the badge of the Earl of Surrey, derived from his ancestors the Mowbrays. His arms were Gules, on a bend between six cross crosets, fitchy, argent: after the battle of Flodden, the king granted to him "an honourable augmentation of his arms, to bear *on the bend thereof: in an escutcheon Or, a demi Lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure flory and counterflory Gules*; which tressure is the same as surrounds the royal arms of Scotland." Collins's *Peerage*, i. 77. ed. Brydges.

"If Scotlands Coat no marke of Fame can lend,
That Lyon plac'd in our bright siluer-bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish bloud discoloured Floden-Field;
When the proud Cheuiot our braue Ensigne bare,
As a rich Jewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire Bramstons neighbouring vallies choke
With clouds of Canons fire-disgorged smoke."

*Epistle from H. Howard Earle of Surrey to
Geraldine,—Drayton's Poems, p. 86 [88],
ed. 8vo. n. d.*

"George Buchanan reporteth that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a Siluer Lion, which from Antiquitie belonged to that name, tearing in pieces a Lion prostrate Gules; and withall, that this which hee termes insolence, was punished in Him and his Posteritie," &c. Drayton's note on the preceding passage.

— *the Red*] The royal arms of Scotland.

Page 207. v. 139. *quyt*] i. e. requited.

v. 141. *swete Sainct George, our ladies knyght*] "Our Lady's knight" is the common designation of St. George: so in a song written about the same time as

the present poem, *Cott. MS. Domit. A. xviii. fol. 248*; in *Sir Beues of Hamtoun*, p. 102. Maitl. ed. &c. &c.

Page 207. v. 144. *His grace beyng out of the way*] i. e. Henry the Eighth being in France: see note on v. 53. p. 175.

v. 148. *ye lost your sworde*] The sword and dagger, worn by James at the battle of Flodden, are preserved in the college of Heralds. An engraving of them is prefixed to Weber's ed. of the poem, *Flodden Field*.

v. 149. *buskyd*] i. e. hied.

— *Huntley bankys*] So again in our author's verses against Dundas;

“That prates and prankes
On *Huntley bankes*.”

v. 57. vol. i. 216.

and in his *Why come ye nat to Courte*;

“They [the Scottes] play their olde pranckes
After *Huntley bankes*.”

v. 263. vol. ii. 285.

and in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c.;

“Of the Scottes ranke
Of *Huntley banke*.”

v. 18. vol. ii. 321.

Here again Skelton uses a Scottish name at random. The *Huntlybank*, where, according to the charming old poem, Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of Faery, is situated on one of the Eldoun hills.

v. 153.

*Of the kyng of Nauerne ye might take heed,
Vngraciously how he doth speed:*

*In double delynge so he did dreme,
That he is kyng without a reme;
And, for example ye would none take, &c.]*

—*reme*, i. e. realm. In a letter despatched from the camp before Terouenne, in answer to the epistle of the Scottish king (see note on v. 53. p. 175), Henry says; “And yf the example of the kyng of Nauarre beyng excluded from his royalme for assistence gyuen to the Frenche kyng cannot restrayne you from this vnnaturall dealyng, we suppose ye shall haue lyke assistence of the sayde Frenche kyng as the kyng of Nauarre hath nowe: *Who is a kyng withoute a realme, &c.*” *Hall’s Chron. (Henry viii.)* fol. xxxi. ed. 1548. James, however, never received this letter: he was slain before the herald who bore it could procure a passage from Flanders.

Page 207. v. 158. *brake*] See note, p. 111. v. 324.

Page 208. v. 161. *Your beard so brym as bore at bay*—*brym*, i. e. fierce, —rugged, bristly. James wore “his Beerde somethynge longe.” *Lelandi Collect.* iv. 285. ed. 1770.

v. 162. *Your Seuē Systers, that gun so gay*] *Lindsay* of *Pitscottie* informs us that when James was making preparations for his fatal expedition against England, “he had sewin great canones out of the castle of Edinburgh, quhilkis was called the *Sewin Sisteris*, castin be Robert Borthik; and thrie maister gunneris, furnisched with pouder and leid to thame at thair pleasure.” *Cron. of Scoll.* i. 266. ed. 1814. These canons were named *Sisters* because they were all of the same great size and fine fabric. Concerning *Borthwick*, master of the artillery to James, the following mention is made by *Lesley*: “Rex anplo sti-

pendio Robertum Bortluik, insignem tormenti fabricandi artificem donavit, vt tormenta bellica maiora in arce Edinburgensi aliquamdiu conflaret: quorum per multa hodie in Scotia reperiuntur, hoc versu incisa:

“Machina sum Scoto Borthuik fabricata Roberto.”

De or. mor. et reb. gest. Scot. p. 353. ed. 1578.

Page 208. v. 169. *The Popes curse gaue you that clap*]—*clap*, i. e. stroke. James died under a recent sentence of excommunication for infringing the pacification with England.

v. 170. *Of the out yles the roughe footed Scottes*] i. e. the rough-footed Scots of the Hebrides: the epithet *rough-footed* was given to them, because they wore, during the frost, a rude sort of shoe, made of undressed deer-skin, with the hairy side outwards; see MS. quoted in Pinkerton's *Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 397.

v. 171. *the bottles*] i. e. the worms.

v. 172. *dronken dranes*]—*dranes*, i. e. drones. The Editor of Skelton's *Workes*, 1736, printed “*dronken Danes* ;” and Weber (*Flodden Field*, p. 276) proposes the same alteration; but though the Danes (as the readers of our early dramatists know) were notorious for deep potations, the text is right. Our author has again, in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c.;

“We set nat a prane

By suche a *dronken drane*.”

v. 163. vol. ii. 326.

“*Drane. Fucus*.” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. And compare *Pierce Plowman's Crede* ;

“And right as *dranes* doth nought but *drinketh* vp the huny.”
Sig. D i. ed. 1561

Page 208. v. 175. *sumner*] [i. e. summoner, apparitor.] See note on v. 51. p. 175.

v. 177. *to*] i. e. too.

Quod] i. e. Quoth.

per desertum Sin] “Profectique sunt de Elim, et venit omnis multitudo filiorum Israel in *desertum Sin*, quod est inter Elim et Sinai,” &c. *Exod.* xvi. 1. (*Vulgate*).

VNTO DIUERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS
RYMYNGE, &c.

Page 209. *remord*] i. e. censure. See note, p. 146. v. 101.

v. 7. *makyng*] i. e. composing, composition.

v. 8. *Their males therat shakynge*]—*males*, i. e. bags, wallets; compare our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

“I purpose to *shake oute*
All my *connyng bagge*.”

v. 50. vol. ii. 127.

v. 14. *brother*] See note, p. 178. v. 106.

v. 21. *pyketh mood*] i. e. grows angry, picks a quarrel.

v. 26. *recreyed*] i. e. recreant, false (the idea of *cowardice* is certainly not implied here.)

Page 210. v. 30. *died excommunicate*] See note, p. 183. v. 169.

* v. 37. *that*] i. e. they that.

— *ouerthwartes*] i. e. cross, perverse objections, cavils.

* v. 38. *percase*] i. e. perchance.

CHORUS DE DIS, &c.

Dis] Of which Skelton was rector; see *Account of his Life and Writings*.

Page 211. vv. 17, 18. *Leo Candidus . . . Leo tu Rubeus*] See note, p. 179. v. 135.

CHORUS DE DIS, &c. SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA
CONTRA GALLOS, &c.

These verses (placed immediately after the poems on the Battle of Flodden, in the eds.) relate to an event which happened about the same period. Henry viii. having in person invaded France, in conjunction with the Emperor Maximilian, they proceeded to the siege of Terouenne. An attempt on the part of Louis to relieve the town occasioned the Battle of the Spurs, August 16, 1513, in which the Duke of Longueville, Clermont, &c. were made prisoners. Terouenne surrendered to Henry on the 22d of that month, and its defences were razed to the ground on the 27th. In these dates I follow Lingard.

Page 212. v. 13. *Gloria Cappadocis, divæ milesque Mariæ*] i. e. St. George, whom our author has before termed "our Ladies knyght," see note, p. 180. v. 141. During this war, the Emperor, to flatter Henry's vanity, wore his badge of the red rose, assumed the cross of St. George, and accepted a hundred crowns daily as the soldier of the English king.

VILITISSIMUS SCOTUS DUNDAS, &c

“Georgius Dundas, Græce Latineque doctissimus habitus, Equitum Hierosolymitanorum intra Regnum Scotiæ præfectus, sed prius Aberdoniæ Professor. Scripsit diligenter, et laboriose. *Historiam Equitum Hierosolymitanorum*, lib. ii. Claruit anno MDXX.” Dempsteri *Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scotorum*, &c. 1627. p. 234. This George Dundas was, I apprehend, the person who excited the wrath of Skelton.

Page 213. v. 1.

*Anglicus a tergo
caudam gerit, &c.]*

These three hexameters are, it would seem, the composition of Dundas.

“After this saynt austyn entryd in to dorsetshyre, and came in to a towne where as were wycked peple & refused his doctryne and prechyng vtterly & droof hym out of the towne castyng on hym the tayles of thornback or like fisshes, wherfore he besought almyghty god to shewe his jugement on them, and god sente to them a shameful token, for the chyldren that were borne after in that place had tayles as it is sayd, tyl they had repented them. It is sayd comynly that thys fyl at strode in kente, but blessyd be god at this day is no suche deformyte.” *The lyf of saynt Austyn*, — *Golden Legende*, fol. clxxiii. ed. 1483. See too *Nova Legenda Anglie* (by Capgrave), 1516. fol. xxx.

“*Anglos quosdam caudatos esse.*”

Svspicabar quod de Anglorum caudis traditur, nugatorium esse, nec hoc meminissem loco, nisi ipsi An-

glicarum rerum conditores id serio traderent: nasci videlicet homines, instar brutorum animalium caudatos apud Strodam Angliæ vicum, ad ripam fluuii Meduciæ, qui Roffensem, siue Rocestrensem agrum alluit. Narrantque eius vici incolas, iumento quod D. Thomas Canthuariensis episcopus insideret, per ludibrium caudam amputasse, ob idque diuina ultione adnatas incolis eius loci caudas: vt in hos fatidici regis carmen torqueri possit: Percussit eos (inquit) in posteriora eorum, opprobrium sempiternum dedit illis. De huiusmodi caudis quidam in hunc modum lusit:

Fertur equo Thomæ caudam obruncasse Britannos,
 "Hinc Anglos caudas constat habere breueis."

Anglicæ Descriptionis compendium, Per Gulielmum Paradinum Cuyselliensem, 1545. p. 69.

On the proverbial expression *Kentish Long-Tails*, Fuller has the following remarks. "Let me premise, that those are much mistaken who first found this Proverb on a Miracle of Austin the Monk I say they are much mistaken, for the Scène of this Lying Wonder was not laied in any Part of Kent, but pretended many miles off, nigh Cerne in Dorsetshire. To come closer to the sence of this Proverb, I conceive it first of outlandish extraction, and cast by forraigners as a note of disgrace on all the English, though it chanceth to stick only on the Kentish at this Day. For when there happened in Palestine a difference betwixt Robert brother of Saint Lewis King of France and our William Longspee Earle of Salisbury, heare how the French-man insulted over our nation:

Matthew Paris. Anno Dom. 1250. pag. 790.

O timidorum caudatorum
formidolositas! quam beatus,
quam mundus præsens foret exercitus,
si a caudis purgaretur et caudatis.

O the cowardliness of
these fearful Long-tails!
How happie, how cleane
would this our armie be,
were it but purged from
tails and Long-tailes.

That the English were nicked by this speech appears by the reply of the Earle of Salisbury following still the metaphor; The son of my father shall presse thither to day, whither you shall not dare to approach his horse taile. Some will have the English so called from wearing a pouch or poake, (a bag to carry their baggage in) behind their backs, whilst probably the proud Monsieurs had their Lacquies for that purpose. In proof whereof they produce ancient pictures of the English Drapery and Armory, wherein such conveyances doe appear. If so, it was neither sin nor shame for the common sort of people to carry their own necessaries, and it matters not much whether the pocket be made on either side, or wholly behinde. If any demand how this nick-name (cut off from the rest of England) continues still entaild on Kent? The best conjecture is, because that county lieth nearest to France, and the French are beheld as the first founders of this aspersion. But if any will have the Kentish so called from drawing and dragging boughs of trees behind them, which afterwards they advanced above their heads and so partly cozened partly threatened King William the Conqueror to continue their ancient customes, I say, if any will impute it to this original, I will not oppose." *Worthies (Kent, p. 63)*, ed. '662. The preceding passage of Fuller, somewhat

abridged, is copied by Ray into his *Proverbs*, p. 245. ed. 1768. For fanciful stories concerning the origin of Kentish long-tails, see also *Cornu-copiae*, *Pasquils Night-cap*, 1612, (attributed to S. Rowlands), p. 42. sqq.; and the commencement of *Robin Good-fellow*, *His mad Prankes and Merry Jestes*, 1628, (a tract which originally appeared at an earlier date).

Page 214. v. 1. *Gup*] See note, p. 20. v. 17.

v. 23. *Agayn*] i. e. Against.

Page 215. v. 26. *dur*] i. e. door.

v. 28. *Go shake thy (log, hey)*] In our author's *Magnyfycence*, v. 306. vol. ii. 17, is,—

“*Go, shake the dogge, hay, syth ye wyll nedys.*”

and had the expression occurred only in these two passages of Skelton, I should have felt confident that in the present one “*thy*” was a misprint for “*the*,” and that both were to be explained—“*Go shake thee, dog,*” &c.; but again, in his poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. v. 159, vol. ii. 326, we find,

“*Twyt, Scot, shake thy dogge, hay!*”

v. 34. *hose*] i. e. breeches.

v. 37. *A spectacle case, &c.*] See note, p. 147.
v. 133

v. 40. *A tolman to blot*] A friend queries “*tal man?*” but *tolman* is, I believe, pen-man: compare our author's third poem *Against Garnesche*;

“*Had ye gonne with me to scole,*

And occupied no better your tole [i. e. pen],” &c.

v. 117. vol. i. 143

also the commencement of the present piece,—

“*Gup, Scot,
Ye blot.*”

Page 215. v. 41. *rough foted*] See note, p. 183. v. 170.

v. 43. *depraue*] i. e. vilify, defame.

v. 44. *reame*] i. e. realm.

* v. 56. *rankis*] i. e. bluster, &c., from, *rank*, proud, haughty.

v. 58. *Huntley bankes*] See note, p. 181. v. 149.

v. 60. *Dunde, Dunbar*] See note 179. v. 121.

v. 63. *to far*] i. e. too far.

ELEGIA IN COMITISSAM DE DERBY.

This illustrious and excellent lady, born in 1441, was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset. Her first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, who died in 1456, a little more than a year after their marriage, the sole issue of which was Henry, afterwards King Henry the Seventh. Her second husband was Sir Henry Stafford, second son of Humphrey, the great Duke of Buckingham. Her third husband was Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards the first Earl of Derby of his name. Having survived him, as also her son King Henry, she died June 29, 1509, in her 69th year, and was buried in the magnificent chapel then lately erected in Westminster Abbey.

Page 217. v. 5. *polyandro*] *Polyandrum* or *polyandrium*, (properly, *multorum commune sepulchrum*—*πολύανδριον*)—"Interdum et sæpius apud ævi inferioris scriptores sumitur pro monumento aut sepulcro unius hominis." Du Cange's *Gloss.*—Here it means, of course, the tomb of Henry VII.—Whiting has anglicised the word in a poem appended to his *Albino and Bel-lama*, 1638 ;

“King Ethelbert’s clos’d in his *Poliander*.”

Sig. H 7.

Page 217. v. 7. *Titus hanc, &c.*] i. e. Livy, who gives an account of Tanaquil, wife of Tarquinius Priscus: see his *Hist.* i. 34, &c.—“Tanaquilem Sidonius Apollinaris et Ausonius pro egregia uxore.” Cassellii *Var.* lib. i. c. xiii. p. 210 (*Gruteri Lampas*, iii.).

Page 218. v. 19. *Abyron*] i. e. Abiram: see *Numbers*, ch. xvi.

v. 25. *perituræ parcere chartæ*] Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 18.

— *phagolædōros*] i. e. (φαγολιδόρους) *convicia et maledicta devorantes*.

WHY WERE YE CALLIOPE, &c.

were, i. e. wear: concerning this dress, worn, it would seem, by Skelton as Laureat, see *Account of his Life and Writings*.

Page 219. v. 16. *somdele sere*] i. e. somewhat dry, withered.

v. 17. *fayne*] i. e. glad, willing.

THE BOKE OF THREE FOOLLES.

This piece is a paraphrase of three portions of Brant’s *Ship of Fools*: see the Latin version by Locher, *Stultifera Navis*, ed. 1497,—*Vxorem ducere propter opes*, fol. lx., *De livore et invidia*, fol. lxi., and *De voluptate corporali*, fol. lviii.: the same sections will be found accompanying Barclay’s *Ship of Fooles*, ed. 1570,—fol. 95, fol. 97, and fol. 92.

Page 221. v. 3. *lygnage femynatyfe*] i. e. lineage feminine.

v. 9. *sythe*] i. e. since.

Page 222. l. 7. *iyen*] i. e. eyes.

— *loke*] i. e. look.

l. 8. *folysh*] i. e. foolish.

l. 9. *Pecunious*] i. e. Money-loving.

l. 10. *bee*] i. e. by.

l. 11. *wyddred*] i. e. withered.

l. 12. *nobles*] i. e. the gold coins so called.

l. 15. *habandoneth*] i. e. abandoneth.

— *for to gather togyther the donge grese*]

In the Latin of Locher ;

“ *Aruinam multi quærunt sub podice asselli :*

Et cumulant trullas : stercora vana petunt.”

fol. lx. ed. 1497.

l. 26. *thoughte*] i. e. care. See note p. 27. v. 27.

l. 29. *debylyte*] i. e. debilitated.

— *vnpropyce*] i. e. unpropitious.

Page 223. l. 2. *esperaunce*] i. e. hope, expectation

l. 3. *lygnage*] i. e. lineage.

l. 4. *demoraunce*] i. e. abiding.

l. 6. *leseth*] i. e. loseth.

l. 13. *cure*] i. e. care.

Page 224. l. 4. *conninge*] i. e. knowledge, learning, attainments.

l. 10. *whereas*] i. e. where.

l. 14. *corrompeth*] i. e. corrupteth,—destroyeth.

l. 22. *defende*] i. e. forbid.

l. 29. *condycions*] i. e. qualities. See note, p. 132. v. 12.

Page 225. l. 2. *dyssypers*] i. e., I suppose, disperser

l. 3. *brennest*] i. e. inflamest.

l. 4. *sleeth*] i. e. slayeth, (slayest).

l. 6. *traueyleth*] i. e. causeth travail (trouble) to.

l. 15. *reclaymeth*] i. e. proclaimeth.

Page 225. l. 16. *courage*] i. e. heart, mind, disposition.

l. 18. *adnyhell*] i. e. annihilate.

l. 24. *flambe*] i. e. flame.

l. 26. *where as*] i. e. where.

l. 27. *odyfferaunt*] i. e. odoriferous.

l. 30. *tho*] i. e. those.

Page 226. l. 2. *dissolate*] i. e. dissolute.

* l. 15. *glauca*] Properly *glaucus*.

l. 16. *eyen beholdinge a trauers*] i. e. eyes looking cross, awry.

l. 17. *syntillously*] i. e. so as to emit sparks.

l. 25. *were delybered*] i. e. were advised, were minded.

l. 27. *damage*] i. e. damage, loss.

Page 227. l. 2. *brenneth*] i. e. burneth.

l. 4. *edefyed*] i. e. built.

l. 8. *egally*] i. e. equally, justly.

l. 13. *Cayme*] i. e. Cain (a misprint probably).

l. 14. *semblablye*] i. e. likewise.

l. 17. *Thesius*] Should of course be *Thyestes*, as in Locher's Latin: yet Barclay, in his version of the passage, has,

“Atreus storye and *Theseus* cruel.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 96. [99], ed. 1570.

l. 23. *rested*] i. e. roasted.

l. 26. *Ethiocles*] So written in Locher's Latin for Eteocles; and so Lydgate,—

“But make youre myrroure of *Ethyocles*.”

Storye of Thebes, Pars Prima,
sig. C v. ed. 4to. n. d.

Page 228. l. 5. *collacion*] Equivalent here, I be-
lieve, to comparison

Page 228. l. 11. *cautellous*] i. e. crafty, wily.

l. 21. *pill*] i. e. strip.

l. 23. *cheseth*] i. e. chooseth.

* Page 229. l. 10. *thoughte*] i. e. sadness. See note, p. 27. v. 27.

l. 22. *sith*] i. e. since.

l. 23. *asprely*] i. e. roughly, severely.

— *enforce*] i. e. exert.

A REPLYCACION, &c.

Concerning the “yong scolers” against whom this piece was composed, I can give no information.

Page 230. l. 11. *contemplationem*] See note, p. 170, title of Epitaph.

* l. 4. *remordyng*] i. e. rebuking. See note, p. 146. v. 101.

* l. 5, *recreyed*] i. e. recreant. See note, p. 184. v. 26.

Page 232. l. 1. *enbolned*] i. e. swollen, puffed up.

l. 3. *pipplyng*] i. e. piping: compare our author's *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 676. vol. ii. p. 200.

l. 5. *lusty*] i. e. pleasant, desirable.

l. 9. *sped*] i. e. versed.

l. 10. *connyng*] i. e. knowledge, learning.

v. 8. — *in the Uyntre*

At the Thre Cranes]

Here the tavern with the sign of the Three Cranes is meant: the *three cranes* were originally three strong cranes of timber, placed on the Vintry-wharf, for lifting from the ships the vessels of foreign wine which were landed there.

Page 233. v. 2. *enflamed*] i. e. burned.

Page 233. l. 1 (of prose). *Over*] i. e. besides.

— *processe*] i. e. treatise.

l. 6. *tetrycall*] i. e. sour, sullen, gloomy.

l. 7. *friscaioly*] So in the *Interlude of the iiiii Elementes*, n. d.;

“Synge *fryska Joly* with hey troyly loly.”

Sig. B ii.

* l. 8. *moche better bayned than brayned*] i. e. better boned than brained.

* l. 10. *burblyng*] i. e. bubbling. “I *Burbyll*, a spring up, as water dothe out of a spring.” *Palsgrave*, p. 472.

Page 234. l. 1. *perihermeniall principles*] i. e. principles of interpretation.

l. 3. *leudly*] i. e. ignorantly—or perhaps, wickedly.

l. 9. *surcudant*] i. e. presumptuous, arrogant.

l. 10. *popholy*] Occurs again several times in our author's writings, and with the more correct spelling,—*popeholy*. In *Pierce Plowman* we find,

“And now so singuler by him selfe, nor so *pope holy*.”

Sig. T ii. ed 1561.

In Chaucer's *Romount of the Rose* is the following description;

“Another thing was doen their [there] write,

That seemed like an ipocrite,

And it was cleped *pope holy*,

That ilke is she that priuily

Ne spared neuer a wicked deed

When men of her taken none heed,

And maketh her outward precious,

With pale visage and piteous,

And seemeth a simple creature,” &c.

Workes, fol. 111. ed. 1602.

The original French of the preceding passage is,—

“ Une autre maige estoit escripte,
 Qui sembloit bien estre ypocrite,
Papelardie est appellée,” &c.

Le Rom. de la Rose, vol. i. 15. ed. 1735.

Roquefort (*Gloss. de la Langue Romaine*) cites these lines under “*Papelardie*, *papelardise*: Hypocrisie, tromperie, subtilité, mauvaise foi.” See too Du Cange’s *Gloss.* in vv. *Papelardia*, *Papelardus*. Compare also Lydgate;

“ And for *popholy* and uyce loke wel aboute.”

The prohemy of a mariage, &c.,—
MS. Harl. 372. fol. 51.

and Barclay;

“ Ouer sad or proude, disceitfull and *pope holy*.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 57. ed. 1570.

and the *Interlude of the iiii Elementes*, n. d.

“ For rather than I wolde vse suche foly
 To pray, to study, or be *pope holy*,
 I had as lyf be ded.”

Sig. B ii.

Page 234. l. 19. *orgulyous*] i. e. proud, insolent.

v. 22. *vnbrent*] i. e. unburnt.

Page 235. v. 23. *content*] As the marginal note has *Conuenio*, is it not a misprint for “convent?”

v. 24. *leudly*] i. e. badly, wickedly.

v. 26. *disable*] i. e. disqualify, degrade, disparage:
 “*disablinge* hymself in wordes, though his entent was otherwise.”

Hall’s *Chron.* (*Hen. viii.*) fol. lvii. ed. 1548.

v. 37. *ianglyng*] i. e. babbling, chattering,—noisy.

v. 38. *clawes*] i. e. clause.

Page 235. v. 39. *poppyng dawes*] Compare our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*;

“*Poppynge folysshe dawes.*”

v. 261. vol. ii. 285.

and v. 121 of the present piece ;

“And porissshly *forthe popped*
Your *sismaticate sawes.*”

“*Popping*, blabbing, like a popinjay or parrot.” *Gloss.*
to *Exmoor Scolding*: *dawes*, i. e. simpletons.

v. 45. *recrayed*] i. e. recreant. See note, p. 184.
v. 26.

v. 48. *baudrie*] i. e. foul language: see note, p. 101.
v. 90.

v. 50. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 236. v. 54. *confettred*] i. e. confederated.

v. 61. *attamed*] i. e. tamed.

v. 65. *sorte*] i. e. set, company.

v. 66. *fayne*] i. e. glad.

v. 75. *Te he, &c.*] Expressions of laughter ;

“*Te he*, quod she, and clapt the window to.”

Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, v. 3738. ed. Tyr.

v. 76. *mo*] i. e. more.

* v. 77. *wo*] i. e. sad.

Page 237. v. 87. *reny*] i. e. renounce, abjure.

v. 89. *brende*] i. e. burnt.

v. 92. *discured*] i. e. discovered.

v. 95. *Ye are unhappely vred.*

In your dialecticall, &c.]

The old (and unique) copy is without punctuation in this passage ; but that the first line closes the sense, and that Skelton did not mean that these heretics

were *unhappely ured in their dialectical*, &c. would appear from a comparison of other passages :

“ Agaynst these heretykes,
Nowe of late abiured,
Most *vnhappely vred* :
For be ye wele assured,”

v. 403 of the present piece.

“ But men nowe a dayes so *vnhappely be vryd*,
That nothyng than welth may worse be enduryd.”
Magnyfycence, v. 6. vol. ii. 3.

“ O Scottes pariured,
Vnhaply vred,
Ye may be assured,” &c.

Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c.
v. 125. vol. ii. 325.

In our author's *Colyn Cloute* we find,

“ Wherefore he hath good *vre*,” &c.

v. 1003. vol. ii. 160.

in the note on which line I have cited various examples of *vre* in the sense of—hap, luck ; and in his poem *Against the Scottes*,

“ *Male vryd* was your fals entent,”

v. 111. vol. i. 206.

which surely means—Ill-fortuned, &c. (Fr. *malheur*). Is *vnhappely vred* to be considered as nearly synonymous with *male vryd*, or is it to be explained,—unhappily (evilly) *used*, practised, habituated ?

Page 237. v. 98.

*If ye to remembrance call
Howe syllogisari
Non est ex particulari,*

*Neque negativis,
Recte concludere si vis]*

"*Nullus syllogismus categoricus communis, vel ex solis particularibus, vel ex solis negativis constare potest. Hanc [regulam] expresse tradit Aristoteles libro primo Prior. capite 24. numero primo. Hinc metrum hoc natum:*

*Ex particulari non est syllogizari,
Neque negativis, recte concludere si vis."*

*Crakanthorp's Logicæ Libri Quinque,
1622. p. 279.*

Page 237. v. 107. *Your hertes than were hoses]* i. e. Your hearts were in your hose (breeches): so again our author in his *Why come ye nat to Courte;*

"*Their hertes be in thyr hose."*

v. 286. vol. ii. 286.

See too Ray's *Proverbs*, (Scottish), p. 292. ed. 1768.

Page 238. v. 113. *quosshons]* i. e. cushions.

v. 115. *Harpocrates]* The God of Silence.

v. 120. *folysshly]* i. e. foolishly.

— *fopped]* A singular example of the word as a verb.

v. 121. *porisshly]* In our author's *Garlande of Laurell* is "*porisshly pynk iyde,*" v. 626. vol. ii. 197 (and Palsgrave has "*Porisshly, as one loketh that can nat se well*") ; see note on the passage: but I cannot determine the meaning of the word here.

v. 124. *dawes]* i. e. simpletons.

v. 126. *elenkes]* i. e. elenchs (*elenchus*—in logic).

v. 132. *prouoke and tyse]* i. e. incite and entice.

Page 239. v. 143. *exhibycion]* i. e. allowance of money.

Page 239. v. 144. *skoles*] i. e. schools.

v. 145. *foles*] i. e. fools.

v. 147. *founde*] i. e. maintained.

v. 156. *brute*] i. e. saying, proverb.

v. 165. *skyes*] i. e. clouds.

v. 168. *dawns*] i. e. dance.

v. 169. *ray*] A dance: see note, p. 148. v. 170.

v. 171. *lay*] i. e. law.

* v. 172. *shayle*] i. e. walk crookedly. See note, p. 18. v. 19.

Page 240. v. 175. *babyls*] i. e. baubles.

v. 196. *face*] i. e. face out.

v. 199. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 241. v. 204. *lollardy*] i. e. heretical. “*Lollar, heretique.*” Palsgrave, p. 240.

v. 206. *predycacion*] i. e. declaration,—or preaching.

v. 207. *knowlege*] i. e. acknowledge.

v. 212. *muse*] Is properly the opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass: see Nares’s *Gloss.* in v. and Moor’s *Suff. Words*, in v. *Mewse*.

v. 215. *With blowyng out your hornes,*

.
With *chatyng* and *rechatyng*]

Whatever Skelton may have meant by “*chatyng*,”—(perhaps he uses it for *chatting*,—in the next line we have “*pratyng*”),—*rechatyng* is properly a hunting-term, and signifies sounding the *rechate* or *reheat* (Fr.), a certain set of notes blown with the horn to recall the dogs.

v. 219. *pystels*] i. e. epistles.

v. 220. *bremely*] i. e. fiercely, roughly.

Page 242. v. 234. *lydder*] i. e. bad.

v. 247. *popcholy*] See note on prose of this piece,
l. 10. p. 195.

v. 260. *echone*] i. e. each one.

Page 243. v. 264. *iangle*] i. e. babble, chatter.

v. 267. *the people of lay fee*] i. e. the laity; as again
in our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

“*The lay fee people rayles.*”

v. 403. (where MS. omits “*fee*”)
vol. ii. 138.

fee, i. e. possessions; see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*, Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*, and Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.

v. 274. *snapper*] i. e. stumble; but see note, p. 12.
v. 4.

v. 280. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 281. *latria*] “*Le culte que nous déférons à Dieu seul, nous l'appellons Latria [λατρεία].*” *Perroniana*, p. 312. ed. 1740.

v. 285.

But, I trowe, your selfe ye ouersé

What longeth to Christes humanyte.

If ye haue reed de hyperdulia,

Than ye knowe what betokeneth dulia]

—*ouersé* i. e. overlook: *longeth*, i. e. belongeth.
“*L'adoration de Superdulie est celle qui se défère à la Vierge, et elle est plus eminente pour la grace qu'elle a reçu de Dieu, plus particulière que les autres Saints, pour avoir porté le Fils de Dieu en ses entrailles.*” *Perroniana*, p. 71. “*Aux Saints nous déférons l'honneur qu'on appelle Dulie.*” *Id.* p. 312. ed. 1740. “*Dulia [δουλεία]* enim adoratio est, quæ etiam

creaturæ exhibetur, quæ duas species habet, unam quæ hominibus indifferenter, alteram quæ soli humanitati Christi exhibetur." Gaufridus Abbas in Epist. ad Albinum Cardinalem,—cited by Du Cange, *Gloss.* in v.

Page 244. v. 293. *mased*] i. e. bewildered, confounded.

v. 295. *brent*] i. e. burned.

v. 296. *busynesse*] i. e. trouble.

v. 297. *vyse*] i. e. advise.

v. 298. *scoles*] i. e. schools.

Page 245. v. 303. *replycable*] i. e. such as can be replied to.

* Page 246. v. 323. *remorded*] i. e. carped at, objected to: see note, p. 146. v. 101.

v. 225. *his pystell ad Paulinum*] i. e. his Epistle ad Paulinum presbyterum de omnibus divinæ historiæ libris, prefixed to the Vulgate: the passage quoted by Skelton is also to be found in Hieronymi *Opera*, I. 1011. ed. 1609.

— *Serenus*] The Scholium on this name in Hieronymi *Opera* is; "Aulus Serenus lyricus ipse etiam fuit, et, ut Terentianus est auctor, eleganti ac facili ingenio, et ad jocos amoresque describendos accommodato: Martianus Capella ac Nonius sæpius ejus carmina citant." I. 1017. ed. 1609.—See also an account of Serenus, prefixed to his extant pieces, in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Latini Minores*, tom. ii.

Page 247. v. 337. *armony*] i. e. harmony.

* — *processe*] i. e. course, discourse, treatise.

Page 248. v. 359.

For if ye sadly loke,

And wesely rede the Boke

*Of Good Aduertysement,
With me ye must consent, &c.]*

adly loke, i. e. seriously look, consider. In the *Garlande of Laurell* Skelton mentions, as one of his own compositions,

Item *Good Aduysement*, that brainles doth blame.

v. 1186. vol. ii. 222.

Qy. does he allude to it here?

Page 249. v. 395. *avaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 399. *make*] i. e. compose.

v. 405. *vnhappely vred*] See note on v. 95. p 197.

NOTES TO VOLUME II.

MAGNYFYCENCE.

That this piece was composed subsequently to the year 1515 seems evident from the mention made in one place [v. 283] of "Kynge Lewes of Fraunce," as an example of liberality [and as dead, v. 285]; and this could only mean Louis XII. who died in that year, as his immediate predecessor of that name [who died in 1483] was the most niggardly of wretches." *MS. note by Ritson in a transcript of Magnyfyence.*

* Page 3. v. 4 *probate*] In our author's *Garlande of Laurell* mention is made of

"Macrobius that did trete

Of Scipions dreame what was the treu *probate*."

v. 367. vol. ii. 186.

where *probate* is proof, meaning, or, perhaps, interpretation: but in what sense Skelton uses the word here I cannot determine [Qy. trial, touchstone?], the greater part of this speech being beyond my comprehension.

Page 3. v. 5. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 6. *vnhappely be vryd*] i. e. ill conditioned, &c.
p. 197. v. 95.

* v. 9. *The amense therof is far to call agayne*] i. e. apparently, the amends, cure, is far to seek.

v. 10. *by*] i. e. buy, acquire.

Page 4. v. 16. *sad*] i. e. grave, serious, sober.

v. 17. *lure*] i. e. See note, p. 81, v. 1100.

* v. 20. *ouer all*] i. e. all over, everywhere.

v. 22. *wonnys*] i. e. dwells.

— *and a man wolde wyt*] i. e. if a man could know.

v. 24. *Mary*] i. e. By the Virgin Mary.

v. 33. *Ye, to knackyngge ernyst what and it preve*]— i. e. Yea, what if it prove mocking earnest: compare the preceding line, and see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scott. Lang.* in v. *Knack*.

Page 5. v. 35, *in the mew*] i. e. in confinement,— properly, the place in which hawks were kept, or in which fowls were fattened: see note on *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 219.

* v. 36. *a cue*] i. e. half a farthing. “*Cu, halfe a farthyng, or q., Calcus.*”

Prompt. Parvul. ed. Way. p. 106.

Q. should seem to stand for quadrans, a farthing; but Minshew, who finished his first edition in Oxford, says it was only half that sum, and thus particularly explains it: “Because they set down in the battling or butterie bookes in Oxford and Cambridge, the letter q. for halfe a farthing, and in Oxford, when they make that cue or q. a farthing, they say, *cap my q.*, and make it a farthing thus $\frac{q}{4}$.” Nares's Glossary.

It seems possible that *cue* or *q.* may have been an abbreviation of "*calcus, quarta pars oboli.*" Way's note in v.

Page 5. v. 37. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 39. *condyssende*] "I *Condescende*, I agree to a mater." Palsgrave, p. 493.

v. 44. *countenaunce*] i. e. continence, restraint.

v. 45. *let*] i. e. hinder, restrain.

v. 47. *corage*] i. e. inclination, desires.

v. 56. *parcell*] i. e. part, portion.

v. 57. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

Page 6. v. 60.

*Somwhat I coulde enferre,
Your consayte to debarre]*

i. e. I could bring in somewhat to hinder, contravene, your conception of the subject. So again in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Madame, your apposelle is wele *inferrid*,
And at your auauntage quikly it is
Towchid, and hard for to be *debarrid*."

v. 141. vol. ii. 176.

v. 65. *fet*] i. e., fetch.

v. 72. *the surpluse of my sawe*] i. e. the remainder of my saying.

v. 74. *where as*] i. e. where.

v. 80. *ryn*] i. e. run.

Page 7. v. 86. *wonder*] I may observe that the Roxburgh reprint, without authority, and against the sense, has "no *wonder*."

v. 89. *ken*] i. e. instruct.

v. 90. *wonders*] i. e. wondrous.

v. 92. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 7. v. 94. *other*] i. e. either.

v. 95. *To you I arecte it, and cast
Therof the reformacyon]*

So Skelton again;

“Syth vnto me formest this processe is *erectyd.*”

v. 2507 of the present drama.

“*Arrectinge* vnto your wyse examinacion
How all that I do is vnder refformation.”

Garlande of Laurell, v. 410. vol. ii. 188.

He has also,

“*Arrectyng* my syght towards the zodyake.”

Id. v. 1. ii. 170.

“My supplycacyon to you I *arrect.*”

Id. v. 55. p. ii. 173.

Arrect in our early writers frequently signifies—impute, a meaning foreign to the present passages: in the two last cited, there can be no doubt that it is used in the sense of—raise: in the others it seems to mean—offer, refer.

v. 103. *Come of, therefore, let se]* Compare Chaucer;

“—— *let see, come off, and say.*”

Court of Loue—Workes, fol. 331. ed. 1602.

and *Reynard the Fox*; “Why tarye ye thus longe, *come of.*” Sig. b 7. ed. 1481: and *Morte d’Arthur*; “*Come of* thenne sayd they alle, and do hit.” Book xx. cap. iiiii. vol. ii. 394. ed. Southey.

v. 106. *reason and skyl]* An expression which Skelton has elsewhere; but the words are nearly synonymous. “*Skyll. Racio.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499

Page 8. v. 113. *chere]* i. e. spirit,—or reception.

v. 114. *intere]* i. e. entire.

v. 115. *Orucius to recorde]* i. e. Horace to witness.

Page 8. v. 117. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 126. *Measure is treasure*] I. ydgate mentions this as "an olde prouerbe:" see his verses on Moderation, *MS. Harl.* 2251. fol. 29, and his poem beginning "Men wryte of oold how *mesour is tresour*." *Id.* 2255. fol. 143.

— *this*] i. e. thus; see note, p. 2. v. 38.

v. 131. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

Page 9. v. 133. *kynde*] i. e. nature.

v. 134. *renne*] i. e. run.

v. 137. *a rest*] i. e. a wrest—by which the strings of harps and other musical instruments were drawn up.

v. 138. *All trebyllys and tenours be rulyd by a meyne*] "Intercentus. a *meane* of a songe." *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. In the notes on Shakespeare, in Todd's *Johnson's Dict. &c.*, *mean* is wrongly explained—tenor: what the *mean* was, depended entirely on the nature of the composition.

v. 139. *beste*] i. e. beast.

v. 149. *skyll*] i. e. reason: see note on v. 106.

v. 150. *sad*] i. e. grave, serious, sober.

* v. 151. *It is no maystery*] i. e. what you say requires no masterly skill.

"So me helpe God! queth Beues tho,
Hit were no meistri me to slo,
For this is the ferthe dai agon
Mete ne drinke ne bot I non."

Sir Beues of Hamtoun, p. 68. Maitl. ed.

"That is *lytel maystry* sayd syre launcelot to slee myn hors." *Morte d'Arthur*, B. xix. c. iiiii. vol. ii. 369. ed. Southey.

v. 153. *herdely*] i. e. firmly.

Page 10. v. 166. *hyght*] i. e. am called.

Page 11. v. 175. *Conuenyent*] i. e. Fit, suitable.

— *ryall*] i. e. royal.

v. 178. *syttynge*] i. e. proper, becoming,—a word very common in our early poetry (altered unnecessarily to “fyttinge” in the Roxburgh reprint of this piece).

v. 182. *his large*] i. e. his range.

v. 184. *hooly*] i. e. wholly.

v. 189. *sawe*] i. e. sow.

v. 190. *nother to*] i. e. neither too.

— *lawe*] i. e. low: so again in v. 2541, “nowe hy, nowe *lawe* degre.”

v. 193. *consayte*] i. e. conception.

Page 12. v. 202. *losyll so lyther*] i. e. scoundrel so wicked.

v. 209. *plenarly*] i. e. fully, entirely.

* v. 213. *Had I wyste*] [i. e. of a mistake which you may have cause to repent.] See note, p. 3. v. 40.

v. 216. *to fer*] i. e. too far.

v. 219. *defaute*] i. e. default, want.

Page 13. v. 226. *mone*] i. e. moon.

v. 230. *lyghtly*] “*Lightly* or sone [i. e. soon]. *Leuiter.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499: or, easily.

v. 231. *to moche*] i. e. too much.

v. 233. *scole*] i. e. school.

v. 234. *a poppynye fole*]—*fole*, i. e. fool. “He is a *popte fole* or a *starke fole* for the nones. *Homo fatuitate monstrabilis.*” *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. P iii. ed. 1530. And see note, p. 197. v. 39.

v. 239. *delyaunce*] i. e. dalliance, delay.

Page 14. v. 249. *endure*] i. e. remain, dwell.

v. 256. *Here is none forsyth whether you flete or*

synke]—*forsyth*, i. e. regardeth, careth : *flete*, i. e. float, swim. So Chaucer ;

“ Him recketh neuer whether she flete or sinke.”

Annel. and Ar.,—*Workes*, fol. 244. ed. 1602.

Page 14. v. 257. *lokyd*] i. e. looked.

v. 259. *hafter*] See note, p. 30. v. 138.

v. 260. *iangelynge Jacke of the vale*] i. e., chatter-
i. g. &c.; see note, p. 26. v. 6.

Page 15. v. 266. *Mary*] i. e. by the Virgin Mary.

v. 267. *largesse*] i. e. bounty, liberality.

v. 269. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, dignity.

v. 272. *hyght*] i. e. am called.

v. 274. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 280. *hardely*] i. e. firmly.

— *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 283. *reporte me*] i. e. refer.

— *Kynge Lewes*] i. e. King Louis the Twelfth :
see note on title, p. 204.

Page 16. v. 285. *syth*] i. e. since.

v. 290. *Jacke shall haue Gyl*] So Heywood ;

“ Come chat at home, all is well, *Jack shall haue Gill.*”

Dialogue, sig. F 3.—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

* v. 291. *carles*] i. e. careless.

v. 295. *broder*] i. e. brother.

v. 296. *I set not by*] i. e. I value not.

— *Dauncaster cuttys*] i. e. Doncaster horses.—
Cut was a term for a common horse, from its having
the tail cut short.

v. 297. *bolte*] i. e. arrow (for a description of it, see
Nares's Gloss. in v.).

— *shote*] i. e. shoot.

v. 298. *hyght*] i. e. be called.

- Page 16. v. 300. *this checke if ye voyde canne*] *Checke*, a mery taunt." Palsgrave, p. 204.
- v. 301. *to longe to scole*] i. e. too long to school.
- v. 302. *gose*] i. e. goose.
- Page 17. v. 303. *pole*] i. e. pool, water.
- v. 304. *fole*] i. e. fool.
- v. 306. *Go, shake the dogge, hay*] See note, p. 189.
- v. 28.
- v. 310. *to play with me checke mate*] In allusion to the king being put in *check* at the game of chess.
- v. 311. *your noble estate*] Equivalent to—your noble lordship.
- v. 312. *recorde*] i. e. testimony.
- v. 314. *Sad*] i. e. Grave, serious, sober.
- v. 318. *hele*] i. e. health.
- v. 319. *commaunde*] i. e. commend.
- Page 18. v. 321. *ony*] i. e. any.
- v. 322. *sone*] i. e. soon.
- v. 323. *kepe*] i. e. heed, care, attention.
- v. 327. *Whylest*] i. e. Until.
- v. 333. *mynde*] i. e. fancy.
- v. 336. *beholde*] i. e. beholden.
- Page 19. v. 341. *By lakyn*] i. e. by our Lady; *lakyn* is the contraction of *ladykyn*, little lady.
- v. 346. *Pountesse*] i. e. Pontoise.
- v. 347. *taken me*] i. e. committed, consigned to me.
- v. 355. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.
- v. 357. *They bare me in hande that I was a spye*] i. e. They accused me, laid to my charge, that, &c.
- "This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing."
 Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*, v. 5039. ed. Tyr

"What crime or yuell mayest thou beare me in hande of: *Quel crime ou mal me peulx tu mettre sus.*" Palsgrave, p. 450. "Many be borne an hande of a faute, and punysshed therefore, that were neuer gyilty. Plerique facinoris *insimulantur,*" &c. Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. m ii. ed. 1530. This expression occurs with a different shade of meaning in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte,*—

"He bereth the kyng on hand,
That he must pyll his lande," &c.

v. 449. vol. ii. 291.

* Page 19. v. 362.

*And wolde haue made me Freer Tucke,
To preche out of the pylery hole]*

[An allusion to the punishment called *collistrigium*, a kind of pillory in which the head (or the head and hands) was confined in holes, so that the prisoner would bear a ludicrous resemblance to a preacher bending over his pulpit.]

v. 364. *antetyne*] i. e. text. So in the absurd story of Skelton's preaching, *Merie Tales*, (reprinted in Appendix to *Account of his Life and Writings*), "I say, as I said before in my *antethem, vos estis.*" *Tale vii.*

Page 20. v. 366. *moche warke*] i. e. much work, trouble.

v. 369. *made largesse as I hyght*] i. e. made donation of money according to my name (Fancy's assumed name being *Largesse*, see v. 272).

v. 375. *grete estates*] i. e. persons of great estate or rank.

v. 384. *ye*] i. e. yea.

Page 20. v. 385. *mesure is a mery mene*] Heywood in his *Epigrammes vpon Prouerbs* has ten on "Measure is a mery meane" Sig. N iiii.,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

v. 388. *ryall*] i. e. royal.

v. 391. *oder*] i. e. other.

Page 21. v. 405. *blunderynq*] i. e. disturbance. "I *Blonder, Je perturbe.*" Palsgrave, p. 458.

v. 406. *betake*] i. e. commit, consign.

v. 411. *to put the stone*] i. e. to throw the stone above hand, from the uplifted hand, for trial of strength.

Page 22. v. 413. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion, manner.

v. 417. *I set not by*] i. e. I value not.

v. 423. *lurdayne*] i. e. lumpish, lazy fellow, clown,—worthless person in general.

v. 425. *tappyster*] i. e. woman presiding over the tap in a public house.

v. 429. *can*] i. e. know.

— *praty*] i. e. pretty.

v. 430. *occupy*] i. e. use.

— *kayes*] i. e. keys.

*v. 433. *at all assayes*] i. e. in all sorts of trials or enterprises. Occurs again in v. 2303. "At all *assayes, En tous poynts, or a tous poynts.*" Palsgrave, p. 831. "He is a frende *at all assayes.* *Omnium horarum amicus est.*" *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. Y iiii. ed. 1530.

v. 435. *mekyll*] i. e. much.

v. 444. *sleyght*] i. e. trick, artful contrivance

Page 23. v. 446. *fayty bone geyte*] Perhaps corrupted French—*fait a bon get* or *geste*

v. 449. *consayte*] i. e. conceit, conception.

v. 453. *noppe is rughe*] i. e. nap is rough.

Page 23. v. 455. *chafer*] i. e. merchandise.

v. 458. *The courtly gyse of the newe iet*] A somewhat pleonastic expression, — the courtly guise of the new fashion. “*Gette, a custome, guise nouvelle.*” Palsgrave, p. 224.

“Yit a poynte of the new gett to telle wille I not blyn.”

Juditium, — *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 312.

v. 460. *ferre fet*] i. e. far fetched.

v. 461. *ymet*] i. e. met.

v. 462. *Margery Mylke Ducke*] See note, p. 116.

v. 418.

— *mermoset*] A kind of ape or monkey.

v. 465. *fresshe*] i. e. smart.

v. 469. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

v. 470. *iet*] i. e. strut.

* v. 472 *pope holy*] i. e. hypocritical; see note, p. 195. l. 10.

Page 24. v. 473. *sadnesse*] i. e. gravity, seriousness, soberness, discreetness.

v. 477. *occupy*] i. e. use.

v. 478. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, dignity.

* v. 485. *knockylbonyarde*] i. e. a rude clown. Compare Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540: “Do I raygne here on this facion, being a swynherde amongst swyne of Boeatia. i. amongst a meyny of iacke holde my staues, or *knockyldeboynyardes*, beinge but of late a kynge,” &c. Sig Y iiiii.; and Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c.,—

“He is a *knuckilbonyard* very meete

To match a minion neither fayre nor sweete.”

Sig. D 4., — *Workes*, ed. 1598

v. 486. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 24. v. 488. *warke*] i. e. work, business, matter.

v. 489. *yarke*] i. e. strike, lash.

v. 490. *custrell*] "*Coustillier*: An Esquire of the body; an Armour-bearer unto a Knight; the servant of a man at Armes; also, a groom of a stable, a horse-keeper." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

v. 492. *this*] i. e. thus; see note, p. 2. v. 38 (and so in the next line.)

— *freers*] i. e. friars.

* v. 498. *Monkys*] i. e. monks.

Page 25. l. 2. *famine*] "*Famen, sermo, verbum.*" Du Cange's *Gloss.*

* v. 500. *Conueyaunce*] i. e. Thievery, Cheatery.

v. 506. *By God, I haue bene about a praty pronge*] — *praty*, i. e. pretty: in the present line at least, *pronge* seems to mean — prank (Dutch *pronk*), whatever be its signification in the following passage of our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

" And howe at a *pronge*
We tourne ryght into wronge."

v. 1196. vol. ii. 166.

v. 510. *pagent*] i. e. part; see note, p. 6. v. 85.

v. 512. *by lakyn*] See note on v. 341. p. 211.

v. 513. *heyre parent*] i. e. heir apparent.

v. 514. *rome*] i. e. room, place.

v. 516. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 26. v. 518. *Cockys harte*] i. e. God's heart (*Cock*, a corruption of *God*).

v. 521. *thee*] i. e. thrive.

v. 529. *large*] A play on the meanings of the word,—big, and liberal.

- Page 26 v. 533. *cofer kay*] i. e. coffer-key.
 v. 535. *auowe*] i. e. vow; see note, p. 32. v. 199.
 Page 27. v. 539. *alowde*] i. e. approved.
 v. 554. *in same*] i. e. in the same place (a pleonasm, — since “*togyder*” precedes).
 v. 561. *Can*] i. e. Know.
 v. 562. *spedd.*] i. e. versed.
 Page 28. v. 564. *iapes*] i. e. jests, jokes.
 v. 568. *ouerwharte*] i. e. overthwart — cross, per-verse, wrangling.
 v. 569. *heshrowe*] i. e. curse.
 v. 571. *iangle*] i. e. babble, chatter.
 v. 573. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.
 v. 575. *my boles and my spores*] i. e. my boots and my spurs.
 v. 578. *Cockes woundes*] i. e. God’s wounds; see note on v. 518.
 v. 585. *iurde hayte*] Words (French perhaps) which I do not understand.
 Page 29. v. 591. *quod*] i. e. quoth.
 v. 592. *a leysse of ratches to renne an hare*] i. e. a leash of — three — hounds to run a hare.
 v. 597. *prece*] i. e. press.
 v. 609. *to*] i. e. too.
 Page 30. v. 628. *do togyder*] i. e. put it together.
 v. 633. *wonne*] i. e. dwell.
 v. 635. *a captyuyte*] Is rather, I suspect, a misprint for, than used in the sense of — *in*: compare v. 2543.
 Page 31. v. 639. *the playnesse*] i. e. the plain fact.
 v. 644. *thee*] i. e. thrive.
 Page 32. v. 658. *a pystell of a postyke*] — *pystell*, i. e. epistle, letter; but I do not understand the expression. Cotgrave has “*Postiquer*; to play the vagrant

Impostor," &c. ; *Postiqueries*, cousening sleights," &c.
Postiquer, a wandering impostor," &c.

Page 32. v. 659 *fonnysse*] i. e. foolish.

v. 666 *freke*] i. e. fellow; see notes, p. 32. v. 187.
 p. 124. v. 15.

v. 667. *peke*] "I *Peke* or prie." Palsgrave, p. 655.

v. 672. *rome*] i. e. room, place.

Page 33. v. 681. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 685. *By the armes of Calys*] See note, p. 42
 v. 398.

v. 687. *slyght*] i. e. trick, artful contrivance.

v. 688. *fonde consayte*] i. e. foolish conceit, — fan-
 tasies.

* Page 33. v. 690. *sadnesse*] i. e. seriousness, discre-
 tion. See note on v. 473. p. 214.

v. 692. *Cockys body*] i. e. God's body: see note on
 v. 518. p. 215.

v. 695. *whylst*] i. e. until.

v. 698. *quyte*] i. e. acquit.

— *praty*] i. e. pretty.

Page 34. v. 707. *haftynge*] i. e. cunning. See note,
 p. 30. v. 138.

v. 713. *geste*] i. e. guest.

v. 719. *hynder*] "*Hyndringe* or harmynge. Damp-
 nificacio." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. "I *Hynder*, I
 hurte, *Je porte dommage.*" Palsgrave, p. 585.

"Lest the reporte in *hinderyng* of his name," &c.

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. iii
 sig. Q ii. ed. 1555.

v. 720. *hole*] i. e. hood.

v. 722. *fole*] i. e. fool.

Page 35. v. 730. *lacke*] i. e. blame.

v. 732. *sped*] i. e. versed.

Page 35. v. 733. *lytherly*] i. e. wickedly.

v. 734. *Paynte*] i. e. feign. See note, p. 121. v. 583.

v. 737. *fauell*] See note, p. 30. v. 134.

— *tyned*] i. e. pointed, pronged.

v. 745. *shrewdenes*] i. e. wickedness, evil.

Page 36. v. 746. *grete estates*] i. e. persons of great estate, or rank.

v. 748. *flery*] i. e. floor.

— *pretence*] i. e. intent.

v. 751. *bronde*] i. e. brand.

v. 752. *mase*] i. e. bewilder, confound

— *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 754. *bale*] i. e. sorrow, trouble.

v. 755. *Huffa, huffa*] See note, p. 129. v. 16.

v. 756. *a*] i. e. he.

v. 757. *Rutty bully*] See note, p. 14. v. 29.

— *ioly rutterkyn, heyda*] Occurs in a song preserved in the Fairfax MS. which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and is now among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum (5465, fol. 114):

“Hoyda, *joly rutterkyn, hoyda,*

Lyke a rutterkyn, hoyda!

Rutterkyn is com vnto oure towne,

In a cloke, withoute cote or gowne,

Save a raggid hode to kouer his crowne,

Like a rutter, hoyda!

Rutterkyn can speke no englissh,

His tonge rennyth all on buttyrd fyssh,

Besmerde with grece abowte his disshe,

Like a rutter, hoyda!

Rutterkyn shall bryng you all good luk,

A stoup of bere vp at a pluk,

Till his brayne be as wise as a duk,
Like a rutter, hoyda!

When rutterkyn from borde will ryse,
He will piss a galon pott full at twise,
And the ouerplus vndir the table, of the newe gyse,
Like a rutter, hoyda!"

Sir John Hawkins printed the above song (with the music) and tells us that it "is supposed to be a satire on those drunken Flemings who came into England with the princess Anne of Cleve, upon her marriage with king Hen. viii." *Hist. of Music*, iii. 2. But if it be the very song quoted in our text, it must allude to "rutterkyns" of a considerably earlier period; and, as the Fairfax MS. contains two other pieces which are certainly known to be from Skelton's pen, there is a probability that this also was composed by him.

Court. Ab. in his next speech but one says, "am not I a ioly rutter?" and (v. 846)

"My robe russheth
So ruttyngly."

Rutter, which properly means—a rider, a trooper (Germ. *reiter*, *reuter*), came to be employed, like its diminutive *rutterkin*, as a cant term, and with various significations, (see Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig q iii. ed. 1530; Drant's *Horace His Arte of Poetrie, pistles, &c.* sig. D ii. ed. 1567). When *Court. Ab.* asks "am not I a ioly rutter?" he evidently uses the word in the sense of—dashing fellow, gallant, alluding to his dress, on which he afterwards enlarges in a soliloquy. In v. 805 *Cr. Con.* terms him "this ioly ietter." Compare the following passage of Medwall's *Interlude of Nature*, u. d.;

“ And whan he is in suche aray,
 There goth a rutter, men wyll say,
 a rutter, huf a galand.” Sig. d ii.

Page 36. v. 759. *Decke your hofte, &c.*]—hofte, i. e. head. If I rightly understand the passage, *Court. Ab.* desires *Cl. Col.* to put on his hat, or cap: see note below the text.

v. 760. *Say vous, &c.*] i. e. *Savez vous, &c.*: the last three words of the line seem to be the beginning of some French song.

v. 761. *Wyda*] i. e. *Oui da!*

Page 37. v. 763. *rome*] i. e. room, place.

— *stonde vtter*] i. e. stand out, back.

v. 765. *a betell, or a batowe, or a buskyn lacyd*] In *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d., besides “*Feritorium. anglice a battynge staffe a batyll dur or a betyll,*” we find “*Porticulus. anglice a lytell hand-staff or a betyll.*” For “*batowe*” I have proposed in a note below the text “*batone*” (*baton*), a conjecture which is somewhat supported by the preceding word; but it seems more probable that the right reading is “*botowe,*” i. e. boot, for the work above cited has “*Ocree . . . anglice botis or botwes* [ed. 1514—*botowes*],” and *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499 gives “*Botewe. Coturnus.*”

v. 768. *Jacke Hare*] See note, p. 166. v. 270.

— *loke thou be not rusty*] i. e. look that thou be not cankered, uncivil.

v. 769. *nother*] i. e. neither.

v. 770. *lusty*] i. e. gayly dressed. See note, p. 131, heading of poem.

v. 773. *Mary*] i. e. By the Virgin Mary.

* Page 37. v. 775. *swap*] i. e. are odd ones: or, *qy*.
swapping great ones?

— *folys*] i. e. foote, footest.

v. 776. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

— *gere*] i. e. apparel.

Page 38. v. 780. *mo*] i. e. more.

* v. 782. *ale in cornys*] i. e. with the dregs: see
 note, p. 114. v. 378.

v. 784. *auysed*] i. e. purposed on consideration.

v. 786. *rome*] i. e. room, place, office.

Page 39. v. 789. *Cockys harte*] i. e. God's heart:
 see note on v. 518.

v. 790. *for the armys of the dyce*] Some cant ex-
 clamation.

v. 793. *fayne*] i. e. glad.

v. 795. *rynne*] i. e. run.

v. 796. *cayser*] i. e. Cæsar, or, as it is generally ex-
 plained, emperor: in the *Coventry Mysteries*, however,
 a distinction is made between these terms;

“Bothe kynge and *caysere* and grett empere.”

MS. Cott. Vesp. D viii. fol. 113.

v. 798. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

v. 799. *tende*] i. e. attend.

Page 40. v. 805. *ietter*] i. e. strutted,—gallant.

v. 806. *supplye*] i. e. supplicate.

v. 810. *I ne tell can*] i. e. I cannot tell.

v. 818. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 819. *we wyll be aduysed twyse*] i. e. we will con-
 sider of it twice.

v. 821. *crake*] i. e. speak vauntingly.

Page 41. v. 827. *bende*] i. e. band.

v. 830. *tawle*] i. e. brave, bold.

Page 41. v. 832. *defaute*] i. e. default, defect

v. 833. *hawte*] i. e. haughty.

v. 834. *pose*] i. e. rheum in the head.

v. 839. *loketh*] i. e. looketh.

v. 843. *gere*] i. e. apparel.

Page 42. v. 844. *My heyre bussheth*]—*heyre*, i. e. hair. So Barclay, alluding to the “newe fassions and disguised garmentes” of the time;

“To Ship, galants, come nere, I say agayne,
With your set *bushes* curling as men of Inde.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 8. ed. 1570.

v. 847. *ruttyngly*] i. e. dashingly, gallantly: see note on v. 757. p. 218.

v. 850. *To daunce delyght*] So afterwards, Magnyfycence, exulting in his prosperity, says, “I dawnce all in delyte,” v. 1510.

v. 852. *poynte deuyse*] i. e. perfectly exact: see Gifford’s note on B. Jonson’s *Works*, iv. 169.

v. 855. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 857. *route*] i. e. crowd, assembly.

v. 859. *My sleue is wyde*] So Barclay describes the young gallants of the time with “Their *sleues* blasing like to a Cranes winges.” *The Ship of Fooles*, fol. 8. ed. 1570. Wide sleeves are also mentioned in the following curious passage of Medwall’s *Interlude of Nature*, n. d. (written before the year 1500); the speaker is Pride:

“Behold the bonet vppon my hed,
a staryng colour of scarlet red;
I promyse you a fyne threde,
and a soft wull.

It cost me a noble at one pyche,
The scald capper sware sythyche

That yt cost hym euen as myche,
 But there Pryde had a pull.
 I loue yt well to haue syde here
 Halfe a wote byneth myne ere ;
 For euer more I stande in fere
 That myne nek shold take cold.
 I knyt yt vp all the nyght,
 and the day tyme kemb yt down ryght,
 And then yt cryspeth and shyneth as bryght
 as any pyrled gold.
 My doublet ys on laced byfore
 A stomacher of saten and no more.
 Rayn yt, snow yt, neuer so sore,
 Me thynketh I am to hote.
 Than haue I suche a short gown,
 Wyth *wyde sleues* that hang a down,
 They wold make some lad in thys town
 a doublet and a cote.
 Som men wold thynk that this were pryde,
 But yt ys not so ; ho, ho, abyde,
 I haue a dagger by my syde,
 yet the: of spake not I.
 I bought thys dagger at the marte,
 A sharp poynt and a tarte,
 He that had yt in hys hart
 Were as good to dye
 Than haue I a sworde or twayn ;
 To bere theym my selfe yt were a payne ;
 They ar so heuy that I am fayne
 to puruey suche a lad ;
 Though I say yt, a praty boy,
 It ys halfe my lyues ioy ;
 He maketh me laugh wyth many a toy,
 The vrchyn ys so mad."

Sig. c ii.

Page 42. v. 861. *hose*] i. e. breeches.

v. 866. *hyght*] i. e. am called.

v. 871. *thee*] i. e. thrive.

v. 872. *fon*] i. e. fool.

Page 43. v. 878. *pore*] i. e. poor.

v. 881. *to to*] So in v. 2121;

"To flatteryng, to smatteryng, *to to* out of harre."

Compare *M. Harry Whobals mon to M. Camel*, &c. (folio broadside among the "flytings" of Churchyard and Camell;)

"My master Harry Whoball, sur, is *to to* shamefull wrothe.

.
for drinke is *to to* nappye."

Ray gives "*Too too* will in two. *Chesh*." *Proverbs*, p. 163. ed. 1768.

v. 884. *crake*] i. e. vaunt.

v. 885. *I befole his pate*] i. e. I befool, &c. (not *befoul*;) as it would seem from v. 1057, "*I befole thy face*;" and v. 1829, "*I befole thy brayne pan*."

v. 886. *fonne iet*] i. e. foolish fashion: (see note on v. 458.)

v. 887. *From out of France*] So Barclay;

'Reduce courtiers clerely vnto your remembraunce,
From whence *this disguising* was brought wherin
ye go,

As I remember *it was brought out of France*."

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 9. ed. 1570.

Borde, in his *Boke of knowledge*, introduces a Frenchman saying,

"I am ful of new inuencions,

And dayly I do make new toyes and fashions:

Al necions of me example do take,
Whan any garment they go about to make."

Sig. T. reprint.

Page 43. v. 889. *purueaunce*] i. e. provision.

Page 44. v. 907. *carlys*] i. e. churl's.

v. 909. *wonne*] i. e. dwell.

v. 915. *slyue*] i. e. sleeve.

v. 918. *preue*] i. e. prove.

v. 919. *A Tyborne checke*] i. e. a rope.

— *craynge, Stow, stow*] — *craynge*, i. e. crying.

See note, p. 159. v. 73.

* v. 921. *out of harre*] i. e. out of hinge, out of order: see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* and *Suppl.* in v. *Har*.

"There nas no dore that he nolde heve of *harre*."

Cant. Tales. v. 552. ed. Wright.

The expression occurs again in v. 2121; and is found in the *Towneley Myst.* and G. Douglas's Virgil's *Æn.* v. 923. *warre*] i. e. worse.

Page 45. v. 932. *farly*] i. e. strange.

v. 933. *lokys*] i. e. looks.

v. 934. *an hawke of the towre*] So again our author in the *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Ientill as fawcoun

Or *hawke of the towre*."

v. 1006. vol. ii. 214.

i. e., says Warton, "in the king's mews in the Tower," *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 355. ed. 4to: and the following lines occur in a poem called *Armony of Byrdes*, n. d. (attributed without authority to Skelton), reprinted entire in *Typograph. Antiq.* iv. 380. ed. Dibdin;

“The Haukes dyd syng,
 Their belles dyd ryng,
 Thei said *they came frô the tower.*
We hold with the kyng
 And wyll for him syng
 To God, day, nyght, and hower.”

p. 383.

But I apprehend that by a *hawke of the towre* Skelton means — a hawk that towers aloft, takes a station high in the air, and thence swoops upon her prey. Juliana Berners mentions certain hawks which “ben *hawkes of the toure.*” *Book of St. Albans*, sig. c. v.: and Turbervile says; “Shee [the hobby] is of the number of those Hawkes that are hie flying and *towre Hawks.*” *Booke of Falconrie*, p. 53. ed. 1611.

Page 45. v. 935. *the malarde*] i. e. the wild-drake.

v. 936. *becked*] i. e. beaked.

v. 938. *Mary*] i. e. By the Virgin Mary.

v. 940. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 947. *sperre*] i. e. spire, shoot, — stripling. So in our author's third poem *Against Garnesche*, “But a slendyr *sperre.*” v. 41. vol. i. 140.

Page 46. v. 953. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 954. *in the dyuyls date*] See note, p. 41. v. 375.

v. 956. *he playeth the state*] i. e. he playeth the person of consequence.

v. 957. *pyke out of the gate*] “I *Pycke* me forth out of a place, or I *pycke* me hence, *Je me tyre auant.*” Palsgrave, p. 656.

v. 962 *out of consayte*] i. e. out of good opinion, favour.

v. 964. *a praty slyght*] i. e. a pretty trick, contrivance.

Page 46. v. 973. *poynted after my consayte*] i. e. appointed, equipped according to my fancy.

v. 974. *thou iettes it of hyght*] i. e. thou struttest it in high style.

v. 975. *let vs be wyse*] Equivalent to — let us understand.

v. 977. *come of, it were done*] The expression “come of” has occurred before; see note on v. 103. p. 207. Compare *Mary Magdalene*;

“*Cum of, 3e harlotts that yt wer don.*”

An. Mysteries from the Digby MSS.
p. 97. ed. Abbotsf.

Magnus Herodes;

“Hens now go youre way that ye *were* thore.”

Towneley Mysteries, p. 147.

Still's *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*;

“Sir knaue, make hast diccon *were* here.”

Sig. E 3. ed. 1575.

See too our author's *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 243. vol. ii. 181.

Page 47. v. 979. *sonne*] i. e. soon.

v. 980. *Stowe*] See note, p. 159. v. 73.

v. 982. *There is many euyll faueryd, and thou be foule*] i. e. There is many a one ill-looking, if thou be ugly: see note, p. 57. v. 442.

v. 985. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

v. 987. *Jesse*] i. e. Jesus.

v. 992. *bent*] i. e. arched; see note, p. 79. v. 1016.

v. 993. *glent*] i. e. glancing, bright.

v. 1000. *Barbyd lyke a nonne*] — *nonne*, i. e. nun.

“The feders vnder the becke [of a hawk] ben callyd the *Barbe feders*.” *Book of Saint Albans*, sig. a 5.

Barbe is explained by Tyrwhitt to mean a hood or muffler, which covered the lower part of the face and the shoulders; *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*: and he refers to Du Cange in v. *Barbuta*. According to Strutt, it was a piece of white plaited linen, and belonged properly to mourning: in an edict concerning "The order and manner of apparell for greate estates of weomen in tyme of mourninge," made by the mother of Henry vii. in the 8th year of his reign, we find "Everye one not beinge vnder the degree of a Baronesse to weare a *barbe* aboue [Strutt prints by mistake—"about"] the chinne. And all other: as knightes wyfes, to weare yt vnder theire throtes, and other gentlewomen beneath the throte goyll." *MS. Harl.* 1354. fol. 12. See *Dress and Habits*, pp. 323, 325, 326, 368, and plate cxxxv.

Page 47. v. 1002. *donne*] i. e. dun.

v. 1003. *Well faueryd bonne*] So in our author's *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 227, "my prety bonny;" see note, p. 107.

Page 48. v. 1005. *rowte*] i. e. crowd, assembly.

v. 1008. *prese*] i. e. press, throng.

v. 1009. *a hole mese*] i. e. a whole mess, set.

v. 1011. *I rede, we sease*] i. e. I advise that we cease.

v. 1012. *farly . . . lokys*] i. e. strangely . . . looks.

v. 1013. *becke . . . crokys*] i. e. beak . . . crooks.

v. 1014. *tenter hokys*] i. e. tenter-hooks.

v. 1015. *wokys*] i. e. weeks.

v. 1018. *The deuyll spede whyt*] So again in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*;

"For as for wytte,

The deuyll spede white!"

v. 1013. vol. ii. 310

Page 48. v. 1020. *to*] i. e. too (as in the next two lines).

v. 1023. *solempne*] i. e. solemn.

v. 1027. *a pere*] i. e. a pear, — used frequently by our early writers for a thing of no value. “Wayne glory of the world, the whiche is not worth *a pere*.” *Morte d'Arthur*, B. xv. cap. vi. vol. ii. 254. ed. Southey.

v. 1028. *lese*] i. e. lose.

v. 1030. *And I may tende*] i. e. If I may attend.

v. 1032. *halfe*] i. e. side.

Page 49. v. 1035. *Fansy seruyce*] i. e. Fancy-service.

v. 1038. *theke*] i. e. thatch.

v. 1040. *Make a wyndmyll of a mat*] Compare v. 2 of our author's third set of verses *Against venemous Tongues*, vol. i. 155.

v. 1041. *and I wyst*] i. e. if I knew.

v. 1049. *blunder*] See note on v. 405. p. 213.

— *blother*] i. e. gabble; as in our author's *Colyn Cloute*, v. 66. vol. ii. 127.

v. 1054. *this*] i. e. thus.

v. 1055. *everychone*] i. e. every one.

Page 50. v. 1057. *fonnysshē*] i. e. foolish.

— *I befole thy face*] See note on v. 885. p. 224.

v. 1058. *a foles case*] i. e. a fool's habit.

v. 1059. *glede*] i. e. kite. Nares, *Gloss.* in v., observes that in the common version of the Bible, *Deut.* xiv. 13, the *glede* and *kite* are erroneously mentioned together as two distinct birds.

v. 1061. *thy lypes hange in thyne eye*] So in *Therlode of Youth*, n. d.;

“Faine of him I wolde haue a sight,
But my lypes hange in my lyght.”

Sig. A iii.

See too Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c. sig. F 4, — *Workes*, ed. 1598.

Page 50 v. 1066. *pylde*] i. e. bald — mangy : see note, p. 133. v. 68.

v. 1068. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1069. *Mackemurre*] A proper name, though not printed as such in the old copy :

“The great Onele, and *Makmurre* also,
And al the lordes and kynges of Ireland.”

Hardyng's *Chronicle*, fol. cxlix. ed. 1543.

v. 1070. *budge furre*] “*Budge* or Lambes furre.” Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*. In an order respecting the scholastic habit in the University of Cambridge, dated 1414, (quoted by Todd from Farmer's papers, in a note on Milton's *Comus*, v. 707,) mention is made of “*furruris buggeis aut agninis*.”

v. 1073. *thou wylte coughe me a dawe*] — *dawe*, i. e. simpleton. So in the fourth line after this, “ye shall *coughe me a fole* :” and in Lilly's *Mother-Bombie*, 1594; “I know hee will cough for anger that I yeeld not, but he shall *cough mee a foole* for his labour.” Sig. B 2.

v. 1074. *Mary*] i. e. By the Virgin Mary.

v. 1079. *can*] i. e. know.

Page 51. v. 1081. *broder*] i. e. brother.

v. 1082. *so hye fro me doth sprynge*] i. e. doth (dost) grow so much taller than I.

v. 1088. *gere*] i. e. apparel.

v. 1089. *folysse*] i. e. foolish.

v. 1093. *flete*] i. e. float, flow, abound.

v. 1095. *by*] i. e. buy.

v. 1096. *Cockys harte*] i. e. God's heart.

v. 1103. *syke*] i. e. such.

Page 52. v. 1104. *a fole the tone*] i. e. a fool the one.

Page 52. v. 1107. *warke*] i. e. work, business.

v. 1108. *donnyshe*] i. e. dunnish.

v. 1109. *a fonde gest*] i. e. a foolish guest.

v. 1111. *so folysse and so fonde*] i. e. so foolish and so silly (one of Skelton's pleonasm.)

v. 1118. *beshrowe*] i. e. curse.

v. 1119. *do*] i. e. done.

v. 1120. *Here is nothyng but the bockyll of a sho*]

Compare *The Bowge of Courte*, v. 397. vol. i. 54.

* v. 1126. *a botchment*] i. e. to boot. "*Botchement. Additamentum.*" *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

Page 53. v. 1127. *forfende*] i. e. prohibit, forbid.

v. 1128. *For Goddes cope*] So we find as an oath, "By gods blew hood." *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, p. 5. ed. 1661.

v. 1131. *be tyme*] i. e. by time.

v. 1134. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

v. 1136. *Aungey*] Does it mean Angers, or Anjou?

v. 1142. *gate*] i. e. got.

v. 1143. *puddynges*] See note, p. 117. v. 443.

— *wortes*] Is here, I suppose, equivalent to— cabbages.

v. 1147. *marmosete*] A kind of ape, or monkey.

Page 54. v. 1148. *iapes*] i. e. jests, jokes.

v. 1150. *pultre*] i. e. poultry, fowl.

— *catell*] i. e. beast.

v. 1154. *rode*] i. e. rood, cross: see note, p. 159. v. 69.

v. 1157. *nyfyls*] A word sufficiently explained by the context, and of frequent occurrence. So in *A Mery Play between Johan the Husbande, Tyb his Wyfe, and Syr Jhan the Preest*, 1533, attributed to Heywood;

"By God, I wolde ye had harde the tryfys,
The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the *nyfys*,
That I made thy husbunde to beleve and thynke."

p. 21. reprint.

Page 54. v. 1158. *canest*] i. e. knowest.

v. 1159. *mased*] i. e. bewildered, confounded.

v. 1165. *It forseth not*] i. e. It matters not.

Page 55. v. 1172. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1175. *a farle freke*] i. e. a strange fellow: see notes, p. 18. v. 29; p. 32. v. 168.

* v. 1176. *play well at the hoddypeke*]—*hoddypeke* is a common term of contempt or reproach (as in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 326. vol. ii. 287), and is generally equivalent to—fool. The original meaning of the word is altogether uncertain. Steevens (note on *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* (explains it—*hodmandod* (shell-snail); and Nares (*Gloss* in v.) is inclined to agree with him. [*Qy.* compounded of *hoddy*, i. e. doddy, stupid, and *peke*, fool?]. In a passage of Dunbar's *Dance of the Sevin Deirly Synnis* (*Pocms*, i. 51. ed. Laing), "*hud-pykis*" has been explained (on account of the context)—*misers*. In Cotgrave's *Dict.* is "*Noddy peke.*"

v. 1182. *ne reckys*] i. e. recks not.

v. 1185. *mo folys*] i. e. more fools.

Page 56. v. 1189. *kesteryll*] A sort of base-bred hawk.

v. 1190. *I wys*] i. e. truly, certainly (*i-wis*, adv.).

— *doteryll*] See note, p. 55. v. 409.

* v. 1191. *In a cote thou can play well the dyser*] i. e. a low jester, tale-teller, mimic. Ang. Sax. *dýsig*, foolish, dizzy, &c. "*Dysowre*, that cannot be sadde (i. e. serious). *Bomolochus.*" *Prompt. Parvul.* Way. "*Dissar*, a scoffer,

saigefol." Palsgrave, p. 214. "He can play the *desarde* with a contrefet face properly. *Morionem* scite representat." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. bb iiiii. ed. 1530. "One that were skylled in the crafte of *dysours* or skoffyng fellowes." Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540. sig. H ii.

Page 56. v. 1195. *gatte*] i. e. got.

v. 1200. *fon*] fool.

* v. 1201. *Syr Johnn*] A contemptuous name for a priest; here, for a simpleton in general.

* v. 1205. *do mastryes*] i. e. cunning tricks or sleights. See note on v. 151. p. 208.

v. 1206. *cocke wat*] See note, p. 31. v. 173.

Page 57. v. 1211. *rode*] i. e. rood, cross: see note, p. 159. v. 69.

— *semblaunt*] i. e. semblance.

v. 1215. *lyste*] i. e. liest.

v. 1216. *moght lyste*] i. e. moth list.

v. 1220. *Johnn a Bonam*] One of the persons who figure in the old metrical tale, *The Hunttyng of the Hare*, is called "Jac of Bonam:" see Weber's *Met. Rom.* iii. 279.

v. 1223. *Shyt*] i. e. Shut.

— *dawe*] i. e. simpleton.

Page 58. v. 1230. *cayser*] See note on v. 796. p. 221.

v. 1232. *scoles*] i. e. schools,—teaching.

v. 1234. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1241. *renneth*] i. e. runneth.

* v. 1242. *thefte and bryboury*]—*bryboury*, i. e. pilfering. "I Bribe, I pull, I pyll, *Je bribe*, (*Romant*) *Je derobbe*. Palsgrave, p. 465. "*Bribors*, Cometh of the French Bribeur, i. e. Mendicus. It seemeth in a legal

Signification one that pilfereth other Mens Goods, as Cloaths out of a Window, or the like. *Anno 28 Ed. 2 Stat. 1. cap. unico.* Cowel's *Law Dictionary, or The Interpreter, &c. augmented and improved, &c. ed. 1727.* So again our author;

“Thefte also and pety *brybery.*”

v. 1370 of the present drama.

“Some haue a name for thefte and *brybery.*”

Garlande of Laurell, v. 183. vol. ii. 178.

So too in *The Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous*, by Copland, n. d.;

“*Brybe*, and conuey, fro mayster and maystres.”

Utterson's *Early Pop. Poet.* ii. 37.

and in *Gentylnes and Nobylte*, n. d. (attributed without reason to Heywood);

“For *brybe* and stele euery thyng they wyll,
If they may secretly come theruntyll.”

Sig. B iii.

“Divide me like a *brīb'd* buck, each a haunch.”

Merry W. of W. v. 5. (Cited by Halliwell.)

Other passages might be cited from various poets. And see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*, and Richardson's *Dict.*

Page 58. v. 1244. *a nysot*] In *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499 is “*Anysot* or a *fol*. *Stolidus. Baburrus. Insons.*” But in the present passage *nysot* seems, from the context, to be equivalent to—lazy jade: and in the work just cited we find “*Nyce. Iners.*”—“*Nycehede* or *nycete. Inercia.*”

v. 1246. *warke*] i. e. work.

Page 58. v. 1247. *lyther*] i. e. wicked, evil.

v. 1249. *Bytwene the tappct and the wall*]—*tappet*, i. e. tapestry. This line has occurred before, in our author's fourth poem *Against Garnesche*, v. 75. vol. i. 149.

Page 59. v. 1252. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 1254. *sorte*] i. e. set, company,—people.

v. 1257. *ferre*] i. e. far.

v. 1258. *dawys*] i. e. simpletons.

v. 1261.

*He frownyth fyersly, brymly browde,
The knaue wolde make it koy, and he cowde]*

—*fyersly* and *brymly* are nearly synonymous: *make it koy* means here—*affect* (not merely *reserve*, but) *haughtiness*;—and so in our author's *Bowge of Courte*,—

“He bote the lyppe, he loked passynge *coye*.”

v. 288. vol. i. 50.

v. 1265. *besy*] i. e. busy.

v. 1270. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

v. 1275. *lese moche*] i. e. lose much.

Page 60. v. 1278. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 1280. *scolys*] i. e. schools.

v. 1281. *folys*] i. e. fools.

v. 1282. *lyther*] i. e. wicked,—*rascals* (as in the next line but one—“these *lythers*”).

v. 1283. *Synkyn Tytyuell*] See note on *Colyn Cloute*, v. 418.

v. 1284. *lere*] i. e. learn.

v. 1289. *mykyll*] i. e. much.

v. 1291. *dell*] i. e. part.

v. 1293. *shroudly*] i. e. shrewdly.

v. 1297. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 1299. *auowe*] i. e. vow: see note, p. 32. v. 199.

Page 60. v. 1301. *kynde*] i. e. nature.

Page 61. v. 1303. *rutters*] i. e. gallants. See note on v. 757. p. 218.

v. 1309. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1312. *howe*] i. e. ho! stop!

“Ye shall haue ay quhill you cry *ho*.”

Philotus, sig. B. ed. 1612.

“Greit God defend I suld be one of the
Quhilk of thair feid and malice neuer *ho*.”

G. Douglas's *Palice of Honour*,
p. 30. Bann. ed.

v. 1314. *scrat*] i. e. scratch.

v. 1315. *So how*] i. e. So ho.

v. 1317. *gadde*] Does it mean—gadding?

v. 1318. *brayne seke*] i. e. brain-sick.

v. 1319. *to shyre shakyng nought*] i. e. to sheer nothing. So in our author's *Elynour Rummyng*, (v. 466. vol. i. 125.), that lady pronounces a couple of stunted goslings to be “*shyre shakyng nought*,” i. e. sheer worthless.

v. 1323. *perde*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

* — *ryde or go*] i. e. ride or walk. See note, p. 51. v. 186.

Page 62. v. 1324. *slyght*] i. e. contrivance.

v. 1325. *hyght*] i. e. be called.

v. 1327. *wonne*] i. e. dwell.

v. 1334. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1338. *Cockes armes*] i. e. God's arms: see note on v. 518. p. 215.

v. 1339. *whylest*] i. e. till.

v. 1341. *slee*] i. e. slay.

v. 1342. *away the mare*] See note, p. 102. v. 110.

Page 63. v. 1345. *a rome . . in euery route*] i. e. a place in every crowd, assembly.

v. 1347. *face and brace*] See note, p. 174. v. 33.

v. 1348. *fotyth*] i. e. footeth.

v. 1353. *poyntmentys*] i. e. appointments.

v. 1356. *mykyll praty*] i. e. much pretty.

* v. 1358. *an hoby can make larkys to dare*]—*to dare*, i. e. to lurk, lie hid. So in the poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c.;

“Therin, lyke a royle,
Sir Dunkan, ye dared.” v. 270.

“ let his grace go forward,
And *dare* us with his cap, like *larks*.”

Henry VIII. Act. III. Sc. 2.

To dare larks was an expression applied to the catching of larks by terrifying them; and there were several modes of *daring* them. When the *hobby* (a small hawk, see note, p. 64. v. 567) was employed for that purpose, the larks lay still in terror till a net was thrown over them.—On the word *dare*, see *Notes & Queries*, vol. vii. p. 542.

v. 1360. *almesse*] i. e. alms.

v. 1363. *howe*] i. e. ho.

v. 1365. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 1368. *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

Page 64. v. 1370. *pety brybery*] See note on v. 1242.

* v. 1372. *inwyth*] i. e. crafty: A. Sax. *inwit*.

v. 1373. *be*] i. e. by.

v. 1376. *trew*] i. e. honest.

v. 1378. *checke*] i. e. taunt: see note on v. 300. p. 211

* v. 1379. *weltyth*] i. e. defeats, ruins. “*Welt*, to upset.” Halliwell. *Dict.* “*Welten*, overturn.” Jamieson, *Scot. Dict.*

Page 64. v. 1382. *sadnesse*] i. e. gravity, seriousness, soberness, discreetness.

v. 1389. *sorte*] i. e. set, company.

