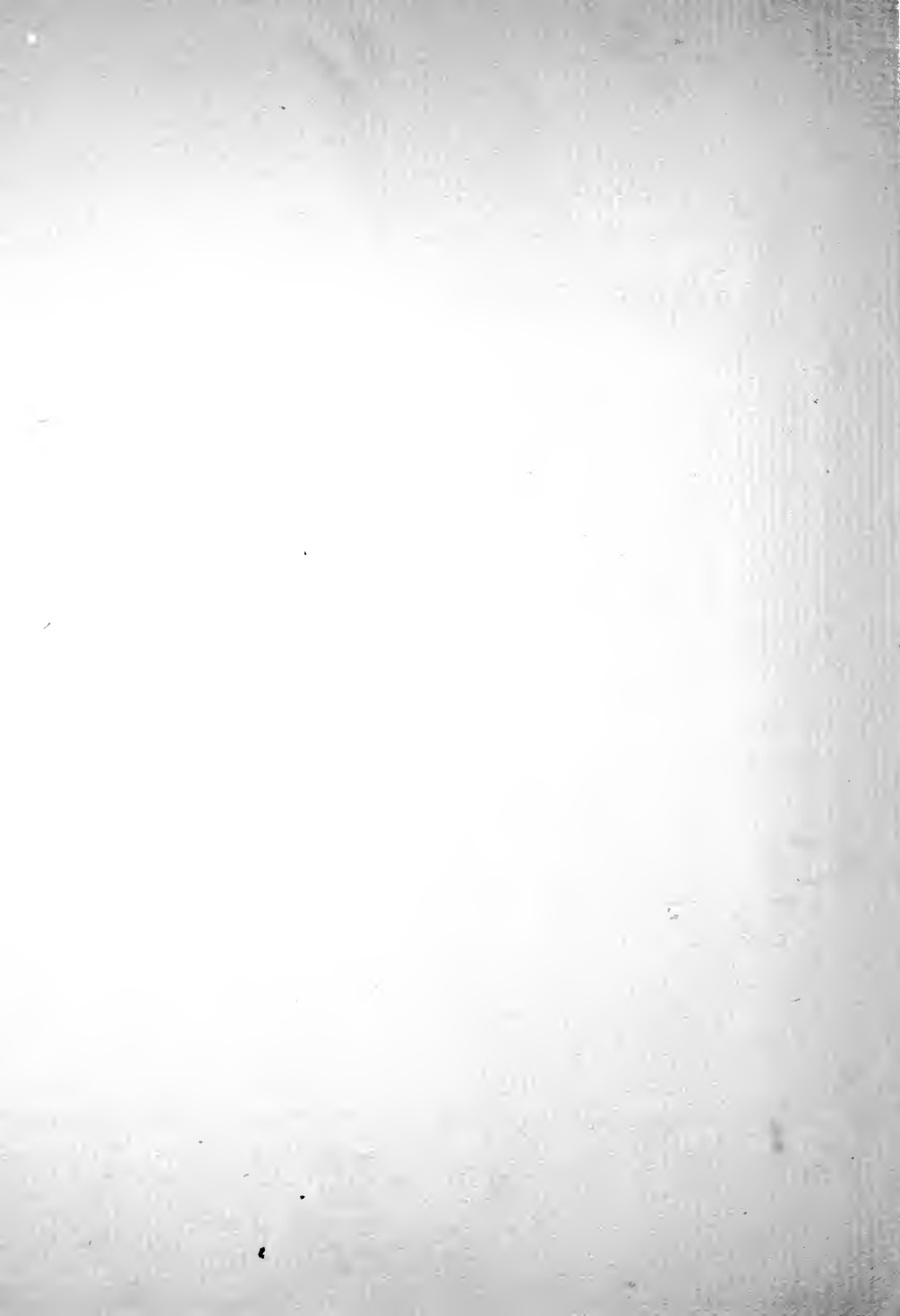
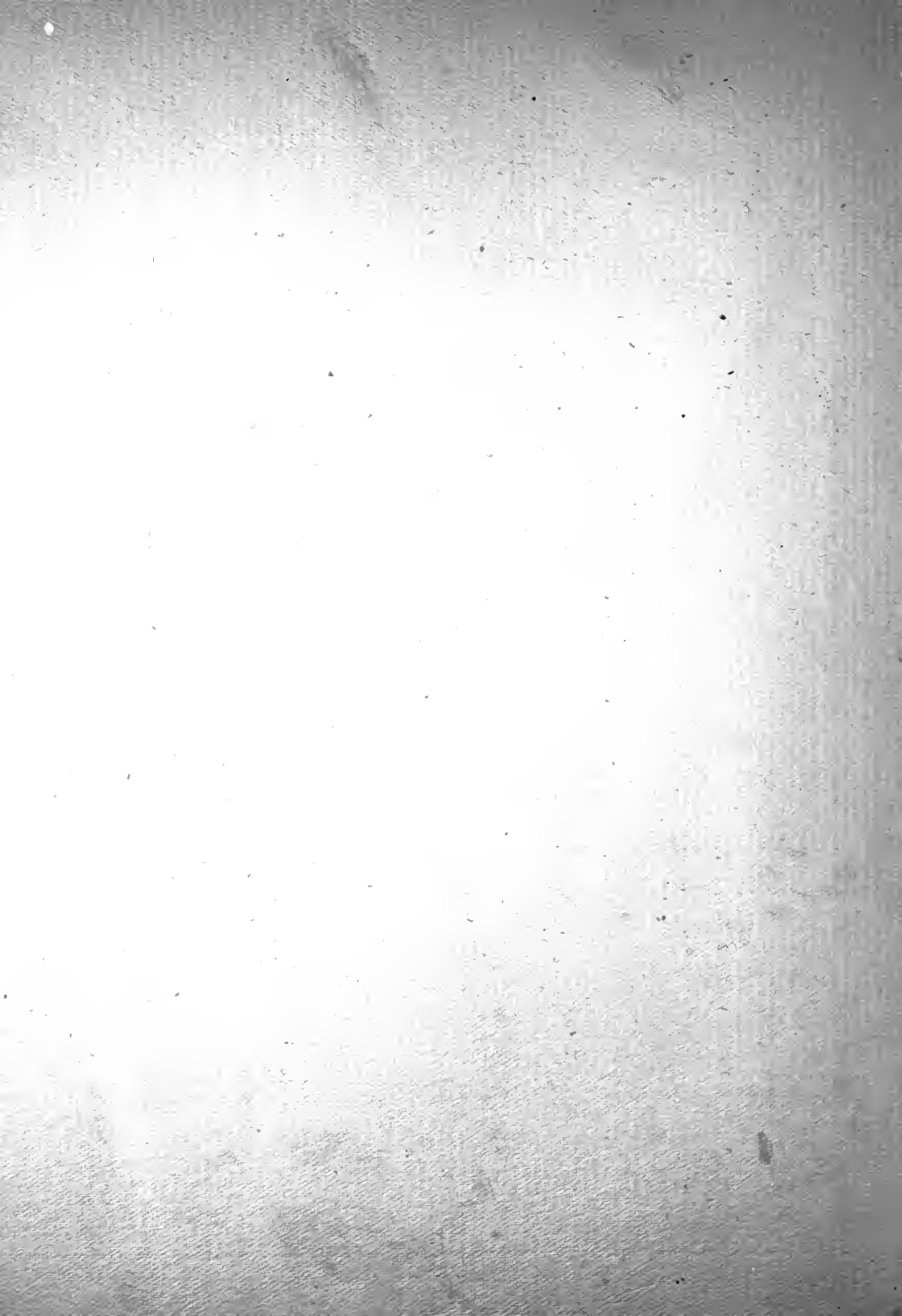
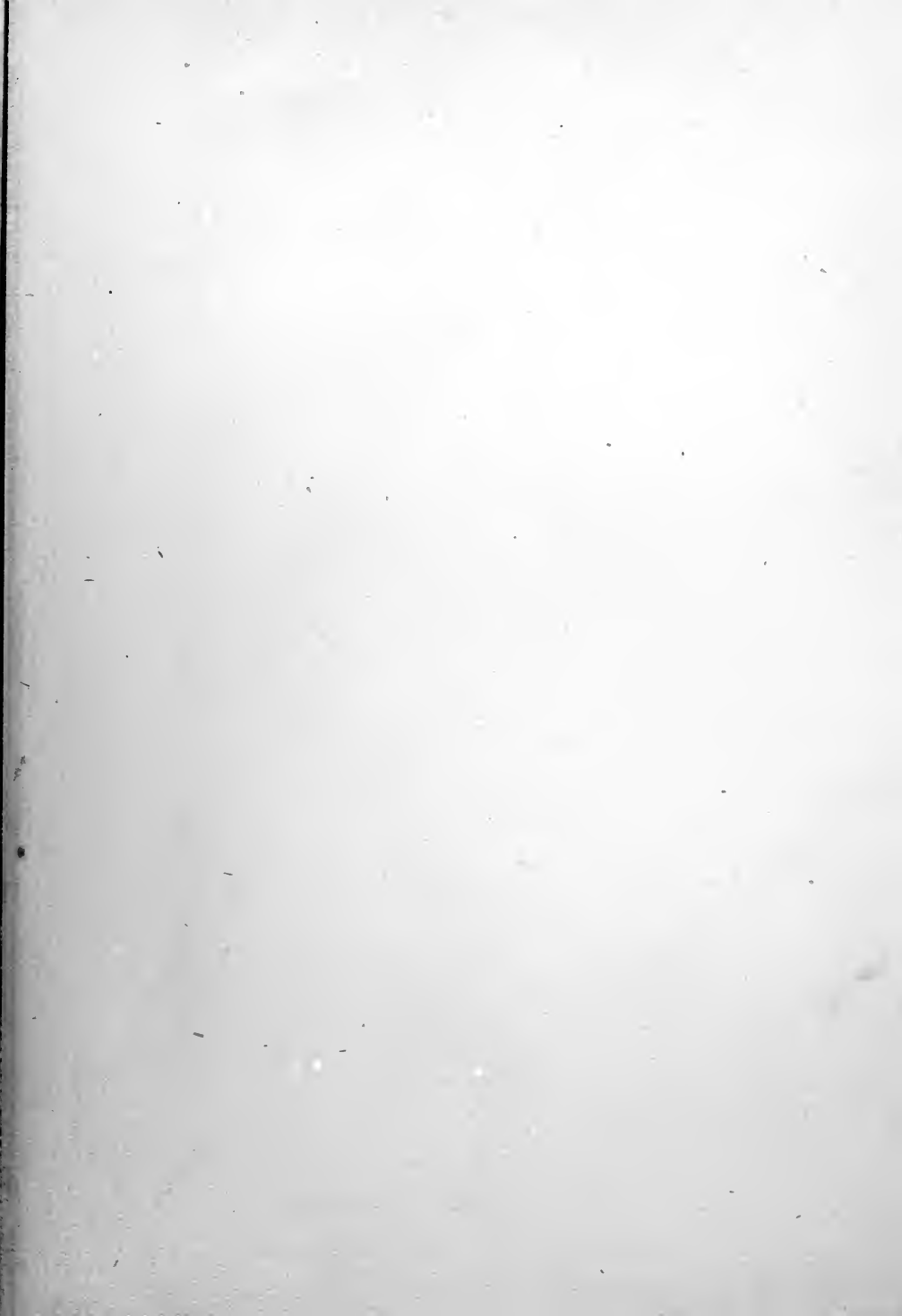


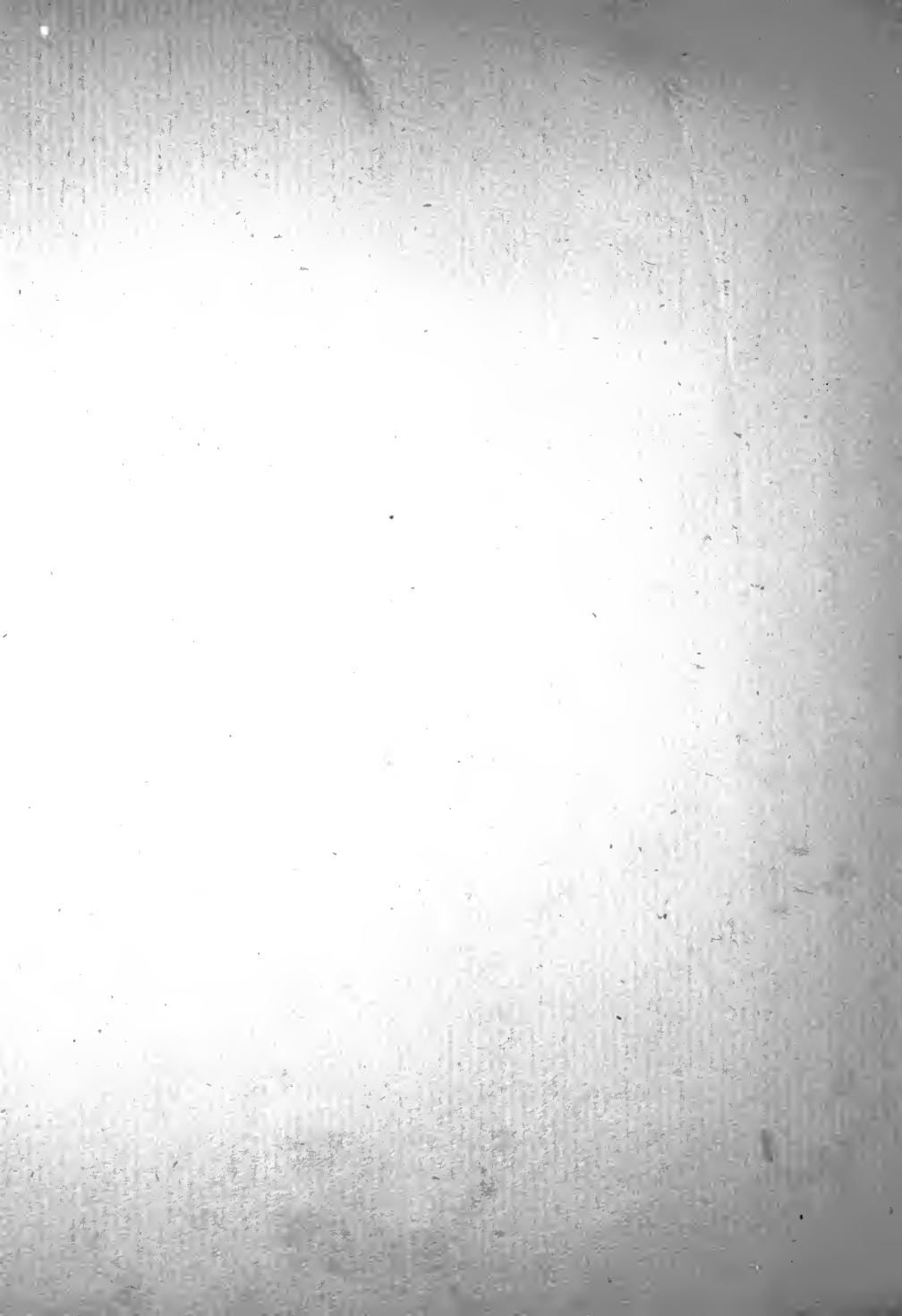
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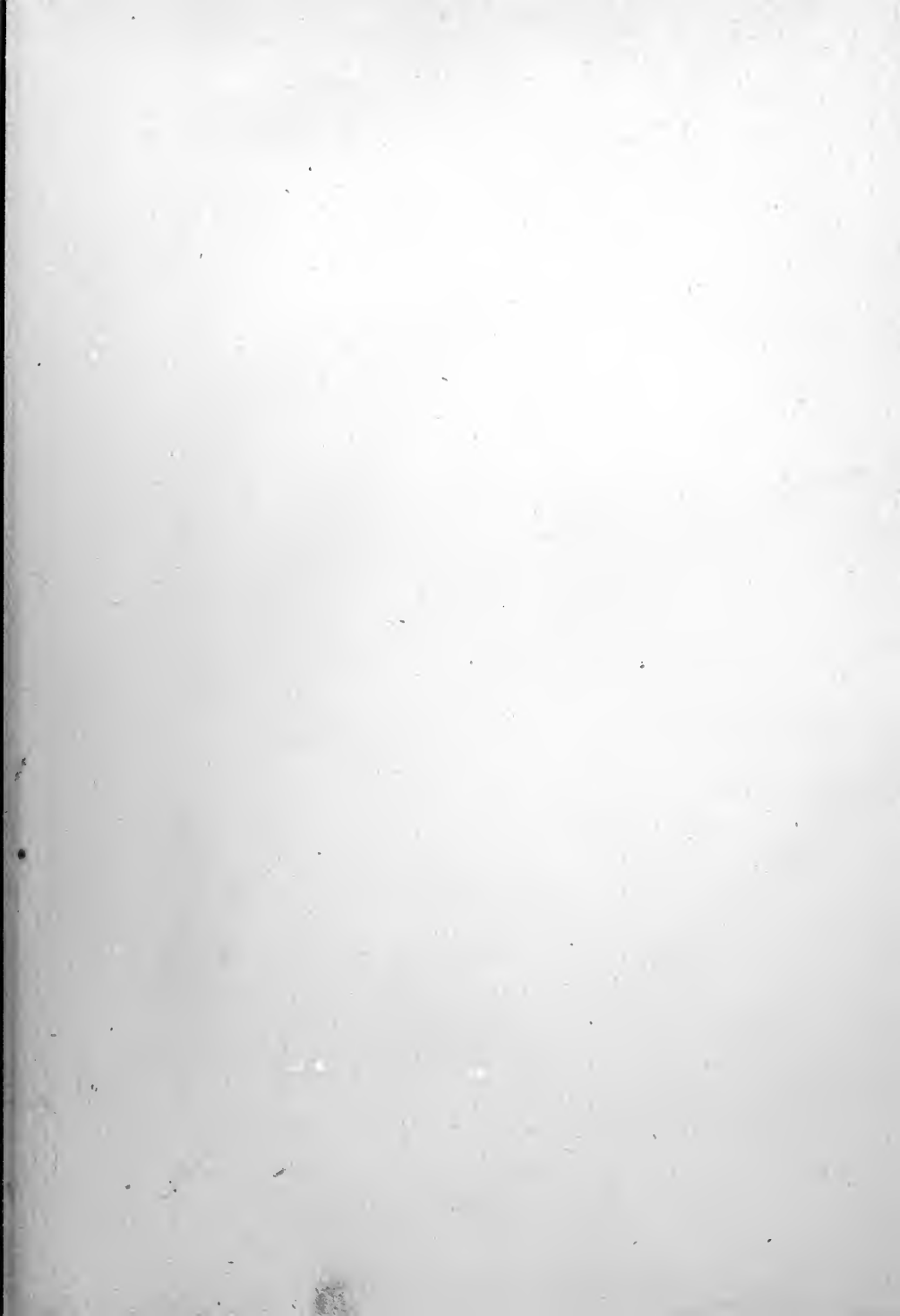


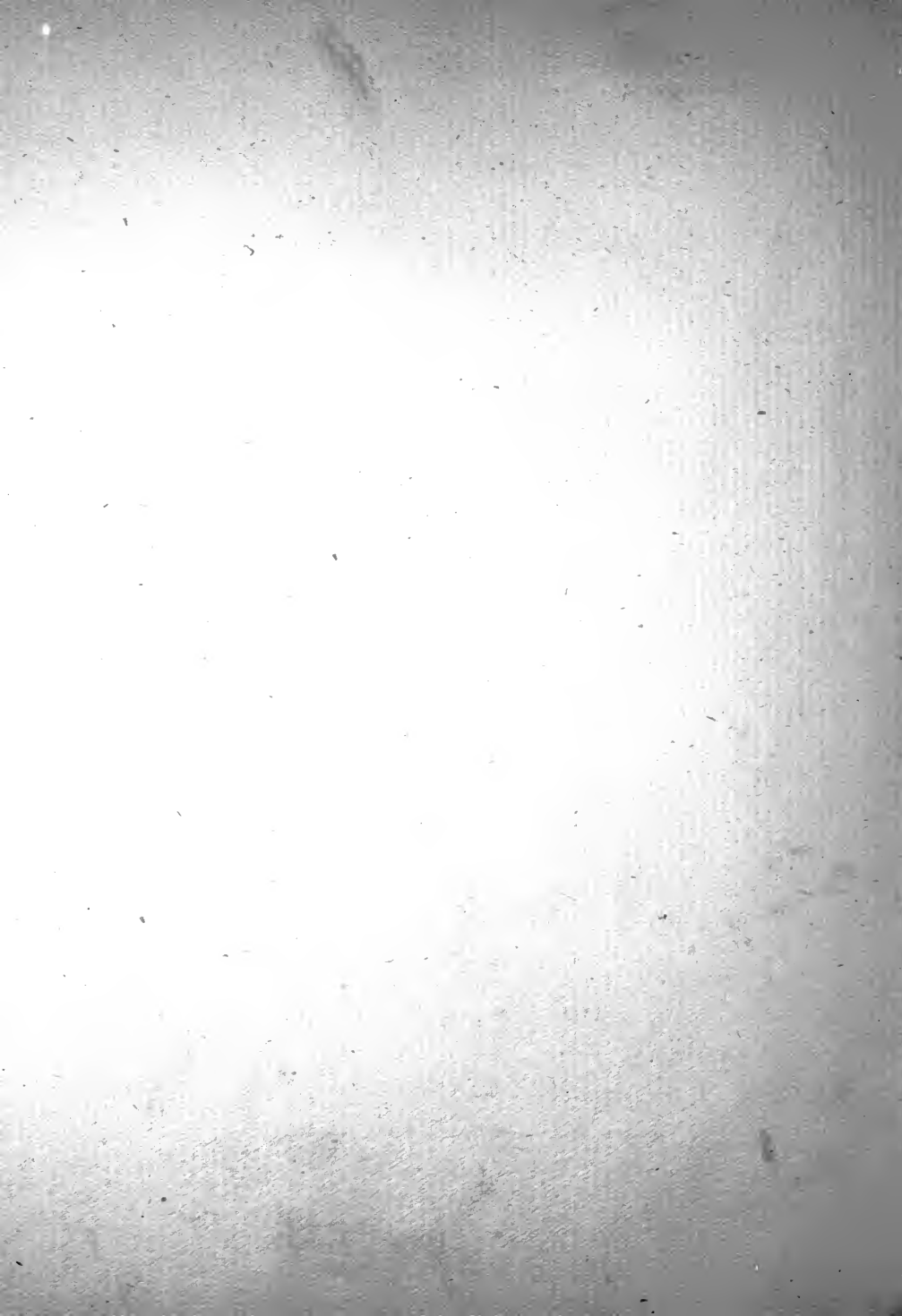












Goddard's Satirycall Dialogue



H

Satirycall Dialogue

OR A SHARPLYE-INVECTIUE CONFER-
ENCE BETWEEENE ALEXANDER THE
GREAT AND THAT TRUELY
WOMAN-HATER DIOGYNES

[BY WILLIAM GODDARD]

*Imprinted in the Lowcountrys
[? Dort? 1615] for all such gentlewomen
as are not altogether Idle nor yet well*

OCVPYED

FROM A UNIQUE COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

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INTRODUCTION



OUR knowledge of WILLIAM GODDARD, the satirist, is scanty, even as his books are scarce. Internal evidence is likewise, for the most part, wanting; his satires being in general of an impersonal character.

Flourishing in the reign of King James the first Goddard is thought to have belonged to the Middle Temple; he also appears to have lived for some time in Holland holding there an appointment in a civil capacity. At all events two of his books were "imprinted in the Lowcountryes"; one of them "A Neaste of Wasps," most certainly at Dort in the year 1615, and the other, the present reprint, was also probably issued from the same press.

Beyond these facts nothing is certain. There was (says *The National Dictionary of Biography*),

in July 1634, one William Goddard, "Doctor of Physic at Padua," who was incorporated in the same degree at Oxford; but his identity with the satirist seems doubtful.

GODDARD's known books are three in number, and are as follows:—

A Satyricall Dialogue, or a sharplye invectiue conference between Allexander the Great and that truelye woman-hater Diogynes...
Imprinted in the Lowcountryses for all such gentlewomen as are not alltogeather Idle nor yet well occupyed. [? Dort? 1615.]

A Neaste of Wasps latelie found out and discovered in the Law [Low] Countreys yealding as sweete hony as some of our English bees. [At Dort... 1615.]

A Mastif Whelp, with other ruff-Island-lik Currs fetcht from among the Antipedes. Which bite and barke at the fantastically humorists and abusers of the time... Imprinted at the Antipedes, and are to be sould where they are to be bought. [1598.]

Curiously enough, all seem to have been issued without the name either of printer or publisher;

a fact which would seem to indicate that they failed to obtain the usual license. The title page of "A Mastif Whelp" informs us that the book was "Imprinted at the Antipedes and are to be sould where they are to be bought." A further clue may possibly be found in the first dedication [*Sat. Dia.* A2], in the last four lines of which a reference is seemingly made to the burning of Marston's "Satires." This, however, is a mere surmise; and if censorship was really exercised over Goddard's productions it is difficult to see the reason why; for, though his satire would now-a-days be counted gross, his diction was no coarser than that of most of his contemporaries. His second dedication "to the senceless censorer" seems also to point in the direction I have indicated.

At all events, such a fact, could it be established, would go far to explain the extreme rarity of Goddard's works. Of "A Satyricall Dialogue," the present reprint, only one copy is known to exist, that being in the British Museum; whilst two copies are extant of "A Neaste of Wasps." One is in the library of Worcester College, Oxford, and another in the private collection at Bridgewater House. His "Mastif Whelp" is only to be found in the Bodleian.