* v. 1390. *hokes vnhappy*] i. e. knavish chaps.—*hokes*, i. e. hooks, a word frequently applied to persons as a term of reproach. “*Vnhappy* of maners, *mauluays*.” Palsgrave, p. 328. So in *Jacke Jugelar*, n. d. ;

“*Loo*, *yender cumithe* that *vnhappye hooke*.”

p. 26. Roxb. ed.

and in Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c. ;

“*Since thou art crosse sailde*, *auale*, *vnhappie hooke*.”

Sig. E,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

Page 65. v. 1395. *dawe*] i. e. simpleton.

v. 1396. *occupied*] i. e. used, employed.

v. 1397. *reason and skyll*] See note on v. 106. p. 207.

v. 1405. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

* Page 66. v. 1411. *Had I wylt*] i. e. repenting too late. See note, p. 3. v. 40.

v. 1416. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1421. *Ye haue eten sauce*] Compare our author's *Bowge of Courte*, v. 72. vol. i. p. 40.

v. 1422. *to*] i. e. too.

* — *bere a brayne*] i. e. look out, take heed.

v. 1425. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, dignity.

Page 67. v. 1436. *repyuable*] i. e. reprovably.

v. 1441. *menys of to moche*] i. e. means of too much.

v. 1442. *What, can ye agree thus and appose?*—*and appose*, i. e. and yet keep questioning, disputing see note on *Colyn Cloute*, v. 267.

v. 1443. *faute*] i. e. fault.

Page 67. v. 1444. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

— *Jacke a thrommys bybyll*] See note, p. 140. v. 204.

— *glose*] i. e. gloss.

* v. 1445. *Sore*] i. e. Smartly.

v. 1446. *loke you vnder kay*] i. e. lock you under key.

* Page 68. v. 1456. *Take it in worthe*] i. e. Be satisfied with it. See note, p. 16. v. 68.

v. 1458. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

— *kynde*] i. e. nature.

v. 1467. *stonde*] i. e. stand.

Page 69. v. 1473. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 1474. *loke that ye occupye*] i. e. look that ye use.

v. 1475. *For nowe, syrs, I am lyke as a prynce sholde be, &c.*] This speech of Magnyfycence is very much in the style of Herod in the old miracle-plays: see, for instance, the *Coventry Mysteries, MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. fol. 92. sqq.*

v. 1477. *abandune*] i. e. subject.

“For *abandonit* will he noght be to berne that is borne.”

Golagros and Gawane, p. 142,—
Syr Gawayne, &c.

“Till all to yow *abandownyt* be.”

Barbour's *Bruce*, B. iii. v. 883. ed. Jam.

v. 1481. *mene*] See note on v. 138. p. 208.

* v. 1482. *over all*] i. e. everywhere.

Page 70. v. 1491. *syar*] i. e. sire, lord.

v. 1493. *ryall trone*] i. e. royal throne.

v. 1496. *spyll*] i. e. destroy.

v. 1502. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 1504. *dynt*] i. e. blow.

- Page 70. v. 1505. *the cane*] Does it mean—the khan ?
 v. 1507. *I set not by*] i. e. I value not, regard not.
 — *prane*] i. e. prawn.
 v. 1508. *Ne*] i. e. Nor.
 — *rehersse*] i. e. mention.
- Page 71. v. 1513. *cache*] i. e. couch.
 v. 1515. *mell*] i. e. meddle.
 v. 1518. *to lowte man be sene*] i. e. (if the text be right; see footnote *ad l.*) must be seen to bow, pay obeisance.
 v. 1520. *brymme*] i. e. fierce, rugged, bristly.
 v. 1521. *Basyan the bolde, for all his brybaunce*] *Basyan* is, I suppose, Antoninus Bassianus Caracalla (he is called “*Basian*” in Robert of Gloucester’s *Chron.* p. 76. sqq.); *brybaunce* would seem to mean—plundering (properly, pilfering); see note on v. 1242.
 v. 1522. *Alerycus*] i. e. Alaric.
 — *the Gothyaunce*] i. e. the Goths.
 — *swerd*] i. e. sword.
 * 1523. *on molde*] i. e. on the earth.
 v. 1524. *maysyd*] i. e. bewildered, confounded—stupid.
 v. 1525. *fole*] i. e. fool.
 v. 1526. *Galba, whom his galantys garde for a gaspe*] i. e. (I suppose) Galba, whom his gallants (soldiers) made to gasp:—they assassinated him:—see *gar* in v. 1532.
 v. 1527. *nother set by*] i. e. neither valued, regarded.
 v. 1528. *Vaspasyan, that bare in his nose a waspe*] This passage is explained by the following lines of a poem never printed, entitled *The Sege of Jerusalem*:
 “His fader Vaspasiane ferly bytydde ;
 A byke of waspes bredde in his nose,

Hyved vp in his hedde he hadde hem of thoght,
And Vaspasiane is called by cause of his waspes."

MS. Cott. Calig. A. ii. fol. 109.

Page 71. v. 1529. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 1531. *crake*] i. e. vaunt, talk bigly.

v. 1532. *I shall frounce them on the foretop*] To *frounce* is — to wrinkle, ruffle up, &c. In our author's *Phyllyp Sparowe*, v. 1340. vol. i. 107, Charon is described as having a "*frownsid fore top*;" and in his *Colyn Cloute*, v. 533. vol. ii. 143, "*fore top*" means simply — head, pate.

— *gar*] i. e. make, cause.

Page 72. v. 1538. *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 1539. *take it in degre*] Seems equivalent here to — "*take it in gre*" (which occurs in v. 2005), i. e. take it kindly: see note, p. 16. v. 68.

v. 1544. *ferre*] i. e. far.

v. 1547. *supprysed*] i. e. overpowered, smitten.

v. 1549. *Pullyshyd*] i. e. Polished.

— *ornacy*] i. e. ornate diction.

v. 1551. *electe vtteraunce*] i. e. choice expression.

v. 1554. *feffyd and seasyd*] i. e. enfeoffed and seised, — law-terms.

Page 73. v. 1556. *Mary*] i. e. By the Virgin Mary.

v. 1557. *comon*] i. e. communing, discourse.

v. 1558. *Poynt deuyse*] See note on v. 852. p. 222.

v. 1561. *pore*] i. e. poor.

v. 1564. *semynge*] i. e. beseeming, fitting.

v. 1568. *maystresse*] i. e. mistress.

v. 1569. *That quyckly is enuyued with rudyes of the rose*] i. e. That is lively envied with hues, or complexion, of the rose. This somewhat pleonastic ex-

pression is found again in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*;

“*Enuyuid picturis well touchid and quikly.*”

v. 1161. vol. ii. 220.

Page 73. v. 1570. *Inpurtured*] i. e. Portrayed, pictured, — adorned.

v. 1571. *The streynes of her vaynes*] i. e. The strains, runnings of her veins.

“Rills rising out of euery banck,
In wilde meanders *strayne.*”

Drayton's *Muses Elizium*, p. 2. ed. 1630.

—— *as asure inde blewe*] See note, p. 23. v. 17.
v. 1573. *loke*] i. e. look.

—— *leyre*] i. e. complexion, skin.

v. 1576. *lusty*] i. e. pleasant, desirable.

Page 74. v. 1578. *to brace and to basse*] i. e. to embrace and to kiss.

v. 1579. *by hym that hell dyd harowe*] i. e. by our Saviour: see note, p. 85. v. 1291.

v. 1580. *a Phyllyp sparowe*] See note, p. 47. v. 7.

v. 1581. *whylest my hede dyd warke*] i. e. until my head did work, ache. “*Hedwerke, sekenesse. Cephalia.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. “*Wark, to ache.*” *Hunter's Hallam. Gloss.* “But I may not stonde, *myn hede werches soo.*” *Morte d' Arthur*, B. xxi. c. v. vol. ii. 440. ed. Southey.

v. 1582. *hobby for suche a lusty larke*] See note on v. 1358. p. 237. The same metaphorical use of this expression occurs in our author's *Colyn Cloute*, v. 194 vol. ii. 131.

v. 1584. *my flesshe wolde be wroken*] — *wroken*, i. e. wreaked, satiated.

"Whyles thou art yonge
Wreke the with wiuryng, if thou wilt be excused."

Pierce Plowman, sig. M iii. ed. 1561.

Page 74. v. 1585. *consayte*] i. e. conceit, fancy.

v. 1586. *weryed I wolde be on*] i. e. I would worry,
eagerly devour: compare our author's *Phyllyp Sparrowe*, v. 29. vol. i. 62.

v. 1587. *Cockes armes*] i. e. God's arms: see note
on v. 518. p. 215.

v. 1588. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 1589. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1590. *to be sped*] i. e. to be made successful.

v. 1592. *make suche one to the call*] A metaphor
from falconry.

* v. 1598. *over all*] i. e. everywhere. See v. 1482.

Page 75. v. 1600. *a sawte*] i. e. an assault.

v. 1601. *prece*] i. e. press.

v. 1603. *sone*] i. e. soon.

v. 1604. *intreted*] i. e. prevailed on by solicitation.

v. 1606. *broken*] Seems to mean here — tame, as-
suage. [?]

v. 1610. *consayte*] i. e. conceit, conception.

v. 1615. *it shall not gretely skyl*] i. e. it shall not
make much difference, it shall not much signify.

Page 76. v. 1620. *face it*] i. e. bluster. See note,
p. 174. v. 33.

v. 1621. *Frete*] i. e. Gnaw, fret.

v. 1626. *lust and lykyng*] See note, p. 19, v. 23.

v. 1633. *your gorge*] i. e. what you have swallowed,
the contents of your stomach.

* v. 1636. *wambleth*] i. e. turns. "Nauseo . . . to
wamble." *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d.

v. 1638. *wonder*] i. e. wondrous.

Page 77. v. 1640. *harte seke*] i. e. heart-sick.

— *me lyst*] i. e. it pleases me.

v. 1641. *coryed*] i. e. curried, drubbed.

— *blyst*] i. e. wounded, — thumped.

“Your lasy bones I pretende so to *blisse*,

That you shall haue small luste to prate any more.”

The Triall of Treasure, 1567. sig. A. iiii.

v. 1642. *loute*] i. e. bow, pay obeisance.

v. 1652. *at the contemplacyon*] See note, p. 171,
heading of Epitaph.

v. 1653. *pore*] i. e. poor.

v. 1657. *sone*] i. e. soon.

Page 78. v. 1664. *rowne*] i. e. whisper; see note,
p. 45, v. 513.

v. 1671. *dyssayued*] i. e. deceived.

v. 1673. *wete*] i. e. know.

v. 1677. *I wyll haue hym rehayted and dyspysed*]

Our early poets frequently use *rehete* in the sense of—
revive, cheer; a meaning foreign to the present pas-
sage. In the *Towneley Mysteries*, we find “*rehet*”
and “*rehete*,” pp. 143, 198, which the *Gloss.* explains
“to threaten;” *qy.* if rightly? In some copies of
Chaucer’s *Troilus and Creseide*, B. iii. 350, is “*rehet-*
ing;” of which, says Tyrwhitt (*Gloss. to Cant. Tales*),
“I can make no sense.” In G. Douglas’s *Virgil’s*
Æneidos, B. xiii. p. 467. l. 53. ed. Rudd., and in the
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy, *Dunbar’s Poems*, ii.
74, 80. ed. Laing, is “*rehatoure*,” which has been re-
ferred to the French *rehair*: and perhaps *rehayted* in
our text is—re-hated (Skelton afterwards in *this*
piece, v. 2458, has the uncommon word *inhateth*).

v. 1679. *rest*] i. e. remain.

Page 79. v. 1682. *supplied*] i. e. supplicated.

Page 79. v. 1687. *But for all that he is lyke to have a glent*] *Glent* is frequently found in the sense of—glance; but its meaning here, as would seem from the context, is—slip, fall: and in our author's *Garlande of Laurell* we find,

“Go softly, she sayd, the stones be full *glint* [i. e. slippery].” v. 572. vol. ii. 195.

v. 1688. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1692. *What force ye*] i. e. What care ye.

v. 1695. *loke*] i. e. look.

* v. 1698. *haftynge*] i. e. cunning. See note, p. 80.

v. 138.

Page 80. v. 1702. *woke*] i. e. week.

v. 1703. *sone*] i. e. soon.

v. 1709. *comonyng*] i. e. communing, conversing.

v. 1711. *sad*] i. e. grave, serious, sober, discreet.

v. 1713. *doute*] i. e. fear.

v. 1715. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 1718. *be lykelyhod*] i. e. by likelihood,—as it appeared.

v. 1719. *to fede*] i. e. to feed with words,—deceive.

So in our author's *Bowge of Courte*;

“Than Fauell gan wyth fayre speche me to fede.”

v. 147. vol. i. 43.

Page 81. v. 1723. *reserued*] i. e. retained.

v. 1725. *set a gnat By*] i. e. value at a gnat, care a gnat for.

v. 1738. *suche maystryes gan make*] — *suche maystryes*, i. e. such disturbances from the consequence which you assumed; and see note on v. 151. p. 208.

Page 82. v. 1745. *lurden*] See note on v. 423, p. 213.

* v. 1748. *haynyarde*] A term of reproach which I

do not understand: but in our author's *Bowge of Courte*, v. 327, vol. i. 51, *hayne* seems to mean — hind, slave, peasant. [Probably from Ang. Sax. *hean*, poor, mean, despicable. “*Hanniel*, a bad fellow.” Halliwell. *Dict.*]

Page 82. v. 1749. *cast*] i. e. throw up.

v. 1751. *bolle*] i. e. bowl.

— *Goddess brede*] i. e. God's bread.

v. 1754. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

v. 1758. *Cockes armes*] i. e. God's arms; see note on v. 518. p. 215.

Page 83. v. 1759. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 1766. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 1772. *Where as*] i. e. Where.

v. 1775. *No force*] i. e. No matter.

v. 1776. *pollynge*] i. e. plundering.

v. 1778. *parde*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

— *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

v. 1779. *vergesse*] i. e. verjuice.

Page 84. v. 1782. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 1786. *taken*] i. e. committed, consigned.

v. 1802. *lowte*] i. e. bow, pay obeisance.

Page 85. v. 1813. *syth*] i. e. since.

v. 1817. *acquyte*] i. e. requite.

v. 1820. *solace*] i. e. pleasure.

v. 1821. *dyntes*] i. e. blows.

v. 1822. *Well were*] i. e. In good condition were.

Page 86. v. 1824. *halse*] } Both words signify —
v. 1825. *clepe*] } embrace; with this distinction,

that the former means properly — to throw the arms round the neck.

v. 1829. *I befole thy brayne pan*] i. e. I befool thy skull, head: see note, p. 22, v. 31.

* Page 86. v. 1830. *By our lakyn*] i. e. our lady. See note on v. 341. p. 211.

v. 1831. *My hawke is rammysshe*] “*Ramage* is when a Hawk is wilde, coy, or disdainfull to the man, and contrary to be reclaimed.” Latham’s *Faulconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.

v. 1833. *warne*] i. e. prevent.

v. 1835. *ronner*] i. e. runner.

— *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 1836. *iarfawcon*] See note, p. 63. v. 557.

v. 1838. *ydder*] i. e. udder.

v. 1840. *slydder*] i. e. slippery.

v. 1841. *for God auowe*] So presently, v. 1851, “*I make God auowe:*” see note, p. 32. v. 199.

— *chydder*] i. e. shiver.

v. 1842. *Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers in the wynde*] An expression which occurs again in our author’s *Speke, Parrot*, v. 295. vol. ii. 261. So too in a comedy (before quoted), *The longer thou liuest, the more foole thou art, &c. Newly compiled by W. Wager, n. d.;*

“A song much like thauthour of the same,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.”

Sig. D ii.

Page 87. v. 1844. *carle*] i. e. churl.

v. 1848. *a losell lede a lurden*] i. e. one good-for-nothing fellow lead another: see note, p. 163. v. 138, and note on v. 423 of the present poem, p. 213.

v. 1849. *sowter*] i. e. shoemaker, cobbler.

v. 1850. *Cockes harte*] i. e. God’s heart: see note on v. 518. p. 215.

v. 1854. *I shall gyue you a gaude of a goslyng that I gaue*] *Gaud* is found in the sense of—jest, trick,

toy, &c.: but the line (perhaps corrupted) is beyond my comprehension.

Page 87. v. 1856. *reue*] i. e. steward, bailiff.

v. 1858. *syke*] i. e. such.

v. 1859. *Sadylgose*] i. e. Saddle-goose.

— *Dawcocke*] See note, p. 36. v. 301.

Page 88. v. 1860. *garre*] i. e. make, cause.

v. 1862. *bytter*] i. e. bittern.

* v. 1863. *frame*] i. e. succeed, go well.

v. 1864. *to grame*] i. e. to be angry, — or perhaps to grieve; the word being found in both senses.

v. 1865. *snyte*] i. e. snipe.

v. 1868. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 1871. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

— *iapes*] i. e. jests, jokes.

v. 1876. *sone*] i. e. soon.

Page 89. v. 1882. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 1886. *payntyd*] See note, p. 121. v. 583.

v. 1887. *demenour*] i. e. director: see note, p. 62. v. 553.

v. 1891. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

v. 1892. *fondnesse*] i. e. folly.

Page 90. v. 1896. *rode*] i. e. rood, cross: see note, p. 159. v. 69.

v. 1898. *broder*] i. e. brother.

v. 1899. *lokys*] i. e. looks.

v. 1900. *clokys*] i. e. claws — clutches; see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Cleuck*.

v. 1903. *quyte*] i. e. requite.

v. 1904. *velyarde*] i. e. old man, dotard.

— *dynt*] i. e. blow.

v. 1906. *losell*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellow. See note, p. 163. v. 138.

Page 90. v. 1908. *hyght*] i. e. am called.

v. 1910. *rughly*] i. e. roughly.

v. 1912. *lust*] i. e. pleasure, liking.

v. 1913. *lurden*] i. e. worthless fellow. See note on v. 423. p. 213.

Page 91. v. 1915. *set by hym a flye*] i. e. value him at a fly, care a fly for him.

v. 1916. *brace*] i. e. swagger. See note, p. 174. v. 33.

v. 1917. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 1918. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 1928. *carbuckyls*] i. e. carbuncles.

v. 1930. *lyppers*] i. e. lepers.

v. 1932. *Some with the marmoll to halte I them make*] — *marmoll*, i. e. old sore, ulcer, gangrene. “*Marmoll, a sore, lovp.*” Palsgrave, p. 243. Skelton recollected Chaucer;

“But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.”

Prol. to Cant. Tales, v. 387.

on which passage see Tyrwhitt's note.

v. 1934. *brennynge*] i. e. burning.

v. 1936. *walter*] i. e. tumble, roll. “I *Walter*, I tumble, *Je me voystre.*” Palsgrave, p. 771.

Page 92. v. 1939. *sle*] i. e. slay.

v. 1945. *Lydderyns*] i. e. *Lydder*, wicked, persons: so in our author's *Garlande of Laurell*, “Some *lidders*—*ons*, some losels,” &c. v. 188. vol. ii. 178.

— *set by*] i. e. value, regard.

v. 1958. *franesy*] i. e. frensy.

v. 1960. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, dignity.

v. 1961. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 1962. *loke*] i. e. look.

Page 93. v. 1966. *sadly*] i. e. gravely, seriously, soberly, discreetly.

v. 1967. *preposytour*] i. e. a scholar appointed by the master to overlook the rest. "I am *preposyter* of my boke. Duco classem." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. R viii. ed. 1530.

v. 1968. *theyr wanton vagys*] — *vagys*, i. e. vagaries, strayings. Richardson in his *Dict.* gives an example of this substantive (*vagues*) from Holinshed.

v. 1977. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 1979. *Howe*] i. e. Ho.

v. 1980. *lore*] i. e. teaching.

v. 1984. *vnlykyng*] i. e. in poor condition of body "The strength and lustinesse, or *well lykyng* of my body." Palsgrave's *Acolastus*, 1540. sig. U iiiii. "I am withered," says Falstaff, "like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some *liking*." Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. Part i. act iii. sc. 3.

Page 94. v. 1989. *enuy*] i. e. ill-will, grudge.

* v. 1993. *fe*] i. e. possessions.

v. 1995. *thought*] i. e. sorrow; see note, p. 23. v. 10.

v. 2004. *syth*] i. e. since.

— *no nother*] A not unfrequent form in our early writers, — i. e. none other.

v. 2005. *take it in gre*] i. e. take it kindly: see note, p. 16. v. 68.

v. 2006. *a noble estate*] i. e. a person of noble estate or rank.

Page 95. v. 2014. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 2026. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 2034. *cawdels*] According to the custom of great persons. So in the ballad of *Glasgerion*;

“ He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and *caudle* stooode.”

Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.*, iii. 43. ed. 1794.

Page 95. v. 2035. *mamockes*] “ *Mammocks*, leavings,
wasted fragments.” Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia*.

Page 96. v. 2037. *fayne*] i. e. glad.

v. 2038. *pomped*] In our text at least is equivalent
to — pampered.

“ The *pomped* clerkes with foles [fodes] delicous
Erth often fedeth,” &c.

Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, sig. B b iiiii. ed. 1555.

v. 2040. *to be drawe*] i. e. to be drawn over, covered.

v. 2042. *shertes of Raynes*] i. e. shirts made of the
delicate species of linen manufactured at Rennes in
Brittany.

v. 2044. *happed*] i. e. covered.

v. 2054. *sykernesse*] i. e. security, sureness.

Page 97. v. 2061. *plete*] i. e. plead.

* v. 2064. *lyther*] i. e. lazy, heavy.

v. 2066. *leuer*] i. e. more willingly.

v. 2070. *they rynne to in manus tuas quecke*] —
rynne, i. e. run, — they quickly come to be hanged,
when they say *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo
spiritum meum*.

— *mote*] i. e. may.

v. 2073. *too*] i. e. toe.

v. 2077. *rydlesse*] In v. 2445 is “ *redlesse*,” which
properly means — devoid of counsel: but Skelton
seems to use both forms in the sense of — unavailing,
[helpless.]

Page 98. v. 2080. *bloo*] i. e. livid: see note, p. 25.

v. 3.

v. 2093. *I garde her gaspe, I garde her gle*] — *garde*,

i. e. made, caused: *gle*, i. e., perhaps, squint; see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Gley*.

Page 98. v. 2094. *daunce on the le*] A fragment, it would seem, of some song: *le*, i. e. *lea*.

v. 2095. *bassed*] i. e. kissed.

v. 2096. *the bote of all my bale*] i. e. the remedy or help of all my evil or sorrow.

“God send every good man *bote of his bale*.”

Chaucer's *Chanones Yemannes Tale*,
v. 16949. ed. Tyr.

v. 2097. *farre fet*] i. e. far-fetched.

v. 2098. *louesome*] i. e. lovely one.

v. 2098. *let*] i. e. leave, desist.

v. 2100. *pallet*] — or *partlet*, — i. e. a sort of ruff, or rather neckkerchief: see Strutt's *Dress and Habits, &c.* ii. 368.

Page 99. v. 2104. *lust and lykynge*] See note, p. 19. v. 23.

v. 2106. *me lyst*] i. e. pleases me.

v. 2113. *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

v. 2114. *to moche*] i. e. too much.

v. 2115. *not worth an hawe*] A common expression in our early poetry;

“Your wo appease which is *not worth an haw*.”

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. ii.
sig. I iiiii. ed. 1555.

v. 2116. *to free of the daw*] Equivalent, I suppose, to — too much fooling: see note, p. 36. v. 301.

* v. 2117. *sad*] i. e. serious.

* v. 2121. *to to out of harre*] too much out of hinge, out of order. See notes on v. 881. p. 224, and v. 921 p. 225.

Page 99. v. 2123. *iettynge*] i. e. strutting : see note, p. 15. v. 43.

— *iapes*] i. e. jests, jokes.

v. 2124. *mowynge*] i. e. making mouths, grimacing.

— *iackenapes*] i. e. monkey.

Page 100. v. 2132. *brothell*] Was formerly applied as a term of reproach to the worthless of either sex :

“ Of this daye gladdē was many a *brothell*

That myght haue an ore with Cocke Lorell.”

Cocke Lorelles bote, n. d. sig. C ii.

v. 2135. *Cockes armes*] i. e. God's arms : see note on v. 518. p. 215.

v. 2138. *lurden*] i. e. good-for-nothing, wretched fellow : see note on v. 423. p. 213.

v. 2141. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

v. 2143. *conuenyent*] i. e. fit, suitable.

v. 2148. *poddyngē prycke*] i. e. skewer that fastens the pudding-bag.

v. 2150. *pot sharde*] i. e. potsherd.

v. 2151. *the spence of a noble*] i. e. the expense or spending of a noble, — the gold coin so called.

Page 101. v. 2152. *c. s̄.*] i. e. a hundred shillings.

v. 2155. *occupied*] Though our author, according to his occasionally pleonastic style, has in the next line but one “*occupied* and vsyd,” the words are synonymous : see note, p. 3. v. 52.

v. 2156. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 2159. *retchlesse*] i. e. reckless.

v. 2162. *rynne*] i. e. run.

* v. 2164. *skyll*] i. e. matter : see note on v. 1615 of the present poem.

v. 2165. *spyll*] i. e. destroy.

Page 101. v. 2166. *some fall prechyng at the Toure Hyll*] So in *Thenterlude of Youth*, n. d.;

“By our Lady he dyd promote the
To make the *preche* at the galowe tre.”

Sig. B i.

v. 2168. *nother they set by*] i. e. neither they value, regard.

v. 2171. *lusty to loke on*] i. e. pleasant to look on.

Page 102. v. 2172. *nonnes*] i. e. nuns.

v. 2173. *Freers*] i. e. Friars.

— *fayne*] i. e. glad, joyful.

* v. 2175. *ouer all*] i. e. everywhere.

* v. 2177. *rechate*] i. e. sound a recheat, recall: see note, p. 200. v. 215.

v. 2186. *brast*] i. e. burst.

v. 2187. *spewe and cast*] One of Skelton's pleonasm.

v. 2188. *gotted . . . to thy share*] —*gotted*, i. e. gotten.

Page 103. v. 2193. *ye*] i. e. yea.

v. 2194. *to wed*] i. e. for a pawn, pledge.

v. 2195. *a daggesswane*] i. e. a rough sort of coverlet.

“*Dagsswayne*. Lodex.” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. “My bedde is couered with a *daggesswayne* and a quylte . . . *gausape* . . .” — “Some *daggesswaynes* haue longe thrummes & iagges on bothe sydes: some but on one.”

Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. g iii. ed. 1530.

— *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 2196. *metely well*] “*Metely: Moyennement, Assez . . . Passablement.*” Palsgrave, p. 839. “He is *metely* 'erned. *Mediocriter doctus est.*” Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. R viii. ed. 1530.

v. 2197. *dele*] i. e. part, bit.

Page 103. v. 2198. *in the deuyls date*] See note, p. 41. v. 375.

v. 2201. *the messe*] i. e. the Mass.

Page 104. v. 2204. *hose*] i. e. breeches.

v. 2207. *skelpe*] i. e. slap, strike : see Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*

v. 2208. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 2209. *Cockes bones*] i. e. God's bones : see note on v. 518. p. 215.

* — *blysse*] i. e. wound, bruise, &c. : see note on v. 1641.

v. 2210. *dyngge the deuyll*] — *dyngge*, i. e. strike, knock. So again in our author's poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c. ;

“ And the deuill downe dyngge.”

v. 210. vol. ii. 328.

Compare *The Droichis Part of the Play*, attributed to Dunbar ;

“ That dang the devill, and gart him yowle.”

Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 38. ed. Laing.

—— *holde*] i. e. holden, held.

v. 2211. *rede*] i. e. advise.

v. 2214. *wryngge thy be in a brake*] Some cant expression : *brake*, see note, p. 111. v. 324, and note on *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 980.

v. 2215. *dawe*] i. e. simpleton.

v. 2216. *fawchyn*] i. e. cut.

v. 2217. *cauell*] “ *Kevil, Kephyl*, A horse, contemptuously applied to a person, ‘thou girt kevil.’” *The Dialect of Craven*, &c. Compare Lydgate's verses, entitled in the Catalogue, *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues* ;

"I saugh a *kevell* corpulent of stature,
Lyk a materas redlyd was his coote," &c.

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 132.

* Page 104. v. 2218. *iauell*] "*Iauell*. Ioppus." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499. Of this common term of contempt (which Skelton uses in other passages) the meaning and etymology are uncertain. Todd (Johnson's *Dict.* in v.) explains it "A wandering or dirty fellow;" shews that it is sometimes written *jabel*; and would derive it from the verb, *javel*, *jable*, or *jarble*, to bemire, to bedew. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) refers it to the French *javelle*, which sometimes means "a faggot of brushwood or other worthless materials." The compiler of the *Gloss* to *The Towneley Mysteries* (under *Hawvelle*) considers it equivalent to —jabberer. [It has not been suggested that this word may be only a shortened form of *javellone*, *jevellone*, jailer. The Lieutenant of the Tower, advising Sir Thos. More to put on worse clothes at his execution, gave this reason, "because he that is to have them is but a *Javel*." Halliwell's *Dict.*]

Page 105. v. 2223. *iche*] i. e. I.

v. 2229. *all one*] i. e. all agreed.

v. 2233. *rode*] i. e. rood, cross: see note, p. 159. v. 69.

v. 2235. *By our lakyn*] i. e. by our Lady. See note on v. 341. p. 211.

Page 106. v. 2242. *acomberyd*] i. e. encumbered, troubled.

v. 2243. *Goddys fote*] i. e. God's foot.

* v. 2244. *facyd*] i. e. outbraved, hectored. See note, p. 174, v. 33.

v. 2246 *condycyons*] i. e. qualities, dispositions. See note, p. 132. v. 12.

* Page 106. v. 2248. *bracyd*] i. e. bullied. See note, p. 174. v. 33.

v. 2249. *defaute*] i. e. default, defect.

v. 2250. *to haute*] i. e. too haughty.

v. 2252. *pratyer*] i. e. prettier.

* Page 107. v. 2258. *gardeuyaunce*] In a note on Dunbar's *Freir of Tunland*, Lord Hailes observes that *gardyvians* is "literally *garde de viande*, or cupboard; but there it implies his cabinet;" and Mr. D. Laing adds, "rather, a portable cabinet." Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 243. Skelton appears to use the word in the sense of—trunk. [“‘*Scriniolum*; a kasket or forsar, a *gardiviance*.’ Elyot. 1559.” Halliwell's *Dict.*]

v. 2259. *bowget*] i. e. budget.

v. 2260. *male*] i. e. bag, wallet.

v. 2262. *Your trymyng and tramynge by me must be tangyt*] The reader will hardly expect that I should attempt any precise explanation of this line.

v. 2264. *When we with Magnyfyence goodys made cheuysaunce*]—*cheuysaunce*, i. e. booty: see note, p. 30.

v. 100. Compare Gower;

“Right as a thefe maketh his cheuesance,
And robbeth mens gooddes aboute,” &c.

Conf. Ari. B. v. fol. cxvi. ed. 1554.

v. 2265. *wengaunce*] i. e. vengeance.

v. 2266. *banne and wary*] “I warrye, I banne or curse. *Je mauldys*.” Palsgrave, p. 772. Barclay is even more pleonastic than Skelton;

“And your vnkindness weray, ban and curse.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 22. ed. 1570.

v. 2268. *Cockys bonys*] i. e. God's bones; see note on v. 518. p. 215.

v. 2270. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

Page 108. v. 2275. *gaure*] i. e. stare : see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer's Cant. Tales*. Yet Palsgrave has "I *Gaure*, I krye, *Je hue*. Howe he *gaureth* after his hauke : *Cōment il heue apres son oyseau*." p. 561.

v. 2276. *yll hayle*] See note, p. 122. v. 617.

v. 2283. *the gowte and the gyn*] If *gyn* means (as the context seems to prove) some bodily ailment, I know not what it is.

v. 2287. *murre*] i. e. severe cold with hoarseness.

— *pose*] i. e. rheum in the head.

v. 2288. *requiem æternam groweth forth of his nose*] Heywood has a similar expression ;

"Hunger droppeth *euen out of both their noses*."

Dialogue, &c. sig. D 4. — *Workes*, ed. 1598.

And Cotgrave ; " *Chishe-face* . . . one out of whose nose hunger drops." *Dict.*

v. 2291. *the halfe strete*] On the Bank-side, Southwark, — where the stews were : it is mentioned in the following curious passage of *Cocke Lorelles bote*, n. d. (where the "wynde fro wynchester" alludes to the temporary suppression of the Southwark stews at the intercession of the Bishop of Winchester) ;

"Syr this pardon is newe founde
By syde London brydge, in a holy grounde
Late called the stewes banke.
Ye knowe well all that there was
Some relygyous women in that place,
To whome men offred many a franke,
And bycause they were so kynde and lyberall,
A merueylous auenture there is be fall.
Yf ye lyst to here how,
There came suche a wynde fro wynchester,
That blewe these women ouer the ryuer,

In wherye, as I wyll you tell,
 Some at saynt Kateryns stroke a grounde,
 And many in holborne were founde.
 Some at saynt Gyles, I trowe,
 Also in aue maria aly, and at westmenster,
 And some in shordyche drewe theder,
 With grete lamentacyon ;
 And by cause they haue lost that fayre place,
 They wyll bylde at colman hedge in space
 Another noble mansyon,
 Fayrer and euer *the halfe strete* was.
 For euery house newe paued is with gras,
 Shall be full of fayre floures ;
 The walles shall be of hauthorne, I wote well,
 And hanged w^t whyte motly y^t swete doth smell ;
 Grene shall be the coloures,
 And as for this olde place, these wenches holy
 They wyll not haue it called the stewys for foly,
 But maketh it strabery banke." Sig. B iv.

Page 109. v. 2293. *molton*] Long after Skelton's time, as the readers of our early dramatists will recollect, *mutton* was a favorite cant term for a prostitute.

v. 2294. *Ye . . . to*] i. e. Yea . . . too.

v. 2295. *queysy mete*] "*Quaisy* as meate or drinke is, *dangereux*." Palsgrave, p. 321. Compare *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, n. d. ;

"I pray you fil you not to much of the *mutton* ;
 I promise you that it is very *queisy*." Sig. A.

v. 2297. *In fay*] i. e. In faith.

v. 2302. *frotty*] Is frequently, as here, used by our early writers for — *forty*.

v. 2303. *at all assayes*] See note on v. 433, p. 213.

Page 110. v. 2311. *sleeth*] i. e. slayeth.

v. 2315. *bronde*] i. e. brand.

v. 2316. *stonde*] i. e. stand.

v. 2319. *lewldly*] i. e. vilely, basely (but here it seems to be used as an adjective).

v. 2320. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 2322. *fer*] i. e. far.

v. 2324. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 2330. *agayne*] i. e. against.

Page 111. v. 2332. *wyte*] i. e. blame.

v. 2333. *rede*] i. e. counsel.

v. 2335. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

— *ryd thy selfe*] i. e. set free thyself, — despatch thyself.

v. 2340. *honge*] i. e. hang.

v. 2342. *tonge*] i. e. thong.

v. 2343. *throte bole*] i. e. throat-bowl, — protuberance of the throat. “Throte gole or *throte bole*, *neu de la gorge*, *gosier*.” Palsgrave, p. 281. In *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. is “Epiglotum, a *throte bolle*.” — “It is not impossible,” says Warton, alluding to this passage, “that Despare [Myschefe] offering the knife and the halter, might give a distant hint to Spenser.” *Hist. of E. P.* (Em. and Ad. to p. 363 of vol. ii.) ed. 4to. See *The Faerie Queene*, i. ix. 50.

Page 112. v. 2352. *Out, harowe*] — *harowe* (variously spelt) is common in our early poetry as an exclamation of alarm or sudden distress, or an outcry for help. “Interiectyons of outkrye: *Haro*, as *Haro*, *alarme*, *trahy*, *trahy*.” Palsgrave, p. 888. On the origin of the word see Du Cange’s *Gloss.* in vv. *Haro*, *Haroep*; Tyrwhitt’s note on v. 3286 of Chaucer’s *Cant. Tales*; Jamieson’s

Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. in v. *Harro*; and Roquefort's *Gloss. to La Lang. Rom.* in v. *Harau*.

Page 112. v. 2352. *hyll*] i. e. hell.

v. 2353. *combred*] i. e. encumbered, troubled.

v. 2354. *sloo*] i. e. slay.

— *nature and kynde*] A pleonastic expression.

v. 2357. *sautes*] i. e. assaults.

v. 2361. *soner*] i. e. sooner.

v. 2362. *luge*] i. e. (I suppose) lodge, abode.

* v. 2365. *wanhope*] i. e. want of hope,—despair. In some of our early writers, however, we find a distinction made between *wanhope* and *despair*.

Page 113. v. 2370. *dysease*] i. e. uneasiness, pain.

v. 2373. *ony*] i. e. any.

v. 2375. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 2383. *lectuary*] i. e. electuary.

v. 2387. *gommes goostly*] i. e. gums ghostly, spiritual.

— *herte*] i. e. heart.

v. 2388. *To thanke God of his sonde*]—*his sonde*, i. e. his sending,—his providential dispensation.

Page 114. v. 2392. *fote*] i. e. foot.

v. 2394. *mode*] i. e. mood.

v. 2398. *dyscryue*] Signifies—describe; but in the present passage it would seem to mean—discover, search, try.

v. 2406. *Ye*] i. e. Yea.

v. 2411. *sone*] i. e. soon.

Page 116. v. 2430. *apayed*] i. e. satisfied, pleased.

v. 2433. *abylyment*] i. e. habiliment.

v. 2434. *adyusement*] i. e. consideration, heed.

v. 2435. *confyrmable*] i. e. conformable.

Page 116. v. 2444. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 2445. *redlesse*] See note on v. 2077.

Page 117. v. 2449. *to accompte you the contynewe of my consayte*] i. e. to tell you the continuation, the rest, of my conceit, conception.

v. 2455. *sad*] i. e. serious, discreet. See note on v. 1711.

v. 2457. *that is no nay*] i. e. that is not to be denied.

v. 2458. *inhatheth*] Skelton's fondness for compound words has been already noticed (see note, p. 28. v. 31); and here most probably *inhatheth* was not intended to convey a stronger meaning than—*hatheth*.

— *rennynge*] i. e. running.

v. 2460. *ne can*] i. e. can not.

v. 2465. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

Page 118. v. 2467. *thorowly ingrosed*] i. e. (as the context would seem to shew) fully written out.

v. 2468. *Pountes*] i. e. Pontoise.

v. 2469. *hyght*] i. e. is called.

v. 2479. *ouerthrow*] i. e. overthrown.

* Page 119. v. 2485. *hafters*] i. e. cheats, sharpers. See note, p. 30. v. 138.

— *forfende*] i. e. forbid, prohibit.

v. 2493. *sentence*] i. e. meaning.

v. 2494. *corage*] i. e. heart, affection.

— *flyt*] i. e. remove.

Page 120. v. 2499. *worshyp*] i. e. honour, dignity.

v. 2500. *sadnesse*] i. e. seriousness, discretion. See note on v. 1382. p. 238.

v. 2503. *I wyll refrayne you farther, or we flyt*] i. e. I will question you farther before we remove (*refrayne* being here, it would seem, according to Skelton's use of such compounds, equivalent to the simple, and not an uncommon word,—*frayne*).

Page 120. v. 2506. *processe*] i. e. relation, discourse :
see notes, p. 75. v. 735.

v. 2507. *Syth*] i. e. Since.

* — *erectyd*] i. e. directed, referred. See note on
v. 95. p. 207.

v. 2508. *aforse me*] i. e. exert myself, do my endea-
vour.

* v. 2511. *corage*] i. e. heart, disposition.

v. 2510. *warkys*] i. e. works.

v. 2513. *largesse*] i. e. liberality.

— *to*] i. e. too.

v. 2517. *the nygarde nor the chyncherde*] Synony-
mous terms. "*Chynche* or *chynchare*. Preparcus."
Prompt. Parv. ed. 1499.

Page 121. v. 2518. *negarship*] i. e. niggardship.

* v. 2522. *fumously adresse you with magnanymyte*] i. e. hotly, vigorously provide, furnish yourself with, &c. [Qy. famously?]

v. 2525. *affyaunce*] i. e. trust.

v. 2534. *this processe*] i. e. this drama of *Magnyfy-
cence*: (so presently, "this interlude" v. 2548, "this
treatyse" v. 2562, "this mater" v. 2576:) see note on
v. 2506, above.

v. 2539. *seke[r]nesse*] i. e. security, sureness.

v. 2541. *lawe*] i. e. low; as in v. 190.

Page 122. v. 2544. *leue*] i. e. willing.

v. 2550. *auaunsyd*] i. e. advanced.

v. 2557. *lacke*] i. e. fault, blame.

v. 2563. *comberyd*] i. e. encumbered, troubled.

Page 123. v. 2573. *maysterfest*] i. e. master-fast.

* v. 2577. *Precely purposyd*] i. e. Briefly discoursed.

v. 2583. *the terestre rechery*] If "*rechery*" be the

right reading, I know not what it means. Qy. "trechery?" as before, v. 2046,

"Fye on *this worlde, full of trechery.*"

— *flode*] i. e. flood.

v. 2585. *Ensordyd*] Could only, I presume, mean—defiled: but qy., as the context seems to require, "Ensorbyd," i. e. sucked in, swallowed?

— *wawys*] i. e. waves.

— *wode*] i. e. mad, raging.

v. 2586. *brast*] i. e. burst,—break.

v. 2588. *hym*] Must be an error of the press for "hymselfe;" compare v. 2581.

v. 2590. *syttynge*] i. e. proper, becoming.

v. 2591. *ryalte*] i. e. royalty.

v. 2593, *indeuer*] i. e. endure, continue, dwell.

COLYN CLOUTE.

This powerful and original poem must have been circulated in MS., probably for a considerable time, before it was given to the press; for from a passage towards the conclusion, v. 1239, we learn that those against whom its satire was directed would not "suffer it to be printed." In *Colyn Cloute*, Skelton appears to have commenced his attacks on Wolsey.

"I could never conceive, Mr. Warton, to what Drayton alludes, in the preface to his *Eclogues*, where he says, that 'the Colin Clout of SCOGAN, under Henry the Seventh, is pretty.' He is speaking of pastoral poetry; and adds that 'Barklays ship of fools hath

twenty wiser in it.' You somewhere say [*Hist. of E. P.* iii. 76, note, ed. 4to], 'he must mean SKELTON; but what PASTORAL did HE write?" Ritson's *Obs. on Warton's Hist. of E. P.*, p. 20 (note); see too his *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 99. I believe that Drayton did mean Skelton. *Colyn Cloute* is surely as much a *pastoral* as Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*,—as much perhaps as even Barclay's *Egloges*.

Page 125. *Quis consurget mecum, &c.*] *Vulg. Psal.* xciii. 16, where "Quis consurget mihi," &c.

— *Nemo, Domine*] *Id. Joan.* viii. 11.

v. 1. *What can it auayle*
 To dryue forth a snayle]

So in *Gentylnes and Nobylte*, n. d. (attributed without grounds to Heywood);

"In effect it shall no more *auayle*
Than with a whyp *to dryfe a snayle.*"

Sig. C ii.

v. 9. *bokes*] i. e. books.

Page 126. v. 20. *He pryeth and he peketh*] See note, p. 217. v. 667. So Gascoigne;

"That other *pries and peekes* in euerie place."
The Steele Glasse, fol. 301,—*Workes*, ed. 1587.

v. 28. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 29. *scole*] i. e. school.

v. 30. *a thre foted stole*] i. e. a three-footed stool.

v. 36. *The deuyll, they say, is dede*] Heywood has six Epigrams on this proverbial expression,—*Workes*, sig. N 2. ed. 1598. Ray gives, "Heigh ho, *the Devil is dead.*" *Proverb*;, p. 55. ed. 1768.

Page 127. v. 51. *connyng bagge*] i. e. bag, store, of knowledge or learning.

v. 52. *hagge*] See note, p. 21. v. 19.

v. 53. *though my ryme be ragged*] So Sir D. Lyndsay; "my rural raggit vers." *Prol. to Monarchie*,—*Works*, ii. 330. ed. Chalmers; and Spenser, "My ragged rimes." *F. Queene*, i. xii. 23.

v. 56. *moughte eaten*] i. e. moth-eaten.

v. 66. *blother*] i. e. gabble.

v. 67. *The tone agayng*] i. e. The one against.

v. 68. *shoder*] i. e. shudder.

v. 69. *hoder moder*] i. e. hugger-mugger.

v. 70. *faute*] i. e. fault.

v. 71. *ben so haut*] i. e. be so haughty.

v. 72. *loke*] i. e. look.

Page 128. v. 77. *sely*] i. e. silly, simple, harmless.

v. 79. *wull*] i. e. wool.

v. 80. *Vnethes*] i. e. Scarcely.

v. 82. *connynge*] i. e. knowledge. learning.

v. 83. *A glommynge*] i. e. A glumming, a looking gloomy, sour.

— *a mummynge*] Compare our author elsewhere;

"Men of suche maters make but a *mummynge*."

Garlande of Laurell, v. 200. vol. ii. 179.

"Thhere was amonge them no worde then but *mun*."

Id. v. 1118. p. 218.

"But play scylens and glum,
Can say nothyng but *mun*."

v. 906 of the present poem.

v. 84. *iape*] i. e. jest, joke.

v. 86. *hole*] i. e. whole.

Page 128. v. 89. *the forked cap*] i. e. the mitre.

“No wise man is desirous to obtayne

The forked cappe without he worthy be.”

Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, fol. 236. ed. 1570.

v. 90. *to lewd*] i. e. too wicked, vile.

v. 91. *all beshrewd*] i. e. altogether cursed.

v. 99. *For other mennes skyll*]—*skyll*, i. e. reason: the line seems to mean—Notwithstanding other men's reasons.

Page 129. v. 107. *solfa so alamyre*]—*alamire* is the lowest note but one in Guido Aretine's scale of music: Gayton, in his *Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, says (metaphorically) that Maritornes “plaid her part so wel, that she run through all the keyes from *A-la-mi-re* to double Gammut,” &c. p. 83.

v. 108. *premenyre*] i. e. præmunire.

v. 115. *heedes*] i. e. heads.

v. 119. *warke*] i. e. work.

Page 130. v. 137.

A great parte is for slouth,

But the greatestt parte

Is for they haue but small arte

And ryght sklender connyng

Within theyr heedes wonnyng]

—*sklender connyng*, i. e. slender knowledge, learning: *wonnyng*, i. e. dwelling. The meaning of the passage is—a great part of this is owing to their laziness, but it is chiefly to be attributed to their ignorance, &c.

v. 151. *werkes*] i. e. works.

v. 152. *Ure*] i. e. Urias.

v. 154. *werryn*] i. e. hinder, ward off.

v. 159. *heery*] i. e. hairy.

v. 160. *Set nought by*] i. e. Value not.

Page 130. v. 160. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 162. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 163. *loth to hang the bell*

Aboute the cattes necke]

So Heywood ;

“ And I will *hang the bell about the cats necke* :

For I will first breake and ieoperd the first checke.”

Dialogue, &c. sig. D 3,—Workes, ed. 1598.

See *Pierce Plowman*, where one of the rats proposes that a bell should be hung about the cat's neck. Sig. A iii. ed. 1561 ; and Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 85. ed. 1768.

Page 131. v. 166. *to play deuz decke]* An allusion, I suppose, to some game.

v. 167. *for the becke]* i. e. to obey the nod of command.

v. 169. *Moche herted]* i. e. Much hearted.

v. 178. *combred]* i. e. encumbered.

v. 181. *Sho the mockysse mare]* So in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte* ;

“ And *Mocke* hath lost her shoo.”

v. 83. vol. ii. 279.

v. 182. *Wynche and keke]* i. e. wince and kick.

v. 183. *not worth a leke]* An expression not uncommon in our early poetry :

“ No fallow *wourth ane leik.*”

G. Douglas's *King Hart*—Pinkerton's *An. Scot. Poems from Maitl. MSS. i. 42.*

“ Such loue I preise not *at a leke.*”

Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose*, fol. 130,—
Workes, ed. 1602.

v. 190. *Amende whan ye may,*
For, usque ad montem Sare,
Men say ye can not appare]

—*appare*, i. e. impair. The meaning of this passage, —in which (as I have already noted *ad loc.*) it seems probable from a comparison of the MS. and the printed copies, that Skelton used the forms “Seire” and “appeire,”—is—Amend when ye may, for it is said by every body, even as far as Mount Seir, that ye cannot be worse than ye are. The Latin words are a quotation from the Vulgate: “Et circuit de Baala contra occidentem, usque ad montem Seir.” *Josue*, xv. 10.

Page 131. v. 194. *hauke on hobby larkes*] See notes, p. 237. v. 1358. p. 242. v. 1582.

v. 195. *warkes*] i. e. works.

Page 132. v. 198. *The gray gose for to sho*] Hoccleve uses this proverbial expression;

“Ye medle of al thyng, ye moot *shoo the goos.*”

Poems, p. 13. ed. 1796.

and Heywood has the following Epigram;

“*Of common medlers.*

“He that medleth with all thing, may *shoe the gosling.*
If all such medlers were set to goose shoing,
No goose need go barefoote betweene this and
Greece,
For so wo should haue as many goose shoers as
geese.”

Sig. P 2,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

See also Davies's *Scourge of Follie (Prouerbs)*, n. d. p. 175.

v. 209. *pranes*] i. e. prawns.

v. 211. *werynge*] i. e. wearing.

v. 213. *ne peason*] i. e. nor peas.

v. 214. *loke to be let lose*] i. e. look to be let loose.

Page 132. v. 215. *gose*] i. e. goose.

v. 216. *Your gorge not endewed
Without a capon, &c.]*

Equivalent to—You not digesting any thing except, &c.: see notes, p. 160. v. 78, and p. 161. v. 87.

v. 218. *a stewed cocke*] Compare the following passage in the *Interlude of the iiii Elementes*, n. d.;

“*Tauernner.* Though all capons be gone, what than?
yet I can get you *a stewed hen*
That is redy dyght.

Humanyte. yf she be fat yt wyll do well.

Tauernner. Fat or lene I cannot tell,
But as for this, I wot well
She lay at the stewes all nyght.”

Sig. B. vi.

v. 219. *To knowe whate ys a clocke*

Vnder her surfled [MS. surfuld] smocke]

Compare Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c.;

“Howbeit suddenly she minded on a day,
To pick the chest locke, wherein this bagge lay :

But streight as she had forthwith opened the locke,
And look't in the bagge, *what it was a clocke,*” &c.

Sig. K 3,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

In our author's *Garlande of Laurell* we find,

“With burris rowth and bottons *surffillynyg* [MS. *surfullinge*].” v. 803. vol. ii. 206.

which is cited (*Dict.* in *v. Surfel*) by Richardson, who, after quoting from Gifford that “To *surphule* or *surfel* the checks, is to wash them with mercurial or sulphur water,” &c., adds that Gifford's “explanation does not

extend to the passage from Skelton." The fact seems to be that Skelton uses *surfle* for *purfle*, i. e. border, embroider: and I may notice that Brathwait, on the other hand, seems to employ *purfle* for *surfle*;

"With painting, *purfling*, and a face of Art."

A Strappado for the Diuell, 1615, p. 150.

Page 132. v. 222.

And howe whan ye gyue orders

In your prouinciall borders,

As at Sitientes, &c.]

Sitientes is the first word of the Introit of the Mass for Passion Sunday ("*Sitientes, venite ad aquas, dicit Dominus,*" &c., *Isaiah* lv. 1). For this note I am indebted to W. Dyce, Esq., who further observes that *Sitientes* Saturday was of old, and is now abroad, the Saturday before Passion Sunday.

Page 133. v. 233. *renne they in euery stede*] i. e. run they in every place.

v. 234. *nolles*] i. e. heads.

v. 239. *Pystle*] i. e. Epistle.

v. 243. *prymes and houres*] i. e. the devotions so named.

v. 248. *vagabundus*] i. e. vagabonds.

v. 251. *ale stake*] i. e. stake set up before an ale-house by way of sign.

v. 252. *welcome hake and make*] An expression which I have not elsewhere met with. Ray gives among *North Country words*, "To *hake*, To sneak, or loiter:" in Hunter's *Hallam. Gloss.* is "A *haking* fellow, an idle loiterer;" and in a song cited by Mr. J. P. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, ii. 472) from a MS. drama called *Misogonus* by T. Richards, we find,—

“ With Bes and Nell we love to dwell,
In kissinge and in *hakinge*.”

—*make* is common in the sense of—mate, companion

Page 134. v. 262. *stylla*] i. e. still.

v. 263. *wylla*] i. e. will.

v. 264. *pekes*] See note, p. 55. v. 409.

v. 266. *faute*] i. e. fault.

v. 267. *apposed*] i. e. questioned, examined. “ He was *apposed*, or examyned of his byleue. De religione *appellatus est*.” Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. D ii. ed. 1530.

v. 269. *connyng*] i. e. knowledge, learning.

v. 284. *Tom a thrum*] See note, p. 140. v. 204.

Page 135. v. 293.

There shall no clergy oppose

A myter nor a crose,

But a full purse]—*clergy*, i. e. erudition.

“ Androgeus by kyng Mynos was sent,
For he should profite in *cleargy*,
To Athens.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xii.
ed. Wayland.

—*ppose* seems to be used in a different sense from that in which we have just had it (v. 267), and to be equivalent to—procure: *crose*, i. e. crosier.

Page 136. v. 299. *a hermoniake*] A term I am unable to explain.

v. 303. *Ouer*] i. e. Besides.

— *the foresayd laye*] i. e. the above-mentioned
lity.

v. 305. *anker*] i. e. anchorite.

v. 310. *To ryde vpon a mule*

With golde all betrayed]

Perhaps, as Warton thinks (note on *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347. ed. 4to), an allusion to Wolsey: afterwards in this poem, the Cardinal appears to be pointed at more plainly.

Page 136. v. 312. *purple and paule*] An expression which frequently occurs, more particularly in ballad-poetry (considered by Percy and others as equivalent to—purple robe): *paule*, i. e. pall, rich or fine cloth.

v. 316. *Raynes*] See note, p. 251. v. 2042.

Page 137. v. 317. *morowes mylke*] i. e. morning's milk.

v. 318. *tabertes*] *Tabards*,—jackets or coats, without sleeves, close before and behind, and open at the sides, are still worn by heralds: but those mentioned in the text were longer,—a sort of riding-cloaks. “*Tabard*, a garment, *manteau*.” Palsgrave, p. 278. And see Du Cange's *Gloss.* in v. *Tabartum*; Roquefort's *Gloss.* in v. *Tabar*; and Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c, ii. 301.

v. 319. *Theyr styrops of myxt gold begared*]—*begared*, or *begarded*, means—faced, bordered,—adorned. The line, I suspect, (see various readings *ad l.*) ought to stand,—

“*Theyr styrops with gold begared.*”

v. 321. *moyles*] i. e. mules.

v. 323. *What care they though Gil sweate,*
Or Jacke of the Noke]

So afterwards, v. 857, the same terms are used to signify the labouring poor of both sexes. *Jacke of the Noke*, i. e. (I suppose) Jack of the Nook: see “*Nocata terræ*” in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, &c. ed. 1727.

v. 325. *pore*] i. e. poor.

- Page 137. v. 331. *farly*] i. e. strange.
- v. 332. *iangle*] i. e. babble, chatter.
- v. 335. *all to-mangle*] See note, p. 22. v. 32.
- v. 337. *ascrye*] i. e. call out against: see notes, p. 78. v. 903. p. 88. v. 1358.
- v. 341. *Ware*] i. e. Were. (MS. "Was:" see note *ad loc.*)
- v. 342. *Poules*] i. e. Paul's.
- v. 346. *trones*] i. e. thrones.
- v. 347. *Lyke prynces aquilonis*] i. e. Like so many Lucifers.
- v. 352. *For prestes and for lones*]—*prestes*, i. e. sums in advance. "*Prest and loan*," Sir H. Nicolas observes to me, "seem to have been used in nearly, if not precisely, the same sense in the 16th century. Perhaps, strictly, *prest* meant a compulsory advance. In fiscal records it has much the meaning of *charge* or *imprest*."
- v. 356. *tonge tayde*] i. e. tongue-tied.
- v. 360. *shrewd*] i. e. evil.
- v. 362. *poollynge*] i. e. polling, plundering.
- * v. 365. *Ye make monkes to haue the culerage, &c.*] A passage which I do not understand: but *culerage* perhaps has here the meaning which it conveys as the name of an herb, "Arse-smart. *Cul-rage*." Cotgrave's *Dict.* [Qy. *cullage*, the tribute called *culagium*?]
- v. 373. *ouerthwarted*] Has been explained before (p. 166. v. 230)—cavilled, wrangled: but here it seems to mean—crossly, perversely opposed or controlled.
- v. 376. *fayne*] i. e. glad.
- Page 138. v. 379. *corum*] i. e. quorum.
- v. 388. *apostataas*] See note, p. 167. v. 290.

Page 138. v. 391. *sely nonnes*] i. e. silly, simple, harmless nuns.

v. 392. *ronnes*] i. e. runs.

v. 396. *quere*] i. e. quire.

v. 397. *heuy chere*] "*Heavy chear, Tristitia, Mcestitia.*" Coles's *Dict.*

v. 399. *fucke sayles*] So in a copy of verses attributed to Dunbar ;

"The dust upskailis, mony fillok with *fuk sailis.*"

Poems, ii. 27. ed. Laing.

and in another by Sir R. Maitland ;

"Of fynest camroche thair *fuk sailis.*"

Anc. Scot. Poems from Maitland MSS.,

ii. 326. ed. Pink.

Focksegel, a foresail, German. In the Expenses of Sir John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, we find, "Item, the same day my mastyr paid to the said Clayson, for a *fuk maste* for the said kervelle, iijs. iiij*d.*" *Manners and Household Expenses of England, &c.*, p. 206. ed. Roxb.

v. 401. *shales*] i. e. goest wry. See note, p. 18. v. 19.

v. 403. *The lay fee people*] i. e. the laity : see note, p. 201. v. 267.

v. 404. *faute*] i. e. fault.

Page 139. v. 409. *Boke and chalys*] i. e. Book and chalice.

v. 410. *leedes*] i. e. leads.

v. 417. *melles*] i. e. meddles.

v. 418. *tytyuelles*] This word occurs not unfrequently, and with some variety of spelling, in our early writers. So Lydgate ;

“*Tytyuylls* tyrauntes with tormentoures.”

Le Assemble de dyeus, sig. c i. n. d. 4to

and Heywood ;

“ There is no moe such *titifyls* in Englandes ground,
To hold with the hare, and run with the hound.”

Dialogue, &c. sig. C,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

Some have considered the word as derived from the Latin, *titivilitium*, a thing of no worth. Jamieson “suspects that it is a personal designation,” *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v. *Tutivillaris*. In *Juditium*, *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 310, *Tutivillus* is a fiend ; and in the Moral Play of *Mankind* he represents the sin of the flesh, *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, ii. 297, by Mr. J. P. Collier, who says (ii. 223) that “the name afterwards came to mean any person with evil propensities,” and refers to the comedy of *Rauf Royster Doyster*, Skelton’s Works, and the Enterlude of *Thersytes*: when he objected to the derivation of the word from *titivilitium* and proposed “the more simple etymology, *totus* and *vilis*,” he was probably not aware that some writers (wrongly) “*totivillitium* volunt, quasi *totum vile* :” see Gronovius’s note on the *Casina* of Plautus, ii. 5, 39. ed. Var.

Page 139. v. 421. *Of an abbay ye make a graunge*] A proverbial expression.

* Our changes are soch that *an abbeye turneth to a graunge.*”

Bale’s *Kynge Iohan*, p. 23. Camd. ed.

“To bring *an Abbey to a Grange.*” Ray’s *Proverbs*, p. 174. ed. 1768.

v. 424. *beade rolles*] i. e. prayers,—properly, *lists* of those to be prayed for.

Page 139. v. 429.

*But where theyr soules dwell,
Therwith I wyll not mell]*

—*mell*, i. e. meddle. So Dunbar;

“Now with thair sawle we will nöcht mell.”

Poems, ii. 52. ed. Laing.

v. 434. *reporte me]* i. e. refer.

Page 140. v. 440. *the lay fee]* i. e. the laity; see note, p. 201. v. 267.

v. 447. *splendore*

Fulgurantis hastæ]

From the Vulgate. “Ibunt in *splendore fulgurantis hastæ tuæ.*” *Habac.* iii. 11. “Et micantis gladii, et *fulgurantis hastæ.*” *Nahum*, iii. 3.

v. 456. *eysell]* i. e. vinegar.

v. 458. *ypocras]* Was a favourite medicated drink, composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so named from Hippocrates (often contracted, as in our author’s *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1426. vol. ii. 233., to “Ipocras”); perhaps because it was strained,—the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates’s sleeve*.

v. 459. *Let the cat wyнке]* See note, p. 110. v. 305.

v. 460. *Iche wot]* Seems to mean here—Each knows (not, I know).

v. 467. *theologys]* i. e. theologians.

Page 141. v. 468. *astrologys]* i. e. astrologers.

v. 474. *pretendynge]* Equivalent to—portending.

“What misfortune, aduersitie, or blane,

Can all the planets to man or childe *pretende*,

If God most glorious by his might vs defende?”

Barclay’s *Ship of Fooles*, to. 129. ed. 1570.

Here Skelton seems to allude to Wolsey; and from these lines (called in the Lansdown MS., see note *ad loc.*, "The profecy of Skelton") perhaps originated the story of our poet having prophesied the downfall of the Cardinal.

Page 141. v. 476. *trone*] i. e. throne.

v. 479. *euerychone*] i. e. every one.

Page 142. v. 489. *bruted*] i. e. reported, talked of.

v. 492. *wrest vp*] i. e. screw up: see note, p. 208.

v. 137.

v. 493. *twynkyng*] i. e. tinkling, tinkling.

v. 498. *the lay fee*] i. e. the laity: see note, p. 201.

v. 267.

Page 143. v. 504. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 515. *depraue*] i. e. vilify, defame.

v. 523. *resydeuacyon*] i. e. recidivation, backsliding.

* v. 525. *aquarde*] i. e. awkward.

v. 528. *ipostacis*] i. e. hypostasis.

v. 533. *fore top*] i. e. (as the context shews) simply,—head, pate.

Page 144. v. 542.

*And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke]*

Concerning the wine called *sack* (about which so much has been written) see Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 298.

v. 544. *brennyng*] i. e. burning.

v. 545. *warke*] i. e. work.

v. 549. *carpe*] i. e. talk, prate.

v. 551. *Called Wicleuista*] From Wicliffe.

v. 553. *Hussyans*] i. e. followers of Huss.

Page 144. v. 554. *Arryans*] i. e. followers of Arius.
v. 555. *Pollegians*] i. e. Pelagians.

v. 559. *to mykel*] i. e. too much.

Page 145. v. 564. *tryalytes*] i. e. three benefices united.

v. 565. *tot quottes*] So Barclay;

“Then yf this lorde haue in him fauour, he hath hope
To haue another benefyce of greater dignitie,
And so maketh a false suggestion to the pope
For a *tot quot*, or else a pluralitie.”

Ship of Fooles, fol. 60. ed. 1570.

v. 572. *persons and vycaryes*] i. e. parsons and vicars.

v. 576. *loselles*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellows. See note, p. 163. v. 138.

v. 577. *lewdely*] i. e. wickedly, vilely.

v. 578. *sely*] i. e. silly, simple, harmless.

v. 581. *mought*] i. e. might.

* v. 582. *dysgysed*] i. e. ill-behaved. See note, p. 157. v. 22.

Page 146. v. 597. *lokes*] i. e. looks.

v. 598. *bokes*] i. e. books.

v. 600. *wroken*] i. e. wreaked.

* v. 602. *iauell*] i. e. a low, base fellow. See note, p. 256. v. 2218.

* v. 604. *face*] i. e. bluster. See note, p. 174. v. 33.

— *crake*] i. e. vaunt, talk bigly.

* v. 606. *kayser*] i. e. emperor. See note, p. 221. v. 796.

v. 607. *layser*] i. e. leisure.

Page 147. v. 619. *connyng*] i. e. knowledge, learning.

— *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

Page 147. v. 624. *dykes*] i. e. ditches.

“Where the blinde leadeth the blinde, both fall in the *dyke*.”

Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c.—*Workes*, ed. 1598, sig. G 2.

v. 625. *Set nothyng by*] i. e. Value not, regard not.

v. 637. *ye, shall*] i. e. yea, I shall.

Page 148. v. 648. *shule*] i. e. shovel.

* v. 654. *mamockes*] i. e. fragments, leavings. See note, p. 251. v. 2035.

v. 663. *kynde*] i. e. nature.

v. 664. *Many one ye haue vntwynde*] The reading of the MS., which at least gives a sense to the line; *vntwynde*, i. e. destroyed; see note, p. 53. v. 284.

v. 668. *fote*] i. e. foot.

v. 672. *in the deuyll way*] A common expression in our early writers.

“Our Hoste answerd; Tell on a *devil way*.”

Chaucer's *Miller's Prol.*, v. 3136. ed. Tyr.

“In the *twenty deuyll way*, *Au nom du grant diable*.” Palsgrave, p. 838. “What reason is that, in the *twenty deuell waye*, that he shulde bere suche a rule? Quænam (*malum*) ratio est,” &c. Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. dd iii. ed. 1530.

v. 673. *ouer*] i. e. besides.

Page 149. v. 675. *hear*] i. e. hair.

v. 679. *tonsors*] i. e. tonsures.

v. 688. *the male dothe wrye*] See note, p. 74. v. 700.

v. 692. *Ye bysshops of estates*]—*of estates*, i. e. of great estate, rank, dignity.

v. 698. *awtentyke*] i. e. authentic.

v. 704. *intoxicate*] i. e. poison (Lat. *intoxico*).

Page 150. v. 705. *conquinate*] i. e. coinquinate,—pollute, defile, defame.

Page 150. v. 710. *The Churchis hygh estates*] i. e. the dignitaries of the Church.

v. 728. *marke*] i. e. marks,—the coins so called.

v. 730. *werke*] i. e. work.

v. 734. *sawe*] i. e. saying,—branch of learning.

Page 151. v. 737. *pore*] i. e. poor.

v. 739. *frere*] i. e. friar.

v. 747. *of the order*

*Vpon Grenewyche border,
Called Obseruance]*

The statement that Edward the Third founded a religious house at Greenwich in 1376 appears to rest on no authority. A grant of Edward the Fourth to certain Minorites or Observant Friars of the order of St. Francis of a piece of ground which adjoined the palace at Greenwich, and on which they had begun to build several small mansions, was confirmed in 1486 by a charter of Henry the Seventh, who founded there a convent of friars of that order, to consist of a warden and twelve brethren at the least; and who is said to have afterwards rebuilt their convent from the foundation. The friars of Greenwich were much favoured by Katherine, Queen of Henry the Eighth; and when, during the question of her divorce, they had openly espoused her cause, the king was so greatly enraged that he suppressed the whole order throughout England. The convent at Greenwich was dissolved in 1534. Queen Mary reinstated them in their possessions, and new-founded and repaired their monastery. Queen Elizabeth suppressed them, &c. See Lysons's *Environs of London*, iv. 464. ed. 1796.

v. 754. *Babuell besyde Bery*] When by an order of Pope Urban the Fourth, the Grey Friars were re-

moved out of the town and jurisdiction of Bury St. Edmund, in 1263, "they retired to a place just without the bounds, beyond the north gate, called Babwell, now the Toll-gate, which the abbat and convent generously gave them to build on; and here they continued till the dissolution." Tanner's *Not. Mon.* p. 527. ed. 1744.

Page 151. v. 755. *To postell vpon a kyry]* i. e. to comment upon a Kyrie eleison: (a *postil* is a short gloss, or note).

v. 757. *coted]* i. e. quoted.

Page 152. v. 779. *blother]* i. e. gabble.

v. 780. *make a Walshmans hose*

Of the texte and of the glose]

So again our author in his *Garlande of Laurell*;

"And after conueyauns as the world goos,
It is no foly to vse the *Walshemannys hose*."

v. 1238. vol. ii. 225.

Compare *The Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis*;

"Of omnigatherene now his glose,
He maid it lyk a *Wealchman hose*."

Scot. Poems of the Sixteenth Century,
(by Dalzell), p. 332.

"WELCHMAN'S HOSE. Equivalent, I imagine, to the breeches of a Highlander, or the dress of a naked Pict; upon the presumption that Welchmen had no hose." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. Unfortunately, however, for this ingenious conjecture, the expression is found varied to "*shipman's hose*,"—which certainly cannot be considered as a non-entity. "Hereunto they adde also a Similitude not very agreeable, how the Scriptures be like to a Nose of Waxe, or a *Shipmans Hose*."

how thei may be fashioned, and plied al manner of waies, and serue al mennes turnes." Jewel's *Defence of the Apologie*, &c. p. 465. ed. 1567. "And not made as a *shippe mans hose* to serue for euery legge." Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorike*, p. 102. ed. 1580 Surely *Welshman's hose* (as well as shipman's) became proverbial from their pliability, power of being stretched, &c.

Page 152. v. 784. *broke*] i. e. brook.

Page 153. v. 800. *the brode gatus*] Means, perhaps, Broadgates Hall, Oxford, on the site of which Pembroke College was erected.

v. 801. *Daupatus*] i. e. Simple-pate: see note, p. 86. v. 301.

v. 803. *Dronken as a mouse*] So Chaucer;

"We faren as he that *dronke is as a mous.*"

The Knightes Tale, v. 1263. ed. Tyr.

* v. 803. *his pyllyon and his cap*—*pyllyon*, from Lat. *pilleus*. "Hic pilleus est ornamentum capitis sacerdotis vel graduati, Anglice a hure or a *pyllyon.*" Halliwell, *Dict.* Compare Barclay:

"Mercury shall geue thee giftes manyfolde,
His *pillion*, scepter, his winges, and his harpe."

Fourth Egloge, sig. C iii. ed. 1570.

v. 811. *As wyse as Waltoms calfe*] So Heywood;

"And thinke me as wise as *Waltams calfe*, to talke," &c.

Dialogue, &c. sig. F 3,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

Ray gives, "As wise as *Waltham's calf*, that ran nine miles to suck a bull." *Proverbs*, p. 220. ed. 1768.

v. 812. *a Goddes halfe*] i. e. for God's sake. See note, p. 119. v. 501.

Page 153. v. 817. *scole matter*] i. e. school-matter.

v. 820 *elenkes*] i. e. elenchs (*elenchus*—in logic).

v. 822. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 826. *neuen*] i. e. name.

Page 154. v. 831. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 836. *Lymyters*] i. e. Friars licensed to beg within certain districts.

v. 840. *Flatteryng, &c.*] Compare Barclay ;

“ We geue wooll and *cheese*, our wiues coyne and egges,

When *freers flatter* and prayse their proper legges.”

Fifth Egloge, sig. D v. ed. 1570.

v. 843. *lese*] i. e. lose.

v. 846. *bacon flycke*] i. e. fitch of bacon.

v. 849. *couent*] i. e. convent.

v. 852. *theyr tonges fyle*]—*fyle*, i. e. smooth, polish : the expression occurs in earlier and in much later writers.

v. 854. *To Margery and to Maude,
Howe they haue no fraude*]

As we find the name “Mawte” in our author’s *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 159. vol. i. 115, and as in the second of these lines the MS. has “fawte” (i. e. fault), the right reading is probably,

“ To Margery and to *Mawte*,
Howe they haue no *fawte*.”

v. 856. *prouoke*] i. e. incite.

Page 155. v. 857. *Gyll and Jacke at Noke*] See note on v. 323. p. 273.

v. 861. *In open tyme*] i. e. In the time when no fasts are imposed.

Page 155. v. 864. *an olde sayd sawe*] “*Oulde sayd sawe, prouerbe.*” Palsgrave, p. 250.

v. 866. *Some walke aboute in melottes*] “*Circuierunt in melotis.*” *Vulgate*,—*Heb.* xi. 37. “*Melotes*,” as Mr. Albert Way observes to me, “is explained in the *Catholicon* to be a garment used by the monks during laborious occupation, made of the skin of the badger, and reaching from the neck to the loins,” and according to other early dictionaries, it was made of the hair or skin of other animals. So the original Greek word, *μηλωτή*, which properly means *pellis ovina*, signifies also *pellis quævis*.

v. 867. *heery*] i. e. hairy.

v. 868. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 869. *in remotes*] i. e. in retired places.

v. 874.

*And by Dudum, theyr Clementine,
Agaynst curates they repyne;
And say propreli they ar sacerdots,
To shryue, assoyle, and reles
Dame Margeries soule out of hell]*

—*shryue, assoyle*, i. e. confess, absolve.—“On a de Clément V une compilation nouvelle, tant des décrets du concile général de Vienne, que de ses épîtres ou constitutions. C’est ce qu’on appelle les *Clémentines*.” *L’Art de vérifier les Dates, &c.* (depuis la naissance de Notre-seigneur), iii. 382. ed. 1818. Skelton alludes here to *Clement*. lib. iii. tit. vii. cap. ii. which begins, “*Dvdum à Bonifacio Papa octauo prædecessore nostro,*” &c., and contains the following passages. “*Ab ðlin siquidem inter Prælatos & Rectores, seu Sacerdotes ac Clericos parochialium Ecclesiarum per diuersas Mundi prouincias constitutos ex vna parte, & Prædi-*

catorum & Minorum ordinum fratres ex altera (paciis æmulo, satore zizanias procurante), grauis & periculosa discordia extitit, suscitata super prædicationibus fidelium populis faciendis, eorum confessionibus audiendis, pœnitentiis iniungendis eisdem, & tumultandis defunctorum corporibus, qui apud fratrum ipsorum Ecclesias siue loca noscuntur eligere sepulturam.

Statuimus etiam & ordinamus auctoritate prædicta, vt in singulis ciuitatibus & diocesis, in quibus loca fratrum ipsorum consistere dignoscuntur, vel in ciuitatibus & diocesis locis ipsis vicinis, in quibus loca huiusmodi non habentur, Magistri, Priores prouinciales Prædicatorum, aut eorum Vicarij & Generales, et Prouinciales Ministri & custodes Minorum & ordinum prædicatorum ad præsentiam Prælatorum eorundem locorum se conferant per se, vel per fratres, quos ad hoc idoneos fore putauerint, humiliter petitori, vt fratres, qui ad hoc electi fuerint, in eorum ciuitatibus & diocesis confessiones subditorum suorum confiteri sibi volentium audire liberè valeant, & huiusmodi confitentibus (prout secundum Deum expedire cognouerint) pœnitentias imponere salutare, atque eisdem absolutionis beneficium impendere de licentia, gratia, & beneplacito eorundem: Ac deinde præfati Magistri, Priores, Prouinciales, & Ministri ordinum prædicatorum eligere studeant personas sufficientes, idoneas, vita probatas, discretas, modestas, atque peritas, ad tam salubre ministerium et officium exequendum: quas sic ab ipsis electas repræsentent, vel faciant præsentari Prælatibus, vt de eorum licentia, gratia, & beneplacito in ciuitatibus & diocesis eorundem huiusmodi personarum sic electarum confessiones confiteri sibi volentium audiant, imponant pœnitentias salutare, & beneficium absolutionis (in

posterum) impendant, prout superiùs est expressum : extra ciuitates & diœceses, in quibus fuerint deputatæ, per quas eas volumus & non per prouincias deputari, confessiones nullatenus audituræ. Numerus autem personarum assumendarum ad huiusmodi officium exercendum esse debet, prout vniuersitas cleri & populi, ac multitudo vel paucitas exigit eorundem. Et si iidem Prælati petitam licentiam confessionum huiusmodi audiendarum concesserint : illam præfati Magistri, Ministri, & alij cum gratiarum recipiant actione, dictæque personæ sic electæ commissum sibi officium exequantur. Quòd si fortè iam dicti Prælati quenquam ex dictis fratribus præsentatis eisdem ad huiusmodi officium nollent habere, vel non ducerent admittendum : eo amoto, vel subtracto loco ipsius similiter eisdem præsentandus Prælati possit, & debeat alius surrogari. Si verò iidem Prælati præfatis fratribus ad confessiones (vt præmittitur) audiendas electis, huiusmodi exhibere licentiam recusârint, nos ex nunc ipsis, vt confessiones sibi confiteri volentium liberè licitèque audire valeant, & eisdem pœnitentias imponere salutare, atque eisdem beneficium absolutionis impertiri, gratiosè concedimus de plenitudine Apostolicæ potestatis. Per huiusmodi autem concessionem nequaquam intendimus personis, seu fratribus ipsis ad id taliter deputatis, potestatem in hoc impendere ampliorẽ quàm in eo curatis vel parochialibus Sacerdotib. est à iure concessa : nisi forsan eis Ecclesiarum Prælati vberiorẽ in hac parte gratiam specialiter ducerent faciendam." Pp. 184-190. (*Decret. tom. iii. ed. 1600.*)

Page 155. v. 879.

*But when the freare fell in the well,
He coud not syng himselfe therout
But by the helpe of Christyan Clout]*

The name "*Cristian Clowte*" has occurred before in our author's *Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale*, vol. i. 35. The story alluded to in this passage appears to be nearly the same as that which is related in a comparatively modern ballad, entitled,

"*The Fryer Well-fitted :*

or,

A Pretty Jest that once befel,

How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.

To a merry new Tune.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order."

The Friar wishes to seduce the Maid ;

"But she denied his Desire,

And told him, that she feared Hell-fire ;

fa, la, &c.

Tush, (quoth the Fryer) thou needst not doubt,

fa, la, &c.

If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out ;

fa, la, &c.

The Maid then tells him that he "shall have his request," but only on condition that he brings her "an angel of money." While he is absent, "She hung a Cloth before the Well;" and, when he has returned, and given her the angel,—

"Oh stay, (quoth she) some Respite make,

My Father comes, he will me take ;

fa, la, &c.

Alas, (quoth the Fryer) where shall I run,

fa, la, &c.

To hide me till that he be gone ?

fa, la, &c.

Behind the Cloth run thou (quoth she),

And there my Father cannot thee see ;

fa, la, &c.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer crept,

fa, la, &c.

And into the Well on sudden he leapt,

fa, la, &c.

Alas, (quoth he) I am in the Well ;

No matter, (quoth she) if thou wert in Hell ;

fa, la, &c.

Thou say'st thou could'st sing me out of Hell,

fa, la, &c.

Now prithee sing thyself out of the Well,

fa, la, &c."

The Maid at last helps him out, and bids him be gone ;
but when he asks her to give him back the angel,—

“ Good Sir, (said she) there's no such matter,

I'll make you pay for fouling my Water ;

fa, la, &c.

The Fryer went along the Street,

fa, la, &c.

Dropping wet, like a new-wash'd Sheep,

fa, la, &c.

Both Old and Young commended the Maid,

That such a witty Prank had plaid ;

fa, la, la, la, la,

fa, la, la, lang-tree down-dily."

Ballads, Brit. Mus. 643. m.

Page 155. v. 882.

Another Clementyne also,

How frere Fabian, with other mo,

Exivt de Paradiso]

—*mo*, i. e. more. Some corruption, if not considerable mutilation of the text, may be suspected here. There seems to be an allusion to *Clement. lib. v. tit. xi. cap. i.*, which begins, “ *Exivi de paradiso, dixi,*

rigabo hortum plantationum, ait ille cœlestis agricola," &c. P. 313. (*Decret.* tom. iii. ed. 1600).

Page 156. v. 892. *abiections*] i. e. objections.

v. 901. *hertes*] i. e. hearts.

v. 903. *coueytous*] i. e. covetise, covetousness.

v. 906. *play scylens and glum, &c.*] See note on v. 83. p. 266.

v. 911. *leuer*] i. e. more willingly, rather.

Page 157. v. 914. *Worsshepfully*] i. e. According to their honour, or dignity.

* v. 915. *bate*] i. e. debate, contention.

v. 922. *payntes*] i. e. feigns. See note, p. 121. v. 583.

v. 924. *them lyke*] i. e. please them.

v. 931. *crose*] i. e. coin. See note, p. 40, v. 363.

v. 932. *predyall landes*] i. e. farm-lands.

Page 158. v. 943. *palles*] See note on v. 312. p. 273.

v. 944. *Arras*] i. e. tapestry: see note, p. 145. v. 78.

v. 947. *lusty*] i. e. pleasant, desirable,—beautiful.

v. 950. *shote*] i. e. shoot.

v. 951. *tyrly tyrlowe*] This passage was strangely misunderstood by the late Mr. Douce, who thought that "*tyrly tyrlowe*" alluded to the note of the crow, that bird being mentioned in the preceding line! *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 353. The expression has occurred before, in our author's *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 292. vol. i. 49: here it is equivalent to the modern *fa, la, la*, which is often used with a sly or wanton allusion,—as, for instance, at the end of each stanza of Pope's court-ballad, *The Challenge*.

v. 953. *a lege de moy*] See note, p. 121. v. 587.

v. 956. *With suche storyes bydene*]—*bydene*, that is, "by the dozen," says Warton, erroneously, quoting this passage, *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 343. ed. 4to (note). The

word occurs frequently in our early poetry, with different significations: here it may be explained—together—(with a collection of such stories); so in *The Worlde and the Chylde*, 1522;

“Now cryst”

Saue all this company that is gathered here *bydene*.”

Sig. C iii.

Page 158. v. 957. *Their chambres well besene*]—*well besene*, i. e. of a good appearance,—well-furnished, or adorned.

v. 962. *Nowe all the worlde stares, &c.*] “This is still,” as Warton observes (*Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 343. ed. 4to, note), “a description of tapestry.”

v. 963. *chares*] i. e. chariots.

v. 964. *olyphantes*] i. e. elephants.

v. 965. *garlantes*] i. e. garlands.

Page 159. v. 974. *estate*] i. e. high rank, dignity.

v. 975. *courage*] i. e. heart, affections.

v. 977. *Theyr chambres thus to dresse*

With suche parfetnesse]

—*parfetnesse*, i. e. perfectness. “We should observe,” says Warton, after citing the passage, “that the satire is here pointed at the subject of these tapestries. The graver ecclesiastics, who did not follow the levities of the world, were contented with religious subjects, or such as were merely historical.” *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 344. ed. 4to.

v. 983. *remorde*] i. e. find fault with. See note, p. 146. v. 101.

v. 987. *mellyng*] i. e. meddling.

v. 990. *besy*] i. e. busy.

v. 991. *For one man to rule a kyng*] An allusion, I

apprehend, to Wolsey's influence over Henry the Eighth: so again our author speaking of Wolsey, in the Latin lines at the end of *Why Come ye nat to Courte*, "Qui regnum regemque regit." Vol. ii. 320. I may observe too, in further confirmation of the reading "*kyng*" instead of "*gyng*" [Kele's ed.], that we have had, in an earlier passage of the present poem,

"To rule bothe *kyng*e and kayser." v. 606.

Page 159. v. 996. *flyt*] i. e. remove.

v. 998. *quysshon*] i. e. cushion.

v. 1000. *Cum regibus amicare*] "*Amico*, to be frend." *Medulla Gramatice*, MS. (now in the possession of Mr. Rodd.)

v. 1002. *pravare*] In *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d., is "*Prauo . . prauum facere. or to shrewe*," and "*Tirannus. shrewe or tyrande*." The meaning therefore of *pravare* in our text may be—to play the tyrant.

Page 160. v. 1003. *vre*] "*Evr*, happe or lucke, with his compounds *bonevr* and *malevr*," &c. Palsgrave, p. 166.

"My goddesse bright, my fortune, and my *vre*."

Chaucer's *Court of Loue*, fol. 330,—

Workes, ed. 1602.

"The grace and *ewer* and hap of olde fortune."

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. iv.

sig. Z v. ed. 1555.

"But wayte his death & his fatall *eur*."

Id. sig. A a i.

"And fortune which hath the such *vre* y sent."

Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—

MS. Harl. 682. fol. 24.

Page 160. v. 1014. *played so checkemate*] In allusion to the king's being put in *check* at the game of chess.

v. 1017. *mell*] i. e. meddle.
v. 1019. *kayser*] i. e. emperor. See note, p. 221. v. 796.

v. 1020. *at the playsure of one, &c.*] Meaning, surely, Wolsey.

v. 1025. *not so hardy on his hede*] An elliptical expression; compare v. 1154. In the *Morte d'Arthur* when Bors is on the point of slaying King Arthur, "*Not soo hardy, sayd syr launcelot, vpon payn of thy hede, &c.*" B. xx. c. xiii. vol. ii. 411. ed. Southey.

v. 1026. *To loke on God in forme of brede*] — *loke*, i. e. look: *brede*, i. e. bread. A not unfrequent expression in our early writers.

"Whan I sacred our lordes body,
Chryste Jesu in *fourme of brede.*"

The Lyfe of saint Gregoryes mother,
n. d. sig. A v.