Goddard's satire was almost entirely levelled

against women, and in not a few instances his pen was dipped in the bitterest invective and scorn. Especially is this noticeable in "A Satyricall Dialogue" which he doubly dedicates to the "bewteous . . . most puissaunt creatures of the Earth, Woemen," and "to the 'senceless' Censurer," the argument of which I will briefly outline.

Alexander the Great comes in disguise from his court to ask Diogines why he is for ever a recluse, and never seen in the busy haunts of men. Diogines replies that courts and courtiers are not to his taste: he is no wine-bibbing, gluttonous sycophant, but an honest man. Alexander contends that such disdain comes but of lack of travel and want of knowledge of the world. "Not so: all sorts and kinds of men and women," says Diogines, has he seen. "But," quoth Alexander, "does not Diogines at least care for the delights that come of women?" at court he may "take viewe of ladies trymm." All in vain Alexander pleads; for, says the recluse, "all woemen I haue seene; all are wanton, all are badd," and he would

"rather dwell

A thousand tymes, a single man in hell"

than married be; it "galls his gutts" a woman's tongue to hear. Alexander retorts:—

" Oh harsh-sowre, crabby Cynnick, still I see,
 To gentle creatures thou wilt stubborne bee :
 If with a girle th'ast neuer slept a night,
 Thy soule hath neuer tasted sweet delight
 " " " " (a Virgins grace),
 Which tripps lavaltoes in each maydens face,
 When men's fowle tongues o're-floues with ribaldery,
 Should make thee loue maidens, for their modestie."

Maids modest? " Nay, Maids can feign modesty,
 yet by themselves their tongues do wag in all too
 broad talk." And then Diogines relates "The
 Three Wanton Sisters Wanton Dreams" wherein
 he shows:—

"what modest chat
 Young maids will have when by themselves they're got."

Still Alexander is unconvinced; "ill is done to
 accuse so generally," so Diogines continues his
 experiences—how once he feigned to be a mar-
 ried wife, and overheard the counsel of one
 Madam Will "in various guise to women
 wronged"—shall he the story tell? "Why, yes,"
 and so the cynic proceeds to narrate the advice
 the old bawd gave concerning (*a*) an old wife's
 complaint of her young husband; (*b*) a young wife
 wedded to a jealous old man; and (*c*) the churlish
 spouse of a gossiping wife. And so the two
 discuss the whole range of women's ills, Alexander

at length disclosing himself in a last but vain attempt to induce Diogenes to change his tub for a courtly hall.

So far the summary; for the rest the student (and only for such are these reprints made) will not need to be longer delayed from Goddard's caustic lines. It only remains to mention that in 1878 Dr. Furnivall prepared Goddard's three known books with a view to republishing them, but they were never issued, and Dr. Furnivall's notes and materials have now been generously placed at the disposal of the present editor.



S A T I R Y.

C A L L D I A L O.
G V E O R A S H A R.
plye - invectiue conference, be-
tweene *Alexander* the great, and
that truelye woman-hater *Diogy-
nes.*




*Imprinted in the Lowcountryses for all
such gentlewomen as are not alto-
gether Idle nor yet well.*

O C V P Y E D.



TO THE VERTVOVS,
bewteous: to the all-illuftrious, and
moft puiffaunt creatures of the Earth, VVOE-
MEN: *Willyam Goddard*, fole defirer of th'yncreafe of your
bewtyes, and chiefe adorer of your goddes-like vertues,
(with al reuerence to your Angelicall fex,) commendes to
your protection this harfh vnlearned

DIALOGVE.

 *Tarrs of this earthlie heauen, you whose effence
Composd was of mans pureft quynteffence,
To you (to virtuous you) I dedicate
This snaggy fprigg, hew'd from a crabby pate,
Wherein (Celeftiall bewties) you fhall fee,
Howe old Diogynes extolleth yee.
We men, doe loue to fee our felues vp-raifd,
And Jocond are, to heare our own felues praifd
But (oh you fpringes of Wifdome!) I doe find
That is a thing moft hatefull to your kind.
Yet old Diogynes did fee your worth,
Such worth hee fawe as needes heed paint it forth.
Accept his loue; for all the Cynnicks deedes
Out of true zeale vnto your fex proceedes.
With reu'rent zeale, as high as th'azurd fkyes,
Your virtuous deedes, the old man magnifies.
Contrary wife, he with a bitter penn
Inuectiuelie doth write againft bad men,
Comaunding them, that what foe e're they doe,
They alwaies fhould example take by you.
Badd are thefe men, fuch is their peruerfe kind,
They burne all bookes wherein their faults they find.
And therefore (earthlie aungells) my defire
Is, you'l protect this from confuming fire.*

The euer-faythfull honourer
of your celeftyall Sex,

Willyam Goddard.



To the senceles Censurer.

Rash Reader, read my booke, and when tis read
Disdaynefullie through't o're thy muddy head
Thy condemnations peale a both sides ringe:
Rash men are priviledgd t'saie anie thing,
And therefore (*hare-braine*) reade, crie mewe
dislike :

My spleene fwells not when fooles with bables strike.
Pack hence, *precision* : cry'ft it is obsceane?
Diue deeper, *shallowe pate* : knowe what I meane.
Knowe what I meane ? alas! what hope haue I ?
Since carpers mindes haue but a poreblynd eye.
Yet to prevent thy censures, thus muche knowe,
Whollye this booke was made, *follic* to showe,
And he which laies ope tymes abuse, and vice,
Are sildome blam'd of men Iudicious wise :
At which I ay'md; and therefore, *duncepate*, hence,
Or looke for lashes for thy rude offence.

William G.



A SATIRYCALL DIA-
LOGVE OR A SHARPLYE-IN-
VECTIVE CONFERENCE

Betweene

ALLEXANDER THE GREATE

and that

Trulye woman-hater Diogynes.

Allexander.



Hy howe nowe, Cynnick, what duft doe a daies
That thou in tubb art coop't-vp htus alwaies?

Diogynes.

WHAT doe I doe? not daunce from howfe to howfe,
To bibb in wyne sweete Iuice, eache dambd corrowfe.
Nor doe I gallop it from place to place,
To viewe each faire bewitching painted face;
Nor studdye howe, this populous world to wynn,
My studdy's howe, to beate and conquer synn.
I studdye not wherewith my gutts to cramm:
On what foe ere I feede, well pleafd I am.
To mee's all one the fyn'ft and groffest meate;
So't wholesome be, I nere care what I eate.
With in my felfes a world, and it is true
I howrlie fight, all that world to subdue.
And thefe fell-fighters bee the enymies,
That rebell-like, againste me dailie rife.
Vaine *Pryde* (my cheifest foe) the leading hath
Of thefe feirce-foes: loathd drunkenness¹ and *Wrath*,
With *Averice*, *Sloathe*, *Gluttonie*, and *Lust*,

¹ drunkenness, *orig.*

The old

Encounter hottlie eu'rie daie I muft;
To beate downe thefe, I daylie doe devise;
To this end, I vse ftrenght and pollicies:
I ftuddy not, nor trouble I my witt
Howe I by flatt'ry fhould be fauouritt
Vnto greate *Alexander*. I would refufe
To be that monarchs felfe, If I might chufe.

Alexander.

THou wouldft not; wouldft?

Diogynes.

I would, by Ioue I vowe.

Alexander.

ALas (poore fillie fnake) why what art thou?

Diogynes.

WHat thou art not: I am an honeft man;
And then (I hope) the more vnlike thee than.
I am no Courtyer, I, for once by chaunce
I with another man's faire wife did daunce,
Yet Icie-vayned-I (vnfett a fire)
Did freeze moft coldlie in loues hott desire:
I did indeed: but doe you heare me, hoe?
Was e're hott-bloued Courtyer frozen foe?
I am noe Lawyer, I, for once there was
A poore man praide me vndertake his cafe:
Quoth he, praie vndertakt, and you fhall haue your fee
Though you fitt dumb, and nothing fpeake for me.
But I refufd it, I: yet harke you, hoe,
What Lawyer ere refufd, and tempted foe?
I am noe younger-brother brauelie fprighted,
For once a vfring golden *Affe* (benighted)
Quite laden with his full ftuff treasure baggs,
By me that dreaming drudge all feareles laggs;
Yet honeft I (vntempted with this fight)
Though emptie mavd, at this baite would not bite.
Hence capring Courtyer, ask you who I am?
Goe, gett you hence, fcudd quick from whence you came.

Alexander.

dogg barkes.

Alexander.

CYnnick, you are to sharpe: did you but knowe me,
I am affurd, more reu'rence you would showe me.

Diogynes.

HOWe? I showe reverence? noe, vnderstand
That *Alexander* getts none at my hand.

Alexander.

I N faithe, *Diogynes*, thou haste not beene,
In all thy life, where anie thing th'ast seene.
Yf thoudst but trauayle, and some fashions see,
Thoudst answere none, as nowe thou aunfwerst me.

Diogynes.

H Aue I not trauayld? ha? yes, yes, I trowe,
(Spruce fellowe) thou haste neuer trauailed foe.
Where I haue bene, theres fewe hath¹ euer beene,
But yet men saie noe wonders I haue seene.
Why, once I sawe a ritch-left heire to weepe,
When's old dadd tooke his euerlasting sleepe.
Once did I see a bewteous maide (tis straunge!)
Liue twentie yeares, yet not that title chaunge.
Once did I see a wife in mourninge weede
Shedd teares ouer hir hufbands course indeed.
I once did see a Cytizens faire wife
Liue at the Courte, he leading else wher'es life,
And hee (ins witt) noe wifer then an asse;
Yet was hee brow'd, more smothe then smotheft glasse.
Once did I see a King giues foes the foile,
And gaue his souldyers leaue to take the spoile:
And lastlie, once I was in such a Court,
Where 'bout the King noe flattrers did resort.
Where I haue beene, oh surelie none haue beene,
Then why saie you, noe wonders I haue seene?

¹ harh, orig.

*The old
Alexander.*

WHy faith, *Diogynes*, me thinkes these are
Not things (as thou wouldst make em) wondrous rare:
The like in eu'rie place and realme I see,
Th'are comon, man, they ordynarie be.

Diogynes.

THose, ordynarie things? I sayth, fir, noe;
These things are th' ordynarie things, I trowe:
To see faire bewtious ladies nowe adaises
Refuse to take at once both pricke and praise:
Of both the 'ile not accept, for still those men
Which gives the one, shall tother have agenn.
The other things? why! those are wondrous rare;
These be the things that ordynarie are:
To see how Lords shake-of their serving men,
And howe their ladies take them on agen,
Holding em in (vnto their Lords unknowne)
To ride in private with them vp and downe.
T' see mercers bookes fild-vp with courtiers names;
To see your mincyng bewteous cyttie dames
Haue alwaies some one gallant of the court
(As kinsman to them) to their howse resort.
To see a plaine kind man loue none foe much
As he which giues his pate the cuckolds tutch.
These, these are ordynarie, man: also
This thing is as much ordynarie too,
To see your ritch old country squires to wedd
Their chamber maides vnto their seruaunts bedd, }
But firste themselues to take the maydenhead,
Then place them in some cottage nere at hand
To haue their service readie at comaund.
Thou saydst the first were ordynarie things:
Awaie, awaie: why, man, to see on kinges
Howe *Daunger*, plaine cloathd smoothly-smiling *Daunger*,
Wayteth on them, attending *like* noe straunger,
But like some smyling countenanced freind,
Onelie to giue too's Prince his fatall end:

Thoult

dogg barkes.

Thoult say, perhaps, this is noe common thing;
But thoud'ft vn fay't againe wert thou a king.

What thinges are common, and not common be,
Thy shallowe reatch cannot conceaue, I fee.

Alexander.

NAie, fie, *Diogynes*, in faith thou art
In thy conclusions, still a dram to tart;
I pray thee lett me foe prevaile with thee,
As ride to *Alexanders* court with mee;
Twill mend thee much, and I will vndertake
The King shall byd thee welcome for my sake.

Diogynes.

VNto my Tubb, lett *Alexander* come;
I'me in a Pallace, when I'me in this home;
Let those that list, vnto thy king resort,
Tis not my list : what should I doe at's court?

Alexander.

AS others doe; in spending of smale pelfe,
Thou maiste in tyme to honour raise thy selfe.

Diogynes.

I cannot fawne, my tongue too rustie is;
I bashfull am; I'm nothing boldlie rude,
I rather chuse Court delectates to misse,
Then with a brazen face my selfe ty'ntrude:
In tubb (coop't-vp) I will liue euer mude,
And euer liue vppon sowre garden woortes,
Er'e Ile' a flattr'er be, and followe cortes,

I cannot turne my tongue to praise and laude
A soone-lamb'd prick-eard proud-ferce firy steed;
I cannot, *Fyndalls* full deep mouth applaude,
Nor sweare the greates-mans grew hound hath best speed,

B

When

The old

When hee doth plaie the flowe-flugg curr indeed.
Though some cann doo't, yet such is my fowre kind
I neuer could, though't gall's his fweld puft¹ mind;

I cannot tell the greate foole hee is wife,
Nor tell fowle ladies they are wondrous faire.
I ne're applaude about heauns-spangled skies,
The curld-worne tresses of dead-borrowd haire.
Like Northern blaste I breathe my crittack aire;
I am noe Mimyck ape, I loathe and hate,
Each light-braind giddy-head to Imytate.