See too Ritson's *An. Pop. Poetry*, p. 84; and Harts-horne's *An. Met. Tales*, p. 134.

v. 1030. *sacryng*] "*Sacryng* of the masse, *sacrement.*" Palsgrave, p. 264. And see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.

Page 161. v. 1041. *preas*] i. e. press.

v. 1047. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 1050. *warke*] i. e. work, business.

v. 1051. *this*] Perhaps for—thus; see note, p. 2 v. 38.

v. 1054. *uncouthes*] i. e. strange matters.

v. 1855. *ken*] i. e. know.

Page 162. v. 1070. *premenire*] i. e. *præmunire*.

v. 1074. *fotyng*] i. e. footing.

v. 1075. *motyng*] i. e. mooting. "Certamen . . . anglice flytynge chydyngge or *motyngge*." *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d.

v. 1076. *totyng*] i. e. prying, peeping.

v. 1084. *hole route*] i. e. whole crowd, set.

Page 163. v. 1098. *escrye*] i. e. call out against: see notes, p. 78. v. 903. p. 88. v. 1358.

v. 1106. *hynderyng*] i. e. harming. See note, p. 217. v. 719.

— *dysauaylyng*] "*Disauayle* one, I hynder his auauntage, *Ie luy porte domaige*." Palsgrave, p. 517.

v. 1116. *to be gramed*] i. e. to be angered: *gramed* is doubtless the right reading here, though the eds. have "greued" and the MS. "grevyd"—(*grame* has already occurred in *Magnyfycence*, v. 1864).

Page 164. v. 1134. *depraue*] i. e. vilify, defame.

Page 165. v. 1154. *Not so hardy on theyr pates*] See note on v. 1025, preceding page.

v. 1155. *losell*] i. e. good-for-nothing. See note, p. 163. v. 138.

v. 1156. *weasant*] i. e. weasand.

v. 1157. *syr Guy of Gaunt*] See note. p. 133. v. 70.

v. 1158. *lewde*] i. e. wicked, vile.

v. 1159. *doctour Deuyas*] See note, p. 16. v. 55.

v. 1162. *dawcocke*] i. e. simpleton: see note, p. 36. v. 301.

— *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 1164. *Allygate*] i. e. Allege.

v. 1170. *lurdeyne*] i. e. worthless fellow. See note, p. 213. v. 423.

Page 165. v. 1171 *Lytell Ease*] "*Little Ease* (prison), mala mansio, arcæ robustæ." Cole's *Dict.*—
 "LITTLE-EASE. A familiar term for a pillory, or stocks; or an engine uniting both purposes, the bilboes." Nares's *Gloss.*

v. 1178. *rechelesse*] i. e. reckless.

Page 166. v. 1184. *Poules Crosse*] i. e. Paul's Cross.

v. 1186. *Saynt Mary Spyttell*] In Bishopsgate Ward: see Stow's *Survey*, B. ii. 97. ed. 1720.

v. 1187. *set not by vs a whystell*] i. e. value us not at a whistle, care not a whistle for us. Compare Lydgate;

"For he *set not by* his wrethe a *whistel*."

The prohemey of a mariage, &c.,—
MS. Harl. 372. fol. 45.

v. 1188. *the Austen fryers*] In Broad-street Ward: see Stow's *Survey*, B. ii. 114. ed. 1720.

v. 1190. *Saynt Thomas of Akers*] Concerning the Hospital intituled of S. Thomas of Acon or Acars [Acre in the Holy Land], near to the great Conduit in Cheape," see Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 37. ed. 1720, and Maitland's *Hist. of London*, ii. 886. ed. 1756.

v. 1191. *carpe vs*] Is explained by the various reading of the MS.,—"clacke of us."

— *crakers*] i. e., as the context shews, (not—vaunters, but) noisy talkers.

v. 1193. *reason or skylle*] See note, p. 207. v. 106.

v. 1196. *at a pronge*] See note, p. 215. v. 506.

v. 1199. *fonge*] i. e. take, get.

v. 1201. *the ryght of a rambes horne*] An expression which our author has again in *Speke, Parrot*, v. 498.

vol. ii. 274. So in a metrical fragment, temp. Edward ii.;

“As *ryt as ramis orn.*”

Reliquiæ Antiquæ (by Wright and Halliwell), ii. 19.

And Lydgate has a copy of verses, the burden of which is,—

“Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.”

MS. Horl. 172. fol. 71.

See too Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 225. ed. 1768.

Page 166. v. 1206. *yawde*] i. e. hewed, cut down. “To *Yaw*, to hew.” *Gloss.* appended to *A Dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect*, 1837.

v. 1208. *Isaias*] According to a Jewish tradition, Isaiah was cut in two with a wooden saw by order of King Manasseh.

Page 167. v. 1216. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 1223. *cough, rough, or sneuyll*]—*rough*, i. e., perhaps, *rout*, snore, snort. I may just observe that Palsgrave not only gives “*rowte*” in that sense, but also “I *Rowte*, I belche as one dothe that voydeth wynde out of his stomacke, *Je roucte*,” (p. 695.) and that Coles has “To *rout*, *Crepo*, *pedo*.” *Dict.*

v. 1224. *Renne*] i. e. Run.

v. 1227. *set not a nut shell*] i. e. value not at a nut-shell, care not a nut-shell for.

v. 1229. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 1232. *sayd sayne*] A sort of pleonastic expression,—equivalent to—called commonly or proverbially: see note on v. 864. p. 28.

v. 1235. *domis day*] i. e. doomsday.

v. 1239. *boke*] i. e. book.

Page 167. v. 1240. *By hoke ne by croke*] i. e. By hook nor by crook.

Page 168. v. 1244. *nolles*] i. e. heads.

v. 1245. *noddy polles*] i. e. silly heads.

v. 1246. *sely*] i. e. *silly*.

v. 1248. *great estates*] i. e. persons of great estate, or rank.

v. 1255. *waves wod*] i. e. waves mad, raging.

v. 1257. *Shote*] i. e. Shoot, cast.

v. 1258. *farre*] i. e. farther:

“I wyl no *farr* mell.”

Gentylnes and Nobylite, n. d. (attributed without grounds to Heywood) sig C ii.

Page 169. v. 1262. *the porte salu*] i. e. the safe port. Skelton has the term again in his *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 541. vol. ii. 194. Compare Hoccleve;

“whether our taill

Shall soone make us with our shippes saill

To *port salu*.” *Poems*, p. 61. ed. 1796,—

where the editor observes, “*Port salut* was a kind of proverbial expression, and so used in the translation of *Cicero de senectute* printed by Caxton.”

A RYGHTE DELECTABLE TRATYSE VPON A GOODLY GARLANDE OR CHAPELET OF LAURELL . . . STUDYOUSLY DYUYSED AT SHERYFHOTTON CASTELL, IN THE FORESTE OF GALTRES, &c.

Sheriff-Hutton Castle “is situated in the Wapentake of Bulmer, and is distant ten miles north-east from York . . . The slender accounts of it that have reached our times, ascribe its origin to Bertram de

Bulmer, an English Baron, who is recorded by Camden to have built it in the reign of King Stephen, A. D. 1140 . . . From the Bulmers it descended by marriage to the noble family of the Nevilles, and continued in their possession upwards of 300 years, through a regular series of reigns, until seized by Edward IV. in 1471, who soon after gave the Castle and Manor to his brother the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In 1485, in consequence of the death of Richard at the Battle of Bosworth Field, it became the property of King Henry VII., and continued in the hands of the Crown, until James the First granted it to his son, Prince Charles, about 1616. The Castle and Manor were subsequently granted (also by King James, according to Camden, and the original grant confirmed by Prince Charles after he ascended the throne) to the family of the Ingrams, about 1624-5, and are now in possession of their lineal descendant, the present Marchioness of Hertford." *Some Account of Sheriff-Hutton Castle, &c.* pp. 3-5, York, 1824.

Leland (who says, erroneously it would seem, that Sheriff-Hutton Castle "was buildid by Rafe Nevill of Raby the fyrst Erl of Westmerland of the Nevilles,") gives the following description of it. "There is a Base Court with Houses of Office afore the Entering of the Castelle. The Castelle self in the Front is not dichid, but it stondith *in loco utcunque vdito*. I markid yn the fore Front of the first Area of the Castelle self 3. great and high Toures, of the which the Gate House was the Midle. In the secunde Area ther be a 5. or 6. Toures, and the stately Staire up to the Haul is very Magnificent, and so in the Haul it self, and al the residew of the House : in so much that I saw no House

in the North so like a Princely Loggings. I lernid ther that the Stone that the Castel was buildid with was fetchid from a Quarre at Terington a 2. Miles of. There is a Park by the Castel. This Castel was wel maintainid, by reason that the late Duke of Northfolk lay ther x. Yers, and sins the Duk of Richemond. From Shirhuten to York vij. Miles, and in the Forest of Galtres, wherof 4. Miles or more was low Medowes and Morisch Ground ful of Carres, the Residew by better Ground but not very high." *Itin.* i. 67. ed. 1770.

"Report asserts, that during the civil wars in the time of Charles the First, it [the Castle] was dismantled, and the greater part of its walls taken down, by order of the Parliament. But this is certainly not the fact, as will be seen by reference to the 'Royal Survey' made in 1624 . . . From this Survey it will appear evident, that the Castle was dismantled and almost in total ruin in the time of James I.,—how long it had been so, previous to the Survey alluded to, is now difficult to say. From the present appearance of the ruins, it is plain that the Castle was purposely demolished and taken down by workmen, (probably under an order from the Crown, in whatever reign it might happen,) and not destroyed by violence of war. However, since this devastation by human hands, the yet more powerful and corroding hand of Time has still further contributed to its destruction. . . . The Castle stands upon a rising bank or eminence in front of the village, and its ruins may be seen on every side at a great distance." *Some Account, &c.* (already cited), pp. 5, 6. The vast forest of Galtres formerly extended nearly all round Sheriff-Hutton.

When Skelton wrote the present poem, Sheriff-Hutton Castle was in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, to whom it had been granted by the crown for life: see note on v. 769

Page 170. v. 1. *Arectyng*] i. e. Raising.

v. 6. *plenarly*] i. e. fully—at full.

Page 171. v. 9. *somer flower*] i. e. summer-flower.

v. 10. *halfe*] i. e. side, part.

v. 15. *dumpe*] “I Dumpe, I fall in a *dumpe* or musyng vpon thynges.” Palsgrave, p. 530.

v. 16. *Encraumpysshed*] i. e. encramped. Skelton's fondness for compounds of this kind has been already noticed. The simple word occurs in other writers:

“*Crampisheth* her lymmes crokedly.”

Chaucer's *Anel. and Ar.*,—*Workes*,
fol. 244. ed. 1602.

“As marbyll colde her lymmes *craumpishing*.”

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. iv. sig. X v. ed. 1555.

—*conceyte*] i. e. conceit, conception.

v. 20. *boystors*] i. e. boisterous.

v. 22. *Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres,
Ensowkid with sylt of the myry mose*]

—*stode*, i. e. stood: *frytthy*, i. e. woody: *ensowkid*, i. e. ensoaked: *sylt*, i. e. mud: *mose*, i. e. moss. The forest of Galtres (which, as already noticed, extended nearly all round Sheriff-Hutton) was, when Camden wrote, “in some places shaded with trees, in others swampy.” *Britannia* (by Gough), iii. 20.

v. 24. *hartis belluynge*] In the *Book of Saint Albans*, Juliana Berners, treating “Of the cryenge of these bestys,” says,

“An harte belowyth and a bucke groynyth I fynde.”

Sig. d ii.

Page 171. v. 24. *embosyd*] "When he [the hart] is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is *embost*." Turbervile's *Noble Art of Venerie*, p. 244. ed. 1611.

v. 26. *the hynde calfe*] "*Ceruula a hynde calfe*." *Ortus Vocab.* fol. ed. W. de Worde, n. d. In the *Book of Saint Albans* we are told;

"And for to speke of the harte yf ye woll it lere :
Ye shall hym a *Calfe* call at the fyrste yere."

Sig. C vi.

v. 27. *forster*] i. e. forester.

— *bate*] Does it mean—set on, or train?

v. 28. *torne*] i. e. turn.

Page 172. v. 32. *superflue*] i. e. superfluous.

"Ye blabbering fooles *superflue* of language."

Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, fol. 38. ed. 1570.

v. 35. *wele*] i. e. well.

v. 38. *disgyse*] i. e. decked out in an unusual manner.

"Of his straunge aray merueyled I sore

Me thought he was gayly *dysgyse*d at that fest."

Lydgate's *Assemble de dyeus*,
sig. b ii. n. d. 4to.

v. 39. *fresshe*] "*Fresshe*, gorgyouse, gay." Palsgrave, p. 313—which I ought to have cited earlier for the meaning of this word.

v. 40. *Enhachyde with perle, &c.*] i. e. Inlaid, adorned with pearl, &c. Our author in his *Phyllyp Sparowe* tells us that a lady had a wart (or as he also calls it, a scar) "*enhached* on her fayre skyn," v. 1078. vol. i. 98. Gifford observes that "literally, to *hatch* is to inlay [originally, I believe, to cut, engrave, mark with lines];

metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c." Note on Shirley's *Works*, ii. 301. "The ladies apparell was after the fashion of Inde, with kerchifes of pleasance, *hatched* with fine gold." Holinshed's *Chron.* (Hen. viii.) vol. iii. 849. ed. 1587. "*Hatching*, is to Silver or gild the Hilt and Pomell of a Sword or Hanger." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*. 1688. B. iii. p. 91.

Page 172. v. 41. *The grounde engrosyd and bet with bourne golde*—*grounde*, i. e. (not floor, but) ground-work; as in Lydgate's verses entitled *For the better abyde*;

"I see a rybaun ryche and newe

The *grounde* was alle of brente golde bryght."

MS. Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 65.

engrosyd, i. e. thickened, enriched: *bet* has here the same meaning as in *Le Bone Florence of Rome*;

"Hur clothys wyth bestes and byrdes wer *bete*."

Met. Rom. iii. 9. ed. Ritson,

who somewhat copiously explains it "beaten, plaited, inlay'd, embroider'd:" *bourne*, i. e. burnished.

v. 44. *abylyment*] i. e. habiliment.

v. 45. *estates*] i. e. persons of estate or rank.

v. 49. *supplyed*] i. e. supplicated.

v. 50. *pusant*] i. e. puissant, powerful, mighty.

v. 52. *of very congruence*] i. e. of very fitness.

"Such ought of duetie and *very congruence*," &c.

Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, fol. 188. ed. 1570.

Page 173. v. 54. *astate*] i. e. estate, rank, dignity.

— *most lenen*] i. e. must lean, bend, bow.

v. 55. *arrect*] i. e. raise.

Page 173. v. 58. *ryall*] i. e. royal.

v. 65. *wele*] i. e. well.

v. 66. *embesy*] i. e. embusy.

— *holl corage*] i. e. whole heart.

v. 68. *were*] i. e. wear.

v. 69. *wonder slake*] i. e. wonderfully slack.

v. 70. *lake*] i. e. lack, fault.

v. 71. *ne were*] i. e. were it not.

v. 72. *bokis . . sone . . rase*] i. e. books . . soon . .

erase.

v. 73. *sith*] i. e. since.

v. 74. *Elyconis*] i. e. Helicon's.

v. 75. *endeuour hymselfe*] i. e. exert himself (compare v. 936).

v. 77. *sittyng*] i. e. proper, becoming.

Page 174. v. 79 *to*] i. e. too.

v. 80. *comprised*] Compare our author in *Lenuoy* to Wolsey;

“And hym moost lowly pray,

In his mynde to *comprise*

Those wordes,” &c.

vol. ii. 329.

v. 81. *rin*] i. e. run.

v. 83. *pullishe*] i. e. polish.

v. 86. *remorde*] i. e. rebuke. See note, p. 146. v. 101.

v. 94. *mo . . . enduce*] i. e. more . . . bring in, adduce.

v. 95. *parde for to kyll*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily, for to be killed.

v. 96. *enuectyfys*] i. e. invectives.

Page 175. v. 101. *the grey*] i. e. the badger. Juliana Berners says;

“That beest a bausyn hyght: a brok or a *graye*:

Thyse thre names he hath the soth for to saye.”

The Book of St. Albans, sig. D vi

Page 175. v. 102. *gose . . . oliphaunt*] i. e. goose . . . elephant.

v. 103. *ageyne*] i. e. against.

v. 110. *confecture*] i. e. composition.

v. 111. *diffuse is to expounde*] i. e. is difficult to expound: see note, p. 76. v. 768.

v. 112. *make . . . , fawt*] i. e. compose . . . fault.

v. 114. *motyue*] i. e. motion. So in the next line but one is "promotyue," i. e. promotion: and so Lydgate has "ymaginatyfe" for—imagination. *Fall of Prynces*, B. v. leaf cxvii. ed. Wayland.

v. 115. *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 116. *rowme*] i. e. room, place.

v. 121. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

v. 122. *iche man doth hym dres*] i. e. each man doth address, apply, himself.

v. 124. *bokis*] i. e. books.

Page 176. v. 127. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 129. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 133. *Ageyne*] i. e. Against.

v. 136. *wele*] i. e. well.

v. 137. *rasid*] i. e. erased.

v. 140. *Sith*] i. e. Since.

— *defaut*] i. e. default, want.

— *konnyng*] i. e. (not so much — knowledge, earning, as) skill, ability.

v. 141. *apposelle*] i. e. question.

"And to pouert she put this *opposayle*."

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. iii. leaf lxxvi.
ed. Wayland.

"Made vnto her this vncouth *apposayle* :

Why wepe ye so," &c.

Id. B. v. leaf cxxviii.

Page 176. v. 141. *wele inferrid*] i. e. well brought in.
v. 142. *quikly it is*

Towchid]

i. e. it is lively, subtly expressed: compare v. 592 and v. 1161, where the words are applied to visible objects.

— *debarrid*] See note, p. 206. v. 60; and compare *Gentylnes and Nobylte* (attributed without grounds to Heywood) n. d.;

“That reason is so grete no man can *debarr.*”

Sig. C iii.

v. 149. *sittyng*] i. e. proper, becoming.

Page 177. v. 152. *corage*] i. e. encourage.

v. 153. *fresshely*] i. e. elegantly: see note on v. 39.
p. 301.

v. 155. *bruitid*] i. e. reported, spoken of.

v. 156. *outray*] i. e. vanquish. See note, p. 49, v. 87, where this passage is examined.

v. 162. *Jerome, in his preamble Frater Ambrosius, &c.*] The Epistle of Jerome to Paulinus, prefixed to the Vulgate, begins, “*Frater Ambrosius* tua mihi munuscula perferens,” &c., and contains this passage: “Unde et Æschines, cum Rhodi exularet, et legeretur illa Demosthenis oratio, quam adversus eum habuerat, mirantibus cunctis atque laudantibus, suspirans ait, Quid, si ipsam audissetis bestiam sua verba resonantem?” It may be found also in *Hieronymi Opp. I.* 1005. ed. 1609.

v. 172. *most*] i. e. must.

Page 178. v. 180. *wele . . . avaunce*] i. e. well . . . advance.

v. 183. *brybery*] i. e. pilfering. See note, p. 233.
v. 1242.

Page 178. v. 186. *cokwoldes*] i. e. cuckolds.

v. 187. *wetewoldis*] i. e. wittols, tame cuckolds.

“ *Wetewoldis* that suffre synne in her syghtes.”

Lydgate's *Assemble de dyeus*,
sig. c i. n. d. 4to.

v. 188. *lidderons*] So before, *lydderyns*; see note, p. 249. v. 1945: but here, it would seem, the word is used in the more confined sense of—sluggish, slothful, idle fellows.

— *losels*] i. e. good-for-nothings. See note, p. 163. v. 138.

— *noughty packis*] i. e. worthless, loose persons, (properly, it would seem, cheaters; see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Pack*.)—If Skelton had been required to distinguish exactly between the meanings of these terms of reproach, he would perhaps have been nearly as much at a loss as his editor.

v. 189. *Some facers, some bracers, some make great crackis*] See note, p. 174. v. 33.

v. 192. *courte rowlis*] i. e. court-rolls.—Warton cites this and the next two verses as “nervous and manly lines.” *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 354. ed. 4to.

v. 196. *rinne*] i. e. run.

Page 179. v. 198. *cunnyng*] i. e. knowledge, learning.

v. 200. *a mummynge*] See note, p. 266. v. 83.

v. 201. *sadnesse*] i. e. discretion. See note, p. 238. v. 1382.

v. 203. *faute*] i. e. fault.

v. 204. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 205. *can . . . scole*] i. e. knows . . . school.

v. 207. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 208. *stole*] i. e. stool.

Page 179. v. 209. *Iacke a thrummis bybille*] See note, p. 140. v. 204.

v. 211. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 212. *dwte*] i. e. duty.

Page 180. v. 218. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 223. *lay*] i. e. allege. See note, p. 178. v. 103.

— *werkis*] i. e. works.

v. 227. *most*] i. e. must.

v. 232. *condiscendid*] i. e. agreed. See note, p. 206. v. 39.

v. 233. *clarionar*] Is used here for—trumpeter: but the words properly are not synonymous;

“Of trumpeters and eke of clarioneres.”

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. i. sig. C v. ed. 1555.

and Skelton himself has afterwards in the present poem, “*trumpettis* and *clariouns*.” v. 1507.

v. 235. *Eolus, your trumpet*] i. e. Æolus, your trumpeter.

“A trumpet stode and proudly gan to blowe,
Which slayne was and fro the tre doun throw.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. v. leaf cxxx. ed. Wayland.

So Chaucer makes Æolus trumpeter to Fame: see *House of Fame*, B. iii.

v. 236. *mercyall*] i. e. martial.

v. 239. *prease*] i. e. press, throng.

v. 240. *hole rowte*] i. e. whole crowd, assembly.

Page 181. v. 243. *were founde out*] See note, p. 227. v. 977.

v. 244. *hardely*] i. e. assuredly.

v. 245. *eyne*] i. e. eyes.

v. 248. *presid . . . to*] i. e. pressed . . . too.

* Page 181. v. 250. *Some whispred, some rownyd*
—to *rown* is to speak low. See note, p. 45. v. 513.

* v. 252. *nexte*] i. e. nearest.

v. 255. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

v. 258. *plumpe*] i. e. cluster, mass. “Stode stille as hit had ben a *plompe* of wood.” *Morte d’Arthur*, B. i. cap. xvi. vol. i. 27. ed. Southey. Dryden has the word; and the first writer perhaps after his time who used it was Sir W. Scott.

v. 260. *timorous*] i. e. terrible.

Page 182. v. 264. *rowte*] i. e. crowd, assembly.

v. 265. *girnid*] i. e. grinned.

v. 266. *peuysshe*] i. e. silly, foolish.

— *masyd*] i. e. bewildered, confounded.

v. 267. *whyste*] i. e. still.

— *the nonys*] i. e. the occasion.

v. 268. *iche . . . stode*] i. e. each . . . stood.

v. 269. *wonderly*] i. e. wonderfully.

v. 270. *A murmur of mynstrels*] So in many of our early English dramas “a noise of musicians” is used for a company or band of musicians.

v. 272. *Traciane*] i. e. Thracian.

— *herped meledyously*] i. e. harped melodiously.

v. 274. *armony*] i. e. harmony.

v. 275. *gree*] i. e. agree.

v. 278. *gle*] i. e. music.

v. 279. *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 282. *Sterte . . . fote*] i. e. Started . . . foot.

v. 285. ————— *lake*

Of]

i. e. lack of,—less than.

Page 183. v. 288. *cronell*] i. e. coronal, garland.

Page 183. v. 289. *heris encrisped*] i. e. hairs formed into curls, curling.

v. 290. *Daphnes*] i. e. Daphne. So our early poets wrote the name;

“A maiden whilom there was one

Which *Daphnes* hight.”

Gower's *Conf. Am.* B. iii. fol. lvi.
ed. 1554.

“Her name was *Daphnys* which was deuoyed of loue.”

The Castell of pleasure, (by Nevil, son of

Lord Latimer), sig. A iii. 1518.

So afterwards in the present poem we find *Cidippes* for *Cydidippe*, v. 885; and see note, p. 49. v. 70.

— *the darte of lede*] From Ovid, *Met.* i. 471.

v. 291. *ne wolde*] i. e. would not.

v. 292. *herte*] i. e. heart.

v. 295. *Meddeleyd with murnynge*] i. e. Mingled with mourning.

v. 296. *O thoughtfull herte*] See note, p. 23. v. 10.

v. 298. *loke*] i. e. look.

v. 300. *the tre as he did take*

Betwene his armes, he felt her body quake]

From Ovid, *Met.* i. 553.

v. 302. *he assurded into this exclamacyon*]—*assurded*, i. e. broke forth—a word which I have not elsewhere met with, but evidently formed from the not uncommon verb *sourd*, to rise. “Ther withinne *sourdeleth* and spryngeth a fontayne or welle.” Caxton's *Mirroure of the world*, 1480, sig. e v.: in that work, a few lines after, occurs “*resourdeth*.”

v. 306. *adyment*] i. e. adamant.

v. 307. *ouerthwhart*] i. e. cross, perverse, adverse.

v. 310. *Sith*] i. e. Since.

Page 184. v. 314. *gresse*] i. e. grass. This stanza is also imitated from Ovid, *Met.* i. 521.

* v. 315. *axes*] i. e. access, feverish pain. See note, p. 22. v. 9.

* v. 317. *raist*] i. e. arrayest:—*to array* is to put into a condition or plight: see note on title of poem, p. 152.

v. 318. *But sith I haue lost, &c.*] Again from Ovid, *Met.* i. 557.

* v. 323. *by and by*] i. e. straightway.

v. 324. *poetis laureat, &c.*] It must be remembered that formerly a *poet laureat* meant a person who had taken a degree in grammar, including rhetoric and versification: and that the word *poet* was applied to a writer of prose as well as of verse; "*Poet, a connyng man.*" Palsgrave, p. 256.

"And *poetes* to preoven hit. Porfirie and Plato Aristotle. Ovidius," &c.

Peirs Plouhman, p. 210. ed. Whit.

"Nor sugred deties [ditties] of Tullius Cicero."

Lydgate's Lyfe and passion of seint Albon.
sig. B ii. ed. 1534.

v. 328. *Esiodus, the iconomicar*] i. e. Hesiod, the writer on husbandry (the eds. by a misprint have "icononucar,"—which Warton says he "cannot decipher." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 352 (note), ed. 4to. Among *MSS. Dig. Bod.* 147. is—"Carmen Domini Walteri de Henleye quod vocatur *Yconomia* sive Housbundria:" compare Cicero; "quam copiose ab eo [Xenophonte] agricultura laudatur in eo libro, qui est de tuenda re familiari, qui *Æconomicus* inscribitur." *Cato Major*, c. 17.

v. 329. *freshe*] i. e. elegant: see note, p. 301. v. 39

Page 185. v. 335. *engrosyd*] i. e. plumped up, swollen.

— *flotis*] i. e. flowings,—drops: Faukes's ed. "droppes;" ("Flotyce. Spuma." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499, is a distinct word.)

v. 338. *Percius presed forth with problemes diffuse*] —*presed*, i. e. pressed: *diffuse*, i. e. difficult to be understood: see note, p. 76. v. 768.

v. 340. *satirray*] Is this word to be explained—satirist, or satirical?

v. 344. *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 345. *mengith*] i. e. mingleth.

v. 347. *wrate . . . mercyall*] i. e. wrote . . . martial.

v. 352. *Orace also with his new poetry*] "That is, Horace's *Art of Poetry*. Vinesauf wrote *De Nova Poetria*. Horace's *Art* is frequently mentioned under this title." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 353 (note), ed. 4to.

Page 186. v. 359. *Boyce*] i. e. Boethius.

— *recounfortyd*] i. e. recomforted,—comforted.

v. 360.

Maxymyane, with his madde ditiis,

How dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly]

- *iape*, i. e. jest, joke. The *Elegiarum Liber* of Maximianus, which has been often printed as the production of Cornelius Gallus, may be found, with all that can be told concerning its author, in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Latini Minores, tomi sexti pars prior*. In these six elegies, Maximianus deploras the evils of old age, relates the pursuits and loves of his youth, &c. &c. Perhaps the line "*How dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly*" (in which case *iape* would have the same

meaning here as in our author's *Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale*, v. 20. vol. i. 36.) is a particular allusion to *Elegy* v., where Maximianus informs us, that, having been sent on an embassy, at an advanced period of life, he became enamoured of a "Graia puella," &c., the adventure being described in the grossest terms.

Page 186. v. 365. *Johnn Bochas with his volumys grete*] In Skelton's time, the *De Genealogia Deorum*, the *De Casibus Virorum et Fæminarum Illustrium*, and other now-forgotten works of Boccaccio, were highly esteemed,—more, perhaps, than the *Decamerone*.

v. 366. *full craftely that wrate*] i. e. that wrote. full skillfully.

v. 368. *probate*] i. e. proof, meaning, or, perhaps, interpretation. See note, p. 204. v. 4.

v. 372. *Poggeus . . . with many a mad tale*] When this poem was written, the *Facetiæ* of Poggio enjoyed the highest popularity. In *The Pallice of Honour*, Gawen Douglas, enumerating the illustrious writers at the Court of the Muses, says,

"Thair was Plautus, Poggius, and Persius."

p. 27. ed. Ban. 1827.

v. 374. *a frere of Fraunce men call sir Gagwyne, &c.*]—*frere*, i. e. friar: concerning Gaguin, see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

v. 376. *bote is of all bale*] i. e. remedy of all evil. See note, p. 252. v. 2096.

v. 380. *Valerius Maximus by name*] i. e. Valerius who has the name Maximus (to distinguish him from Valerius Flaccus).

v. 381. *Vincencius in Speculo, that wrote noble warkis*]—*warkis*, i. e. works. The *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacensis (*naturale, morale, doc-*

trinale, et historiale), a vast treatise in ten volumes folio, usually bound in four, was first printed in 1473. See the *Biog. Univ.*, and Hallam's *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, i. 160.

Page 187. v. 382. *Pisandros*] "Our author," says Warton, "got the name of Pisander, a Greek poet, from Macrobius, who cites a few of his verses." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 353 (note), ed. 4to. A mistake: Macrobius (*Sat. v. 2.*) mentions, but does not cite, Pisander.

v. 383. *blissed Bachus, that mastris oft doth frame*]—*mastris*, i. e. disturbances, strifes: see note, p. 245. v. 1738.

v. 386. *sadly . . . auysid*] i. e. seriously, earnestly . . . considered, observed.

v. 389. *fresshely be ennewed*] i. e. be elegantly polished. See notes, p. 76. v. 775. p. 301. v. 39.

v. 390. *The monke of Bury . . .
Dane Johnn Lydgate*]

—*Dane*, equivalent to *Dominus*. So at the commencement of his *Lyfe of our Lady*, printed by Caxton, folio, n. d.; "This book was compyled by *dan John lydgate, monke of Burye*," &c. He belonged to the Benedictine abbey of Bury in Suffolk.

v. 391. *theis Englysshe poetis thre*] "That only these three English poets [Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate] are here mentioned, may be considered as a proof that only these three were yet thought to deserve the name." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 354. ed. 4to. So the Scottish poets of Skelton's time invariably selected these three as most worthy of praise: see Laing's note on Dunbar's *Poems*, ii. 355.

v. 393. *Togeder in armes, as brethern, enbrasid*] So Lydgate:

"*Embraced in armes* as they had be knet
Togyder with a gyrdell."

Le Assemble de dyeus, sig. d iii. n. d.

Page 187. v. 395. *tabers*] i. e. tabards: see the earlier portion of note, p. 273. v. 318.

v. 397. *Thei wantid nothyng* but the laurell] Meaning,—that they were not poets laureate: see note on v. 324. p. 310.

v. 398. *godely*] i. e. goodly.

v. 402. *enplement*] i. e. employment, place.

Page 188. v. 405. *The brutid Britons of Brutus Albion*—*brutid*, i. e. famed. So Lydgate;

"Reioyse ye folkes that borne be in Bretayne,
Called otherwise *Brutus Albion*."

Fall of Prynces, B. viii. fol. viii. ed. Wayland.

* v. 410. *Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion*] i. e. referring, subjecting. See note, p. 207, v. 95

v. 414. *besy*] i. e. busy.

v. 417. *holl*] i. e. whole.

v. 420. *poynsted*] i. e. appointed.

v. 421. *pullisshyd*] i. e. polished.

v. 425. *mowte*] i. e. might.

Page 189. v. 428. *preuentid*] i. e. anticipated.

v. 429. *meritory*] i. e. deserved, due.

v. 431. *regraciatory*] i. e. return of thanks.

v. 432. *poynt*] i. e. appoint.

v. 433. *holl*] i. e. whole.

v. 434. *Auaunced*] i. e. Advanced.

v. 439. *warkes*] i. e. works.

v. 444. *I made it straunge*] i. e. I made it a matter of nicety, scruple.

v. 445. *presed*] i. e. pressed.

Page 190. v. 455. *prese*] i. e. press, throng.

* Page 190. v. 455. *lesse and more*] i. e. the smaller and the greater.

v. 460. *Engolerid*] i. e. Engalleried.

v. 466. *turkis and grossolitis*] i. e. turquoises and chrysolites.

v. 467. *birrall embosid*] i. e. beryl embossed.

v. 469. *Entosenged with many goodly platis
Of golde*]

i. e. Having many goodly plates of gold shaped like lozenges (quadrilateral figures of equal sides, but unequal angles).

— *entachid with many a precyous stone*—*entachid* may be used in the sense of—tacked on; but *qy.* is the right reading “*enhachid?*” as in v. 40 of the present poem, “*Ennachyde with perle,*” &c., (and v. 1078 of *Phyllyp Sparowe,*) see note, p. 301.

v. 472. *whalis bone*] In our early poetry “white as whales bone” is a common simile; and there is reason to believe that some of our ancient writers supposed the ivory then in use (which was made from the teeth of the horse-whale, morse, or walrus) to be part of the bones of a whale. Skelton, however, makes a distinction between “whalis bone” and the real ivory (see v. 468). The latter was still scarce in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but, before that period, Caxton had told his readers that “the tooth of an olyfaunt is yuorye.” *Mirroure of the world*, 1480. sig. f i.

Page 191. v. 474. *The carpettis within and tappettis of pall*]—*tappettis of pall*, i. e. coverings of rich or fine stuff (perhaps table-covers): that *tappettis* does not here mean tapestry, is proved by the next line; and compare v. 787,

“With that the *tappettis* and *carpettis* were layd,

Whereon this lady softly myght rest,
The saumpler to sow on," &c.

In an unpublished book of King's Payments, in the Chapter-House, we find, under the first year of Henry 8;

"Item to Corneles Vanderstrete upon his
waraunt for xv *Tappettes made for Wyndowes* } ix s."
at the towre

Page 191. v. 475. *clothes of arace*] See note, p. 145.
v. 78.

v. 476. *Enuawtyd . . . vawte*] i. e. Envaulted . . .
vault.

v. 477. *pretory*] Lat. *prætorium*.

v. 478. *enbulyoned*] i. e. studded; see note on v.
1165.

— *indy blew*] i. e. azure. See note, p. 23. v. 17.

* v. 480. *Iacinctis and smaragdis out of the florthe
they grew*—*Iacinctis*, i. e. Jacinths: *smaragdis*, i. e.
emeralds (but see note, p. 24. v. 20): *Planché*, the
florthe of any thyng that is bordered." Palsgrave, p. 49
"*Florthe* of a house, *astre*." *Id.* p. 221.—"Gyst that
gothe ouer the *florthe soliué, giste*." *Id.* p. 225. "I
Plaster a wall or *florthe* with plaster . . . I wyl plaster
the *florthe* of my chambre to make a gernyer there,
*Je plastreray latre de ma châtre pour en faire vng
grenier*." *Id.* p. 660.

v. 483. *most rychely besene*] i. e. of a most rich ap-
pearance,—most richly arrayed: see notes, p. 35. v.
283. p. 291. v. 957.

v. 484. *cloth of astate*] i. e. cloth of estate,—canopy

v. 487. *ryally*] i. e. royally.

v. 489. *enuyrowne*] i. e. in compass, about.

Page 191. v. 490. *stode*] i. e. stood.

v. 492. *presid*] i. e. pressed.

v. 493. *Poyle . . . Trace*] i. e. Apulia . . . Thrace.

Page 192. v. 499. *metely wele*] See note, p. 254. v. 2196.

v. 502. *a kyby hele*] i. e. chapped. See note, p. 119. v. 493.

v. 503. *salfecundight*] i. e. safe-conduct.

v. 504. *lokyd . . . a fals quarter*]—*lokyd*, i. e. looked: "The *false quarters* is a soreness on the inside of the hoofs, which are commonly called quarters, which is as much as to say, crased unsound quarters, which comes from evil Shooing and paring the Hoof." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armroy*, 1688. B. ii. p. 152.

v. 505. *I pray you, a lytyll tyne stande back*] So Heywood;

"For when prouender prickt them a little tine," &c.

Dialogue, &c. sig. D,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

v. 514. *the ballyuis of the v portis*] i. e. the bailiffs of the Cinque Ports.

Page 193. v. 519. *besines*] i. e. business.

v. 520. *most*] i. e. must.

v. 521. *maystres*] i. e. mistress.

v. 523. *sufferayne*] i. e. sovereign.

v. 525. *And we shall se you ageyne or it be pryme*] I have my doubts about what hour is here meant by *pryme*. Concerning that word see Du Cange's *Gloss.* in *Prima* and *Horæ Canonicæ*, Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, Sibbald's *Gloss.* to *Chron. of Scot. Poetry*, and Sir F. Madden's *Gloss.* to *Syr Gawayne*, &c.

v. 531. *kest . . . loke*] i. e. cast . . . look.

v. 537. *supprysed*] i. e. overpowered, smitten.

Page 194. v. 541. *the port salu*] See note, p 297. v. 1262.

v. 547. *hertely as herte*] i. e. heartily as heart.

v. 550. *aquyte*] i. e. discharge, pay.

v. 554. *moche*] i. e. much.

v. 555. *Affyaunsynge her myne hole assuraunce*] i. e. Pledging her my whole, &c.

v. 559. *stonde*] i. e. stand.

Page 195. v. 566. *iangelers*] i. e. babblers, chatters.

v. 570. *moche costious*] i. e. much costly.

v. 572. *the stones be full glint*]—*glint* must mean here—slippery : see note, p. 245. v. 1687

v. 574. *yatis*] i. e. gates.

v. 581. *seryously*] i. e. seriatim.

v. 585. *carectis*] i. e. characters.

v. 586. *where as I stode*] i. e. where I stood.

Page 196. v. 590. *a lybbard*] i. e. a leopard.—“There is,” says Warton, who quotes the stanza, “some boldness and animation in the figure and attitude of this ferocious animal.” *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 252. ed. 4to.

v. 592. *As quikly towchyd*] i. e. touched, executed, as much to the life.

v. 595. *forme foote*] i. e. fore-foot.

— *shoke*] i. e. shook.

v. 597.

Unguibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis

Quam modo per Phæbes nummos raptura Celæno.”

The whole of this “Cacosyntheton ex industria” is beyond my comprehension. Here Skelton has an eye to Juvenal ;

“Nec per conventus nec cuncta per oppida curvis

Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celæno.”

Sat. viii. 129

Page 196. v. 601. *Spreto spineto cedat saliuuca roseto*] Here he was thinking of Virgil;

“Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
Puniceis humilis quantum saliuuca rosetis.”

Ecl. v. 16.

v. 602. *loked*] i. e. looked.

v. 605. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 606. *astate*] i. e. estate, condition.

v. 607. *haskardis*] “*Haskerdes* went in the queste: not honeste men. *Proletariū & capite censi: non classici rem transegerunt.*” *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. n iiiii. ed. 1530.

“Wyne was not made for euery *haskerde*.”

Copland’s *Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous*,
Early Pop. Poetry, ii. 33. ed. Utterson.

who in the Gloss. queries if *haskerde* mean “dirty fellow? from the Scotch *hasky*.” [Rough, rude fellows. See Halliwell’s *Dict.* where “*hastarddis*,” (p. 8. v. 24.) is referred to this word.]

— *rebawdis*] i. e. ribalds.

v. 608. *Dysers, carders*] Dicers, card-players.

— *gambawdis*] i. e. gambols.

Page 197. v. 609. *Furdrers of loue*] i. e. Furtherers of love—pimps, pandars.

v. 610. *blow at the cole*] A friend suggests that there is an allusion here to alchemists; but I believe he is mistaken. It is a proverbial expression. So our author again;

“We may *blowe at the cole*.”

Why come ye nat to Courte, v. 81.
vol. ii. 29.

The proverb given by Davies of Hereford;

“*Let them that bee colde, blow at the cole.*

So may a man do, and yet play the foole.”

Scourge of Folly,—*Prouerbes*, p. 171.

and by Ray, *Proverbs*, p. 90. ed. 1768, seems to have a quite different meaning.

Page 197. v. 611. *kownnage*] i. e. coinage—coining.

v. 612. *Pope holy ypocrytis*] i. e. Pope-holy hypocrites: see note, p. 195. l. 10 (prose).

— *as they were golde and hole*]—*hole*, i. e. whole.

Heywood also has this expression ;

“In words *gold and hole*, as men by wit could wish,

She will [lie] as fast as a dog will lick a dish.”

Dialogue, &c.—*Workes*, sig. H 2, ed. 1598.

v. 613. *Powle hatchettis*] See note, p. 20. v. 28.

— *ale pole*] i. e. pole, or stake, set up before an ale-house by way of sign.

v. 614. *brybery*] i. e. pilfering. See note, p. 233. v. 1242.

* v. 615. *condycyons*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits. See note, p. 132. v. 12.

v. 616. *folys*] i. e. fools.

v. 618. *dysdanous dawcokkis*] i. e. disdainful simpletons, empty fellows: see note, p. 36. v. 301.

v. 619. *fawne thé*] i. e. fawn on thee.

— *kurris of kynde*] i. e. curs by nature.

v. 620. *shrewdly*] i. e. evilly.

v. 625. *broisid*] i. e. bruised, broke.

v. 626. *peuysshe*] i. e. foolish, silly.

— *porisshly pynk iyde*] “*Porisshly*, as one loketh y^t can nat se well, *Louchement*.” Palsgrave, p. 840. *pynk iyde*, i. e. pink-eyed; “Some haue myghty eyes, and some be *pynkeyed* . . . *peti*.” *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. G vi. ed. 1530; and see Nares’s *Gloss.* in v.

Page 197. v. 627. *aspyid*] i. e. espied, marked.
 v. 620. *a gun stone*] After the introduction of iron shot (instead of balls of stone) for heavy artillery, the term *gunstone* was retained in the sense of—bullet: “*Gonne stone, plombee, boulet, bovlé de fonte.*” Palsgrave, p. 226.

— *all to-iaggid*] See note p. 22. v. 32.

* Page 198. v. 630. *daggid*] i. e. jagged, or foliated.

v. 631. *byrnston*] i. e. brimstone.

v. 632. *Masid*] i. e. Bewildered, confounded.

— *a scut*] “*Scut or hare. Lepus.*” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

— *a deuyt way*] See note, p. 280. v. 672.

v. 637. *peuissshenes*] i. e. foolishness, silliness: compare v. 626.

v. 639. *foisty bawdias*] See note, p. 144. v. 76.

v. 641. *Dasing after dotrellis, lyke drunkardis that dribbis*]—*Dasyng*, i. e. gazing with a stupefied look: *dotrellis*; see note, p. 55. v. 409: *dribbis*, i. e. drip, drivel, slaver.

v. 642. *titiuyllis*] See note, p. 275. v. 418.

— *taumpinnis*] i. e. tampions,—wooden stoppers, put into the mouths of cannon to keep out rain or seawater. In *The foure P. P.* by Heywood, the Poticary tells a facetious story about “a thampyon.” Sig D i. ed. n. d. (Fr. *tampon*).

v. 643. *I hyght you*] i. e. I assure you.

v. 649. *auenturis*] i. e. adventure.

* Page 199. v. 652. *herber*] i. e. arbour.

v. 653. *brere*] i. e. briar.

v. 654. *With alys ensandid about in compas*] “i. e. it was surrounded with sand-walks.” Warton’s *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 350 (note), ed. 4to. So the garden, in

which Chaucer describes Cressid walking, was "*sonded* all the waies." *Troilus and Creseide*, B. ii. fol. 152,—*Workes*, ed. 1602: and compare Lydgate;

"Alle the *aleis* were made playne with *sond*."

The Chorle and the Bird,—*MS. Harl.*
116. fol. 147.

Page 199. v. 655. *with singular solas*] i. e. in a particularly pleasant manner.

v. 656. *rosers*] i. e. rose-bushes.

v. 658. *coundight*] i. e. conduit.

— *coryously*] i. e. curiously.

v. 662. *ensilured again the son beames*] i. e. ensilvered against the sunbeams.

v. 664. *reuolde*] i. e. revolved, turned.

* 669. *bet vp a fyre*] i. e. made a fire, (properly, mended).

v. 671. *flagraunt flower*]—*flagraunt*, i. e. fragrant. Compare v. 978. So Hawes;

"Strowed with *floures flagraunte* of ayre."

The Pastime of pleasure, sig. A a iii.
ed. 1555.

v. 673. *baratows broisiours*] i. e. contentious bruisers, —unless (as the context seems rather to shew) *broisiours* means—bruises, bruises.

Page 200. v. 674. *passid all bawmys*] i. e. surpassed all balms.

v. 676. *piplyng*] i. e. piping; as in our author's *Replycacion*, &c. vol. i. 232. l. 3. (prose).

v. 680. *the nyne Muses, Pierides by name*] So Chaucer;

"*Muses, that men clepe Pierides*."

The Man of Lawes Prol. v. 4512 (but see Tyrwhitt's note).

Page 200. v. 681. *Testalis*] i. e. Thestylis. So Barclay;

“Neera, Malkin, or lustie *Testalis*.”

Second Egloge, sig. B ii. ed. 1570.

v. 682. *enbybid*] i. e. made wet, soaked.

v. 683. *moche solacyous*] i. e. much pleasant, mirthful.

v. 686. *fotid*] i. e. footed.

v. 687. *twynklyng vpon his harpe stringis*]—*twynklyng*, i. e. tinkling. So, at a much later period, Dekker; “Thou (most cleare throated singing man,) with thy Harpe, (to the *twynckling* of which inferior Spirits skipt like Goates ouer the Welsh mountaines),” &c. *A Knights Coniuring*, 1607. sig. D 2.

v. 688. *And Iopas, &c.*] Here, and in the next two stanzas, Skelton has an eye to Virgil;

“Cithara crinitus Iopas

Personat aurata, docuit quæ maxumus Atlas.

Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores;

Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones;

Quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles

Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.”

Æn. i. 740.

— *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

v. 694. *spere*] i. e. sphere.

Page 201. v. 697. *prechid*] i. e. discoursed, told.

— *chere*] i. e. countenance, look.

v. 699. *aspy*] i. e. espy.

v. 705. *counteryng*] See note, p. 11.

v. 712. *conuenable*] i. e. fitting.

Page 201. v. 718. *welc were hym*] i. e. he were in good condition.

Page 202. v. 720. *maystres*] i. e. mistress.

v. 725. *losyd ful sone*] i. e. loosed full soon.

v. 731. *That I ne force what though it be discurið*] i. e. That I do not care although it be discovered, shewn.

v. 733. *ladyn of liddyernes with lumpis*]—*liddyernes*, i. e. sluggishness, slothfulness (the construction is—ladyn with lumpis of liddyernes).

v. 734. *dasid*] i. e. stupefied.

— *dumpis*] i. e. musings. See note on v. 15. p. 300: but here the word implies greater dulness of mind.

v. 735. *coniect*] i. e. conjecture.

v. 736. *Gog*] A corruption of the sacred name.

v. 737. *be*] i. e. by.

Page 203. v. 741. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 742. *Tressis agasonis species prior, altera Davi*] “*Hic Dama est non tressis agaso.*” Persius, *Sat.* v. 76. *Davus* is a slave’s name in Plautus, Terence, &c.

v. 748. *tacita sudant præcordia culpa*] From Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 167.

v. 751. *Labra movens tacitus*] “*Labra moves tacitus.*” Persius, *Sat.* v. 184.

— *rumpantur ut ilia Codro*] From Virgil, *Ecl.* vii. 26.

v. 754. *and ye wist*] i. e. if ye knew.

Page 204. v. 758. *hole reame*] i. e. whole realm.

v. 763. *leue warke whylis it is wele*] i. e. leave work while it is well.

* v. 764. *towchis*] i. e. tricks. “*Touche, a crafty dede, tour.*” Palsgrave, p. 282.

Page 204. v. 764. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 768. *astate*] i. e. estate, state.

v. 769. *Countes of Surrey*] Was Elizabeth Stafford, eldest daughter of Edward Duke of Buckingham, and second wife of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who afterwards (on the death of his father in 1524) became the third Duke of Norfolk. She had previously been attached and engaged to the Earl of Westmoreland with the consent of both families; but her father, having broken off the intended match, compelled her to accept the hand of Lord Thomas Howard in 1513. She was twenty years younger than her husband. After many domestic quarrels, they separated about 1533. Of their five children, one was Henry Howard, the illustrious poet. She died in 1558. See *Memorials of the Howard Family*, &c. by H. Howard, 1834, folio.

The Countess of Surrey appears to have been fond of literature; and, as she calls Skelton her "clerk," we may suppose that she particularly patronised him. The probability is, that the present poem was really composed at Sheriff-Hutton Castle, which (as already noticed, p. 300) had been granted by the king to the Duke of Norfolk for life, and that the Countess was residing there on a visit to her father-in-law.

The *Garlande of Laurell* was written, I apprehend, about 1520, or perhaps a little later: in v. 1192 Skelton mentions his *Magnyfycence*, which was certainly produced after 1515,—see note on title of that piece, p. 204.

v. 771. *beue*] i. e. bevy.

v. 774. *warke*] i. e. work.

Page 205. v. 775. *asayde*] i. e. tried, proved.

Page 205. v. 776. *cronell*] i. e. coronal, garland.

* v. 786. *of there lewdnesse*] i. e. out of their villainess.

v. 787. *tappettis and carpettis*] See note on v. 474. p. 315.

v. 790. *To weue in the stoule*] So Chaucer;

“And weauen in stole the radevore.”

Leg. of Philomene, fol. 195.—*Workes*, ed. 1602.

and Hall; “On their heades bonets of Damaske syluer flatte wouen in the stole, and therupon wrought with gold,” &c. *Chron. (Hen. viii.)* fol. vii. ed. 1548.—Mr. Albert Way observes to me that in *Prompt. Parv. MS. Harl.* 221, is “Lyncet, werkyng instrument for sylke women. Liniarium,” while the ed. of 1499 has “Lyncet, a werkyng stole;” and he supposes the *stole* (i. e. stool) to have been a kind of frame, much like what is still used for worsted work, but, instead of being arranged like a cheval glass, that it was made like a stool,—the top being merely a frame or stretcher for the work.

— *preste*] i. e. ready.

v. 791. *With slaiis, with tauellis, with hedellis well drest*]—*slaiis*, i. e. sleys, weavers’ reeds: *tauellis*, see note, p. 15. v. 34: “Heddles, Hedeles, Hiddles. The small cords through which the warp is passed in a loom, after going through the reed.” *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* by Jamieson, who cites from G. Douglas’s *Æneid*;

“With subtell slayis, and hir hedeles slee,

Riche lenze wobbis naitly weiffit sche.”

B. vii. p. 204. 45. ed. Rudd.

v. 794. *to enbrowder put them in prese*] i. e. put

themselves in press (applied themselves earnestly) to embroider.

Page 205. v. 795. *glowtonn*] Does it mean—ball, clue? or, as Mr. Albert Way suggests,—a sort of needle, a stiletto as it is now called,—something by which the silk was to be inwrought?

v. 796. *pirlyng*] “I *Pyrl*e wyer of golde or syluer, I wynde it vpon a whele as sylke women do.” Palsgrave, p. 658.

Page 206. v. 798. *tewly sylk*] Richardson in his *Dict.* under the verb *Tew* places *tewly*, as derived from it, and cites the present passage. But *tewly* seems to have nothing to do with that verb. “*Tuly* colowre. Puniceus vel punicus.” *Prompt. Parv. MS. Harl.* 221. In *MS. Sloane*, 73. fol. 214, are directions “for to make bokerham, *tuly*, or *tuly* thred,” where it appears that this colour was “a manere of reed colour as it were of *croppe mader*,” that is, probably, of the tops or sprouts of the madder, which would give a red less intense or full: the dye was “*safflour*” (saffron?) and “*asches of wyn* [whin] *ballis ybrent*;” and a little red vinegar was to be used to bring the colour up to a fuller red.—For this information I am indebted to Mr. Albert Way.

v. 799. *botowme*] “I can make no *bottoms* of this threde . . . *glomera*.” *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. t i. ed. 1530.

v. 801. *warkis*] i. e. works.

v. 803. *With burris rowth and bottons surffillyng*]—*burris rowth*, i. e. burrs rough: *bottons*, i. e. buds: *surffillyng*, see note, p. 270. v. 219.

v. 805. *enbesid*] i. e. embusied.

v. 815. *captacyons of beneuolence*] Todd gives

"*Captation* (old Fr. *captation*, ruse, artifice). The practice of catching favour or applause; courtship; flattery." *Johnson's Dict.* Richardson, after noticing the use of the verb *captive* "with a subaudition of gentle, attractive, persuasive means or qualities," adds that in the present passage of Skelton *captation* is used with that subaudition. *Dict.* in v.

Page 206. v. 816. *pullysshid*] i. e. polished.

v. 817. *Sith ye must nedis afforce it by pretence
Of your professyoun vnto vmanyte*]

i. e. Since you must needs attempt, undertake, it by your claim to the profession of humanity,—*humaniores literæ*, polite literature.

v. 819. *proces*] i. e. discourse; see notes, p. 75.

v. 735. p. 195 (first note on prose), p. 263. v. 2506, &c.

v. 820. *iche*] i. e. each.

v. 821. *sentence . . . couenable*] i. e. meaning . . . fitting.

Page 207. v. 822. *Auaunsynge*] i. e. Advancing.

v. 824. *arrectyng*] i. e. raising.

v. 825. *ken*] i. e. instruct (pleonastically coupled with "informe," as in v. 1428).

v. 828. *dredfull*] i. e. full of dread, timorous.

v. 830. *bestad*] i. e. bested, circumstanced.

v. 833. *gabyll rope*] i. e. cable-rope. "A *Gable*, *Ru dens*." *Coles's Dict.*

v. 835. *beseke*] i. e. beseech.

— *Countes of Surrey*] See note on v. 769. p. 325.

v. 838. *reconusaunce*] i. e. acknowledgment.

v. 841. *astate*] i. e. estate, state.

v. 842. *honour and worshyp*] Terms nearly synonymous: *worshyp*, i. e. dignity.

Page 207. v. 842. *formar*] i. e. first, highest: see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Former*.

v. 843. *Argyua*] i. e. Argia.

v. 844. *Polimites*] i. e. Polynices;

“his fellow dan *Polimites*,
Of which the brother dan *Ethiocles*,” &c.

Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, B. v. fol. 180,—
Workes, ed. 1602.

“Lete *Polymyte* reioyse his herytage.”

Lydgate's *Storje of Thebes*, *Pars tert.*
sig. i v. ed. 4to. n. d.

Page 208. v. 847. *counterwayng*] i. e. counterweighing.

v. 850. *Pamphila*] “*Telas araneorum modo texunt ad vestem luxumque fœminarum, quæ bombycina appellatur. Prima eas redordiri, rursusque texere invenit in Ceo mulier Pamphila, Latoi filia, non fraudanda gloria excogitatæ rationis ut denudet fœminas vestis.*”
Plinii *Nat. Hist.* lib. xi. 26.

— *quene of the Grekis londe*]—*londe*, i. e. land: qy. does any writer except Skelton call her a queen?

v. 852. *Thamer also wrought with her goodly honde*
Many diuisis passynge curiously]

It is plain that Skelton, while writing these complimentary stanzas, consulted Boccaccio *De Claris Mulieribus*: there this lady is called *Thamyris* (see, in that work, “*De Thamyri Pictrice*,” cap. liiii. ed. 1539). Her name is properly *Timarete*; she was daughter to Mycon the painter; vide Plinii *Nat. Hist.*: *honde*, i. e. hand: *diuisis*, i. e. devices.

v. 857. *toke*] i. e. took.

Page 208. v. 860. *corage . . . perfight*] i. e. heart, affection . . . perfect.

— *lady Elisabeth Howarde*] Was the third daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk by his second wife, Agnes Tylney, daughter of Sir Hugh Tylney, and sister and heir to Sir Philip Tylney of Boston, Lincolnshire, knight (I follow Howard's *Memorials of the Howard Family*, &c. ; Collins says "daughter of Hugh Tilney"). Lady Elizabeth married Henry Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex.

v. 865. *Aryna*] i. e. perhaps—Irene. In the work of Boccaccio just referred to is a portion "De *Hyrene C[r]atini filia*," cap. lvii. ; and Pliny notices her together with the above-mentioned Timarete.

v. 866. *konnyng*] i. e. knowledge.

v. 867. *wel*] i. e. well.

Page 209. v. 868. *enbeutid*] i. e. beautified.

v. 871. *Creisseid*] See Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*.

— *Polezene*] i. e. Polyxena, the daughter of Priam.

v. 872. *enuyue*] i. e. envive, enliven, excite.

— *lady Mirriell Howarde*] Could not have been Muriel, daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk ; for she, after having been twice married, died in 1512, anterior to the composition of the present poem. Qy. was the Muriel here celebrated the Duke's grandchild, —one of those children of the Earl and Countess of Surrey, whose names, as they died early, have not been recorded? Though Skelton compares her to Cidippe, and terms her "madame," he begins by calling her "mi litell lady."

v. 880. *curteyse*] i. e. courteous.

Page 209. v. 881. *Whome fortune and fate playnly haue discust*]—*discust*, i. e. determined. So again our author in *Why come ye nat to Courte* ;

“ Allmyghty God, I trust,
Hath for him *dycust*,” &c. v. 747. vol. ii. 301.

and Barclay ;

“ But if thou iudge amisse, then shall Eacus
(As Poetes saith) hell thy iust rewarde *discusse*.”

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 4. ed. 1570.

and Drayton ;

“ In vaine was valour, and in vaine was feare,
In vaine to fight, in vaine it was to yeeld,
In vaine to fly ; for destiny *discust*,
By their owne hands or others' dye they must.”

The Miseries of Queene Margarite,
p. 115. ed. 1627.

v. 882. *plesure, delyght, and lust*] One of Skelton's pleonastic expressions.

v. 885. *Cidippes, the mayd*,
That of Aconcyus whan she founde the byll, &c.]

—*Cidippes*, i. e. Cydippe ; see note on v. 290. p. 309 : *the byll* ; i. e. the writing,—the verses which Acontius had written on the apple.

v. 888. *fyll*] i. e. fell.

Page 210. *lady Anne Dakers of the Sowth*] The wife of Thomas Lord Dacre, was daughter of Sir Humphrey Bourchier, son of John Lord Berners and of Elizabeth Tylney, who (see note on v. 399) afterwards became the first wife of the second Duke of Norfolk.

v. 893. *his crafte were to seke*] i. e. his skill were at a loss.

v. 897. *Princes*] i. e. Princess.

Page 210. v. 898. *conyng*] i. e. knowledge.

v. 899. *Paregall*] i. e. Equal (thoroughly equal).

v. 901. *surmountynge*) i. e. surpassing.

v. 902. *sad*] i. e. grave, discreet. See note, p. 245.

v. 1711.

v. 903. *lusty lokis*] i. e. pleasant looks.

— *mastres Margery Wentworthe*] Perhaps the second daughter of Sir Richard Wentworth, afterwards married to Christopher Glemham of Glemham in Suffolk.

v. 906. *margerein ientyll*] “*Marierome* is called . . . in English, Sweet *Marierome*, Fine *Marierome*, and *Marierome gentle*; of the best sort *Marjerane*.” Gerard’s *Herball*, p. 664. ed. 1633.

v. 907. *good/yhede*] i. e. goodness.

v. 908. *Enbrowdred*] i. e. Embroidered.

v. 912. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

Page 211. — *mastres Margaret Tylney*] A sister-in-law, most probably, of the second Duke of Norfolk. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Frederick Tylney of Ashwell-Thorpe, Norfolk, knight, and widow of Sir Humphrey Bouchier, son of John Lord Berners: his second wife was Agnes, daughter of Sir Hugh Tylney, and sister and heir to Sir Philip Tylney of Boston, Lincolnshire, knight; see second note, p. 330.

v. 928. *besy cure*] i. e. busy care.

v. 933. *As Muchareus*
Fayre Canace]

Their tale is told in the *Conf. Am.* by Gower; he expresses no horror at their incestuous passion, but remarks on the cruelty of their father, who

“for he was to loue strange,
 He wolde not his herte change
 To be benigne and fauourable
 To loue, but vnmerciab! ”

B. iii. fol. xlvi. ed. 1554.

(and see the lines cited in note on v. 1048. p. 335).
 Lydgate (*Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xxxv. ed. Wayland) relates the story with a somewhat better moral feeling.

Page 211. v. 935. *iwas*] Or *i-wis* (adv.),—i. e. truly, certainly.

v. 941. *Wele*] i. e. Well.

* v. 942. *Intentyfe*] i. e. Attentive.

Page 212. v. 948. *Perle orient*] In allusion to her Christian name just mentioned, “Margarite.”

v. 949. *Lede sterre*] i. e. Load-star.

v. 950. *Moche*] i. e. Much.

— *maystres Iane Blenner-Haiset*] Perhaps a daughter of Sir Thomas Blennerhasset, who was executor (in conjunction with the Duchess) to the second Duke of Norfolk: see Sir H. Nicolas’s *Test. Vet.* ii. 604.

v. 955. *smale lust*] i. e. small liking.

v. 958. *prese*] i. e. press, band.

v. 962. *ententify*] See above, note on v. 942.

v. 963. *stellyfye*] “I *Stellifye*, I sette vp amongst the starres.” Palsgrave, p. 734.

v. 965. *ne swarue*] i. e. swerve not.

v. 968. *Sith*] i. e. Since.

v. 972. *Laodomi*] i. e. Laodamia.

Page 213. v. 975. *godely*] i. e. goodly.

v. 977. *Reflaring rosabell*] i. e. odorous fair-rose: see note, p. 62. v. 524.

Page 213. v. 978. *flagrant*] i. e. fragrant. See note on v. 671. p. 322.

v. 979. *The ruddy rosary*]—*rosary* must mean here—rose-bush, not rose-bed.

v. 982. *nepte*] “Cats mint or *nept* is a kind of calamint,” &c. *The Countrie Farme*, p. 320. ed. 1600.

v. 983. *ieloffer*] See note, p. 80. v. 1052.

v. 984. *propre*] i. e. pretty.

* v. 985. *Enuwyd*] i. e. freshly put on or painted. See note, p. 76. v. 775.

Page 214. v. 1006. *Ientill as fawcoun*] The *Falcon gentle*, says Turbervile, is so called “for her gentle and courteous condition and fashions.” *The Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 26. ed. 1611.

v. 1007. *hawke of the towre*] See note, p. 225. v. 934.

v. 1025. *fayre Isaphill*] The Hypsipyle of the ancients.

“*Isiphile*,

She that dyd in *fayrnesse so excell.*”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xviii.
ed. Wayland.

She figures in the *Storje of Thebes* by the same indefatigable versifier, who there says,

“But to knowe the auentures all
Of this lady, *Isyphyle the fayre*,”

(Pars tert. sig. h iiii. n. d. 4to.)

we must have recourse to Boccaccio *De Claris Mulieribus* (see that work, cap. xv. ed. 1539).

v. 1027. *pomaunder*] Was a composition of perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball, or other form, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck (Fr. *pomme d'ambre*). In the following entry from an unpublished

Boke of Kyngs Paymentis from i to ix of Henry viii, preserved in the Chapter-House, Westminster, *pomaunder* means a case for holding the composition ;

“Item to the frenche quenes seruaunt, } xx.s.” (9th
that brought a *pomaunder of gold* to } year
the princes, in Re[ward] } of reign.

Page 215. v. 1030. *Wele*] i. e. Well.

v. 1048. *Pasiphe*] Lest the reader should be surprised at finding Skelton compare Mistress Statham to Pasiphae, I cite the following lines from *Feylde's Contrauersye bytwene a Louer and a Iaye* (printed by W. de Worde), n. d., in which she and Taurus are mentioned as examples of true love ;

“ Phedra and Theseus,
Progne and Thereus,
Pasyphe and Taurus,
Who lyketh to proue,
Canace and Machareus,
Galathea and Pamphylus,
Was neuer more dolorous,
And all for true loue.” Sig. B iiiii.

I may add too a passage from Caxton's *Boke of Eneydos*, &c. (translated from the French), 1490 ; “The wyffe of kynge Mynos of Crete was named Pasyfa that was a grete lady and a fayr aboue alle other ladyes of the royaume The quene Pasyfa was wyth *chylde by kynge Mynos*, and whan her tyme was comen she was delyuered of a creature that was halfe a man and halfe a bulle.” Sig. h 6.

Page 216. v. 1062. *aquyte*] i. e. requite.

v. 1068. *gyse*] i. e. guise, fashion.

Page 216. v. 1076.

Galathea, the made well besene, &c.

By Maro]

—*the made well besene*, i. e. the maid of good appearance, fair to see: the expression applied, as here, to personal appearance, independent of dress, is, I apprehend, very unusual; see notes, p. 35. v. 283. p. 291. v. 957. p. 316. v. 483: *By Maro*; vide *Ecl.* i. and iii.

v. 1082. *leyser]* i. e. leisure.

Page 217. v. 1094. *ich]* i. e. each.

v. 1103. *where as]* i. e. where.

Page 218. v. 1109. *Wele was hym]* i. e. He was in good condition.

v. 1114. *astate]* i. e. estate,—meaning here—state, raised chair or throne with a canopy: compare v. 484.

v. 1117. *loked . . . a glum]* i. e. looked . . . ? gloomy, sour look.

v. 1118. *Ththere was amonge them no worde then but mum]* See note, p. 266. v. 83.

v. 1121. *sith]* i. e. since.

v. 1124. *pretence]* i. e. pretension, claim.

v. 1128. *princes of astate]* i. e. princess of estate, rank, dignity.

* Page 219. v. 1132. *condiscendyng]* i. e. agreeing, conformable with. See note, p. 206. v. 39.

v. 1135. *enduce]* i. e. bring in, adduce.

v. 1136. *lay]* i. e. allege, or make good. See note, p. 178. v. 103.

v. 1139. *bokis]* i. e. books.

v. 1144. *presid]* i. e. pressed.

v. 115 *ony]* i. e. any.

Page 220. v. 1154. *wote wele*] i. e. know well.

v. 1156. *losende*] i. e. loosened, loosed.

* v. 1158. *byse*] Hearne in his Gloss. to *Langtofi's Chron.* has "*bis*, grey, black," [the original signification of the word: see Ducange, *Bisa*, and, *Gloss. Franc.*, *Bis.*] with an eye, no doubt, to the line at p. 230.

"In a marble *bis* of him is mad story."

and Sir F. Madden explains the word "white or grey" in his Gloss. to *Syr Gawayne*, &c, referring to the line "Of golde, azure, and *byse*" in *Syre Gawene and The Carle of Carelyle*, p. 204. But we also find "*Byce*, a colour, *azur*." Palsgrave, p. 198. "Scryueners wryte with blacke, red, purple, grene, *blewe* or *byce*, and suche other." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. Q i. ed. 1530. "*Bize*, *Blew*, *Byze*, a delicate *Blew*." Holme's *Acad. of Arm.*, 1688. B. iii. p. 145.

v. 1158. *gressoppes*] i. e. grasshoppers: see note, p. 51. v. 137.

v. 1159. *fresshe*] i. e. gay, gorgeous: see note on v. 39. p. 301.

v. 1160. *Enflorid*] i. e. Enflowered (embellished, for it applies partly to the "snaylis").

v. 1161. *Enuyuid picturis well towchid and quikly*] —*Enuyuid*, i. e. envived: *quikly*, livelily, to the life; a somewhat pleonastic line, as before, see note, p. 241. v. 1569.

v. 1163. *garnysshyd*] } "I hadde leuer haue my

. } boke sowed in a forel [*in*

v. 1165. *bullyons* } *cuculli involucro*] than

bounde in bourdes, and couered and clasped, and *gar-nyshed with bolyons* [*vmbilicis*]." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. Q iii. ed. 1530: *bullyons*, i. e. bosses, studs.

Page 220. v. 1165. *worth a thousande pounde*] An expression found in other early poets ;

“ And euery bosse of bridle and paitrell
That they had, was *worth*, as I would wene,
A thousand pound.”

Chaucer's *Floure and Leafe*,—*Workes*,
fol. 345. ed. 1602.

v. 1166. *balassis*] Tyrwhitt (Gloss. to *Chaucer's Cant. Tales*) explains *Bales* to be “ a sort of bastard Ruby.” Du Cange (*Gloss.*) has “ *Balascus*, Carbunculus, *cujus rubor et fulgor dilutiores sunt a Balascia Indiæ regione . . . dicti ejusmodi lapides pretiosi.*” Marco Polo tells us, “ In this country [*Balashan* or *Badakhshan*] are found the precious stones called *balass rubies*, of fine quality and great value.” *Travels*, p. 129, translated by Marsden, who in his learned note on the passage (p. 132) observes that in the Latin version it is said expressly that these stones have their name from the country. See too Sir F. Madden's note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 209.

v. 1167. *aurum musicum*] i. e. *aurum musaicum* or *musicum*,—mosaic gold.

Page 221. v. 1172. *Boke of Honourous Astate*] i. e. Book of Honourable Estate. Like many other of the pieces which Skelton proceeds to enumerate, it is not known to exist. When any of his still extant writings are mentioned in this catalogue, I shall refer to the places where they may be found in the present volumes.

v. 1176. *to lerne you to dye when ye wyll*] A version probably of the same piece which was translated and published by Caxton under the title of *A lityll treatise*

shorte and abredged spekyng of the arte and crafte to knowe well to dye, 1490, folio. Caxton translated it from the French: the original Latin was a work of great celebrity.

Page 221. v. 1178. *Rosiar*] i. e. Rose-bush.

— *Prince Arturis Creacyoun*] Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry the Seventh, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, 1st Oct. 1489: see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 475. ed. 1707.

Page 222. v. 1183. *Bowche of Courte*] In vol. i. 37.

v. 1185. *Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun*] Is noticed with praise in Caxton's Preface to *The Boke of Eneydos*, &c. 1490; see the passage cited in *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

v. 1187. *The Recule ageinst Gaguyne of the Frenshe nacyoun*]—*Recule*, Fr. *recueil*, is properly—a collection of several writings: it occurs again in v. 1390; and in *Speke, Parrot*, v. 232. vol. ii. 257. Concerning *Gaguin*, see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

v. 1188.

*the Popingay, that hath in commendacyoun
Ladyes and gentylwomen suche as deseruyd,
And suche as be counterfettis they be reseruyd]*

—*Popingay*, i. e. Parrot: "*Reserued, excepte, sauf.*" Palsgrave, p. 322.—No part of *Speke, Parrot* (in vol. ii. 245), answers to this description: but "*the Poppingay*" is certainly only another name for *Speke, Parrot* (see v. 280. vol. ii. 260); and Skelton must allude here to some portion, now lost, of that composition.

v. 1192. *Magnyfycence*] In vol. ii. 3.

v. 1193. *new get*] i. e. new fashion. See note, p. 214. v. 458.

v. 1196. *wel*] i. e. well.

Page 223. v. 1198. *Of manerly maistres Margery Mylke and Ale, &c.*] In vol. i. 35. is one of the "many maters of myrthe" which Skelton here says that he "wrote to her."

v. 1202. *Lor*] A corruption of Lord.

v. 1206. *This fustiane maistres and this giggisse gase*] —*maistres*, i. e. mistress: *giggisse*, i. e. giggish,—which Forby gives, with the sense of—trifling, silly, flighty (*Vocab. of East Anglia*); but here perhaps the word implies something of wantonness: *gase*, i. e. goose.

* v. 1207. *wrenchis*] i. e. tricks.

v. 1209. *shuld not crase*] i. e. that it should not break.

v. 1210. *It may wele ryme, but shroudly it doth acorde*]—*wele*, i. e. well: *shroudly*, i. e. shrewdly, badly. A copy of verses on Inconsistency by Lydgate has for its burden,

"*It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.*"

MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 26.

v. 1211. *pyke . . . potshorde*] i. e. pick . . . pots-herd.

Page 224. v. 1219.

*Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun,
Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose,
Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,
He did translate, enterprete, and disclose]*

—*at the contemplacyoun*; see note on heading of Epitaph, p. 171: *my ladys grace* means perhaps the mother of Henry the Seventh, the Countess of Derby see note on title of Elegy, p. 190. Warton says that this piece was "from the French, perhaps, of Guillaume

[de Guilleville] prior of Chalis. But it should be observed that Pynson printed *Peregrinatio humani generis*, 1508, 4to." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 337 (note), ed. 4to. *The Pylgremage of the Soule translatid oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe with somwhat of addicions, the yere of our lord M.CCCC & thyrten, and endeth in the Vigyle of seynt Bartholomew Emprynted at Westmestre by William Caxton, And fynnyshed the sixth day of Juyn, the yere of our lord, M.CCCC.LXXXIIII And the first yere of the regne of kynge Edward the fyfthe.* fol., was taken from the French of Guillaume de Guilleville (see *Biog. Univ.* xix. 169); but, though Skelton was in all probability an author as early as 1483, there is no reason for supposing that the volume just described had received any revision from him. *Peregrinatio Humani Generis*, printed by Pynson in 4to, 1508, is, according to Herbert (*Typ. Ant.* ii. 430. ed. Dibdin), "in ballad verse, or stanzas of seven lines;" it cannot therefore be the piece mentioned here by Skelton, which he expressly tells us was in "prose."

Page 224. v. 1226. *creauncer*] i. e. tutor. See note, p. 146. v. 102.

v. 1229. *Speculum Principis*] A piece by Skelton entitled *Methodos Skeltonidis Laureati*, sc. *Præcepta quædam moralia Henrico principi, postea Hen. viii. missa. Dat. apud Eltham. A. D. MDI.* was once among the MSS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, but is now marked as missing in the Catalogue of that collection, and has been sought for in vain. Whether it was the same work as that mentioned in the present passage, I am unable to determine.

— *honde*] i. e. hand.

v. 1231. *astate*] i. e. estate, state.

Page 224. v. 1233. *the Tunnyngge of Elinour Rummyng*] In vol. i. 109.

v. 1234. *Colyn Clout*] In vol. ii. 125.

— *Iohnn Iue, with Ioforth lack*] In 1511, a woman being indicted for heresy, “her husband deposed, that in the end of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, one *John Ive* had persuaded her into these opinions, in which she had persisted ever since.” Burnet’s *Hist. of the Reform*, i. 51. ed. 1816. The words “with *Ioforth, lack*,” were perhaps a portion of Skelton’s poem concerning this *John Ive*: *ioforth* is an exclamation used in driving horses;

“Harrer, Morelle, *iofurthe*, hyte.”

Mactacio Abel,—*Towneley Mysteries*, p. 9.

Page 225. v. 1235. *make . . konnyng*] i. e. compose . . . knowledge, skill, ability.

v. 1236. *parde*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

v. 1238. *conueyauns*] See the long speech of Crafty Conueyaunce in our author’s *Magnyfycence*, v. 1343 sqq. vol. ii. 62.

v. 1239. *the Walshemannys hoos*] See note, p. 282. v. 780.

v. 1240. *vmblys*] i. e. parts of the inwards of a deer. “*Noumbles* of a dere or beest, *entrailles*.” Palsgrave, p. 248. And see Sir F. Madden’s note, *Syr Gawayne*, &c. p. 322.

————— *the botell of wyne*,

To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent]

Such a present seems to have been not uncommon;

“*Beddes, brochys, and botelles of wyen he to the lady sent*.”

Lydgate’s Ballad of A Prioress and her three Wooers,—*MS. Harl.* 78. fol. 74.

The "maistres Anne" here mentioned is doubtless the lady to whom the lines in vol. i. 25 are addressed.

Page 225. v. 1246. *longyth*] i. e. belongeth.

v. 1247. *Of one Adame all a knaue* .

.
He wrate an Epitaph, &c.]

In vol. i. 191.

v. 1250. *agerdows*] i. e. eager, keen, severe.

v. 1254. *Phillip Sparow*] In vol. i. 61.

Page 226. v. 1257. *Yet sum thère be therewith that take greuauce*] See notes, p. 84 sqq., where will be found illustrations of the portion of *Phyllip Sparowe* which is inserted in the present poem.

Page 230. v. 1376. *The Gruntynge and the groynninge of the gronnyng swyne*] See note, p. 127. v. 2.

v. 1377. *the Murnyng of the mapely rote*]—*mapely rote*, i. e. maple-root.—In Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, part of a nonsensical song (No. 31) is as follows;

"My Ladies gone to Canterbury,

S. Thomas be her boote.

Shee met with Kate of Malmsbury,

Why weepst thou maple rote?"

a recollection perhaps of Skelton's lost ballad.

v. 1378. *pine*] i. e. pain, grief.

v. 1379. *a cote*] i. e. a coot (water-fowl.)

v. 1380. *birdbolt*] i. e. a blunt arrow used to kill birds; see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. and in v. *Bolt*.

— *hart rote*] i. e. heart-root.

v. 1381. *Moyses hornis*] So Lydgate;

"*Moyses*

With golden hornes liche phebus beames bright."

Process. of Corpus Christi,—MS. Har.

2251. fol. 251.

“Cumque descenderet Moyses de monte Sinai . . . ignorabat quod *cornuta* esset facies sua ex consortio sermonis Domini.” Vulgate,—*Exod.* xxxiv. 29.

Page 230. v. 1382. *merely, medelyd*] i. e. merrily, mingled.

v. 1383. *Of paiauntis that were played in Joyows Garde*] Bale, in his enumeration of Skelton's writings, alluding to this line (as is evident from his arrangement of the pieces), gives “*Theatrales ludos.*” *Script. Illust. Bryt.* p. 652. ed. 1557: and Mr. J. P. Collier states that “one of Skelton's earlier works had been a series of pageants, ‘played in Joyous Garde,’ or Arthur's Castle.” *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* ii. 142. But, assuredly, in the present line, *paiauntis*, i. e. pageants, means nothing of a dramatic nature. The expression to “play a pageant” has occurred several times already in our author's poems; “I haue *played my pageyond*” (my part on the stage of life), see note, p. 6. v. 85; “Suche pollyng *paiaunttis ye pley*” (such thievish pranks), see note p. 140. v. 190: and though it may be doubted whether the *paiauntis that were played IN Joyows Garde*,—i. e. in the Castle of Sir Launcelot, according to the romances—are to be understood as connected with feats of arms, I cite the following passage in further illustration of the expression; “The fyrste that was redy to Juste was sir Palomydes and sir Kaynus le straunge a knyghte of the table round. And soo they two encountred to gyders, but sire Palomydes smote sir Kaynus soo hard that he smote hym quyte ouer his hors croupe, and forth with alle sir Palomydes smote doune another knyght and brake thenne his spere & pulled oute his sward and did wonderly wel. And thenne the noyse beganne gretely vpon sir palomydes. loo said Kyng

Arthur yonder palomydes begynneth to play his pagent. So god me help said Arthur he is a passynge good knyght. And ryght as they stood talkyng thus, in came sir Tristram as thonder, and he encountred with syre Kay the Seneschall, and there he smote hym doune quyte from his hors, and with that same spere sir Tristram smote doune thre knyghtes moo, and thenne he pulled oute his swerd and dyd merueylously. Thenne the noyse and crye changed from syr Palomydes and torned to sir Tristram and alle the peple cryed O Tristram, O Tristram. And thenne was sir Palomydes clene forgotten. How now said Launcelot vnto Arthur, yonder rydeth a knyght that playeth his pagents." *Morte d' Arthur*, B. x. cap. lxxix. vol. ii. 140. ed. Southey.

Page 230. v. 1384. *wrate*] i. e. wrote.

— *muse*] See note, p. 200. v. 212.

v. 1385. *do*] i. e. doe.

v. 1386. *parker . . . with all*] i. e. park-keeper . . . withal.

v. 1387. *Castell Aungell*] "And the pope fled unto *Castle Angell*." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 143. ed. 1827.

* — *fenestrall*] "Before the general introduction, of glazed windows, their place was supplied by framed blinds of cloth, or canvas, termed *fenestralls*. . . . Horman says that "paper or lyn clothe straked acrossse with losyngys make *fenestrals* in stede of glasen wyndowes." Harrison, who wrote his description of England about 1579, . . . states that glass had become so cheap and plentiful, being imported from Burgundy, Normandy, and Flanders, as well as made in England, of good quality, that every one who chose might have

abundance." Way's *Prompt. Parv.* i. 155. *Fenestrall* appears to be used here for a glazed window: see v. 1388.

Page 231. v. 1389. *eyn dasild and dasid*]—*eyn*, i. e. eyes: *dasid*, i. e. dulled.

v. 1390. *The Repete of the recule of Rosamundis bowre*]—*Repete*, i. e. Repetition, Recital: *recule*; see note on v. 1187. p. 339.

v. 1392. *propre*] i. e. pretty.

— *ieloffer flowre*] See note, p. 80. v. 1052.

v. 1393. *to recheles*] i. e. too reckless.

v. 1396. *Mok there loste her sho*] A proverbial expression, which occurs again in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 83. vol. ii. 279. In his *Colyn Cloute* we find

“ Sho the *mockysshe* mare.

v. 181. vol. ii. 131.

v. 1397. *barbican*] “ A *Barbican*, antemurale, promurale, tormentorum bellicorum sedes, locus.” Coles's *Dict.* “ It was generally,” says Nares (referring to King on Anc. Castles, *Archael.*), “ a small round tower, for the station of an advanced guard, placed just before the outward gate of the castle yard, or ballium.” *Gloss.* in v. And see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

v. 1398. *sawte*] i. e. assault.

v. 1399. *blo*] i. e. livid: see note, p. 25. v. 3.

v. 1400. *Of Exione, her lambis, &c.*] See note *ad loc.* If the reader understands the line, it is more than I do.

Page 232. v. 1407. *forster*] i. e. forester.

v. 1409. *to yerne and to quest*] Coles renders both these hunting-terms by the same word, “ *nicto* ” (i. e. open, give tongue). *Dict.* Turberville, enumerating

“the sundry noyses of houndes,” tells us that “when they are earnest eyther in the chace or in the earth, we say *They yearne.*” *Noble Art of Venerie, &c.* p. 242. ed. 1611. “*Quest, united cry of the hounds.*” Sir F. Madden’s Gloss. to *Syr Gawayne, &c.*

Page 232. v. 1410. *With litell besyghes standith moche rest]*

“*Great rest standeth in little businesse.*”

Good Counsaile,—Chaucer’s Workes,
fol. 319, ed 1602.

v. 1411. *make]* i. e. mate, wife.

v. 1412. *ble]* i. e. colour, complexion.

v. 1413. *welc]* i. e. well.

v. 1416. *Some]* i. e. Soham.

Page 233. v. 1418. *Wofully arayd]* In vol. i. 165.

v. 1419. *making]* i. e. composing.

v. 1420. *Vexilla regis]* In vol. i. 168.

v. 1421. *Sacris solemnüs]* As the still-extant piece mentioned in the preceding line, and headed *Vexilla regis, &c.*, is not a translation of that hymn, so we may with probability conclude that this was not a version of the hymn beginning “*Sacris solemnüs juncta sint gaudia,*” which may be found in *Hymni Ecclesiæ e Breviario Parisiensi*, 1838. p. 94.

v. 1424. *sadnes]* i. e. seriousness.

v. 1425. *Galiene* } i. e. Galen, Hippocrates.

v. 1426. *Ipocras* }

“*Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien.*”

Chaucer’s Prol. to Cant. Tales,
v. 433. ed. Tyr.

“*For Ipocras nor yet Galiene.*”

Poems by C. Duke of Orleans,—
MS. Harl. 682. fol. 103.

Page 233. v. 1426. *Auycen*] An Arabian physician of the tenth century.

v. 1428. *Albumasar*] See note, p. 61. v. 501.

— *ken*] i. e. instruct (pleonastically coupled with "enforme," as in v. 825.)

v. 1430. *gose*] i. e. goose.

v. 1432. *ageyne*] i. e. against.

v. 1433. *Dun is in the myre*] A proverbial expression, which occurs in Chaucer's *Manciples Prol.* v. 16954. ed. Tyrwhitt, and is common in writers long after the time of Skelton. Gifford was the first to shew that the allusion is to a Christmas gambol, in which *Dun* (the cart-horse) is supposed to be stuck in the mire; see his note on Jonson's *Works*, vii. 283.