I cannot brooke to suck the livings blood
Of these old Vfrer's ritche-left prodigalls;
I nourish not with such sweete-bitter food;
I hate to rise by other mens downe falls.
I knowe tis Ill, though other think tis good;
Though some doe think such papp all sweete to be,
Yet I doe not; it poyson proues to me.
To make shourt worke, I neuer loud' vaine sportes,
And therefore I'me vnfit for Prynces Courtes!

Alexander.

D*ioyynes*, thou art deceyued quite;
In vanities, Kinges take the least delight.
He vndertake none shall respected bee
(Yf thou wilt followe him), better then thee.
Come to the Court, and then in seeing him
Thou also mayste take viewe of ladies trymm.
Mee thinkes hee is too dull and fadd of spright
That in a bewteous dame takes noe delight. }
Why, hee that's mary'd, is in heauen all night. }

Diogynes.

THere lett him bee, for I had rather dwell,
A thousand tymes, a single man in hell.
I am assur'd that ther'es noe Divell cann
(Like to a wife) torment a mary'd man.

¹ pust, orig.

dogg barkes.

It's none of them, I'me euer worfe a yeare
When once I doe a woman's tongue but heare.
It galls my gutts when I a woman see,
He not once come where fuch ftraunge creatures be.
Come, hold your tongue, and prate no more to me. }

Alexander.

NAie, good *Diogynes*, bee not loe quick,
I hope yet, 'ere I die, fee thee loue fick.

Diogynes.

LOue-ficke? why, I doe loue thefe women foe,
As I'me foe fonde, I knowe not what to doe.
Such is my loue vnto the femall Kind,
As were I Empr'our of thynfermall lake,
But Women, none with me should favour fynd,
One man into my Kingdome Id'e not take.
Ide' fend my fervaunts out, to fearch and fee,
To bring all women in the world to mee.

Alexander.

BYth, maffe, *Diogynes*, thou louft em well!
Wert thou the King and gouernour of hell,
Thou wouldft, I fee, aduance the women kind,
There is noe want of will hadft thou¹ thy mind.
Wert thou (I fee) the prince of that faire place,
Women (onelie) with thee should be in grace.
I fee, thoudft very carles be of men,
I fee, thoudft women haue, t'attend thee then.

Diogynes.

IThat I would, and this they should be bold,
Ide carefull be they should not freeze with cold.

Alexander.

IFayth, *Diogynes*, I doubt th'ast euer
Beene privatelie a vild laciuius liuer.

¹ to, *orig.*

The old

Or neuer hafte beene yet (I greatelie feare)
Where anie one faire vertuous creature weare.

Diogynes.

NOr nere will looke to be: I am too wife
To thinke that vertue cann remaine in vice.

Alexander.

WErt thou at Court, thou'dst alter then thy mind,
When women thou didst see, foe wondrous kind.
Forfake this Tubb, t'is folliterie Ill,
And howe to court faire ladies, learne the skyll.

Diogynes.

NOwe, by the lustfull fire, hott boiling vaines,
Of that fame wanton greate god Iupiter,
I am vn skild in these speech-pleasing straines,
To courte a wenche when I come vnto hir.
I'me then an all-mute, dumb, and furlie fir;
I cannot lifpe, nor cann I courtlike faie;
When I doe women woe, I runn my waye.

I cannot finge, nor can I turne my tongue
To chaunte a Syren-charming quau'ring dittye;
When I these bewties chaunce to come amonge,
My lead-fade-fable lookes must moue their pittie,
All what is in me then is all vnwittie.
I want these warbling noates to win their loues,
Nor cann I prickfong fett which better moues.

I cannot musick it, nor finger fyne
A sweete-cleare-throated, eare-charme instrument;
I'me not possesse with such sweet parts devyne,
Whereby to cause faire bewties merriment.

T'yngaunt there eares nothing cann I invent;
And well knowe I, that women take delight
In these same instruments, both daie and night.

dogg barkes.

I cannot daunce, nor with my sprawling heeles
Cann I the ny'mble cutt-heele caper kick,
My fullen bloud an other humour feeles;
To woe a wench, I want the wanton trick.

I am a milkfopp then, I then am sick
Againe, streng[t]hes moyfture in my¹ vaines is skant,
Which women after dauncing muft not want.
And, therefore pry thee, fellowe, lett me reſte:
Of all theſe worldly Courtes, my Tubb's the beſt.

Alexander.

D*Iogines*, my meaning is miſtooke:
I would not that your Tubb be quite forſooke,
But for your recreation nowe and then
Youd' goe too th' Court, from court t' your tubb agen.
Miſtake me not, it will for your good tend;
A wifeman alwaies lyſten will too's friend.

Diogynes.

NAie, would you would theſe complementes forbear;
For Courtyers friendſhipps, I did neuer care;
Yet ſhould I chuſe a friend, a Courtyer than
I would make choiſe-of, fore another man.
By this example I will plainlie proue,
That like to Courtyers, none doe trulie loue;
Like to apparell they doe loue their friend,
To what (like that) doe they their loues extend;
Like cloathes they loue their friendes: why that is true,
Juſt like em, cauſe they nere loue cloathes but newe.
Pack hence, for ſuch loue ſhould I find of you.

Alexander.

NAie, fye, *Diogynes*, you can (yf liſt)
Forbear to plaie this crabb-fowre fatiriſt.
I pry thee, Cynnick, broach thy milder braine,
And let thy wordes runn in a ſweeter vaine,
In others natures too too much thou² markſt.

¹ may, *orig.* ² you, *orig.*

The old

Against their faultes too ruffly loud thou barkst ;
I doe dislike it, I, I pry thee cease ;
Thoud'it gaine more loue, yf thou didst hold thy peace :
Turne courtier, man, come, be thou pollutick wife ;
He best wynds loue, that best can footh-vp vice.

Diogenes.

Then I'le wynn hate: nor King nor Clowne I'le spare,
Yf they with vices vennyng poyfnd are ;
Yf with Prides swelling tympany I fynd
Their hartes are once puft-vp, Ile speake my mind.
Let's pate be crownd with hundred thousand crownes,
Lett cruell deathe succeed his wrathfull frownes,
Yet (yf in him) loathd filthie fynns I see,
Hee shall not (in them) footh'd-vp-be by mee.
I cannot foothe ; I am not that waies wife ;
Who liveth not in virtue, dies in vice.

Alexander.

Thou sayst well, Cynnick, for I hold this race
Of oyl-d-tongu'd flattrers, to be dangerous base.
The cankerd rust doth not the Iron frett,
Soe faste as these doe in good natures eate ;
The statelie oake a longer tyme would liue,
Yf to the Ivie he noe truste did giue ;
But as the Ivie 'bout the oake entwynes
To worke his fall, so't fares with flattrers mindes.
But whether in discourse shall our tongues walke ?
I came not here, of court affaires to talke,
I came to see thy manner kind of life,
And t'aske thee why thou getst thee not a wife.
Faith, gett thee one ; I would not lie alone
Yf all the world could but afford me one.

Diogenes.

A Wife? why, for my live I cannot see
Howe man, with woman, euer should agree }

When

dogg barkes.

When men goe backward, and goe down the wynd,
It frettes, cuttes, galles, and greiveth fore the mind.
When women backward growe, and downward goe,
Theire spleenes with laughter tickles then, I trowe:
Since theire two natures are so contrarie,
I muse howe tweene them can be sympathie.
A wife? oh fellowe, tha'rt a younge man yet,
Ther'es much sowre sawce belongs to that sweete bitt:
Who would be troubled with the yawling noyfe
Of a harsh-whewling young childes whympring voice;
Againe, to see them fligger, smile, and plaie,
Doth make mee greiue as much an other waie.
When they doe simper, I doe fighe; for then
I mynd the misereries theyl see (ere men).
Twould cutt my heart to heare a babe cry 'dadd,
Oh giue me meate,' when tis not to be hadd.
He that doth wiue for pleasures sole intent,
Tis ten to one, but soone he will repent.
Who would be bound to scrape, pinch, carke, and care
For brattes (perhapps) that gott by others are?
Not I: Ile' none of this thing cald a wife;
Let him take one that's wearie of his life,
For hee that alwaies will supplies' wiues lack,
Must vnto Nature goe, for a steele back.
A wife? Ile ha noe wife: such sprights will frowne
Vnles they (er'e a non) are coinurd' downe:
Againe, my little Tubb is too too small
To hold my wife, my selfe, and whom shee'le call;
It must not be a smale howse that can hold
A silent man, ioyn'd with a shrill-tongud schold.
Nowe will hir gofsipps come; then praie nowe, where
Is roome for them to chatt, and make good cheere?
And nowe hir old-acquainted freind will come,
(Perhapps to see hir when I'me from my home)
Then where's my galleree for them to walk?
Or anie place for old freindes secrett talk?
Some what perhapps theyd' doe, I should not see:
Where haue I chambers then for them to bee?
Not in my Tubb: my Tubb hath not the scope
For hir to gossip't with hir mates, I hope.

The old

Yet though I haue noe wife (with hott desire)
My harte is flamd : burnt am I with loues fire.
A loue I haue, to whom I will be true:
Obferue hir partes, I will difcribe them you:
My loues pure white hath ne're fustaind a spot,
She's wife, good, rich, faire, chaste, what is shee not ?

*H*¹*r*²*e*³ *y*¹*e*²*s*³, *g*¹*r*²*a*³*c*^e; *h*¹*a*²*t*³*h* *f*¹*i*²*r*³'*d*, *a*¹*m*²*a*³*z*³'*d*, *r*¹*a*²*u*³*i*³*s*³*t*³,
*M*¹*y*²*h*³*a*³*r*³*t*³*e*, *s*¹*e*²*n*³*c*^e, *t*¹*h*²*o*³*u*³*g*³*h*³*t*³s; *w*¹*i*²*t*³*h* *l*¹*o*²*u*³*e*, *w*¹*o*²*n*³*d**e*³*r*³, *d*¹*e*²*l*³*i*³*g*³*h*³*t*³,
*B*¹*u*²*t*³ *f*¹*y*²*r*³'*d* 'm*a*³*z*³*d*, *s*¹*e*²*n*³*c*^e-*r*³*e*³*f*³*t*³; *I* *s*¹*o*²*u*³*g*³*h*³*t*³, *p*¹*r*²*a*³*y*³*d*³*e*, *a*¹*n*²*d* *w*¹*i*²*s*³*h*³*t*³,
*T*¹*o* *q*²*u*³*e*³*n*³*c*³*h*³*e*, *c*¹*u*²*r*³*e*, *a*¹*n*²*d* *h*¹*e*²*a*³*l*³*e*; *l*¹*o*²*u*³*e*, *s*¹*e*²*n*³*c*^e, *a*¹*n*²*d* *e*¹*y*²*e*³*s*-*d*³*y*³*m*³*d* *f*¹*i*²*g*³*h*³*t*³,
*T*¹*h*²*u*³*s* *e*¹*y*²*e*³*s*, *g*¹*r*²*a*³*c*^e, *s*¹*p*²*e*³*a*³*c*³*h*³*e*; *h*¹*a*²*t*³*h* *f*¹*y*²*r*³'*d*, *a*¹*m*²*a*³*z*³'*d*, *s*¹*e*²*n*³*c*^e-*c*³*h*³*a*³*r*³*m*³*d*
*M*¹*y*²*t*³*h*³*o*³*u*³*g*³*h*³*t*³s, *s*¹*e*²*n*³*c*^e, *w*¹*i*²*t*³*t*³s, *w*¹*i*²*t*³*h* *l*¹*o*²*u*³*e*, *w*¹*i*²*t*³*h* *f*¹*e*²*a*³*r*³*e*, *v*¹*n*²*a*³*r*³*m*³*d*.

Oh my loue's fairlie white without a spott,
Such is hir hue, no staine hir hue can blott.
*V*¹*irtue*'s that Dame; in hir sweete grace I fitt,
* 'Tis shee loues me, she'es womans oppositt.
Could I one, headles lymbles corples fee,
To fuch a one would I betrothed be;
For had shee nere a head: noe tongue fheed haue,
Nor corps; then Ide not dread the lechrous knaue:
Nor lymb; then should I neuer quiv'ring stand,
Fearing my eares remembrance of hir hand.
Of rope or hangman I was nere afraid,
At noe fight quake I but at wife or maide.

~~A~~ *A*lexander.

Alex's
regiments
are
faulty
to
doe
not
defend
Waller's
venture
of
them
and

OH harsh-fowre, crabby Cynnick, still I see,
To gentle creatures thou wilt stubborne bee:
If with a girle thast neuer slept a night,
Thy foule hath neuer tasted fweete delight.
Such is the femall sex, while wife or maide,
As of them, too much good cannot be faide,
Me thinkes the skipping bloud (a Virgins grace),

Which

dogg barkes.