Page 234. v. 1434. *rin*] i. e. run.

v. 1435. *spar the stable dur*] i. e. fasten, shut the stable-door.

v. 1437. *sone aspyed*] i. e. soon espied.

v. 1438. *welc wotith*] i. e. well knoweth.

v. 1439. *lucerne*] i. e. lamp. So in the *Lenvoye* to Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale*;

"Aurore of gladnesse, and day of lustinesse,
Lucerne a night with heauenly influence
 Illumined" *Workes*, fol. 318, ed. 1602.

v. 1442. *wedder*] i. e. weather.

v. 1443. *cokwolde*] i. e. cuckold.

v. 1445. *vntwynde*] i. e. torn to pieces, destroyed.

See note, p. 53. v. 284.

v. 1446. *ieloffer*] See note, p. 80. v. 1052.

v. 1447. *propre*] i. e. pretty.

v. 1450. *all to-fret*] i. e. altogether eaten up, consumed: see note, p. 22. v. 32.

Page 234. v. 1451.

*But who may haue a more vngracyous lyfe
Than a chyldis birde and a knauis wyfe]*

This proverbial expression occurs in Lydgate;

“ Vnto purpos this prouerd is full ryfe
Rade and reported by olde remembraunce;
A chylde's birdde and a knauis wyfe
Haue often sieth gret sorowe and myschaunce.”

The Chorle and the Bird,—MS. Harl.

116. fol. 151.

v. 1454. *byll]* i. e. writing.

Page 235. v. 1455. *By Mary Gipcy]* In much later writers we find, as an interjection, *marry gep, marry gip, marry guep, marry gup.*

v. 1456. *Quod scripsi, scripsi]* From the Vulgate, *Joan. xix. 22.*

v. 1460. *Secundum Lucam, &c.]* Skelton seems to allude to the Vulgate, *Luc. i. 13, “ Et uxor tua Elizabeth,”* &c.

v. 1461.

the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,

Where the sank royall is, Crystes blode so rede]

The college of the Bonhommes, completed in 1285, was founded by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, son and heir of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was King of the Romans and brother of Henry the Third, for a rector and twenty brethren or canons, of whom thirteen were to be priests. It was founded expressly in honour of the blood of Jesus, (“*the sank royall*”), which had once formed part of the precious reliques belonging to the German emperors, and which Edmund had brought over from Germany to England.

See Todd's *History of the College of Bonhommes at Ashridge*, 1823. p. 1-3.

The pretended blood of Christ drew to Ashridge many persons of all ranks, greatly to the enrichment of the society. "But," Speed tells us, "when the sunne-shine of the Gospell had pierced thorow such cloudes of darkenesse, it was perceined apparantly to be onely hony clarified and coloured with Saffron, as was openly shewed at Paules Crosse by the Bishop of Rochester, the twentie foure of Februarie, and yeare of Christ 1538." *A Prospect of The Most Famous Parts of the World*, 1631, (in *Buck.* p. 43).

Page 235. v. 1466. *Fraxinus in clivo, &c.*] "As to the name *Ashridge*," says Kennett, "it is no doubt from a hill set with Ashes; the old word was *Aescrugge*. *Rugge*, as after *Ridge*, signifying a hill or steep place, and the Ashen-tree being first *Aesc*, as after *Ashche*, &c." *Parochial Antiquities*, p. 302. ed. 1695.

v. 1470. *The Nacyoun of Folys*] Most probably *The Boke of Three Fooles*, in vol. i. 221.

v. 1471. *Apollo that whirllid vp his chare*] Concerning the piece, of which these were the initial words, a particular notice will be found in *The Account of Skelton and his Writings: chare*, i. e. chariot; compare the first of the two lines, which in the old eds. and some MSS. of Chaucer stand as the commencement of a third part of *The Squieres Tale*;

"*Apollo whirleth vp his chare so hie.*"

Workes, fol. 25. ed. 1602.

and the opening of *The Floure and the Leafe*;

"When that *Phebus his chaire* of gold so hie
Had whirled vp the sterye sky aloft."

Id. fol. 344

See also *Poems* by C. Duke of Orleans, *MS. Harl.* 682. fol. 47.

Page 235. v. 1472. *snurre*] i. e. snort.

v. 1475. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

Page 236. v. 1478. *Suppleyng*] i. e. Supplicating.

v. 1483. *rin*] i. e. run.

v. 1487. *take it in gre*] i. e. take it kindly: see note, p. 16 v. 68.

v. 1490. *ragman rollis*] i. e. lists or rolls. The collection of deeds in which the Scottish nobility and gentry were compelled to subscribe allegiance to Edward I. of England in 1296, and which were more particularly recorded in four large rolls of parchment, &c., was known by the name of *Ragman's Roll*: but what has been written on the origin of this expression appears to be so unsatisfactory that I shall merely refer the reader to Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, &c., ed. 1727, in v., Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* in v., Nares's *Gloss* in v., Gloss. to *The Towneley Myst.* in v., Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Rigmarole*, [See also Wright's *Anecdota Literaria*, and his Glossary to *Piers Plouhman*.]

v. 1491. *lenger*] i. e. longer.

v. 1495. *Counforte*] i. e. Comfort.

Page 237. v. 1498.

Diodorus Siculus of my translacyoun
Out of fresshe Latine, &c.]

—*fresshe*, i. e. elegant: see note. p. 301. v. 39. This translation from the Latin of *Poggio* is mentioned with praise in Caxton's Preface to *The Boke of Eneydos*, &c. 1490, and is still preserved in MS. among Parker's Collection, in Corpus Ch. College, Cambridge: see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*, and *Appendix ii.*

Page 237. v. 1505. *dome*] i. e. judgment, thinking.
v. 1507. *the noyse went to Rome*] So Chaucer ;

“ And there came out so great a noyse,
That had it stonde vpon Oyse,
Men might haue heard it easely
To Rome, I trowe sikerly.”

House of Fame, B. iii.—*Workes*,
fol. 270. ed. 1602.

Page 238. v. 1512. *somdele*] i. e. somewhat.

v. 1514. *sperycall*] i. e. spherical.

v. 1515. *Ianus, with his double chere*]—*chere*, i. e. visage, countenance.

v. 1517. *He turnyd his tirikkis, his voluell ran fast*]

What is meant by *tirikkis*, I know not : it occurs again in our author's *Speke, Parrot* ;

“ Some trete of theyr *tirykis*, som of astrology.”

v. 139. vol. ii. 252.

For the following note I am indebted to W. H. Black, Esq. “ The volvell is an instrument, called *volvella* or *volvellum* in the Latin of the middle age, consisting of graduated and figured circles drawn on the leaf of a book, to the centre of which is attached one movable circle or more, in the form of what is called a geographical clock. There is a very fine one, of the fourteenth century, in the Ashmolean MS. 789. f. 363, and others exist in that collection, which affords likewise, in an Introduction to the Knowledge of the Calendar, (in the MS. 191. iv. art. 2. f. 199,) written in old English of the fifteenth century, a curious description of the volvell, with directions for its use. The passage is entitled ‘ The Rewle of the Volvelle.’— ‘ Now followith here the *volvelle*, that sum men clepen

a *lunarie*; and thus most ghe governe ghou ther ynne. First take the grettist cercle that is maad in the leef, for that schewith the 24 houris of the day naturel, that is of the nyght and day, of the whiche the firste houre is at noon bitwene 12 and oon. Thanne above him is another cercle, that hathe write in hem the 12 monthis withe here dayes, and 12 signes with here degrees; and with ynne that, ther is writen a rewle to knowe whanne the sunne ariseth and the mone bothe; if ghe biholde weel these noumbriis writen in reed, 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. †. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.' The rule proceeds to shew that there is another row of the same figures in black, and that the red cross stands in the place of Cancer, the black at Capricorn: the red figures were used to shew the rising of the sun and moon, the black for their setting. Over this is 'another cercle that hath a tunge,' (tongue, or projecting angle to point with,) the figure of the sun on it, and 29½ days figured, for the age of the moon. Upon this is the least circle, 'which hath a tunge with the figure of the moon on it, and with ynne it is an hole, the whiche schewith bi symylitude howe the moone wexith and wansith.' It was used by setting 'the tunge of the moone' to the moon's age, and 'the tunge of the sunne' to the day of the month, then moving the circle of months and signs to bring the hour of the day to the last named 'tunge,' whereby might be found 'in what signe he' (the *moon*, masculine in Anglo-Saxon) 'sittith and the sunne also, and in what tyme of the day thei arisen, eny of hem, either goone downe, and what it is of the watir, whether it be flood or eb.' The rule concludes by observing that the wind sometimes alters the time of the tide at Londone brigge."

Page 238. v. 1533. *quaire*] i. e. quire,—pamphlet book.

Page 239. v. 1542. *warkis*] i. e. works.

v. 1552. *brede*] i. e. breadth.

v. 1556. *harnnes*] i. e. armour.

v. 1558. *ageyne*] i. e. against.

v. 1563. *derayne*] i. e. contest.

Page 240. v. 1575. *sad*] i. e. sober, grave.

v. 1581. *Any worde defacid*] i. e. Any disfigured, deformed, unseemly word.

v. 1582. *Lautre Enuoy, &c.*] Concerning this curious Envoy, see *Account of Skelton and his Writings*.

Page 241. v. 1597. *sekernes*] i. e. security, sureness.

v. 1598. *rede*] i. e. conceive, consider.

OWT OF LATYNE INTO ENGLYSSHE.

Page 243. v. 5. *kepe*] i. e. heed, regard, care.

v. 7. *Gone to seke hallows*]—*hallows*, i. e. saints.

“ On pilgrimage then must they go,
To Wilsdon, Barking, or to some *halloves*.”

The Schole House of Women, 1572,—
Utterson's *Early Pop. Poetry*, ii. 66.

But “to seek hallows” seems to have been a proverbial expression ;

“ O many woman hath caught be in a trayne,
By goyng out such *halowes for to seke*.”

Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. ii. sig. I ii.
ed. 1555.

Page 244. v. 13. *withholde*] i. e. withheld.

v. 14. *sayne*] i. e. say.

SPEKE, PARROT.

That the extant portion of this very obscure pro-

duction were written at intervals, is not to be doubted ; and that we do not possess all that Skelton composed under the title of *Speke, Parrot*, is proved by the following passage of the *Garlande of Laurell*, where, enumerating his various works, he mentions

“*the Poppingay, that hath in commendacyoun
Ladies and gentylwomen suche as deseruyd,
And suche as be counterfettis they be reseruyd.*”

v. 1188. vol. ii. 222.

a description which, as it answers to no part of the existing poem (or poems), must apply to some portion which has perished, and which, I apprehend, was of an earlier date. “*The Poppingay*” is assuredly only another name for *Speke, Parrot* ;

“*Go, litell quayre, namyd the Popagay.*”

Speke, Parrot, v. 280.

Page 245. v. 3. *Parrot, a byrd of paradyse*] So Lydgate (in a poem, entitled in the Catalogue, *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*) ;

“*Popyngayes froo paradys comyn al grene.*”

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 133.

“*Than spake the popynge Jay of paradyse.*”

Parlyament of Byrdes, sig. A ii. n. d.

v. 5. *Dyentely*] i. e. Daintily.

Page 246. v. 8. *estate*] i. e. state, rank.

v. 9. *Then Parrot must haue an almon*] In Jonson’s *Magnetic Lady*, act v. sc. 5, we find,—

“*Pol is a fine bird ! O fine lady Pol !*

Almond for Parrot, Parrot’s a brave bird ;”—

and Gifford, citing the last line (he ought rather to have cited v. 50), observes that Jonson was indebted to Skelton for “most of this jargon.” *Works*, vi. 109.

Page 246. v. 11. *couertlowre*] i. e. shelter.

v. 12. *toote*] i. e. peep.

v. 17. *becke*] i. e. beak.

v. 18. *My fedders freshe as is the emrawde grene*]—*emrawde*, i. e. emerald. So Ovid in his charming verses on Corinna's parrot;

“Tu poteris virides pennis hebetare smaragdos.”

Am. lib. ii. vi. 21.

v. 20. *fete*] i. e. well made, neat.

v. 22. *My proper Parrot, my lytyll prety foole*]—*proper*, i. e. pretty, handsome (elsewhere Skelton uses “proper” and “prety” as synonymes: see note, p. 51. v. 127).

“I pray thee what hath ere the Parret got,
And yet they say he talkes in great mens bowers?

· · · · ·
A good *foole* call'd with paine perhaps may be.”

Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii. p. 229. ed. 1613.

Page 247. v. 26. *mute*] i. e. mew.

v. 30. *Quis expedit psittaco suum chaire*]—*chaire* XAIPE. From Persius, *Prol.* 8.

v. 31. *Dowse French of Parryse*] *Dowse*, i. e. sweet, soft. Chaucer's Prioress spoke French

“After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For *Frenche of Paris* was to hire unknowe.”

Prol. to Cant. Tules, v. 125. ed. Tyr

v. 35. *supple*] i. e. supPLICATE, pray.

v. 38. *ryall*] i. e. royal. In the marginal note on this line, “Katerina universalis vitii ruina, Græcum est” is an allusion to the Greek *καθαρίζω* or *καθαρός*.

v. 39. *pomegarnet*] i. e. pomegranate.

v. 40. *Parrot, saves habler Castiliano*] See note *ad l*

“Parrot, can you speak Castilian?” is a question which Spanish boys at the present day frequently address to that bird.

* Page 248. v. 41. *With fidasso de cosso in Turkey and in Trace*—*fidasso de cosso* [Old editions, *sidasso de cosso*, and *sidasso de costo*] is perhaps lingua franca, —some corruption of the Italian *fidarsi di se stesso*: *Trace*, i. e. Thrace.

v. 42. *Vis consilii expers . . .* } From Horace, *Carm.*
v. 43. *Mole ruit sua* } iii. iv. 65 (where
“consilf”).

— *dictès*] i. e. sayings.

v. 45. *maystres*] i. e. mistress.

v. 50. *An almon now for Parrot*] I know not if these words occur in any writer anterior to the time of Skelton; but they afterwards became a sort of proverbial expression.

v. 51. *In Salve festa dies, toto theyr doth best*—*theyr*, i. e. there. Skelton has two copies of verses, which begin “*Salve, festa dies, toto*,” &c.: see vol i pp. 211, 212.

v. 54. *Myden agan*] i. e. *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*.

v. 59. *Besy*] i. e. Busy.

Page 249. v. 63. *To*] i. e. Too.

v. 67. *Iobab was brought vp in the lande of Hus*] “*Verisimile est Jobum eundem esse cum Jobabo, qui quartus est ab Esäu . . . Duces in ista opinione sequimur omnes fere antiquos Patres quos persuasit, ut ita sentirent, additamentum in exemplaribus Græcis, Arabicis et in antiqua Vulgata Latina appositum: ‘Job vero habitabat in terra Hus, inter terminos Edom et Arabiæ, et antea vocabatur Jobab,’*” &c. *Concordantiæ Bibl. Sacr. Vulg. Ed.* by Dutripon, in v. *Job.* ii.

Page 249. v. 71. *Howst thé, lyuer god van hemrik, ic seg*]—*Howst thé* is (I suppose) *Hist thee*: what follows is German,—*lieber Gott von Himmelreich, ich sage*—Dear God of heaven's kingdom, I say,—spoken by way of oath.

v. 72. *In Popering grew peres*] From *Popering*, a parish in the Marches of Calais (see Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, v. 13650), the *poprin*, *poperin*, or *popperin* pear, frequently mentioned in our early dramas, was introduced into this country.

v. 73. *Ouer in a whynny meg*] The initial words of a ballad or song. Laneham (or Langham) in his strange *Letter* concerning the entertainment to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, mentions it as extant in the collection of Captain Cox, who figured in the shows on that occasion: "What shoold I rehearz heer what a bunch of Ballets and songs all auncient: Az Broom broom on hill, So wo iz me begon, Troly lo, *Over a whinny Meg*," &c. See Collier's *Bridgewater-House Catalogue*, p. 164.

v. 74. *Hop Lobyn of Lowdeon*] See note, p. 175.
v. 59.

v. 75. *The iebet of Baldock*] Is mentioned again in our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 953. vol. ii. 308. "And in Caldee the chief Cytee is *Baldak*." *Voiage and Travaile of Sir J. Maundevile*, p. 51. ed. 1725.

v. 78. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 80. *erstrych fether*] i. e. ostrich-feather.

v. 81. *Beme*] i. e. Bohemia.

v. 82. *byrsa*] An allusion to Virgil;

"*Merquatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurinò quantum possent circumdare tergo.*"

Æn. i. 367

Perhaps too Skelton recollected a passage in Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. ii. leaf xlvi. ed. Wayland.

Page 249. v. 84. *Colostru. n.*] i. e. the biesting,—the first milk after the birth given by a cow (or other milch animal). This form of the word occurs in the title of an epigram by Martial, lib. xiii. 38, and in Servius's commentary on Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 22.

Page 250. v. 85. *shayle*] i. e. walk crookedly. See note, p. 18. v. 19.

v. 87. *Moryshe myne owne shelfe, the costermonger sayth*] From the next line it would seem that "Moryshe" is meant for the Irish correction of some English word; but of what word I know not.

v. 88. *Fate, fate, fate, ye Irysh waterlag*] Mr. Crofton Croker obligingly observes to me that he has no doubt of "fate" being intended for the Irish pronunciation of the word *water*.—"There is rysen a fray amonge the *water laggys*. Coorta est rixa inter *amphorarios*." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. q vi. ed. 1530.

v. 91. *Let syr Wrigrag wrastell with syr Delarag*] See note, p. 139. v. 186. p. 147. v. 149.

v. 93. *Paube une aruer*] Either *Paub un arver*, Every one his manner, or *Paub yn ei arver*, Every one in his manner.

v. 95. *mo*] i. e. more.

v. 97. *conseyt*] i. e. conceit.

v. 104. *how*] i. e. ho!

v. 106. *Bas*] i. e. Kiss.

Page 251. v. 109. *pyke . . too*] i. e. pick . . toe.

v. 110. *solas, pleasure, dysporte, and pley*] One of Skelton's pleonasm.

v. 112. *Parot can say, Cæsar, ave, also*] "Ut plurimum docebantur hæ aves salutationis verba . . . inter-

dum etiam plurium vocum versus aut sententias docebantur: ut illi corvi, qui admirationi fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti, quorum alter institutus fuerat dicere, *Ave Cæsar*," &c. Casaubonus *ad Persii Prol.* v. 8.

Page 251. v. 116. *ruly doth loke*] i. e. ruefully doth look.

v. 118. *vdertoke*] i. e. undertook.

v. 119. *of Iudicum rede the boke*] i. e. read the Book of Judges.

"In *Iudicum* the storye ye may rede."

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xiv.
ed. Wayland.

v. 122.

O Esebon, Esebon! to thé is cum agayne
Seon, the regent Amorræorum,
And Og, that fat hog of Basan, doth retayne,
The crafty coistronus Cananæorum]

—*coistronus* is a Latinised form of *coistroun*, see note on title of poem, p. 11. Though in an earlier part of *Speke, Parrot*, we find "Cryst saue Kyng Henry the viii, our royall kyng," &c. v. 36, yet it would almost seem that he is alluded to here under the name of Seon. Og must mean Wolsey. This portion of the poem is not found in *MS. Harl.* (see note on v. 59 *ad l.*); and there can be no doubt that *Speke, Parrot* is made up of pieces composed at various times. After Skelton's anger had been kindled against Wolsey, perhaps the monarch came in for a share of his indignation.

v. 126. *asylum, whilom refugium miserorum, &c.*] —*whilom*, i. e. once, formerly. So afterwards in this

piece, v. 496, among the evils which Skelton attributes to Wolsey. mention is made of "myche sayntuary brekyng;" i. e. much sanctuary-breaking; and in *Why come ye nat to Courte* he says of the Cardinal that

" all priuileged places
He brekes and defaces," &c.

v. 1086. vol. ii. 313.

Page 251. v. 130. *trym tram*] See note, p. 101. v. 76.

Page 252. v. 131. *chaffer far fet*] i. e. merchandise far fetched.

v. 133. *Scarpary*] In Tuscany. So afterwards, "Over Scarpary," v. 408; and in *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*, "Mont Scarpary." *Dunbar's Poems*, ii. 82. ed. Laing.

v. 134. *ich wol*] i. e. I know.

v. 136. *Haly*] See note, p. 61. v. 505.

v. 137. *volvell* }
v. 139. *tirykis* } See note, p. 352. v. 1517.

v. 142. *ren*] i. e. run.

v. 143. *Monon calon agaton*] i. e. *Μόνον καλὸν ἀγαθόν*.

v. 144. *Quod Parato*] i. e. Quoth Parrot.

v. 149. *in scole matter occupyed*] i. e. used in school-matter.

Page 253. v. 152. *How*] i. e. Ho!

v. 153. *a silogisme in phrisesomorum*] "Sic [indirecte] in prima figura concludunt quinque illi modi, qui ab interpretibus fere omnibus (excepto Zabarella) pro legitimis agnoscuntur, quique hoc versu comprehendi solent, *Celantes, Baralip, Dabilis, Fapesmo, FRISESOM.*" Crakanthorp's *Logicæ Libri Quinque*, 1622. p. 275.

v. 165 *Jack Raker*] See note, p. 135. v. 108.

v. 166. *maker*] i. e. composer.

Page 254. v. 170. *Sturbrydye fayre*] The fair kept annually in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and so named from the rivulet *Stour* and *bridge*.

v. 171. *Tryuyals and quatrivyals*] The *trivials* were the first three sciences taught in the schools, viz Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic; the *quatrivials* were the higher set, viz, Astrology (or Astronomy), Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music. See Du Cange's *Gloss.* in vv. *Trivium, Quadrivium*; and Hallam's *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, i. 4.

v. 171. *appayre*] i. e. impair, are impaired, come to decay.

v. 174. *Albertus de modo significandi*] "Albertus," says Warton, after citing this stanza, "is the author of the *Margarita Poetica*, a collection of *Flores* from the classics and other writers, printed at Nurenberg, 1472, fol." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to. The work mentioned here by Skelton is stated to have been first printed in 1480. The title of an edition by Wynkyn de Worde, dated 1515, is as follows; *Modi significandi Alberti sine quibus grammaticæ notitia haberi nullo pacto potest*: there is said to be another edition n. d. by the same printer: see *Typ. Ant.*, ii. 208. ed. Dibdin.

v. 175. *Donatus*] i. e. the work attributed to Ælius Donatus, the Roman grammarian: see the *Bibliog. Dictionary* of Dr. Clarke (iii. 144), who observes; "It has been printed with several titles, such as *Donatus*; *Donatus Minor*; *Donatus pro puerulis*, *Donati Ars*, &c., but the work is the same, viz. Elements of the Latin Language for the Use of Children." See too Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, i. 281 (note), ed. 4to.

— *scole*] i. e. school.

v. 177. *Inter didascolos*] "*Interdidascolos* is the

name of an old grammar." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to. Warton may be right; but I have never met with any grammar that bears such a title.

Page 254. v. 177. *fole*] i. e. fool.

v. 178. *Alexander*] i. e. Alexander de Villa Dei, "author of the *Doctrinale Puerorum*, which for some centuries continued to be the most favourite manual of grammar used in schools, and was first printed at Venice in the year 1473 [at Treviso, in 1472; see *Typ. Ant.*, ii. 116. ed. Dibdin]. It is compiled from Priscian, and in Leonine verse. See Henr. Gandav. *Scriptor. Eccles.* cap. lix. This admired system has been loaded with glosses and lucubrations; but, on the authority of an ecclesiastical synod, it was superseded by the *Commentarii Grammatici* of Despauterius, in 1512. It was printed in England as early as the year 1503 by W. de Worde. [The existence of this ed. has been questioned. The work was printed by Pynson in 1505, 1513, 1516: see *Typ. Ant.*, ii. 116, 426, 427, ed. Dibdin, and Lowndes's *Bibliog. Man.*, i. 27]. Barklay, in the *Ship of Fooles*, mentions Alexander's book, which he calls 'The *olde Doctrinall* with his diffuse and vnperfite breuitie.' fol. 53. b [ed. 1570]." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to.

——— *Menanders pole*] See note, p. 57. v. 434 : *pole*, i. e. pool.

v. 179. *Da Cansales*] "He perhaps means *Concilia*, or the canon law." Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 347 (note), ed. 4to.

v. 180. *Da Racionales*] "He seems to intend *Logic*." *Id. ibid.*

v. 183. *Pety Caton*] *Calo Parvov* (a sort of

supplement to *Cato Magnus*, i. e. *Dionysii Catonis Disticha de Moribus*) was written by Daniel Church, or Ecclesiensis, a domestic in the court of Henry the Second · see Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 170, and Dibdin's ed. of *Typ. Ant.*, i. 120.

Page 254. v. 187. *scole maters*] i. e. school-matters.
— *hole sentens*] i. e. whole meaning.

v. 188. *gariopholo*] So, I believe, Skelton wrote, though the classical form of the word is *garyophyllo*.

v. 189. *pyke*] i. e. pick.

Page 255. v. 190. *synanum styckis*] i. e. cinnamon-sticks.

v. 191. *perdurable*] i. e. everlasting.

v. 192. *fauorable*] i. e. well-favoured, beautiful.

v. 195. *tote*] i. e. peep.

v. 199. *freshe humanyte*] i. e. elegant literature : see notes, p. 301. v. 39. p. 328. v. 817.

v. 201. *chekmate*] In allusion to the king's being put in *check* at the game of chess.

v. 205. *processe*] i. e. discourse.

v. 207. *with all*] i. e. withal.

v. 208. *pauys*] i. e. shield. See note, p. 9. v. 48.

Page 256. v. 209. *flekyd pye*] i. e. spotted, variegated magpie.

v. 210. *pendugum, that men call a carlyng*]—"pendugum," says the Rev. J. Mitford, "is penguin;" and he supposes that *carlyng* has some connexion with the term *gair-fowl*, which is another name for the penguin.

v. 222. *moche . . . popegay ryall*] i. e. much . . . parrot royal.

v. 226. *amonge*] i. e. together, at the same time.

v. 228. *worldly lust*] i. e. worldly pleasure.

Page 257. v. 232. *recule*] i. e. collection. See note, p. 339. v. 1187.

Page 257. v. 232. *Itaque consolamini invicem in verbis istis*] From the Vulgate, 1 *Thess.* iv. 17.

v. 239. *when Pamphylus loste hys make*]—*make*, i. e. mate. As the heading "*Galathea*" precedes this couplet, there is an allusion to a once popular poem concerning the loves of Pamphilus and Galathea,—*Pamphili Mauriliani Pamphilus, sive De Arte Amandi Elegiæ*. It is of considerable length, and though written in barbarous Latin, was by some attributed to Ovid. It may be found in a little volume edited by Goldastus, *Ovidii Nasonis Pelignensis Erotica et Amatoria Opuscula*, &c. 1610. See too the lines cited in note, p. 335. v. 1048.

v. 240. *propire*] i. e. handsome, pretty.

v. 241. *praty*] i. e. pretty.

Page 258. v. 245. *herte hyl ys*] i. e. heart it is.

v. 262. *Be*] i. e. By.

Page 259. v. 265. *reclaymed*] i. e. tamed, appeased

See note, p. 335. v. 1125.

v. 269. *kus*] i. e. kiss.

v. 270. *mus*] i. e. muzzle, mouth.

— *Zoe kai psyche*] i. e. Ζωή καὶ ψυχή.

Page 260. v. 274. *spuria vitulamina*] From the Vulgate, "*Spuria vitulamina non dabunt radices altas.*" *Sap.* iv. 3.

v. 280. *quayre*] i. e. quire,—pamphlet, book.—From this *Lenuoy primere* inclusive to the end of *Speke, Parrot*, with the exception of a few stanzas, the satire is directed wholly against Wolsey. The very obscure allusions to the Cardinal's being employed in some negotiation abroad are to be referred probably to his mission in 1521. That *Speke, Parrot* consists of pieces written at various periods has been already

noticed: and "Pope Julius," v. 425, means, I apprehend, (not Julius ii., for *he* died in 1513, but) Clement vii., Julius de Medici, who was elected Pope in 1523. With respect to the dates which occur after the present *Lenuoy*,—"Penultimo die Octobris, 33^a," "In diebus Novembris, 34," &c., if "33^a" and "34" stand for 1533 and 1534 (when both Skelton and the Cardinal were dead), they must have been added by the transcriber; and yet in the volume from which these portions of *Speke, Parrot* are now printed (*MS. Harl. 2252*) we find, only a few pages before, the name "John Colyn mercer of London," with the date "1517." At the end of *Why come ye nat to Courte* (vol. ii. 320) we find (what is equally puzzling) "xxxiiii."

Page 260. v. 285. *lyclyhode*] i. e. likelihood.

v. 288. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 289. *tonsan*] i. e. *toison*.

v. 291. *Lyacon*] Occurs again in v. 393: is it—*Lycaon*?

Page 261. v. 294. *folys*] i. e. fools.

— *knakkes*] "*Knacke* or *toye, friuolle*." *Palsgrave*, p. 236.

v. 295. *hang togedyr as fethyrs in the wynde*] See note, p. 247. v. 1842.

v. 296. *lewdllye ar they lettyrd that your lernyng lackys*] i. e. badly, meanly, are they lettered that find fault with your learning.

v. 297. *currys of kynde*] i. e. curs by nature.

v. 298. *lokythe . . . warkys*] i. e. looketh . . . works.

v. 300. *Agayne all remordes*] i. e. Against all blamings, censures, carpings: see note, p. 146. v. 101: but as in v. 368, where MS. has "*remordes*," the sense

absolutely requires "remórders," there is perhaps the same error here.

Page 261. v. 300. *Morda pueros mal desires*] This strange gibberish (which occurs twice afterwards) seems to mean,—To bite the pure, is an evil desire.

v. 304. *sadde*] i. e. grave, serious. See note, p. 245. v. 1711.

v. 305. *ower soleyne seigneour Sadoke*]—*soleyne*, i. e. sullen: in applying the name *Sadoke* to Wolsey, Skelton alludes to the high-priest of Scripture, not to the knight of the Round Table.

v. 306. *nostre dame de Crome*] So in *A Mery Play between Johan the Husbände, Tyb his Wyffe, and Syr Jhan the Preest*, 1533, attributed to Heywood;

"But, by goggis blod, were she come home
Unto this my house, by *our lady of Crome*,
I wolde bete her or that I drynke."

p. 1. reprint.

v. 307. *assone*] i. e. as soon.

v. 308. *to exployte the man owte of the mone*] i. e. to achieve the feat of driving the man out of the moon.

v. 309.

*With porpose and graundepose he may fede hym fatte,
Thowghe he pampyr not hys paunche with the grete
seall*]

—*porpose and graundepose*, i. e. porpoise and grampus. The pun in the second line is sufficiently plain.

Page 262. v. 311. *lokyd*] i. e. looked.

v. 313. *every deall*] i. e. every part.

v. 319. *nodypollys*] i. e. silly-heads.

— *gramatolys*] i. e. smatterers.

v. 320. *To . . . sentence*] i. e. Too . . . meaning.

Page 263. v. 326. *sadlye*] i. e. gravely. See note, p. 250. v. 1966.

— *Sydrake*] So Wolsey is termed here in allusion to a romance (characterised by Warton as “rather a romance of Arabian philosophy than of chivalry,” *Hist. of E. P.*, i. 143. ed. 4to), which was translated from the French by Hugh of Caumpeden, and printed in 1510, under the title of *The Historie of King Boccus and Sydracke*, &c.

v. 327. *coniecte*] i. e. conjecture.

v. 328. *mellis*] i. e. meddles.

v. 330. *Hyt*] i. e. It.

v. 331. *a cheryston pytte*] An allusion to a game played with cherry-stones;

“I can playe at the *chery pytte*,
And I can wystemell you a fytt,
Syres, in a whylowe ryne.”

The Worlde and the Chylde,
1522. sig. A iii.

v. 332. *sterrys*] i. e. stars.

v. 337. *syn*] i. e. since.

v. 339. *Non sine postica sanna*] “— *posticæ occurrite sannæ*.” Persius, *Sat.* i. 65.

Page 264. v. 354. *quod*] i. e. quoth.

Page 265. v. 356. *propyr*] i. e. pretty, handsome.

v. 358. *supply*] i. e. supplicate.

v. 360. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 362. *slaundrys obliqui*] i. e. slanderous obloquy.

v. 365. *jacounce*] i. e. jacinth.

v. 366. *balas*] See note, p. 338. v. 1166.

v. 367. *eyndye sapher*] See note, p. 23. v. 17.

v. 368. *remorde[r]s*] i. e. blamers, censurers: see note, p. 146. v. 101.

Page 266. v. 368. *votorum meorum omnis lapis, lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum*] From the Vulgate, "Omnis lapis pretiosus operimentum tuum." *Ezech.* xxviii. 13.

374. *myche*] i. e. much.

v. 378. *on and hothyr*] i. e. one and other.

v. 380. *recheles*] i. e. reckless.

Page 267. v. 382. *prosses*] Equivalent here to—matter: see p. 195. (first line of prose).

v. 383. *cowardes*] i. e. cowardice.

v. 385. *connyng*] i. e. knowing, learned.

v. 386. *postyll*] i. e. comment upon. See note, p. 282. v. 755.

* v. 389. *plucke the crowe*] i. e. enter into a quarrel.

v. 393. *Lyacon*] See note on v. 291. p. 366.

v. 394. *Racell, rulye*] i. e. Rachel, ruefully; compare v. 116.

v. 395. *mawmett*] See note, p. 138. v. 170.

— *quod*] i. e. quoth.

Page 268. v. 407. *For passe a pase apase ys gon to cache a molle*] Qy. is there an allusion here to Secretary Pace?

v. 408. *Scarpary*] See note on v. 133. p. 361.

— *slidder*] i. e. slippery.

v. 409. *pendugims*] See note on v. 210. p. 364.

v. 412. *Difficile hit ys*] i. e. Difficult it is.

v. 415. *raye*] i. e. array.

v. 416. *Agayne*] i. e. Against.

Page 269. v. 417. *ensembyll*] i. e. together. (Fr.)

v. 418. *The nebbis of a lyon they make to trete and trembyll*]—*nebbis*, i. e. neb, nib, nose: *to trete*, i. e. (I suppose) to become tractable.

- Page 269. v. 419. *folys*] i. e. fools.
- v. 420. *to play cowché quale*] So in *Thersytes*, n. d.;
 “Howe I haue made the knaues for *to play cowch
 quaille*.” p. 42. Roxb. ed.
- “And thou shalt make him *couche as doth a quaille*.”
The Clerkes Tale, v. 9082. ed. Tyr.
- v. 421. *polys*] i. e. pools.
- v. 422. *babylles*] i. e. (fools’) bawbles.
- v. 424. *He facithe owte at a fflusshe*] Compare *The
 Bowge of Courte*, v. 315.
 “And soo outface hym with a carde of ten.”
 v. 315. vol. i. 51.
fflusshe, i. e. a hand of cards all of a sort.
- v. 425. *cardys*] i. e. cards.
- v. 427. *skyregalyard*] See note, p. 177. v. 101.
 — *prowde palyard*] So, afterwards, the Duke of
 Albany is termed by Skelton in his tirade against that
 nobleman, v. 167. vol. ii. 326. “*Paillard*. A lecher,
 wench, whoremunger, whorehunter; also, a knave,
 rascal, varlet, scoundrell, filthy fellow.” Cotgrave’s
Dict.
- *vaunterperler*] “*Avant-parleur*. A forespeaker;
 or one that is too forward to speak.” Cotgrave’s *Dict.*
 “Whiche bee the *vaunterpers* and heddes of thair
 faction.” *Letter of Bedyll to Crumwell*,—*State Papers*
 (1830), i. 424.
- v. 428. *woluyz hede*] i. e. wolf’s head.
- *bloo*] i. e. livid: see note, p. 25. v. 3.
- v. 429. *Hyt ys to fere*] i. e. It is to fear,—be feared.
- v. 430. *Peregall*] i. e. Equal (thoroughly equal).
- Page 270. v. 431. *regiment*] i. e. rule.
- v. 432. *quod ex vi bolte harvi*]—*quod*, i. e. quoth: of
 the rest, the reader may make what he can.

Page 270. v. 435. *groynyd at*] i. e. grumbled at.
v. 436.

*Grete reysons with resons be now reprobitante,
For reysons ar no resons, but resons currant]*

Perhaps this is the earliest instance of a quibble between *raisins* and *reasons*. The same pun is used by Shakespeare in *Much ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1, and (though Steevens thinks not) in *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 2: compare also Dekker; "*Raisons* will be much askt for, especially in an action of injury." *The Owles Almanacke*, 1618. p. 36.

v. 438. *Ryn*] i. e. Run.

v. 439. *the date of the Devyll*] See note. p. 41. v. 375.

— *shrewlye*] i. e. shrewdly, badly.

v. 442. *So many morall maters, &c.*] There is a considerable resemblance between this concluding portion of *Speke, Parrot*, and a piece attributed to Dunbar, entitled *A General Satyre*; see his *Poems*, ii. 24. ed. Laing.

v. 443. *So myche newe makyng*] i. e. So much new composing.

Page 271. v. 457. *stondythe*] i. e. standeth.

v. 460. *on dawys hedd*] i. e. one daw's head: see note, p. 36. v. 301.

Page 272. v. 467. *dowztfull daunger*] i. e. doubtful danger,—danger that ought to cause dread.

v. 471. *not worth an hawe*] See note, p. 252. v. 2115.

v. 472. *So myche papers weryng for ryghte a smalle exesse*]—*exesse*, i. e. excess, offence. "And for a truthe he [the Cardinal] so punyshed periurye with open punyshment & open papers werynge, that in his

tyme it was lesse vsed." Hall's *Chron.* (Hen. viii.), fol. lix. ed. 1548.

Page 272. v. 473. *pelory pajauntes*] i. e. pillory-pageants.

v. 474. *the cooke stole*] i. e. cucking-stool. See note, p. 131. v. 38.

— *guy gaw*] i. e. gewgaw, trifle.

v. 478.

So bolde a braggyng bocher

So mangye a mastyfe curre, the grete grey houndes pere]

Again, in his *Why come ye nat to Courte*, Skelton alludes to the report that Wolsey was the son of a butcher, vv. 295. 491. vol. ii. 286. 293. Compare too Roy's satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe*, &c.;

"*The mastif curre*, bred in Ypswitch towne.

Wat. He commeth then of some noble stocke ?

Jeff. His father coulde snatche a bullock,

A butcher by his occupacion."

Harl. Miscell. ix. 3. 31. ed. Park.

and a poem *Of the Cardnalle Wolse* ;

"*To se a churle a Bochers curre,*

To rayne & rule in soche honour," &c.

MS. Harl. 2252. fol. 156.

Cavendish says that Wolsey "was an honest poor man's son;" and the will of his father (printed by Fiddes) shews that he possessed some property: but, as Mr. Sharon Turner observes, that Wolsey was the son of a butcher "was reported and believed while he lived." *Hist. of Reign. of Hen. the Eighth*, i. 167. ed 8vo.

With the second line of the present passage compare our author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, where he wishes that "that mastyfe" Wolsey, may

. . . "neuer confounde
The gentyll greyhownde."

v. 775. vol. ii. 302.

By the *greyhound* seems to be meant Henry viii., in allusion to the royal arms.

Page 273. v. 481. *So bygge a hulke of brow auntlers cabugyd that yere*] "*Cabusser*. To cabbidge; to grow to a head," &c.—"The Cabbage of the Deeres head *Meule de cerf*." Cotgrave's *Dict* "I Kabage a deere, *Je cabaiche* . . . I wyll kabage my dere and go with you: *Je cabacheray*," &c. Palsgrave, p. 596.

v. 485. *banketyng*] i. e. banqueting.

v. 487. *howgye*] i. e. huge, huge.

v. 488. *apon*] i. e. upon.

— *suche pyllyng and pollyng*] i. e. such stripping and plundering (exactions of various kinds).

v. 489. *reson and skylle*] See note, p. 207. v. 106.

Page 274. v. 496. *So myche sayntua. y b^ely. ig*] See note on v. 126. p. 360.

v. 497. *lyerd*] i. e. learned.

v. 498. *ryghte of a rammes horne*] See note, p. 95. v. 1201.

v. 501. *lokes . . . dysdayneslye*] i. e. looks . . . disdainfully.

v. 503. *ffylty gorgon*] i. e. filthy Gorgon.

v. 506. *loselles . . . lewde*] i. e. worthless fellows, scoundrels . . . bad, evil, (or perhaps, lascivious)

v. 507. *myday sprettes*] i. e. mid-day sprites.

v. 508. *puplysshyd*] i. e. published.

v. 509. *all beshrewde*] i. e. altogether cursed.

Page 274. v. 510. *Suche pollaxis and pyllers, suche mvlvs trapte with gold*—*mvlvs*, i. e. mules. So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe, &c.*;

“*Wat.* Doth he use then on mules to ryde ?

Jeff. Ye ; and that with so shamfull pryde

That to tell it is not possible :

More lyke a god celestiall

Than eny creature mortall,

With worldly pompe incredible.

Before him rydeth two prestes stronge,

And they beare two crosses ryght longe,

Gapyng in every mans face :

After theym folowe two laye-men secular,

And eaché of theym holdyng a pillar

In their hondes, steade of a mace.

Then foloweth my lorde on his mule,

Trapped with golde under her cule,

In every poynt most curiously ;

On each syde a pollaxe is borne,

Which in none wother use are worne,

Pretendyng some hid mistery.

Then hath he servauntes fyve or six score,

Some behynde and some before,

A marvelous great company :

Of which are lordes and gentlemen,

With many gromes and yemen,

And also knaves amonge.

Thus dayly he procedeth forthe,” &c.

Harl. Miscell. ix. 29. ed. Park.

“Then,” says Cavendish, “had he two great crosses of silver, whereof one of them was for his Archbishop-

rick, and the other for his Legacy, borne always before him whither soever he went or rode, by two of the most tallest and comeliest priests that he could get within all this realm." *Life of Wolsey*, 94. ed. 1827. "And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, as noblemen and gentlemen of his own family; thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt: Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said, 'On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!' Thus passed he down from the chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped all together [altogether] in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers, and pillar bearers, also upon great horses trapped with [fine] scarlet: Then marched he forward, with his train and furniture in manner as I have declared, having about him four footmen, with gilt pollaxes in their hands; and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door." *Id.* 106. See also Cavendish's *Metrical Legend of Wolsey*, p. 533. *ibid.* The pillars implied that the person before whom they were carried was a pillar of the church. That the Cardinal had a right to the "ensigns and ornaments" which he used, is shewn by Anstis in a letter to Fiddes,—Appendix to Fiddes's *Life of Wolsey*.

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

This poem appears to have been produced (at intervals perhaps) during 1522 and part of the following year.

Page 274. v. 510. *sadly*] i. e. seriously : *loke*, i. e. look.

Page 276. v. 3. *To*] i. e. Too (as in the next seven lines).

v. 5. *scarce*] i. e. sparing.

v. 6. *large*] i. e. liberal.

v. 8. *haute*] i. e. haughty.

Page 277. v. 23. *appall*] i. e. make pale, make to decay.

v. 33. *rage*] i. e. toy wantonly (see Tyrwhitt's Gloss. to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*).

v. 34. *basse*] i. e. kiss.

Page 278. v. 37. *corage*] i. e. desire, inclination.

v. 39. *ouerage*] Seems here to be—over-age (excessive age); while, again, in our author's poem *Howe the douty duke of Albany*, &c., it appears to be—over-*rage* (excessive rage);

“It is a rechelesse rage,

And a lunatyke *ouerage*.” v. 417. vol. ii. 335.

v. 43. *a graunt damage*] Meant for French perhaps.

v. 44. *set by*] i. e. valued, regarded.

v. 46. *rynne*] i. e. run.

v. 50. *boskage*] i. e. thicket, wood.

v. 56. *defaute*] i. e. default, want.

v. 58. *theyr hedes mew*] i. e. hide their heads; see note on v. 219.

v. 62. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 279. v. 63. *In faythe, dycken, thou krew*] See note, p. 39. v. 360.

Page 279. v. 68. *banketyng*] i. e. banqueting.

v. 69. *rechelesse*] i. e. reckless.

v. 70. *gambaudyng*] i. e. gambolling.

v. 74. *The countryng* at *Cales*] — *countryng* does not, I apprehend, mean—encountering, but is a musical term (see note on heading of poem, p. 11) used here metaphorically, as in other parts of Skelton's works. The allusion seems to be to the meeting between Henry the Eighth and Francis in 1520, when (as perhaps few readers need be informed) Henry went over to Calais, proceeded thence to Guisnes, and met Francis in the fields between the latter town and Ardres. If "*Cales*" is to be understood as—Cadiz (see note, p. 150. v. 3.) I know not any occurrence there of sufficient consequence to suit the present passage.

v. 75. *Wrang vs on the males*] See note, p. 74. v. 700.

v. 77. *grouchyng*] i. e. grudging.

v. 79. *talwod*] "*Talshide* or *Talwood* (*Taliatura*) is Fire-wood, cleft and cut into Billets of a certain Length . . . This was anciently written *Talghwode*." Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, &c. ed. 1727.

— *brent*] i. e. burned.

v. 81. *We may blowe at the cole*] See note, p. 319. v. 610.

v. 83. *Mocke hath lost her sho*] See note, p. 346. v. 1396.

v. 87. *As ryght as a rammes horne*] See note, p. 295. v. 1201.

* v. 90. *all to-torne*] i. e. torn to pieces. See note, p. 22. v. 32.

* v. 92. *Fauell*] i. e. Flattery. See note, p. 30. v. 134.

Page 280. v. 93. *Iauell*] See note, p. 256. v. 2218.

v. 94. *Hauell*] Which occurs again in v. 604, is a term of reproach found less frequently than *javel* in our early writers: whether it be connected with *haveril*,—one who *havers* (see the Gloss. to *The Towneley Myst.* in v. *Hawvelle*), I cannot pretend to determine.

— *Haruy Hafter*] See note, p. 30. v. 138.

v. 95. *Iack Trauell*] Among payments made in the year 1428 (in the reign of Hen. vi.), *Jack Travel* occurs as the name of a real person; “Et a lakke Travail et ses compaignons, feisans diverses Jeux et Enterludes, dedeins le Feste de Noell, devant nostre dit Sire le Roi,” &c. Rymer’s *Fœd.* T. iv. p. 133.

v. 97. *pollynge and shauynge*]—*pollynge*, i. e. shearing, clipping,—*piundering*.

v. 99. *reuyng*] i. e. reaving.

v. 101. *vayleth*] i. e. availeth.

v. 105. *reason and . . . skylle*] See note, p. 207. v. 106.

v. 106. *garlycke pyll*] i. e. peel garlic.

v. 108. *shyll*] i. e. shell.

v. 109. *rost a stone*] So Heywood;

“I doe but roste a stone

In warming her.”

Dialogue, &c. sig. F 2,—*Workes*, ed. 1598.

v. 110. *no man but one*] i. e. Wolsey.

v. 114. *cammocke*] i. e. a crooked beam, or knee of timber. See note, p. 126. v. 30.

v. 115. *This byll well ouer loked*] i. e. This writing being well overlooked, examined.

v. 117. *There went the hare away*] A proverbial expression :

‘*Man.* By my fayth, a lytell season

I folowed the counsell and dyet of reason.

Gloto. There went the hare away ;

Hys dyet quod a," &c.

Medwall's *Interlude of Nature*, n. d., sig. g ii.

"heere's the King, nay stay ;

And heere, I heare [ay, here] : *there goes the Hare away.*"

The Spanish Tragedie (by Kyd),
sig. G 3. ed. 1618.

Page 280. v. 118. *the gray*] i. e. the badger : see note, p. 303. v. 101.

v. 119. *the buck*] Qy. does Skelton, under these names of animals, allude to certain persons? If he does, "the buck" must mean Edward Duke of Buckingham, who, according to the popular belief, was impeached and brought to the block by Wolsey's means in 1521 : so in an unprinted poem against the Cardinal ;

"Wherfor nevyr looke ther mowthes to be stoppyd
Tyll ther money be restoryd, thow sum hedes be of
As thowe dyd serue *the Buckke* ; [choppyd,
For as men sey, by the that was done,
That sens had this lande no good lucke "

MS. Harl. 2252. fol. 158.

v. 123. *Ge hame*] i. e. Scottice for—Go home.

* Page 281. v. 125. *tot quot*] See note, p. 279. v. 565. [A general dispensation. Halliwell.]

v. 127. *lome*] i. e. loom.

v. 128. *lylse wulse*] i. e. linsey-woolsey,—an evident play on the Cardinal's name.

v. 130. *cule*] i. e. fundament.

v. 132. *warse*] i. e. worse.

v. 136. *Bothombar*] I know not what place is meant here.

* Page 281. v. 139. *gup, leuell suse*]—*gup* has occurred frequently before : see note, p. 17. v. 17. [*leuell suse*, or *level-sice*, (*levez sus*?) is the same as *level-coil* (*levez cul*?), a noisy Christmas game, in which one player hunted another from his seat; hence applied to any riot or disturbance. *Level-coil* was also applied to games of skill, when, three persons playing, two at a time, the loser gave up his place and sat out. See Halliwell's *Dict.*]

v. 145. *nat worth a flye*] See note, p. 178. v. 104.

v. 150. *Yet the good Erle of Surray,
The Frenche men he doth fray, &c.*]

This nobleman (before mentioned, see note, p. 325. v. 769), Thomas Howard (afterwards third Duke of Norfolk), commanded, in 1522, the English force which was sent against France, when Henry the Eighth and the Emperor Charles had united in an attack on that kingdom. In Stow's *Annales*, p. 517. ed. 1615, the marginal note "Earle of Surrey brent Morles in Brytaine. I. Skelton," evidently alludes to the present passage of our poem. Both Turner and Lingard in their *Histories of Engl.* mistake this nobleman for his father.

Page 282. v. 158. *mated*] i. e. confounded I may just observe that Palsgrave, besides "I *Mate* at the chesses, *Je matte*," gives "I *Mate* or ouercome, *Je amatte*." p. 633.

v. 163. *vrcheons*] i. e. hedge-hogs.

v. 166. *ouer shote*] i. e. over-shoot.

v. 167. *scutus*] "*Scutum, Moneta Regum Francorum, ita appellata quod in ea descripta essent Franciæ insignia in scuto.*" Du Cange's *Gloss.* (Ital. *scudo*, Fr. *écu*).

Page 282. v. 170. *wonders warke*] i. e. work of wonder.

v. 175. *They shote at him with crownes, &c.*] On the immense gifts and annuities which Wolsey received from foreign powers, see Turner's *Hist. of Reign of Hen. the Eighth*, i. 236. ed. 8vo.

v. 178. *his eyen so dased*]—*dased*, i. e. dazzled, or, according to Skelton's distinction—dulled; for in his *Garlande of Laurell* we find "eyn dasild and *dasid*." v. 1389. vol. ii. 231.

v. 179. *ne se can*] i. e. can not see.

Page 283. v. 185. *the Chambre of Starres*] i. e. the Star-Chamber.

v. 190. *renayenge*] i. e. contradicting.

v. 194. *Good euyn, good Robyn Hood*] "Good even, good Robin Hood," was, as Ritson observes, a proverbial expression; "the allusion is to *civility* extorted by *fear*." *Robin Hood*, i. lxxxvii. Warton mistook the meaning of this line, as is proved by his mode of pointing it: see *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 346. ed. 4to.

v. 197. *thwartynge ouer thom*] i. e. overthwarting them, perversely controlling them.

v. 202. *With, trompe up, alleluya*] i. e. says Warton, "the pomp in which he celebrates divine service." *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 346 (note), ed. 4to. Compare Wä-ger's *Mary Magdalene*, 1567;

"Ite Missa est, with pipe *vp*, *Alleluya*."

Sig. A iii.

v. 203. *Philargerya*] i. e. *Φιλαργυρία*, argenti amor, pecuniæ cupiditas. She was one of the characters in Skelton's lost drama, *The Nigramansir*.

v. 206. *Asmodeus*] The name of the evil spirit in the Book of *Tobit*.

Page 283. v. 208. *Dalyda*] i. e. Dalilah.

“Unto his lemman *Dalida* he told,
That in his heres all his strengthe lay.”

Chaucer's *Monkes Tale*, v. 14069. ed. Tyr.

See too Gower's *Conf. Am.*, Lib. viii. fol. clxxxix. ed. 1554, and Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. i. leaf xxxiii. ed. Wayland.

v. 208. *mell*] i. e. meddle (in sensu obsc.).

v. 212. *Simonía*] i. e. Simony.

v. 213. *Castrimergia*] “The true reading is CASTRIMARGIA, or *Gulæ concupiscentia*, Gluttony. From the Greek, *Γαστριμαργία*, ingluvies, helluatio. Not an uncommon word in the monkish latinity. Du Cange cites an old Litany of the tenth century, ‘A spiritu CASTRIMARGIÆ *Libera nos, domine!*’ Lat. Gloss. i. p. 398. Carpentier adds, among other examples, from the statutes of the Cistercian order, 1375 [1357], ‘Item, cum propter detestabile CASTRIMARGIÆ vitium in labyrinthum vitiorum descendatur, &c.’ Suppl. tom. i. p. 862.’ Warton's *Hist. of E. P.*, ii. 346 (note), ed. 4to.

Page 284 v. 215. *ypocras*] See note, p. 277. v. 458.

v. 217. *In Lent for a repast, &c.*] So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe, &c.*;

“*Wat.* Whatt abstinence useth he to take?

Jeff. *In Lent* all fysshe he doth forsake,

Fedde with partriges and plovers.

Wat. He leadeth then a Lutheran's lyfe?

Jeff. O naye, for he hath no wyfe,

But whoares that be his lovers.”

Harl. Miscel. ix. 32. ed. Park.

v. 219. *partriche mewed*]—*mewed*, i. e. cooped up

"I kepe *partryches* in a *newe* agaynst your comyng." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. e ii. ed. 1530.

Page 284. v. 222. *ne*] i. e. nor.

v. 223. *a postyls lyfe*] i. e. an apostle's life.

v. 232. *kues*] i. e. half-farthings. See note, p. 205.

v. 36.

v. 235. *The sygne of the Cardynall Hat*] "These allowed Stewhouses [in Southwark] had Signs on their Fronts, towards the Thames, not hanged out, but painted on the Walls, as a Boar's-Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Cranc, *the Cardinal's Hat*," &c. Stow's *Survey*, B. iv. 7. ed. 1720.

v. 236. *shyt*] i. e. shut.

v. 237. *gup*]

. } See note, p. 17. v. 17.

v. 239. *iast*]

v. 240. *Wyll ye bere no coles*] Steevens, in his note on the opening of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, cites the present line among the examples which he gives of the expression to *bear* or *carry coals*, i. e. to bear insults, to submit to degradation. In the royal residences and great houses the lowest drudges appear to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c.; see note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 169, by Gifford, who afterwards (p. 179) observes, "From the mean nature of this occupation it seems to have been somewhat hastily concluded, that a man who would carry coals would submit to any indignity."

v. 241. *A mayny of marefoles*] i. e. (as appears from the expressions applied to horses four lines above) a set of marefoals, fillies.

Page 285. v. 257. *next*] i. e. nearest.

v. 261. *Poppynge folysshe dawes*] See note, p. 197.

v. 39.

Page 285. v. 262. *pyll strawes*]—*pyll*, i. e. peel.

v. 264. *Huntley bankes*] See note, p. 181. v. 149.

v. 269. *Lorde Dakers*] Thomas Lord Dacre (of Gillesland, or of the North) was warden of the West Marches. The accusation here thrown out against him (because, perhaps, he was on the best terms with Wolsey) of “agreeing too well with the Scots” is altogether unfounded. He was for many years the able and active agent of Henry in corrupting by gold and intrigues the nobles of Scotland, and in exciting ceaseless commotions in that kingdom, to the destruction of its tranquillity and good government. He died in 1525. And see notes on vv. 283, 353.

v. 270. *Jacke Rakers*] See note, p. 135. v. 108.

v. 271. *crakers*] i. e. vaunters, big-talkers.

v. 278. *the red hat*] i. e. Wolsey.

v. 280. *lure*] See note, p. 81. v. 1100.

v. 281. *cure*] i. e. care.

v. 283. *Lorde Rose*] i. e. Thomas Manners, Lord Roos. In 14 Henry viii. he was constituted warden of the East Marches towards Scotland; and by letters patent in 17 Henry viii. he was created Earl of Rutland. He died in 1543. See Collins's *Peerage*, i. 465. sqq. ed. Brydges. Hall makes the following mention of him: “In this sommer [xiiii yere of Henry the viii] the lorde Rosse and the lorde Dacres of the North whiche were appointed to kepe the borders against Scotland did so valiantly that they burned the good toune of Kelsy and lxxx. villages and ouerthrew xviii. towers of stone with all their Barnkyns or Bulwerkes.” *Chron.* fol. ci. ed. 1548.

v. 285. *a cockly fose*] A term which I do not understand.

Page 286. v. 286. *Their hertcs be in thyr hose*] See note, p. 199. v. 107.

v. 287. *The Erle of Northumberlande, &c.*] i. e. Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland. In 14 Henry viii. he was made warden of the whole Marches, a charge which for some reason or other he soon after resigned: *vide* Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 305. ed. Brydges. That he found himself obliged to pay great deference to the Cardinal, is evident from Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, where (pp. 120-128. ed. 1827) see the account of his being summoned from the north, &c. when his son Lord Percy, (who was then, according to the custom of the age, a "servitor" in Wolsey's house) had become enamoured of Anne Boleyn. This nobleman, who encouraged literature, and appears to have patronised our poet (see *Account of Skelton, &c.*), died in 1527.

v. 291. *Rynne*] i. e. Run.

v. 292. *mayny of shepe*] i. e. flock of sheep.

v. 293. *loke . . . dur*] i. e. look . . . door.

v. 294. *mastyue cur*] } i. e. Wolsey: see note, p.

v. 295. *bochers dogge*] } 372. v. 478.

v. 297. *gnar*] i. e. snarl, growl.

Page 287. v. 308. *astate*] i. e. estate, state, rank, dignity.

v. 312. *foles and dawes*] i. e. fools and simpletons; see note, p. 36. v. 301.

v. 315. *pletynge*] i. e. pleading.

v. 316. *Commune Place*] i. e. Common Pleas.

* v. 326. *huddypeke*] i. e. fool. See note, p. 232. v. 1176.

v. 327. *Thy lernynge is to lewde*]--to lewde, i. e. too

bad, too mean. So in our author's *Speke, Parrot*, we find "*lewddye ar they lettyrd.*" v. 296. vol. ii. 261.

Page 287. v. 328. *well thewde*] i. e. well mannered.

Page 288. v. 338. *rowte*] See note, p. 296. v. 1223

v. 343. *the Scottysk kynge*] i. e. James the Fifth.

v. 347. *whipling*] Perhaps the same as—*pipling*: see note on l. 3 (prose), p. 194.

* v. 352. *calstocke*] i. e. cole, or cabbage stalk.

v. 353. *There goth many a lye*

Of the Duke of Albany, &c.]

This passage relates to the various rumours which were afloat concerning the Scottish affairs in 1522, during the regency of John Duke of Albany. (The last and disastrous expedition of Albany against England in 1523 had not yet taken place: its failure called forth from Skelton a long and furious invective against the Duke; see vol. ii. 321.) In 1522, when Albany with an army eighty thousand strong had advanced to Carlisle, Lord Dacre, by a course of able negotiations, prevailed on him to agree to a truce for a month and to disband his forces: see *Hist. of Scot.*, v. 156 sqq. by Tytler,—who defends the conduct of Albany on this occasion from the charge of cowardice and weakness.

v. 358. *The mounテナunce of two houres*] "*Mounテナunce. Quantitas. Estimata mensura.*" *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

"And largely *the mounテナunce of an houre*

They gonne on it to reden and to poure."

Chaucer's Troil. and Cress., B. ii. fol. 157.

Workes, ed. 1602.

"*Racynge and foynnyge to the mounテナunce of an houre.*" *Morte d'Arthur*, B. vii. cap. iii. vol. i. 191 ed. Southey.

Page 288. v. 359. *sayne*] i. e. say.

Page 289. v. 367. *Burgonyons*] i. e. Burgundians.

v. 373. *God saue my lorde admyrell!*

What here ye of Mutrell?

—*Mutrell* is Montreuil; and the allusion must be to some attack intended or actual on that town, of which I can find no account agreeing with the date of the present poem. To suppose that the reference is to the siege of Montreuil in 1544, would be equivalent to pronouncing that the passage is an interpolation by some writer posterior to the time of Skelton.

v. 375. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 380. *For drede of the red hat*

Take peper in the nose]

i. e. For dread that the Cardinal, Wolsey, take offence.

“*Hee taketh pepper in the nose, that I complayne
Vpon his faultes.*”

Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c. sig. G,—
Workes, ed. 1598.

* v. 382. *of gose*] i. e. off goes.

v. 383. *Of by the harde arse]* Compare the *Interlude
of the iiii Elementes*, n. d.;

“*Ye but yet I seruyd another wors :*

I smot of his legge by the hard ars

As sone as I met hym there.”

Sig. E i.

v. 384. *trauarse]* i. e. thwarting contrivance.

v. 386. *makys our syre to glum.]* i. e. makes our lord
(Wolsey) have a gloomy or sour look.

* v. 391. *go or ryde]* i. e. walk or ride. See note,
p. 51. v. 186.

Page 290. v. 397. *frayne*] i. e. ask, inquire.

v. 401. *Hampton Court*] The palace of Wolsey; which he afterwards, with all its magnificent furniture, presented to the King.

v. 407. *Yorkes Place*] The palace of Wolsey, as Archbishop of York, which he had furnished in the most sumptuous manner: after his disgrace, it became a royal residence under the name of Whitehall.

v. 409. *To whose magnifycence, &c.*

.
Embassades of all nacyons]

—*Embassades*, i. e. Embassies. “All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always dispatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their dispatch. His house was always resorted and furnished with noblemen, gentlemen, and other persons, with going and coming in and out, feasting and banqueting all ambassadors diverse times, and other strangers right nobly.” Cavendish’s *Life of Wolsey*, p. 112. ed. 1827.

v. 417. *tancrete*] “*Tancrit*: Transcrit, copié.” Roquefort’s *Gloss. de la Lang. Rom.*

v. 418. *obstract*] i. e. abstract.

Page 291. v. 425. *Whan him lyst*] i. e. When it pleases him.

v. 434. *vndermynde*] i. e. undermine.

v. 435. *sleyghtes*] i. e. artful contrivances.

v. 438. *coarted*] i. e. coerced, confined.

v. 444. *taken in gre*] i. e. taken kindly, in good part: see note, p. 16. v. 68.

v. 449. *He bereth the kyny on hand,
That he must pyll his lande*]

—*bereth on hand*, i. e. leads on to a belief, persuades

“ Lordings, right thus, as ye han understand,
Bare I stifly min old husbondes *on hond*,
 That thus they saiden in hir dronkenesse.”

Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Prol.*, 5961.
 ed. Tyr.

“ He is my countre man : as he *bereth me an hande*,—
vti mihi vult persuasum.” Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. X
 viii. ed. 1530. The expression occurs in a somewhat
 different sense in our author's *Magnyfycence*, see note,
 p. 211. v. 357 : *pyll*, i. e. strip, spoil.

Page 292. v. 463. *a cæciam*] “ *Cæcia*, *σκοροδία* [a
 vertigo with loss of sight].” Du Cange's *Gloss.* The
 editions give *Acisiam*. Qy. is “ *accidiam* ” the right
 reading (“ *Acedia*, *Accidia* . . . *tædium* . . . *tristitia*,
molestia, *anxietas*,” &c. (Gr. *ἀκηδία*) : see *Du Cange*) ?

v. 476. *a Mamelek*] i. e. a Mameluke. Compare
The Image of Ipocrisy, (a poem in imitation of Skel-
 ton, which is appended to the present edition) ;

“ And crafty inquisitors,
 Worse then *Mamalokes.*” Part Four.

v. 478. *potshordes*] i. e. potsherds.

v. 483. *God to recorde*] i. e. God to witness.

Page 293. v. 485. *reason or skyll*] See note, p. 207.
 v. 106.

v. 486. *the primordiyall*
Of his wretched originall]

—*primordiyall*, i. e. first beginning.

v. 490. *sank*] i. e. blood.

v. 491. *bochers*] i. e. butcher's : see note, p. 372.

v. 478.

v. 495. *rowme*] i. e. room, place, office.

v. 505. *parde*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

Page 293. v. 508. *saw*] i. e. saying,—branch of learning. So in our author's *Colyn Cloute*;

“Some lernde in other *sawe*.”

v. 734. vol. ii. 150.
 v. 511. *quatruials*] } See note, p. 362. v. 171. This
 v. 515. *triuials*] } depreciation of Wolsey's ac-
 quirements is very unjust: his learning, there is rea-
 son to believe, was far from contemptible.

Page 294. v. 517. *worth a fly*] See note, p. 178. v. 104.

v. 518. *Haly*] } See notes, p. 61. vv. 505.

v. 520. *Albumasar*] } 501.

v. 522. *mobyll*] i. e. movable.

v. 526. *humanyte*] i. e. *humaniores literæ*, polite literature.

v. 533. *our processe for to stable*]—*processe*. i. e. story, account; see notes, p. 75. v. 735. p. 79. v. 969, &c. and compare our author's Fourth Poem *Against Garnesche*, “But now my *proces for to saue*,” v. 157. vol. i. 152.

v. 538. *conceyght*] i. e. conceit,—good opinion, favour.

v. 540. *exemplifyenge*] i. e. following the example of.

Page 295. v. 550. *A wretched poore man, &c.*] i. e. Abdalonimus (or Abdolonimus) whom Alexander made king of Sidon: see Justin, xi. 10. Cowley vouches on the story at the commencement of *Plant. Lib. in.*; and in his English version of that commencement, under the title of *The Country Life*, he has greatly improved the passage.

v. 557. *occupied a showell*] i. e. used a shovel: see note, p. 3. v. 52.

Page 295. v. 566. *renowme*] i. e. renown.

v. 569. *with lewde condicyons cotyd*] i. e. quoted, noted, marked, with evil qualities: see note, p. 132. v. 12.

v. 570. *ben*] i. e. be.

v. 573. *Couetys*] i. e. Covetise, covetousness.

Page 296. v. 575. *wode*] i. e. mad.

v. 576. *mode*] i. e. mood, passion.

v. 577. *swerde*] i. e. sword.

v. 579. *sone*] i. e. soon.

v. 583. *trone*] i. e. throne.

v. 584. *a great astate*] i. e. a person of great estate, or rank.

v. 585. *play checke mate*] In allusion to the king's being put in *check* at the game of chess.

v. 586. *ryall*] i. e. royal.

v. 591. *fynel*] i. e. fiend.

v. 594. *Lyke Mahounde in a play*] In none of the early miracle-plays which have come down to us is Mahound (Mahomet) a character, though he is mentioned and sworn by.

v. 601. *rebads*] i. e. ribalds.

v. 602. *beggars reiagged*] i. e. beggars all-tattered.

v. 603. *recrayed*] i. e. recreant.

Page 297. v. 604. *hauell*] See note on v. 94. p. 378.

v. 605. *Rynne*] i. e. Run.

— *iauell*] See note, p. 256. v. 2218.

v. 606. *peuysshe pye*] i. e. silly magpie.

v. 607. *losell*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellow, scoundrel.

v. 613. *Iacke breche*] i. e. Jack-ass (-arse).

v. 618. *shrewdly*] i. e. badly.

Page 297. v. 621. *kayser*] i. e. emperor. See note p. 221. v. 796.

v. 622. *My lorde is nat at layser ;
Syr, ye must tary a stounde, &c.]*

—*layser*, i. e. leisure: a *stounde*, i. e. a time, a while. Compare *A Character of the insolent behaviour of Cardinal Wolsey, as given by Thomas Allen, Priest and Chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in a Letter to his Lordshyp about Apr. 1517*, among Kennett's Collections,—*MS. Lansd.* 978. fol. 213. "Pleseth your Lordshyp to understande upon Monday was sennight last past I delivered your Letter with the examinacyon to my Lord Cardynall at Guilford, whence he commanded me to wait on him to the Court. I followed him and there gave attendance and could have no Answer. Upon ffriday last he came from thence to Hampton Court, where he lyeth. The morrow after I besought his Grace I might know his plesure; I could have no Answer. Upon Mondaye last as he walked in the parke at Hampton Court, I besought his Grace I might knowe if he wolde command me anye servyce. He was not content with me that I spoke to hym So that who shall be a Suitour to him may have no other busynesse but give attendance upon his plesure. He that shall so doe, it is needfull shuld be a wyser man then I am. I sawe no remedy, but came without Answere, except I wolde have done as my Lord Dacre's Servaunt doth, who came with Letters for the Kynges servyce five moneths since and yet hath no Answere. And another Servaunt of the Deputy of Calais likewyse who came before the other to Walsyngham, I heard, when he aunswered them, 'If ye be not contente to tary my leysure, departe when ye

wille.' This is truthe, I had rather your Lordshyp commaunded me to Rome then deliver him Letters, and bring Aunswers to the same. When he walketh in the Parke he will suffer no Servaunt to come nyghe him, but commands them awaye as farre as one might shoote an arrowe."

Page 297. v. 631. *flyt*] i. e. remove.

v. 635. *neuer the nere*]—*nere*, i. e. nearer.

"That they were early vp, and *neuer the neere*."

Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c. sig. A 3,—
Workes, ed. 1598.

v. 636. *daungerous dowsypere*] "He hath a *daungerous* loke. Atollit supercilium, adducit, contrahit supercilia."—"I can not away with suche *daungorous* felowes. Ferre non possum horum supercilium, vel superciliosos, arrogantes, fastuosos, vel arrogantiam, aut fastum talium." Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sigs. L i, P iii. ed. 1530:—*dowsypere*, i. e. lord, noble (properly, one of the *Douze-Pairs* of France);

"Erl, duke, and *douch-spere*."

Golagros and Gawane, p. 182.—*Syr Gawayne*, &c. ed. Madden.

See too Spenser's *F. Queene*, iii. x. 31.

v. 642. *With a poore knyght*] "He [Wolsey] fell in acquaintance with one Sir John Nanphant, a very grave and ancient knight, who had a great room in Calais under King Henry the Seventh. This knight he served, and behaved him so discreetly and justly, that he obtained the special favour of his said master; inso-much that for his wit, gravity, and just behaviour, he committed all the charge of his office unto his chaplain. And, as I understand, the office was the treas-

urership of Calais, who was, in consideration of his great age, discharged of his chargeable room, and returned again into England, intending to live more at quiet. And through his instant labour and especial favour his chaplain was promoted to the king's service, and made his chaplain." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 70. ed. 1827. According to Nash, it was Sir Richard Nanfan (father of Sir John) who was "captain of Calais, made a knight, and esquire of the body to Henry vii." *Hist. of Worcestershire*, i. 85.

Page 298. v. 646. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 649. *doddypatis*] i. e. thick-heads.

v. 651. *iack napis*] i. e. jackanapes, ape, monkey.

v. 652. *bedleme*] i. e. bedlamite.

v. 653. *reames*] i. e. realm.

v. 661. *loselry*] i. e. wickedness, evil practice.

Page 299. v. 664. *hart rote*] i. e. heart-root.

v. 665. *kote*] i. e. coot, (water-fowl).

v. 668. *he wyll tere it asonder*] So Roy, in his satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe*, &c. ;

"His power he doth so extende,

That the Kyngis letters to rende

He will not forbear in his rage."

Harl. Miscell., ix. 69. ed. Park.

v. 670. *hoddypoule*] i. e. dunder-head.

v. 674. *settys nat by it a myte*] i. e. values it not at a mite, cares not a mite for it.

v. 679. *demensy*] i. e. madness.

v. 683. *wel*] i. e. well.

v. 684. *How Frauncis Petrarke, &c.*] "Vidi Aquensem Caroli sedem, & in templo marmoreo verendum barbaris gentibus illius principis sepulchrum, vbi fabellam audiui, non inamœnam cognitu, a quibusdam

Æmpli sacerdotibus, quam scriptam mihi ostenderunt, & postea apud modernos scriptores accuratius etiam tractatam legi, quam tibi quoque ut referam incidit animus: ita tamen, ut rei fides non apud me quæretur, sed (vt aiunt) penes auctores maneat. Carolum Regem quem Magni nomine [*ed Bas. cognomine*] æquare Pompeio & Alexandro audent, mulierulam quandam perditæ & effictim amasse memorant, eius blanditiis eneruatam, neglecta fama (cui plurimum inseruire consueuerat) & posthabitis regni curis, aliarum rerum omnium & postremo suiipsius oblitum, diu nulla prorsus in re nisi illius amplexibus acquieuisse, summa cum indignatione suorum ac dolore. Tandem cum iam spei nihil superesset (quoniam aures regias salutaribus consiliis insanus amor obstruxerat), fœminam ipsam malorum causam insperata mors abstulit, cuius rei ingens primum in regia sed latens gaudium fuit: deinde dolore tantum priore grauiore, quantum fœdiori morbo correptum regis animum videbant, cuius nec morte lenitus furor, sed in ipsum obscœnum cadauer & exangue translatus est, quod balsamo & aromatibus conditum, onustum gemmis, & velatũm purpura, diebus ac noctibus tam miserabili quam cupido fouebat amplexu. Dicitur nequit quam discors & quam male se compassura conditio est amantis ac regis: nunquam profecto contraria sine lite iunguntur. Quid est autem regnum, nisi iusta & gloriosa dominatio? Contra quid est amor, nisi fœda seruitus & iniusta? Itaque cum certatim ad amantem (seu rectius ad amentem) Regem, pro summis regni negotiis legationes gentium, præfectique & prouinciarum præsides conuenirent, is in lectulo suo miser, omnibus exclusis & obseratis foribus, amato corpusculo cohærebat, amicam suam crebro,

velut spirantem responsuramque compellans, illi curas laboresque suos narrabat, illi blandum murmur & nocturna suspiria, illi semper amoris comites lachrymas instillabat, horrendum miseræ solamen, sed quod vnum ex omnibus Rex alioquin (vt aiunt) sapientissimus elegisset. Addunt fabulæ quod ego nec fieri potuisse nec narrari debere arbitror. Erat ea tempestate in aula Coloniensis Antistes vir, vt memorant, sanctitate & sapientia clarus, necnon comis, et consilii Regii prima vox, qui domini sui statum miseratus, vbi animaduertit humanis remediis nihil agi, ad Deum versus, illum assidue precari, in illo spem reponere, ab eo finem mali poscere multo cum gemitu: quod cum diu fecisset, nec desiturus videretur, die quodam illustri miraculo recreatus est: siquidem ex more sacrificanti, & post deuotissimas preces pectus & aram lachrymis implenti, de cælo vox insonuit, Sub extinctæ mulieris lingua furoris Regii causam latere. Quo lætior, mox peracto sacrificio, ad locum vbi corpus erat se proripuit, & iure notissimæ familiaritatis regiæ introgressus, os digito clam scrutatus, gemmam perexiguo annulo inclusam sub gelida rigentique lingua repertam festinabundus auexit. Nec multo post rediens Carolus, & ex consuetudine ad optatum mortuæ congressum properans, repente aridi cadaueris spectaculo concussus, obrigit, exhorruitque contactum, auferri eam quanto citius ac sepeliri iubens. Inde totus in Antistitem conuersus, illum amare, illum colere, illum indies arctius amplecti. Denique nihil nisi ex sententia illius agere, ab illo nec diebus nec noctibus auelli. Quod vbi sensit vir iustus ac prudens, optabilem forte multis sed onerosam sibi sarcinam abiicere statuit, veritusque ne si vel ad manus alterius perueniret, vel flammis

consumeretur, domino suo aliquid periculi afferret, annulum in vicinæ paludis præaltam voraginem demersit. Aquis forte tum rex cum proceribus suis habitabat, ex eoque tempore cunctis ciuitatibus sedes illa prælata est, in ea nil sibi palude gratius, ibi assidere & illis aquis mira cum voluptate, illius odore velut suauissimo delectari. Postremo illuc regiam suam transtulit, & in medio palustris limi, immenso sumptu, iactis molibus, palatium templumque construxit, vt nihil diuinæ vel humanæ rei eum inde abstraheret. Postremo ibi vitæ suæ reliquum egit, ibique sepultus est: cauto prius vt successores sui primam inde coronam & prima imperii auspicia capescerent, quod hodie quoque seruatur, seruabiturque quam diu Romani frena imperii Theutonica manus aget." Petrarchæ *Fam. Epist.*, lib. i. Ep. iii. p. 10, *et seq.*, ed. 1601.— On this story, which he found in a French author, Mr. Southey has composed a ballad: see his *Minor Poems*.

Page 300. v. 694. *carectes*] i. e. characters, magical inscriptions.

v. 703. *Acon*] i. e. Aix la Chapelle; "*Acon* in Almayne whyche is a moche fayr cytee, where as kyng charles had made his paleys moche fayr & ryche and a ryght deuoute chapel in thonour of our lady, wherin hymself is buryed." Caxton's *History and Lyf of Charles the Grete*, &c. 1485. sig. b 7.

v. 709. *absolute*] i. e. absolute, absolved.

v. 710. *practyue*] i. e. practise.

— *abolete*] i. e. antiquated, abolished.

v. 713.

But I wyll make further relacion

Of this isagogicall colation]

—*isagogicall colation* seems to be equivalent here to—

comparison introduced, or discourse introduced for the sake of comparison.

Page 300. v. 715. *How maister Gagaine, &c.*] Concerning Gaguin see the *Account of Skelton's Life, &c.* The passage here alluded to, will be found in *Roberti Gaguni ordinis sanctæ trinitatis ministri generalis de origine et gestis francorum perquamutile compendium*, lib. x. fol. cxiiii. (where the marginal note is "Balluæ cardinalis iniquitas"), ed. 1497. Cardinal Baluæ (whom the reader will probably recollect as a character in Sir W. Scott's *Quentin Durward*) was confined by order of Louis XI. in an iron cage at the Castle of Loches, in which durance he remained for eleven years. But there is no truth in Skelton's assertion that he "was hedyd, drawen, and quartered," v. 737; for though he appears to have deserved that punishment, he terminated his days prosperously in Italy.

v. 720. *a great astate*] i. e. a person of great estate, or rank.

Page 301. v. 728. *so wele apayed*] i. e. so well satisfied, pleased.

v. 731. *hym lyst*] i. e. pleased him.

v. 732. *cheked at the fyst*] Seems to be equivalent here to—attacked, turned against the hand which fed him. "Check is when Crowes, Rooks, Pyes, or other birds comming in the view of the Hawk, she forsaketh her naturall flight to fly at them." Latham's *Faulconry (Explan. of Words of Art)*, 1658.

v. 733. *agayne*] i. e. against.

v. 748. *dyscuss*] i. e. determined. See note, p. 331 v. 881.

Page 302. v. 752: *rote*] i. e. root.

v. 753. *Yet it is a wyly mouse*

*That can bylde his dwellinge house
Within the cattles eare]*

This proverbial saying occurs in a poem attributed to Lydgate;

“An hardy mouse that is bold to breede
In cattis eeris.”

The Order of Foles,—MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 304.

And so Heywood;

“I haue heard tell, it had need to bee
A wylie mouse that should breed in the cats eare.”

Dialogue, &c. sig. G 4,—Workes, ed. 1598.

Page 302. v. 766. *sad]* i. e. grave, discreet. See note, p. 245. v. 1711.

v. 768. *heale]* i. e. health.

v. 774. *that mastyfe . . .*

*Let him neuer confounde
The gentyll greyhownde]*

See note, p. 372. v. 478.

v. 782. *borde]* i. e. jest.

Page 303. v. 783. *stede]* i. e. place.

v. 784. *maister Mewtas]* John Meautis was secretary for the French language to Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth. It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera* that he was allowed, in consideration of his services, to import Gascon wine and to dispose of it to the best advantage, T. v. P. iv. p. 78 (anno 1494), T. vi. P. i. p. 146 (anno 1518), ed. Hagæ; and that he was occasionally employed on business with foreign powers, T. v. P. iv. pp. 110, 113 (anno 1497). Among some, says Ashmole, who became Poor Knights of Windsor “probably out of devotion, rather than cause of poverty,” was “John Mewtes Secretary of the French

Tongue (Pat. 18. H. 7. p. 1)." *Order of the Garter*, p. 161. Several unimportant entries concerning this person occur in the unpublished Books of Payments preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster.

Page 303. v. 795. *a bull vnder lead*]—*lead*, i. e. a leaden seal.

v. 798. *Dynningis Dale*] So in *Thersytes*, n. d.;

"Mother bryce of oxforde, and great Gyb of hynxey,
Also mawde of thrutton, and mable of chartesey,
And all other wytyches that walke in *dymminges dale*,
Clytteringe and clatteringe there youre pottes with
ale." p. 68. Roxb. ed.

v. 799. *Portyngale*] i. e. Portugal.

v. 806. *calodemonyall*] i. e. consisting of good angels.

v. 807. *cacodemonyall*] i. e. consisting of evil angels.

v. 808. *puruey*] i. e. provide.

Page 304. v. 831. *euerychone*] i. e. every one.

v. 838. *rewth*] i. e. pity.

Page 305. v. 845. *recorde*] i. e. witness, evidence.

v. 856. *set by*] i. e. valued, regarded.

v. 867. *askrye*] i. e. a shout. The verb has occurred several times before: see notes, p. 78. v. 903. p. 88. v. 1358. p. 144. v. 66.

Page 306. v. 877. *haute . . . base*] i. e. high . . . low.

v. 880. *Marke me that chase*

In the tennys play]

See the latter part of note, p. 158. v. 62. "*Marquez bien cette chasse. Heed well that passage, marke well the point, whereof I have informed you.*" Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *Chasse*.

v. 883. *a tall man*] "*Tall or semely.*" *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

v. 885. *Hay, the gye and the gan*] In one of his

copies of verses *Against Venemous Tongues*, Skelton has,

“Nothing to write, but *hay the gy of thre.*”

v. 13. vol. i. 156,

where there seems to be some allusion to the dance called *hegdeguies*. In the present passage probably there is a play on words: *gye* may mean — goose; and *gan* gander.

Page 306. v. 886. *gose*] i. e. goose.

v. 887. *The waters wax wan*] Horne Tooke in his *Div. of Purley*, Part ii. p. 179. ed. 1805, citing this line from the ed. of Skelton's *Works*, 1736, thus,

“The waters *were wan*,”

considers “wan” as the past participle of the verb “wane,”—*wand*, decreased; and he is followed by Richardson, *Dict.* in v. *Wan*. But “were” is merely a misprint of ed. 1736; and that “wan” is here an adjective expressing the colour of the water, is not to be doubted. So Skelton elsewhere;

“For worldly shame I *wax* bothe *wanne* and *bloo*.”

Magnifycence, v. 2080. vol. ii. 98.

“The ryuers rowth, the *waters wan*.”

Balett, v. 15 vol. i. 28.

So too in Henry's *Wallace*; •

“Bot rochis heich, and *wattir* depe and *wan*.”

B. vii. 814. ed. Jam.

v. 888. *ban*] i. e. curse.

v. 891. *warke*] i. e. work.

v. 896. *Sem . . . Cam*] i. e. Shem . . . Ham.

v. 898. *cupbord*] “*Cupborde of plate*, or to sette plate vpon, *buffet*.” Palsgrave, p. 211. It had a succession of “desks” or stages, on which the plate was

displayed: see the description of a magnificent entertainment in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 195. ed. 1827, and the editor's note.

Page 307. v. 904. *alcumyn*] i. e. a sort of mixed metal.

v. 905. *A goldsmyth youre mayre*] "A.D. 1522 . . . Maior, Sir John Mundy, Goldsmith, Son to William Mundy of Wycombe in Buckinghamshire." Stow's *Survey*, B. v. 129. ed. 1720.

v. 908. *trotters*] "*Trotters, shepes fete.*" Palsgrave, p. 283.

v. 909. *potshordis*] i. e. potsherds.

v. 910. *shrewdly*] i. e. badly.

v. 914. *syr Trestram*] See note, p. 67. v. 634. The name is, of course, used here for a person of rank generally.

v. 916. *Cane*] i. e. Caen, in Normandy.