Which tripps lavaltoes in each maydens face,
When mens fowle tongues o're-floues with ribaldery,
Should make thee loue maides, for their modestie.

Diogynes.

①
modesty
MAydens modest? what is this modestie?
If t'is in them, it is a vice, saie I,
Vertue in women is as cold as Ice;
Nothing is warme in them vnlest' be vice.
Thou art a dunce, thou haste noe reatche, I see.
Why Maydes at all tymes cann faine modestee;
Theil' blush as oft while they liue single liues,
As they will weepe when they be marry'd wiues;
If twas my liste, I could a thowfand name
That would (yf men talke ill) blush at the same;
Yet, by themselues, their tongues shall nimblie walke
Whole nights togeather, all in too-broad talk.

Alexander.

THou wrongst em foore: I doe not think it, I,
That maydens tongues will tripp Immodestlie.

Diogynes.

THou doost not, doost? I prithee think foe still;
I think thy witt is like a womans will, *ultimate dig*
But what thou doost not think, I trulie knowe,
What I haue faide of maydes, men shall find foe.
I, fellowe, fellowe, till their by themselues,
Maydes in talke are modest bashfull elues,
But beinge from the companie of men,
The lawes of modestie is broken then.
Twas not longe since I stood to maydens neere,
But, Lord! thou't ne're belecue what I did heare,
For onelie that fame wench esteemd' was well,
Which could the ribauldst dreame relate and tell.
I could relate all what they did relate,
But that my tongues disvs'd to such like prate.

'Tis vild obscene; speake, younge man, wilt you hav't?

*The old
Alexander.*

COME, out with't, Cynnick, I knowe thy delight
Is, all in all to worke faire woomen fpgiht.

DIOGINES RELATES

*the three wanton Sisters wan-
ton dreames.*

Diogynes.

OVer the fyer, once three maydens fatt.
Vnknowne to them, I ouer heard their chatt.
Eache with hir tuckt-vp cloathes, in pleasing plight
(Pleasing I meane vnto fond younge mens fight),
Satt ore the fyer, foe as one might see,
From slender foote, to round-white nimble knee.
As thus they fatt, I'me sure thou doest think what
(When maydes with maydens bee) wilbe their chatt.
Girles (quothe the eldest sifter) what fhall's doe?
Smal'es my desire, vnto my bedd to goe,
For yet, I neuer in my couche could fynd
A sportiue mate to please my mayden mind.
Alas, alas, what pleasure and delight
Takes one mayde with an other in the night?
But smale, god knowes it, for my owne part I
Ne're tooke anie with whom I e're did lie.
For loue, noe revells in that bedd doth keepe,
Where one girle, by an others side doth sleepe.
For trulye (sifters) there is none that can
Giue maydes delight in bedd, but a young man,
And but in dreame (the more vnhappie I),
I ne're with such a beddfellowe could lie;
But yet in dreame (oh, matchles sweete delightes!)
Iv'e lyne, and lyne with one, whole wynters nightes,
The greater greife (you'l faie) 'twas to my mind
When I did wake, and myfelfe single fynd.
Oh, girles it was! but, sifters, I doe see,

dogg barkes.

It is with eu'rye mayde as 'tis with mee.
Such are our dreames, as wee do laugh in sleepe,
But when wee wake againe, oh, then wee weepe.
But what shall' doe? wee'l not foe soone to bedd,
Letts rather tell, howe ne're wee haue beene spedd.
Our merry'ft dreames come lett vs nowe relate,
Girles gott with girles, their mindes maie freeleie prate.
What though w'are maides? heare are noe men to heare vs,
Freeleie wee vse to chatt, when th' are not nere vs.
W'are by our felues; what ere we talke, is well.
Come, letts drawe lotts which first hir dreame shall tell.

At which the youngest, blushing like a rose,
Being assignd by lott firste to disclose,
Begynns to tell howe to hir foules delight
Hir fences ravisht' were, the other night.

THE YOUNGEST

Sisters dreame.

*Q*oth shee, on bedds softe downe, downe did I lie,
And snugd downe close, to haue sleepe close eache eye,
But ere 't would bee I entred in a muse
(I, such a muse as all wee maydens use),
I mus'd (me thought) yf there were sweeter blisse
For maydes, then 't lie with men, to clipp and kisse;
Me thought, I thought (this thought fetcht out a groane)
It was a hell to lie all night alone.
At which I sight, and turning me I wept,
Desiring what I knowe not till I slept;
In which my sleepe (oh fancies sweete delight!)
Appeard a youth (Pheobus was much lesse bright);
Gold were his lockes, frye sparkles were his eyne,
His browes, cheekes, and chynn were as louelie fyne;
I'ns shirte was hee, a shirt soe fyne, I wynn,
As one might see what was tweene shirt and skynn,
His snowe-white armes, in-laide with azurd vaine
(Mixed with crimson dye) one might see plaine;
His full-broade manlie some-what downye cheste,
Dale-like indented tweene two mounting brestes,

The old

*On which two prettie fruiteles teatlenges grewe ;
Not milkie sweete, sweete onelie for the veiw.
I saw's soft slender waste; and, sisters, well nie
I sawe what grewe beneath his plump-round bellie ;
All what I sawe (sweete wenches) I would tell ye,
But that sweete loue coniuers me (here's the spight)
Not to discribe mans sweetly-sportiue spight :
Oh sweet's the dreame which yeeldeth such delight !
But come, girles, come (fye, whether doe I roame?),
Me thinkes but coldlie I tooth purpose come.
To me he came, and kiste me too ; when I,
Me thought, did faine I did a sleeping lie ;
Me thought I lett him kisse and kisse agenn,
And touche me too (maydes maie be toucht by men).
I, sisters, saythe (me thinkes) that maide's unwise
That will in private, to hir loue be nice ;
Two faythfull lovers cannot synn, I weene,
Soe what they doe, by others is not seene.
Nowe would the wagg be stroaking of my face,
And nowe my pappes, anon another place,
Delighting of himselfe ; sisters, you can
(Better then I) tell what best likes a man ;
But fayth-la, girles, I cannot chuse but smile,
I laie as yf I foundlie slept the while,
Permitting him to please the appetite
Of his too too-fond youth-lust-burning sight ;
Fayning I soundest slept, when hee did steale
To vnhill that which maides should chieftly conceale ;
But when as hee'd haue come into my bedd,
The feare I had to loose my maydenhead
Awaked me. Quoth thother sisters, what?
I hope we maydens least of all feare that.
Beleeve me (quoth the elder girle) should I
With my sweete-hart on my wedding-night lie,
And find him drowse dull, like heauie lead,
Hunting but coldlie for my maydenhead,
Twould kill my tender hart : twould murder mee ;
The blushing morne I nere should liue to see ;
Oh I should fill the roome with groanes : in morne
With lookes deieted I should seeme forlorne.*

But

dogg barkes.

*But when you wakt (quoth she) chafst you not then?
Oh noe! in that case maides nere chafe with men.
Though wee seeme angry at there boldest partes,
Yet seldome comes our anger from our hartes;
For in loues sporte (this is our sexes wyle)
We'el seeme to frowne, when most of all we smile.
Yet, sisters, faith (quoth she) me thought I wept
When I did wake, cause I noe longer slept,
For troth-la, girles, such pleasure in't tooke I,
As in like dreame twould nere greiue me to die;
Had I a world, Id' giu't to learne the skylle
Howe I should sleepe and dreame soe at my will.
Had I that arte, that matchles pleasing slyght,
Fewe daies Id'e haue, eache daie Id'e turne to night:
Lye downe I would, lulling my selfe a sleepe,
Bidding my soule delightfull revells keepe.
Sild would I wake, but alwaies by my will
Ide sleepe, and dreame, and be embracing still.
Nowe, second sister, wake, I praie (quoth shee),
And in your laste nightes dreame come second me.*

THE SECOND SI-
fters dreame.

*The second sister some what modest bold
Reply'd: my dreame partlie by you is told.
Before you slept, me thought I heard you saie
You in sweete musinge did a longe tyme laie,
You musing sigh'd, and sigh'd till sleepe did steale
Vppon your mayden eyes, their lidds to scale.
At length you slept, and dreamt you sawe your loue
(A dreame indeed, which much vs maydes doe moue),
You kiste with him; but when he'ed with you lie, }
That made you wake, and out the bedd to flie. }
But soe (me thought), sweet sister, did not I;
For I (me thought) did think it was noe synn
To lett a youth betweene my sheetes leape in,
But yet for fashions sake oft thus Ide crye,*

The old

Praye gett you hence, seeke some where els to lye;
Yet this repulse should still soe faintlie come,
As it should feircer whett him on for roome;
For, coldlie to denie loues sweete delight
Spurrs to a gallop the feirce appetite.
And, sisters, well you knowe, we maydes doe hold
Those youngmen weake which hunt loues chase but cold;
What is it to cry, fye, or, praye nowe, hence?
Why, to a resolute mynde, that kinde offence
Too open lies: oh! men are desprate foes,
Vppon advantadge theile come in and close.
Ide ne're cry, fye, awaie, nor vtter this,
But I would closely hugg to him and kisse.
Begone, furceafe, y'are rude; forbear, I praie,
Of tymes such wordes I've gone about to saie,
But er'e those cruell wordes could haue their birth,
Tha'ue smoth'erd bynn, and all has turnd to mirth.
Waggas well knowe howe to quench our angers flame,
Sweete kisses, at first kindling, dampe the fame,
For (sisters) Loue his schollers this doth teache,
Wee ioyne should lippes, to seale our lipp's from speach,
And soe it fard with vs; speachles we laie,
Giving to pleasures sweetned streame free waie.
Soe longe (me thought) we dally'd in the bedd,
As allmost I had lost my maydenhead;
But (girdes) I curse Dreames false deluding guile,
As I was loosing it, I wakt the while.
Oh girdes! oh girdes! who knowes what I did misse?
For I awakt in midst of sweetest blisse;
If euer mayde toucht Nectar with her lipp,
Then I (in dreame) of that sweet iuyce did sipp.
But oh, I wakt! oh then (awakt) my spight,
For being wakt, asleepe fell all delight.
Nowe, eldest sister, you must wake (quoth shee),
Your turne's to tell the next dreame after me.
And reason to, the eldest sister sayde,
Else let on me some forfeiture be laide,
But I must tell the dreame you haue told twice,
Vnles I should some fayned dreame devise.
Were here more then five hundred maydes, yet each

dogg barkes.

*Of vs, should in one text and lesson preache,
For all we maydes doe dreame alike a nights ;
Then to our eyes appeareth pleasing fights,
And then a smack we taste of loues delights ;* }
*Oh that Dame Nature would but heare my sute,
Then should our mayden bodies bear noe fruite ;
Or would it were noe scandall to our liues
To haue our pappes giue sucke, er'e married wiues ;
If with that pleasing graunt, we maydes were blest,
Then soner would we yield to loues requeste,
For a my fayth, girles, were it not for feare
To be with childe, Id'e ne're denie my Deare.*
*Oh then these false dreames fond deluding fightes
Weed ne're care for ; we'd taste loues trust delights.
More then tenn thousand tymes, I've thought to pyne
This mellenchollie fullen corpes of myne,
For sild (alas) we maydes can taste sweet loue
But our owne bellies doe the tell-tales proue,
With fullen puft-up pride alowde they reade,
Proclayming publickelye our private deed ;
Happie are wiues, for they are nere afraide
Of that which terrifyeth moste a maide ;
They maie haue boyes and girles, and boies agen,
They maie with husbands lie, and other men,
Yet nothing noted ; but alas, poore we
Sild dare doe ought but what the world maie see ;
Eache thinge it selfe againste vs doth oppose,
All thinges are blabbes, our secrets to disclose.
For sild we reape loues pleasure in the night,
But envious daie (to'ur shames) bringes it to light,
Shewing too plaine at what game we haue beene,
Making our sweetlie stolen pleasures seene.
Oh were it not for dreames, I wonder, I,
Howe we in bedd a nightes could brooke to lie.
But come, lett these things passe ; eyther of you
Your dreames haue told, my dreame beginneth nowe.*

The old
THE ELDEST SI-
fters dreame.