* v. 917. *wane*] i. e. wanting, not to be had.

v. 918. *royals*] } The coins so called.

v. 919. *nobles*] }

v. 920. *Burgonyons*] i. e. Burgundians.

v. 928. *With, laughe and laye downe*] A punning allusion to the game at cards so called.

v. 930. *Sprynge of Lanam*]—*Lanam*, i. e. Langham in Essex. In the Expenses of Sir John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, we find, under the year 1463, "Item, Apylton and *Sprynge off Lanam* owyth my mastyr, as James Hoberd and yonge Apylton knowyth wele [a blank left for the sum]." *Manners and Household Expenses of England*, &c. p. 180. ed. Roxb. It seems probable, however, from the early date, that the person mentioned in the entry just cited was the father (or some near relative) of the Spring noticed by Skel-

ton. But Stow certainly alludes to the clothier of our text, where he records that, during the disturbances which followed the attempt to levy money for the king's use in 1525, when the Duke of Norfolk inquired of the rebellious party in Suffolk "what was the cause of their disquiet, and who was their captaine? . . . one John Greene a man of fiftie yeeres olde answered, that pouertie was both cause and captaine. For the rich clothiers *Spring of Lanam* and other had giuen ouer occupying, whereby they were put from their ordinarie worke and liuing." *Annales*, p. 525. ed. 1615. Neither Hall nor Holinshed, when relating the same circumstance, make any mention of Spring.

Page 308. v. 935. *He must tax for his wull*] i. e. He must pay tax for his wool.

v. 952. *the streytes of Marock*] i. e. the straits of Morocco.

"Thurghout the see of Greece, unto the strait
Of Maroc." Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*,
v. 4884. ed. Tyr.

v. 953. *the gybbet of Baldock*] See note, p. 358. v. 75.

v. 958. *mellys*] i. e. meddles.

Page 309. v. 972. *fendys blake*] i. e. fiends black.

v. 974. *crake*] i. e. vaunt, talk bigly.

v. 975. *he wolde than make*

The deuylls to quake]

So Roy in his satire against Wolsey, *Rede me, and be nott wrothe*, &c. ;

"Yf he be as thou hast here sayde,

I wene the devils will be afrayde

To have hym as a companion ;

For what with his execracions,

And with his terrible fulminacions,

He wolde handle theym so.

That for very drede and feare,
 All the devils that be theare
 Wilbe glad to let hym go."

Harl. Miscell. ix. 29. ed. Park.

Page 309. v. 978. *fyer drake*] i. e. fiery dragon.

v. 980. *Brose them on a brake*]—*Brose*, i. e. bruise, break: *brake* (which has occurred before in a different sense, see note, p. 111. v. 324) means here an engine of torture: "I Brake on a *brake* or payne banke, as men do mysdoers to confesse the trouthe." Palsgrave, p. 463. In the Tower was a celebrated *brake* known by the nick-name of the Duke of Exeter's Daughter: see the wood-cut in Steevens's note on *Measure for Measure*,—*Shakespeare* (by Malone and Boswell), ix. 44.

v. 984. *a grym syer*]—*syer*, i. e. sire, lord.

"Ryght a grym syre at domys day xal he be."

Coventry Mysteries,—*MS. Cott.*
Vesp. D viii. fol. 37.

v. 985. *potestolate*] Equivalent, I suppose, to—legate.

v. 986. *potestate*] "*Potestat*. A Potestat, principall Officer, chiefe Magistrate." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

v. 989. *echone*] i. e. each one.

v. 990. *trone*] i. e. throne.

Page 310. v. 996. *Folam peason*] i. e. Fulham pease.

v. 997. *geson*] i. e. scarce, rare.

* v. 1000. *herbers*] i. e. arbours.

v. 1001. *bryght and shene*] Are synonymous: yet Spenser also has;

"Her garment was so *bryght* and wondrous *sheene*," &c
The Faerie Queene,—*Mutabilitie*, vii. 7.

Page 310. v. 1014. *The deuyll spede whitte*] See note, p. 228. v. 1018.

v. 1016. *rechelesse*] i. e. reckless.

v. 1019. *bended*] i. e. banded. "A knotte or a *bende* of felowes." *Hormanni Vulgaria*, sig. Z viii. ed. 1530.

v. 1020. *condyscended*] i. e. agreed. See note, p. 206. v. 39.

Page 312. v. 1055. *Remordynge*] i. e. retaking. See note, p. 146. v. 101.

v. 1056. *flytynge*] i. e. scolding, rating.

v. 1058. *dawis*] i. e. simpletons.

v. 1059. *sawis*] i. e. sayings, texts.

v. 1060. *gygawis*] i. e. gewgaws, trifles.

v. 1066. *let*] i. e. hinder, obstruct.

v. 1067. *maumet*] See note, p. 138. v. 170.

v. 1070. *crakyng*] i. e. vaunting, talking bigly.

v. 1077. *him lykys*] i. e. pleases him.

Page 313. v. 1086. *For all priuileged places, &c.*] See note. p. 360. v. 126.

v. 1094. *Saint Albons to recorde, &c.*] Wolsey, at that time Archbishop of York and Cardinal, was appointed to hold the abbacy of St. Alban's *in commendam*; and is supposed to have applied its revenues to the expensive public works in which he was then engaged, the building of his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich, &c.,—a great infraction, it was considered, of the canon law.

v. 1100. *legacy*] i. e. legatine power.

v. 1104. *ben*] i. e. be.

Page 314. v. 1113. *He is periured himselfe, &c.*] "And York [Wolsey] perceiving the obedience that Canterbury [Warham] claimed to have of York, in-

tended to provide some such means that he would be superior in dignity to Canterbury than to be either obedient or equal to him. Wherefore he obtained first to be made Priest Cardinal, and *Legatus de Latere*; unto whom the Pope sent a Cardinal's hat, with certain bulls for his authority in that behalf."

"Obtaining this dignity, [he] thought himself meet to encounter with Canterbury in his high jurisdiction before expressed; and that also he was as meet to bear authority among the temporal powers, as among the spiritual jurisdictions. Wherefore remembering as well the taunts and checks before sustained of Canterbury, which he intended to redress, having a respect to the advancement of worldly honour, promotion, and great benefits, [he] found the means with the king, that he was made Chancellor of England; and Canterbury thereof dismissed, who had continued in that honourable room and office, since long before the death of King Henry the Seventh." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, pp. 90, 92, ed. 1827. It appears, however, from the contemporary testimonies of Sir Thomas More and Ammonius, that this statement was founded on false information, and that Wolsey did not employ any unfair means to supersede Warham. The latter had often requested permission to give up the chancellorship before the king would receive his resignation. When the seals were tendered to the Cardinal, either from affected modesty, or because he thought the office incompatible with his other duties, he declined the offer, and only accepted it after the king's repeated solicitations. See Singer's note on Cavendish, *ubi supra*, and Lingard's *Hist. of Engl.* vi. 57 ed. 8vo.

Page 314. v. 1127.

he setteth neuer a deale

By his former othe]

i. e. he values not a bit, regards not a bit, his former oath.

v. 1130. *pretens]* i. e. pretension, claim.

v. 1131. *equipolens]* i. e. equality of power.

v. 1137. *pore]* i. e. poor.

Page 315. v. 1151.

That wyll hed vs and hange vs,

And he may fange vs]

—*fange*, i. e. catch, lay hold of. Compare Sir D. Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*, Part ii. ;

“ Sum sayis ane king is cum among us,
That purposis to hede and hang us :
There is na grace, gif he may fang us,
But on an pin.”

Works, ii. 81. ed. Chalmers.

v. 1163. *Naman Sirus]* i. e. Naaman the Syrian.

“ And *Naaman Syrus* thu pourgedest of a leprye.”

Bale's Promyses of God, &c. 1538. sig. E i.

v. 1167. *pocky]* So Roy in his satire against Wolsey,
Rede me, and be nott wrothe, &c. ;

“ He had the pockes, without fayle,
Wherfore people on hym did rayle
With many obprobrious mockes.”

Harl. Miscell. ix. 32. ed. Park.

This was one of the charges afterwards brought against Wolsey in parliament.

Page 316. v. 1178. *ouerthwart]* i. e. cross, perverse.

v. 1181. *Balthasor]* “ Balthasar de Geurcis was

Chirurgion to Queen Catharine of Arragon, and received letters of naturalization, dated 16 March, 13 Hen. 8. [1521-2]. See Rymer's *Collect. ined.* MS. Add. Brit. Mus. 4621. 10." Sir F. Madden's additional note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 281. He is mentioned in the following letter (now for the first time printed) from Wolsey's physician, Dr. Augustine (Augustinus de Augustinis, a Venetian), to Cromwell, requiring medical assistance for the Cardinal: "Hon^{do} Mr Crumwell, dopo le debite raccomandatione, ui mado el presente messo a posta, qual è un mio seruitore, per pregarui si da pte de Mons^r R^{mo}, si da parte mia, instantemete ch ad ogni modo uogliati operar ch m^o buths [Dr. Butts] & m^o Walter [Cromer] siano qui auati nocte, se nō ambidoi almeno uno de loro, & l'altro potra uenir dimane, pch res multu urget; prudeti & amico pauca. Item uorria uolontieri parlasti a m^o Balthasar, ch trouasse o facesse trouare (se pho in Londra nō ce ne fusse) di bona sorte di sanguisuge seu hyrudine, accio bisognado per Mons^r R^{mo} antedetto fusseno preste & preparate, i. famelice etc & se p caso m^o Balthasar nō potesse o nō uolesse trouare ditte sanguisuge, & qui uenir ad administrarle (se bisognera) ui piaccia parlar a m^o Nicolas genero de m^o Marcellus, alquale ho fatto ne li tempi passati administrarle, si ch cū l'uno o l'altro fati le cose siano in ordine, accio poi nō si perda tempo: q̄a periculū est in mora. Aspetto ur̄a risposta per el p̄ite almeno in inglese ma uoi medemo dimane Mons^r R^{mo} ad ogni modo ui aspetta. ditte preteera a li prefati doctori ch portino seco qualche electo uomitiuo de piu sorte cioe debile, mediocre, & forte, accio, bisognado, se ueggia el meglio, et nō si p̄di tempo in m̄adar a Londra. per

el mio seruitore etiã o uero p̄ un de prefati doctori mādati la manna da bonuisci o da qualc̄h un' altro doue meglio se atrovera. Xp̄o da mal ui guardi. in Asher. 1529. ad. 19. gennaio. mādati etiã qualche granati & arācij.

a ūri cōmādi Aug.º aug'."

MS. Cott. Tit. B i. fol. 365.

Page 316. v. 1182. *wheled*] i. e. whealed, wealed, or waled.

* v. 1185. *It was nat heled alderbest*]—*alderbest*, i. e. best of all,—in the best manner possible.

v. 1187. *Domyngo Lomelyn, &c.*] In *The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry the Eighth* are several entries, relating to payments of money won by this Lombard from the King at cards and dice, amounting, in less than three years, to above 620*l.*: see pp. 17, 32, 33, 37, 190, 204, 205, 267, 270 of that work, edited by Sir H. Nicolas, who observes (p. 316) that Domingo "was, like Palmer and others, one of Henry's 'diverting vagabonds,' and seems to have accompanied His Majesty wherever he went, for we find that he was with him at Calais in October, 1532."

v. 1192. *puskylde pocky pose*]—*puskylde*, i. e. pustuled: *pose*, i. e. defluxion.

v. 1197. *neder*] i. e. nether, lower.

v. 1201. *toke . . . warke*] i. e. took . . . work.

Page 317. v. 1209. *To wryght of this glorious gest, &c.*] If the text be right, *gest* must mean—guest: so in *Magnyfycence*; "thou art a fonde *gest*." v. 1109. vol. ii. 52. But perhaps the true reading of the passage is,

"To wryght this glorious gest
of this vayne gloryous best,"

in which case, *gest* would signify—story : see note, p. 122. v. 622.

Page 317. v. 1210. *best*] i. e. beast.

v. 1213. *Quia difficile est, &c.*] From Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 30.

v. 1221. *ouerse*] i. e. overlook.

v. 1224. *Omne animi vitium, &c.*] From Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 140.

v. 1226. *defaute*] i. e. default, defect.

v. 1227. *a great astate*] i. e. a person of great estate, or rank.

Page 318. v. 1233. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 1234. *can*] i. e. know.

v. 1235. *conuenyent*] i. e. fitting.

Page 318. v. 1238. *sadnesse*] i. e. discretion. See note, p. 238. v. 1382.

v. 1239. *lack*] i. e. fault, blame.

* 1246. *it shall not skyl*] i. e. it shall not matter.

v. 1247. *byl*] i. e. writing.

v. 1248. *daucok*] See note, p. 36. v. 301.

EPITOMA, &c.

— *Polyphemo*] In allusion to what Skelton has before said,—that the cardinal had the use of only one eye.

v. 2. *Pandulphum*] So he terms Wolsey, because Pandulph was legate from the Pope in the time of King John.

Page 319. v. 27. *Mauri*] i. e. Terentianus Maurus.

DECASTICHON, &c.

v. 1. *maris lupus*] A wretched play on words,—sea-wolf—wolf-sea—Wolsey.

Page 320. v. 8. *mulus*] See note, p. 374. v. 510.
v. 10. *Asperius nihil est misero quum surget in altum*]
From Claudian ;

“ *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.*”

In *Eutrop.* I. 181.

HOWE THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY, LYKE A COW-
ARDE KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY, &c.

Page 321. — *tratlände*] i. e. prattling, idle-talking.

John duke of Albany (son of Alexander duke of Albany, the brother of James the Third) was regent of Scotland during the minority of James the Fifth ; and this poem relates to his invasion of the borders in 1523 ; an expedition, which, according to Pinkerton, “ in its commencement only displays the regent’s imprudence, and in its termination his total deficiency in military talents, and even in common valour.” *Hist. of Scot.*, ii. 230. Mr. Tytler, however, views the character and conduct of Albany in a very different light ; and his account of the expedition (*Hist. of Scot.*, v. 166 sqq.) may be thus abridged. Albany’s army amounted in effective numbers to about forty thousand men, not including a large body of camp-followers. With this force,—his march impeded by heavy roads, the nobles corrupted by the gold and intrigues of England, they and their soldiers jealous of the foreign auxiliaries, and symptoms of disorganization early appearing,—the regent advanced as far as Melrose. Having vainly endeavoured to persuade his discontented army to cross the Tweed, he encamped on its left bank, and laid siege to Wark Castle with his foreign troops and artillery. There the Frenchmen manifested their

wonted courage; but the assaulting party, receiving no assistance from the Scots, and fearing that the river flooded by rain and snow would cut off their retreat, were obliged to raise the siege, and join the main body. The Earl of Surrey (see notes, p. 325. v. 769. p. 380. v. 150), who had in the mean while concentrated his troops, hearing of the attack on Wark Castle, now advanced against the enemy. At the news of his approach, the Scottish nobles being fixed in their resolution not to risk a battle, Albany retreated to Eccles, (a monastery six miles distant from Wark,) with his foreign auxiliaries and artillery; and the rest of his forces dispersed, rather with flight than retreat, amidst a tempest of snow. From Eccles Albany retired to Edinburgh, and, soon after, finally withdrew to France. His army had been assembled on the Burrow-Muir near Edinburgh towards the end of October; and its dispersion took place at the commencement of the following month.

Page 321. v. 19 *Huntley banke*] See note, p. 181. v. 149.

Page 322. v. 20. *Lowdyan*] See note, p. 175. v. 59.

v. 21. *Locryan*] See note p. 176. v. 61.

v. 22. *the ragged ray*]—*ray* seems here to be merely —array; but Skelton in his *Replycacion*, &c., has,

“ye dawns all in a sute

The heritykes *ragged ray*.” v. 168. vol. i. 239 :
and see note, p. 148. v. 170.

v. 24. *Dunbar, Dundee*] See note, p. 179. v. 121.

v. 37. *With, hey, dogge, hay*] This line has occurred before, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 168. vol. i. 115.

v. 38. *For Syr William Lyle, &c.*] “And the seid mondaye at iij a clok at aftir none, the water of Twede

being soo high that it could not be riden, the Duke sente ouer ij mⁱ Frenchemen in bootis [boats] to gif assaute to the place, who with force entred the bas courte, and by Sir William Lizle captain of the castell with c with hym were right manfully defended by the space of one houre and an half withoute suffring theym tentre the inner warde; but fynally the seid Frenchemen entred the inner warde, whiche perceiued by the seid Sir William and his company frely set vpon theym, and not onely drove theym oute of the inner warde, but alsoo oute of the vtir warde, and slewe of the seid Frenchemen x personys. And so the seid Frenchemen wente ouer the water," &c. Letter from Surrey to Henry the Eighth,—*MS. Cott. Calig. B.* vi. fol. 304. Mr. Tytler says that the assaulting party left "three hundred slain, of which the greater number were Frenchmen." *Hist. of Scot.*, v. 169.

v. 45. *lacke*] i. e. blame, reproach.

Page 323. v. 52. *reculed*] i. e. recoiled, retreated.

v. 55. *That my lorde amrell, &c.*—*amrell*, i. e. admiral,—Surrey.

v. 63. *With saint Cutberdes banner*] An earlier passage of the letter just cited is as follows. "At whiche tyme I being at Holy Island, vij myles from Berwike, was aduertised of the same [Albany's attack on Wark Castle] at v a clok at night the seid sondaye; and incontynente sente lettres to my lord cardynallis company, my lord of Northumbreland, my lord of Westmereland at Sainte Cutbertes baner lying at Anwike and thereaboutes, and in likewise to my lord Dacre and other lordes and gentilmen lying abrode in the contre to mete me at Barmer woode v myles from Werk on mondaye, whoo soo dede."

Page 323. v. 68. *crake*] i. e. vaunt.
 v. 73. *ascry*] i. e. call out against, raise a shout
 against — assail; see notes, p. 78. v. 903. p. 88. v.
 1358, &c.

v. 78. *stoutty*] i. e. stout.

Page 324. v. 91. *But ye meane a thyng, &c.*] That
 Albany aimed at the destruction of James v. was a
 popular rumour, but, according to Mr. Tytler, entirely
 without foundation

v. 101. *cast*] i. e. contrivance, stratagem.

Page 325. v. 110. *beyght*] i. e., perhaps, (not bait,
 but) noose. *Beight, bight, or bought*, is any thing bent,
 folded: in Markham's *Masterpiece* (as Stevenson ob-
 serves, Additions to Boucher's *Gloss.* in v.) it is used
 both to express a noose formed of a rope, and the bent
 or arched part of a horse's neck. In *Hormanni Vul-*
garia we find "*Boughtes. . . Chartæ complicatæ.*"
 Sig. Q iii. ed. 1530.

v. 115. *recrayd*] i. e. recreant.

v. 120. *puaunt*] i. e. stinking.

v. 126. *Vnhaply vred*] See note, p. 197. v. 95.

v. 128. *discured*] i. e. discovered.

v. 132. *echone*] i. e. each one.

v. 135. *flery*] i. e. floor.

Page 326. v. 146. *Mell nat*] i. e. Meddle not.

v. 152. *byrne*] i. e. burn.

v. 155. *at ylke mennes hecke*] i. e. at each man's
 hatch, door.

v. 156. *fynde*] i. e. fiend.

v. 159. *shake thy dogge, hay*] See note, p. 189. v. 28.

v. 161. *We set nat a flye*

By, &c.]

i. e. We value not a fly, care not a fly for.

Page 326. v. 163. *prane*] i. e. prawn.

v. 164. *drane*] i. e. drone. See note, p. 183. v. 172

v. 165. *We set nat a myght*] So Chaucer;

“I nolde setten at his sorow a mite.”

Troilus and Creseide, B iii.—*Workes*,
fol. 161. ed. 1602.

v. 167. *proude palyarde*] See note, p. 370. v. 427.

Page 327. v. 168. *skyrgaliarde*] See note, p. 177. v.
101.

v. 171. *coystrowne*] See note on title of poem, p. 11.

v. 172. *dagswayne*] See note, p. 254, v. 2195. I
know not if the word was ever used as a term of
reproach by any writer except Skelton.

v. 182. *mell*] i. e. meddle.

v. 189. *Right inconueniently*

Ye rage and ye raue,

And your worshyp depraue]

—*inconueniently*, i. e. unsuitably, unbecomingly: *your
worshyp depraue*, i. e. debase, degrade, lower your
dignity. “I am also aduertised that he [Albany] is
so passionate that and he bee aparte amongis his
familiers and doth here any thing contrarius to his
myende and pleasure, his accustomed maner is too take
his bonet sodenly of his hed and to throwe it in the fire,
and no man dare take it oute but let it to bee brent.
My lord Dacre doth affirme that at his last being in
Scotland he ded borne aboue a dosyn bonettes aftir
that maner.” Letter from Lord Surrey to Wolsey,—
MS. Cott., Calig. B vi. fol. 316

v. 192. *Duke Hamylcar*] } —*Duke*, i. e. leader, lord.

v. 195. *Duke Hasdruball*] } So Lydgate;

“*Duke* whylom of Cartage

Called *Amylchar*.”

Fall of Prynces, B. v. leaf cxxvi. ed. Wayland.

"Duke Hasdrubal, whome bökes magnify."

Ibid. B. ii. leaf xlv

Page 328. v. 198. *condicions*] i. e. qualities. See note, p. 132. v. 12.

v. 209. *Howe ye wyll beres bynde*]—*beres*, i. e. bears, Compare;

"With mede men may bynde *berys*."

Coventry Mysteries,—*MS. Cott. Vesp.*

D viii. fol. 195.

"Som man is strong *berys* for to bynde."

Lydgate's verses *Against Self-love*, &c.—

MS. Harl. 2255. fol. 10.

"That with the strenth of my hand

Beres may bynd."

The Droichis Part of the Play, attributed to Dunbar,—*Poems*, ii. 37. ed. Laing.

"Makyng the people to beleve he coulde *bynde bears*."

Bale's *Kynge Johan*, p. 72. ed. Camd.

v. 210. *the deuill downe dyng*]—*dyng*, i. e. knock.

See note, p. 255. v. 2210.

v. 227. *entrusar*] i. e. intruder.

"But an *intrusour*, one called Julyan."

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. viii.

leaf ii. ed. Wayland.

Page 329. v. 230. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 237. *lorde amrell*] i. e. lord admiral (Surrey).

v. 240. *marciall shoure*] See note, p. 179. v. 133.

v. 243. *derayne*] i. e. contest.

v. 248. *ketryng*] i. e. caterane, marauder. See note, p. 177. v. 83.

v. 251. *The fynde of hell mot sterue the*] i. e. May

the fiend of hell cause thee to die, destroy thee. (To *sterue* in our old writers is common in the sense of —die, perish).

Page 329. v. 255. *Caried in a cage, &c.*] In no historian can I find any allusion to the strange vehicle here mentioned.

v. 257. *mawment*] See note, p. 138. v. 170.

Page 330. v. 268. *warke*] i. e. work.

* v. 270. *Therin, lyke a royle,
Sir Dunkan, ye dared*]

Compare ;

“ By your reuellous riding on euery *royle*,
Welny euery day a new mare or a moyle.”

Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c. sig. H 4,—
Workes, ed. 1598.

“ *Nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis*, There is not one crum or droppe of good fashion in al that great *royls* bodye. For Catullus ther speaketh of a certaine mayden that was called Quintia,” &c. Udall's *Flowers, or Eloquent Phrases of the Latine speach*, &c. sig. G 5. ed. 1581. Grose gives “ *Roil* or *royle*, a big ungainly slamakin, a great awkward blowze or hoyden.” *Prov. Gloss.*:—*Sir Dunkan* is a Scottish name used here at random by Skelton, as he elsewhere uses other Scottish names, see note, p. 179. v. 121: *dared* [lurked, lay hid], see note, p. 237. v. 1358; and compare; “ *Daren* or preuyly ben hyd. Latito.” *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.

“ Vnder freshe floures sote and fayre to se,
The serpent *dareth* with his couert poyson.”

Lydgate's *Fall of Prynces*, B. iv.
leaf cvii. ed. Wayland.

“the snayl goth lowe doun,
Daryth in his shelle.”

Poem by Lydgate (entitled in the Catalogue, *Advices for people to keep a guard over their tongues*,—*MS. Hari.* 2255. fol. 133.

Page 330. v. 274. *sely*] i. e. silly, simple, harmless.
v. 282. *It made no great fors*] i. e. It was no great matter, it mattered not greatly.

* v. 285. *a gon stone*] i. e. gun stone, ball. See note. p. 321. v. 629.

v. 287. *sir Topias*] See note, p. 127. v. 40.

v. 288. *Bas*] The *Bass* is an island, or rather rock, of immense height in the Firth of Forth, about a mile distant from the south shore.

v. 290. [*l*as] I may just notice, in support of this reading, that “a lusty *lasse*” occurs in our author’s *Magnyfycence*, v. 1577. vol. ii. 73.

v. 292. *I shrewe*] i. e. I beshrew, curse.

— *lugges*] i. e. ears.

v. 293. *munpynnys*] Compare ;

“Syr, let us cryb furst for oone thyng or oder,
That these wordes be purst, and let us go foder
Our *mompyns*.”

Prima Pastorum,—*Towneley*
Mysteries, p. 89,

(a passage which the writer of the *Gloss.* altogether misunderstands), and ;

“Thy *mone pynnes* bene lyche olde yuory,
Here are stumpes feble and her are none,” &c.

Lydgate, *The prohemy of a mariage*, &c.—
MS. Harl. 372. fol. 45.

Munpynnys is, I apprehend, mouth-pins, teeth. Ray gives "The *Munne*, the Mouth." *Coll. of Engl. Words, &c.*—Preface, p. x. ed. 1768: and Jamieson has "*Munds*. The mouth."—"Muns. The hollow behind the jaw-bone." *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang. and Suppl.*

Page 330. v. 293. *crag*] i. e. neck, throat.

v. 295. *hag*] See note, p. 21. v. 19.

v. 296. *sir Wrig wrag*] } See note, p. 139. v. 186.
v. 297. *sir Dalyrag*] }

Page 331. v. 298. *mellyng*] i. e. meddling.

v. 301. *huddypeke*] See note, p. 232. v. 1176.

v. 303. *a farly freke*] i. e. a strange fellow: see notes, p. 32. v. 187; p. 124. v. 15.

* v. 304. *an horne keke*] A term which I am unable to explain. ["*Hornkecke*, a fysshe lyke a mackerell." Palsgrave, p. 232. "*Garfysche*, or *hornkeke*" (green-back). *Prompt. Parv.* Here used as a term of contempt].

v. 308. *swerde*] i. e. sword.

v. 309. *the Lyon White*] i. e. the Earl of Surrey. See note, p. 179. v. 135.

v. 316. *render the*] i. e. consign thee.

v. 317. *the flingande fende*] i. e. the flinging fiend. So in Ingelend's *Disobedient Child*, n. d.;

"*The flyinge and [sic] fiende go with my wyfe.*"

Sig. F ii.

Northern readers at least need not be informed that to *fling* means—to throw out the legs;

"Sumtyme, in dansing, feirelie I *flang*."

Sir D. Lyndsay's *Epistill* before his *Dreme*,—

Works, i. 187. ed. Chalmers.

Page 332. v. 319. *borde*] i. e. jest.

v. 322. *parbrake*] i. e. vomit.

Page 332. v. 323. *avauns*] i. e. vaunts. "The bragging *avaunts* of the Spaniards be so accalmed," &c. *Letter of Wolsey*,—Burnet's *Hist. of the Reform.*, iii. P. ii. 9. ed. 1816.

v. 324. *wordes enbosed*] i. e. swollen, big words.

v. 329. *lewde*] i. e. evil, vile.

v. 330. *Sir Dunkan*] See note on v. 270. p. 417.

— *in the deuill waye*] See note, p. 280. v. 672.

v. 336. *lurdayne*] See note, p. 213. v. 423.

v. 341. *varry*] i. e. fall at variance, contend.

v. 344. *stownde*] i. e. moment.

Page 333. v. 348. *ryn*] i. e. run.

v. 353. *defoyle*] i. e. defile.

v. 360. *welc*] i. e. well.

v. 366. *bace*] i. e. low.

v. 375. *cordylar*] i. e. cordelier,—a Franciscan friar, whose cincture is a *cord*.

v. 377. *to*] i. e. too.

Page 334. v. 380. *daucokes*] i. e. simpletons.

v. 381. *reme*] i. e. realm.

v. 382. *Ge heme*] Scottice for—Go home (as before in *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v, 123. vol. ii. 280.)

v. 383. *fonde*] i. e. foolish.

v. 386. *mate you with chekmate*] In allusion to the king's being put in *check* at the game of chess. And see note, p. 380. v. 158.

v. 389. *pype in a quibyble*] The word *quibyble*, as far as I am aware, occurs only in Skelton. Chaucer has a well-known passage,

"And playen songes on a small ribible ;

Therto he song somtime a loud *quinible*."

The Milleres Tale, v. 3331, where Tyrwhitt (apparently against the context) supposes *quinible* to be an

instrument : and I may notice that Forby gives "*Whybible*, a whimsy ; idle fancy ; silly scruple, &c." *Voc. of East Anglia*.

Page 334. v. 398. *faytes*] i. e. facts, doings.

v. 399. *me dresse*] i. e. address, apply myself.

v. 406. *auaunce*] i. e. advance.

Page 335. v. 410. *nobles*] i. e. noblesse, nobleness.

v. 417. *rechelesse*] i. e. reckless.

v. 418. *a lunatyke ouerage*] See note, p. 376. v. 39.

* v. 420. *ennewde*] i. e. embellished. See note, p. 76. v. 775.

v. 431. *Lyke vnto Hercules*] Barclay goes still farther in a compliment to the same monarch ;

"*He passeth Hercules in manhode and courage.*"

The Ship of Fooles, fol. 205. ed. 1570.

v. 436. *foy*] i. e. faith.

Page 336. v. 439. *Scipiades*] i. e. Scipio.

v. 442. *Duke Iosue*]—*Duke*, i. e. leader, lord. So Hawes ;

"And in lyke wyse *duke Iosue* the gente," &c.

The Pastime of Pleasure, sig. c ii. ed. 1555.

v. 448. *animosite*] i. e. bravery.

v. 457. *to*] i. e. too.

v. 459. *losels*] i. e. good-for-nothing fellows, scoundrels.

v. 461. *astate*] i. e. estate, high dignity.

Page 337. v. 468. *domage*] i. e. damage.

v. 470. *rydes or goos*] See note, p. 51. v. 186.

v. 475. *a knappishe sorte*] "*Knappish*. Proterve, pervers, fascheux." Cotgrave's *Dict*. "*Knappish*. Tart, testy, snappish." Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.* : *sorte*, i. e. set.

Page 337. v. 477. *enbosed*] i. e. covered with foam.
See note, p. 301. v. 24.

v. 478. *dawes*] i. e. simpletons.

v. 479. *fende*] i. e. fiend.

v. 487. *hart blode*] i. e. heart-blood.

v. 488. *gode*] i. e. good,—goods.

* v. 494. *faytour*] i. e. villain. See note, p. 149.

v. 2.

v. 495. *recreyed*] i. e. recreant.

Page 338. v. 500. *rede . . . loke*] i. e. advise . . . look.

v. 506. *Sainct George to borowe*] i. e. St. George being my surety or pledge: the expression is common in our early poetry.

v. 508. *quayre*] i. e. quire,—pamphlet, book.

— *Lenuoy*] Concerning this second *L'envoy*, which, I believe, does not belong to the poem against Albany, see *Account of Skelton, &c.*

Page 339. v. 9. *ammas*] i. e. amice: see note, p. 63.
v. 560.

— *Je foy enterment, &c*] i. e. Je fie entièrement, &c.

Page 340. v. 3. *stede*] i. e. place.

* Page 341. v. 22. *chare*] i. e. drive out or away.

“ *Charyn' a-way, cachyn' a-way. Abigo.*” — *Prompt. Parv.*

* v. 27. *wrote*] i. e. grub or root up.

— *Rosary*] i. e. Rose-bush.

* v. 38. *ouer all*] i. e. everywhere.

* v. 39. *face*] i. e. outface.

v. 46. *paves*] i. e. shield (properly, a large shield covering the body).

v. 54. *sad*] i. e. grave—discreet.

INDEX TO THE NOTES.

[The figures, except in a few cases specially noted, indicate the pages of the Third Volume only.]

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>a, 218.
 a, 240.
 a tyd, 148.
 abandune, 239.
 abbay, make a graunge of an, 276.
 Abdalonimus, 390.
 abiections, 290.
 abolete, 397.
 abused, 157.
 abylyment, 261, 302.
 <i>Abyron</i>, 191.
 Acherontes, 49.
 acomberyd, 256.
 accompte, 262.
 Acon, 397.
 acquyte, 246 (see <i>aquyte</i>).
 adnychell, 193.
 adres, 177: adresse, 263.
 aduysed, 221 (see <i>auyse</i>).
 aduysement, 261.
 adymment, 309.
 affyaunce, 263.
 affyaunsynge, 318.
 aforce, 28; aforce, 263.
 again, 8, 322 (see <i>agayn</i>, <i>gayne</i>, and <i>geyne</i>).
 <i>Agarenæ, gentis</i>, 156.
 agaspe, 240.
 agayn, 189; agayne, 79, 151,</p> | <p>&c.; agayng, 266; ageyne, 348 (see <i>again</i>, <i>gayne</i>, and <i>geyne</i>).
 agerdows, 343.
 agryse, 43.
 Akers, Saynt Thomas of, 295.
 alamyre, 267.
 Albany, John Duke of, 386.
 ——, his invasion of the borders in 1523, 411.
 ——, said to have been aimed at the destruction of James V., 414.
 ——, his passionate temper, 415.
 <i>Albertus de modo significandi</i>, 362.
 Albons, Saint, abbacy of, held by Wolsey <i>in commendam</i>, 405.
 Albumazer, 61, 348, 390.
 alcumyn, 402.
 alderbest, 409.
 ale, newe, in cornes, 114, 221.
 ale pole, 120, 320.
 ale stake, 271
 Alerycus, 240.
 Alexander, kyng, 76.
 Alexander de Villa Dei ^{¶43}.
 algife, 10.</p> |
|--|---|

- all and some, 32.
 all hallow, 111.
 all one, 256.
 allectuary, 22 (see *lectuary*).
 allygate, 294.
 almesse, 237.
 almon for parrot, 357.
 alowde, 216; alowed, 77, 150.
 alumbek sodyldym syllorym
 ben, 13.
 amense, 205
amicare, 292.
 ammas, 422 (see *amysse*).
 amonge, 364.
 amrell, 413, 416.
 Amund, Quater Fylz, 69.
 amysse, 63 (see *ammas*).
 animosite, 421.
 anker, 272.
 Antecus, 75.
 antetyme, 212.
 apayd, 398; apayed, 86, 150,
 261.
 apayere, 125 (see *appare*).
 apou, 373.
 apostata, 167; apostataas, 274.
 apostrofacion, 157.
 apall, 376.
 appare, 268; appayre, 362
 (see *apayere*).
 appose, 238, 272; apposed, 272.
 apposelle, 304.
 aquarde, 278.
 aquyte, 148, 318, 335 (see *ac-
 quyte*).
 ar, 129.
 arace, clothes of, 316 (see
 Arras).
 araid, 152 (see *raist*).
 aray, 105.
 arecte, 207; arrect, 302; arect-
 yng, 300; arrectinge, 314;
 arrectyng, 328; arrectyd, 22
 (and see *erectyd*).
 Arethusa, 78.
 Argyua, 329.
 Armony, 52.
 armony, 177, 202, 308.
 Arras, 290; Arras, clothe of,
 145 (see *arace*).
 Arryans, 279.
 Arturis Creacyoun, Prince,
 339.
 Arturs rounde table, &c., 67.
 ——— auncyent actys, 130.
 Aryna, 330.
 Arystobell, 165.
 as who sayth, 2.
 ascry, 88, 414; ascrye, 274
 (see *askry* and *escrye*).
 Ashrige, 349.
 askry, 78, 144 (see *ascry* and
 escrye).
 askrye, 400.
 Asmodeus, 381.
 asprely, 194.
 aspy, 323; aspyed, 348; as-
 pyid, 321.
 assay, 115; assaye, 35; asayde,
 65, 325.
 assayes, at all, 213, 259.
 assoyle, 285.
 Assuerus, 75.
 assurded, 309.
 astate, 8, 302, 316, 319, &c.
 (see *estate*).
 astrologys, 277.
 at nale, 41.
 atame, 150; attamed, 197.
 athrust, 108.
 auale, 81.
 auauunce, 203, 210, &c.; a-
 uauunced, 314; auauunsid,
 145; auauunsyd, 263; auauun-
 syng, 328.
 auauuns, 420.
 auayle, 18.
 avent, 25.
 auenturis, 321.
 auncetry, 144.
 auncyente, 76.
 Aungell, Castell, 345.
 Aungey, 231.
 auowe, 32, 216, 235, &c.; for
 God auowe, 247.
 aureat, 10.
aurum musicum, 338.
 Austen fryers, 295.
 auter, 157.
 Auycen, 348.

- auyse, 29; auysed, 221; a-
 nysid, 313; auysynge, 28
 (see *aduyseed*).
 away the mare, 102, 236.
 awne, 122, 129.
 awtentyke, 280.
 axes, 310; axys, 22.
 ba, 18 (see *bas*).
 babyls, 200; babylls, 370.
 babyone, 138.
 baile, 9 (see *bale*).
 baile, 131.
 bake, 126.
 balas, 368; balassis, 338.
 Baldock, the iebet of, 353, 403.
 bale, 17, 218, 252, 312 (see
 first *baile*).
 bale of dyce, 42.
 balke, 122.
 Baltazar, blake, 126.
 Balthasor (see *Guercis*).
 Baluc, Cardinal, 398.
 banketyng, 373; banketyng, 377.
 ban, 401; banne, 257.
 Barabas, 124.
 baratows, 322.
 barbican, 346.
 barbyd, 227.
 bare in hande, 211 (see *bereth
 on hand*).
 barlyhood, 114.
 barnacle, 58.
 Barton, Elizabeth, vol. ii. 414.
 bas, 18, 107, &c.; basse, 242,
 376; bassed, 252; bassyd,
 133 (see *ba*).
 Bas, 418.
 basnet, 126.
 Basyan, 240.
 bate, 290.
 batowe, 220.
 baudeth, 101.
 baudrie, 197.
 bawdy, 132, 138, 146.
 bawmys, 322.
 Bayarde Mountalbon, 69.
 bayarde, bolde, 135.
 bayardys bun, 12.
 bayned, 195.
 be, 25, 26, 127, &c.; bee, 192.
 be, 36.
 be come, 33, 44.
 beade rolles, 276 (see *bede-
 rolle*).
 becke, 228, 356.
 becke, 268.
 becked, 226.
 bedawyd, 139.
 bedell, 79.
 bederolles, 48; bederoule, 52
 (see *beade rolles*).
 Bedford, Jasper Duke of, vol.
 ii. 347.
 bedleme, 394.
 begared, 273.
 beholde, 211.
 beholdinge a trauers, 193.
 befole, 229, 246; befole, 224.
 Bele Isold, 67.
 belluyng, 300.
 belymmed, 35.
 Beme, 358.
 bemole, 62.
 ben, 266, 391, 405.
 bende, 221.
 bended, 405.
 bene, 29.
 bent, 79, 227.
 bere a brayne, 238.
 bere coles, 383.
 bereth on hand, 388 (see *bare
 in hande*).
 Bernard, Saint, 5.
 Bes, Lady, 4.
 beseke, 328.
 besene, 35, 291, &c.; beseen,
 141; be seyn, 181.
 beshere, 25; beshrew, 119;
 beshrewde, all, 18, 145, 267,
 373; beshrowe, 216, 231.
 best, 169, 410; beste, 208.
 bestad, 328.
 besy, 14, 32, 147, &c.
 betake, 213.
 bet, 302.
 bet, 322; bete, 79.
 betell, 220.
 beyte, 36; beyght, 414.
 bil, 150 (see *byl*).

- birdbolt, 343.
 birrall, 315.
 bi ter, 57 (see *bytter*).
 blasy, 142.
 ble, 106, 127, 347.
 Blenner-Haiset, maystres
 Iane, 333.
 blennes, 106.
 blervd thyne I, 20.
 blo, 25, 151, &c.; bloo, 251 ;
 blow, 155.
 blommer, 116.
 blother, 229, 266, 282.
 blow at the cole, 319, 377.
 blowboll, 19.
 blunder, 229.
 blunderyng, 213.
 blysse, 255; blyst, 244.
 bobbe, 35; bobbid, 154.
 Bochas, his Latin works, 312.
 bode, 9.
 boke, 162, &c.; bokes, 265,
 &c.; bokis, 163, &c.
 bole, 26.
 bolle, 106, 246.
 bolte, 210.
 Bonam, Johnn a, 233.
 Bonehorns of Ashrige, 349.
 bones, 37.
 bonet, 150.
 bonne, 228; bonny, 107.
 borde, 399, 419.
 Bordeaws, 43.
 borowe, Sainct George to, 422.
 boskage, 376.
 botchment, 231.
 bote, 252, 312.
 bote, 128; botes, 216.
 bote, 35, 53.
 boteles, 17.
 Bothombar, 379.
 botowme, 327.
 bottes, 183.
 bougets, 76 (see *bouget*).
 bourne, 302.
 bowge of courte, 27.
 bowget, 257 (see *bougets*).
 bowg3t, 154.
 Bowgy row, 144.
 bowsy, 97.
 Boyce, 311.
 boystors, 300.
 brablyng, 58.
 brace, 174, 237 342; bracyd,
 257.
 brace, 249.
 bracers, 306.
 brag, 140.
 brake, 111, 182, 404.
 Branxton more, 173.
 brast, 254, 264.
 Brasy, Pers de, 142.
 brayde, 32, 60.
 brayne pan, 101; braynpa-
 nys, 22.
 brayne seke, 236.
 brede, 354.
 breke, 117.
 bremely, 200 (see *brymly*).
 brende, 197; brennest, 192 ;
 brenneth, 193; brennyng,
 278; brennyng, 249; bryn-
 nyng, 17; brent, 86, 202,
 377 (see *byrne*).
 brere, 321.
 bresyth, 22 (see *broisid* and
 brose).
 brode gatus, the, 233.
 broder, 210, 230, 248.
 broisid, 320 (see *bresyth* and
 brose).
 broisiours, 322.
 broke, 144.
 broke, 106, 283.
 broken, 243.
 bronde, 218, 260.
 brose, 404 (see *bresyth* and
 broisid).
 brothell, 253; brothells, 144.
 brute, 200
 bruted, 278; bruitid, 305; bru-
 tid, 314.
 brybaunce, 240.
 brybery, 237, 305, 320; bry
 boury, 233.
 brydelynge caste, 42.
 brym, 182; brymme, 240.
 brymly, 126, 235 (see *bremely*).
 Brystow red, 100.
 budge furre, 230.

- Jull vnder lead, 400.
 ouslyfant, 120.
 bullyons, 337.
 bumpe, 57.
 burblyng, 195.
 burde, 42.
 Burgonyons, 887, 402.
 burris, 327.
 bushment, 9.
 buske, 127; buskt, 9; buskyd, 181.
 busynesse, 202.
 buttyng, 143.
 by, 205, 230.
 by and by, 108, 310.
 bybyll, 120.
 bydene, 290.
 byes, 35.
 byl, 410; byll, 349, 378; bylles, 73 (see *bil*).
 bylles, 179; byllys, 174.
 bynde, 138.
 bynde beres, 416.
 byrle, 108.
 byrne, 414 (see *brende*).
byrsa, 358.
 byrnston, 321.
 byse, 337.
 bytter, 248 (see *bitter*).
 cabagyd, 373.
 cache, 240.
 cacodemonyall, 400.
 Cacus, 164, 168.
Cesar, ave, 359.
 Cales, 377.
 callet, 117; Callettes, 113.
 calodemonyall, 400.
 calstocke, 386.
 Calyce, the armes of, 42, 217.
 Cam, 52, 401.
 camoke, 126; cammocke, 378.
 camously croked, 97.
 can, 44, 213, &c.; canest, 232 (see *kan*).
 cane, 240.
 Cane, 402.
 cantell, 117.
 raptacyous, 327.
 carbuckyls, 249.
 varde of ten. outface with a, 36.
 carders, 319.
 Cardynall Hat, the sygne of the, 383.
 carectes, 397; carectis, 318.
 carle, 247; carlys, 225 (see *karlis*).
 carlyng, 364.
 carlyshe, 53.
 Carowe, 47, 53.
 carp, 13; carpe, 278, 295.
 casseth, 30.
 cast, 414.
 cast, 246, 254; caste, 182.
 Castrimergia, 382.
 cat wynke, let the, 110, 277.
 catacumbas, 124.
 catell, 231.
 Caton, Pety, 363.
 cattes necke, hang the bell aboute, 268.
 Catywade, 124.
 cauell, 255.
 cautellons, 194.
 cawdels, 250.
 cawry mawry, 104.
 Cayface, 128.
 Cayme, 193.
 Cayre, 124.
 cayser, 221, 233 (see *kayser*).
 caytyvys, 142.
 Cayus, 130.
 Cesar, Julious, romance of, 71.
 chafer, 214; chaffer, 110, 361; chaffre, 28.
 chalys, 168, 275.
 Chambre of Starres, 381.
 chare, 350; chares, 291.
 chare, 422.
 Charlemagne, story concern- ing, from Petrarch, 394.
 chase, 158, 400.
 checke, 211.
 checke, 237.
 checkmate, 179; checke mate, 211, 293, 391; chekmate, 364, 420.
 cheked at the fyst, 398.
 chekmatyd, 17.
 chepe, best, 27.
 chere, 10, 97, 155, 208, &c.

- shermed, 37.
 cheryfayre, 1.
 cheryston pytte, 368.
 cheseth, 194.
 cheuyng, 105.
 cheysaunce, 30, 257.
 Christ crosse you spede,
 149.
 Christian Clowte, 26, 287.
 chyder, 247.
 chyncherde, 263.
 Cidippes, 331.
 clap, 161, 183; clappys, 22.
 clarionar, 307.
 clauycordys, payre of, 15.
 clawes, 196.
 Clementine, 285, 289.
 clepe, 246.
 clergy, 272.
 clerke, 44.
 clokys, 248.
 clubbed, 117.
 coarte, 150; coarted, 388.
 cocke wat, 233 (see *cok wat*).
 Cockes armes, 236, 243, 246,
 253.
 Cockes blode, 35.
 Cockes bones, 255, 257.
 Cockes woundes, 216.
 cockly fose, 384.
 Cockys body, 217.
 Cockys harte, 215, 221, 230,
 247.
 coe, 59.
 cofer kay, 216.
 cognisaunce, 149 (see *conu-
 saunce*).
coistronus, 360 (see *coystroume*).
 Cok wat, 148; cok wattes, 31
 (see *cocke wat*).
 coke stole, 131 (see *cooke stole*).
 cokwolde, 348; cokwoldes,
 306.
 coleth, 121.
 colation, 397; collacion, 193.
colostrum, 359.
 comberyd, 263; combred, 261,
 268.
 come of, 207, 227.
 comerous, 36.
 commaunde, 32 (see *comon-
 ynge*).
 commaunde, 148, 211.
 Commune Place, 385.
 commy, 105.
 commyth, 146 (see *cumys*).
 comon, 241.
 comonyng, 245 (see first
commaunde).
 complayne, 10.
 comprised, 303.
 compyle, 79.
 conceyte, 36, 300; conceyght,
 390 (see *consayte*).
concha, 167.
 condicions, 416 (see *condi-
 tyons*).
 condiscendid, 307; condi-
 scendyng, 336 (see *condy-
 scended*).
 condityons, 87; condycions,
 192; condycyons, 256, 320;
 condycyonns, 132 (see *con-
 ditions*).
 condyscended, 405; condys-
 sende, 206 (see *condiscend-
 id*).
 confecture, 304.
 confetered, 8; confetryd, 45;
 confettred, 197.
 confyrnable, 261.
 congruence, very, 302.
 coniect, 324; coniecte, 368.
 conninge, 192; conyng, 332;
 connyng, 194, &c.; con-
 nyng, 28, &c. (see *cunnyng*
 and *konnyng*).
 conny, 107, 115.
 connyng, 44.
 conquinate, 280.
 consayte, 206, 209, 359, &c.
 (see *conceyte*).
 contemplacyon, at the, 244,
 340; *contemplationem*, *ad*,
 171, 194.
 contenons, 125 (see *counten-
 aunce*).
 content, 196.
 contribute, 2.
 contynewe, 262.

- conuenable, 323.
 conuenyent, 209, 258, 410.
 conuenyently, 81.
 conueyaunce, 215; conuey-
 auns, 342.
 conusaunce, 22 (see *cogni-
 saunce*).
 cooke stole, 372 (see *coke
 stole*).
 coost, 43.
 copious, 128.
 corage, 20, 21, 22, 54, &c. (see
courage).
 corage, 305.
 cordylar, 420.
 cormoraunce, 57.
 corporas, 158.
 corrompeth, 192.
 corum, 274.
 coryed, 244.
 coryously, 322.
 costions, 318.
 cote, 343 (see *kote*).
 coted, 282; cotyd, 391.
 couenable, 17, 151, 328.
 couent, 284.
 couertowre, 356.
 couetys, 391; coueytous, 290.
 coughe me a dawe, 230.
 coughe me a fole, 230.
 cought, 19.
 coundight, 322.
 counforte, 351.
 counsell, 22.
 countenaunce, 87 (see *con-
 tenons*).
 counter, 40; countyr, 129 (see
countred).
 counteryng, 323; countrynge,
 59, 377.
 courage, 193, 291 (see *corage*).
 courte rowlis, 306.
 cousshons, 132 (see *quosshons*).
 couche quale, 370.
 cowntred, 11 (see *counter*).
 coystrowne, 11, 415 (see *cois-
 ironus*).
 crabes, 36.
 crackis, 306.
 crafte, 331.
 craftely, 312.
 crag, 419.
 crakar, 136; crackers, 295, 384.
 crake, 79, 153, 174, 221, &c.;
 craked, 157.
 crakyng, 405.
 Cranes, the Thre, in the Vyn
 tre, 194.
 cranys, 84.
 crase, 340; crased, 81.
 craw, 118; crawes, 137.
 craynge, 225.
 creaunser, 146; creauncer,
 341.
 Creisseid, 330.
 croke, 297.
 croked, 164; crokid, 165.
 crokys, 228.
Crome, nostre dame de, 367.
 cronell, 308, 326.
 croppy, 121.
 cros, the, 22.
 crose, 272.
 crosse, 40, 290.
 Crosse in Chepe, the, 114.
 crosse rowe, 149.
 crowche, 40.
 Croydon by Crowland in the
 Clay, 16.
 cue, 205 (see *kues*).
 cule, 379.
 culerage, 274.
 cumys, 145 (see *commyth*).
 cunnyng, 306 (see *connyng
 and konnyng*).
 cupbord, 401.
 cure, 32, 192, 384.
 currysly, 124.
 curtel, 43; curtoyl, 20.
 curteyse, 330 (see *cortaise*).
 custrell, 215.
 Cutberdes banner, Saint, 413.
 cuttys, 210.
Da Cansales, 363.
Da Racionales, 363.
 daggid, 108; daggid, 321.
 daggeswane, 254; dagswayne,
 415.
 Dakers, Lorde, of Gillesland,
 384.

- Dakers of the Sowth, Lady Anne, 331.
 Dalyda, 382.
 Dalyrag, 139, 419 (see *Dela-rag*).
 Dane, 313.
 dant, 119.
 Daphnes, 309.
 dare, 237, 346; dared, 417.
 dased, 81, 381; dasid, 324; dasyng, 321.
 daucock, 410; daucockes, 420 (see *dawcock*).
 daungerous, 393.
 daw, 157, 163, &c.; dawe, 43, 230, &c.; dawes, 36, 197, &c.; dawis, 405; dawvs, 371; dawe, to free of the, 252.
 dawcocke, 166, 248, 294; daw-cokkis, 320 (see *dawcockes*).
 dawns, 200.
 dawpate, 135; Daupatus, 283.
 daynously, 29.
 deale, 372; deall, 367 (see *dele*).
 debarre, 206; debarrid, 305.
 debylite, 192.
 decollacion, 161.
 defacid, 354.
 defaut, 304; defaute, 209, 222, 257, &c.
 defende, 192.
 defoyle, 420; defoyled, 121.
 Delarag, 359 (see *Dalyrag*).
 dele, 254; dell, 235 (see *deale*).
 delyaunce, 209.
 delybered, were, 193.
 demeane, 62.
 demenour, 248.
 demensy, 394.
 demoraunce, 192.
 dempte, 43.
 demye, 39.
 denayd, 81.
 departed, 54.
 depraue, 84, 190, 278, 294, &c.; deprayd, 167.
 derayne, 354, 416.
 Derby, Margaret, countess of, 190.
 dese, 105.
 despyghtyng, 136.
 desyrous, 24.
 Deurandall, 128.
 Deuyas, docter, 16, 294.
 deuyll, the, is dede, 265.
 deuyll, dyngge the, 255, 416.
 deuyll spede whyt, the, 228, 405.
 deuyll way, in the, 280, 420; deuyll way, a, 321.
 devyll, the date of the, 371; deuylls date, in the, 41, 44, 226, 255.
 deuz decke, 268.
 deynte, 31, 37.
 deynyd, 154.
Dialectica, 166.
 dictes, 357.
 diffuse, 76, 304, 311 (see *dyf-fuse*).
 Dis, 157, 185.
 disable, 196.
 discured, 197, 414; discurid, 324 (see *dyscure*).
 discust, 331 (see *dyscust*).
 disgysede, 301 (see *dysgysed*).
 dissolate, 193.
 dites, 8.
 do, 231 (see *done*).
 doddypatis, 394.
 domage, 193, 421.
 dome, 51, 352.
 Donatus, 362.
 done, 41; doone, 156 (see *do*).
 dong, 155 (see *dyngge*).
 donne, 228.
 donny, 115.
 donnyshe, 231.
 dosen browne, 42.
 doterell, 55; doteryll, 232; dotrellis, 321.
 doute, 18.
 doute, 245; doutted, 10.
 Douer, 3.
 dow, 159.
 dowse, 356.
 dowsypere, 393.
 dowues donge, 164.
 draffe, 18, 105.

- drane, 415; dranes, 183.
 drawtys of deth, 17.
 drede, 43.
 dredfull, 328.
 dres, 28, 79, 804; dresse, 87,
 421; drete, 28.
 dreuyll, 37, 45 (see *dryuyll*).
 dribbis, 321.
 dronken as a mouse, 283.
 dronny, 108.
 dryvyll, 132 (see *dreuyll*).
 dud frese, 133.
 Dugles the dowty, 124.
 duke, 72, 415, 421.
dulia, 201.
 dumpe, 300; dumpis, 324;
 dumpys, 15.
 Duu is in the myre, 348.
 Dunbar, 179, 190, 412.
 Dundas, George, 186.
 Duude, 179, 190, 412.
 Dunkan, 417, 420.
 dur, 189, 348, 385.
 dyce, for the armys of the, 221.
 dyentely, 355.
 dyffuse, 77 (see *diffuse*).
 dykes, 280.
 Dymingis Dale, 400.
 dyne, 17.
 dyng, 255 (see *dong*).
 dynt, 239, 248; dyntes, 22,
 246.
 dysauaylyng, 294.
 dyscharge, 88.
 Dysconius, 69.
 dyscryue, 261.
 dyscure, 25, 28, 32 (see *dis-
 cured*).
 dyscusc, 398 (see *discusc*).
 dysdanous, 320.
 dysdayneslye, 377.
 dysease, 25, 261.
 dyser, 232.
 dysers, 319.
 dysgyved, 38, 157, 279 (see
diagysede).
 dyssayued, 244.
 dyssypers, 192.
 dyuendop, 58.
 Ecates, 86.
 echone, 201, 404, 414.
 edders, 49.
 edefyed, 193.
 Edward, the Fourth, 1, 2, 3, 4.
 eestryche fedder, 40.
 egally, 193.
 Egeas, 165.
 Egyptian, 101.
 ela, 60.
 eldyr steke, 135.
 electe, 241.
 elenkes, 199, 284.
 Eliconys, 146 (see *Elyconys*).
 ellumynynge, 10 (see *illu-
 myne*).
 Eitam, 4.
 Elyconys, 8 (see *Eliconys*).
 embassades, 388.
 embesy, 303 (see *enbesid*).
 embosyd, 301 (see *enbosid*).
 emeraud, 24; emrawde, 356.
 emportured, 82.
 enbesid, 327 (see *embesy*).
 enbewtid, 330.
 enbolned, 194.
 enbosid, 420, 422; enbosid,
 315 (see *embosyd*).
 enbrasid, 313.
 enbrowder, 326; enbrowdred,
 332.
 enbulyned, 316.
 enbybe, 177; enbybed, 78;
 enbybid, 323.
 encheson, 153.
 encraumpysshed, 300.
 encrisped, 309.
 endeour, 303.
 enduce, 303, 336.
 endude, 160; endewed, 270.
 endure, 209.
 enferre, 206 (see *inferriã*).
 enflamed, 194.
 enflorid, 337.
 enforce, 194.
 engolerid, 315.
 engrosyd, 302, 311.
 enhached, 81; enhachyde, 301.
 enharpit, 10.
 enkanckered, 10.
 enlosenged, 315.

- ennew, 80; ennewed, 79, 313;
 enneude, 76; ennewde, 421.
 (see *enuwyd*).
 enplement, 314.
 enprowed, 77.
 ensaymed, 160.
 ensemblyll, 369.
 ensilured, 322.
 ensordyd, 264.
 ensowkid, 300.
 entachid, 315.
 ententifly, 333.
 enterly, 154.
 entretid, 153.
 entrusar, 416.
 enuawtyd, 316.
 enuayned, 23.
 enuectyfys, 303.
 Enui, 78; enuy, 250.
 enuwyd, 334 (see *enpew*).
 enuyrowne, 316.
 enuyue, 330; enuyued, 241;
 enuyuid, 337.
 enwered, 28.
 equipolens, 407.
 erectyd, 263 (see *arecte*).
 erstrych, 358 (see *estryge*).
 escrye, 294 (see *ascry* and
askry).
 esperauunce, 192.
 estate, 28, 85, 211, &c.; estates,
 9, 212, 281, &c. (see *astate*).
 estryge, 59 (see *erstrych*).
 eten sause, 29.
 eterminable, 11.
 Ethiocles, 193.
 Euander, 76.
 euerychone, 229, 278, 400.
 exhibycion, 199.
 Exione, 346.
Exodi, 164.
 exploitte, 367.
 eyen, 193; eyn, 346; eyne,
 307 (see *ien* and *iyen*).
 eylythe, 145.
 eyndye, 368 (see *inde blewe*).
 eyre, 62.
 eyesell, 156, 277.
 fabell, 115.
 Fabian, frere, 289.
 face, 174, 200, 237, 243, 279,
 facyd, 256.
 facers, 306.
 faitours, 149 (see *faytors*).
 fall, 118, 178.
 fals poynt, 24.
 fals quarter, 317.
 falyre, 107.
famine, 215.
 Fanchyrche strete, 143.
 fange, 407.
 fare, 29.
 fare, 131.
 farle, 232; farly, 18, 225, 228,
 274, 419.
 farre, 297 (see *fer*).
 fauconer, 157, 158 (see *fau-*
coner).
 fauell, 30, 218, 377.
 faught, 9.
 fauorable, 20, 364.
 fauour, 79, 80 (see *fauyr*).
 faute, 149, 238, 266, &c. (see
fawt).
 fauyr, 132 (see *fauour*).
 fawchyn, 255.
 fawcon, the noble, 62; faw-
 coun, ientill, 334.
 fawconer, 160 (see *fauconer*).
 fawt, 303; fawte, 275 (see
faute).
 fay, 25, 259.
 fayne, 15, 33.
 fayne, 191, 197, 221, 251, &c.
 faynty, 121.
 faytes, 421.
 faytors, 10; faytour, 422 (see
fuitours).
 fayty bone geyte, 213.
 fe, 250.
 feders, 117; federis, 167.
 feffyd, 241.
 felashyp, 35.
 fell, 17, 24.
 femynatyfe, 191.
 fende, 419, 422; fendys, 17
 403 (see *fymde*).
 fenestrall, 345.
 fer, 209, 260; ferre, 214, &c.
 (see *farre*).

- Feruinbras, 124 (see *Pherumbras*).
 fest, 122.
 fet, 98.
 fet, 64, 112, 162, 206, &c.
 fete, 356.
 fetewse, 41.
 flusshe, 370.
fidasso de cosso, 357.
 finaunce, 11.
 fista, 166; fisty, 167.
 flagrant, 334; flagraunt, 322.
 flambe, 193.
 flekyd, 364.
 flery, 218, 414.
 flete, 209, 230.
 flingande, 419.
 flocket, 98.
 flode, 264.
 Flodden, battle of, 173.
 florthie, 316.
 flotis, 311.
 fly, not worth a, 178, 380.
 flycke, 112, 284.
 flyt, 262, 292, 393.
 flytynge, 405.
 fode, 26.
 fode, 245.
 foggy, 118.
 foisty bawdias, 321 (see *fusty bawdyas*).
 folabilite, 150.
 fole, 50, 136, &c.; foles, 200;
 folys, 131, 166, &c.
 follest, 147 (see *foule*).
 folysh, 192; folysshe, 230.
 folysshily, 199.
 fon, 163, 224, 233; fonne, 132.
 fonde, 135, 148, 157, &c.;
 foune, 224.
 fondnesse, 248.
 fonge, 295.
 fonny, 107.
 fonnysshe, 217, 223.
 fopped, 199.
 for, 29.
 for and, 130.
 force, 37, 246 (see *fors*).
 force, 245, 324 (see *forsed*).
 Cordrede, 72.
 foretop, 241, 278.
 forfende, 231, 262.
forica, 166.
 forked cap, 267.
 formar, 329.
 forme, 318.
 fors, 129, 418 (see first *force*).
 forsed, 9; forseth, 232; for-
 syth, 210 (see second *force*).
 forster, 301, 346.
 fote, 82, 155, &c.
 fote ball, 168.
 foted, 98.
 fotyng, 294.
 fotid, 323; fotys, 221; fothyth,
 237.
 foule, 57, 117, 227 (see *follest*).
 founde, 200.
 foxe, 33.
 foy, 421.
 frame, 248.
 franesy, 249.
 Fraunce, fashions brought
 from, 224.
 fraye, 59.
 frayne, 388.
 freare fell in the weil, when
 the, 287.
 freate, 60 (see *frete* and *to-
 fret*).
 freers, 215, 254 (see *frere*).
 freke, 32, 217, 232, 419; ffreke,
 124.
 frere, 281, 312 (see *freers*).
 fresche, 140; fresshe, 83, 214,
 301, &c.
 fresshely, 40, 305, 313.
 fret, 80.
 frete, 5, 49, 79, 243 (see *freat*
 and *to-fret*).
 fretid, 153.
 friscatoly, 195.
 Frollo de Franko, 123.
 froo, 146.
 froslynges, 117.
 froty, 259.
 frounce, 160.
 frounce, 241; frounsid, 86
 frowardes, 77.
 frythyth, 300.

- fucke sayles, 275.
 lunnously, 263.
 funte, 157.
 furdriers, 319.
 fusty bawdyas, 144 (see *foisty bawdius*).
 fuyson, 10.
 fyer drake, 404.
 fyest, 112.
 fyle, 284.
 fyll the cup, fyll, 103.
 fylythe, 140.
 fyll, 9, 114, 331.
 fynd, 391; fynde, 414, 416 (see *fende*).
 fyngered, 98.
 fysgygge, 120.
 fysnamy, 130.
 Gabionyte, 129.
 gabyll rope, 328.
 gadde, 236.
 gaglynge, 58.
 Gaguine, 398; Gaguyne, 339; Gagwyne, 312.
 galantys, 240.
 Galba, 240.
 Gales, 113; Galis, 168.
 Galiene, 347.
 Galtres, forest of, 301.
 gambaudynge, 377.
 gambawdis, 158, 319.
 gambone, 111.
 gane, 129.
 gant, 119 (see *gaunte*).
 gar, 241; garde, 240, 251 (see *garre*).
 garded, 39, 45.
 gardeuyaunce, 257.
 gargone, 138; gargons, 130.
 garlautes, 291.
 garre, 248 (see *gar*).
 gase, 340 (see *gose*).
 gaspy, 112.
 gasy, 142.
 gate, 143, 231; gatte, 233 (see *gete and gotted*).
 gaude, 247.
 gaudry, 143.
 gaunce, 57.
 gaunte, 58 (see *gant*).
 gaure, 258.
 Gawen, 65, 130.
 Gaynour, 67.
 ge hame, 379; ge heme, 420.
 gelt, 122.
 George, Saint, our Lady's knight, 180, 185.
 gere, 39, 83, 126, &c.
 gerfawcon, 63 (see *iarfawcon*).
 gery, 158.
 geson, 137, 404.
 gest, 122.
 gest, 231; geste, 217.
 get, 339 (see first *iet*).
 gete, 35, 42 (see *gat* and *gotted*).
 geyne, 24 (see *again* and *gayne*).
 giggisse, 340.
 Gil, 273.
 girnid, 308 (see *gyrne*).
 glauca, 193.
 glaymy, 138.
 gle, 308.
 gle, 251.
 glede, 127.
 glede, 229.
 glent, 245.
 glent, 227.
 glint, 318.
 glome, 29 (see *glum*).
 glo nmynge, 266.
 glose, 239.
 glowtonn, 327.
 glum, 290, 336 (see *glome*).
 glum, 387.
 gnar, 385.
 go, 50.
 go bet, 112.
 go or ryde, 387 (see *ryde and go*).
 go shake thy dog, hey, 189; go, shake the dogge, hay 211.
 gode, 9, 422.
 godely, 314, 333.
 God in forme of brede, 293.
 Goddes brede, 246.
 Goddes cope, for, 231.
 Gog, 324.

- golde and hole, 320.
goliardum, 141.
 gommes, 261.
 gomys, 124 (see *gummys*).
 gon stone, 418 (see *gun stone*).
 gonge, 133.
 good (what good ye can), 176.
 Good euyn, good Robyn Hood, 381.
 goodlyhede, 332; goodlyhod, most, 24.
 goostly, 261.
 gorbelyd, 127; gorbelyd, 131.
 gore, 54.
 gorge, 161, 243, 270.
 gose, 101, 119, 132, 211, &c. (see *gase*).
 gose, to sho the, 269.
 gossellers, 163.
 Gothyaunce, 240.
 gotted, 254 (see *gat* and *gete*).
 gowndy, 98.
 gramatolys, 367.
 grame, 248; gramed, 294.
 graundepose, 367.
 gray, 379 (see *grey*).
 grayle, 57.
 gree, 308 (see *greyth*).
 gresly, 138.
 gresse, 310.
 gressop, 51; gressoppes, 337.
 grey, 303 (see *graf*).
 greyth, 175 (see *gree*).
 groynynge, 127 (see *groynninge*).
 gronde, 139.
 grossolitis, 315.
 grouchyng, 377.
 groynninge, 843; groynis, 148; groynyd, 371 (see *groynynge*).
 gryll, 97.
 grypes, 53.
 Guercis, Balthasar de, 407.
 gunbed, 98.
 gummys, 137 (see second *gommes*).
 gun stone, 321 (see *gon stone*).
 gup, 20, 26, 115, 131, &c.
- Guy, 66; Gy, 130.
 Guy of Gaunt, 294; Gy of Gaunt, 133.
 Gyb, 48; gyb, 101.
 gydyngge, 163.
 gygawis, 405.
 gyll, 97.
 gylly, 115.
 gyn, 161.
 gyn, 258.
 Gynys, 132.
 gyrne, 124 (see *girnid*).
 gyse, 84, 100, 213, 214, &c.
 gytes, 100.
 habandoneth, 192.
 habarion, 143.
 hach, 22 (see *hecke*).
 Had I wyst, 3, 209, 238.
 hafte, 45 (see *haftynge*).
 hafter, 210; haffers, 262; Hafter, Haruy, 30, 148, 378.
 haftynge, 132, 217, 245 (see *hafte*).
 hag, 419; hagge, 266; haggys, 21.
 hake, 271.
 halfe, 229, 300; halfe, on Gods, 119, 144, 283.
 halfe strete, the, 258.
 halow, 162.
 hallows, to seke, 354.
 halse, 246; halsyd, 19.
 Haly, 61, 361, 390.
 Hampton Court, 388.
 hange togyder as fethers in the wynde, 247, 366.
 hankin bouy, 162.
 happed, 251.
 hardely, 18, 27, 29, 32, &c. (see *herdely*).
 hardnes, 156.
 harde arse, 387.
 hardy on his hede, not so, 293; hardy on theyr pates, not so, 294.
 Hardyson, Gorge, 142.
 hare away, there went the, 378.
 Hare, Jacke, 220 (see *Harys, Jacke*).
 harnnes, 354.

- haroldis, 144 (see *harrold*).
 harow, 85; harowe, 242.
 harowe, 260.
 Harpocrates, 199.
 harre, out of, 225, 252.
 harres, 145.
 harrold, 177 (see *haroldis*).
 hart rote, 153, 343, 394 (see *hert rote*).
 haruest gyrdle, 108.
 Harys, Jacke, 166 (see *Hare, Jacke*).
 hascardis, 319.
 hast, in all the, 110.
 hastarddis, 8.
 haue, 121.
 hauell, 378, 391.
 haut, 266; haute, 14, 78, 149, &c. (see *hawte*).
 hawe, not worth an, 252, 371.
 hawke of the towre, 225, 334.
 hawkis bels, 163.
 hawte, 35, 130, 222 (see *haut*).
 hay, 148.
 hay the gy of thre, 150.
 Hay, the gye and the gan, 400.
 hayle, 122, 150, 258 (see *heale and hele*).
 hayne, 36.
 haynyarde, 245.
 he so, 28.
 heale, 399 (see *hayle and hele*).
 hear, 126, 280; heare, 5 (see *here and heyre*).
 hecke, 414 (see *hach*).
 Hector, 73.
 hede, 242; hedes, 120; heedes, 267.
 hedellis, 326.
 heery, 267, 285 (see *herey*).
 hekell, 109.
 hele, 211 (see *hayle and heale*).
 Henry the Seventh, his tomb, 171.
 Henry the Eighth, his letter to James the Fourth, 182.
 hente, 45.
 herber, 23, 321; herbers, 404.
 Hercules, 85.
 here, 38, 97, &c.; heris, 509 (see *hear and heyre*).
 herdely, 208 (see *hardely*).
 herelace, 103.
 herey, 144 (see *heery*).
 hermoniake, 272.
 hert, 154; herte, 261, 318, &c.; hertes, 199, 290.
 hert rote, 82 (see *hart rote*).
 herte brennynge, 44.
 herted, 268.
 hertely, 318.
 heue and how rombelow, 33; hey, howe, rumbelowe, 168.
 heuery, 137.
 hewyth, 21.
 hey, dogge, hay, 412.
 hey, troy, loly, 13.
 heyre, 222 (see *hear and here*).
 heyre parent, 215.
 light, 150, 321 (see *hyght*).
 Hipocentaures, 85.
 historious, 76.
 Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean, 175 (see *Hop, &c.*).
 hobby, 237; hobby, 64, 269.
 hobby, 242.
 hocupy, 133.
 hode, 43, 44, 45, &c.
 hoder moder, 266.
 hoddvpeke, 232 (see *huddy-peke*).
 hoddypoule, 394.
 hoftte, 220.
 hogeneous, 157.
 hoke, 297.
 hoked, 97 (see *howkyd*).
 hokes, 238.
 holde, 255.
 hole, 128, 138, &c.; holl, 303, 314 (see *hool*).
 holy, 10 (see *hooly*).
 holy water clarke, 14, 64.
 home, 44.
 honde, 341.
 honge, 260.
 hool, 314 (see *hole*).
 hooly, 209 (see *holy*).
 Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean, 356 (see *Hob, &c.*).

- hoppy, 120.
 horne keke, 419.
 horshowe, 59.
 hose, 89, 189, 224, &c.
 hosed, 199.
 hothyr, 369.
 houres, 271.
 houyr wachyd, 139.
 Howarde, Lady Elisabeth, 330.
 Howarde, Lady Mirriell, 330.
 how, 359, 361; howe, 109, 236, &c.
 howgye, 373.
 howkyd, 127 (see *hoked*).
 hoyning, 148.
 huckels, 98.
 huddypeke, 385, 419 (see *hodypeke*).
 huf a galante, 129.
 huffa, 218.
 huke, 99.
 humanityte, 364, 390 (see *vman-
yte*).
 Huntley banke, 412; Huntley
 bankys, 181, 190, 384.
 Hussyans, 278.
 hyght, 209, 210, &c.; hyghte,
 28, 36 (see *hight*).
 hyll, 261.
 hynde calfe, 301.
 hynder, 217; hynderyng, 294.
hyperdulia, 201.
 hytt, 155.
 hyzt, 155.
 iacinctis, 316 (see *jacounce*).
 Jacke a thrommys bybyll,
 239, 307; Jake a thrum, 140.
 Jacke breche, 391.
 Jacke of the Noke, 273; Jacke
 at Noke, 284.
 Jacke of the vale, 210; Jak
 of the vale, 26.
 Jacke shall haue Gyl, 210.
 iack napis, 394; iackenapes,
 253.
 jacounce, 368 (see *iacinctis*).
 jagged, 278 (see *to-iagged*).
 Jak wold be a jentyman, 13.
 James the Third, his murder,
 173.
 James the Fourth, his arms,
 172.
 — his body how treated,
 173.
 — his letter to Henry the
 Eighth, 175.
 — his appearing in arms
 against his father, 178.
 — his taking the Castle of
 Norham, 179.
 — his sword and dagger,
 181.
 — his beard, 182.
 — his artillery, 182.
 — excommunicated, 153,
 184.
 James the Fifth, 386.
 Jamys foder, 26
 Jamys, Saint, 84, 113.
 iangle, 201, 216, 274; iangel-
 ynge, 210; ianglyng, 196;
 ianglynge, 55, 84.
 iangelers, 318.
 Januay, 143.
 iape, 266; iapes, 216, 231, 248,
 253, &c.
 iape, 15, 36, 311; japed (bode-
 ly), 27.
 iarlawcon, 247 (see *gerfaw-
con*)
 Jason, 66.
 jaspe, 129.
 iast, 115, 132, 383; jayst, 20.
 iauell, 256, 279, 378, 391.
 ich, 106, 361; iche, 256.
 ich, 336; iche, 304, 308, 328.
 I chyll, 96.
 iconomicar, 310.
 ien, 127 (see *eyen* and *iyen*).
 ielofer, 80; icloffer, 334, 346,
 348.
 Jerome, Saint, his *Ep. ad Pau-
linum*, 202, 305.
 Jesse, 227.
 iet, 214, 224 (see *set*).
 jet, 15, 98, 214; iettes, 227;
 iettynge, 253.
 ietter, 221.
 jetty, 98.
 I faith, dikkon thou crue, 168;

- In fayth, decon thou crewe, 39; In faythe, dycken, thou krew, 376.
 illumyne, 28; illumynyd, 24 (see *illumynynge*).
 importe, 52.
 inconuenyently, 415.
 incyneracyon, 134.
 inde blewe, 242; indy blew, 23, 316; Indy saphyre blew, 80 (see *eyndye*).
 indeuer, 264.
 inferrid, 305 (see *enferre*).
 ingrosed, 262.
 inhateth, 262.
 inpurtured, 242.
 intentyfe, 333.
Inter didascalos, 362
 intere, 207.
 intoxicate, 280.
 intreted, 243.
 inwyt, 237.
 lobab, 357.
 Jocky my jo, 177.
 ioforth, 342.
 joly rutterkyn, heyda, 218.
 John a Bonam, 233.
 lопас, 323.
 ioust, 106.
 loyows Garde, 344.
 Ipocras, 347.
 ipostacis, 278.
 Irysh, 177.
 isagogicall, 397.
 Isaias, 296.
 Isaphill, 334.
 isprode, 156.
 Judas Machabeus, 71.
Judicum, 360.
 Iue, Iohnn, 342.
 iurde hayte, 216.
 I wus, 37, 333; I wys, 19, 26, 44, 114, &c.
 iyen, 192 (see *eyen* and *ien*).
 kalkyns, 21.
 kan, 142 (see *can*).
 karlis, 9 (see *carle*).
 kay, 239; kayes, 213.
 kayser, 279, 293, 392 (see *cayser*).
 keke, 117, 268.
 ken, 8, 79, 206, 293, &c.
 kepe 18, 211, 354.
 kepe his cut, 50.
 kest, 49, 52, 317 (see *kyst*).
 kestrell, 64; kesteryll, 232.
 keteringes, 117; ketyryng 416.
 keylyth, 21.
 kit, 10 (see *kyl*).
 klycked, 41.
 knakkes, 366.
 knackynge, 205; knak, 13.
 knappishe, 421.
 knauate, 168.
 knokylbonvarde, 214.
 knowlege, 200.
 konnyng, 304, 330, 342 (see *connyng* and *cunnyng*).
 Koppynge, kyng, 175.
 kote, 394 (see *cote*).
 kowgh, 58.
 kownnage, 320.
 kowththyd, 136 (see *kythyd*).
 koy, make it, 235.
 kues, 383 (see *cue*).
 kus, 365; kusse, 54.
 kybe, 119.
 kyby, 317.
 kynde, 53, 135, 208, 236, &c.
 Kyrkeby Kendall, 39.
 kyrtell, 83, 100, 116.
 kyry, 282.
 kys the post, 75.
 kyst, 38, 133; kyste, 28, 49 (see *kest*).
 kyt, 140 (see *kyl*).
 kythyd, 123 (see *kowththyd*).
 lack, 149, 410; lacke, 151, 217, &c.; lake, 303.
 lackys, 366.
 lakyn, by, 211, 215; lakyn, by our, 247, 256.
 lampatrams, 119.
 Lanam, 402.
 lanners, 63.
 Laodomi, 333.
 large, 15, 56, 141.
 large, 209.
 large, 215, 376.

- largesse, 210, 211, 238, 246,
 &c.
latria, 201.
 laughe and lay downe, 402.
 Launcelote de Lake, 67.
 lawe, 209, 263.
 lay, 74, 200.
 layc, 272; lay fee, 277, 278,
 lay fee, the people of, 201;
 lay fee people, 275.
 lay, 307, 336; layd, 178.
 layne, 36.
 layser, 279, 392.
 le, 252.
 leane as a rake, 79.
 lectryne, 162.
 lectuary, 261 (see *allectuary*).
 lede sterre, 333.
 ledder, 79.
 Lederhede, 101.
 leedes, 275.
 lefe, 19.
 legacy, 405.
 lege, 43.
 lege de moy, 121, 296.
 leke, the vertue of an vnset,
 117.
 leke, not worth a, 268.
 lemman, 42; lemmanns, 143.
 lene, 30; leneth, 103.
 lenen, 302.
 lenger, 64, 351.
 lepe the hach, 22.
 lere, 80, 97, 128 (see *leyre*).
 lere, 235 (see *lyerd*).
 losard, 24.
 lese, 147, 229, 235, 284; leseth,
 192.
 lesinges, 150.
 let, 84, 162, 206, &c.; lete, 32.
 leudly, 195, 196 (see *lewdely*).
 leuc, 263; leuer, 251, 290.
 leuell suse, 380.
 lewd, 267; lewde, 14, 31, 44,
 &c.
 lewdely, 132, 279; lewdly, 133,
 260, &c.; lewdlye, 366 (see
lewdly).
 lewdenes, 148.
 leyre, 242 (see *lere*).
 leyser, 336.
 leysshe, 216.
 liddersons, 306 (see *lydderyns*)
 liddrous, 149.
 liddyynes, 324.
 lista, 166 (see first *lyst*).
 Locrian, 176; Locryan, 412.
 lode, 28.
 loke, 317; lokes, 279, 373;
 lokis, 332.
 loke, 104, 106, &c.; loked,
 160, 319; loketh, 222; lokyd,
 210, 367; lokys, 22E 248.
 loke, 239.
 lollardy, 200.
 Lomelyn, Domyngo, 409.
 londe, 329.
 London, wall of, 3.
 long, 15; longe, 56, 141.
 longe, 44; longyth, 343.
 Lor, 340.
 lore, 250.
 lorell, 60, 145; lorelle, 132.
 lose, 269.
 losell, 247, 248, &c.; losels,
 163, 306, &c.; loselles, 279,
 373; losyll, 209.
 loselry, 394.
 lonesome, 252.
 Louis the Twelfth, 204, 210.
 loute, 244; lowte, 240, 246;
 lowted, 9.
 Lowdean, 175; Lowdeon, 358;
 Lowdyan, 412.
 lucerne, 348.
 luge, 261.
 luggard, 20.
 lugges, 418.
 lurdayne, 213, 420; lurden,
 245, 247, &c.; lurdeyne,
 294.
 lure, 81, 160, 205, 384.
 luske, 126.
 lust, 10, 22, 249, &c.; luste,
 30.
 lust and lyking, 10, 106, 243,
 252.
 lusty, 77, 80, 131, &c.
 Lyacon, 366, 369.
 Lybany, 53.

- lybbard, 318.
 Lybius, 69; Lybyus, 125.
 Lycaon, 54; Lycon, 126.
 lydder, 201; lyddyr, 147 (see *lyther*).
 lydderyns, 249 (see *lidderons*).
 Lydgate, John, 77, 313.
 lyerd, 373 (see *secoud lere*).
 lygnage, 191, 192.
 lyghtly, 209.
 iykes, 155.
 lykynge, 1.
 Lyle, Sir William, 412.
 tylse wulse, 379.
 Lymyters, 284.
 Lyncole grene, 99.
 lynde, 33.
 lynkes, 117.
 lyppers, 249.
 lyppes hange in thine eye, thy, 229.
 lyst, 79, 151, 244, 252, &c. (see *lista*).
 lyst, 160.
 lyste, 233.
 lyste, 233.
 Lytell Ease, 295
 lythe and lystyn, 145.
 lyther, 209, 235, 251; lythers, 235 (see *lydder*).
 lytherly, 218.
 Machareus and Canace, 332.
 Mackemurre, 230.
 made it straunge, 314.
 Mahounde, 391.
 maistres, 340 (see *mastres* and *maystres*).
 make, 75, 271, 347, 365.
 make, 135, 203, 304, 342.
 make to the call, 243.
 maker, 135, 361.
 making, 347, 371; makynge, 184.
 malarde, 226; mallarde, 58.
 Malchus, 125.
 male, 31, 42, 257; males, 76, 184.
 male to wryng, 74; male dothe wrye, 280; males, wrang vs on the, 377.
 male vryd, 178.
 Malepardus, vol. ii. 412.
 maltaperte, 128.
 Mamelek, 389.
 mamockes, 251, 280.
 man, 240.
 Mantryble the Bryge, 125.
 mantycore, 128, 131, 138 : mantycors, 53.
 Mapely rote, The murning of the, 343.
 Marche harum, 162.
 Mardocheus, 75.
 mare, 49.
 marees, 49.
 margerain ientyll, 332.
 Margery Mylkeducke, 116, 214.
maris lupus, 410.
 Marke, kynge, 67.
 marke, 281.
 marlyons, 63.
 marmoll, 249.
 marmoset, 131, 132, 138; marmosete, 231 (see *mermoset*).
 Marock, the streytes of, 403.
 mary, 205, 210, 220, &c.
 Mary Gipy, by, 349.
 Mary Spytell, Saynt, 295.
 mase, 218; mased, 29, 202, 232; masid, 321; masyd, 168, 308 (see *maysyd*).
 mastres, 24 (see *maistres* and *maystres*).
 mastris, 313; mastryes, 233 (see *maysters*).
 mated, 360.
 maumet, 405 (see *mawment*).
 maunchet, 12.
 mauys, 56.
 mawment, 138, 417; mawmet, 369 (see *maumet*).
 Maxynyane, 311.
 mayny, 9, 383, 385.
 maysterfest, 263.
 maysters, 36; maystery, 208; maystryes, 245 (see *mastris*).
 maystres, 317, &c.; mays-tresse, 241 (see *maistres* and *mastris*).

- maysyd, 240 (see *mase*).
 Measure is treasure, 208.
 Mede, mesteres, vol. ii. 378
 (see *Meed, mayden*).
 Mede, 78.
 medelyd, 344; meddelyd, 309.
 Meed, mayden, 163 (see *Mede, mesteres*).
 mekyll, 213 (see *mykel*).
 Melanchates, 53.
 meledeously, 308.
 mell, 17, 240, 268, 277, &c.;
 melle, 145; melles, 275;
 mellis, 368; mellyng, 291.
 melottes, 285.
 Menander, 57, 363.
 mene, 239 (see *meyne*).
 mengith, 311.
 Menolope, 20.
 menys, 238.
 mercyall, 307, 311.
 meritory, 314.
 mermoset, 214 (see *marmoset*).
 mery pyne, 41.
 mese, 228.
 messe, 255.
 mesure is a mery mene,
 213.
 met, 112.
 meely, 254, 317.
 meuyd, 36.
 mew, 205.
 mew, 376; mewed, 382.
 Mewtas, John, 399.
 meyne, 208 (see *mene*).
 miscreantys, 165.
 mo, 5, 76, 197, 201, &c.
 mobyll, 390.
 moche, 209, 238, 252, &c. (see
myche and mytche).
 mockyssh, 268.
 mode, 261, 391 (see *moode*).
 moght, 233.
 Mok there loste her sho, 346,
 377.
 molde on, 240.
 mone, 209, 367.
 monkys, 215.
 Monon calon agaton, 361.
 moode, 36 (see *mode*).
 More, Sir Thomas, his *Debel-
 lation*, vol. ii. 414.
 more, 315.
 morell, 12, 20; morelle, 132.
 morowes mylke, 273.
 mose, 300.
 mot, 9, 416; mote, 120, 251,
 (see *mought and mowte*).
 motyng, 294.
 motyue, 304.
 motton, 259.
 mought, 279 (see *mot and
 mowte*).
 moughte eaten, 266.
 mountenaunce, 386.
 mow, 144.
 mowid, 153; mowynge, 253.
 mowte, 314 (see *mot and
 mought*).
 moyles, 273.
 Moyses hornis, 343.
 mullyng, 106.
mulum de asino pingere, 170.
 munnynge, 122, 266, 306.
 Mundy, Sir John, 402.
 munnynnys, 418.
 mur, 56; murre, 258.
 murmur of mynstrels, 308.
 murrionn, 138; murryon, 125.
 mus, 365 (see *musse*).
 muscull, 120.
 muse, 200, 345.
 muskette, 64.
 musse, 54 (see *mus*).
 mute, 356.
 mutid, 158.
 Mutrell, 387.
 my, 14.
 myche, 369, 371 (see *moche
 and mytche*).
 myday sprettes, 373.
myden agan, 357.
 mykel, 279; mykyll, 235, 237;
 mykkylle, 147 (see *mekyll*).
 mys, 156.
 mysdempte, 30.
 mysuryd, 10.
 mytche, 122 (see *moche and
 myche*).
 myteyng, 136; mytyng, 107.

- myȝt, 154.
 naid, 153 (see *nayd*).
 Naman Sirus, 407.
 Nanphant, Sir John, 393.
 nay, withouten, 156; nay, no,
 262.
 nayd, 155 (see *naid*).
 ne, 16, 32, 44, &c.
 nebbis, 369.
 neder, 409.
 negarship, 263.
 nepte, 334.
 nere, 393.
 nere, 38, 117.
 Nestorianus, 167.
 neuen, 284.
 neuer a dele, 22.
 new and new, 78.
 next, 308, 383.
 nobbes, 107.
 noble, 253; nobles, 45, 192,
 402.
 nobles, 8, 421.
 nody polle, 135; nodypollis,
 367; noddy polles, 297.
 noll, 35; nolle, 135; nolles, 271,
 297.
 none, 117.
 nones, the, 52; nonys, the, 308.
 nones, 48; nonne, 227; nonnes,
 254, 275.
 no nother, 250.
 noppe, 213.
 nopyy, 102, 120.
 Northumberland, fourth Earl
 of, 7, 8.
 Northumberland, fifth Earl of,
 10, 385.
 Norwich, fires at, 170.
 nother, 164, 209, 220, &c.
 Notingham, 3.
 noughty, 117, 306.
 nut shalis, 150.
 nyfyis, 231.
 nys, 24, 30.
 nyse, 25, 51.
 nysot, 234.
 o, 142.
 Observaunce, order calleid,
 231.
 absolute, 397.
 abstract, 388.
 occupy, 3, 213, 214; occupye,
 239; occupied, 186, 238,
 &c.
 oder, 213.
 odyfferaunt, 193.
 olde sayd, 285.
 Olibrius, 164.
 Olifranke, 130.
 olyfant, 120; olyfaunt, 134
 olyphantes, 291; oliphauit,
 304.
 Olyuere, 130.
 on, 103, 118.
 on flote, 45.
 on lyue, 75.
 oncomly, 125.
 onfayned, 154.
 Onocentaures, 85.
 ony, 31, 40, 211, &c.
 open tyme, 284.
 ordynall, 62.
 orgulyous, 196.
 ornacy, 241.
 Orwelle, 126.
 ospraye, 59.
 other, 207.
 ouche, 73.
 ouer, 195, 272, 280.
 ouer all, 205, 239, 243, 254,
 422.
 Ouer in a whynny meg, 358.
 ouerage, 376, 421.
 ouerse, 201, 410.
 ouerthrow, 262.
 ouerthwart, 25, 175, 407; ouer-
 thwhart, 309; ouerwharte,
 216 (see *ouyrthwarte*).
 ouerthwarted, 166, 274.
 ouerthwartes, 184.
 out yles, 183.
 outray, 305; outraye, 49.
 ouyrthwarthe, 147 (see *ouer-
 thwart*).
 pachchyd, 138.
 packis, noughty, 306.
 packing, 9.
 pagent, 215; pageyond, 6; pa-
 iantes, 143; paiauntis, 344;

- pajauntes, pelory, 372; pa-
 iaunttis, 140.
 palettes, 113.
 pall, 315; palles, 290.
 paltoke, 128.
 palyard, 370; palyarde, 415.
 Pamphila, 329.
 Pamphylus and Galathea, 365.
 Pandaer, 73; Pandara, 75.
 panys, 153 (see first *payne*).
 papers weryng, 371.
 parbrake, 419.
 parcele, 146; parcell, 206.
 parde, 246, 342, &c.; pardy,
 179 (see *perde*).
 paregall, 10, 332 (see *peregall*).
 parfetnesse, 291.
 Pargame, 52.
 Paris and Vyene, 72.
 parker, 345.
 Partlot, 61.
 party, 32.
 pas, 42, 51; passe, 127; passid,
 316.
 Pasiphe, 335.
 pastaunce, 20, 81.
 patch, 106.
 patlet, 252 (see *partiettes*).
 paues, 9, 422; pauys, 364.
Paube une aruer, 359.
 pawtenar, 157.
 pay, 115.
 payne, 33, 45 (see *panys*).
 payne, 156.
 paynte, 218; payntes, 290;
 paynty, 121; payntyd, 248.
 peace, the, 113.
 peason, 269, 404 (see *peson*).
 pecunyouys, 192.
 pek, 55; pekes, 272.
 peke, 217.
 pekysh, 165.
 pelfry, 138.
 pendugims, 369; pendugum,
 364.
 peper in the nose, take, 387.
 percase, 184.
 l'erce, 78.
 perde, 51, 236 (see *parde*).
 verduable, 364.
 pere, 229.
 peregall, 370 (see *paregall*).
 perihermeniall, 195.
 perke, 137.
 perkyd, 159.
 persons, 279.
 perspectyue, 24.
 peson, 137 (see *peason*).
 pestels, 116.
 peuisshenes, 321.
 peuysshe, 308, 320, 391 (see
to-peuiche).
phagohedoros, 191.
 Phalary, 164.
 Pharaotis, 150.
 Pherunbras, 165 (see *Ferum-
 bras*).
 Philargerya, 381.
 Philip Sparowe, 47, 242.
 Phitonesse, 87.
 Phorocides, 76.
 piggesnye, 26 (see *pyggysny*).
 pill, 194.
 pine, 343 (see *pyne*).
 piplyng, 322; pipplyng, 194.
 pirlyng, 327.
 Pisandros, 313.
placebo, 46.
 placke, 41.
 playne songe, 15, 56.
 playnesse, 216.
 plenarely, 32; plenaryly, 209,
 300.
 plete, 251; pletyng, 385.
 pletes, 100.
 plucke the crowe, 369.
 plumpe, 308.
 pode, 26.
 podynges, 117 (see *puddynges*).
 poddyng, prycke, 253.
 poetis laureat, 310.
 Poggens, his tales, 312.
 poheu, 14, 18.
 pointyd, 145 (see *poynt*).
 poke, 44.
 pole, 211, 363 (see *polys*).
 Polixene, 80, 330.
 Polimites, 329.
 poll, 165.
 Pollegians, 279.

- polleynge, 132; pollyng, 140, 378; pollynge, 246, 378 (see *poollynge*).
polyandro, 190.
 polys, 370 (see *pole*).
 pomaunder, 334.
 poinegarnet, 356.
 pomped, 251.
 poollynge, 274 (see *polleynge*).
 popagay, 25; popegay, 364 (see *popigay*).
 popeholy, 201, 214, 320; popholy, 195.
 Popering, 358.
 poppingay, 339; popyngay, 56 (see *popagay*).
 poppyng, 197; **poppynge**, 209, 383.
 pore, 224, 241, &c.
 porisshly, 199, 320.
 porpose, 367.
 port sale, 102.
 porte salu, 297, 318.
 Portyngale, 400.
 Portyngales, 113.
 pose, 114, 222, 258, 409.
 postell, 282; postyll, 369.
 posty, 86.
 postyke, 216.
 potestate, 404.
 potestolate, 404.
 potsharde, 253; potshorde, 340; potshordes, 389; potshordis, 402.
 Poules, 274.
 Ponles Crosse, 295.
 pounsed, 45.
 Pountes, 262; Pountesse, 211.
 powle hachet, 20; powle hatchettis, 320.
 Poyle, 317.
 poynt, 140, 314; poynted, 227, 314, 325 (see *pointyd*).
 poynte deuyse, 222, 241.
 poyntmentys, 237.
 praotyue, 397.
 prane, 240, 415; pranes, 269;
 pranys, 84.
 pranked, 100.
 praty, 24, 26, 143, 213, &c.
 pratyer, 257.
pravare, 292.
 preas, 293; prece, 216, 248 (see second *prese*).
 prease, 151, 307; prece, 28 (see first *prese*).
 precely, 263.
 predyall, 290.
 predycacion, 200.
 premenire, 294; premenyre, 267.
 prendergest, 12.
 preposytour, 250.
 prese, 105, 216, 314, &c. (see *prease*).
 presed, 9, 314, &c.; presid, 307, 311, &c. (see *preas*).
 prest, 51, 53, 159; preste, 326.
 prestes, 274.
 pretence, 218, 336 (see *pretens*).
 pretende, 51.
 pretendynge, 277.
 pretens, 407 (see *pretence*).
 pretory, 316.
 preue, 43, 205, 225.
 preuentid, 314.
 preuyng, 105.
 Priamus, 130.
 prickyd, 147.
 primordialle, 146, 389.
 probate, 204, 312.
 proces, 75, 147, 166, &c.; processe, 195, 202, &c. (see *prosses*).
 pronge, 215, 295.
 proper, 356; propire, 365; propre, 51, 334, &c.; propyr, 368.
 prosses, 79, 369 (see *proces*).
 prouoke, 199, 284; prouoked, 3.
 prycke songe, 15.
 pryckemedenty, 121.
 pryme, 317.
 prymes, 271.
 prynces *aquilonis*, 274.
 Prynces of yougthe, 34.
 pryste, 135.
 puaunt, 414.
 puauntely, 137.

- puddynge, 231 (see *podynge*).
 puffin, 58.
 pullishe, 303; pullisshyd, 314;
 pullyshyd, 241; pullysshed,
 77, 84.
 pultre, 231.
 punyete, 117.
 purple and paule, 278.
 purposyd, 263.
 purueaunce, 225.
 puruey, 400.
 pusant, 302.
 puscull, 120.
 puskyld, 409.
 put the stone, 213.
 puwyt, 56.
 py, 22; pye, 177, 364, 391.
 pyggysny, 18 (see *piggesyne*).
 pyke, 226.
 pyke, 304, 340, 359, 364.
 pykes, 134.
 pyketh mood, 184.
 pykyng, 33.
 pylche, 115.
 pylde, 230; pyll, 378, 384;
 pyllyd, 145, 146; pyllyd
 garlike, 133; pyllyng, 373.
 pyleryhole, to preche out of,
 212.
 pyllyon, 283.
 pyne, 155 (see *pine*).
 pynk yde, 320.
 pyrdewy, 14.
 pystell, 56, 216; pystle, 271;
 pystels, 200.
 pystillers, 163.
 Qd, 17 (see *quod*).
 quaire, 354 (see *quayre*).
 quatriuials, 390; quatryuials,
 362.
 quayre, 175, 365, 422 (see
quaire).
 quecke, 251.
 queed, 168.
 quere, 10, 62, 275.
 quest, 346.
 queysy, 259.
 quibyle, 420.
 quikly, 305, 318, 337 (see
quyckely).
 quight, 150 (see *quyt*).
 quod, 18, 29, 151, &c. (see
Qd).
 quoke, 32.
 quosshons, 199 (see *cousshons*
 and *quysshon*).
 quycke, 52, 117.
 quyckely, 82; quyckly, 241
 (see *quikly*).
 quysshon, 292 (see *cousshons*
 and *quosshons*).
 quyt, 180; quyte, 18, 248 (see
quight).
 quyte, 217 (see *quitte*).
 race, 154 (see *rase*).
 rachchyd, 139.
 rage, 376.
 ragman rollis, 351.
 raist, 310 (see *araid*).
 Raker, Jake, 135, 361; Rakers,
 Jacke, 384.
 rammysse, 247.
 rankis, 190.
 rase, 303; rasid, 304; rasyd,
 25 (see *race*).
 ratches, 216.
 ray, 148, 200, 412; raye, 369.
 Raynes, 251, 273.
 reame, 190, 324, 394 (see
reme).
 rebads, 391 (see *rebawde* and
rybaude).
 rebaudrye, 41.
 rebawde, 145; rebawdis, 319
 (see *rebads* and *rybaude*).
 reboke, 32.
 rechate, 254; rechatyng, 200.
 recheles, 18, 346, &c.; reche-
 lesse, 295, &c. (see *retch-
 lesse*).
 rechery, 263.
 reckys, 232 (see *reke*).
 reclame, 146; reclaymed, 82,
 160, 365.
 reclaymeth, 192.
 reconusaunce, 328.
 recorde, 208, 211, 389, 400.
 recounfortyd, 311.
 recrayd, 414; recrayed, 184,
 194, 197, &c.

- recule, 389, 346, 364.
 reculed, 418.
 red sparrow, 55.
 rede, 260.
 rede, 24, 28, 255, &c.
 redlesse, 261 (see *rydlesse*).
 redouted, 9.
 redres, 22.
 reflaring, 333.
 reflary, 62.
 refrayne, 262.
 regiment, 370.
 regraciatory, 314.
Regum, 86, 164.
 rehayted, 244.
 rehers, 166; rehersse, 240.
 reiaagged, 391.
 reke, 32 (see *reckys*).
 reime, 182, 420; remes, 78 (see *reames*).
 remord, 184; remorde, 146, 291, 303; remorded, 202; remordyng, 194; remordyng, 405.
 remorders, 368.
 remordes, 366.
 remorse, 24.
 remotes, 285.
 ren, 150, 361; renne, 42, 108, &c.; renneth, 233; renning, 150; rennyng, 262 (see *rin, ron, and ryn*).
 renayenge, 381.
 renowne, 391.
 reny, 197; renyed, 9.
 repete, 346.
 replycable, 202.
 reporte me, 10, 210, 277.
 repryuable, 238.
requiem æternum groweth forth of his nose, 258.
 reserued, 245, 339.
 rest, 208.
 rest, 244.
 rested, 193 (see *rosty*).
 resty, 111.
 resydeuacyon, 278.
 retchlesse, 253 (see *recheles*).
 reue, 248.
 reuell route, 40.
 reuynge, 378.
 rew, 17, 54; rewed, 49.
 rewth, 400.
 rin, 303, 348, 351; rinne, 306 (see *ren, ron, and ryn*).
 robbid, 154.
 rocke, 109.
 rocket, 98.
 rode, 108, 163, 164, 168, &c.
 rode loft, 159.
 role, 63.
 rome, 215, 217, &c. (see *rowme*).
 ron, 106; ronnes, 275 (see *ren, rin, and ryn*).
 ronner, 247.
 rosabell, 333.
 rosary, 334, 422.
 Rose, Lorde, 384.
 rosers, 322 (see *rosiar*).
 roset, 44.
 rosiar, 339 (see *rosers*).
 rost a stone, 378.
 rosty, 86 (see *rested*).
 rote, 398 (see *rotys*).
 Roty bully joyse, 14 (see *Rutty bully*).
 rotys, 151 (see *rote*).
 rough, 296.
 roughe foted, 188, 190.
 rounde, 45 (see *roune*).
 rounses, 85.
 rout, 103 (see *rowtyth*).
 route, 58.
 route, 30, 114, 222, &c. (see *rowte*).
 routh, 126 (see *row, rowth, and rughe*).
 royals, 402.
 royle, 417.
 row the bote, Norman, rowe, 34.
 row, 137 (see *routh, rowth, and rughe*).
 rowllys, 140.
 rowme, 304, 389 (see *rome*).
 rowne, 244; rownyd, 308 (see *rounde*).
 rowte, 228, 307, 386 (see *route*).

- rowth, 19, 327 (see *routh*, *row*, and *rughe*).
 rowtyth, 19 (see *rout*).
 ruddes, 80; ruddys, 23: rud-
 yes, 241.
 rughe, 213 (see *routh*, *row*, and
rowth).
 roughly, 249.
Rukshaw, *Magister*, 11.
 ruly, 360; rulye, 369.
 Rummyng, Elynour, 95, 96.
 rusty, 37, 220.
 rutter, 218; rutters, 236.
 rutterkyn, 218.
 Ratty bully, 218 (see *Roty*
bully joyse).
 ruttyngly, 222.
 ryall, 209, 213, 239, 303, &c.
 ryally, 316.
 ryalte, 264.
 rybaude, 43; rybawde, 146 (see
rebads and *rebawde*).
 rybibe, 118.
 rybskyn, 110.
 ryd, 260.
 ryde and go, 51; ryde or go,
 236; rydes or goos, 421 (see
go or ryde).
 rydlesse, 251 (see *redlesse*).
 ryght of a rambes horne, 295,
 373, 377.
 ryn, 206, &c.; rynne, 221, 253,
 &c. (see *ren*, *rin*, and *ron*).
 rynne to *in manus tuas*, 251.
 sacre, 63.
 sacryng, 293.
 sad, 81, 151, &c.; sade, 146;
 sadde, 32, 43, &c.
 sadly, 84, 202, 250, &c.; sad-
 lyc, 368.
 sadnes, 23, 347; sadnesse, 214,
 217, &c.
 Sadoke, 367.
 Sadylgose, 248.
 Saint Ionis towne, 176.
 saifecundight, 317.
 salt, 108.
 same, in, 216.
 sank, 349, 389.
 Sardanapall, 165.
 Sarson, 126; Sarsens, 137.
Sarum, secundum, 161.
 satirray, 311.
 Satrapas, 123.
 saught, 10.
 sautes, 261 (see *sawte*).
 saw, 390; sawe, 206, 281 (see
sawis).
 sawe, 209.
 sawis, 405 (see *saw*).
 sawlys, 155.
 sawte, 243, 346 (see *sautes*).
 sayd sayne, 296.
 sayne, 97, 112, 354, 387,
 Scalis Malis, 150.
 scarce, 376.
 Scarpary, 361, 369.
 scath, 65.
 scholys, 166 (see *scole* and
skoles).
 Scipiades, 421; Scipione, 178.
 scole, 50, 136, &c.; scoles, 202,
 233; scolys, 235 (see *scholys*
 and *skoles*).
 scornnys, 35.
 scrat, 236.
 Scroupe, Jane or Joanna, 48,
 78, 84, 88.
 scryue, 145.
 scut, 321.
 scutus, 380.
 seasyd, 241.
 sedeanne, 62.
 seke, 116.
 seke, to, 131, 331.
 sekernes, 354; sekernesse, 263
 (see *sykernesse*).
 sely, 266, 275, 279, 418, &c.
 Sem, 52, 401.
 semblablye, 193.
 semblaunt, 79, 238.
 semynge, 241.
 semyth, 145.
 senaws, 49.
 sence, 62, 176.
 sennet, 115.
 sentens, 364; sentence, 77,
 166, 262, &c.
 sere, 191.
 Serenus, 202.

- sergeaunt ferrou, 21.
 serpentins, 137.
 seruously, 318.
 set by, 20, 210, 213, 240,
 &c.
 Seuen Systers, cannons so
 called, 182.
 seymy, 138.
 seynty, 121.
 shake thy dogge, hay, 414.
 shales, 275 (see *shayle*).
 Shall I sayle wyth you, 35.
 shap, 119.
 shayle, 18, 200, 359 (see
shales).
 shene, 88.
 shene, 404.
 shent, 179.
 Sheriff-Hutton Castle, 297.
 shilde, 9.
 sho clout, 103.
 shoder, 266.
 shoke, 10, 318.
 shone, 101.
 shote, 210, 297.
 shoure, 416; shower, 179.
 shreud, 105; shreud, 274.
 shrewdenes, 218.
 shrewdly, 320, 391, 402 (see
shrewlye and *shroudly*).
 shrewe, 418 (see *shrow*).
 shrewes, 45.
 shrewlye, 371 (see *shrewdly*
 and *shroudly*).
 shroudly, 235, 340 (see *shrewd-
 ly* and *shrewlye*).
 shrow, 147 (see *shrewe*).
 shryue, 32, 285.
 shule, 280.
 shuruy, 137.
 shyderyd, 17.
 shyll, 378.
 shyne, 83.
 shyre shakyng nought, 118,
 236.
 shyt, 233, 383 (see *shet*).
 silogisme in *phrisesomorum*,
 361.
 Simonia, 382.
Sim. desertum, 184.
 sith, 153, 194, &c.; sithe, 122
 (see *syth*).
Sitientes, 271.
 sittying, 305; sittynge, 308
 (see *syttynge*).
 skelpe, 255.
 sker, 81.
 skewed, 103.
 sklender, 267.
 skoles, 200 (see *scholys* and
scole).
 skommer, 116.
 skommeth, 106.
 skyes, 200.
 skyl, 410; skyll, 243, 253.
 skyll, 207, 238, 267, &c.;
 skylle, 373.
 skyregalyard, 370; skyrgali-
 arde, 415; skyrgalyard, 177.
 skyt, 178.
 slais, 326.
 slaty, 108.
 sle, 249; slee, 8, &c.; sleeth,
 192, 260 (see *sley* and *slo*).
 sleue, wyde, 222.
 sley, 103 (see *sle* and *slo*).
 sleyght, 213; sleyghtes, 386,
 sleyte, 36 (see *slyght*).
 sliddy, 369 (see *slyder*).
 slo, 9, 51, 79; sloo, 261 (see
sle and *sley*).
 slvfferd, 132.
 slyce, 116.
 slyder, 108; slydder, 247 (see
sliddy).
 slyght, 147, 217, &c. (see
sleyght).
 slyue, 225 (see *sleue*).
 smaragd, 24; smaragdis, 316.
 snappar, 163; snapper, 12, 201.
 snurre, 351.
 snyte, 56, 248.
 solace, 17, 31, 246 (see *solas*).
 solacious, 77; solacyous, 18,
 323.
 solas, 4, 52, 322, 359 (see
solace).
 solayne, 15 (see *soleyne*).
 solempne, 229.
 soleyne, 32, 367 (see *solayne*).

- solfa, 267; solfe, 56; solfyth, 14.
 sounde, 97, 116, 191, 352 (see *sumdele*).
 some, 108.
 Some, 347.
 somer, 38, 75, &c.
sonalia, 167.
 sonde, 261.
 sone, 179, 211, &c.; soner, 261.
 sopp, 120.
 sore, 239.
 sort, 9, 79; sorte, 103, 105, &c.
 Sothray, 101.
 sottys, 174.
 sounde, 49.
 Sowden, 165.
 sowe, 100.
 sowllys, 140.
 sowre dowe, 109.
 sowse, 132.
 sowter, 247; sowtters, 135.
 spar, 348; sparred, 161.
 spayre, 54.
 sped, 15, 76, 77, &c.; spedde, 216.
 spence, 122.
 spence, 253.
 spere, 132, 226, 323.
 sperycall, 352.
 sply, 131; splyd, 155.
 spone, 43.
 spores, 216.
 Sprynge of Lanam, 402.
 Spurs, Battle of the, 185.
 spycke, 112.
 tpyll, 239, 253; spylt, 9, 155.
 spyнке, 55.
 spynt, 148.
 stale, 111.
 state, play the, 226.
 stede, 43, 88, 101, 133, &c.
 stellyfye, 333.
 stepe, 79.
 stercorry, 5.
 sterrys, 368.
 stert, 119; sterte, 45, 116, &c.
 sterue, 416.
 steuyn, 147.
 stode, 300, 308, &c. (see *stonde*).
 stole, 265, 306.
 stonde, 220, 239, &c.; ston-
 dythe, 371 (see *stode*).
 stoppynge oyster, 44.
 storke, 59.
 stounde, 49, 392 (see *stownde*).
 stoutty, 414 (see *stowty*).
 stow, 159, 225; stowe, 227.
 stownde, 420 (see *stownde*).
 stowre, 173.
 stowty, 124 (see *stoutty*).
 straught, 149.
 strawe, 26, 120.
 strawry, 104.
 streynes, 242.
 stubbed, 116.
 Sturbrydge fayre, 362.
 stut, 112.
 stylla, 272.
 styreth, 30.
 styth, 168.
 sufferayne, 317.
 Sulpicia, 51.
 sumdele, 12 (see *somdele*).
 sumner, 175, 184.
 superflue, 301.
 supple, 356; suppleyng, 351;
 supply, 368; supplye, 221;
 supplied, 244, 302.
 suppressed, 10; supprysed, 241,
 317.
 surcudant, 195.
 surfillyng, 327; surfled, 270.
 surmountinge, 10; surmount-
 yng, 22; surmountyng, 31,
 332.
 surpluse, 206.
 Surrey, Earl of, his badge, 172,
 180.
 _____, his arms, 180.
 Surrey, Earl of (son of the
 preceding), sent against
 France, 380.
 Surrey, Cowntes of, 325.
 swap, 221.
 Swart, Martin, 13, 14.
 swarue, 333.
 swerd, 240; swerde, 391, 419.

- sweters, 102.
 swyllynge tubbe, 105.
 swynkers, 102.
 syar, 239 (see *syer*).
 syb, 102.
 syde, 44.
 Sydrake, 368.
 syer, 404 (see *syar*).
 syght, 175.
 syke, 230, 248.
 sykernesse, 251 (see *sekernes*).
 sylt, 300.
 symper the cocket, 98.
 syn, 368.
 synamum, 364.
 syntillously, 193.
 Syr Johnn, 233.
 syth, 45, 155, &c.; sythe, 191
 (see *sith*).
 Sythe I am no thyng playne,
 33.
 sytyng, 209, 264 (see *sityng*).
 tabers, 314; tabertes, 273.
 tails, Englishmen said to have,
 186.
 take in degre, 241.
 take in gre, 250, 351, 388.
 take in worth, 16, 78, 239.
 taken, 211, 246.
 tall, 400; talle, 128 (see *tawle*).
 talwod, 377.
 Tanaquil, 191.
 tancrete, 388.
 tangyd, 257.
 tappett, 144; tappet, 235;
 tappettis, 315, 326.
 tappyster, 213.
 tarsell gentyll, 63.
 tauellis, 326; tauellys, 15.
 taumpinnis, 321.
 tawle, 221 (see *tall*).
 tax, 403.
 tayle, 122.
 teder, 44.
 tegges, 104; teggys, 126.
 te he, 197.
 Temmys strete, 18.
 tende, 221, 229.
 tone, 8; teene, 76.
 tenter hokys, 228.
 Terry of Trace, 124.
 Testalis, 323.
 Tetersall, 8.
 tetrycall, 195.
 tewly, 327.
 Thagus, 78.
 Thamer, 329.
 thee, 215, 216, 224.
 thees, 155.
 theke, 229.
 theologys, 277.
 Thesius, 193.
 thewde, 147, 306.
 they, 138, 142.
 this, 2, 54, 107, 164, &c.
 this, 168.
 tho, 193.
 Thomas, St., of Kente, 37.
 thought, 27, 50; thoughte, 192,
 194.
 thoughtfull, 23, 309.
 thow, 125, 137, &c.; thowth,
 146; thowthe, 141.
 threstyl, 58.
 threted, 153.
 thronge, 30.
 throte bole, 260.
 throw, 146.
 thrust, 110.
 thumbed, 98.
 thurifycation, 62.
 thwartyng ouer, 381.
 timorous, 308.
 tirikkis, 352; tirykis, 361.
 titiuyllis, 321 (see *tytyuelles*).
 to, 55 (see *too*).
 to, 14, 78, &c.; to to, 224, 252.
 to brokyn, 22.
 to-fret, 348 (see *freat* and
frete).
 to-iagged, 103; to-iaggid, 821
 (see *jagged*).
 to-mangle, 274.
 to-myryd, 129.
 to-peuiche, 128 (see *peuysahe*).
 to-ragged, 37.
 to-rente, 37.
 to-torne, 377.
 toke, 164, 329, &c.
 tole, 136.

- tolman, 189.
 Tom a thrum, 272.
 tone, 230, 266.
 tonge, 260.
 tonge tayde, 274.
 tonnysh, 101.
 tonsan, 366.
 tonsors, 280.
 too, 51, 251, (see first *to*).
 toote, 56, 356 (see *tote*).
 Topyas, 418; Topyas, 127.
 tot quot, 379; tot quottes, 279.
 tote, 82, 364; toteth, 56 (see *tote*).
 totyng, 294.
 tough, made it, 151.
 Toure Hyll, prechynge at the, 254.
 towchis, 324.
 towchid, 305, 337; towchyd, 318.
 Tower, the, 3.
 tragedy, 177; tragydese, 147.
 Trace, 124, 317.
 Traciane, 308.
 tratlande, 411 (see *trallynge*).
 tratlers, 150.
 tratlynge, 173 (see *tratlande*).
 trauarse, 387.
 trauell, 151.
 Trauell, lack, 378.
 traues, 28.
 traueyleth, 192.
 trentale, 168.
 Trestram, 402 (see *Trystram*).
 trete, 369.
 tretory, 10.
 trew, 237.
 trinials, 390 (see *tryuyals*).
 troll, cytrace, and trouy, 162.
 trone, 29, 239, 278, &c.; trones, 274.
 trotters, 402.
 trowle, 143.
 trumpet, 307.
 tryalytes, 279.
 trym train, 101, 361; trymyng and tramynge, 257.
 Trystram, 67 (see *Trestram*).
 wysyd, 143.
 tryuyals, 362 (see *trinials*).
 Tucke, Freer, 212.
 tully valy, 26.
 tumrelle, 145.
 tunnyng, 96; tunnyng, 103.
 turkis, 315.
 turney, 131 (see *tyrnyd*).
 twybyll, 134.
 twynklyng, 323.
 twynkyng, 278.
 twyst, 32.
 Tyborne checke, 225.
 tyde, 105; tydes, 61.
 Tylney, Mastres Margaret, 332.
 tyne, 317.
 tyned, 218.
 tyrid, 158.
 tyrly tyrlowe, 109, 290.
 Tyrmagant, 123.
 tyrnyd, 123 (see *turney*).
 tyse, 199.
 tytyuelles, 275; Tytyuell, Symkyn, 235 (see *tituyllis*).
 vagabundus, 271.
 vagys, 250.
 vale, 150.
 Valerius Maximus, 312; Valery, 164.
 vary, 420.
 Vaspasyan that bare in his nose a waspe, 240.
 vaunteperler, 370.
 vawte, 316.
 rayleth, 378.
 vayned, 82.
 vaynes, 242; vaynys, 25, 153.
 velyarde, 248.
 vere, 151.
 vergesse, 246.
 versynge boxe, 33.
 vertibilite, 150.
 Vesca, 76.
Vexilla regis prodeunt, 155.
Vincencius in Speculo, 312.
 vmanyte, 328 (see *humanyte*).
 vmbliis, 342.
 vnhwyle, 129.
 vnbrent, 196.
 vncouthes, 293.

- vndermynde, 388.
 vnethes, 266 (see *vnmeth*).
 vnfayned, 160.
 vnhappy, 150, 238.
 vnlast, 111.
 vnlust, 104.
 vnlusty, 79.
 vnlykyng, 250.
 vnneth, 35, 49, 82 (see *vnethes*).
 vnpropyce, 192.
 vnsowndy, 98.
 vntayde, 150.
 vntwynde, 53, 280, 348.
 voluell, 352, 361.
 voyde, 211.
 vrcheons, 380.
 vre, 292.
 vred, 197, 203, 414; vryd, 205.
 vtter, 120, 220.
 vtterauce, 241.
 vycaryes, 279.
 vyse, 202.
 wake, 57.
 wake, 73.
 walk, and be nought, 16.
 Walshmans hose, 282, 342.
 Waltoms calfe, as wyse as,
 283.
 walter, 249.
 wambleth, 243.
 wan, 19, 401.
 wane, 402.
 wanhope, 261.
 warde, 133.
 ware, 274.
 Warham, archbishop, 372.
 wark, 16; warke, 64, 67, 77,
 &c.; warkis, 312, &c.;
 warkys, 263, &c.
 warke, 77, 234, &c.; hede dyd
 warke, 242.
 warne, 247 (see *werne*).
 warre, 225; warse, 142, 379.
 wary, 135, 257.
 waspy, 111.
 watchyng, 38.
 waterlag, 359.
 wawes, 297; wawys, 264.
 wed, to, 254.
 wedder, 348.
 wele, 301, 303, 304, &c.
 wele was, 336; wele were,
 324; well were, 246.
 weltyth, 237.
 wende, 36; wene, 44.
 wengauce, 257.
 Wentworthe, Mastres Mar-
 gery, 332.
 were, 83, 191, 303.
 werke, 281; werkes, 267;
 werkis, 307 (see *wark*).
 werne, 30 (see *warne* and
werryn).
 werre, 28.
 werryn, 267 (see *warne* and
werne).
 weryed on, 243.
 wesant, 120; wesaunt, 294.
 wete, 42, 52, 244.
 wetewoldis, 306.
 wetyng, 35.
 weue in the stoule, 326.
 wexid, 158.
 whalis bone, 315.
 wharrowe, 109.
 wheled, 409.
 wher, 147.
 where as, 193, 206, &c.;
 whereas, 106, 192, &c.
 wheywormed, 120.
 whilom, 360.
 whipling, 386.
 whom, 32.
 whose, 9.
 whylest, 211, 236, 242;
 whylyst, 217.
 whym wham, 100.
 whynarde, 40.
 whypslouens, 181.
 whyste, 308.
 whytyng, 106.
 Wicleuista, 278.
 windmil, made of an olde
 mat, 148, 229.
 wist, 324 (see *wyse*).
 withhold, 85; withholde, 354.
 wo, 197.
 wod, 297; wode, 9, 264, 391
 (see *wood*).
 woke, 245; wokys, 228.

- woll, 100.
 Wolsey, Cardinal, the son of a butcher, 372, 385, 389.
 — his poleaxes, pillars, and mule, 374.
 — his gifts and annuities from foreign powers, 381.
 — his luxurious living, 382
 — his palaces, 388.
 — difficulty of access to him, 392.
 — chaplain to Sir John Nanphant, 394.
 — his tearing of the king's letters, 393.
 — his holding the abbacy of St. Albans *in commendam*, 405.
 — made chancellor, without having employed any unfair means to supersede Warham, 405.
 — said to have had the pox, 407.
 wonder, 243; wonders, 206.
 wonderly, 35, 308.
 wonne, 216, 225; womnes, 18; wonnyng, 267; wonnys, 205.
 wonnyng, 101.
 wood, 83, 86; woode, 36 (see *wod*).
 woodhackle, 56.
 worlde, it is a, 44.
 worrowyd, 49.
 worshiply, 10.
 worshyp, 9, 210, 214, 238, &c.
 worsshpfully, 290.
 wortes, 231.
 worth in, 16, 78, 239.
 wot, 361; wote, 117; wotith, 348; wotte, 140 (see *wyt*).
 woundis fyue, 151.
 wrate, 150, 157, 311, &c. (see *wrete*).
 wraw, 131.
 wren, our Ladyes hen, 64.
 wrenchis, 340.
 wrest vp, 278.
 wretchockes, 117.
 wrete, 44 (see *wrate*).
 Wrig wrag, 147, 359, 419.
 wring, 9.
 wroken, 119, 242, 279.
 wronge, 79.
 wrote, 422; wrotes, 148.
 wrouzt, 154.
 wrynge thy be in a brake, 255.
 wrythen, 100.
 wull, 266.
 wyddred, 192.
 wyl, 145; wyll, 2, 147.
 wylage, 142.
 wylla, 272.
 wynche, 268.
 Wyndsore, 4.
 wyse, 136; wyst, 15, 140, 227; wyste, 28 (see *wist*).
 wyt, 205 (see *wot*).
 wyte, 260.
 xall, 137, 138, 148; xalte, 142.
 xulde, 132, 136, 144, 148; xulddst, 138; xuldyst, 139.
 yane, 112.
 yarke, 215.
 yatis, 318.
 yaue, 146.
 yawde, 296.
 ydder, 247.
 ye, 32, 205, 206, &c.
 yede, 158.
 yeld, 6.
 yerne, 346.
 ylke, 414.
 ymet, 214.
 ynowe, 45.
 Yorke's Place, 388.
 ypocras, 277, 382.
 ze, 131, 132, 133.
 Zenophontes, 50.
 zeris, 2.
 zytt, 154.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE.



SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE.*

DR. JOHN DONNE, the son of an eminent merchant, was born in London, in the year 1573; by his father descended from an ancient and worthy family in Wales, and by his mother from the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England.

The first part of his education was under a private tutor in his father's house; from whence, in the tenth year of his age, he was removed to Hart-Hall in Oxford, having already given many proofs of his great parts and abilities. Here he continued for the space of four years, with an unwearied application to the study of the several sciences. In his fourteenth year, he was by his friends transplanted to Trinity College (as I take it) in Cambridge, and thence after three years' stay to Lincoln's-Inn; in which honorable society he soon gained much esteem and reputation.

About this time his studies were somewhat in-

* This is an abridgment of Walton's Life, and is taken from the edition of Donne's Poems published in 1719.

errupted by the death of an indulgent father. Being by this accident in a manner left to himself, and enabled withal by a handsome fortune of three thousand pounds (a sum in those days very considerable) to improve himself in what manner he pleased, he thought he could not do it better than by travel. Accordingly, he attended the Earl of Essex in the expedition to Cadiz; and afterwards taking the tour of Italy and Spain, and making himself a thorough master of their languages, he was at his return into England promoted to be chief secretary to the then Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

'T was here he passionately fell in love with, and privately married, a niece of the Lady Ellesmere's, the daughter of Sir George More, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower; which so much enraged Sir George, that he not only procured Mr. Donne's dismissal from his employment under the Lord Chancellor, but never rested till he had caused him likewise to be imprisoned.

Though it was not long before he was enlarged from his confinement, yet his troubles still increased upon him; for his wife being detained from him, he was constrained to claim her by a troublesome and expensive lawsuit, which, together with travel, books, and a too liberal disposition, contributed to reduce his fortune to a very narrow compass.

Adversity has its peculiar virtues to exercise and work upon, as well as the most flourishing condition of life; and Mr. Donne had now an opportunity of showing his patience and submission, which, together with the general approbation he everywhere met with of Mr. Donne's good qualities, with an irresistible kind of persuasion so won upon Sir George, that he began now not wholly to disapprove of his daughter's choice; and was at length so far reconciled as not to deny them his blessing, though he could not yet be prevailed upon to lend them his assisting hand towards their support.

In the midst of these Mr. Donne's misfortunes he was happily relieved by his generous kinsman Sir Francis Woolley, of Pilford in Surrey, who entertained both him and his wife at his house for many years with much freedom, and as his family increased, (for he had every year a child,) proportionably enlarged his bounty. Here they continued till Sir Francis's death; some time before which the good knight had labored, and so far effected a reconciliation with their father, Sir George, as to engage him under a bond to pay to Mr. Donne eight hundred pounds, or twenty pounds quarterly till it was paid, as a portion with his daughter.

Mr. Donne, notwithstanding the many perplexities he was now involved in, was not hereby diverted from his beloved studies; for, during his

stay with Sir Francis, he made himself perfectly acquainted with the Body of Civil and Canon Laws.

Upon the loss of his worthy benefactor, he hired a house at Micham, in Surrey, for his wife and family, placing them near some friends whose bounty he had often experienced; but took lodgings for himself in London, where his occasions often required him. The reader will be best able to judge of the necessitous state Mr. Donne was now in, from an extract of one of his letters to a friend, which whoever can read without being sensibly affected, must have retained but little of compassion or common humanity.

“The reason why I did not send an answer to your last week’s letter was because it found me in too great a sadness; and, at present, ’t is thus with me: there is not one person but myself well of my family; I have already lost half a child, and with that mischance of hers my wife is fallen into such a discomposure as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her children stupefies her; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill provided for physic and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs.

From my hospital at Micham,

Aug. 10.

JOHN DONNE.”

The only alleviation of these his sorrows was his having recourse to books, particularly his studying with much pains and labor the controversy between the Reformed and the Roman Church, (which before he had been no stranger to, having but at the age of nineteen carefully examined the works of Bellarmine and other famous writers of that time,) especially the two points, then so remarkably controverted, of Supremacy and Allegiance.

And now, after this gloomy season of affliction, did the dawn of some better fortune begin to appear; for, upon the advice of some of his friends, he removed himself and his family from Micham to London; and there, by Sir Robert Drury, was placed rent-free in a handsome house, next his own, in Drury-lane. He had heretofore been well known to and much valued by many of the nobility, by some of whom he was now introduced and recommended to the king. His Majesty needed not much solicitation in his behalf, himself soon taking great delight in his company; insomuch that one day, having talked with him on the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, he was much pleased with his discourse, and commanded him to draw up into some form the arguments and objections that had been brought upon those points, with his answers thereto. This he soon did, and delivered them to the king in the same order they are now printed in his Pseudo-Martyr.

The king, upon reading this book of Mr. Donne's, was so struck with admiration of his learning and abilities that he immediately devoted him to the ministry, and from that time, with much earnestness, persuaded him to take holy orders. 'Tis here to be remembered that some time before this, Dr. Morton, (afterwards Bishop of Durham,) upon his being made Dean of Gloucester, had with the same pious intentions solicited him to enter upon that sacred function, promising him to deliver up to him a very valuable benefice himself was then possessed of; but through Mr. Donne's excessive modesty (though his circumstances were then at the lowest) he could not prevail. But to His Majesty's commands Mr. Donne (though not without some unwillingness) did consent; at the same time requesting he might be allowed to defer it till he had made some further advances in the study of divinity and the learned languages.

This being granted, at the end of three years he was by his learned friend, Dr. King, Bishop of London, ordained, with all convenient speed, both deacon and priest. Upon which the king immediately made him one of his chaplains; and not long after this, the king being at Cambridge, the University, in obedience to His Majesty's command, conferred upon Mr. Donne the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

The Lectureship of Lincolns-Inn, about this

time, happening to be vacant, the Benchers presently made choice of their old fellow-student, Dr. Donne, to be their preacher; provided him with handsome apartments, and expressed their affection to him by sundry other acts of liberality and kindness.

In this society he continued three years, till the king, sending over the Earl of Doncaster into Germany to compose the unhappy business of the Palsgrave, was likewise pleased to appoint the Doctor his assistant in that important affair.

Within a year after his return into England the Deanery of St. Paul's becoming vacant (by the removal of Dr. Cary to the See of Exeter) the king ordered him to attend him at dinner the next day. When His Majesty was sat down, he said, with his usual pleasantness: "Dr. Donne! I have invited you to dinner, and, though you sit not down with me, I will carve to you of a dish I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do, therefore, make you Dean of St. Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you." So much did the king esteem Dr. Donne, that when he had been speaking of him, he was heard more than once to say: "I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine."

The first thing he set about, after his admission into the deanery, was the repairing and beautify-

ing the chapel; he likewise frankly forgave his father-in-law, Sir George More, the quarterly payment of his wife's portion. Not long after fell to him the Vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the West, the advowson of which was given him by the Earl of Dorset; as did soon after another benefice, formerly given him by the Earl of Kent; and in the next parliament he was chosen prolocutor of the convocation, on which occasion [he pronounced a Latin oration] as his inauguration speech.

In his fifty-fourth year he fell into a lingering consumption, which grew at last so dangerous as to make his friends despair of his recovery. But it pleased God miraculously to restore him; nor was he unmindful of these great mercies, having abundantly acknowledged his thankfulness for them in that admirable book of devotions he wrote in his sickness and published at his recovery.

The reader will find the same spirit of religion I have been speaking of in several of the following pieces; especially his Hymn to God, the Father, and that which he wrote on his death-bed, bearing this title, An Hymn to God, my God in my Sickness; the former of which he caused to be set to solemn music, and performed before him in the choir of St. Paul's.

As to the more airy part of his poetical compositions, they were only the innocent amusement and diversion of his youth, being most of them

written before his twentieth year; so happy at this age was he in the sprightliness of his wit and the delicacy of his fancy. His poem called *The Autumnal*, he wrote at Oxford, upon the Lady Herbert, mother of his dear friend, Mr. George Herbert, the author of that excellent book called *The Temple*.

Besides his books already mentioned, he left in writing under his own hand many judicious observations from fourteen hundred authors, besides sixscore sermons, and his famous treatise, named *Biathanatos*; all which are ample testimonies as well of his prodigious industry and learning as of his great parts and exquisite judgment.

From this short account of the Doctor's writings let us now return to himself; who, notwithstanding his being recovered from his late illness, did again relapse into his old distemper; and finding he began to decay sensibly, and hasten to his end, the week before his death he sent for many of his intimate friends to take his last leave of them. Having done this, and settled his private affairs, with much cheerfulness and resignation he expected his dissolution; and having steadfastly fixed his thoughts on the approaching happiness he was now in view of, he closed his last breath with saying: *Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done!* And having said this, he sweetly fell asleep, the 31st day of March, 1631.

It must not here be omitted, that amongst his other preparations for death he made use of this very remarkable one. He ordered an urn to be cut in wood, on which was to be placed a board of the height of his body. This being done, he caused himself to be tied up in his winding-sheet, in the same manner as dead bodies are. Being thus shrouded, and standing with his eyes shut, with just so much of the sheet put aside as might discover his thin, pale, and deathlike face, he caused a curious painter to take his picture. This piece being finished was placed near his bedside, and there remained as his constant remembrancer to the hour of his death. And from this his executor, Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, got a monument carved in white marble, and placed in St. Paul's, where he was buried, with this inscription of the Doctor's own composing:—

JOHANNES DONNE, S. T. P.

Post varia Studia, quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter,
Nec infeliciter, incubuit,

Instinctu & impulsu Spiritus Sancti, monitu & hortatu

Regis JACOBI, Ordines Sacros amplexus

Anno sui Jesu 1614, & suæ ætatis 42:

Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris, 1621

Exutus morte ultimo die Martii, 1631.

Hic, licet in occiduo cinere, aspicit Eum

Cujus Nomen est Oriens.

I cannot better conclude this brief account of

Dr. Donne, than in that admirable character of him drawn up by Mr. Isaac Walton, which I shall present to the reader entire as I find it.

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and well-proportioned body; to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humor were in him so contempered that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate (especially after he had entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, in a kind of sacred ecstasy, Blessed be God, that he is God only, and divinely like himself.

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of

knowledge; with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.

But I shall see it reanimated.

I W.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury, but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer or the courtesy of the reader; the one, by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other, by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre, to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too, as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the

spirit of poetry, than with that of religion : so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets, which have drowned the Muses' harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they have been so ingeniously received ; but these rude pretenders to excellences they unjustly own, who profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel, which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition, these learned sisters are fled over to beg your lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honor, that in your lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness. So that although these poems were formerly written, upon several occasions, to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your lordship's statue upon ; where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his poems, that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.*

* The eldest son of the poet, and editor of several of his father's works.

EPISTLES

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK, FROM THE ISLAND
VOYAGE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THOU, which art I ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand, or eye,
By Hilliard* drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignified,
My lines are such: 'tis the preëminence
Of friendship only to impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can sooth-
say,†
Honour and misery have one face, one way,)
From out her pregnant entrails sighed a wind,
Which at the air's middle marble room did find

* Nicholas Hilliard, born at Exeter, 1547, died 1619. He imitated Holbein. His portrait of Mary Queen of Scots was much applauded, and Queen Elizabeth sat to him several times.

† *Var.* gainsay.

Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
 Downward again ; and so when it did view
 How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
 Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,—
 Mildly it kissed our sails, and fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomach starved, whose insides meet,
 Meat comes, it came, and swole our sails, when we
 So joyed, as Sara her swelling joyed to see :
 But 'twas but so kind as our countrymen,
 Which bring friends one day's way, and leave
 them then.

Then like two mighty kings which, dwelling far
 Asunder, meet against a third to war,
 The south and west winds joined, and, as they
 blew,

Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
 Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
 Like shot not feared till felt, our sails assail,
 And what at first was called a gust, the same
 Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
 Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men, [then :
 Who, when the storm raged most, did wake thee
 Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
 All offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I waked, I saw that I saw not.
 I and the Sun, which should teach me, 'had forgot
 East, west, day, night ; and I could only say,
 If the world lasted, now it had been day.*

* *Varr.* Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
 If the world had lasted, yet it had been day.—

Thousands our noises were, yet we amongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call :
Lightning was all our light, and it rained more,
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.

Some confined in their cabins lie equally
Grieved that they are not dead, and yet must die :
And as sin-burdened souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep,
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know ;
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there
With hideous gazing to fear away Fear ;
There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shaked with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsy clogged ; and our tacklings
Snapping like too high-stretched treble-strings ;
And from our tattered sails rags drop down so,
As from one hanged in chains a year ago ;
Yea ev'n our ordnance, placed for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tired our men, and what's the
gain ?

Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again :
Hearing hath deafed our sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compared to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas calm :
Darkness, light's eldest brother, his birthright
Claims o'er the world, and to heaven hath chased
light :

All things are one ; and that one none can be,
 Since all forms uniform deformity
 Doth cover ; so that we, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day ;
 So violent, yet long, these furies be,
 That though thine absence starve me, I wish not
 thee.

THE CALM.

OUR storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
 A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth suage.
 The fable is inverted, and far more
 A block afflicts now, than a stork before.
 Storms chase, and soon wear out themselves or us ;
 In calms Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady as I can wish that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines
 there,

The sea is now, and as the isles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
 As water did in storms, now pitch runs out,
 As lead when a fired church becomes one spout ;
 And all our beauty and our trim decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ended plays.
 The fighting-place now seamen's rags supply,
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanterns ; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.

Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
 Have no more wind than the upper vault of air;
 We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
 But meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
 Only the calenture together draws
 Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes
 maws;
 And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
 Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiply
 Where walkers in hot ovens do not die:
 If in despite of these we swim, that hath
 No more refreshing than a brimstone-bath;
 But from the sea into the ship we turn,
 Like parboiled wretches, on the coals to burn.
 Like Bajazet encaged, the shepherds' scoff,
 Or like slack-sinewed Samson, his hair off,
 Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
 Of ants durst the emperor's loved snake invade,
 The crawling galley, sea-gulls, finny chips,
 Might brave our pinnaces,* now bed-rid ships:
 Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
 Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
 Of being beloved and loving, or the thirst
 Of honor, or fair death, outpushed me first,
 I lose my end; for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and coward die.
 Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
 Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies;

* *Var.* Venices, ed. 1633.

Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A scourge, 'gainst which we all forget to pray.
 He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
 Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
 What are we then? How little more, alas!
 Is man now, than before he was, he was!
 Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit;
 Chance or ourselves still disproportion it;
 We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
 I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR, more than kisses, letters mingle souls,
 For thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
 'The tediousness of my life: but for these
 I could ideate nothing which could please; *
 But I should wither in one day, and pass
 To a bottle of hay, that am a lock of grass.
 Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
 Countries, courts, towns are rocks or remoras;
 'They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
 That (though than pitch they stain worse) we
 must touch.

If in the furnace of the even † Line,
 Or under the adverse icy Pole thou pine,
 'Thou know'st, two temperate regions girded in
 Dwell there; but oh! what refuge canst thou win

* *Var.* I could invent nothing at all to please.

† *Var.* raging, ed. 1635.

Parched in the court, and in the country frozen?
 Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
 Can dung or garlic be 'a perfume? Or can
 A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
 Cities are worst of all three; of all three?
 (O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
 Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
 Are carcasses, as if none such there were;
 And courts are theatres, where some men play
 Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one clay.*
 The country is a desert, where the good
 Gained, inhabits not; born's not understood; †
 There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
 In cities, blocks; and in a lewd court, devils.
 As in the first Chaos confusedly
 Each element's qualities were in the other three,
 So pride, lust, covetise, being several
 To these three places, yet all are in all;
 And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous:
 Falsehood is denized; Virtue is barbarous.
 Let no man say there, Virtue's flinty wall
 Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all
 Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive;
 Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
 For in best understanding sin began;
 Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man.
 Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
 Are beasts in all but white integrity.

* *Var.* and all end in one day.

† *Var.* ———where no good

Gained as habits; nor, born, 's understood. Ed. 1633.

I think if men, which in these places live,
 Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
 than

Utopian youth, grown old Italian.

Be thou thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
 Inn anywhere ; continuance maketh hell.

And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
 Follow (for he is easy-paced) this snail,

Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

And in the world's sea, do not like cork sleep
 Upon the water's face, nor in the deep

Sink like a lead without a line,—but as

Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,

Nor making sound, so closely thy course go,

Let men dispute whether thou breathe, or no :

Only in this be no Galenist,—to make

Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take

A dram of country's dulness ; do not add

Correctives, but as chymics purge the bad ;

But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather do

Say o'er those lessons, which I learned of you :

Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness

Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,

Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,

And brought home that faith which you carried
 forth,

I throughly love : but if myself I have won

To know my rules, I have, and you have

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

WHO makes the past * a pattern for next year,
 Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads.
 Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
 And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
 Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays ;
 But he which dwells there is not so ; for he
 Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
 And shall not better ; her next change is night :
 But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
 Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
 Her appetite and her digestion mend ;
 We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
 With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet ; you have seen
 All libraries, which are schools, camps and
 courts ;
 But ask your garners if you have not been
 In harvests too indulgent to your sports.

* *Var.* last.

Would you redeem it? Then yourself transplant
Awhile from hence. Perchance outlandish
ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choke:
Go, whither? hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's Heaven, and God her
father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you ashamed to make your hawk's
praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say that high enough she towers.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God; love him as now, but fear him more:
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promised him at morning-prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you;
Else be not froward: but why do I touch

Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables or fruit-trenchers teach as much ?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir ;
Riding I had you, though you still stayed there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

LIKE one, who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a nun, tied to retiredness,
So affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness ;

Since she to few, yet to too many, hath shown,
How love-song weeds and satyric thorns are
grown,
Where seeds of better arts were early sown.

Though to use and love poetry, to me,
Betrothed to no one art, be no adultery ;
Omissions of good, ill as ill deeds be.

For though to us it seem but* light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stained their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion :
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves ; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass,

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our sparks of virtue) may outburn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil the souls of simples, use
Places where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us ; to roam
Giddily, and be everywhere but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

* *Var.* and be. Ed. 1633.

We are but termors* of ourselves; yet may,
 If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
 Much, much dear treasure for the great rent-day.

Manure thyself then, to thyself be approved,†
 And with vain outward things be no more moved,
 But to know that I love thee and would be loved.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE'S no more news than virtue; I may as well
 Tell you Calais, or Saint Michael's tales,‡ as
 tell
 That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
 And toil to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
 If but to loathe both, I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from the extremity
 Of vice by any other reason free,
 But that the next to him still 's worse than he.

* *Var.* farmers. Ed. 1635.

† *Var.* improved. Ed. 1633.

‡ *Var.* Mount, for news. Ed. 1633.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate,
(God's commissary) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in the Court's squadron to marshal their state ;

If they stand armed with seely honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And to have as many ears as all have tongues ;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a player's praise,
Plays were not so like courts, as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious gests
Are but dull morals of a game at chests.

But now 'tis incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end ; and bid farewell a while
At court, though *from court* were the better style.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

REASON is our soul's left hand, Faith her right ;
 By these we reach divinity,—that's you :
 Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
 Grew from their Reason ; mine from fair Faith
 grew.

But as, although a squint left-handedness
 Be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
 So would I (not to increase, but to express
 My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies ;
 Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
 And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon, the reasons why you're loved by all,
 Grow infinite, and so pass Reason's reach,
 Then back again to implicit Faith I fall,
 And rest on what the catholic voice* doth teach ;

* *Var.* faith.

That you are good : and not one heretic
 Denies it ; if he did, yet you are so ; [stick,*
 For rocks which high-topped and deep-rooted
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally grows
 A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
 If 't were not injured by extrinsic blows ;
 Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning and religion
 And virtue and such ingredients have made
 A mithridate, whose operation
 Keeps off or cures what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic, but your food,
 A diet fit for you ; for you are here
 The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
 That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
 His factor for our loves, do as you do ;
 Make your return home gracious, and bestow
 This life on that ; so make one life of two :

For, so, God help me, I would not miss you
 there

For all the good which you can do me here.

* Varr. high do seem, deep-rooted stick.
 high to sense.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refined me ; and to worthiest things,
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see

Rareness or use, not nature, value brings ;

And such, as they are circumstanced, they be.

Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin to excuse,

But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not Virtue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)

Makes her not be,* or not show, all my rhyme

Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be ;

For as dark texts need notes, some there must be

To usher Virtue, and say, *This is she.*

So in the country's beauty. To this place

You are the season (Madam) you the day,

'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face

Exhale them, and a thick, close bud display.

Widowed and reclused else, her sweets she en-
shrines,

As China, when the sun at Brazil dines.

* Var. see.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
 And falsifies both computations so ;
 Since a new world doth rise here from your
 light,

We your new creatures by new reckonings go :
 This shows that you from nature loathly stray,
 That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you 've made the court the antipodes,
 And willed your delegate, the vulgar sun,
 To do profane autumnal offices,
 Whilst here to you we sacrificers run ;
 And whether priests, or organs, you we obey,
 We sound your influence, and your dictates
 say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
 Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice ;
 These are petitions, and not hymns ; they sue
 But that I may survey the edifice.
 In all religions as much care hath been
 Of temples' frames, and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
 Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
 But serve discourse and curiosity
 With that which doth religion but invest,
 And shun the entangling labyrinths of schools,
 And make it wit to think the wiser fools ;—

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
 You as you 're Virtue's temple, not as she ;
 What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
 What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be,
 And after this survey oppose to all
 Babblers of chapels, you, the Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair :
 On these I cast a lay and country eye.
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I find you all record and prophecy.
 Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty legends,—you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
 You were the transcript and original,
 The elements, the parent, and the growth,
 And every piece of you is both* their all :
 So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
 Must do the same things still ; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thin school-divinity
 Serves heresy to further or repress)
 Taste of poetic rage, or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth profess ,
 Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts
 grow,
 As strange attire aliens† the men we know.

* *Var.* worth. Ed. 1635.

† *Var.* alters do.

Leaving them busy praise and all appeal
 To higher courts, sense's decree is true ;
 The mine, the magazine, the commonweal,
 The story of beauty, in Twicknam is and you ;
 Who hath seen one, would both ; as who hath
 been
 In paradise, would seek the Cherubin.

TO

SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE
 SIEGE OF JULIERS.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be,
 Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree ;
 The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
 Is sport to others, and a theatre :
 Nor scapes he so, but is himself their prey ;
 All which was man in him, is eat away ;
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed :
 How happy is he, which hath due place assigned
 To his beasts ! and disaforested his mind,
 Empaled himself to keep them out, not in ;
 Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have
 been ;

Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils, too, which did incline
Them to a headlong rage and made them worse;
For man can add weight to heaven's heaviest curse.
As souls (they say) by our first touch take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin,
So to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste,
We do infuse to what he meant for meat
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat:
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, we know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod;
And is his devil, that might be his God.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature to what she was, we're led awry
By them who man to us in little show;
Greater than due no form we can bestow
On him; for man into himself can draw
All; all his faith can swallow, or reason chew;
All that is filled, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial.

For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
 And is to others icy opium.
 As brave as true is that profession than,
 Which you do use to make ; that you know man.
 This makes it credible, you 've dwelt upon
 All worthy books, and now are such a one ;
 Actions are authors, and of those in you
 Your friends find every day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

T^H HAVE written then, when you writ, seemed to me
 Worst of spiritual vices, simony ;
 And not to have written then, seems little less
 Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
 In this my debt * I seemed loath to confess,
 In that I seemed to shun beholdingness :
 But 'tis not so : Nothings, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write so, than before.
 Yet, since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
 May not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone ?
 Temples were not demolished, though profane ;
 Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dian's fane.

* *Var.* doubt.

So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
 In me you've hallowed a pagan muse,
 And denized a stranger, who, mistaught
 By blamers of the times they marred, hath sought
 Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
 Shine in the world's best part, or all in you.*
 I have been told that virtue in courtier's hearts
 Suffers an ostracism and departs.
 Profit, ease, fitness, plenty bid it go,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know ;
 You, or your virtue, to vast uses serves,
 It ransoms one sex and one court preserves ;
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true
 Is known to any other, not to you ;
 And you can never know it ; to admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
 But since to you your praises discords be,
 Stoop other's ills to meditate with me.
 Oh, to confess we know not what we would
 Is half excuse, we know not what we should.
 Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills ;
 We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills ;
 As new philosophy arrests the sun,
 And bids the passive earth about it run,
 So we have dulled our mind, it hath no ends ;
 Only the body is busy and pretends.
 As dead low earth eclipses and controls
 The quick high moon, so doth the body souls :
 In none but us are such mixed engines found,

* *Var.* or all it,—You.

As hands of double office; for the ground
 We till with them, and them to heaven we raise;
 Who prayerless labours, or without this prays,
 Doth but one half; that's none; he which said,

Plough,

And look not back, to look up doth allow.

Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys

The soil's disease, and into cockle strays:

Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so

Into the body, and bastardly they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?

We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove

These, not engraved, but inborn dignities

Caskets of souls, temples and palaces.

For bodies shall from death redeemed be,

Souls but preserved, born * naturally free;

As men to our prisons now, † souls to us are sent,

Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.

First seeds of every creature are in us;

Whate'er the world hath bad or precious,

Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,

That stones, worms, frogs and snakes in man are

seen:

But who e'er saw, though nature can work so,

That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?

We have added to the world Virginia, and sent

Two new stars lately to the firmament;

Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity

To increase with ours those fair souls' company?

* *Var.* not.

† *Var.* new souls.

But I must end this letter ; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness ; for she will
Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.
Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise, degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspicion,
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles : some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad ;
For so ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will ;
But in your commonwealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THIS twilight of two years, not past, nor next,
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
 Who meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,
 Whose *what* and *where* in disputation is,)
 If I should call me *anything*, should miss.

I sum the years and me, and find me not
 Debtor to the old, nor creditor to the new :
 That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot ;
 Nor trust I this with hopes ; and yet scarce
 true *
 This bravery is ; since these times showed me
 you.

In recompense I would show future times
 What you were, and teach them to urge towards
 such.
 Verse embalms virtue ; and tombs or thrones of
 rhymes
 Preserve frail transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

* *Var.* ————— scarce true,
 This bravery is since these times showed me, you.

Mine are short-lived ; the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
 New spirit ; for strong agents with the same
 Force, that doth warm and cherish us, do waste ;
 Kept hot with strong extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,
 And, made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soon, and so possess no place ;
 And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
 (One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
 Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
 And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
 But leave, lest truth be endangered by my
 praise,
 And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
 And useth oft, when such a heart missays,
 To make it good ; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
 His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood ;
 He will perplex security with doubt,
 And clear those doubts ; hide from you, and
 show you good,
 And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you that good and bad have not
 One latitude in cloisters and in court ;
 Indifferent* there the greatest space hath got ;
 Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,
 On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
 Which pleasure and delight may not ingress ;
 And though what none else lost, be truest yours,
 He will make you, what you did not, possess,
 By using other's (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt that others do not so ;
 He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
 And scape spies ; to good ends ; and he will show
 What you may† not acknowledge, what not
 know.

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
 But for your fame a discreet wariness,
 And (though to 'scape than to revenge offence
 Be better) he shows both, and to repress
 Joy, when your state swells, sadness, when 'tis less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one tear ;
 He cannot (that 's, he will not) disenroll
 Your name ; and when with active joy we hear
 This private gospel, then 't is our new year.

* Indifference. (?)

† *Var.* will.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's was made,
Nor find we that God breathed a soul in her ;
Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,
Wonders because they're rare ; but a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle ; for there no new things are.

In woman so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is ; but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes and sense ;
For Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below,
By virtue's beams (by fame derived from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now towards earth doth
bend,
Then we might fear that virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she 's not stooped, but raised ; exiled by men,
 She fled to heaven, that 's heavenly things, that 's
 She was in all men thinly scattered then [you ;
 But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold ; and she
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you :
 Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
 Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

'Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so ;
 But virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
 To adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
 As water being into air rarefied,
 Neither appear, till in one cloud they be,
 So for our sakes you do low names abide.

'Taught by great constellations, (which, being
 framed
 Of the most stars, take low names Crab and Bull,
 When single planets by the gods are named)
 You covet not great names, of great things full

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the veil* of kindred others see ;
 To some you are revealed, as in a friend,
 And as a virtuous prince far off, to me.

* *Var. vale.*

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
 And 'tis not none to dare contemplate you,
 I, which do so,* as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are;
 For then your judgment is below my praise;
 If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
 As counsels, and as far the endeavour raise.

So my ill, reaching you, might there grow good,
 But I remain a poisoned fountain still;
 But not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood
 Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you,
 But my own judgment, who did long ago
 Pronounce that all these praises should be true,
 And virtue should your beauty and birth out-
 grow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfilled,
 Rather than God should not be honoured too,
 And all these gifts confessed, which he instilled,
 Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
 Or mouth, and speaker of the universe,
 A ministerial notary; for 'tis
 Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse,

* *Var.* to you. Ed. 1633.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO MR. I. W.

ALL hail, sweet Poet, more full of more strong
fire,

Than hath or shall enkindle any spirit!*

I loved what nature gave thee; but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be,
Which be envied than pitied; therefore I,
Because I wish thee best, do thee envy:
O would'st thou by like reason pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
(Before by thy grace got in the Muse's school
A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

* *Var.* and full of more strong fire
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit. Ed. 1635.

Oh how I grieve, that late-born modesty
 Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts,
 That men may not themselves their own good
 parts
 Extol, without suspect of surquedry ;
 For, but thyself, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worth but thine : how good it were to see
 A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee !

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as
 The painter's bad god made a good devil,
 'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evil.
 If thou forget the rhyme, as thou dost pass,
 Then write, that I may follow, and so be
 Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zany.
 I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
 All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

HASTE thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame
 measure
 Will give thee leave, to him ; my pain and plea-
 sure
 I've given thee, (and yet thou art too weak,)
 Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.

Tell him all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and pains of hell are ended ;
 And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earth's habitation :
 And 't is where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake and meet.
 Live I or die, by you my love is sent ;
 You are my pawns, or else my Testament.

TO MR. T. W.

PREGNANT again with the old twins, Hope and
 Fear,
 Oft have I asked for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were ;

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
 Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is given, thy letter 's read,
 The body risen again, the which was dead,
 And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
 And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace

Thy love ; though I think thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons', which say 'midst their meat,
 They love that best, of which they most do eat.

INCERTO.

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my heart ;
 I to the nurse, they to the child of art.

Yet as a firm house, though the carpenter
 Perish, doth stand ; as an ambassador
 Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger,

So, though I languish, pressed with melancholy,
 My verse, the strict map of my misery,
 Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
 That from unhappy me things happy are sent ;
 Yet as a picture, or bare sacrament,
 Accept these lines, and if in them there be
 Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.*

THY friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
 Urged by this unexcusable occasion,
 Thee and the saint of his affection
 Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain ;
 And let the love I bear to both sustain
 No blot nor maim by this division ;
 Strong is this love, which ties our hearts in one,
 And strong that love pursued with amorous pain :
 But though beside thyself I leave behind
 Heaven's liberal and earth's thrice-fair sun,
 Going to where starved† winter aye doth won ;
 Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
 Do send forth scalding sighs which have the art
 To melt all ice, but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. S. B.

O THOU, which to search out the secret parts
 Of the India, or rather paradise
 Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
 Lately launched into the vast sea of arts,

* This and the following poem are probably addressed to Mr. Christopher Brook, and his brother Samuel. See Walton's life of Donne.

† *Var.* stern.

Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not Siren-like to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfied? is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfilled with honey, which thou dost derive
From the art's spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
The immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that, which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tired must then
ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply ;
 Be far from me that strange adultery
 To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood ;
 My Muse* (for I had one) because I'm cold,
 Divorced herself, the cause being in me ;
 That I can take no new in bigamy,
 Not my will only, but power doth withhold ;
 Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had
 Mother, want matter ; and they only have
 A little form, the which their father gave :
 They are profane, imperfect, oh ! too bad
 To be counted children of poetry,
 Except confirmed and bishoped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
 Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of
 me ;
 Never did Morpheus, nor his brother, wear
 Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would
 appear,
 As this my letter is like me ; for it [wit ;
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind and

* All the Editions read *nurse*. The alteration in the text (clearly the true reading) is suggested by the Rev. H. Alford in his edition.

It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
 It is my will, myself the legacy.
 So thy retirings I love, yea, envy,
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,
 That I rejoice that, unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
 As kindly as any enamoured patient
 His picture to his absent love hath sent.
 All news I think sooner reach thee than me ;
 Havens are heavens, and ships winged angels be,
 The which both gospel and stern threatenings
 bring ;

Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
 I fear ; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
 As with the Jew's guide God did ; he did show
 Him the rich land, but barred his entry in :
 Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
 Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done,
 (Which, as the earth between the moon and sun,
 Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,)
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve :
 But if (as all the all must) hopes smoke away
 Is not almighty Virtue an India ?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Something to answer in some proportion
 All the world's riches : and in good men this
 Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is

TO MR. I. L.

OF that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
 Whether in the English provinces they be,
 Or drink of Po, Sequan or Danuby,
 There's none, that sometimes greets us not; and yet
 Your Trent is Lethe, that past, us you forget.
 You do not duties of societies,
 If from the embrace of a loved wife you rise,
 View your fat beasts, stretched barns, and laboured
 fields,
 Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
 And then again to your embracements go;
 Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
 I, that my love; she, that her gifts on you are spent.

TO MR. I. P.

BLEST are your North parts, for all this long time
 My sun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
 Heaven's sun, which stayed so long from us this
 year,

Stayed in your North (I think) for she was there,
 And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
 Here rages, chafes and threatens pestilence ;
 Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
 Think this no South, no summer, nor no day.
 With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun :
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts ;
 So may thy woods oft polled yet ever wear
 A green, and (when she* list) a golden hair ;
 So may all thy sheep bring forth twins ; and so
 In chase and race may thy horse all out-go ;
 So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold ;
 Thy son ne'er ward ; thy loved wife ne'er seem old ;
 But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
 As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

TO THE EARL OF DONCASTER WITH SIX
 HOLY SONNETS.

SEE, Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
 In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme
 {For these songs are their fruits) have wrought
 the same ;

* *Var.* thee.

But though the engendering force, from whence they
came,

Be strong enough, and nature doth admit
Seven to be born at once, I send as yet
But six; they say the seventh hath still some
maim :

I choose your judgment, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
Or as elixir to change them to gold ;
You are that alchemist, which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make goods things of
bad.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON, AT HIS GOING
AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and feared
name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same.

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream ;

After those learned papers, which your hand
 Hath stored with notes of use and pleasure too,
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter, whether you will write or do ;

After those loving papers, where friends send,
 With glad grief to your sea-ward steps, farewell.
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
 To heaven in troops at a good man's passing-bell ;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as yourself would ask ;
 What you must say at Venice, this means now,
 And hath for nature, what you have for task,—

To swear much love, not to be changed before
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit ;
 Nor shall I then honor your fortune more,
 Than I have done your honour wanting it.*

But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
 To want than govern greatness ; for we are
 In that, our own and only business ;
 In this, we must for other's vices care.

T is therefore well your spirits now are placed
 In their last furnace, in activity :

* *Var.* noble wanting wit. Ed. 1635.

Which fits them (schools and courts and wars
o'erpast)

To touch and test in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here ;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike everywhere.

TO MRS. M. H.

MAD paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons, whom thy brain did create ;
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do,
'That's much ; emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess ;
But 't is not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me ;
 Yet thou wilt go ; go, since thou goest to her
 Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
 Which equally claims love and reverence,
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die,
 And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
 A miracle, and made such to work more)
 Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
 Her creature, glorified more than before.

Then, as a mother which delights to hear
 Her early child misspeak half-uttered words,
 Or, because majesty doth never fear
 Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
 And wisely ; what discourse is left for thee ?
 From speech of ill and her thou must abstain,
 And is there any good which is not she ?

[her ;
 Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not
 And Wit and Virtue and Honor her attend,
 And since they're but her clothes, thou shalt not
 err, [mend.
 If thou her shape and beauty and grace com-

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
 A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
 Were saved before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, mark what show
 Of favour she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'erskip the rest;
 Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
 Mark if she do the same that they protest;
 Mark if she mark whither her woman came.

Mark if slight things be objected, and o'erblown;
 Mark if her oaths against him be not still
 Reserved, and that she grieve she's not her own,
 And chides the doctrine that denies free-will.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
 Nor to make myself her familiar;
 But so much I do love her choice, that I
 Would fain love him, that shall be loved of her.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
And so refined, that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none ;

But as of the elements these which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joyed or fed,
And those are barren both above our head,

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling, this is better done
By despised dung, than by the fire or sun :

Care not then, Madam, how low your praises lie ;
In labourers' ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum's* melody ;

And ordnance raised on towers so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from the earth's low vaults in Sicil isle.

Should I say I lived darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue
But one ; 't is best light to contemplate you,—

You, for whose body God made better clay,
 Or took soul's stuff, such as shall late decay,
 Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber drop enwraps a bee,
 Covering discovers your quick soul; that we
 May in your through-shine front our heart's
 thought see.

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
 To our late times, the use of specular stone,
 Through which all things within without were
 shown.

Of such were temples; so, and such you are;
 Being and seeming is your equal care;
 And Virtue's whole sum is but Know and Dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
 Religion is a christian's, and you know
 How these are one; her *yea* is not her *no*.

But, as our souls of growth and souls of sense
 Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
 They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,

Nature's first lesson so, Discretion,
 Must not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
 Not banish itself, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
 These two, and dare to break them ; nor must wit
 Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
 Religion's types the pieceless centres flow,
 And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
 Or principally, then Religion
 Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went ;
 Whoso would change, doth covet or repent ;
 Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
 Before he ate ; man's shape, that would yet be
 (Knew they not it, and feared beasts' company)
 So naked at this day, as though man there
 From paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the news could not arrived be
 Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree ;

Deprived of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.

But, as from extreme heights who downward
looks,

Sees men at children's shapes, rivers at brooks,
And loseth younger forms, so to your eye
These (Madam) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wit's mere *Atomi*.

But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway ;
And now must pity them ; for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you ;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode, nor cross-armed elegy.

I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-livered dotard, that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.

I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be raised by love, but not thrown down ;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.

Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talk, doth yet in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade.

Who first looked sad, grieved, pined and
showed his pain,

Was he that first taught women to disdain.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disordered heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declined with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but untied,
Themselves unprisoned were and purified ;
So was Love first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in those days moved !
Man ignorantly walked by her he loved ;
Both sighed and interchanged a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why.
That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times considered) man become.
As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place, after, the nearest way ;
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love, that sues or doth contend ;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allowed, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journeys not till it find summer-way ;
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on. [know,
Who strives through woman's scorns women to
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo ;

It must be sickness,* after one disdain,
 Though he be called aloud, to look again.
 Let others sin and grieve; one cunning sleight
 Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still,
 And cannot be removed, unless she will.
 It is her fault, if I unsure remain;
 She only can untie, I bind again.
 The honesties of love with ease I do,
 But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madam) I now think on you; and here,
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear;
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
 But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
 You are at first hand all that's fair and right,
 And other's good reflects but back your light.
 You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
 For what is more doth what you are restrain;
 And though beyond, is down the hill again.
 We have no next way to you, we cross to 't;
 You are the straight line, thing praised, attribute;
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made.
 These are your pictures to the life. From far
 We see you move, and here your zanies are;
 So that no fountain good there is doth grow
 In you, but our dim actions faintly show:

* *Var.* it is mere sickness.

Then find I, if man's noblest part be Love,
 Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
 The soul with body is a heaven combined
 With earth, and for man's ease but nearer joined
 Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
 We guess not their large natures, but command,
 And love in you that bounty is of light,
 That gives to all, and yet hath infinite ;
 Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
 But soul we find too earthly to ascend ;
 'Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
 Able immortal clearness to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
 Hath weight will force him headlong back again ;
 No more can impure man retain and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love ;
 Than earthly substance can unforced aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire.

Such may have eye and hand ; may sigh, may
 speak ;
 But like swoln bubbles, when they are highest, they
 break.

Though far removed Northern fleets* scarce find
 The sun's comfort, others† think him too kind.
 There is an equal distance from her eye ;
 Men perish too far-off, and burn too nigh.
 But as air takes the sunbeams equal-bright
 From the first rays to his last opposite,

* Var. isles.

† Var. yet some.

So able* men, blest with a virtuous love,
 Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move,
 Their virtue breaks all clouds, that might annoy ;
 There is no emptiness, but all is joy.
 He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
 To style his wandering rage of passion love.
 Love, that imparts† in every thing delight,
 Is fancied by the soul, not appetite ;
 Why love among the virtues is not known,
 Is, that love is them all contract in one.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOT-
 TON, AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
 You do not love ;
 For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
 You sell desire.
 Love is not love, but given free ;
 And so is mine, so should yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of others' moan,
 To mine is stone ;
 Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
 Joy to wound me :

* *Var.* happy.

† *Var.* imports.

Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caused by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be graced
With name of chaste ;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed ;
So her disdains can ne'er offend,
Unless self-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again ;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's self for Love's own sake ;

I'll never dig in quarry of a heart,
To have no part ;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May show his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food ;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend ?

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

BEGUN IN FRANCE, BUT NEVER PERFECTED.

THOUGH I be dead and buried, yet I have
 (Living in you) court enough in my grave;
 As oft as there I think myself to be,
 So many resurrections waken me;
 That thankfulness your favours have begot
 In me, embalms me that I do not rot:
 This season, as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,
 Must both to growth and to confession bring
 My thoughts disposed unto your influence; so
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
 First I confess I have to others lent
 Your stock, and over-prodigally spent
 Your treasure, for since I had never known
 Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
 In you, I should not think or say they shine,
 (So as I have) in any other mine;
 Next I confess this my confession;
 For 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half-rights, seem too
 much
 And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.

Next I confess my impenitence ; for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
 May in less lessons find enough to do,
 By studying copies, not originals ;

Desunt cætera.

A LETTER TO THE LADY CARY, AND
 MRS. ESSEX RICH, FROM AMIENS.

MADAM.

HERE, where by all All-saints invoked are,
 'T were too much schism to be singular,
 And 'gainst good practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints, should my humility
 To other saint than you directed be,
 That were to make my schism heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold,
 As not to tell it ; if this be too bold,
 Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
 I thought it some apostleship in me
 To speak things, which by faith alone I see ;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent ;
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance ; but their virtues
 grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless flat humility
In dough-baked men some harmless we see,
'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he :

So is the blood sometimes ; who ever ran
To danger unimportuned, he was than
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloisteral men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this zeal virtue but in their gall.

We are thus but parcel-gilt ; to gold we are
 grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion ;
Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath
 none.

Virtue's but anguish,* when 'tis several,
By occasion waked and circumstantial ;
True Virtue is soul, always in all deeds All.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity ;
For your soul was as good Virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you,
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it, that your beauty wounds not
 hearts,
As others, with profane and sensual darts,
But as an influence virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues and their might,

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty of the same stuff as you ?

Which is your noble worthy sister ; she,
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

* *Var.* anguish.

I should write here, (as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes,)

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you ; there is no way
From either, but by* the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery ;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

FAIR, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What Heaven can do, what any earth can be ;
Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevelled beams and scattered fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tiars
In lover's sonnets ; you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.

* *Var.* to.

Since now, when all is withered, shrunk and dried,
 All virtues ebb'd out to a dead-low tide,
 All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himself to stand,
 Integrity, friendship and confidence,
 (Cements of greatness) being vapoured hence,
 And narrow man being filled with little shares,
 Courts, city, church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
 And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire,
 All trying by a love of littleness
 To make abridgments and to draw to less
 Even that nothing which at first we were ;
 Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
 And that we learn by it that Man, to get
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great ;
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
 So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
 (For who can judge or witness of those times,
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes ?
 Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best fantastical ?)
 Since now you durst be good, and that I do
 Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
 Through your light, largeness, virtue, understood ;
 If, in this sacrifice of mine, be shown
 Any small spark of these, call it your own ;
 And if things like these have been said by me
 Of others, call not that idolatry.

For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various
green,

He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day ;
And when next day he had admired the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late praised earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday ;
So, though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthiest, and that you,
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man,
If, when he spoke them, they were both true than.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows !
We first have souls of growth, and sense ; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallowed into it and have no name ;
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last ;
No more do I wrong any ; I adore
The same things now, which I adored before,
The subject changed, and measure ; the same thing
In a low constable and in the king
I reverence,—his power to work on me ;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good ; but more now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And, as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth

This new great lesson, thus to study you,
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie ;
For as your fellow-angels, so you do
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first, whom we in histories do find
To have professed all arts, was one born blind :
He lacked those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those by which angels are seen and see ;
So, though I am born without those eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do ;
I shall by that all goodness have discerned,
And, though I burn my library, be learned.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You that are she and you, that's double she,
In her dead face half of yourself shall see ;
She was the other part ; for so they do,
Which build them friendships, become one of two ;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet -
Twins, though their birth Cuzco and Moscow take,
As divers stars one constellation make,

Paired like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go.
Had you died first, a carcase she had been,
And we your rich tomb in her face had seen.
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but the other half of clay ;
And since you act that part, as men say, here
Lies such a prince, when but one part is there,
And do all honour and devotion due :
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you ;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before ?
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is ;
As of this all though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, shall stay.
And though diffused and spread in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one all unite :
So Madam, as her soul to heaven is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed ;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were :
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals ; so
In you two we did both rich Indias know.
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,
Though it be forced in water, earth, salt, air,
Expanded in infinite, none will impair,

So to yourself you may additions take,
 But nothing can you less or changed make.
 Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt
 That you can match her, or not be without ;
 But let some faithful book in her room be,
 Yet but of Judith, no such book as she.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire, which verse is said
 To have ? is that enchanting force decayed ?
 Verse, that draws nature's works from nature's law,
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quenched my old poetic fire ?
 Why quenched they not as well that of desire ?
 Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their liberty :
 Only thine image in my heart doth sit ;
 But that is wax, and fires environ it.
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
 And I am robbed of picture, heart, and sense.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
 Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
 That tells how fair thou art ; thou art so fair,
 As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
 Are graced thereby ; and to make blind men see,
 What things gods are, I say they are like to thee.

For if we justly call each silly man
A little world, what shall we call thee than ?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As down, as stars, cedars and lilies are ;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never
As thou wast, art, and, oh ! may'st thou be ever !
Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
'That I am such ; but grief discolours me :
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee ? oh ! there wants yet
A mutual feeling, which should sweeten it.
His chin a thorny hairy unevenness
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural paradise,
In whose self, unmanured, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection ; why should'st thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man ?
Men leave behind them that, which their sin shows,
And are as thieves traced, which rob when it snows ;
But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air.
And between us all sweetness may be had ;
All, all that nature yields, or art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another do :
And, oh ! no more ; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch ?

Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies ;
 Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to
 thighs ?

Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
 That touching myself, all seems done to thee.
 Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
 And amorously thank myself for this.
 Me in my glass I call thee ; but, alas !
 When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
 O, cure this loving madness, and restore
 Me to me ; thee my half, my all, my more.
 So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet dye,
 And their white, whiteness of the Galaxy ;
 So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
 Envy in all women, and in all men love ;
 And so be change and sickness far from thee,
 As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me

TO BEN JONSON,

January 6, 1603.

THE state and men's affairs are the best plays
 Next yours ; 'tis not more nor less than due praise :
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
 As but themselves none think them usurpers :
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.

If the Queen masque, or king a-hunting go,
 Though all the court follow, let them; we know
 Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
 For that were virtue, and not flattery.
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
 God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; and when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
 Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's
 tongue [tell
 Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I thee
 As to my friend, and myself as counsel:
 Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout;
 Let them scorn hell, they will a sergeant fear,
 More than we them; that ere* long God may for-
 bear,
 But creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess, as their means cease;
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their souls. But, that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queen's Masque, and their husbands, for
 more
 Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
 Well, let all pass, and trust him, who nor cracks
 The bruised reed, nor quencheth smoking flax.