*O*H (*sisters*) knowe you, to my ravisht sight
My loue with's amber locks appeared laste night,
Bold boie, boldlie hee came as feard of naught,
Shewing in what schoole hee his skill was taught.
Scarce speaking ought at all; yf ought, twas this,
Where's my Gerle? smothering that too with a kisse,
Nor with his kissing spent hee all the night;
Tutt (*girdles*) our pastime yeilded more delight.
I dreamt it did doe soe, for you must knowe.
I did but onelie dreame it did doe soe;
To loues embracements wee (*me thought*) fell then,
But loues sweete game is coldlie chaste by men.
Yet our sex workes loues labor eu'rye daie
With mindes as willing as men goe to plaie.
I girdles, I girdles, I speake in heate of bloude,
Men too too soone are tyr'd with doying good;
But oh, deare girdlis (*such is our sexes kind*)
One man maie please vs all, except our mind,
For yf one man content one woman cann,
Then why should it not be this youthfull man?
His vaines were full, soe stronge a back hee had
As Herculis to him was but a ladd;
Yf youth and strength 'tis, quencheth womans fire
Then 'twas in him, as much as Ide desire.
But 'tis not Oceans of that liquid stuff
Which lyes in youthfulst men, that is enough
To quench the mindes outragious frying flame,
For that once ty'nd, age onely dampes the same.
Manie a woman 'till shee hath tr'yd twoo,
Distasteth all hir firste sweetehart doth doe;
From whence praie comes that Luste, that sowre-sweet smart?
Oh, th' ead of that same springes, a diuclish harte.
But whether from my text am I nowe fled?
My dreame was this, I losse my mayden head.

dogg barkes.

*To that let me retourne: oh, tis delight
Vnto vs maides, to think but on that night.
Him t'weene my armes one while I did infold,
Another while, he me, 'tweene his would hold;
Entwindinge leggs (me thought) with me he laie,
While I, withs curled locks, did sporte and plaie.
Soe longe plaide we as, sisters, well I wisse,
Our sportes extended further then to kisse.
Soe longe I kiste, soe longe on's looks I fedd,
As sure in dreame I losse my maydenhead.
But (sisters) was it in my pow're to choose,
Then such a losse Id'e eu'ry mynute loose,
For when we maydes doe lose our mayden treasure,
Oh, by that losse we wynn a world of pleasure.
Fayth, Girles, maydes cannot think what sweet delight }
Two louers take which warr in loues feirce fight; }
To them, loathsom's the daie, ouer the night.
But nowe I sighe, nowe doe I greiue to thinke
That, that night my eye-lides did euer wyinke,
For when I wakt (oh drcames! oh dreames, y'are theeues!)
And mist my loue, Iudge then (girles) of my greeces!
Oh, had I had tenn worldes, I would haue than
Gev'n all those worldes (sweete girles) for halfe a man.
Men stuffs their chestes as full as they can hold
With cramb'd-trust bagges of aungell-winged gold:
But what to doe? for sooth, to by this land.
Oh, would I had that dust of Tagus strand,
Ide not buy land or howses with it, I,
For other merchandize Ide make it flie;
Had I such laden truncks, this Ide doe than,
For eury night ith' yeare Ide buy a man.
For, sisters, I maie speake to you my mind,
When I awakt, and lookt my loue to find,
Feeling for's neck, to claspe that neck of his,
For's ruddy lipp, hoping that lipp to kisse,
For's wanton legg, for myne with that t'yntwind,
And sisters for——, oh girles, you knowe my mind,
When for these louelie thinges I searcht to see,*

The old

*But could not find, where those sweet things might be:
With bitter passion, I burst out and cryd,
Wishinge, within my mothers wombe Id'e dy'd.
Oh sisters ! oh sweete sisters, then did I
Wish the fatall Death attache me instauntlie.
Nowe did I stare aboute; nowe did I call;
But when noe aunswere I could heare at all,
Vp in my smock I rose, and searcht each place
(Oh girles, extreames our sex, in loues sweete case),
Groping behind eache trunck, feeling vnder bedd,
Me thought for him which had my maydenhead:
And oft Ide crye, sweete wagg, thy selfe disclose,
For I've another maydenhead to loose.
But when noe answere I could heare, oh then,
Weeping, I sigh'd and went to bedd agen,
Where, one while tumbling that waie, other this,
Nowe should I fighe, nowe my poore pillowe kisse,
Entwinding it betweene my armes embrace,
Ide hugg't as yf my deare duck were in place,
Fayning (in that my frying passions flame)
I hottlie chaste loues sweetest delightfull game.
But when I found mysence deluded soe,
My passions heate, to coldnes then did growe,
For myssing him J grewe more cold then stone;
Oh't paynes my heart to telt; come, lett's be gone.
Soe vp they rose; but er'e they went, I rusht
From where I stood, at which the wantons blusht.*

Nowe, fir, I hope you see what modest chatt
Young maydes will haue when by themselues their gott.
Graues swallowe them: were all dead, I'de be gladd;
The best of wiues, or maides, are worse then badd.

Alexander.

COME, come, *Diogenes*, although those three
In private mirthe exceeded modestie,
Yet you doe Ill t' accuse foe gennerall;
Cause one is badd, therefore must they be all?
In foe concludinge, very Ill you doe;
Noe man foe gen'rallie concludes, but you.

Diogynes.

dogg barkes.

Diogynes.

ANd by your leaue, fir, Il'e conclude foe still,
Where one of them is good, tenn thowfand's Ill.
What I haue faide, I will re-faie agen,
Wer't not for them, oh, blessed were we men !
Into vs men, they eate as rust and moathes
Eates into Iron, and the fynest cloathes.
Thou seeft this riv'led hollowe-eyd face of mine :
Thoudft little thinke it has been dect-vp fyne,
And tricklie trym'd-vp in a womans guife,
Onelie to dive into their knaueries.
But duft thou heare (I fpeake it to their praife),
I haue a mary'd wife beene in my daies,
At leaftwife like one, for th'eile yet confefse,
They once tooke old *Diogines* for noe leffe :
Noe butned dublett, on my back I bore,
A gowne downe to my heeles (wif-like) I wore,
And fuch attire, this head of myne did beare
As mary'd wiues in thofe daies vfd to weare.
Then to my chynn, noe briflye haieres were knowne ;
Nay't had not entertayned anie downe,
But twas foe foft, foe fleek, as each man fayd
When I paf by, there goes a wife or maide :
My curled locks hang in a careles guize,
With which the wynd did plaie in wanton wife.
Like to a wanton I was trymlie drest,
But why I was foe, there confifts the ieft.

Alexander.

WHy wast thou foe ? I pry thee, Cynnicks, tell :
Till thou haft told it, I fhall nere be well.

Diogynes.

WHy then be Ill : in footh 'tis not my lifte
To make thee laughe, for I'me a Satyrift.

The old

Againe thy companie, I doe brooke foe Ill,
As I would haue thee gone, had I my will.

Alexander.

WHY, tel't mee then, and instantlie shalt see
I will departe, and gett me hence from thee.

Diogynes.

ON that condition I will telt: why, knowe,
This was the cause I went disguised foe.
The Dames of *Athens*, merrye wenchs be,
And vnto meetings, giv'n are much, you see;
To gossip't with them I did long time longe,
To heare the verdict of each womans tongue,
For well knewe I, when wiues are gott with wiues,
There's tryalls to be heard, of husbands liues;
Falsc accusations, cruell Iudgments then
(Vnmercy fullie) passe vpon poore men,
To heare all which (tooth hazard of my life)
I tooke on mee the habitt of a wife.
And well I womand it when I did walk;
But when at table, I were fett to talk,
Then did my tongue betraye me, for I trowe
It prou'd a lade in pace; t' was dull and flowe;
I mumping fatt; I could not for my life
Make my tongue gallopp like a marry'd wife.
Twas cause I lackt their arte to spur it vp
Euer anan with a full fuger'd' cupp.
Yet wiud I it the best that I could doe,
And nowe and then raild on my husband too. }
But marke mee nowe, nowe to my tale I goe. }

The Cynnycks discription of the manner

of womens goffypping.

AS at our meate we satt, twas hard to knowe
Whether our teeth, or tongues, did fastest goe.

At



dogg barkes.

*At tables vpper end in cheifest place
Satt maddam Will, in recling drunken case;
Light in atire shee was; shees womens god,
They hir true subiects bee: but she'es mans rodd.
Nothing by Will at anie tyme is saide,
But is by wiues and widdowes still obayd.*

VVills Oration.

*S*Vbiectes, quoth maddam Will, I here am sett
Not alltogether to se howe you eate,
Nor came I whollie to participate
With this your freelie-spoken merrye prate,
But chieflie why amongst you nowe I come,
Is, to knowe howe cache wife fares in hir home,
Howe by hir husband shee is dailie vsd,
Whether she'es well-entreated, or abusd;
Therefore yf anie of you suffer greife,
Know't I am Will, and will yeild you releife.
Be bold to speake, I am the wiues delight,
And euer was, and wilbe, th'usbandes spight.
I'e sitt as Iudge vppon these wicked men:
Doe you accuse, and I'e giue sentence then.

The old vviues complaynt againfte
hir younge husband.

*like
up 7 Bath*
*A*T which old Crona, with hir redd-bleare eys,
From of the stoole she satt, did straytewayes rise, }
And out aloude, to Will, for iustice cryes.
Quothe she, my sou'raygne Queene, 'tis not with tongue
I able am t' expres my dayelie wronge.
Three husbandes haue I had; two old, in truth,
But they the cropping had of my greene youth,
In lewe of which (to think on 't nowe I'me sadd)
They left me all the goodes and gold they had.
With Cattell stor'd-was all my pasture growndes,

The old

*With fyne woold bleating sheepe my hillye downes.
Cramb'd was my barnes, my cheste with in't did hold
Manie a Princes picture in puere gold;
And while they liv'd, that thing was wondrous skant
That Crona euer did speake-for and want:
Then in wealthes pleasures I did swymm and floate.
But out, alas, that e're old fooles should doate,
For since their deathes (oh Queene, I speak 't with ruth !)
Fond-foolish I sett my loue on a youth,
Making him maister and possessor quite
(In hope heed' doe to mee all true loues right)
Of all the golden goodes I were possesst
And left-with, by their soules, which nowe doe reste.
But (aye me, Caytif) neuer wretched I
Vntill this tyme knewe what was miserie.
Oh, nowe I fynd, this is the sweeter life,
To be an old mans nurse, then a youths wife.
For's loue I wedded him, but he aboute
Doth onelie knowe, who doth enioie his loue.
My bed hee loathes; hee neuer giues me kis
But hee cries, wife, reward my loue for this;
For yf younge men old wiues one kis affordes,
Tis for the loue th'au'e to their golden hordes.
Without I buy his loue, heel lye all night
In fullen wise, and discontented plight,
Not once foe much as turning vnto me,
Vnles a golden lure his eyes doth see.
And nowe, greate goddes Will, for loues intent
Soe longe I brib'd him haue, as all is spent,
And I am cast-of; wherefore lett me craue,
That gainst him, publick sentence I maie haue.
At which same periodd, all the wittles route
In her behalfe vnto dame Will cryd' out.*

Dame VVills Sentence.

*S*Vbiect, quoth Will, well has thy fluent tongue
Expressed with passion thy too greate a wronge.

dogg barks.

*The sentence I pronounce against that wight
Is this: thou shalt torment him daie and night
With that same poysned instrument of thyne,
I meane thy tongue; then shalt thou se, in fyne,
Howe despratellye, to hang himselfe he'ele gadd,
Or els, howe soone he will proue braine-sick madd.
My sentence is, at noe tyme thou shalt rest,
But with thy tongue torment him still thy beste.
In feilde, in bedd, at borde, in eache place still
Ide haue thee styng him with thy bitterst skill,
Call him vp-start, base scumm, the worst of worst;
Ask him who made him, and who raisd him firste?
Tell him, e're thou mettst with him, hee did lacke
Shoes for's feete, hose for's leggs, and cloathes for's back;
Such peales at all tymes ring thou in his care.
It is my sentence; doo 't, and doe not feare.
To doe that hest, awaie did Crona trudge,
Praisng dame Will, for a moste vpright Iudge.*

The younge wifes complaint against
hir ieolous headed old
husband.

*That wrinckle-faced drudge noe sooner gone,
But in hir place straight slept-up such a one
As matchles was in bewties pleasing grace;
One who exceld loues mother in the face.
Men call her Youtha: oh, greate queene, quoth shee,
Since woemens wronges thou rightst, then right thou mee.
My couetous parents (not to Natures kinde)
Vnto an old man matcht me, 'gainste my minde.
Fortie such men, vnable are to quenche
The fyrre flames tyn'd in a lustfull wenche.
When burning Luste with's violent scortching fire
Hath sing'd my harte with passions feirce desire,
Then in Loues chafe I hunt, for in Loues game
Remayneth that which quencheth Lusts hott flame.*

The old

But, tweene an old mans armes, what's there to quench?
Still flares the flames, ty'nd in a youthfull wench.
Yet yf that shu'ring coldnes, heate allaiies,
Then that in old men shall we find alwaiies;
As we are extreame hott, soe still are they
Extreame in that same cold extremytee.
But loues feirce fire, with fire must quenched be,
'Ells still the more it burnes: so 't fares with me.
For 'las, when lust hath heate me, I cann find
His cold embrace, noe quencher of my mind.
My parents might haue matcht me to one dead,
As well as to a sapples old mans bedd;
I cann smale diffrence make, for men, onc[e] old,
Like dead men laye; oh, th'are corruptly cold.
Rug'd-wrinkled is his face; his head in showe
Seemes like a hillock, hild with milk white snowe;
His humors heauier then sadd massie lead,
His leggs like Ificles doe warme my bedd;
Noe signe of heate is in this aged fire,
'Les in his nose, but that resembles fire.
What shall I saie, ther'es none, that doth him see,
But saies, the picture of cold winte'rs he;
Yet I (oh most vnequall matche!) alas,
Enforste to wedd with this cold dotard was,
With whom (greate Queene) I such a life doe leade
As I eache mynute wishe my selfe were dead.
Soe hath his aged disabilitie
Possessed him with this feende Ieolosie,
As I cann noe waies goe from sight ofs' eyes,
But straitewaies after me he sendes his spies;
Nor cann I talke with anie, but in 's head
Arriseth some conceipte, Il'e wrong his bedd.
Let but a trech'rous doore in night once creake,
Then straight he doubtles, ther'es some with me would speake
Confrence with neareft kinn¹ heel not allowe,
Fearing we plott, to breake our weddlock vowe.
Which god he knowes (greate Queene) my spottles mind,
That waies, as yet, hath neuer beene inclynd.

¹ Orig. knin.

dogg barkes.

*Smyle I, or weepe I, all is one; for hee
Of wha't soe e're I doe, will ieolous bee:
If I doe smyle, then sayes he straight, I've had
Sport with my loue; tis that makes me soe gladd.
If I am sadd, then doth hee saie hee knowes
The spring from whence my mallanchollie flowes,
Vpbraydinge me, I'me onelie sadd for this,
Because my loue, of his sett how're did misse.
Suche is a grislie old mans faire wiues' state,
As ieolous-headed he will deeme she'el hav't,
Though ouer hir hee setts a thousand spies,
And eu'rye spie, an Argus is, for's eyes;
Therefore, since (causles) he doth wrong me soe,
Teache me revenge against this loathed soe.
Giue sentence (Queene) what shall bee done by me
Againste him in revenge of's ieolosee.*

**Dame Wills sentence in the young
wifes behalf against hir old
husband.**

Y*outha, quoth maddam Will, with greate regard
Haue I, this thy sadd information heard,
And doe bewaile the same; but Ile' haue thee
Plague thy old husband for his Ieolosee.
Yet Ieolous-headed men noe plagues doe neede,
For in themselues sufficient plagues doe breede.
For looke, in what place Iealofie doth dwell,
There are the tormentes of an earthlie hell.
Yet since for naught, he doubts soe faire a dame,
Thus shalt thou sting and torture him forth' same.
In secrett wise Ile haue thee staine his bedd,
And graft faire gilded hornes on's silverd head.
Such glorious spriggs soe well in noe place growes
As in the riv'led furrowes of an old mans browes.
Thou art a woman, therefore canst not want
At all tymes skill, such setts and grafts to plant.*

The old

*My sentence is, thou shalt him soe beguua,
As make him thinke he's¹ father to that chia
Which thou thyselfe knowst not who it begott.
To gather goodes for whom, shall th' old drudge trott,
Not sparing night nor daie, till's life be done,
Howe to scrape wealth, to giue anothers sonn;
And cause thy parents forste thee to his bedd,
Thus will I haue thy parents punnished.
Thou shalt, vnto their skarlet blushing shame,
Bespott them with the spotts of thy staine name,
Soyling thy wedding sheetes, faire I'ry white,
With fowle black spotts of salt lusts loathd delight.
Bewteous Youtha, my sentence nowe is done,
See that on them the're execution.*

The goffipping wiues complaint against hir riche churlishe hufband.

*This sentence giv'n, the whole route 'gann to rise,
But pert quicke-tongued Goffippa (whose eyes
Contaynd of brynnishe teares a cristall fluide)
Starts-upp, and praies Dame Will, to hir be good.
Of all thy louing subiects I (quoth shee)
Haue euer yet beene found faythfulst to thee,
And therefore, my good Queane, let me acquainte
Thy gentle eares with one petition plainte.
Two thinges I loue; two vsuall thinges they are:
The firste, newe-fashiond cloathes I loue to weare,
Newe tires, newe ruffes, I, and newe gesture too;
In all newe fashions I doe loue to goe.
The second thing I loue, is this, I weene,
To ride aboute to haue those newe cloathes seene;
At eu'rye goffipping I am at still,
And euer wilbe, maie I haue my will,
For at ons owne howse, praie, who ist' cann see
Howe fyne in newe found fash'ond tires wee bee?*

¹ Orig. his.

dogg barkes.

*Vnles our husbandes? faithe, but verye fewe.
And whod'd goe gaie to please a husbands veiw?
Alas, we wiues doe take but smale delight,
Yf none (beside our husbandes) se'es that sight.
It ioyes our heartes, to heare an other man
Praise this or that attire that wee weare on.
Wee iocond are, and thinke our selues much graste,
Yf we heare one saie, faire wenche, faithe, in wasse
This straight-girt gowne becomes you passing well;
From other Taylors, yours doe beare the bell:
Oh, hee that well cann acte-out such sweete partes,
Throwes-up the lure which wynns our verye hartes.
When we are stubborn'st, then let men with skill
Rubb'es well with th'oyle of praise, and bend we will;
That smoothe-fyne supple oyle doth soften vs soe,
As what ist then we will not yeild vnto?
Meetinges and brauerye were my delight:
Those were the two: but (greate queene) he'eres the spight:
Without greate store of wealth be dailie gainde,
Of all delightes, those are the worste maintaind;
And therefore I did alwaies plott in mind
Howe, a wealthie riche husband, out to find,
And one I've gott: but such a churle is hee,
As scarce a penny will bestowe on mee;
And that shall neuer come, but (fore I ha'te)
The miserable clowne, will scratch his pate,
Alwayes demaunding what with 't I will doe,
And then comes out, her'es such a stir with you.
A man had better ridd-be of his life,
Then clog'd with such a fydling foolish wife.
Such are his tauntes, when I demaund him ought,
As what I gett from him is dearelie bought.
I cannot grosselie feed, for I in sooth
Haue a tender mawe, and a daintie tooth.
These beeuies and muttons are but homelie fare,
My appetite doth thirste-for what's most rare:
Had I vnto my mind, then I would eate
Still of the synest pallat-pleasing meate.*

The old

*But fye on hogges! oh! there is none liues, liues
Soe straung[e]lie hatefull as these rich churles wives,
For yf I cannot gnawe a hard drye cruiste,
Manie a daie, faste-out the tyme I muste.
Iuste like to Tantalus it fares with mee,
For what I hunger-for, I atwaies see.
All what against him Id'e to saie, I've saide:
Nowe queene, I doe ymplore thy counsells ayde.
I cannot gossipp it nor cann goe trymm,
Cause I want arte, to worke coine out from him.
Tatling Gossippa here-at holdes hir tongue,
With praying maddam Will to right her wronge.
Silence beinge made, thus dame Will replies.*

VVills fentence vppon the rich churle.

*S*Vbieēt, quoth shee, I've heard thy Iniuries;
And yf they all bee true which I did heare,
Then are they too too much for thee to beare,
For to vs women these things are moste Ill,
T' abate our prides, and to restraine our will.
If hee bee riche; his barnes are full of graine.
Where hee one bushell sells, sell thou still twaine;
His swyne, sheepe, geeese, henns, ducks, doe thou convaie,
I, sell his very shirtes, but goe thou gaie;
Of all men, hee vnworthy'st is of life
That will not, laste of all, mistruste his wife.
A nightes, faile not but pick the churles stufte purse:
Yf hee doth sware, I hope thy tongue cann curse,
But yf his barnes, purse, yarde, and all doe fayle,
Then to th' old vse put thou thy nimble tayle;
Lett that worke for thee; for by that same waie
Ther'es manie a woman makes hir selfe [go] gaie.
That waie thou maiste the supple sattins ware,
That waie thou maiste feed, on thee¹ dainty'st fare;
Yf noe waie else thou canste make thy selfe trymm,
Then that waie, tis my will, thou punnish him.

¹ orig. then.

dogg barkes.

*Whoo'd sweate and toyle for this same golden treasure,
When one maie gett it with the sweetest pleasure.*

*Thou knowst my minde; Gossippa, doe it then:
Faire wenches cannot want, while there are men.*

Diogynes makes himself

knowne.

AT th'end of which fame sentence all arose,
Where-at my selfe to them I did disclose;
But er'e I did it, I did gett to th'¹ dore,
For, had they caught me, they'd haue vfd me fore.
To hold me, eu'rye woman out did crie,
But, being out their reache, awaie rann I;
Gladd that Id'e seene and heard their knauerye. }

Nowe, sir, I've iustlie told, for what intent
I, like a woman, amongst women went.
Yf you on their behalves haue ought to saie,
Sait'e some where else, or gett you hence awaie.

Alexander.

TO what thast' faide, smale credit I cann giue,
For I can neuer made-be to beleuee,
That creatures halfe devine for glorious bewtie,
Should soe respectles be to man in dutie.
Things eu'rye waie soe perfect faire in showe,
In virtues, fullie perfect are, I knowe.

Diogynes.

THou knowst it, doost? awaie, thou art an else,
What canst thou knowe, that knowest not thy selfe?
The golden-skaled snake's a louelie thinge,
Had not that glorious worme a poysned flinge;
Of maides and wiues noe barrell better bee;
Would God made none, but what were 'spoke of mee.

¹ *Orig.* to'oth.

The old

Alexander.

WHy, pritheee speake; howe manie wouldst haue then?

Diogynes.

FOR one halfe girle, tenn hundred thowfsand men.

Alexander.

NOwe fie vppon thee, Cynnick, why dost bite,
And sett foe pure a thing as woman, light?
I am a fhamd' of thee; doe what I can,
I cannot think thou art a perfect man.
I doe beleeeue that thou at noe tyme haste
That manlie heate, which caufeth man to waste.
Thou art noe man; for, we'rt a man, I'me fure
A woman's companie thou couldst endure.
But faie, thou wert enforst vppon they life
To take thee to some one to be thy wife,
What kinde of woman-creature wouldst thou chuse,
Yf it were foe thou mightst' it not refuse.

Diogynes.

BY hanginge, Ide chuse rather end my life
Then Id'e a woman haue, to be my wife.
But were it foe, that one I needes must haue,
And that I had noe waie my selfe to saue,
Then all the world Ide' seeke, but I would fynd
A woman for my wife, ~~dumb, deafe and blinde.~~
Besides, yf I could possiblie preuaile,
Ide seeke the world, for one without a taile.
Most men, in bodie wasted are by wiues;
But such, I'me fure, would proue restoritues.

Alexander.

dogg barkes.

Alexander.

FIe, man; why what in woman doost thou see,
That they foe much distastefull are to thee?

Diogynes.

NOe more then thou maiste see, yf th'art not blind,
Why moſte of them hudge gyantes are for minde.
Pride keeps hir faire in eache faire wantons face,
And *Luſte* keeps in their taylor's hir markett place.
Revengefull *Wrath* their furious tongues doth ſwaie,
From labor, drowſie *Sloath* their handes doth ſtaie,
In ſyns ſweete-poyſned Iuyce *drunken* theile be,
And *Envie* others, drunken foe to ſee.
What ſee I not in them? they are the Inns
Wherein doth lodge thoſe monſtrous murdring fynns.

Alexander.

FIe, Cynnicks, thou doſte blowe too bitter aire
On tender bloſſoms, which are ſweetlie faire.

Diogynes.

YF ſhee be faire, and a ſharpe-witted one,
And honeſte too; a Phenix ſhe'es alone.
Who hath tenn *Herculeſſes* ſtrengths in's loines,
And with a faire, ſharpe-witted wanton loyns,
Shall be aſſurd, the horne on's browe to fynd.
Whoo'l quench a wantons luſte, muſt quench the mind;
Th'are proude; eache wench would bee an *Alexander*,
And by hir will, ouer a world commaunder.
But yf not proude, nor luſtfullie inclind,
Then eyther foole, or ſcold, of hir ſhalt fynd.
Eyther of them, mans patience foe would alter,
As they would make him ſtraight make uſe ath halter.
They are all naught, I cannot brook em, I

The old

Would I were *Deathe*, then women all should die.

Alexander.

NAie, fie, Cynnick, thou railst too gennerall,
Thou muste not, for some fewe, condemn em all;
Thou talkst, as yf thou wert noe womans sonn;
I would th'adst trauaild but as I haue done;
Although th' *Athenians* givn are to their will,
And liue a life displeasinge (hatefull ill),
Yet since my travaile (whereas I haue beene),
Aboundance vertuous women I haue seene.

Diogynes.

OH, ya'r a trauaylier! praie, are you foe?
Where you haue beene, black swanns you haue seene too.
Good trauayler, the hearinge I will giue you,
But you shall giue me leaue not to beleue you.
Women are naughte: Il'e talk noe more with thee;
And therefore naught, becaufe women they bee.

Alexander.

OH, s'raung! yf *Alexander* heard but thee,
For womens fakes (I'me fure) thou'dst punnisht be.

Diogynes.