* *Qu. dele "ere"?*

TO BEN JONSON,

9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
 If mean, I will spare them; I know the pelf
 Which is ill got, the owner doth upbraid;
 It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid,
 And a jury: but 't will revenge in this,
 That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
 What care I though of weakness men tax me?
 I'd rather sufferer than doer be;
 That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgment is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? though less, yet some of both
 have we,
 Who have learned it by use and misery.
 Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt, that's done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should sink me) careless,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodness.
 They have great gain of me, who gain do win
 (If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
 The standing of great men's lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell his word.

He cannot ; they can theirs, and break them too.
 How unlike they are that they're are likened to ?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
 If good, like gods ; the naught are so like devils.

TO SIR THOMAS ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM,

TELL her, if she to hired servants show
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go,
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace ;
 For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask.
 Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
 'T would make my loss more felt, and pitied me ?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for me ?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go ?
 I think the best and love so faithfully,
 I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructify.
 Ladies have boldly loved ; bid her renew
 That decayed worth, and prove the times past
 true.
 Then he, whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.

Howe'er I'll wear the black and white riband ;
White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.
I do esteem her favour, not the stuff ;
If what I have was given, I've enough,
And all 's well, for had she loved, I had not had
All my friend's hate ; for now departing sad
I feel not that : Yet as the rack the gout
Cures, so hath *this* worse grief *that* quite put out :
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she love me not.
 Burdened with this, I was to depart less
Willing than those which die, and not confess.

THE END OF THE EPISTLES.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.



ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH
OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY
AND THE DECAY OF THIS WHOLE WORLD IS
REPRESENTED.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMY.

WELL died the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his anatomy :
No evil wants his good ; so wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whose state requites their loss : while thus we
 gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives ? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality ?
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice-noble maid, could'st not have found nor
 sought

A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than while this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephews' eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine :
Admired match, where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face !
A task, which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch :
Enough is us* to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou lived, had hid their fearful head
From the angry checkings of thy modest red :
Death bars reward and shame ; when envy's gone,
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses (these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were) so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gavest to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus :
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O, happy maid,
Thy grace professed all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine ;
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angels' tongues can sing of thee ;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree :

* *Var.* it is.

For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewailed in vain ;
Ne'er may thy name be in our songs forgot,*
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

**Var.* Never may thy name be in songs forgot.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN that rich soul, which to her heaven is gone,
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they 've one,
 (For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
 It see and judge and follow worthiness,
 And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this,
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his.)
 When that queen ended here her progress-time,
 And as to her standing-house to heaven did climb,
 Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the choir and song;
 This world in that great earthquake languished;
 For in a common bath of tears it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vital spirits out,
 But succoured them with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lose, or gain in this;
 Because (since now no other way there is
 But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as she,)
 This great consumption to a fever turned,
 And so the world had fits; it joyed, it mourned;
 And, as men think that agues physic are,
 And the ague being spent, give over care,

So thou, sick world, mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when alas thou art in a lethargy :
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and than
Thou might'st have better spared the sun, or man,
That wound was deep ; but 'tis more misery,
'That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'T was heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst ; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the font until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnamed hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made :
Her name defined thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determin'd) [none
But long she hath been away, long, long : yet
Offers to tell us, who it is that 's gone ;
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they 're loth it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead,
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement, which did faithfully compact
And glue all virtues, now resolved and slacked,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered

In that confession ; therefore spoke no more
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore
But, though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea, dead, yea, putrefied, since she,
Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renewed, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will try
What we may gain by thy anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection ;
For there's a kind of world remaining still ;
Though she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good
Reflects from her on them which understood
Her worth ; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay,
Which, from the carcase of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produced : the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is :
And though to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assumed unto this dignity,
So many weedless paradises be,

Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in,)
Yet, because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old ;
For with due temper men do then forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
'There is no health ; physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality ;
And can there be worse sickness than to know,
'That we are never well, nor can be so ?
We are born ruinous : poor mothers cry,
'That children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty is ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind ! it laboured to frustrate
Even God's purpose, and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment ;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principal in ill ;
For that first marriage was our funeral ;
One woman at one blow then killed us all ;
And singly one by one they kill us now.
We do delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption, and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind ;
And yet we do not that ; we are not men :
'There is not now that mankind, which was then,

Whenas the sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joint-tenants of the world) who should survive ;
When stag and raven, and the long-lived tree,
Compared with man, died in minority ;
When, if a slow-paced star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see it again,
And then make up his observation plain ;
When, as the age was long, the size was great ;
Man's growth confessed and recompensed the
So spacious and large, that every soul [meat,
Did a fair kingdom and large realm control ;
And when the very stature thus erect
Did that soul a good way towards heaven direct ;
Where is this mankind now ? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page ;
Alas ! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And, as in lasting, so in length, is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a span ;
For had a man at first in forests strayed
Or shipwrecked in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant or whale
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him ; now alas !
The fairies and the pigmies well may pass

As credible ; mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon :
Only death adds to our length ; nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text, or had we changed to gold
Their silver, or disposed into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scattered was :
But 'tis not so : we're not retired but damped ;
And, as our bodies, so our minds are cramped :
'Tis shinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo ;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive, too,
To bring ourselves to nothing back ; and we
Do what we can to do it so soon as he :
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
This Man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home,
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legates there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use ;—
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth to attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend ;
This man so great, that all that is is his,
Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is !
If man were any thing, he's nothing now ;
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow

To his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, he lost his heart.
 She, of whom the ancients seemed to prophesy,
 When they called virtues by the name of *She* ;
 She, in whom virtue was so much refined,
 That for alloy unto so pure a mind
 She took the weaker sex ; she, that could drive
 The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
 Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
 All by a true religious alchemy ;
 She, she is dead ; she 's dead : when thou know'st
 this,

Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 The heart being perished, no part can be free,
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernatural food, religion,
 Thy better growth grows withered and scant ;
 Be more than Man, or thou 'rt less than an ant.
 Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame :
 For before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entered and depraved the best ;
 It seized the Angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turned her brains, and took a general
 main,

Wronging each joint of the universal frame.
 The noblest part, Man, felt it first ; and then
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man :

So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day ;
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out ;
The sun is lost, and the earth ; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world's spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new ; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation :
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phœnix, and that there can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that should all parts to reunion bow ;
She, that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sundered* parts in one ;
She, whom wise nature had invented then,
When she observed that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way ;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general

* Ed. 1683, hundred.

Steward to fate ; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West-Indies, and perfumed the East ;
Whose having breathed in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so ;
And that rich India which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coined from her ;
She, to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosm of her ; [this
She, she is dead ; she's dead : when thou know'st
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controlled ;
And that thou hast but one way not to admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's subtlest immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decayed or gone,
Beauty, that's colour and proportion.
We think the Heavens enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observed in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers downright lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form ; it tears
The firmament in eight-and-forty shares,

And in these constellations then arise
 New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes ;
 As though heaven suffered earthquakes, peace or
 war,

When new towers rise, and old demolished are.
 They have impaled within a zodiac
 The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs
 awake

To watch his steps ; the Goat and Crab control
 And fright him back, who else to either pole
 (Did not these Tropics fetter him) might run ;
 For his course is not round, nor can the sun
 Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
 Steals by that point, and so is serpentine,
 And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
 He means to sleep, being now fallen nearer us.
 So of the stars, which boast that they do run
 In circle still, none ends where he begun :
 All their proportion 's lame, it sinks, it swells ;
 For of meridians and parallels,
 Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
 Upon the Heavens ; and now they are his own.
 Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
 To go to heaven, we make heaven come to us ;
 We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
 They 're diversly content to obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still ?
 Doth not a Ténarus or higher hill

Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and
sink?

Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wished journey's end, the bottom, die :
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think that there would rise
At end thereof one of the antipodes :

If under all a vault infernal be,

(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot room be thrust)

Then solidness and roundness have no place:
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
Of the earth? Think so; but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigured is;
That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry :
And, oh ! it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best, proportion, is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.

She, by whose lines proportion should be
Examined, measure of all symmetry,
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls
made

Of harmony, he would at next have said
That harmony was she, and thence infer
That souls were but resultances from her,

And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow ;
She, who, if those great doctors truly said
That the ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions lived at peace
In her, who caused all civil war to cease ;
She, after whom what form soe'er we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity ; [this,
She, she is dead, she's dead ! when thou know'st
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is ;
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee ;
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us ; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They are loathsome too by this deformity.
For Good and Well must in our actions meet ;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour, and lustre, now is as near spent ;
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone ;
As a compassionate turquoise which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,

As gold falls sick, being stung with mercury,
 All the world's parts of such complexion be.
 When nature was most busy, the first week,
 Swaddling the new-born earth, God seemed to
 like

That she should sport herself sometimes in play,
 To mingle and vary colours every day;
 And then, as though she could not make enow,
 Himself his various rainbow did allow.

Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decayed; summer's robe grows
 Dusky, and like an oft-died garment shows.
 Our blushing red, which used in cheeks to spread,
 Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she, whom we lament, had not been dead;
 But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
 (Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvext paradise; from whom
 Did all things' verdure and their lustre come;
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all colour, all diaphanous,
 (For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
 She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st
 this,

Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is;
 And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
 That it should more affright than pleasure thee;

And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in aught more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heaven forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.

The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
The air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are
tombs;

And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
The air shows such meteors, as none can see
Not only what they mean, but what they be;
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled
much

The Egyptian Magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprisoned in an herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarred, and all this traffic quite forgot,

She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
 Would work more fully and powerfully on us ;
 Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea ashes too, are medicinal,
 Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
 It would be (if not followed) wondered at,
 And all the world would be one dying swan,
 To sing her funeral praise, and vanish than.
 But as some serpents' poison hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live serpent shot,
 So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
 That unto us ; she working more than it.
 But she, in whom to such maturity
 Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die ;
 She, from whose influence all impression came,
 But by receiver's impotences lame ;
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 So that some princes have some temperance,
 Some counsellors some purpose to advance
 The common profit, and some people have
 Some stay, no more than kings should give, to
 crave,
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some grains of chastity,—
 She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
 But that our age was iron, and rusty too ;
 She, she is dead ; she's dead ! when thou know'st
 this,
 Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is,

And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: no thing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she 's now partaker, and a part.
But, as in cutting up a man that 's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts that are of most effect,
So the world's carcase would not last, if I
Were punctual in this anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they
are well.

Here therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
song,

Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than,
When man doth die; our body 's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction

From her example and her virtue, if you
 In reverence to her do think it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for chronicle, not verse;
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
 A last, and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
 To Moses to deliver unto all
 That song, because he knew they would let fall
 The law, the prophets, and the history,
 But keep the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade;
 Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
 Me from thus trying to imprison her;
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature; heaven keeps souls,
 The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest;
 Alas! what's marble, jet, or porphyry,
 Prized with the chrysolite of either eye,

Or with those pearls and rubies which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 'tis glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she 's demolished; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short-lived, abortive be
Those carcase verses, whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrapt, or, when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues; divines for hearts, and more;
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet;
But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be:
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itself, so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may nature be

Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she 's dead? may it not be said,
That as a Sundered clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolished, without error then to stand,
Or, as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May it not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heaven may say this, and joy in 't; but can, we,
Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
An Angel made a Throne or Cherubin?
We lose by it; and, as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the sick-starved world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hastening to subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestowed and laid it all on one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within, [roll
'T was but a through-light scarf her mind to en-
Or exhalation breathed out from her soul;
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admired,
And whom, who'er had worth enough, desired,

As, when a temple 's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But as when heaven looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise ;
What place they should assign to them, they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out ;
So the world studied whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she :
But like a lamp of balsamum, desired
Rather to adorn than last, she soon expired,
Clothed in her virgin-white integrity ;
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye.
To 'scape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before she was one ;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as served for opium ;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
She hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of destiny, [been,
How fair and chaste, humble and high she had
Much promised, much performed at not fifteen,
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book ;
But 'tis not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for this much, thus much to die ;

Her modesty not suffering her to be
 Fellow-commissioner with destiny,
 She did no more but die ; if after her
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
 Every such person is her delegate,
 To accomplish that which should have been her
 fate.
 They shall make up that book, and shall have
 thanks
 Of fate and her, for filling up their blanks.
 For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
 Which from the gift of her example rise ;
 And 'tis in heaven part of spiritual mirth,
 To see how well the good play her on earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

WHEREIN BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH
OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE INCOMMO-
DITIES OF THE SOUL IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EX-
ALTATION IN THE NEXT, ARE CONTEMPLATED.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESS.

Two souls move here, and mine (a third) must
move

Paces of admiration, and of love.

Thy soul (dear virgin) whose this tribute is,
Moved from this mortal sphere to lively bliss ;

And yet moves still, and still aspires to see

The world's last day, thy glory's full degree ;

Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,

Are in their place, and yet still moved are :

No soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay

It clogged is) can follow thee half way,

Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo

So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.

But now thou art as high in heaven flown,

As heaven's from us ; what soul beside thine own

Can tell thy joys, or say, he can relate

Thy glorious journals in that blessed state ?

I envy thee (rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see :
And thou (great spirit) which hers followed hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast,
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long ago hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessened in thine airy way ;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own,
From this world's carcase having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality ;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise,
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress, whilst thou wander'st
here ;
Still upward mount ; and let thy Maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays :
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh, let her never stoop below the clouds !
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them
best,
Which praise those awful Powers, that make them
blest.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess,
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's and the sun's sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this All,
Did set, 't were blasphemy to say, did fall.
But, as a ship which hath struck sail, doth run
By force of that force which before it won ;
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red Seas, which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sailed to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckoned and called back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul, when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as ice which crackles at a thaw ;
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings ;
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone :
For there is motion in corruption.

As some days are at the creation named,
Before the sun, the which framed days, was framed,
So after this sun's set some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years ;
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drowned us all ; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all ;
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
'Thou seest me strive for life ; my life shall be
'To be hereafter praised for praising thee,
Immortal maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great grand-children of thy praises grow,
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrefy with vice.
For thus man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may increase so long
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
'Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
To the only health ; to be hydroptic so,
Forget this rotten world ; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be ;
Be not concerned ; study not why, nor when ,
Do not so much as not believe a man ;

For though to err be worst, to try truths forth
 Is far more business than this world is worth.
 The world is but a carcase; thou art fed
 By it but as a worm that carcase bred;
 And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider
 more

When this world will grow better than before,
 Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon
 That carcase's last resurrection?
 Forget this world and scarce think of it so
 As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
 To be thus stupid is alacrity;
 Men thus lethargic have best memory.
 Look upward, that's towards her whose happy
 state

We now lament not, but congratulate.
 She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat hearkening how her youthful age
 Should be employed, because in all she did
 Some figure of the golden times was hid;
 Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
 Because she was the form that made it live;
 Nor could complain that this world was unfit
 To be stayed in then, when she was in it;
 She, that first tried indifferent desires
 By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
 She, to whose person paradise adhered,
 As Courts to princes; she, whose eyes ensphered
 Star-light enough, to have made the south control
 (Had she been there) the starful northern pole;

She, she is gone ; she 's gone : when thou know'st
this,

What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought ;
He honours it too much, that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light
And after brings it nearer to thy sight ;
For such approaches doth heaven make in death :
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony ;
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack ;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence ;
Think thyself parched with fever's violence ;
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic ; chide the slackness of the fit. [more,
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no
But that, as bells called thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee ;
Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust ;
Give one thy pride, to another give thy lust ;
Give them those sins, which they gave thee before,
And trust the immaculate blood to wash thy score,
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that
they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way ;

Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God and angels cover not ;
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from
They re-invest thee in white innocence ; [thence,
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go,)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms which insensibly devour their state ;
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to sleep but a saint Lucie's night ;
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
She, whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no fear, no art could guess,
So far were all removed from more or less ;
But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was, best ;
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
And say, this is a line, or this a point ;
So, though the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there ;
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the sun,

Rather than her ; and make a spirit fear,
 That he to disuniting subject were ;
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, they 're unstable ; circles, angular ;
 She, who was such a chain as fate employs
 To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think
 No accident could threaten any link ;
 She, she embraced a sickness, gave it meat,
 The purest blood and breath that e'er it eat ;
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his faith,
 And though he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heaven was content to suffer violence ;
 Yea, though he plead a long possession, too,
 (For they 're in heaven on earth, who heaven's
 works do)

Though he had right, and power, and place before,
 Yet death must usher and unlock the door ;
 Think further on thyself, my soul, and think
 How thou at first wast made but in a sink ;
 Think, that it argued some infirmity,
 That those two souls, which then thou found'st
 in me,
 'Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both
 My second soul of sense, and first of growth ;
 'Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
 When a small lump of flesh could poison thus :
 This curdled milk, this poor unlittered whelp,
 My body, could, beyond escape or help,

Infect thee with original sin, and thou
Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now ;
Think, that no stubborn sullen anchorite,
Which fixed to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bathed in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our souls in their first-built cells ;
Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
After enabled but to suck, and cry ; [inn,
Think, when 't was grown to most, 't was a poor
A province packed up in two yards of skin,
And that usurped, or threatened with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age ;
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty ;
Think, that a rusty piece discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies ; this to thy soul allow ;
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatched but
now ;
And think this slow-paced soul, which late did
cleave
To a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Despatches in a minute all the way
Twixt heaven and earth ; she stays not in the air
To look what meteors there themselves prepare ;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region be intense ;
For the clement of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she passed by such a place or no ;

She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
 Whether in that new world men live and die ;
 Venus retards her not, to inquire how she
 Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be ;
 He, that charmed Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all eye ;
 Who, if she meet the body of the sun,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be run ;
 Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard,
 Nor is by Jove, nor by his father, barred,
 But ere she can consider how she went,
 At once is at and through the firmament.
 And, as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
 Her through those spheres, as through the beads
 a string,

Whose quick succession makes it still one thing :
 As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
 So by the soul doth death string heaven and earth ;
 For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second Grace)
 Heaven is as near and present to her face,
 As colours are and objects in a room,
 Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
 This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
 'To advance these thoughts ; remember then that
 she,

She, whose fair body no such prison was,
 But that a soul might well be pleased to pass

An age in her ; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her ;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she,)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best ;
(And when we 've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this ;)
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assigned one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb ;
She, of whose soul if we may say, 't was gold,
Her body was the electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that ; we understood
Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought ;
She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone,
And chides us, slow-paced snails, who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 't were but little to have changed our room,
If, as we were in this our living tomb

Oppressed with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot;
Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st that thou
art so)

By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, though thou would'st but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our body is wrought
Of air and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth
flow,

Doth from one ventricle to the other go?
And for the putrid stuff, which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages; so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions, which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things which for our use be?

We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant ;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said ;
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reached unto ;
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt thou do ?
Oh ! when will thou shake off this pedantry,
Of being taught by sense and fantasy ? [great
Thou look'st through spectacles ; small things seem
Below ; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoiled of fallacies :
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern ;
In heaven thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
Perchance as learned and as full as she ;
She, who all libraries had thoroughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good, as would make as many more
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do, or think well, and confesse
That all the virtuous actions they express,
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action ;

She who in the art of knowing Heaven was grown
 Here upon earth to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to heaven she came,
 In a far fairer print but read the same;
 She, she not satisfied with all this weight,
 (For so much knowledge as would overfreight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well to enjoy, as get; perfection,
 And calls us after her, in that she took
 (Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
 Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy,
 And meditation of what thou shalt be,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
 With whom thy conversation must be there.
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station
 Canst thou choose out free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
 Shalt thou not find a spongy slack divine
 Drink and suck in the instructions of great men,
 And for the word of God vent them agen?
 Are there not some courts (and then * no things be
 So like as courts) which in this let us see,
 That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
 Because they do more ill, than these can speak?
 The poison's gone through all; poisons affect
 Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
 In nails, and hairs, yea excrements, will show;
 So lies the poison of sin in the most low.

* Qu. there?

Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear ;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said ;
Where she's exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of motherhood ;
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they've enjoyed him yet ;
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophesies grown to be history ;
Up to the Apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course, with more light than the sun ;
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oil to the Apostle's lamps, dew to their seed ;
Up to those Virgins, who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give ;
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities ;
She, who being to herself a state, enjoyed
All royalties, which any state employed ;
For she made wars, and triumphed ; reason still
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will ;
And she made peace ; for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss ;
She did high justice ; for she crucified
Every first motion of rebellious pride ;
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herself except, she pardoned all ;

She coined ; in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have ;
She gave protections ; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
As these prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a sovereign state, Religion
Made her a church ; and these two made her all.
She, who was all this all, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More antidote, than all the world was ill)
She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
All this in heaven ; whither who doth not strive
The more because she's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in heaven do grow.
But pause, my soul, and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, the essential ;
Still before accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be tried ;
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon earth ? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes ? Dost thou love
Beauty ? (and beauty worthiest is to move ;)
Poor cozened cozener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now ;
You are both fluid, changed since yesterday ;
Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay ;
Nor are (although the river keep the name)
Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same,
So flows her face, and thine eyes ; neither now,
That saint nor pilgrim which your loving vow

Concerned, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, you are hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this honour, and then loved it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit.
But since all honours from inferiors flow,
(For they do give it; princes do but show [this
Whom they would have so honoured;]) and that
On such opinions and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less,
Alas! 'tis but a casual happiness.
Hath ever any man to himself assigned
This or that happiness to arrest his mind,
But that another man, which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
They who did labour Babel's tower to erect,
Might have considered that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow,
And that his centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base;
No more affords this world foundation
To erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the heathen made them several gods
Of all God's benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the wine and corn and onions are
Gods unto them, so agues be, and war,)

And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coins, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust ;
So much mankind true happiness mistakes ;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
'Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again ;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference ; and be thou such ;
Double on heaven thy thoughts ; on earth employed,
All will not serve ; only who have enjoyed
The sight of God in fulness, can think it ;
For it is both the object and the wit ;
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution, nor we ;
'Tis such a full and such a filling good,
Had the angels once looked on him, they had stood
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She, whom we celebrate, is gone before ;
She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy ;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in images they be ;
Who kept by diligent devotion
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first parent's fault, and not her own ;

Who, being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract ;
 Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betrothed to God, and now is married there ;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day ;
 Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray ;
 Who being here filled with grace, yet strove to be
 Both where more grace, and more capacity
 At once is given ; she to heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heaven, and here became unto us all,
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
 But could this low world joys essential touch,
 Heaven's accidental joys would pass them much.
 How poor and lame must then our casual be ?
 If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art than,
 By being greater, grown to be less man.
 When no physician of redress can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous apostem in thy breast ;
 And whilst thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest.
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 Whate'er was casual, may ever be :
 What should the nature change ? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual when it came ?
 All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
 Only by coming, that it can away.
 Only in heaven joy's strength is never spent
 And accidental things are permanent.

Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays,
(For that soul ever joys, and ever stays ;)
Joy, that their last great consummation
Approaches in the resurrection,
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be, than angels were, (for they could fall,)
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that she,
She, in whose goodness he that names degree,
Doth injure her ; ('tis loss to be called best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest) ;
She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better ; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on-both-sides-written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
As strong records for God, as minds within ;
She, who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Longed for, and longing for 't, to heaven is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here, in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not, heaven knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite,

But thou would'st not ; nor would'st thou be content

To take this, for my second year's true rent,
 Did this coin bear any other stamp than his
 That gave thee power to do, me, to say this :
 Since his will is that to posterity
 Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
 And that the world should notice have of this,
 The purpose and the authority is his ;
 Thou art the proclamation ; and I am
 The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE
 PRINCE HENRY.

LOOK to me, faith, and look to my faith, God ;
 For both my centres feel this period.
 Of weight one centre, one of greatness is ;
 And reason is that centre, faith is this ;
 For into our reason flow, and there do end,
 All that this natural world doth comprehend,

Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
 Shut in for man in one circumference;
 But for the enormous greatneses, which are
 So disproportioned, and so angular,
 As is God's essence, place, and providence,
 Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence.
 These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
 Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
 For Reason, put to her best extension,
 Almost meets Faith, and makes both centres
 one;
 And nothing ever came so near to this,
 As contemplation of that Prince we miss.
 For all, that Faith might credit mankind could,
 Reason still seconded that this prince would.
 If then least moving of the centre make
 More, than if whole hell belched, the world to
 shake,
 What must this do, centres distracted so,
 That we see not what to believe or know?
 Was it not well believed till now, that he,
 Whose reputation was an ecstasy
 On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he discovered what ways he would take;
 For whom, what princes angled, when they tried
 Met a torpedo and were stupefied;
 And others' studies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great father's greatest instrument,
 And activest spirit, to convey and tie
 This soul of peace to Christianity?

Was it not well believed, that he would make
 This general peace the Eternal overtake
 And that his times might have stretched out so far,
 As to touch those, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirm this just belief, that now
 The last days came, we saw heaven did allow,
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peaceful times rumours of wars should rise.
 But now this faith is heresy : we must
 Still stay, and vex our great grandmother, Dust.
 Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
 Of plagues on us ; and only now, when more
 Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery,
 And will not let's enjoy our curse, to die?
 As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
 'T were an ambition, to desire to fall ;
 So God, in our desire to die, doth know
 Our plot for ease, in being wretched so ;
 Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth and generation done,
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
 Nor hath our world now other soul than that.
 And could grief get so high as heaven, that choir,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
 (With grief to see him) he had stayed below,
 To rectify our errors they foreknow.
 Is the other centre, Reason, faster then? [men?
 Where should we look for that, now we're not

For if our Reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'T were madness to inquire of accident,
So is it to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin ;
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us with busy proof to come,
That we've no Reason, would prove we had some ;
So would just lamentations : therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We've double excuse ; he's not dead, and we are.
Yet I would not die yet ; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
(Our soul's best baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embraced the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (since I live) but see or hear,
That she-intelligence which moved this sphere,
I pardon fate my life ; who e'er thou be,
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she :
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By the oaths which only you two never broke,

By all the souls ye sighed, that if you see
These lines, you wish I knew your history ;
So much as you two mutual heavens were here,
I were an angel, singing what you were.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir ; I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it ; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words, which must express it. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours ; so his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece ; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your Ladyship's

Most humble and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

OBSEQUIES

TO THE LORD HARRINGTON'S BROTHER.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

FAIR soul, which wast not only as all souls be,
 Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
 But did'st continue so, and now dost bear
 A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere ;
 If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find that any way is pervious
 'Twixt heaven and earth, and that men's actions do
 Come to your knowledge and affections too,
 See, and with joy, me to that good degree
 Of goodness grown, that I can study thee.
 And by these meditations refined,
 Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
 And so can make by this soft ecstasy,
 This place a map of heaven, myself of thee.
 Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest ;
 Time's dead-low water, when all minds divest
 To-morrow's business ; when the labourers have
 Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
 Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this ;
 Now when the client, whose last hearing is
 To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemned man,
 (Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them than

Again by death,) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep;
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both Church and State, in seeing
thee;

And I discern by favour of this light
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; as thou, when thou dost see
Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we
see

All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be looked on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as, if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop which I looked on, is presently
Pushed with more waters from my sight, and gone;
So in this sea of virtues, can no one

Be insisted on; virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies,
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are framed
Of all the purest parts that can be named,
Honours not spirits half so much as he,
Which says they have no parts, but simple be,
So is it of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant to have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time and space.
So was it in this person, forced to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome;
So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breathed chronicles can touch.

As when an angel down from heaven doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company ;
We cannot think, now he is at the sun,
Now through the moon, now through the air doth
run,

Yet when he's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heaven and earth, sun, moon, and
air ;

And as this angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings,
When they, whose slow-paced lame thoughts can-
not go

So fast as he, think that he doth not so,
(Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B,)

So in short-lived good men is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good ;
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go and know, and as men read.

O, why should then these men, these lumps of
balm,

Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffused and spread,
And so make us alive, themselves be dead ?

O soul ! O circle ! why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death closed up in thee ?

Since one foot of thy compass still was placed
 In heaven, the other might securely have paced
 In the most large extent through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man, the abridgment
 hath.

Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
 (Yea, and those small ones, which the poles en-
 grave)

All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of the equinoctial,
 Yet when we come to measure distances,
 How here, how there the sun affected is,
 When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
 Only great circles then can be our scale;
 So, though thy circle to thyself express
 All tending to thy endless happiness,
 And we, by our good use of it, may try
 Both how to live well (young) and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His torrid zone at court, and calentures
 Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
 Zeal's agues, and by hydroptic avarice,
 (Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust and ignorance of youth);
 Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing set us what to do?
 Though, as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel,
 Whose hands gets shaking palsies, and whose string
 (His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring

Expires or languishes, whose pulse, the flee,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men, which to their last hours come,
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will,
So youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.

Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Placed to inform whole towns to employ their time,
An error doth more harm, being general,
When small clocks' faults only on the wearer fall,
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state rely ;
Why would'st not thou then, which hadst such a
soul,

A clock so true, as might the sun control,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such, as it could never be
Disordered, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
Oh why wouldest thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course? or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy first
breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirlpool, death ;

Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where when the several labourers I see
For children, house, provision, taking pain, [grain
They're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich ;
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, new Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them :
At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy triumph. But since laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the triumphers say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make the triumph less.
By law to triumphs none admitted be,
Till they, as magistrates, get victory ;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destined thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subject's love,
Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.

Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou should'st successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
Both envy, and acclamations popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers mine, those which are great)
Till then thy war was but a civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are ;
No more are they, who, though with good success,
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarged, and not preserved alone ;
Why should'st thou then, whose battles were to
win

Thyself from those straits nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he, who takes indentures, doth require,
But didst not stay, to enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do ;
Why should'st thou triumph now, when heaven no
more

Hath got, by getting thee, than it had before ?
For heaven and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place, which is conquered, must be

Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out ;
And hath he left us so? or can it be
His territory was no more than he?
No, we were all his charge ; the diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is ;
And he was joined in commission
With tutelar angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who triumphed, were lawful, it was tied
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the senate who this triumph gave ;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph, before by age he might ;
So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write
Moved with a reverential anger, thus
That thou so early would'st abandon us,
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispensed with thee
'Gainst nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumphs : and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead,
To die with them and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon Wives, and French Soldarii did ;

And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns
divest
Their walls and bulwarks, which became them
best ;
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behindhand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

AN ELEGY ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our bank, whene'er it takes a friend :
Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent ;
Our waters, then above our firmament,
(Tears, which our soul doth for her sins let fall,)
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral ;
And even those tears, which should wash sin,
are sin.
We, after God's Noah, drown our world again.

Nothing but man, of all envenomed things,
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles ; we cannot see
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach ;
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroidered works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refined by death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay,
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay,
So at this grave, her limbec (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall
Make and name them the elixir of this all.
They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too ;
If carnal death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body ; our soul, which subject is
To the elder death by sin, is freed by this ;
They perish both, when they attempt the just ;
For graves our trophies are, and both deaths'*
dust.

So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both ;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loth,
Nor do they die, which are not loth to die ;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.

* Edd. 1633 and 1635. death's.

Of what small spots pure white complains ! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass !
She sinned but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, all sinners be.
So much did zeal her conscience rarefy,
That extreme truth lacked little of a lie,
Making omissions acts, laying the touch
Of sin on things, that sometime may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too,
So would her soul, already in heaven, seem then
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent :
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reformed this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be ;
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they, that hear her virtues, think her old ;
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH, I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 Whate'er hath slipt, that might diminish thee :
 Spiritual treason, atheism 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy summons disobey.
 The earth's face is but thy table ; there are set
 Plants, cattle, men, dished for Death to eat.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starved jaws ;
 Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first, well preserved to last ;
 Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him ; he sinks the deep,
 Where harmless fish monastic silence keep,
 Who (were Death dead) the roes of living sand
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
 In birds', Heaven's choristers, organic throats,
 Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
 A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.
 O, strong and long-lived Death, how cam'st
 thou in ?
 And how without creation didst begin ?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou diest,
 All the four monarchies, and antichrist.

How could I think thee nothing, that see now
 In all this all, nothing else is; but thou?
 Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
 Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
 For we to live, our bellows wear, and breath;
 Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
 And though thou beest (O mighty bird of prey)
 So much reclaimed by God, that thou must lay
 All, that thou kill'st, at his feet; yet doth he
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
 One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own;
 She was more stories high: hopeless to come
 To her soul, thou hast offered at her lower room.
 Her soul and body was a king and court;
 But thou hast both of captain missed and fort.
 As houses fall not, though the kings remove,
 Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
 Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
 As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
 Both work a separation, no divorce:
 Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be almost another soul, for there
 Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
 Because in her her virtues did outgo
 Her years, would'st thou, O emulous Death, do so,
 And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
 Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
 What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins
 of youth?
 Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th.

Thou should'st have stayed, and taken better hold ;
Shortly, ambitious ; covetous, when old,
She might have proved ; and such devotion
Might once have strayed to superstition.
If all her virtues must have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persevered just, there would have been
Some that would sin, misthinking she did sin ;
Such as would call her friendship love, and feign
To sociableness a name profane ;
Or sin by tempting ; or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou have slain more souls, hadst
 thou not crost
Thyself, and, to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet, though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone :
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much ;
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must
 cost,
Because the chain is broke, though no link lost.

ON HIMSELF.

MADAM,

THAT I might make your cabinet my tomb,
 And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
 Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
 Admit to that place this last funeral scroll.
 Others by wills give legacies, but I,
 Dying, of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my choice * this custom break,
 When we are speechless † grown, to make stones
 speak :

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside seest, what thou art now:
 Yet thou 'rt not yet so good ; till death us lay
 To ripe and mellow here, we 're stubborn clay.
 Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
 Us to be glass ; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our souls sin bred and pampered is,
 Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses ;
 So we ourselves miraculously destroy ;
 Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
 Such privileges, enabled here to scale
 Heaven, when the trumpet's air shall them exhale.

* *Var.* will.† *Var.* senseless.

Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
 By making me, being dead, do good for thee ;
 And think me well composed, that I could now
 A last sick hour to syllables allow.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

DEATH, be not proud ; thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow :
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy coming terror, anguish, grief denounces ;
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
 From out the crystal palace of her breast,
 The clearer soul was called to endless rest,
 (Not by the thundering voice, wherewith God
 threatens,
 But as with crowned saints in heaven he treats,)
 And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers sought ;
 The key of mercy gently did unlock
 The door 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
 Because to mortal eyes it did decay ;
 A better witness than thou art assures
 That, though dissolved, it yet a space endures ;

No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people cursed before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery given by grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams washed
should be;

And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears not charmed with that sweet
sound

Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience did not yield and melt
At what in her last act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after-stay's but a short night:
But by all souls, not by corruption choked,
Let in high-raised notes that power be invoked;
Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here to a kingdom ever blest.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

ELEGY ON THE LORD C.

SORROW, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, oh! heir of it, our all is his prey.

This strange chance claims strange wonder, and
to us

Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus.

'Tis well, his life's loud-speaking works deserve,
And give praise too; our cold tongues could not
serve:

'Tis well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.

Oh, if a sweet-brier climb up by a tree,

If to a paradise that transplanted be,

Or felled, and burnt for holy sacrifice,

Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,

As we for him dead, — though no family

E'er rigged a soul for heaven's discovery,

With whom more venturers more boldly dare

Venture their states, with him in joy to share.

We lose, what all friends loved, him; he gains now

But life by death, which worst foes would allow,

If he could have foes, in whose practice grew

All virtues, whose name subtle school-men knew

What ease can hope, that we shall see him, beget;

When we must die first, and cannot die yet?

His children are his pictures ; Oh ! they be
Pictures of him dead ; senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone ;
He, and about him his, are turned to stone.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I PRESUME you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse ; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best, when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth, as it defeats all poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity ; But I thank you, that you would command me that, which I was lother to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend

and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

ELEGY ; XI.

DEATH.

LANGUAGE, thou art too narrow and too weak
 To ease us now ; great sorrows cannot speak ;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weep words !
 Grief wears and lessens, that tears breath affords ;
 Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
 (So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar,)
 Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate ;
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
 Tyrant in the fifth and greatest monarchy,
 Was't that she did possess all hearts before,
 Thou hast killed her, to make thy empire more ?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not,
 lament,
 As in a deluge perish the innocent ?
 Was't not enough to have that palace won,
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone ?
 Hadst thou stayed there, and looked out at her
 eyes,
 All had adored thee, that now from thee flies ;
 For they let out more light than they took in,
 They told not when, but did the day begin ;
 She was too sapphirine and clear for thee ;
 Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be :
 Alas ! she was too pure, but not too weak ;
 Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break ?

And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
 Thou hast lost thy end, in her we perish all : *
 Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
 That know her better now, who knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine and die ;
 Since she first went, that were not misery :
 She changed our world with hers : now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression :
 For of all moral virtues she was all
 That Ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
 Her soul was paradise ; the Cherubin
 Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin :
 She had no more than let in death, for we
 All reap consumption from one fruitful tree :
 God took her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his laws above :
 And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
 To raise our minds to heaven, where now she is :
 Who if her virtues would have let her stay,
 We had had a saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
 That what we turn to feast, she turned to pray,
 And did prefigure here in devout taste
 The rest of her high sabbath which shall last.
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that Order whence most fell,)

* Ed. 1633, for in her perish all.

Her body is left with us, lest some had said,
 She could not die, except they saw her dead ;
 For from less virtue and less beauteousness
 The gentiles framed them gods and goddesses ;
 The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
 Earth too, will be a Lemnia ; and the tree,
 That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,*
 Shall be took up spruce, filled with diamond :
 And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
 Of grief, for all would break a stoic's heart.

AN EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE. †

RENOWNED Chaucer, lie a thought more nigh
 To rare Beaumont ; and learned Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakspeare in your threefold fourfold tomb ;
 To lie all four in one bed make a shift,
 For until doomsday hardly shall a fift
 Betwixt this day and that be slain,
 For whom your curtains need be drawn again ;

* Mr. G. L. Craik has suggested "round" as a preferable reading. See *Literature and Learning in England*, 2d Series, vol. iii.

† [These lines are by William Basse and were falsely imputed to Donne, in the edition of his poems published in 1633.]

But if precedency in death doth bar
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
 Under this curled marble of thine own,
 Sleep, rare tragedian! Shakspeare, sleep alone,
 That unto us and others it may be
 Honor hereafter to be laid by thee!

A HYMN TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MAR-
 QUESS HAMILTON.

WHETHER that soul, which now comes up to you,
 Fill any former rank, or make a new,
 Whether it take a name named there before,
 Or be a name itself, and order more
 Than was in heaven till now; (for may not he
 Be so, if every several angel be
 A kind alone;) whatever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, we do not so.
 One of your orders grows by his access,
 But by his loss grow all our orders less:
 The name of father, master, friend, the name
 Of subject and of prince, in one is lame;
 Fair mirth is damp and conversation black,
 The household widowed, and the Garter slack;
 The chapel wants an ear, council a tongue,
 Story a theme, and music lacks a song.

Blest order, that hath him ! the loss of him
Gangrened all orders here ; all lost a limb !
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was : all former comeliness
Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none :
So fell our monasteries, in an instant grown,
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone ;
So sent his body that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
Anticipate a resurrection ;
For, as in his fame, now, his soul is here,
So in the form thereof his body is there.
And if, fair soul, not with first innocents
Thy station be, but with the penitents ;
(And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
Dyed scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that color, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men ?)
When thou rememberest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean :
With him a David, her a Magdalen.

DIVINE POEMS.

THE END OF THE WORLD

HOLY SÖNNETS.

I. LA CORONA.

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weaved in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou, which of good hast, yea, art treasury,
All-changing unchanged, Ancient of days ;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gained, that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our
ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest ;
The first last end now zealously possess,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

SALVATION to all that will is nigh ;
That All, which always is all everywhere,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himself to lie
In prison in thy womb ; and though he there

Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he 'll wear,
 Taken from thence, flesh, which Death's force
 may try.

Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
 Wast in his mind (who is thy son and brother,
 Whom thou conceiv'st) conceived; yea, thou art
 now

Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
 Thou 'st light in dark, and shut in little room
 Immensity, cloistered in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITY.

IMMENSITY, cloistered in thy dear womb,
 Now leaves his well-beloved imprisonment,
 There he hath made himself to his intent
 Weak enough, now into our world to come;
 But oh, for thee, for him, hath the inn no room?
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient
 Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
 The effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
 Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eye, how he,
 Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pitied by thee?
 Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
 With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

WITH his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,
 Joseph, turn back; see where your child doth sit

Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himself on the Doctors did bestow ;
The Word but lately could not speak, and lo
It suddenly speaks wonders : whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow-seeming child should deeply know ?
His Godhead was not soul to his Manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeness ;
But as for one which hath a long task, 'tis good
With the sun to begin his business,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

By miracles exceeding power of man
He faith in some, envy in some begat,
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate ;
In both affections many to him ran,
But oh ! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas ! and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
Measuring self-life's infinity to a span,
Nay, to an inch. Lo, where condemned he
Bears his own cross with pain ; yet by and by,
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

MOIST with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul
 Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
 Too stony-hard, and yet too fleshly) be
 Freed by that drop, from being starved, hard, or
 foul ;
 And life, by this death abled, shall control
 Death, whom thy death slew ; nor shall to me
 Fear of first or last death bring misery,
 If in thy life's *book my name thou enroll :
 Flesh in that long sleep is not putrefied,
 But made that there, of which, and for which, 't was,
 Nor can by other means be glorified.
 May then sin sleep, and death soon from me pass,
 That, waked from both, I again risen may
 Salute the last and everlasting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

SALUTE the last and everlasting day,
 Joy at the uprising of this Sun and Son,
 Ye, whose just † tears or tribulation
 Have purely washed or burnt your drossy clay ;
 Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
 Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon.
 Nor doth he by ascending shew alone,
 But first he, and he first, enters the way.
 O strong Ram, which hast battered heaven for me,

* *Var.* little, Ed. 1633 ; life, Ed. 1635.

† *Var.* true, Ed. 1635.

Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast marked
 the path,
 Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see.
 Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath:
 And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
 Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise!

VIII.

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
 I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
 Despair behind, and Death before doth cast
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh:
 Only thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour myself I can sustain;
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

IX.

As due by many titles, I resign
 Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
 By thee and for thee, and, when I was decayed,
 Thy blood bought that the which before was thine
 I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
 Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repaid,

Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betrayed
 Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
 Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
 Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
 Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
 Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall* see [me,
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose
 And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

X.

OH! might these sighs and tears return again
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourned in vain;
 In mine idolatry what showers of rain [rent!
 Mine eyes did waste! what griefs my heart did
 That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
 'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
 The hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouring thief,
 The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
 Have th' remembrance of past joys, for relief
 Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allowed
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been
 The effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

XI.

O! MY black soul, now thou art summoned
 By sickness, Death's herald and champion,

* *Var. do.*

And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

XIII.

THIS is my play's last scene; here heavens ap-
point

My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then, as my soul to heaven, her first seat, takes
flight,

And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would press me to
hell.

Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

XIV.

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire shall, overthrow;

All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose
 eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe;
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
 For, if above all these my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good,
 As if thou'd'st sealed my pardon with thy blood.

XV.

If faithful souls be alike glorified
 As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicity,
 That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride:
 But if our minds to these souls be descried
 By circumstances and by signs, that be
 Apparent in us not immediately,
 How shall my mind's white truth by them be tried?
 They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
 And stile * blasphemous conjurers to call
 On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
 Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
 O pensive soul, to God; for he knows best
 Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

* I think this clearly ought to be "still," but as there may be a meaning which I have not found, I leave the text as it is.

XVI.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
 Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
 If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
 Cannot be damned, alas! why should I be?
 Why should intent or reason, born in me,
 Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
 And mercy being easy and glorious
 To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
 But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?
 O God, oh! of thine only worthy blood,
 And my tears, make a heavenly Lethæan flood,
 And drown in it my sin's black memory:
 That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
 I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

XVII.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must
 flow:
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and des-
 perate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke, why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt die.

XVIII.

SPIT in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
 Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me :
 For I have sinned and sinned ; and only he,
 Who could do no iniquity, hath died :
 But by my death cannot be satisfied
 My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety :
 They killed once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucify him daily, being now glorified.
 O, let me then his strange love still admire :
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment ;
 And Jacob came, clothed in vile harsh attire,
 But to supplant, and with gainful intent ;
 God clothed himself in vile man's flesh, that so
 He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XIX.

WHY are we by all creatures waited on ?
 Why do the prodigal elements supply
 Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
 Simpler, and further from corruption ?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection ?
 Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
 Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,

Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed
 upon?
 Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
 You have not sinned, nor need be timorous;
 But wonder at a greater,* for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue;
 But their Creator, whom sin nor nature tied,
 For us, his creatures and his foes, hath died.

XX.

WHAT if this present were the world's last night?
 Mark in my heart, O Soul, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether his countenance can thee affright;
 Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
 Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierced head
 fell;
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which prayed forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
 No, no; but as in my idolatry
 I said to all my profane mistresses,
 Beauty of pity, foulness only is
 A sign of rigor; so I say to thee;
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assigned,
 This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XXI.

BATTER my heart, three-personed God, for you
 As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to mend

* *Var.* at a greater wonder, Ed. 1633.

That I may rise and stand ; o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like a usurpt town to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end ;
Reason, your victory in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue ;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy :
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you 'enthrall me, never shall be free ;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XXII.

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his temple in thy breast ;
The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun,)
Hath deigned to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to his glory, and Sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robbed man, which by search doth find
His stolen stuff sold, must lose or buy it again,
The sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us, whom he had made and Satan stole, to unbind.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before ;
But, that God should be made like man, much
more.

XXIII.

FATHER, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me ;
 His jointure in the knotty Trinity
 He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
 This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath
 blest,
 Was from the world's beginning slain ; and he
 Hath made two wills, which, with the legacy
 Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest :
 Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet,
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfil ;
 None doth ; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
 Revive again what law and letter kill :
 Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
 Is all but love ; O, let this last will stand !

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

IN that, O Queen of queens, thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb they life receive,
 God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
 He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,

By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
And so wast linked to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O queens, that earthly crowns do
wear,

To glory in the pomp of earthly things ;
If men such high respects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of
kings,

What honour can unto that Queen be done,
Who had your God for Father, Spouse, and Son ?

THE CROSS.

SINCE Christ embraced the Cross itself, dare I,
His image, the image of his Cross deny ?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise ?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it ?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains, who there did die ?
From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken, shall this Cross withdraw ;
It shall not, for it cannot ; for the loss
Of this Cross were to me another Cross ;

Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the Cross, which the instrument
Of God dewed on me in the Sacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross;
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss;
Look down, thou spiest out crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds raised on crossed wings.
All the globe's frame and spheres is nothing else
But the meridian's crossing parallels.
Material crosses then good physic be;
But yet spiritual have chief dignity;
These for extracted chemic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When 'stilled or purged by tribulation:
For, when that cross ungrudged unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix,
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take:
Let crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft alchemists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love;
And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility;
For 'tis no child, but monster: therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double loss;

And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
 Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
 For if the eye seek good objects, and will take
 No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking, cross the rest,
 Make them indifferent; call nothing best.*
 But most the eye needs crossing; that can roam
 And move; to the others objects must come home.
 And cross thy heart; for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Cross those detorsions,† when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the brain through bony walls doth vent
 By sutures, which a cross's form present,
 So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
 Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of crosses, let none fall:
 Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
 Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
 The Cross's pictures much, and with more care
 That Cross's children, which our crosses are.

* *Var.* Make them indifferent; all, nothing best, Ed. 1635.

† *Var.* dejections, Ed. 1633.

PSALM 137.

I.

BY Euphrates' flowery side
 We did bide,
From dear Judah far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
 And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

WHEN poor Sion's doleful state,
 Desolate,
Sacked, burned, and enthralled ;
And the Temple spoiled, which we
 Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we called :

III.

OUR mute harps, untuned, unstrung,
 Up we hung
On green willows near beside us ;
Where we sitting all forlorn,
 Thus in scorn
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

IV.

COME, sad captives, leave your moans,
 And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
 In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

CAN, ah ! can we leave our moans ?
 And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury ?
Can we in this land sing lays
 In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry ?

VI.

No ; dear Sion, if I yet
 Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become
 Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

LET my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
To my parched roof be glued ;
If in either harp or voice
 I rejoice,
Till thy joys shall be renewed.

VIII.

LORD, curse Edom's traitorous kind,
 Bear in mind,
 In our ruins how they revelled :
Sack, kill, burn, they cried out still,
Sack, burn, kill,
Down with all, let all be levelled!

IX.

AND thou, Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride,
 Now aflowing, grows to turning ;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

HAPPY he, who shall thee waste,
 As thou hast
 Us without all mercy wasted,
 And shall make thee taste and see,
 What poor we
 By thy means have seen and tasted.

XI.

HAPPY, who thy tender barns
 From the arms
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthless stones
 With their brains and blood besmearing.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

SLEEP, sleep, old sun, thou canst not have re-past
As yet the wound, thou took'st on Friday last ;
Sleep then, and rest, the world may bear thy stay ;
A better sun rose before thee to-day,
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlightened hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale ;
Whose body having walked on earth, and now
Hastening to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold, when he lay down, but rose
All tincture ; and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make even sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail body,* abstain to-day ; to-day
 My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away ;
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle emblem is,
 Whose first and last concur ; this doubtful day
 Of feast or fast Christ came, and went away.
 She sees him nothing twice at once, who's all ;
 She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall ;
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once not yet alive, and dead ;
 She sees at once the Virgin-mother stay
 Reclused at home, public at Golgotha.
 Sad and rejoiced she's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fifty and at scarce fifteen :
 At once a son is promised her, and gone ;
 Gabriel gives Christ to her, He her to John :
 Not fully a mother, she's in orbity,
 At once receiver and the legacy.
 All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
 The abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
 (As in plain maps the furthest West is East)
 Of the angel's *Ave*, and *consummatum est*.

* *Var.* flesh, Ed. 1635.

How well the Church, God's Court of Faculties,
 Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
 As by the self-fixed Pole we never do
 Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
 Which shows where the other is, and which we say
 (Because it strays not far) doth never stray,
 So God by his Church, nearest to him, we know,
 And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
 His Spirit as his fiery pillar doth
 Lead, and his Church as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting those days* join, hath
 shown

Death and conception in mankind are one;
 Or 'twas in him the same humility,
 That he would be a man and leave to be.
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgment but one period,
 His imitating spouse would join in one
 Manhood's extremes: *he shall come, he is gone.*
 Or as, though one blood-drop which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have served, he yet shed all,
 So, though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
 Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
 This treasure then in gross, my soul, up-lay,
 And in my life retail it every day.

* *Var.* feasts, Ed. 1635.

GOODFRIDAY, 1613, RIDING WESTWARD.

LET man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
The intelligence that moves, devotion is ;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey,
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirled by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my soul's form bends towards the
East ;
There I should see a sun by rising set,
And, by that setting, endless day beget.
But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all ;
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die ;
What a death were it then to see God die ?
It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with those
holes ?

Could I behold that endless height which is
 Zenith to us, and our antipodes,
 Tumbled below us? or that blood which is
 The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
 Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
 By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
 If on these things I durst not look, durst I
 On his distressed* mother cast mine eye,
 Who was God's partner here, and furnished thus
 Half of that sacrifice, which ransomed us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'st
 towards me,

O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
 I turn my back to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
 Burn off my rusts, and my deformity;
 Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
 That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

* *Var.* upon his miserable, Ed 1632

THE LITANY:

I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and him by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else for us
 Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
 And recreate me, now grown ruinous :
 My heart is by dejection clay,
 And by self-murder red.
 From this red earth, O, Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may rise up from death, before I am dead.

II. THE SON.

O SON of God, who seeing two things,
 Sin and Death, crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, triedst with what stings
 The other could thine heritage invade ;
 O, be thou nailed unto my heart,
 And crucified again ;
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
 Drowned in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST, whose temple I
 Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,

And being sacrilegiously
 Half-wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
 Must with new storms be weather-beat,
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad tears intend ; and let
 (Though this glass lantern, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar be the same.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milk to Faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversely
 Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguished (undistinct)
 By power, love, knowledge be,
 Give me a such self-different instinct,
 Of these let all me elemented be,
 Of power to love, to know you, unnumbered Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

FOR that fair, blessed, mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeemed us,—That she-cherubin,
 Which unlocked Paradise, and made
 One claim for innocence, and disseized sin,—
 Whose womb was a strange heaven, for there
 God clothed himself, and grew,—
 Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
 Our helps, so are her prayers ; nor can she sue
 In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

VI. THE ANGELS.

AND since this life our nonage is,
 And we in wardship to thine angels be,
 Native in heaven's fair palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee ;
 As the earth, conceiving by the sun,
 Yields fair diversity,
 Yet never knows which course that light doth run,
 So let me study, that mine actions be
 Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

AND let thy patriarchs' desire
 (Those great-grandfathers of thy Church, which
 saw
 More in the cloud, than we in fire,
 Whom Nature cleared more, than us grace and law,
 And now in heaven still pray, that we
 May use our new helps right)
 Be satisfied,* and fructify in me ;
 Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII. THE PROPHETS.

THY eagle-sighted prophets, too,
 (Which were thy Church's organs, and did sound
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound,—
 Those heavenly poets, which did see

* *Var.* sanctified. Ed. 1633.

Thy will, and it express
 In rhythmic feet,) in common pray for me,
 That I by them excuse not my excess
 In seeking secrets, or poeticness.

IX. THE APOSTLES.

AND thy illustrious zodiac
 Of twelve apostles, which engirt this All,
 (From whom whosoe'er do not take
 Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall,)
 As through their prayers thou hast let me
 know,
 That their books are divine,
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
 The old broad way in applying; O, decline
 Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. THE MARTYRS.

AND since thou so desirously
 Didst long to die, that long before thou could'st,
 And long since thou no more could'st die,
 Thou in thy scattered mystic body would'st
 In Abel die, and ever since
 In thine; let their blood come
 To beg for us a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
 Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

THEREFORE with thee triumpheth there
 A virgin squadron of white confessors,

Whose bloods betrothed, not married, were ;
 Tendered, not taken by those ravishers :
 They know, and pray, that we may know ;
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow ;
 Temptations martyr us alive ; a man
 Is to himself a Diocletian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

THE cold, white, snowy nunnery,
 (Which, as thy mother, their high abness, sent
 Their bodies back again to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent,
 Though they have not obtained of thee,
 That or thy Church, or I,
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity,
 Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
 And call chaste widowhead virginity.

XIII. THE DOCTORS.

THY* sacred academe above
 Of doctors, whose pains have unclasped and taught
 Both books of life to us, (for love
 To know thy scriptures† tells us, we are wrote
 In thy other book,) pray for us there,
 That what they have misdome,
 Or missaid, we to that may not adhere ;
 Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
 Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun

* *Var.* the. † *Var.* the scriptures, Ed. 1635

XIV.

AND whilst this universal choir
 (That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warmed with one all-partaking fire
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
 Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do,
 Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us
 From trusting in those prayers, though poured out
 thus.

XV.

FROM being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clods of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,—
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All or no happiness, or that this earth
 Is only for our prison framed,
 Or that thou 'rt covetous
 To them thou lovest, or that they are maimed,
 From reaching this world's sweets, who seek thee
 thus
 With all their might, good Lord, deliver us.

XVI.

FROM needing danger to be good,
 From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope we wound our souls away
 From bribing thee with alms, t' excuse
 Some sin more burdenous,—

From light affecting, in religion, news,
 From thinking us all foul, neglecting thus
 Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

XVII.

FROM tempting Satan to tempt us,
 By our connivance, or slack company,—
 From measuring ill by vicious,
 Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, vanity,—
 From indiscreet humility,
 Which might be scandalous,
 And cast reproach on Christianity,—
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,—
 From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

DELIVER us through thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
 Of middle kind, and thou being sent
 To ungracious us, strayed'st as her full grace,—
 And through thy poor birth, where first thou
 Glorified'st poverty,
 And yet soon after riches didst allow,
 By accepting kings' gifts in the Epiphany,
 Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

AND through that bitter agony,
 Which still is the agony of pious wits,
 Disputing what distorted thee,

And interrupted evenness with fits,—
 And through thy free confession,
 Though thereby they were then
 Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have
 gone,
 Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when
 We may not, and we may, blind unjust men.

XX.

THROUGH thy submitting all to blows
 Thy face, thy robes * to spoil, thy fame to scorn,—
 All ways, which rage or justice knows,
 And by which thou could'st show that thou wast
 born,—
 And through thy gallant humbleness,
 Which thou in death didst show,
 Dying before thy soul they could express,—
 Deliver us from death, by dying so
 To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

WHEN senses, which thy soldiers are,
 We arm against thee, and they fight for sin,—
 When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
 And work Despair a breach to enter in,—
 When plenty, God's image and seal,
 Makes us idolatrous,
 And love it, not him whom it should reveal,—

* *Var.* clothes.

When we are moved to seem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord, deliver us.

XXII.

IN Churches when the infirmity
Of him which speaks, diminishes the Word,—
When magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,—
When plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or wars, thy champions, sway,—
When Heresy, thy second deluge, gains,—
In the hour of death, the eve of last judgment day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

HEAR us, O hear us, Lord: to thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres, or angels' praises be
In panegyric *Allelujas*,
Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say:
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives
voice and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

THAT we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety,—
That snatching cramps of wickedness,

And apoplexies of fast sin may die, —
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices, —
What in thy book thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord, hear us, when we pray

XXV.

THAT out ears' sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright, —
That we by hearkening not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite, —
That we get not a slipperiness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings' excess,
To admit the like of majesty divine, —
That we may lock our ears, Lord, open thine.

XXVI.

THAT living law, the magistrate,
Which, to give us and make us physic, doth
Our vices often aggravate, —
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth.
That Satan, and envenomed men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them thee decline, —
That we may open our ears, Lord, lock thine.

XXVII.

THAT learning, thine ambassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt, —
That beauty, paradise's flower,
For physic made, from poison be exempt, —
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too, —
That our affections kill us not, nor die, —
Hear us, weak echoes, O, thou ear, and cry.

XXVIII.

SON OF GOD, hear us; and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow;
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it nowhere be.

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS
BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, AND THE COUN-
TESS OF PEMBROKE HIS SISTER.

ETERNAL God, (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite,)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now ;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou ;)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These psalms' first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form,)
So thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
'Two by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one ;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony ;
Two, that made one John Baptist's holy voice,
And who that psalm, Now let the Isles rejoice,
Have both translated, and applied it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us islanders our joy, our king,
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.

Make all this all, three choirs, heaven, earth, and
spheres ;

The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man hears ;
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danced than sung ;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does here,)
This choir hath all. The organist is he,
Who hath tuned God and Man ; the organ we :
The songs are these, which heaven's high holy
Muse

Whispered to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely, too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold, that these psalms are become
So well attired abroad, so ill at home ;
So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reformed, until
This be reformed. Would a whole state present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent ?
And shall our Church unto our spouse and king
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing ?
For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,
Which by this Moses and this Miriam is
Already done ; and as those psalms we call
(Though some have other authors) David's all,
So though some have, some may some psalms
translate,

We thy Sydnean psalms shall celebrate ;
 And, till we come the extemporal song to sing,
 (Learned the first hour that we see the king
 Who hath translated those translators,) may
 These, their sweet learned labors, all the way
 Be as our tuning ; that, when hence we part,
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

O D E.

I.

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults ; but till
 She there do sit,
 We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way ; and thus, whilst we do ill,
 We suffer it.

II.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill :
 Enough we labor under age and care ;
 In number the errors of the last place are
 The greatest still.

III.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin,
 As soon repent,

(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not
 seen,
 But past us; neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.

IV.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
 Our minds to store,
 That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
 But form and color. Only he who knows
 Himself, knows more.

TO MR. TILMAN, AFTER HE HAD TAKEN
 ORDERS.

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caused thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
 Making lay-scornings of the ministry
 Not an impediment, but victory,
 What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy
 mind
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel
 Touched with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?
 Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
 For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware,

Hast thou thus trafficked, but with far more gain
 Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
 Thou art the same materials as before,
 Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
 And as new-crowned kings alter the face, ✱
 But not the money's substance, so hath grace
 Changed only God's old image by creation,
 To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
 Or as we paint angels with wings, because
 They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws,
 Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new-feathered with celestial love?
 Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
 What thy advantage is above, below;
 But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
 Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
 Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think
 unfit unfit for the gentry
 That gentry should join families with it?
 As if their day were only to be spent
 In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
 Alas, poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
 (For such are clothes and beauty, which, though
 gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)
 Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
 But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
 What function is so noble as to be
 Ambassador to God and destiny?

To open life? to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities? to keep heaven's
door?

Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'Tis preacher's to convey him; for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then the astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,
How brave are those, who with their engine can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to
man?

These are thy titles and preëminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the heavens, which beget all things here,
And the earth, our mother, which these things
doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S
LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood * 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood † betwixt my sins and thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go
Where none but thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of a harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself: as
thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.

* *Var.* our seas.

† *Var.* seas.

Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
 My soul : whoever gives, takes liberty :

Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
 Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
 On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for prayer that have least light ;
 To see God only, I go out of sight :
 And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
 An everlasting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

HE was the Word, that spake it ;
 He took the bread and brake it ;
 And what that Word did make it ;
 I do believe and take it.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY, FOR
THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TRE-
MELLIUS.

CHAP. I.

¹How sits this city, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus ?
Amplest of nations, queen of provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.

² Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her ; perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

³ Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led ; those nations,
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford ;
In straits she meets her persecutor's sword.

⁴ Empty are the gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days :
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless ;
And she's unto herself a bitterness.

⁵ Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace ;
Because, when her transgressions did increase,

The Lord strook her with sadness : the enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone ;
Like harts, which seek for pasture and find none,
Her princes are : and now before the foe,
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
(Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old she esteemed most,
Whilst her foes laugh at her, for which she hath
lost.

8. Jerusalem hath sinned, therefore is she
Removed, as women in uncleanness be :
Who honoured, scorn her ; for her foulness they
Have seen ; herself doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remembered not her end ; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting : behold,
O Lord, my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretched his hand ; for she hath
seen
Heathen, whom thou command'st should not
do so,
Into her holy sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread ;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay :
How cheap I am grown, O Lord, behold, and
weigh.

12 All this concerns not you, who pass by me ;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath ?

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown ;
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hand hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreathed, and cast upon my neck, hath
broke
My strength : the lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men ; he the wine-press hath
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep ; mine eye, mine
eye
Casts water out ; for he which should be nigh

To comfort me, is now departed far ;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There 's none, though Sion do stretch out her
hand,

To comfort her ; it is the Lord's command,
That Jacob's foes girt him : Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebelled against his holy will :
O hear, all people, and my sorrow sec,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceived me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city ; for they sought for meat,
Which should refresh their souls, and none could
get.

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah, see
My heart o'erturned, my bowels muddy be ;
Because I have rebelled so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth waste.

21. Of all, which here I mourn, none comforts
me ;

My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it ; but thy promised day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

12. Let all their wickedness appear to thee ;
 Do unto them, as thou hast done to me
 For all my sins : the sighs which I have had
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
 His wrath's thick cloud ! and from heaven hath
 flung
 To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
 Forgot his footstool in the day of wrath !

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
 All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
 To ground the strength of Juda, and profaned
 The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
 Hath clean cut off, and, lest the enemy
 Be hindered, his right hand he doth retire ;
 But is towards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
 His right hand was in posture of a foe,
 To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
 'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

6. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel, and his palaces ;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughter's lamentations.
6. Like to a garden-hedge, he hath cast down
The place, where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot ;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.
7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary ; and in the foe's hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground ;
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.
9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar ; their kings and princes be
Amongst the heathen, without law ; nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.
10. There Sion's elders on the ground are placed,
And silence keep ; dust on their heads they cast ;
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw

· My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping : and my liver lies
Poured out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets do die.

¹² When they had cried unto their mothers,
where
Shall we have bread and drink ? they fainted
there ;
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
'Till 'twixt their mother's breasts they went away.

¹³ Daughter Jerusalem, oh ! what may be
A witness, or comparison for thee ?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee ?
Thy breach is like the sea ; what help can be ?

¹⁴ For thee vain foolish things thy prophets
sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturb thy bondage : but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.

¹⁵ The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, is this
That city which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all ?

¹⁶ Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, devour we this ;

For this is certainly the day which we
Expected, and which now we find and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed ;
Fulfilled his word, of old determined ;
He hath thrown down, and not spared, and thy
foe
Made glad above thee, and advanced him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let tears fall
Down like a river, day and night ; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins ;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this ; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a span ? shall thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary ?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do
lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die ;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

² As to a solemn feast, all whom I feared
 Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appeared,
 None did remain or 'scape; for those which I
 Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

- ¹ I AM the man which have affliction seen,
 Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
² He hath led me to darkness, not to light:
³ And against me all day his hand doth fight.
- ⁴ He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh
 and skin;
⁵ Built up against me; and hath girt me in
 With hemlock, and with labour; ⁶ and set me
 In dark, as they who dead forever be.
- ⁷ He hath hedged me, lest I scape, and added
 more
 To my steel fetters, heavier than before.
- ⁸ When I cry out, he outshuts my prayer; ⁹ and
 hath
 Stopped with hewn stone my way, and turned my
 path.
- ¹⁰ And like a lion hid in secrecy,
 Or bear which lies in wait, he was to me.

¹¹. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate ;
¹² And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

¹³. He made the children of his quiver pass
Into my reins. ¹⁴. I with my people was
All the day long a song and mockery.

¹⁵. He hath filled me with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. ¹⁶. He
hath burst

My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.

¹⁷. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

¹⁸. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said,)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.

¹⁹. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction ;

²⁰. My soul is humbled in remembering this ;

²¹. My heart considers ; therefore hope there is,

²². 'Tis God's great mercy we are not utterly
Consumed, for his compassions do not die ;

²³. For every morning they renewed be ;
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.

²⁴. The Lord is, saith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

²⁵. The Lord is good to them who on him rely,
And to the soul that seeks him earnestly.

²⁶ It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

²⁷ 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear.

²⁸ He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it : ²⁹ and his mouth he
lays

Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

³⁰ He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.

³¹ For not forever doth the Lord forsake ;

³² But when he hath struck with sadness, he
doth take

Compassion, as his mercy is infinite.

³³ Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,

³⁴ That under foot the prisoners stamped be ;

³⁵ That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him ; ³⁶ that he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.

³⁷ Who then will say, that ought doth come to
pass,

But that which by the Lord commanded was ?

³⁸ Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds ;

³⁹ Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds ?

⁴⁰ Turn we to God, by trying out our ways ;

⁴¹ To him in heaven our hands with hearts upraise.

^{42.} We have rebelled, and fallen away from thee ;
 Thou pardon'st not ; ^{43.} usest no clemency ;
 Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath ;
^{44.} Cover'st thyself with clouds, that our prayer
 hath

No power to pass : ^{45.} And thou hast made us fall,
 As refuse and off-scouring to them all.

^{46.} All our foes gape at us. ^{47.} Fear and a snare,
 With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

^{48.} With watery rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
 For ruin of my people's daughters so ;

^{49.} Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly ;

^{50.} Until the Lord look down from heaven to see.

^{51.} And for my city-daughter's sake, mine eye
 Doth break mine heart. ^{52.} Causeless mine enemy
 Like a bird chased me. ^{53.} In a dungeon
 They 've shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

^{54.} Waters flowed o'er my head ; then thought I,
 I am

Destroyed : ^{55.} I called, Lord, upon thy name,
 Out of the pit ; ^{56.} And thou my voice didst hear :
 Oh ! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

^{57.} Then when I called upon thee, thou drew'st
 near

Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear.

^{58.} Thou, Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and
 thou
 Rescu'st my life. ^{59.} O Lord, do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. ^{60.} Their vengeance all
 they 've wrought;

^{61.} How they reproached, thou 'st heard, and what
 they thought;

^{62.} What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
 And what was ever whispered by my foes.

^{63.} I am their song, whether they rise or sit.

^{64.} Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,

^{65.} Sorrow of heart, thy curse: ^{66.} And with thy
 might

Follow, and from under heaven destroy them
 quite.

CHAP. IV

How is the gold become so dim! How is
 Purest and finest gold thus changed to this!
 The stones, which were stones of the sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lie.

^{1.} The precious sons of Sion, which should be
 Valued as purest gold, how do we see

Low-rated now, as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand!

². Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelty,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

⁴. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw:
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

⁵. They, which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they, which ever were in scarlet clothed,
Sit and embrace the dunghills, which they loathed.

⁶. The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Than did the town of Sodom sin before;
Which being at once destroyed, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

⁷. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white:
As carbuncles, did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polishedness was sapphirine.

⁸. They're darker now than blackness; none can
know
Them by the face, as through the street they go:

For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered is like to dry wood grown.

⁹ Better by sword than famine 't is to die ;
And better through-pierced, than through penury.

¹⁰ Women, by nature pitiful, have eat
Their children (drest with their own hand) for
meat.

¹¹ Jehovah here fully accomplished hath
His indignation, and poured forth his wrath ;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

¹² Nor would the kings of the earth, nor all,
which live
In the inhabitable world. believe,
That any adversary, any foe
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

¹³ For the priest's sins, and prophet's, which have
shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered :

¹⁴ Which, when those men, whom they made
blind, did stray
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching, as they
pass ;

15. Would cry aloud, Depart, defiled men !
Depart, depart, and touch us not ! and then

They fled, and strayed, and with the Gentiles
were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
there.

16. For this they 're scattered by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more ; no grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford ;
Nor, that they 're priests, redeem them from the
sword :

17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes :

And such a nation, as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.

18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we
fear
To go ; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplished are, this the last day ;
Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they

19. Which follow us ; o'er mountain's tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The anointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he
Of whom we said, under his shadow we
Shall with more ease under the heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which these men digged, fell.

²¹. Rejoice, O Edom's daughter; joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

²². And then thy sins, O Sion, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter, he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

¹. REMEMBER, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.

². For unto strangers our possession
Is turned, our houses unto aliens gone.

³. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.

⁴. Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

⁵. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.

⁶. We stretch our hands unto the Egyptians
To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.

7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more ;
But we do bear the sins they did before.
8. They are but servants, which do rule us thus
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
9. With danger of our life our bread we gat ;
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.
10. The tempests of this famine we lived in
Black as an oven coloured had our skin.
11. In Juda's cities they the maids abused
By force, and so women in Sion used.
12. The princes with their hands they hung ; no
 grace
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.
13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare :
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear ;
Gone was our joy ; our dancings mournings were.
15. Now is the crown fallen from our head ; and wo
Be unto us, because we 've sinned so.
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is ;
17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord, art ever ; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

^a Why shouldst thou forget us eternally ;
Or leave us thus long in this misery ?

^a Restore us, Lord, to thee ; that so we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

^a For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,

^a And to be utterly enraged at us ?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,

Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music ; as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my southwest discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy, that in these straits I see my west ;

For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me ? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
 The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
 Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
 All straits, and none but straits are ways to
 them,
 Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or
 Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
 Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one
 place;
 Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
 As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
 May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord,
 By these his thorns give me his other* crown;
 And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,—
*Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws
 down.*

* *Var. holy. ed. 1633.*

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done ;
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore :
And having done that, thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

[TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT, WITH HIS
SEAL OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST.]

ALTHOUGH the Cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nailed unto it, but he ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only while thou speak'st, this Anchor will.
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal, and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ: when his hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How secret a friend was he, who, being grieved
His letters were broke rudely up, believed
'T was more secure in great Love's common-weal,
(Where nothing should be broke,) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
This holy cable is of all storms secure.

**A SHEAF OF SNAKES USED HERETOFORE
TO BE MY SEAL, THE CREST OF OUR
POOR FAMILY.**

ADOPTED in God's family, and so
 Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
 The cross (my seal at baptism) spread below,
 Does by that form into an anchor grow.
 Crosses grow anchors ; bear, as thou should'st do,
 Thy cross ; and that cross grows an anchor too.
 But he, that makes our crosses anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
 Yet may I, with this, my first serpents hold ;
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
 The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be ;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
 And as he rounds the earth to murder sure,
 My death he is ; but on the cross, my cure.
 Crucify nature then, and then implore
 All grace from him, crucified there before ;
 When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,
 This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
 Under that little seal great gifts I send,
 Works and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that saint, which rides in our Great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
BY THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

The Great Wall of China
is a series of walls
built across the northern
border of China to protect
its heartland from
invasions from the north.
The wall was built
over several centuries
and is one of the
most famous landmarks
in the world.

The Great Wall of China
is a series of walls
built across the northern
border of China to protect
its heartland from
invasions from the north.
The wall was built
over several centuries
and is one of the
most famous landmarks
in the world.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE HISTORY OF THE

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms; I my picture; if any colors can deliver a mind so plain and flat and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly, Good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself, as not to do it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him, that like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out, I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to Posterity, with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only, that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers, as I can

teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, or man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a macaron; since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs works this. And therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served. And though it could not speak, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve eat, to this time when she is she, whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

FIRST SONG.

I.

I SING the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,
Placed in most shapes ; all times, before the law
Yoked us, and when, and since, in this I sing ;
And the great world to his aged evening,
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw ;
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one ;
A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great soul envies
not ;
By thy male force is all we have, begot.
In the first east thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there ;
And wilt anon in thy loose-reined career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danaw dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine ;

Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
 That before thee one day began to be ;
 And, thy frail light being quenched, shall long
 long outlive thee.

III.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
 The church, and all the monarchies did float ;
 That swimming college, and free hospital
 Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
 Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
 Us and our latest nephews did install ;
 (From thence are all derived, that fill this All ;)
 Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
 So divers shapes into that floating park,
 As have been moved, and informed by this heaven-
 ly spark.

IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
 That hast marked out a path and period
 For every thing ; who, where we offspring took,
 Our ways and ends seest at one instant ; thou
 Knot of all causes ; thou, whose changeless brow
 Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look,
 And show my story, in thy eternal book.
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
 So much myself, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberal, this my life's rae is
 spanned.

V.

To my six lustres, almost now outwore,
Except thy book owe me so many more ;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this and the others whets ;
O ! let me not launch out, but let me save
The expense of brain and spirit ; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may
have.

VI.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
Itself ; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold in sad lone ways a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy poem light and light.
For, though through many straits and lands I roam,
I launch at paradise, and I sail towards home :
The course, I there began, shall here be stayed ;
Sails hoisted there, struck here ; and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates
weighed.

VII.

For the great soul, which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and
brow,

Which, as the moon the sea, moves us ; to hear
 Whose story with long patience you will long ;
 (For 'tis the crown, and last strain of my song ;)
 This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
 Prisons of flesh ; this soul, which oft did tear,
 And mend the wracks of the Empire, and late
 Rome,
 And lived when every great change did come,
 Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor than the greatest less,
 If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
 That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
 That all, which always was all, everywhere,
 Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear,
 Which could not die, yet could not choose but die,)
 Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
 Where first grew the forbidden learned tree ;
 For on that tree hung in security
 This soul, made by the Maker's will from pull-
 ing free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
 Fenced with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
 That apple grew, which this soul did enlive ;
 Till the then-climbing serpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,

Took it, and to her, whom the first man did wive
 (Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, she to her husband ; both did eat :
 So perished the eaters and the meat ;
 And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die
 and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain ;
 And one by one we are here slain o'er again
 By them. The mother poisoned the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us rivulets ;
 No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their
 nets :
 She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners judges, 't would seem rigorous ;
 She sinned, we bear ; part of our pain is thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painful love
 yoked us.

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now we dare ask why we should be so ;
 Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make
 A law, and would not have it kept ? Or can
 His creature's will cross his ? Of every man,
 For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take ?
 Who sinned ? 't was not forbidden to the snake,
 Nor her, who was not then made ; nor is it writ.

That Adam cropt, or knew the apple ; yet
The worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

But snatch me, heavenly spirit, from this vain
Reckoning their vanity ; less is their gain
Than hazard, still to meditate on ill, [toys
Though with good mind ; their reason's like those
Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves
spill.

Arguing is heretic's game ; and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them : not liberties
Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end
heresies.

XIII.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's root did
draw

Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
'Tis so soon gone, (and better proof the law
Of sense, than faith requires,) swiftly she flew
To a dark and foggy plot ; her, her fates threw
There through the earth's pores, and in a plant
housed her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place, where no place was ; by nature's course
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies ; by this root thronged so
His spongy confines gave him place to grow :
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
'To see the prince, and so fill up the way,
That weasels scarce could pass ; when she comes
near,
They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flattened
were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left ; the ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were :
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear ;
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
To show, that in love's business he should still
A dealer be, and be used, well or ill :
His apples kindle ; his leaves force of conception
kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath ; blind eyes, deaf
ears ;
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs ;

A young Colossus there he stands upright :
 And, as that ground by him were conquered,
 A leafy garland wears he on his head
 Enchased with little fruits, so red and bright,
 That for them you would call your love's lips
 white ;
 So of a lone unhaunted place possest,
 Did this soul's second inn, built by the guest,
 This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
 But 't was because there was none yet but Eve ;
 And she (with other purpose) killed it quite :
 Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
 And so her cradled child the moist red eyes
 Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light ;
 Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
 And tore up both, and so cooled her child's blood :
 Unvirtuous weeds might long unvexed have
 stood ;
 But he's short-lived, that with his death can do
 most good.

XVIII.

To an unfettered soul's quick nimble haste
 Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow-
 paced :
 Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she,
 Whom four new coming, and four parting suns

Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confined, and engaol'd her, that seemed so free,
Into a small blue shell ; the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her inclosed child kicked, and picked itself a
door.

XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As childrens' teeth through gums, to break with
pain ;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads ;
All a new downy mantle overspreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him, and so feeds then
One, that within a month, will beat him from his
hen.

XX.

In this world's youth wise nature did make
haste ;
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last ;
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen ;
He asks her not who did so taste, nor when ;
Nor if his sister or his niece she be,

Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy,
 If in her sight he change ; nor doth refuse
 The next, that calls ; both liberty do use ;
 Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may
 freely choose.

XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom
 less,
 Their daughters and their sisters did ingress ;
 Till now, unlawful, therefore ill, 't was not ;
 So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
 The body ; so free of his kindnesses,
 That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackeneth so the soul's and body's knot,
 Which temperance straitens : freely on his she-
 friends
 He blood and spirit, pith and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have lived ; man did not
 know
 Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With feign'd calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare,
 The free inhabitants of th' pliant air.
 Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
 Asked not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave :
 Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,

Pleasantly three, than straitened twenty, years
To live, and to increase his race, himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with over-blowing quenched and
dead,

The soul from her too-active organs fled
To a brook ; a female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leavened was,
For they had intertouched as they did pass,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul informed, and enabled it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fit ;
Her scales seemed yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watched,
And with his arched neck this poor fish caught :
It moved with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorned ; and yet, before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed clear
This, and much such ; and, unblamed, devoured
there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed
were.

XXV.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
 And now this soul in double walls was shut ;
 Till, melted with the swan's digestive fire,
 She left her house the fish, and vapoured forth :
 Fate, not affording bodies of more worth
 For her as yet, bids her again retire
 To another fish, to any new desire
 Made a new prey : for he, that can to none
 Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone ;
 Weakness invites, but silence feasts, oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
 And journeys with her towards the glassy deep,
 But oft retarded ; once with a hidden net,
 Though with great windows, (for when need first
 taught
 These tricks to catch food, then they were not
 wrought,
 As now, with curious greediness, to let
 None 'scape,—but few, and fit for use, to get,)
 As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en,
 Who, though himself distrest, would fain have
 slain
 This wretch ; so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast ;
 Once innocence 'scaped, and left the oppressor fast ;

The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breathe,
And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working-parts like mills, or limbecks hath,
To make the water thin and air-like, faith
Cares not, but safe the place she's come unto,
Where fresh with salt waves meet ; and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board
or two.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities,
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spied through his traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And, to end her doubts and her, bears her away ;
Exalted she is but to the exalter's good,
(As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.)
It's raised to be the raiser's instrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish ?
Ill unto man they neither do, nor wish ;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake ;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away ;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make ;

Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon ;
 To kill them is an occupation,
 And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
 To seaward forced this bird, that did devour
 The fish ; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttony's best orator : at last
 So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
 That leagues o'erpast at sea, now tired he lies,
 And with his prey, that till then languished, dies ;
 The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
 The fish I follow, and keep no calendar
 Of the other : he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embryo fish our soul is thrown,
 And in due time thrown out again, and grown
 To such vastness as, if unmanacled
 From Greece Morea were, and that, by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swum ;
 Or seas from Afric's body had severed
 And torn the hopeful promontory's head ;
 This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes
 fail,
 A great ship overset, or without sail
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like
 this whale.

XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make,
 Than cannons' voices when the air they tear:
 His ribs are pillars, and his high-arched roof
 Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
 Swim in him swallowed dolphins without fear,
 And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
 Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
 He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
 To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer
 Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
 All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
 So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing,
 That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
 O might not states of more equality
 Consist? and is it of necessity [must die?
 That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
 He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:
 Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
 And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
 To all her limbs, distant as provinces.

The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
 Parched, since first launched forth this living boat ;
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
 Nearest : there 's no pause at perfection ;
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

Two little fishes, whom he never harmed,
 Nor fed on their kind, two, not thoroughly armed
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat
 His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence out-
 streat)
 Conspired against him ; and it might undo
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
 But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
 How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak ?

XXXVI.

The flail-finned thrasher, and steel-beaked
 sword-fish
 Only attempt to do, what all do wish :
 The thrasher backs him, and to beat begins ;
 The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
 And, to hide himself from shame and danger
 down
 Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins,
 And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins

So well the one, his sword the other plies,
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all com-
 panies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
 Those to account, that thought and wrought his
 fall?

The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
 Transported with the joy of what they get,
 That they revenge and obsequies forget;
 Nor will against such men the people go,
 Because he is now dead, to whom they should
 show

Love in that act. Some kings by vice being
 grown

So needy of subjects' love, that of their own
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince
 shown.

XXXVIII.

This soul, now free from prison and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation,
 That so small hammers should so soon down-beat
 So great a castle, and having for her house
 Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse,
 (As basest men, that have not what to eat,
 Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great,
 Than they, who good reposed estates possess)

This soul, late taught that great things might by
 less
 Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant
 (The only harmless great thing) the giant
 Of beasts, who thought none had to make him
 wise,
 But to be just and thankful, loth to offend,
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
 Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
 And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stood ; vexed not his fantasy
 Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
 His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
 Walked, and surveyed the rooms of this vast house ;
 And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
 And gnawed the life-cords there : like a whole
 town
 Clean undermined, the slain beast tumbled down ;
 With him the murderer dies, whom envy sent
 To kill, not 'scape (for only he, that meant
 To die, did ever kill a man of better room)
 And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb :
 Who cares not to turn back, may any-whither
 come.

XLL.

Next housed this soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
 To issue : it could kill, as soon as go.
 Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,
 (Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
 Was the first type,) was still infested so
 With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe ;
 And yet his bitch, his sentinel, attends
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
 That the wolf (hopeless self) to corrupt her in-
 tends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since successfully
 Great men have often taken, to espy
 The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes ;
 To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
 On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could bark,
 Attached her with strait gripes, yet he called those
 Embracements of love ; to love's work he goes,
 Where deeds move more than words ; nor doth
 she show,
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
 His prey, for were she loose, she would not bark
 nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engaged her ; his she wholly bides :
 Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
 She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not ;
 Her faith is quite, but 'not her love, forgot.
 At last a trap, of which some everywhere
 'Abel had placed, ends all his loss and fear,
 By the wolf's death ; and now just time it was,
 That a quick soul should give life to that mass
 Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did
 pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot ;
 But in the lives of emperors you shall not
 Read of a lust, the which may equal this :
 This wolf begot himself, and finished,
 What he began alive, when he was dead.
 Son to himself, and father too, he is
 A riding lust, for which Schoolmen would miss
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being young, it used to sport and
 play.

XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
 And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new
 For the field ; being of two kinds thus made,
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
 And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
 Five years he lived, and cozened with his trade,

Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, be-
 trayed
 Himself by flight, and by all followed,
 From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled ;
 And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

It quickened next a toyful ape, and so
 Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
 From tent to tent, and with the children play ;
 His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
 That, why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth
 stay

With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia :
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass ;
 And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover
 was.

XLVII.

He was the first, that more desired to have
 One than another ; first, that e'er did crave
 Love by mute signs, and had no power to
 speak ;
 First, that could make love-faces, or could do
 The vaulter's sombersalts, or used to woo
 With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
 To make his Mistress merry ; or to wreak
 Her anger on himself. Sins against kind

They eas'ly do, that can let feed their mind
 With outward beauty; beauty they in boys and
 beasts do find.

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have proved,
 And too high; beasts and angels have been loved:
 This ape, though else through-vain, in this was
 wise;

He reached at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay.
 His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
 And up-lifts subtly with his russet paw
 Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe [law.
 Of nature; nature hath no gaol, though she hath

XLIX.

First she was silly, and knew not what he
 meant:

That virtue, by his touches chaff and spent,
 Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
 She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
 And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
 Her brother, entered, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who thus prevented flew.
 This house thus battered down, the soul possess
 a new.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where the Ape would have
gone in.

Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like Chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stewed and formed it : and part did become
A spongy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;
Part hardened itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-armed feeling brain, from whence
Those sinew-strings, which do our bodies tie,
Are ravelled out ; and, fast there by one end,
Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend ;
And now they joined, keeping some quality
Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman : Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain, that first did plough.

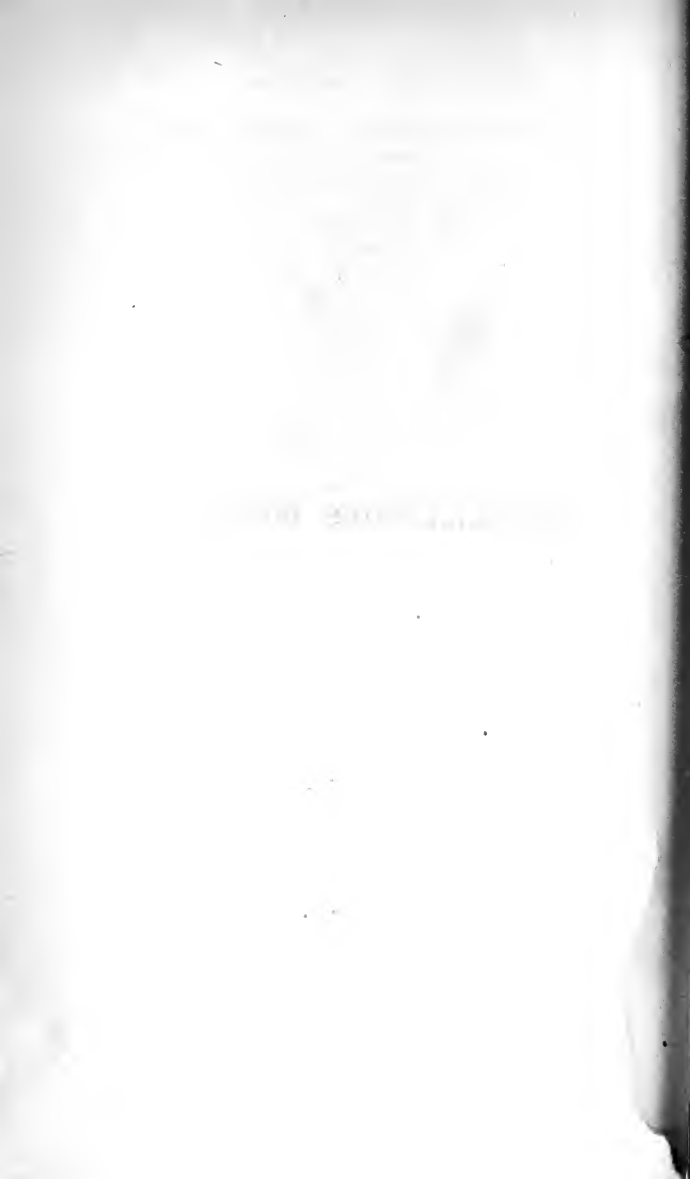
LII.

Whoe'er thou be'st, that read'st this sullen writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,

Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed Cain's race invented be,
And blest Seth vext us with astronomy.
There's nothing simply good nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison
The only measure is, and judge, opinion.

THE END OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be ;
Confess it.* This cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys, before it woo,
And pampered swells with one blood made of
two,
And this, alas ! is more than we could do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage-bed, and marriage-temple is ;
Though parents grudge, and you, we are met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,

* Ed. 1635. Thou know'st that.

Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honor, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from
thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then
But sucked on country pleasures childish? *
Or slumbered we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'T was so; but this, all pleasures fancies be:
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired and got, 't was but a dream of
thee.

* *Var.* childish pleasures sillily.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear ;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,*
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is
one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west ?
Whatever dies, was not mixed equally ;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all years past † are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,

* *Var.* to other worlds our world.

† *Var.* times past.

Teach me to hear mermaid's singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find,
 What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible go* see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee ;
'Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet ;
Yet do not : I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet ;
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

* *Var. to.*

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou
say?

Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now

We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unloose?

Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these scapes I could
Dispute and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing,
Than all the Worthies did ;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before :

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes ;
For he who color loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She ;—

And if this love, though placed so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride ;—

Then you have done a braver thing,
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN-RISING.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains call *
on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school-boys, and sour 'prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices ;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of
time.

* *Var.* look.

Thy beams so reverend and strong,
Dost thou not think
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me
Whether both the Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me ;
Ask for those kings, whom thou saw'st yesterday ;
And thou shalt hear all here in one bed lay.

She 's all states, and all princes I,
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us ; compared to this,
All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy ;
Thou sun art half as happy as we,
In that the world 's contracted thus ;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere ;
This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CAN love both fair and brown ;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want
 betrays ;
 Her who loves lonesness best, and her who sports
 and plays ;
 Her whom the country formed, and whom the
 town ;
 Her who believes, and her who tries ;
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork, and never cries ;
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did your
 mothers ?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would
 find out others ?
 Or doth a fear that men are true torment you ?
 Oh, we are not, be not you so ;
 Let me ; and do you twenty know.
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go ;
 Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
 Grow your fixed subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sing this song,
 And by Love's sweetest part,* variety, she swore,
 She heard not this till now ; it should be so no
 more.

She went, examined, and returned ere long,
 And said, Alas ! some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy ;
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them, who are false to you.

LOVE'S USURY.

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
 I will allow,
 Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my brown my gray hairs equal be ;
 Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
 Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last year's relict, think that yet
 We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
 And at next nine

* *Var. art.*

Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay ;
Only let me love none, no not the sport ;
From country grass to comfitures of court,
Or city's *quelque-choses*, let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good ; if when I 'm old, I be
Inflamed by thee,
If thine own honor, or my shame or pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain ;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee ;
Spare me till then, I 'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake hold your tongue, and let me
love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My true gray hairs, or ruined fortunes flout ;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts
improve.
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour or his Grace.

Or the King's real, or his stamped face
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veins fill
 Add one more to the plaguy bill?
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
 Litigious men which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another fly;
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die;
 And we in us find the eagle and the dove;
 The phoenix-riddle hath more wit
 By us; we two being one, are it:
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
 And if unfit for tomb or hearse
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
 We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms.
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes

The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs ;
And by those hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love,

And thus invoke us : " You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage ;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and
drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize ;
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of your love."

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry ;
But where 's that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny ?
Then as the earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea-water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay

Grief, brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.

To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read,

Both are increased by such songs ;
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three :
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all ;
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall ;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant :
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou gav'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then :
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears ;
For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, was mine, whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more ;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in
store ;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it :
Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it :
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts,—to join them ; so we shall
Be one, and one another's All.

SONG.

SWEETEST Love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me ;
But since that I
At the last must part, 't is best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die ;

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way :
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall !
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best * of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil ;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep :
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN I died last (and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers' hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet, that I

* *Var.* life.

Something did say, and something did bestow,
Though I be dead, which meant me, I should be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
That myself, that is you, not I,
Did kill me ; and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
But I, alas ! could there find none.
When I had ripped, and searched where hearts
should lie,
It killed me again, that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colors it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part :
As good, as could be made by art,
It seemed, and therefore for our loss as sad ;
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But oh ! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

OH do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;
To leave this world behind, is death ;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 't is but thy carcass then ;
The fairest woman, but thy ghost ;
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent ;
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persevere ;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name ;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be :
Still when, to where thou wast, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see ;
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
And therefore what thou wast, and who,
I bid love ask, and now,
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
 And so more steadily to have gone,
 With wares which would sink admiration
 I saw, I had Love's pinnacle overfraught ;
 Thy every hair for love to work upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought ;
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scattering-bright, can love inhere ;
 Then as an angel face and wings
 Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
 So thy love may be my love's sphere ;
 Just such disparity
 As is, twixt air's and angel's purity,
 'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

I.

STAY, O Sweet, and do not rise,
 The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes ;
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
 Stay, or else my joys will die,
 And perish in their infancy.

II.

'T is true, 't is day ; what though it be ?
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me ?

Why should we rise, because 't is light ?
Did we lie down, because 't was night ?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us
hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honor so,
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

IV.

Must business thee from hence remove ?
Oh, that 's the worst disease of love ;
The poor, the foul, the false, Love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man should woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself (which makes times, as these pass)
 Is elder by a year now, than it was,
 When thou and I first one another saw :
 All other things to their destruction draw ;
 Only our love hath no decay :
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
 Running, it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;
 If one might, death were no divorce ;
 Alas ! as well as other princes, we,
 (Who prince enough in one another be,)
 Must leave at last in death these eyes, and ears,
 Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears.
 But souls where nothing dwells but love,
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased, there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their
 graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest :
 But now no more than all the rest.

Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be ;
 Who is so safe as we, where none can do
 Treason to us, except one of us two ?

True and false fears let us refrain :
 Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
 Years and years unto years, till we attain
 To write threescore : this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW.

I.

My name engraved herein,
 Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
 Which, ever since that charm, hath been
 As hard as that which graved it was ;
 Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
 The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'T is much that glass should be
 As all-confessing and through-shine as I ;
 'T is more that it shows thee to thee,
 And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
 But all such rules Love's magic can undo,
 Here you see me, and I am you.

III.

As no one point nor dash,
 Which are but accessories to this name,
 The showers and tempests can outwash,
 So shall all times find me the same ;
 You this entireness better may fulfil,
 Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
 This learning be, for a scratched name to teach,
 It as a given death's-head keep,
 Lovers' mortality to preach ;
 Or think this ragged bony name to be
 My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls be
 Emparadised in you (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow, and see)
 The rafters of my body, bone,
 Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,
 Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repair
 And recompact my scattered body so,
 As all the virtuous powers, which are
 Fixed in the stars, are said to flow
 Into such characters as graved be,
 When those stars had supremacy.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
 When love and grief their exaltation had,
 No door 'gainst this name's influence shut ;
 As much more loving, as more sad,
 'T will make thee ; and thou should'st, till I return,
 Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
 Flings open this casement, with my trembling name
 To look on one, whose wit or land
 New battery to thy heart may frame,
 Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
 In it offend'st my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,
 His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
 Disputed it, and tamed thy rage,
 And thou begin'st to thaw toward him for this,
 May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
 To an overt act, and that thou write again :
 In superscribing, my name flow
 Into thy fancy from the pen,
 So in forgetting thou rememberest right,
 And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep ;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And thus I murmur in my sleep ;
Impute this idle talk to that I go ;
For dying men talk often so.

TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balm as else cures every thing :
But O, self-traitor, I do bring
The spider Love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'T were wholesomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face ;
But that I may not this disgrace
Endure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be ;

Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out the year.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are Love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine ;
Alas ! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow, what she wears.
O, perverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills
me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us ;
How I shall stay, though she eloin me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too ;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her, who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find
and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all, whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found ;
There, the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,
That sees, how love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his records

This book as long-lived as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tome,
In cipher writ, or new-made idiom ;
We for Love's clergy only are instruments ;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe in this our universe,
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels
verse.

Here Love's divines (since all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstract spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhaled with what they do not see ;
Or, loath so to amuse
Faith's infirmity, they choose
Something, which they may see and use ;
For though mind be the heaven, where Love
doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may lawyers
find,

Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferred from Love himself to womankind,
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him, who on them relies,
And for the cause honor or conscience give,
Chimeras, vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here statesmen (or of them they which can read)

May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 't is, one proceed ;
In both they do excel,
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell ;
In this thy book such will their nothing see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchemy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off, that great heights takes :
How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries, how long this love will be ;
To take a latitude,
Sun, or stars, are fittest viewed
At their brightest ; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when, and where the dark eclipses be ?

COMMUNITY.

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still ;

But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some choose,
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen ;
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes itself betrays ;
If they were bad, they could not last,
Bad doth itself and others waste,
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours, as fruits are ours,
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well ;
Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat,
And, when he hath the kernel eat,
Who doth not fling away the shell ?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass ;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make it more.

But if this medicine Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the sun his active vigor borrow,
Love's not so pure an abstract, as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their muse ;
But, as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes
do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent
Love by the spring is grown ;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From Love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirred, more circles be
Produced by one, Love such additions take,

Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
 For they are all concentric unto thee ;
 And though each spring do add to love new heat,
 As princes do in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

LOVE, any devil else but you
 Would for a given soul give something too ;
 At court, your fellows every day
 Give the art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play
 For them which were their own before ;
 Only I've nothing, which gave more,
 But am, alas ! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now
 To falsify a tear, a sigh, a vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw
 A *non obstante* on nature's law ;
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine ; none should forswear,
 Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
 Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind :

Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childish is.
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust :
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not ;
Such in love's warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the idolatry of arry land ;
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vowed men from cloisters, dead from
tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this Love is enraged with me,
Yet kills not : if I must example be
To future rebels, if the unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn ;
Kill and dissect me, Love ; for this
Torture against thine own end is,
Racked carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

SOME man unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know ;
But are other creatures so ?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light ?
Are birds divorced, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night ?
Beasts do no jointures lose,
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Who'er rigged fair ships to lie in harbors,
And not to seek new lands, or not to deal with all ?
Or build fair houses, set trees and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall ?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM.

DEAR Love, for nothing less than thee
 Would I have broke this happy dream ;
 It was a theme
 For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
 Therefore thou waked'st me wisely ; yet
 My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it :
 Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
 To make dreams truths, and fables histories ;
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me ;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight ;
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou
 knew'st when
 Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then
 I must confess, it could not choose but be
 Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee ;
 But rising makes me doubt that now
 Thou art not thou.

That Love is weak, where fear's as strong as he ;
'T is not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honor, have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come : then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear :
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee ;
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more ;
When a tear falls, that Thou fall'st, which it bore ;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers
shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
A Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all :
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,

A globe, yea, world by that impression grow,
 Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n
 dissolved so.

O more than moon,
 Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere ;
 Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
 'To teach the sea, what it may do too soon ;
 Let not the wind
 Example find
 'To do me more harm, than it purposeth :
 Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
 Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastes the
 other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

SOME that have deeper digged Love's mine
 than I,
 Say, where his centric happiness doth lie :
 I've loved, and got, and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not find that hidden mystery ;
 Oh, 't is imposture all :
 And as no chymic yet the Elixir got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that any man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears,
'T is not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the
spheres :

Hope not for mind in women ; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummy, possess.

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse ;
Him only for his purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes ;

May he be scorned by one, whom all else scorn,
 Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
 With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp may he
 Make, by but thinking who hath made him such :
 And may he feel no touch
 Of conscience, but of fame, and be
 Anguished, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she :
 Or may he for her virtue reverence
 One, that hates him only for impotence,
 And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
 Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
 And no record tell why :
 His sons, which none of his may be,
 Inherit nothing but his infamy :
 Or may he so long parasites have fed,
 That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath
 bred,
 And at the last be circumcised for bread.

The venom of all step-dames, gamester's gall,
 What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
 What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish
 Can contribute, all ill, which all
 Prophets or poets spake ; and all, which shall
 Be annexed in schedules unto this by me,
 Fall on that man ; for if it be a she,
 Nature beforehand hath outcursed me.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee ;
But if * they there have learned such ill,
Such forced fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou

* *Var.* yet since there.

Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one,
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

A NOCTURNAL UPON S. LUCY'S DAY,
 BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
 Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks ;
 The sun is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rays ;
 The world's whole sap is sunk :
 The general balm the hydroptic earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunk,
 Dead and interred ; yet all these seem to laugh,
 Compared with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
 At the next world, that is, at the next spring :
 For I am a very dead thing,
 In whom Love wrought new alchemy.
 For his art did express
 A quintessence even from nothingness,
 From dull privations, and lean emptiness :
 He ruined me, and I am rebegot
 Of absence, darkness, death, things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that 's good,
 Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have ;

I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave
 Of all, that 's nothing. Oft a flood

Have we two wept, and so [grow
 Drowned the whole world, us two ; oft did we
 To be two Chaos's, when we did show
 Care to aught else ; and often absences
 Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing the elixir grown ;

Were I a man, that I were one,
 I needs must know ; I should prefer,
 If I were any beast,

Some ends, some means ; yea, plants, yea, stones
 detest

And love ; all, all some properties invest.

If I an ordinary nothing were,
 As shadow, a light and body must be here.

But I am none ; nor will my sun renew :

You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun

At this time to the Goat is run

To fetch new lust, and give it you,

Enjoy your summer all,

Since she enjoys her long night's festival,

Let me prepare towards her, and let me call

This hour her vigil and her eve, since this

Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye ;
My picture drowned in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy ;
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marred, to kill
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will !

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I'll depart :
My picture vanished, vanish all fears,
That I can be endamaged by that art :
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
 Warmed by thine eyes, more than the sun ;
 And there the enamoured fish will stay,*
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loath
 By sun or moon, thou darkenest both ;
 And if myself have leave to see,
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
 Or treacherously poor fish beset,
 With strangling snare, or windowy net :

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
 The bedded fish in banks outwrest,
 Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
 Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes :

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
 For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
 That fish, that is not caught thereby,
 Alas ! is wiser far than I.

* *Var.* play.

THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee feigned vestal in worse arms shall see :
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I ;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee : and since my love is
Spent,
I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

HE is stark mad, whoever says,
That he hath been in love an hour ;
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour ;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year ?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flash of powder burn a day ?

Ah ! what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it come !
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some.
They come to us, but us love draws,
He swallows us, and never chaws :
By him, as by chained shot, whole ranks do die ;
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee ?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me :
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thy heart to show
More pity unto me : but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I think my breast hath all
 Those pieces still, though they be not unite :
 And now, as broken glasses show
 A hundred lesser faces, so
 My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such Love can love no more

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends, do say,
 The breath goes now, and some say no ;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'T were profanation of our joys,
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary Lovers' love
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like the other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sate we two, one another's best ;
Our hands were firmly cemented.
By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string ;
So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me ;
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.
If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)

Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love ;
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see we saw not what did move :
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mixt souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that,
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the color, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still and multiplies.
When love with one another so
Inter-animates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are composed and made ;
For the atomies, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.
But, O alas ! so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear ?
They are ours, though not we ; we are
The intelligences, they the spheres,
We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their sense's force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air ;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labors to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtile knot which makes us man ;
So must pure Lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies ;
To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love revealed may look ;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book ;
And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of Love was born :
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn

But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so
much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it ;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives, correspondency
Only his subject was ; it cannot be
Love, if I love who loves not me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove ;
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of Love.
Oh were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worst that love could do ?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I 'm loath to see ;
Falsehood is worse than hate ; and that must be,
If she whom I love, should love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon,
That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allowed him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part ;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'T was neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brined it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourished not,
If he sucked hers, I let him know
'T was not a tear, which he had got,
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat ;
For eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but
sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt her letters, when she writ to me ;
And if that savor made him fat,
I said, if any title be

Conveyed by this, Ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth name in an entail?

Thus I reclaimed my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I choose;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other falconers use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game killed, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; here I bequeathe
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;

My silence to any who abroad have been ;
 My money to a Capuchin.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
 To love there, where no love received can be,
 Only to give to such as have an incapacity.*

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
 All my good works unto the schismatics
 Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
 And courtship to a University ;
 My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
 My patience let gamesters share ;
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her, that holds my love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
 Which were my friends ; mine industry to foes ;
 To schoolmen I bequeathe my doubtfulness ;
 My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
 To Nature all, that I in rhyme have writ ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou, Love, by making me adore
 Her, who begot this love in me before,
 Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I
 do but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
 I give my physic-books ; my written rolls

* *Var.* no good capacity.

Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals unto them which live
 In want of bread; to them which pass among
 All foreigners, mine English tongue;
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion [tion.
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion-

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying; because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
 forth;

And all your graces no more use shall have,
 Than a sundial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practice this one way to annihilate
 all three.

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 'That subtle wreath of hair which crowns mine
 arm;
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch,

For 't is my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to control
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from disso-
 lution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part,
 Can tie those parts, and make me one of all ;
 Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength
 and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do 't : except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they 're con-
 demned to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me ;
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
 If into other hands these relics came.
 As 't was humility
 To afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 't is some bravery,
 That, since you would have none of me, I bury
 some of you.

THE BLOSSOM.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,

Whom I have watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,

Little think'st thou

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poor heart,

That laborest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow,

Little think'st thou,

That thou to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be

Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas! if you must go, what 's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present

Various content

To your eyes, ears, und taste, and every part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here : but know,
When thou hast stayed and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost ;
How shall she know my heart, or, having none,
Know thee for one ?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stayed still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too ;
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

**THE PRIMROSE, BEING AT MONTGOMERY
CASTLE, UPON THE HILL, ON WHICH IT
IS SITUATE.**

UPON this primrose hill,
(Where if Heaven would distil
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manna so,

And where their form and their infinity
 Make a terrestrial galaxy,
 As the small stars do in the sky,)
I walk to find a true-love ; and I see
That 't is not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

 Yet know I not, which flower
 I wish ; a six, or four ;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce anything ; and then, should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
 All thought of sex, and think to move
 My heart to study her, not to love ;
Both these were monsters ; since there must
 reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than nature falsified.

 Live, primrose, then, and thrive
 With thy true number five ;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content ;
'Ten is the farthest number ; if half ten
 Belongs unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take half us men :
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIC.

WHEN my grave is broke up again
 Some second guest to entertain,
 (For graves have learned that woman-head,
 To be to more than one a bed,)
 And he, that digs it, spies
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
 Will he not let us alone,
 And think that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be some way
 To make their souls, at the last busy day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where * mis-devotion doth command,
 Then he, that digs us up; will bring
 Us to the Bishop or the King,
 To make us relics; then
 Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A something else thereby;
 All women shall adore us, and some men;
 And since at such time miracles are sought,
 I would have that age by this paper taught
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;

* *Var. mass.*

Difference of sex we never knew,
 No more than guardian angels do ;
 Coming and going we
 Perchance might kiss, but yet between those
 meals

Our hands ne'er toucht the seals,
 Which nature, injured by late law, set free :
 These miracles we did ; but now, alas !
 All measure and all language I should pass,
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

WHEN I am dead, and doctors know not why,
 And my friends' curiosity
 Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
 When they shall find your picture in my heart,
 You think a sudden damp of love
 Will through all their senses move,
 And work on them as me, and so prefer
 Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories ! but if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have,
 First kill the enormous giant, your Disdain,
 And let the enchantress Honor next be slain ;

And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
 Deface records and histories
 Of your own arts and triumphs over men:
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
 My giants and my witches too,
 Which are vast Constancy, and Secretness,
 But these I neither look for nor profess.
 Kill me as woman, let me die
 As a mere man; do you but try
 Your passive valor, and you shall find then,
 Naked you 've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE'S dead, and all which die,
 To their first elements resolve;
 And we were mutual elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth hers involve,
 And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.
 My fire of passion, sighs of air,
 Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,

Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security,)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair ;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.

Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break ;
This (which I am amazed that I can speak)
This death hath with my store
My use increased ;
And so my soul, more earnestly released,
Will outstrip hers ; as bullets flown before,
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT.

THOU art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art ;
What wouldst thou say ? shall both our proper-
ties by thee be spoke ?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff ;
Oh ! why should aught less precious, or less
tough

Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
bid it say,

I'm cheap and naught but fashion, fling me
away.

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
dwell with me ;

She that, oh! broke her faith, would soon break
thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stooped so low as they,
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey ;
Seldom to them, which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind to admire
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire :
My Love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss, when'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no way be exprest

But negatives, my love is so.
 To all, which all love, I say no.
 If any, who decipher best,
 What we know not (ourselves) can know,
 Let him teach me that nothing. This
 As yet my ease and comfort is,
 Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,
 At least remember, I forbid it thee ;
 Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
 Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
 By being to thee then what to me thou wast ;
 But so great joy our life at once outwears :
 Then lest thy love by my death frustrate be
 If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
 Or too much triumph in the victory ;
 Not that I shall be mine own officer,
 And hate with hate again retaliate ;
 But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate :
 Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
 If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
 So these extremes shall ne'er their office do ;
 Love me, that I may die the gentler way :
 Hate me, because thy love's too great for me
 Or let these two themselves, not me, decay ;
 So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be :
 Then lest thy love thou hate, and me undo,
 O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

THE EXPIRATION.

So, so, break off this last lamenting kiss,
 Which sucks two souls, and vapors both away :
 Turn thou, ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
 And let ourselves benight our happiest day ;
 We ask none leave to love ; nor will we owe
 Any so cheap a death, as saying, go.

Go ; and if that word have not quite killed thee,
 Ease me with death, by bidding me go too ;
 Or if it have, let my word work on me,
 And a just office on a murderer do ;
 Except it be too late to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding go.

THE COMPUTATION.

FOR my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou could'st be gone away ;
For forty more I fed on favors past,
And forty on hopes, that thou would'st they might
last.

Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew out
two ;

A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you :
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.

Yet call not this long life ; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal ; can ghosts die ?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover ;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
That any loves but he :

I cannot say I loved, for who can say
He was killed yesterday ?

Love, with excess of heat, more young than old ;
Death kills with too much cold ;

We die but once, and who loved last did die,
He that saith twice, doth lie :
For though he seem to move, and stir awhile,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set,
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I love and died ; and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I ;
Love-slain, lo, here I die.

SONG.

SOUL's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me,)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light :
O give no way to grief,
But let belief

Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit bewweep
Words, but sense deep ;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss :
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet ;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way ?
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in Love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as atheists, at their dying hour,
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave :

Thus when
 Things not yet known are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashion, and so,
 As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.

But from late fair
 His Highness (sitting in a golden chair)
 Is not less cared for after three days
 By children, than the thing, which lovers so
 Blindly admire, and with such worship woo :
 Being had, enjoying it decays ;
 And thence,
 What before pleased them all, takes but one sense,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
 A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah ! cannot we,
 As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
 After such pleasures ? unless wise
 Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
 Diminisheth the length of life a day)
 This ; as she would man should despise
 The sport,
 Because that other curse of being short,
 And only for a minute made to be
 Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
 Shall not desire what no man else can find,
 I'll no more dote and run

To pursue things, which had endamaged me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be,
 As men do, when the summer sun
 Grows great,
 Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat.
 Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
 T is but applying worm-seed to the tail.

SONG.

DEAR Love, continue nice and chaste,
 For if you yield, you do me wrong;
 Let duller wits to love's end haste,
 I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
 The things we fear bring less annoy
 Than fear, and hope brings greater joy;
 But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favors will my prayers increase;
 Granting my suit, you give me all;
 And then my prayers must needs surcease,
 For I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
 They man's affections only move:

Beasts other sports of love do prove,
 With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love, prolong my suit ; for thus
 By losing sport, I sports do win :
 And that doth virtue prove in us,
 Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spy some ill,
 And now the world is giv'n to scoff :
 To keep my love (then) keep me off,
 And so I shall admire thee still.

Say, I have made a perfect choice ;
 Satiety ourselves may kill :
 Then give me but thy face and voice,
 Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poor,
 Give me not all, yet something lend ;
 So I shall still my suit commend,
 And you at will do less or more.
 But if to all you condescend,
 My Love, our sport, your Godhead end.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

STAND still, and I will read to thee

A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy.

These three hours that we have spent

Walking here, two shadows went

Along with us, which we ourselves produced ;

But now the sun is just above our head,

We do those shadows tread ;

And to brave clearness all things are re-
duced.

So whilst our infant loves did grow

Disguises did and shadows flow

From us and our cares : but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attained the high'st degree,

Which is still diligent lest others see ;

Except our loves at this noon stay,

We shall new shadows make the other way.

As the first were made to blind

Others ; these, which come behind,

Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.

If our loves faint, and westwardly decline ;

To me thou falsely thine,

And I to thee mine actions shall dis-
guise.

The morning shadows wear away,

But these grow longer all the day :
 But oh ! love's day is short, if love decay,

Love is a growing, or full constant light ;
 And his short minute, after noon, is night.

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,
 Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and
 rest ;

Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
 That in my passions I may hope the best.

I beg nor ribbon wrought with thy own hands,
 To knit our loves in the fantastic strain [stands
 Of new-touched youth ; nor ring to show the
 Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
 So should our loves meet in simplicity ;

No, nor the corals, which thy wrist infold,
 Laced up together in congruity, [hold ;

To show our thoughts should rest in the same
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desired, 'cause 't is like the best ;

Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
 Within the writings, which thou hast addrest.

Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my
 score ; [more.

But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no

HE that cannot choose but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move,
 For he loves against his will.
 Nor he which is all his own,
 And cannot pleasure choose ;
 When I am caught, he can be gone,
 And, when he list, refuse.
 Nor he that loves none but fair,
 For such by all are sought ;
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his judgment then is naught.
 Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave ;
 Nor a fool, for when others
 He can neither
 Nor he that still his mistress prays,
 For she is thrall'd therefore ;
 Nor he that pays not, for he says
 Within she 's worth no more.
 Is there then no kind of men,
 Whom I may freely prove ?
 I will vent that humor then
 In this mine own self-love.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robbed of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drowned.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends, by parting, have joined here.

NIOBE.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leaped forth, and ever as they came
Near the foe's ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
ship drowned.

FALL OF A WALL.

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall
A too bold captain perished by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envied,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he say true, he lies.

A SELF-ACCUSER.

Your Mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth
you;
'T is strange that she should thus confess it,
though 't be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY.

If in his study he hath so much care
To hang old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee by his last will
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years study hath been grieved
To be understood; when will he be believed?

Klokius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy-house, that he dares not go home

RADERUS.

Why this man-gelded Martial, I amuse ;
 Except himself alone his tricks would use, [stews.
 As Katherine, for the Court's sake, put down

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Esop's fellow slaves, O Mercury,
 Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I
 Like Esop's self, which nothing ; I confess,
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less ;
 Thy credit lost thy credit : 'T is sin to do,
 In this case, as thou would'st be done unto,
 To believe all : Change thy name ; thou art like
 Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

Compassion in the world again is bred :
 Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZEUS, VOTA AMICO FACTA.
 FOL. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee
 mine, [shine ;
 Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things out-
 May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares :
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs ;
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds ;
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds ;
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing ;
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling ;
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise ;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies ;
 Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine ;
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

JEALOUSY.

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband
die,

And yet complain'st of his great jealousy :
If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,
His body with a cere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
The nimblest crotcheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feigned tears great legacies,
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a slave, which to-morrow should be free ;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us ;
We must not, as we used, flout openly,

In scoffing riddles, his deformity,
Nor, at his board together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks, adulterate.
Nor, when he, swoln and pampered with high
fare

Sits down and snorts, caged in his basket-chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.

Now do I see my danger ; for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.

But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country and do it there)

We play in another's house, what should we
fear ?

There will we scorn his household policies,
His silly plots and pensionary spies ;

As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's
pride.

ELEGY II.

THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be ;
For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great ;
Though theirs be ivory, yet her teeth be jet ;
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh hair fall, her skin is
tough ;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements ; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfumed, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in the usual place,
She hath yet the anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what could we say ?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same gamut changed, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit ;

She's fair as any, if all be like her ;
 And if none be, then she is singular.
 All love is wonder ; if we justly do
 Account her wonderful, why not lovely too ?
 Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies ;
 Choose this face, changed by no deformities.
 Women are all like angels ; the fair be
 Like those, which fell to worse : but such as she, —
 Like to good angels, nothing can impair :
 'Tis less grief to be foul, than to have been fair.
 For one night's revels silk and gold we choose,
 But in long journeys cloth and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft ; best husbands say,
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a sovereign plaster will she be,
 If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy !
 Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
 Safe to thy foes, yea, to a Marmoset.
 When Belgia's cities the round country drowns,
 That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns ;
 So doth her face guard her ; and so for thee,
 Who, forced by business, absent oft must be ;
 She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to
 night,
 Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem
 white ;
 Whom, though seven years she in the stews had
 laid,
 A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid ;

And though in childbirth's labour she did lie,
 Midwives would swear, 't were but a tympany ;
 Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
 Than witches, which impossibles confess.
 One like none, and liked of none, fittest were ;
 For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III.

CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith and good works
 too -

Have sealed thy love, which nothing should undo,
 Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy
 Confirms thy love ; yet much, much I fear thee.
 Women are like the arts, forced unto none,
 Open to all searchers, unprized if unknown.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
 Another fowler, using those means as I,
 May catch the same bird ; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor me.
 Foxes and goats, all beasts change, when they
 please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
 Be bound to one man ? and did nature then
 Idly make them apter to endure than men ?

They're our clogs, not their own ; if a man be
Chained to a galley, yet the galley's free.
Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed-corn
there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear ;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but oh ! can'st thou love it and me ?
Likeness glues love ; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love, must I change too ?
More than thy hate, I hate it ; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as she ;
And so not teach, but force my opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity,
To run all countries a wild roguery ;
Waters stink soon, if in one place they abide,
And in the vast sea are more putrefied :
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest ; Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV.

THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me ;
And as a thief at bar is questioned there
By all the men that have been robbed that year,
So am I (by this traitorous means surprised)
By thy hydroptic father catechized.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice ;
Though he hath oft sworn that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen ;
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out daylight,
And watch thy entries and returns all night ;
And when she takes thy hand, and would seem
kind,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find ;
And kissing notes the color of thy face,
And, fearing lest thou'rt swoln, doth thee embrace ;
And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,

And politicy will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness ;
Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
Oft skipt into our chamber those sweet nights,
And kissed, and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were bribed next day to tell what they did see :
The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only than,
He that to bar the first gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there :
Though by thy father he were hired to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But, O ! to common ill, I brought with me
That, which betrayed me to mine enemy,—
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
Ev'n at thy father's nose,—so were we spied,
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered ;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have
thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought ;
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he sweet strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,

Ev'n my opprest shoes dumb and speechless were :
Only, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorously hast betrayed,
And, unsuspected, hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and stayed with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound ;
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath ;
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us,—to be called effeminate ;
Though you be much loved in the Prince's hall,
There things, that seem, exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fumed on altars, were pleased well,
Because you were burnt, not that they liked your
smell.

You're loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
Shall we love ill things joined, and hate each one ?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay ;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes I give most willingly
'T' enbalm thy father's corse ; What? will he
die?

ELEGY V.

HIS PICTURE.

HERE take my picture ; though I bid farewell :
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall
 dwell,

'T is like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,
When we are shadows both, than 't was before.
When weather-beaten I come back ; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sunbeams tann'd ;
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread ;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin :
If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man
So foul and coarse, as, oh ! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see ?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it : who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems
 tough.

ELEGY VI.

OH ! let me not serve so, as those men serve,
 Whom honor's smokes at once fatten * and starve,
 Poorly enricht with great men's words or looks ;
 Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
 As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
 Their Prince's styles with many realms † fulfill,
 Whence they no tribute have, and where ‡ no
 sway.

Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves ; I hate dead names : oh then let me
 Favorite in ordinary, or no favorite be.
 When my soul was in her own body sheathed,
 Nor yet by oaths betrothed, nor kisses breathed
 Into my purgatory, faithless thee ;
 Thy heart seemed wax, and steel thy constancy :
 So careless flowers, strewn on the water's face,
 The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drown them ; so the taper's beamy eye,
 Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
 Yet burns his wings ; and such the Devil is,
 Scarce visiting them who are entirely his.
 When I behold a stream, which from the spring
 Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,

* *Var.* flatter.† *Var.* names.‡ *Var.* bear.

Or in a speechless slumber calmly ride
 Her wedded channel's bosom, and then * chide
 And bend her brows and swell, if any bough
 Do but stoop down to kiss her upmost brow,
 Yet if her often-gnawing kisses win
 The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
 She rusheth violently and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long-kept course,
 And roars and braves it and in gallant scorn,
 In flattering eddies promising return,
 She flouts her channel which thenceforth is dry ;
 Then say I, that is she, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
 Careless despair in me, for that will whet
 My mind to scorn ; and, oh ! Love dulled with
 pain,
 Was ne'er so wise, nor well armed, as Disdain.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee and spy
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye :
 Though hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I
 shall,
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall ;
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance : and when I
 Am the recusant, in that resolute state
 What hurts it me to be excommunicate ?

* *Var.* these.

ELEGY VII.

NATURE's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! thou dost prove
Too subtile! Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand:
Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the air
Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
Nor by the eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devicefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, since all thy words used to be
To every suitor, Ay, if my friends agree;
Since household charms, thy husband's name to
teach,
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could
reach;
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have
made
One answer in thee, and that ill-arrayed
In broken proverbs and torn sentences;
Thou art not by so many duties his,
(That, from the world's common having severed
thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see,)

As mine, who have with amorous delicacies
 Refined thee into a blissful paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee,
 Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
 Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
 Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
 And leave him then being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII.

THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
 As that, which from chafed muskcat's pores doth
 trill,
 As the almighty balm of the early East,
 Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast;
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
 They seem no sweat-drops, but pearl coronets.
 Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
 Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils;
 Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
 Enforced, Sanserra's starved men did draw
 From parboiled shoes and boots, and all the rest,
 Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;

And like vile lying stones in saffroned tin,
Or warts, or weals, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide:
Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce
set ;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when the earth's shadows her embrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks clothed in seal's
skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands.
Like rough-barked elm-boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourged for madness or for sin ;
Like sun-parched quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tanned skin's lamentable state :
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swollen fingers of thy mistress' hand.
Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbec's warm womb doth inspire
Into the earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best-loved part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run

Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna,
 Where round about the grass is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy and more,
 As a worm sucking an envenomed sore ?
 Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
 As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake ?
 Is not your last act harsh and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth rent ?
 So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are priests reverent in handling sacrifice,
 And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
 As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss :
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She and comparisons are odious.

ELEGY IX.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No Spring, nor Summer's beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one autumnal face.
 Young beauties force our loves,* and that's a rape ;
 This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
 If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame :
 Affections here take Reverence's name.

* *Var.* your love. Ed. 1635.

Were her first years the golden age ? that 's true ;
But now she 's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time ;
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from
hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves : if graves they
were,
They were Love's graves ; or else he is no-
where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
Vowed to this trench, like an anachorit.
And here, till her's, which must be his death,
come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he ; though he sojourn everywhere
In progress, yet his standing-house is here ;
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils sit.
This is love's timber, youth his underwood ;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes's strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so old as she,
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.

If we love things long sought, age is a thing,
 Which we are fifty years in compassing;
 If transitory things, which soon decay,
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack;
 Lank as an unthrift's purse; but a soul's*
 sack;
 Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
 Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than
 made;
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
 To vex the soul at resurrection;
 Name not these living death-heads unto me,
 For these not ancient but antique be:
 I hate extremes: yet I had rather stay
 With tombs than cradles, to wear out the day
 Since such love's natural station is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill;
 Not panting after growing beauties; so
 I shall ebb on with them, who homeward go.

*Var. fool's. Ed. 1635.

ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her, whom I love more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for
me.

Honors oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then Phantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you;
For all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out
all.

After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to Love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honor, tears, and pains were spent.
But dearest heart, and dearer image, stay,
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough

Though you stay here, you pass too fast away :
 For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
 Filled with her love, may I be rather grown
 Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XL

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR
 WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

NOT, that in color it was like thy hair,
 Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear ;
 Nor, that thy hand it oft embraced and kist,
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist ;
 Nor for that silly old morality,
 That as these links were knit, our loves should be ;
 Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost :
 Nor for the luck's sake ; but the bitter cost.
 O ! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile solder did admit,
 Nor yet by any way have strayed or gone
 From the first state of their creation ;
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithful guide ;
 To gain new friends, to appease old * enemies ;

* *Var.* great. Ed. 1635.

To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise ;
 Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
 Sentence (dread judge) my sin's great burden
 bear ?

Shall they be damned, and in the furnace thrown,
 And punished for offences not their own ?

They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they 're burnt and tied in chains :

Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,

For most of them their country's natural rot,

I think, possesseth, they come here to us,

So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous ;

And howsoe'er French kings most Christian be,

Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly ;

Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,

That are become as catholic as their king,

Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfild pistolets,

That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,

Which, negligently left unrounded, look

Like many-angled figures in the book

Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce

Nature, as these do justice, from her course,

Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,

As streams like veins run through the earth's

 every part,

Visit all countries, and have slyly made

Gorgeous France ruined ; ragged and decayed,

Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day :

And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia :

Or were it such gold as that, wherewithal
 Almighty chymics from each mineral
 Having by subtle fire a soul out-pulled,
 Are dirtily and desperately gulled :
 I would not spit to quench the fire they 're in,
 For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
 But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
 Much hope, which they should nourish, will be
 dead.

Much of my able youth and lusty-head
 Will vanish if thou, Love, let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone,
 And be content, that some lewd squeaking
 cryer,
 Well-pleased with one lean threadbare groat for
 hire,
 May like a devil roar through every street,
 And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
 Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
 That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper,
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuff his
 rents
 So full, that, though he pass them all in sin,
 He leaves himself no room to enter in.
 But if, when all his art and time is spent,
 He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content ;
 Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remain,
 Though it be changed, and put into a chain ;
 So in the first faln angels resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turned to ill ;
 As these should do good works, and should provide
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride :
 And they are still bad angels : mine are none :
 For form gives being ; and their form is gone :
 Pity these angels yet : their dignities
 Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute ; thy will be done ;
 Yet with such anguish, as her only son
 The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
 Good souls, (for you give life to every thing,)
 Good angels, (for good messages you bring,)
 Destined you might have been to such a one,
 As would have loved and worshipped you alone :
 One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
 Yea, death, ere he would make your number less.
 But I am guilty of your sad decay :
 May your few fellows longer with me stay !

But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
 So, that I almost pity thy estate,
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall :
 Here fettered, manacled, and hanged in chains
 First may'st thou be ; then chained to hellish pains ;
 Or be with foreign gold bribed to betray
 Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.

May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain

Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain ;
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee ; and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no ability.

May all the evils, that gold ever wrought,
 All mischief, that all devils ever thought,
 Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
 'The plague of travellers, love, and marriage
 Afflict thee ; and at thy life's last moment
 May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.

But I forgive : repent, thou honest man :
 Gold is restorative, restore it, than :
 But if that from it thou be'st loath to part,
 Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart.

ELEGY XII.

COME, Fates ; I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
 Are paid but you. Then rest me ere I go.
 But chance from you all sovereignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those, whom death dares
 not :

'True if you were, and just in equity,
 I should have vanquished her, as you did me.
 Else lovers should not brave death's pains, and
 live :

But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve.
 Or pale and wan Death's terrors, are they laid
 So deep in lovers they make Death afraid ?
 Or (the least comfort) have I company ?
 Or can the Fates love Death, as well as me ?

Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay
 For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
 Poor Death can nothing give ; yet for her sake,
 Still in her turn, he doth a lover take.
 And if Death should prove false, she fears him not,
 Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
 That fatal night we last kissed, I thus prayed,
 (Or rather thus despaired, I should have said,)
 Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
 Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
 Like lambs that see their teats, and must eat hay,
 A food, whose taste hath made me pine away ;
 Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to
 touch

A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
 Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
 And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent ;
 Unable longer to endure the pain,
 They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.

Thus, till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep :
And then I dream, how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may : He pities my state,
But says, I therein no revenge shall find ;
The sun would shine, though all the world were
blind,

Yet, to try my hate, Love showed me your tear ;
And I had died, had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me ; your smile is my wealth ;
And as you please to look, I have my health.
Methought Love, pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms, to kiss.
That cured me not, but to bear pain gave strength ;
And what is lost in force, is took in length.
I called on Love again, who feared you so,
That his compassion still proved greater woe :
For then I dreamed I was in bed with you,
But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been ;
The Queen of Chastity was naked seen :
And in bed, not to feel, the pain I took,
Was more than for Actæon not to look.
And that breast, which lay ope, I did not know
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIII.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come
night,

Environ me with darkness, whilst I write :

Shadow that hell unto me, which alone

I am to suffer, when my love is gone.

Alas ! the darkest magic cannot do it,

And that great hell to boot are shadows to it.

Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,

It would not form one thought dark as mine are ;

I could lend them obscureness now, and say

Out of myself, there should be no more day.

Such is already my self-want of sight,

Did not the fire within me force a light.

O Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,

Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt !

Is't because thou thyself art blind, that we,

Thy martyrs, must no more each other see ?

Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,

And view old Chaos in the pains we feel ?

Or have we left undone some mutual rite,

That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite ?

No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,

Or rather to conspiring Destiny ;

Which (since I loved) for me before decreed,
 That I should suffer, when I loved indeed.
 And therefore sooner now, than I can say
 I saw the golden fruit, 't is rapt away.
 Or as I had watcht one drop in the vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet, Love, thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,
 To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss:
 And, where one sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
 So blinded Justice doth, when favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their
 favorites all.

Was 't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
 Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
 And mad'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thyself into our flames didst turn?
 Was 't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
 And those so ambushed round with household
 spies,

And over all thy husband's lowering eyes
 Inflamed with the ugly sweat of jealousy,
 Yet went we not still on in constancy?
 Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy:
 Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by?
 Stolen (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadowed with negligence our best respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects

Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our
words?

Have we proved all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this passed purgatory
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accused, should such a mischief do.
O Fortune, thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friend and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,
And we can love by letters still, and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams; Love never wanteth
shifts.

I will not look upon the quickening sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring,
How fresh our love was in the beginning;

The Summer, how it inripened the year ;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she.
And, dearest friend, since we must part, drown
 night
With hope of day ; burdens well borne are light
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere.
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty : so
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy :
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to the comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds shall still be, what my deeds are now ;
The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
And when I change my Love, I'll change my
 heart ;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world fire :
Much more I could ; but many words have made
That oft suspected, which men most persuade :
Take therefore all in this ; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XIV.

JULIA.

HARK, news, O Envy, thou shalt hear descried
My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envied.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains,
Is her continual practice, does her best,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
'Scapes not the showers of envy: To repeat
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation; would to God she were
But half so loath to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof: Lived Mantuan now again,
That female Mastix to limn with his pen
This she Chimæra, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger (anger feeds desire)
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous.
Her hands, I know not how, used more to spill
The food of others, than herself to fill.
But oh her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes

Of former curses, projects unmade up,
 Abuses yet unfashioned, thoughts corrupt,
 Misshapen cavils, palpable untruths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths :
 'These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
 'Throng in her bosom for creation.
 I blush to give her half her due ; yet say,
 No poison 's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XV.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
 To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar or knight,
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
 Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
 Juror or judge ; I touch no fat sow's grease ;
 I am no libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many :
 I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
 Nor count nor counsellor will red or pale.

A citizen and his wife the other day,
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook ; the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat ;

I saw the lecherous citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack,
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiss his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And sort discourse fit for so fine a man ;
I asked the number of the plaguy bill,
Asked if the custom-farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the midland seas had marred ;
Whether the Britain Bourse did fill apace,
And likely were to give the Exchange disgrace
Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moorfield crosses,
Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,
I urged him to speak ; but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and nays ; at last
(To fit his element) my theme I cast
On tradesmen's gains ; that set his tongue agoing,
Alas, good Sir (quoth he) there is no doing
In court nor city now : she smiled and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present times with such a face
He railed, as frayed me ; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex's days :
Called those the age of action : true (quoth he)
There 's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay-down ;
For put to push of pay, away they run :

Our only city trades of hope now are
 Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore and scrivener,
 The much of privileged kinsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor :
 In the first state of their creation
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
 A righteous paymaster. Thus ran he on
 In a continued rage : so void of reason
 Seemed his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
 And (troth) how could I less ? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,
 And his wise brethren's worships when one
 prayeth,
 He swore that none could say amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glowed to hear,
 (In happy time) an angel did appear,
 The bright sign of a loved and well-tried inn,
 Where many citizens with their wives had been
 Well-used and often ; here I prayed him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way ;
 Look, how he looked that hid his gold, his hope,
 And at's return found nothing but a rope ;
 So he on me ; refused and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day :
 I found my miss, struck hands, and prayed him
 tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell
 He barely named the street, promised the wine,
 But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVI

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to study truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in
 water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Formed into words, so many sighs should meet,
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among (all sweetened by our fears)
And the divine impression of stolen kisses,
That sealed the rest, should now prove empty
 blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, who'd wish you just?

O, I profane : though most of women be
 This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
 My dearest Love ; though froward jealousy
 With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
 Sooner I'll think the sun will cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and that forget to bear :
 Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams ;
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But oh ! that treacherous breast, to whom weak
 you

Did trust our counsels, (and we both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late,) 't was he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me ;
 Whilst he (black wretch) betrayed each simple
 word

We spake, unto the cunning of a third ;
 Curst may he be, that so our love hath slain,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity ;
 In plaguing him let misery be witty.
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noisome as his infamy ;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;
 And after all self-torment when he dies,
 May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes ;
 Swine eat his bowels ; and his falser tongue,
 That uttered all, be to some raven flung ;

And let his cannon corse be a longer feast
To the King's dogs, than any other beast.
Now I have curst, let us our love revive ;
In me the flame was never more alive ;
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease ; like painters, that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you liked ; and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors, the same ways ;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent ;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly caught, as a disease ;
But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get :
And ought not to be profaned on either part,
For though 't is got by chance, 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVII.

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one, that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick :
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick

Our love, and force it new strong shapes to
take,

We err, and of a lump a monster make.

Were not a calf a monster, that were grown

Faced like a man, though better than his own?

Perfection is in unity: prefer

One woman first, and then one thing in her.

I, when I value gold, may think upon

The ductileness, the application,

The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,

From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:

But if I love it, 't is because 't is made

By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon

(If women had them) and yet love but one.

Can men more injure women than to say

They love them for that, by which they're not
they?

Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood

Till I both be, and find one, wise and good?

May barren angels love so. But if we

Make love to woman; virtue is not she:

As beauties, no, nor wealth; he that strays thus

From her to hers, is more adulterous

Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere

And firmament, our Cupid is not there:

He's an infernal god, and underground,

With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound;

Men to such gods their sacrificing coals

Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes:

Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love :
So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,
And virtues ; but we love the centric part.

Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they err, that set out at the face !
The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springs, and snares, fetters, and manacles :
The brow becalms us, when 't is smooth and
plain ;

And when 't is wrinkled, shipwrecks us again.
Smooth, 't is a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay ; but wrinkled, 't is a grave.
The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two
suns ;

It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the islands fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial.
Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all : there sirens' songs, and there
Wise Delphic oracles, do fill the ear ;
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell,
The Remora, her cleaving tongue, doth dwell.
These and the glorious promontory, her chin,
Being past, the straits of Hellespont, between

The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
 (Not of two lovers, but two loves, the nests)
 Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
 Some island moles may scattered there descry,
 And sailing towards her India, in that way
 Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay,
 Though there the current be the pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embayed,
 Thou shalt upon another forest set,
 Where many shipwreck and no further get.
 When thou art there, consider what this chase
 Misspent, by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below ; practise my art ;
 Some symmetry the foot hath with that part,
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
 Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at :
 Least subject to disguise and change it is ;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the emblem, that hath figured
 Firmness ; 't is the first part that comes to bed
 Civility we see refined : the kiss,
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be :
 If kings think that the nearer way, and do
 Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too.
 For as free spheres move faster far than can
 Birds, whom the air resists ; so may that man,
 Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
 Than if at beauty's enemies he stay.

Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid :
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way, which that exchequer looks, must go :
 He which doth not, his error is as great,
 As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
 Until I labor, I in labor lie.
 The foe ofttimes, having the foe in sight,
 Is tired with standing, though he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,
 But a far fairer world encompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate, which you wear,
 That the eyes of busy fools may be stopt there ;
 Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
 Tells me from you, that now it is bedtime.
 Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
 That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
 Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
 As when through flowery meads the hill's sha-
 dow steals.
 Off with that wiry coronet, and show
 The hairy diadem, which on your head doth grow :

Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be
Revealed to men: thou, angel, bring'st with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

License my roving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below,
O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's safest, when with one man manned.
My mine of precious stones, my empery,
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee!
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul may court that and not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made,
For laymen are all women thus arrayed;
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see revealed. Then since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself; cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first ; why, then,
What need'st thou have more covering than a
man ?

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse,
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee ; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus ;
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress still, not my feigned page ;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back ; O, if thou die before
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar,
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love

Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness ; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithyia, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 't is madness to have proved
Dangers unurged : feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in the other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind ; be not strange
To thyself only, all will spy in thy face
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace.
Richly clothed apes, are called apes ; and as soon
Eclipsed, as bright, we call the moon the moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee ; and no less alas,
The indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vexed. But none of these,
Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here ; for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess ;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me ; nor bless, nor curse
Openly love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse

With midnight's startings, crying out, oh! oh!
 Nurse, oh! my love is slain; I saw him go
 O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
 Assailed, taken, fight, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die.
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

OH to what height will love of greatness drive
 Thy learned spirit, *sesqui-superlative*?
 Venice's vast lake thou hast seen, and would'st
 seek then,
 Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtesan;
 That inland sea having discovered well,
 A cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell
 From Heidelberg, thou long'st to see: and thou
 'This book, greater than all, producest now,
 Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
 'That none can study it to any end.
 'T is no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
 Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man,

One half being made, thy modesty was such,
 That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic ?
 Not till thou exceed the world ? Canst thou be
 like

A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes
 grows

To be far greater than the mother nose ?
 Go, then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
 Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show,
 Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus ; appear
 As deep a statesman as a garreteer.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
 Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
 Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
 Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send ;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely
 spend,

Meaning to see 't no more upon the press :
 The East sends hither her deliciousness ;
 And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
 hence,

The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
 This magnifies thy leaves ; but if they stoop
 To neighbor wares, when merchants do unhoop
 Voluminous barrels ; if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men ;
 If for vast tons of currants, and of figs,
 Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,

Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide ;
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home manufactures to thick popular Fairs ;
If omnipregnant there, upon warm stalls
They thatch all wares for which the buyer calls ;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' ancients never
took,

A pandect mak'st, and universal book.
The bravest heroes for their country's good,
Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood ;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good, cut in anatomies ;
So will thy book in pieces, for a lord,
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board,
Provide whole books ; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee ? no, thou must fit
Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so ;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much as once their hunger to assuage :
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other
books,
And so one may which on another looks,

Pilfer, alas ! a little wit from you ;
 But hardly much ; and yet I think this true.*
 As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,
 For every piece is as much worth as all.
 Therefore mine impotency I confess,
 The healths, which my brain bears, must be far
 less ;
 Thy giant wit o'erthrows me, I am gone ;
 And, rather than read all, I would read none.

ELEGY.

THE heavens rejoice in motion ; why should I
 Abjure my so much loved variety,
 And not with many youth, and loved, divide ?
 Pleasure is none, if not diversified.
 The sun, that sitting in the chair of light, [bright,
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem
 Is not contented at one Sign to inn,
 But ends his year, and with a new begins.*
 All things do willingly in change delight,
 The fruitful mother of our appetite :
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
 Where their fair-spreading stream runs wide and
 clear ;

* Doth a new begin ?

And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itself, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind mistress, and employed her art
To make her lovable ; and I aver
Him not humane, that would turn back from her ;
I love her well ; and would, if need were, die
To do her service. But follows it that I
Must serve her only, when I may have choice ?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair ;
Her nymphlike features such agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave :
Another's brown, I like her not the worse ;
Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse ;
Others, for that they well descended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a share,
And though they be not fair, 't is much with me
To win their love only for their degree ;
And though I fail of my required ends,
The attempt is glorious, and itself commends.
How happy were our sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime !
With them it was accounted charity
To stir up race of all indifferently ;
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Persians still in usage stands.

Women were then no sooner asked than won ;
And what they did was honest, and well done.
But since this little * honor hath been used,
Our weak credulity hath been abused ;
The golden laws of nature are repealed,
Which our first fathers in such reverence held ;
Our liberty's reversed, and charter's gone,
And we made servants to Opinion ;
A monster in no certain shape attired,
And whose original is much desired ;
Formless at first, but growing on it fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here love received immedicable harms,
And was despoiled of his daring arms ;
A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He lost those awful wings with which he flies ;
His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts,
Wherewith he 's wont to bruise resisting hearts.
Only some few, strong in themselves, and free,
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty ;
Following that part of love, although deprest,
And make a throne for him within their breast ;
In spite of modern censures him avowing
Their sovereign, all service him allowing.
Amongst which troop, although I am the least,
Yet equal in perfection with the best,
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command ;

* Title ?

For in whatever form the message came,
My heart did open, and receive the same.
But time will in its course a point descry,
When I this loved service must deny ;
For our allegiance temporary is ;
With firmer age return our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we reposed,
Shall not so easily be to change disposed ;
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth securely weighing ;
Which being found assembled in some one,
We 'll love her ever, and love her alone.

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

ON **FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHINE,**
AND THE LADY ELIZABETH, BEING MARRIED
ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
 All the air is thy diocese,
 And all the chirping choristers
 And other birds are thy parishioners :
 Thou marriest every year
 The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove ;
 The sparrow, that neglects his life for love ;
 The household bird with the red stomacher ;
 Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
 As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon ;
 The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
 And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed ;
 This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
 This day, which might inflame thyself, old
 Valentine.

II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
 Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves ;
 All that is nothing unto this,
 For thou this day couplest two phœnixes.
 Thou mak'st a taper see
 What the sun never saw, and what the ark
 (Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
 Did not contain, one bed contains, through thee ;
 Two phœnixes, whose joined breasts
 Are unto one another mutual nests ;
 Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
 Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live :
 Whose love and courage never shall decline,
 But make the whole year through thy day, O
 Valentine.

III.

Up then, fair phœnix bride, frustrate the sun ;
 Thyself from thine affection
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All lesser birds will take their jollity.
 Up, up, fair bride, and call
 Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
 Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
 Thyself a constellation of them all :
 And by their blazing signify,
 That a great princess falls, but doth not die ;
 Be thou a new star, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder ; and be thou those ends.

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
 May all men date records from this day,*
 Valentine.

IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
 Meeting another, grows the same,
 So meet thy Frederick, and so
 To an inseparable union go ;
 Since separation
 Falls not on such things as are infinite,
 Nor things, which are but one, can disunite,
 You're twice inseparable, great, and one.
 Go then to where the bishop stays,
 To make you one, his way, which divers ways
 Must be effected ; and when all is past,
 And that ye are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left yourselves to entwine,
 Besides this bishop's knot, O Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh ! what ails the sun, that here he stays
 Longer to-day than other days ?
 Stays he new light from these to get ?
 And finding here such stores, is loath to set ?
 And why do you two walk
 So slowly paced in this procession ?
 Is all your care but to be looked upon,
 And be to others spectacle and talk ?

* *Var.* thy.

The feast with gluttonous delays
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise ;
 The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
 Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
 Alas! did not antiquity assign
 A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine ?

VI.

They did, and night is come : and yet we see
 Formalities retarding thee.
 What mean these ladies, which (as though
 They were to take a clock in pieces) go
 So nicely about the bride ?
 A bride, before a good-night could be said,
 Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
 As souls from bodies steal, and are not spied.
 But now she is laid : what though she be ?
 Yet there are more delays ; for where is he ?
 He comes, and passes through sphere after
 sphere ;
 First her sheets, then her arms, then anywhere.
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there ;
 She gives the best light to his sphere,
 Or each is both, and all, and so
 They unto one another nothing owe ;

And yet they do, but are
 So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
 That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay ;
 Neither desires to be spared, nor to spare :

They quickly pay their debt, and then
 Take no acquittances, but pay again ;
 They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
 No such occasion to be liberal.
 More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
 Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two phœnixes
 Nature again restored is ;
 For since these two are two no more,
 There's but one phœnix still, as was before.
 Rest now at last, and we
 (As Satyrs watch the sun's uprising) will stay
 Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
 Only desired, because your face we see ;
 Others near you shall whispering speak,
 And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
 And win by observing then whose hand it is,
 That opens first a curtain, hers or his ;
 This will be tried to-morrow after nine,
 Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26, 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court, at the Marriage of the Earl of Sonerset ; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice
 What could to country's solitude entice
 Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time ?
 Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
 Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
 In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
 What delicacy can in fields appear,
 Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear ?
 Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
 Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
 Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmurs lost ?
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
 With just solemnity, do it in Lent :
 At court the spring already advanced is,
 The sun stays longer up ; and yet not his

The glory is; far other, other fires :
 First zeal to prince and state ; then love's desires
 Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great
 lights,

The first doth govern days, the other nights.
 And then that early light, which did appear
 Before the sun and moon created were,
 The prince's favor, is diffused o'er all,
 From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall ;
 Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's
 bright eyes,

At every glance a constellation flies,
 And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
 In light and power the all-eyed firmament.

First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
 Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise,
 And from their jewels torches do take fire ;
 And all is warmth and light and good desire.

Most other courts, alas ! are like to hell.
 Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell :
 Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
 Continual but artificial heat ;

Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
 And make our court an everlasting east.

And canst thou be from thence ?

IDIOS.

No, I am there

As heaven, to men disposed, is ev'ry where,
 So are those courts, whose princes animate,
 Not only all their house, but all their state.

Let no man think, because he 's full, he hath all ;
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
 Not only in fulness but capacity,
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
 And comprehend, the blessings they bestow.
 So reclused hermits oftentimes do know
 More of heaven's glory, than a worldling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man
 Is an epitome of God's great book
 Of creatures, and man need no further look ;
 So 's the country of courts, where sweet peace doth,
 As their own common soul, give life to both.
 And am I then from court ?

ALLOPHANES.

Dreamer thou art.

Think'st thou, fantastic, that thou hast a part
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice or amber in thy taste ?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm ?
 Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm ?
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
 Stuff well disposed, and. which would fain be
 gold :
 But never shall, except it chance to lie
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye ;
 As for divine things, faith comes from above,
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers ; from God, religion springs ;
 Wisdom and honor, from the use of kings ;
 Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
 That angels, though on earth employed they be,

Are still in heaven ; so is he still at home
 That doth abroad to honest actions come.
 Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
 Might'st have read more than all thy books
 bewray :

Hast thou a history, which doth present
 A court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the king's, and that, that kings are just ?
 And where it is no levity to trust,
 Where there is no ambition but to obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may ;
 Where the king's favors are so placed, that all
 Find that the king therein is liberal
 To them, in him, because his favors bend
 To virtue, to the which they all pretend ?
 Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more,—
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
 And is no more in his minority ;
 He is admitted now into that breast
 Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man ?

IDIOS.

I knew
 All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feel all this, and not to have
 Words to express it, makes a man a grave
 Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay
 At a great feast, having no grace to say.
 And yet I 'scaped not here ; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I uttered some.

Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
 Either the court or men's hearts to invade ;
 But since I am dead and buried, I could frame
 No epitaph, which might advance my fame,
 So much as this poor song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF MARRIAGE.

Thou art reprieved, old year, thou shalt not die,
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
 And should'st within five days expire ;
 Yet thou art rescued from a mightier fire,
 Than thy old soul, the sun,
 When he doth in his largest circle run.
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easy liquid jaw
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the northern pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this
 loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his ?

Be tried by beauty, and than
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man ;
 If by that manly courage they be tried,
 Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
 Becomes a man : should chance or envy's art
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part,
 Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the
 loving heart ?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
 Single, so much one are you two,
 Let me here contemplate thee
 First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see,
 How thou prevent'st the sun,
 And his red foaming horses dost outrun ;
 How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast
 All businesses, from thence to reinvest [art
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward
 To show to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving
 heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,
 To think thou wert in bed so long :

Since soon thou liest down first, 't is fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it.

Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phæton.
For our ease give thine eyes the unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quencht, thou may'st impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes; to him, thy
loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see;
So dost thou, when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we, which do behold,
Are dust and worms, 't is just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every jewel be a glorious star;
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are.
And though thou stoop to appear to us in part,
Still, in that picture thou entirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his
loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men, which through a cypress see

The rising sun, do think it two,
 So, as you go to church, do think of you :
 But that veil being gone,
 By the church-rites you are from thenceforth one.
 The church triumphant made this match before,
 And now the militant doth strive no more.
 Then, reverend priest, who God's recorder art,
 Do from his dictates to these two impart
 All blessings which are seen, or thought, by
 angel's eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION.

Blest pair of swans, O may you interbring
 Daily new joys, and never sing :
 Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
 Till honor, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
 That new great heights to try,
 It must serve your ambition, to die ;
 Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live
 Heirs from this king to take thanks ; you, to give.
 Nature and grace do all, and nothing art ;
 May never age or error overthwart
 With any west these radiant eyes, with any
 north this heart.

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
 Injures ; it causeth time to stay ;

The tables groan, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
 And were the doctrine new [true ;
 That the earth moved, this day would make it
 For every part to dance and revel goes,
 They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
 Though six hours since the sun to bed did part
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart
 A sunset to these weary eyes, a centre to this
 heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep?
 To sit up, till thou fain would sleep?
 Thou may'st not, when thou'rt laid, do so.
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
 And you must entertain,
 And do all this day's dances o'er again.
 Know, that if sun and moon together do
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
 Therefore thou may'st, fair bride, to bed depart ;
 Thou art not gone being gone ; where'er thou art,
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy
 loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall, runs apace
 And finds a jelly in the place,

So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
 Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.
 And as friends may look strange
 By a new fashion, or apparel's change,
 Their souls, though long acquainted they had
 been,
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.
 Therefore at first she modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part
 As freely, as each to each before gave either hand
 or heart.

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
 Unchanged for fifteen hundred year,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,—
 But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
 For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
 'This is joy's bonfire, then, where love's strong arts
 Make of so noble individual parts
 One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving
 hearts.

IDIOS.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.

ALLOPHANES.

No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
 For in burnt incense the perfume is not
 His only, that presents it, but of all ;
 Whatever celebrates this festival
 Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
 Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
 Back to the court, and I will lay't upon
 Such altars as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMION

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sunbeams in the east are spread,
 Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed ;
 No more shall you return to it alone ;
 It nurseth sadness ; and your body's print,
 Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint.
 You and your other you meet there anon ;
 Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing
 thigh,
 Which when next time you in these sheets will
 smother,
 There it must meet another,
 Which never was, but must be oft more nigh ;

Come glad from thence, go gladder than you
came,

To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
Our golden mines, and furnished treasury ;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage-days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due.
Conceitedly dress her, and be assigned
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Ind ;
So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you, frolic patricians,
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans ;
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits ;
Ye countrymen, who but your beasts love none ;
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphro-
dites,
Here shine ; this bridegroom to the Temple
bring.
Lo, in yon path, which store of strewed flowers
graceth,
The sober virgin paceth ;
Except my sight fail, 't is no other thing.

Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame ;
To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leaved gates, fair temple, unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
 Till, mystically joined, but one they be ;
 Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
 Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
 Long after their own parents fatten thee.
 All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
 All yielding to new loves, be far forever,
 Which might these two dis sever ;
 Always all the other may each one possess ;
 For the best bride, best worthy of praise and
 fame,
To-day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night ;
 Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
 Other disports than dancing jollities,
 Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes,
 But that the sun still in our half-sphere sweats ;
 He flies in winter, but he now stands still
 Yet shadows turn ; noon-point he hath attained,
 His steeds will be restrained,
 But gallop lively down the western hill :
 Thou shalt, when he hath run the heaven's half-
 frame,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose ;
 Why then should not our amorous star inclose
 Herself in her wished bed? Release your
 strings,
 Musicians, and dancers, take some truce
 With these your pleasing labors, for great use
 As much weariness as perfection brings.
 You, and not only you, but all toiled beasts,
 Rest duly ; at night all their toils are dispensed ;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labors, and more dainty feasts.
 She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
 And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lie
 A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossess
 Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
 To adorn the day, not thee ; for thou alone,
 Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness ;
 This bed is only to virginity
 A grave, but to a better state a cradle.
 Till now thou wast but able
 To be what now thou art ; then that by thee
 No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Even like a faithful man content,
 That this life for a better should be spent,

So she a mother's rich style doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wished approach doth lie
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly

The priest comes on his knees to embowel her.

Now sleep or watch with more joy ; and, oh light
Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot and early ;

This sun will love so dearly

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her
sight.

Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no
name,

To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

END OF THE EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

AWAY, thou changeling motley humorist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be confined, when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines ; and here
Is nature's secretary, the philosopher ;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body ;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee ?
First swear by thy best love here, in earnest,
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best,)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost
meet ;
Not though a captain do come in thy way,
Bright parcel-gilt, with forty dead men's pay ;
Not though a brisk, perfumed, pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer :

Nor come a velvet justice with a long [strong,
Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir.
For better or worse take me, or leave me :
To take and leave me is adultery.
O monstrous, superstitious Puritan,
Of refined manners, yet ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes,
Doth search, and like a needy broker prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat :
That wilt consort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own ;
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company.
Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire and love,
The nakedness and barrenness to enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy)
Hate Virtue, though she naked be and bare ?
At birth and death our bodies naked are ;
And, till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished :
Man's first blest state was naked ; when by sin
He lost that, he was clothed but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warned of thy sins, dost repent

These vanities and giddinesses, lo
 I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
 But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
 Worn out by as many several men in sin,
 As are black feathers, or musk-colored hose,
 Name her child's right true father 'mongst all
 those ;

Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
 The infantry of London hence to India ;
 And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
 By drawing forth heaven's scheme, tell certainly
 What fashioned hats or ruffs, or suits, next year
 Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear ;
 Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can
 show

Whither, why, when, or with whom thou would'st
 go.

But how shall I be pardoned my offence,
 That thus have sinned against my conscience ?
 Now we are in the street ; he first of all,
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall ;
 And so imprisoned and hemmed in by me,
 Sells for a little state his liberty.
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch
 endures,

As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go :

And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the
ground ;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do,
When any names the king of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, ' Do
you see

Yonder well-favored youth ? " " Which ? " " Oh !
't is he

That dances so divinely." " Oh," said I,
" Stand still, must you dance here for company ? "

He drooped ; we went, till one (which did excel
The Indians in drinking his tobacco well)

Met us : they talked ; I whispered, " Let us go ;
'T may be you smell him not, truly I do."

He hears not me, but on the other side

A many-colored peacock having spied,

Leaves him and me ; I for my lost sheep stray ;

He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,

Saying, " Him, whom I last left, all repute

For his device, in handsoming a suit,

To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and plait,

Of all the court to have the best conceit."

" Our dull comedians want him, let him go ;

But oh ! God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou
so ? "

" Why, he hath travelled long ; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be

Perfect French and Italian." I replied
 "So is the pox." He answered not, but spied
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities ;
 At last his love he in a window spies,
 And, like light dew exhaled, he flings from me
 Violently ravished to his lechery.
 Many there were, he could command no more ;
 He quarrelled, fought, bled ; and, turned out of
 door,
 Directly came to me, hanging the head,
 And constantly awhile must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best, [rest.
 That hate towards them breeds pity towards the
 Though poetry indeed be such a sin,
 As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in ;
 Though, like the pestilence and old fashioned love,
 Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starved out, yet their state
 Is poor, disarmed, like Papists, not worth hate.
 One (like a wretch, which at bar judged as dead,
 Yet prompts him, which stands next, and cannot
 read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 'Starving himself) to live by 's labored scenes.

As in some organ puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move,
One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
 charms,

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old
 harms ;

Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistollers are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?

And they who write, because all write, have still
The excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw,
Rankly digested, doth those things outspew,
As his own things ; and they 're his own, 't is true ;

For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement is his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To outdo dildoes, and out-usure Jews,

To outdrink the sea, to outswear the litany,
Who with sin's all kinds as familiar be

As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;

Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence, [pox,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches
And plodding on must make a calf an ox,

Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late
 But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
 Than are new beneficed ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
 His title of barrister on every wench,
 And woos in language of the pleas and bench.
 "A motion, Lady:" "Speak, Coscus." "I have
 been

In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the queen.
 Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
 Proceed; spare me, in Hilary term I went;
 You said, if I returned next 'size in Lent,
 I should be in remitter of your grace;
 In the interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits." Words, words, which would
 tear

The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
 More, more than ten Slavonians' scoldings, more
 Than when winds in our ruined abbeys roar.
 When sick with poetry and possest with muse
 Thou wast, and mad,—I hoped; but men which
 choose

Law practice for mere gain, bold souls repute
 Worse than imbrotheled strumpets prostitute.
 Now, like an owl-like watchman, he must walk
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will
 swear,

That only suretyship hath brought them there,

And to every suitor lie in every thing,
 Like a king's favorite, or like a king :
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
 Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge ; for
 Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
 Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.
 Shortly, as th' sea, he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover-
 strand,

And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins, as he.
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Relicly kept, perchance buys wedding-cheer,)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances ; big as glossed civil laws,
 So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
 Are fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written pays,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
 When Luther was profest, he did desire
 Short paternosters, saying as a friar
 Each day his beads ; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory
 clause.)

But when he sells or changes land, he impairs
 His writings, and (unwatched) leaves out *ses heires*,
 And slyly as any commenter goes by
 Hard words or sense ; or in divinity
 As controverters in vouched texts leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear
 the doubt.

Where are those spread woods, which clothed
 heretofore

Those bought lands ? not built, nor burnt within
 door.

Where the old landlord's troops and alms ? In halls
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals

Equally I hate: Mean's blest. In rich men's
 homes

I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs ;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But O we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none
 draws

Within the vast reach of th' huge statute laws.

SATIRE III.

KIND pity checks my spleen ; brave scorn forbids
 Those tears to issue, which swell my eyelids.

I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise ;
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies ?

Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
 As worthy of our soul's devotion,
 As virtue was to the first blinded age?
 Are not Heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
 Lusts, as earth's honor was to them? Alas,
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
 Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
 To follow, damned? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear
 this:

This fear great courage, and high valor is.
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou
 lay

Thee in ship's wooden sepulchres, a prey
 To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than salamanders? Like divine
 Children in the oven, fires of Spain and the line,
 Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
 Which cries not *goddess* to thy mistress, draw,
 Or eat thy poisonous words? Courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
 Sentinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbid wars leave the appointed field?

Know thy foes: the foul devil (he, whom thou
 Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou, loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
 Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can
 taste,

Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seek true religion: O where? Mirreus,
 Thinking her unhoused here, and fled from us,
 Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago;
 He loves the rags so, as we here obey
 The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
 Crantz to such brave loves will not be enthralled,
 But loves her only, who at Geneva is called
 Religion — plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome but coarse country
 drudges.

Graius stays still at home here, and because
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
 Which dwells with us, is only perfect, he
 Embraceth her, whom his godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender; as wards still

Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
 Pay values. Careless Phrygius, doth abhor
 All, because all cannot be good; as one,
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry
 none.

Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
 As women do in divers countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
 So doth, so is, Religion; and this blind-
 ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forced but one allow,
 And the right. Ask thy father which is she;
 Let him ask his. Though truth and falsehood
 be

Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.
 Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best:
 To adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way.
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he, that will
 Reach her, about must and about it go,
 And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
 Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
 Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
 To will implies delay, therefore now do:
 Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
 The mind's endeavors reach; and mysteries
 Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.

Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do
not stand

In so ill case, that God hath with his hand
Signed kings' blank-charters to kill whom they
hate,

Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.

Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day ? Or will it then boot thee

To say a Philip or a Gregory,

A Harry or a Martin, taught me this ?

Is not this excuse for mere contraries,

Equally strong ? Cannot both sides say so ?

That thou mayst rightly obey power, her bounds
know ;

Those past, her nature and name's changed ; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.

As streams are, power is ; those blest flowers, that
dwell

At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do
well ;

But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas ! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consumed in going, in the sea are lost :

So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power, from God claimed, than God himself to
trust.

SATIRE IV.

WELL ; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A purgatory, such as feared hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath
 been

Poisoned with love to see, or to be seen ;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court. But as Glare, which did go
 To mass in jest, caught, was fain to disburse
 The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
 Before he 'scaped ; so't pleased my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffered this. Towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came :
 A thing which would have posed Adam to name :
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: one, who for a Dane
 In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,

If he had lived then : and without help dies,
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise :
 One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by :
 One, t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
 " Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are."
 His clothes were strange, though coarse, and
 black, though bare ;

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but t'was now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tuffaffaty ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travelled, and faith, speaks all
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
 Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats
 displease,

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste :
 But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue called compliment :
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius or Surius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper
 " God !

How have I sinned, that thy wrath's furious rod,

This fellow, chooseth me"? He saith, "Sir,
 I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
 For the best linguist?" and I sillily
 Said that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
 "Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir?" Beza, then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I named; here
 He stopt me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail;" then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, "If you had lived, Sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
 He adds, "If of court-life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can princes' courts, though there be
 few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue."
 He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked,
 "O Sir,
 'T is sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"
 Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
 And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk:"

Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes
meet

Kings only ; the way to it is King's-street."

He smacked, and cried, " He's base, mechanic,
coarse ;

So 're all your Englishmen in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat ?" " Mine, as you
see

I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me."

" *Certes* they 're neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogram."

" Not so, Sir, I have more." Under this pitch

He would not fly ; I chafed him : but, as itch

Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground

Into an edge, hurts worse, so I (fool) found,

Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,

He to another key his style doth dress,

And asks, What news ? I tell him of new plays ;

He takes my hand, and as a still which stays

A semibrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,

As loath to enrich me, so tells many a lie,

More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows,

Of trivial household trash he knows : he knows

When the queen frowned or smiled, and he knows

what

A subtle statesman may gather of that ;

He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison

Hastes to an office's reversion ;

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg

A license old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-

shells to transport ; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier ; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloyes me. I belch, spew, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more ; and as he had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds, that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amiens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this macaron talk in vain ; for yet,
Either my humor or his own to fit,
He like a privileged spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid ;
He saith, our wars thrive ill because delayed ;
That offices are entailed, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day ; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes ;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in, for hearing him ; I found
That as burnt venomous lechers do grow sound

By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free : therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but th'
 hour

Of mercy now was come. He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
 And says, " Sir, can you spare me ? " I said,
 " Willingly ; "

" Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? " Thank-
 fully I

Gave it, as ransom ; but as fiddlers still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you, so did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court filled with such strange things as he)
 Ran from thence with such or more haste than
 one,

Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his who dream't he saw hell, did advance
 Itself o'er me : such men as he saw there,
 I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear

Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: then
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or raised men,
 Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth, betray thee
 To the huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?

No, no; thou, which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity

Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand

With us at London, flouts our courtiers, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.

'T is ten o'clock and past; all whom the Mews,
 Baloun, Tennis, Diet, or the stews

Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in flocks were found
 In the presence, and I, (God pardon me.)

As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. "For a king
 Those hose are," cry his flatterers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.

Wants reach all states. Meseems they do as well
 At stage, as court; all are players; whoe'er
 looks

(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside
 books,

Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates which do know

That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them ; and praise (as they think)
well

Their beauties ; they the men's wits ; both are
bought.

Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause : these men men's wits for speeches
buy,

And women buy all reds, which scarlets dye.

He called her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net ;

She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.

Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine

From hat to shoe himself at door refine,

As if the presence were a Moschite ; and lift

His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to
shrift,

Making them confess not only mortal

Great stains and holes in them, but venial

Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :

And then by Durer's rules survey the state

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries

Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs.

So in immaculate clothes and symmetry

Perfect as circles, with such nicety

As a young preacher at his first time goes

To preach, he enters ; and a lady, which owes

Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,

And unto her protests, protests, protests ;

So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown

Ten cardinals into the inquisition ;

And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravished him away,
For saying of our lady's psalter. But 't is fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion ;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on.
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Tired now I leave this place, and but pleased so
As men from jails to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) Being among
Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flagons of wine,
I shook like a spied spy. Preachers, which are
Seas of wits and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place, for for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away: although I yet
(With Macabee's modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

THOU shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they,
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
 Rules to make courtiers, (he being understood
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)
 Frees from the sting of jests, all who in extreme
 Are wretched or wicked: of these two a theme
 Charity and liberty give me. What is he
 Who officer's rage, and suitor's misery
 Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
 As I think, (since all, which were, are, and shall
 Be, be made of the same elements)
 Each thing each thing implies or represents.
 Then man is a world, in which officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas, and suitors
 Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
 That which drowns them run: these self reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which officers
 Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
 Th' excrements which they void. All men are dust.
 How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
 Are made preys? O worse than dust or worm's
 meat!
 For they eat you now, whose selves worms shall
 eat.
 They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
 The wind which drives them; and a wasteful war

Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they
 Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
 Like wittols ; the issue your own ruin is.
 Greatest and fairest empress, know you this ?
 Alas ! no more than Thames' calm head doth know,
 Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'er-
 flow.

You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
 By having leave to serve, am most richly
 For service paid authorized, now begin
 To know and weed out this enormous sin.
 O age of rusty iron ! Some better wit
 Call it some worse name, if aught equal it.
 The iron age was, when justice was sold ; now
 Injustice is sold dearer far ; allow
 All claimed fees and duties, gamesters, anon
 The money, which you sweat and swear for, 's gone
 Into other hands : so controverted lands
 'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
 If law be in the judge's heart, and he
 Have no heart to resist letter or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeal ? Power of the courts below
 Flows from the first main head ; and these can
 throw
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
 Steel thee to dare complain, alas ! thou go'st
 Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
 Heavy, and most faint ; and in these labors they,
 Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in thy
 way

Become great seas, o'er which when thou shalt be
 Forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drowned in them before.
 All things follow their like ; only who have may
 have more.

Judges are gods ; and he who made them so,
 Meant not men should be forced to them to go
 By means of angels. When supplications
 We send to God, to dominations,
 Powers, cherubins, and all heaven's courts, if we
 Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
 Scarce to kings ; so 't is. Would it not anger
 A stoic, a coward, yea a martyr,
 To see a pursuivant come in, and call
 All his clothes, copes ; books, primers ; and all
 His plate, chalices ; and mistake them away,
 And ask a fee for coming ? Oh, ne'er may
 Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts : she is established
 Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be
 Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in jails :
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
 With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities ;
 So officers stretch to more than law can do,
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
 Why bar'st thou to yon officer ? Fool, hath he
 Got those goods, for which erst men bared to
 thee ?

Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and
 now hungerly
 Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
 Thou hadst much, and law's urim and thummim
 try
 Thou wouldst, for more ; and for all hast paper
 Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper.
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
 Than Hammon, when he sold his antiquities.
 O wretch ! that thy fortunes should moralize
 Æsop's fables, and make tales prophesies.
 Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows
 cozened,
 Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

SATIRE VI.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'er saw it exprest as 't is in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see ;
 But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st she 's wise and witty, fair and free ;
 All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
 By matching her, as she would match her foe ;
 And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence
 Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench

Reason there's none for thee ; but thou mayst vex
 Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
 Shun her, she needs must change ; I do not see
 How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.

Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
 Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
 Dried with his threats, she'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And would'st thou have this to choose thee, being
 free?

Go, then, and punish some soon-gotten stuff ;
 For her dead husband this hath mourned enough,
 In hating thee. Thou mayst one like this meet ;
 For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath
 sweet ;

Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest be.
 If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
 She'll thee before her first husband prefer,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,
 (She'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dead.
 But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgraced.
 Yet pause awhile, and thou mayst live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee.
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee
 now,

Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
 Besides, here were too much gain and merchan-
 dise,
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.

Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may
doubt

Her constancy, but none can put thee out.

Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,

And in the end the good on 't will be thine :

For though thou must ne'er think of other love,

And so wilt advance her as high above

Virtue, as cause above effect can be ;

'T is virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

END OF THE SATIRES.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,
G. HERBERT.*

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuive Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus, addit Anchora :
Nec hoc abunde est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum ; nempe symbolum suæ
Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor, loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit :
Tandem et fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum !

Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi ;
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

* See page 216.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT, SENT HIM
WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE AN-
CHOR AND CHRIST.*

QUI prius assuetus serpentum fasce tabellas
Signare (hæc nostræ symbola parva domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impressa la-
vacro,
Finibus extensis, Anchora facta patet ;
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam,
Anchora fit tandem Crux, tolerata diu :
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu.
Nec natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor ;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Qua sapiens, dos est ; qua terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis ; at in nostra sit medicina Cruce
Serpens, fixa Cruci si sit natura, Crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa,
sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quam catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exigua sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera, vota, preces :
Plura tibi accumulæ sanctus cognominis Ille,
Regia qui flavo dona sigillat equo.

* See page 217.

AMICISSIMO ET MERITISSIMO BENJ.
JONSON.

IN VOLPONEM.

QUOD arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consulti veteres sequi æmularierque,
 O omnes saperemus ad salutem!
 His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
 Illos quod sequeris, novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis, tuique prima
 Libri canitie induantur hora:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda;
 Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
 Priscis ingenium facit laborque
 Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros
 Ex nostra vitiositate sumas,
 Qua priscos superamus et futuros.

DE LIBRO, CUM MUTUARETUR, IMPRESSO,
DOMI A PUERIS FRUSTRATIM LACER-
ATO, ET POST REDDITO MANUSCRIPTO.

DOCTISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE VIRO D. D.
ANDREWS.

PARTURIUNT madido quæ nixu præla, recepta,
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus : victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum scrinia summa patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo :
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, annon
Ipse pater juvenem me dabit arte senem ?
Hei miseris senibus ! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in juvenem :
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et cœlorum æmula amicitia :
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PR
2345
A5D8
v.3-4

Skelton, John
The poetical works of
Skelton and Donne