GOe, telt' him, goe; I doe as little care
For him as thee; let both doe what you dare.
Tell me of him? I feare him not a fie;
I dread not might, *Diogynes* am I.
Hees but a man; Il'e ne're fawne for mans grace;
What I haue saide, Il'e boldlie saye too's face.
And wer't, he were as badd as women bee,
Id'e bite the monnark to his face; shouldst see.

Alexander.

dogg barkes.

Alexander.

HE knowes thou wouldst, in that I knowe the fame,
For I am hee; for this cause here I came,
To heare thy wittie bluntnes, and to see
Whether thy sayings and thy deedes agree.
Come, Cynnick, burne this tubb, and followe me,
And vnto noble titles Ile raise thee.

Diogynes.

THou wilt; but I will not; none can raise me;
I'me in my tubb as greate a King as thee.
Who holdes the world and it's vaine trash for flight,
He trulie conquers it; giue him his right.
And foe doe I: therefore, hudge *Alexander*,
I hold my selfe (ath twaine) the greatst commauder.
I will not begg to rule and governe landes;
Onelie thy absence, Ile begg at thy handes.
I prethee pack thee hence, and gett thee gone;
The companie still is best, where is but one.
Goe, seeke thee out an other world to wynn,
And putt the women of this world therein;
But let that world be farr enough; and then
Learning and virtue will encrease with men.
Naught else I haue to begg; graunt but this suite,
Then henceforth euer shall my tongue rest mute.

FINIS.

AN APOLOGIE.

Y*ou choyceſte creatures, (you which god did take
From-out mans ſelf, mans comforter to make)
Diſcomfort not your ſelues, nor be diſmayd
At what a dogged Cynnick here hath ſayde.
What though ſowre-churliſhe-he (too curriſh blynde)
Hath barkt too broadlye gainſte your gentle kind,
Yet little doth ſuch clouds keepe from our ſights
Your ſhynninge virtues, this worldes ſplendanntſt lights.
Happlye his gally vennyym'd ſpeech proceedes
As grounded by ſelf-doyinge diueliſhe deedes.
Dead is the dogg, I hope, and for your ſex
The ſpirritts doth his ſpirritt hottlye vex.
Excuse my worke, it paints the Cynnick forth,
And to the wiſe it nothings ſtaines your worth.*

FINIS.





A MORRALL SATIRE

*Intituled the Owles araygne-
ment.*

WHen fowles could talke with reason like to men,
This accident amongst em happend then;
Before the Prince of fowles the Owle was brought
To aunswere why she did things lawles naught:
Hir adversaries were the batt, the thrush,
With others moe: who night'lie in the bush
Shee eyther scard with skreeking fearefull cries,
Or sodeynlie (ere wake) did them surprize;
Wherefore they apprehending hir did craue
That they against hir might iuste Iustice haue.
Greate Prince, quoth they, to death put thou this Owle,
She is a vildlie living wicked fowle:
Vnfitt to liue: all daie shee sleepe; a nightes
Smale birds shee kills; the best and greatst she frights,
Breaking our quiet sleepe with her fell noyse
Of manlike lure and yauling-whooping voice;
And therefore, sou'raigne Prince, wee all doe craue,
Since shee deserveth death, death she maie haue.
The Eagle sternlie mild putt them aside,
Commaunding silens thus the Eagle cryd:
Come forward, Owle, and free thy hart from feare,
Speake freelie, bird, true iustice I doe here;
Before my sword of iustice Death doth strike,
Th' accuser and th' accusd I heare alike;
Bribes nor affection maks my cleare eyes blind,
And therefore freelie fearles speak thy mind.
When th' owle did heare this mild speach of hir Lord,
Couradg shee tooke in gesture and in word.
Chearing hir selfe, shee thus tooth Eagle cryes:
Impartiall iustice comes from Maiesties,

The Owles

*And since your highnes doth thus daine to heare
My cause your selfe ; my cause I little feare.
For what need I, quoth shee, dread anie thing,
Being my cause is heard before my King ?
Let murdrers quake when Iustice shakes hir rodd,
The Iust nere feares the Iudgment of Iust god.
Noe more will I, since freelie plead I must
(In guiltles causes) before a King soe iust.
Two accusations are against me layde ;
To be a murdrer is the first I'me sayde,
The second is that I in sylvent night
With manlike voice smale birds and fowles afright.
Great Prince, I both confes ; but firste Ile showe
The cause and reason which makes me skreck soe ;
A nightes I hollowing whoop and wondring crye,
But, gracious Prince, this is the reason why.*

*In eache place I doe see proude Babells built,
With cloude-braving turrets daubd-o're with guilt.
With in those Babells I doe peepe to spie
The princelie presence of your maiestie,
But when in steed of you (on bedd of strawe)
I see that tatling bird, the Iack-adawe,
With admiration then awaie I flie,
Then lo ho ho, then wo ho ho crye I.*

*Sometimes I daringlie presume to peepe
Within your Court when all your courtiers sleepe,
Where when I see the prating parratt grac'd,
And birdes of better worth for him displac'd,
Or when I see the plumy peacocks pride
To strive to lie by's sou'raigne Princes side,
And se the valiant Cock with swaines to live,
That fight much wonder to my eyes doth giue.
With admiration then awaie I flie,
Then lo ho ho, then wo ho ho crie I.*

*Sometimes I flie ore Neptunes glasse soile
To veiwe the shippes of our sea-girt-in Ile,*

But

Araignment.

*But when I see howe nakedlie they bee,
Howe like they are tooth winter-shaken tree,
And howe from them all braue sea birds are fledd,
Then like a malecontent I hang downe head.
With admiration then awaie I flie,
Then lo ho ho, then wo ho ho crie I.*

*Sometimes ore sto'nd-paud Citties I take flight,
Where to my night-cleard eyes admired fight
I see the Cuccoe build in house his neafte,
Which ere was wont to be Silvanus guesfte;
Baselie brooking each cock-sparrowes rivalrye,
Suffrings mate for trash to bath in brothelry.
A nights, such sights presented to my eye,
Makes me with wonder, wo ho ho to cry.*

*This is the cause, greate Prince, why in the night
I wonder soe; nowe where they doe indight
Me for a murtherer: your grace shall find
I'me leaste of all your nobles soe inclind;
Gui[l]tles I plead; or yf I guiltie be,
With me must die your whole nobility.
Your Hawkes (dread souraigne Prince) doe dailie kill,
And dailie doe deuoure, eate-vp, and spill
Your honest subieets, yet theres not a taint
Laies hold of them; 'gainst them the'res noe complaint.
Greate-peares nere to Princes should not doe soe;
By their stepps we track which waie Kings doe goe.
As Phebes light from Phebus doth proceed,
Soe doth a great Lords act froms Princes deed.
Yf Kings encloud with vice their Virtues sunn.
That selfe thick-foggie course their peeres will runn.
Yf I doe murther, they doe murther too;
What waie I goe, that waie your hauks must goe,
Else, gracious Prince, your lawe giues waye and place
To such as are, or are not in your grace.
Else greate ones open maie your mercyes doore,
Sucking the fatt from men but meanlie poore,
Iniustly wronging poore-poore vnderlings*

The Owles

*For pettie crymes: when, vnder your owne wings,
Far fowler acts within themselves they nurrish,
And consciensles, the vildest dambd things cherrish.
But soe it should not be, my soueraigne King;
For from a Kingdoms lawes cleere christall spring,
Alike all streames should runn: I, eu'ry where
That should spoute water vncorruptlie cleare.
Let it doe soe, my Prince: let poore mans cryme
Be iudgd like theirs: w'are made of self-like slime.
All kings are earthlie gods; therefore should Kings
In an impartiall ballance weigh all thinges.
The iustest iudge doth soe; and soe should you,
Like that corruptles iudg, in all pointes doe.
I freelie speake; the cause I speake soe free
Is, 'cause at first, great Prince, you licensd mee.
I haue accusd, but not excusd; for still
My fault's not lessond for an others ill;
Therefore, my Prince, to this my pleadings tend,
You'l quitt my fault, and Ile my fault amend.
The Prince, well listning to th' appeaching Owle,
Turnes to the hawkes, on whom with wrathfull scowl
He fixt his eyes. Quoth he, speake, is it true,
My nobles, which this owle reports of you?
In guiltles bloud haue you embrud your hands?
T'is monstrous vilde! why, you'r the propps of lanas,
The steres-men to your Prince; by you hees lede;
By whom but you should he be counselled?
Your heades should conduicts be: cleare cristall springs,
From which should powre al wholsom virtuous things;
From your braines fountaines, such pure streams should flowe,
As by that moysture things should flourishing growe.
Wherefore enact I lawes with your consent?
I thinke, to punish vice was our intent:
Will you that are parte-makers of the lawe,
Be breakers of it first? How then in awe
Shall I my subiects haue? why, when they se
You drownd in vice, they'le deeme the like of me.
Disgracefullie then this they will report,*

Howe

Araignment.

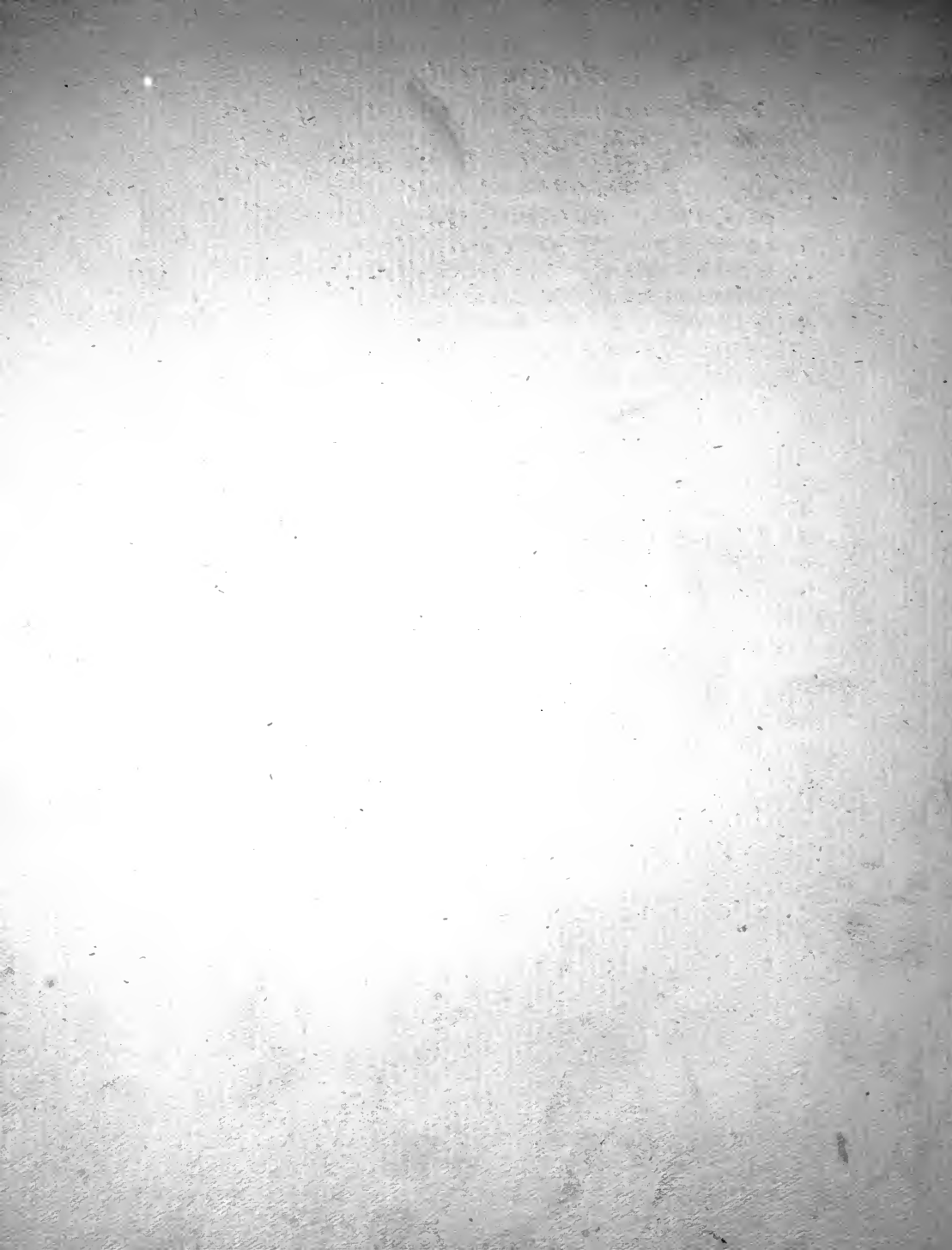
*Howe their's an extreame famin grown at court;
Of virtuous men, theres such a famin grown,
As scarcelic one about the Court is knowne.
By you shall I growe to loathd infamie,
And iudgd the nurse of fowle-fell tyranny;
And therefore, nobles, yf you'r' free and cleare
From these dambd haynos crimes, makt now appeare.*

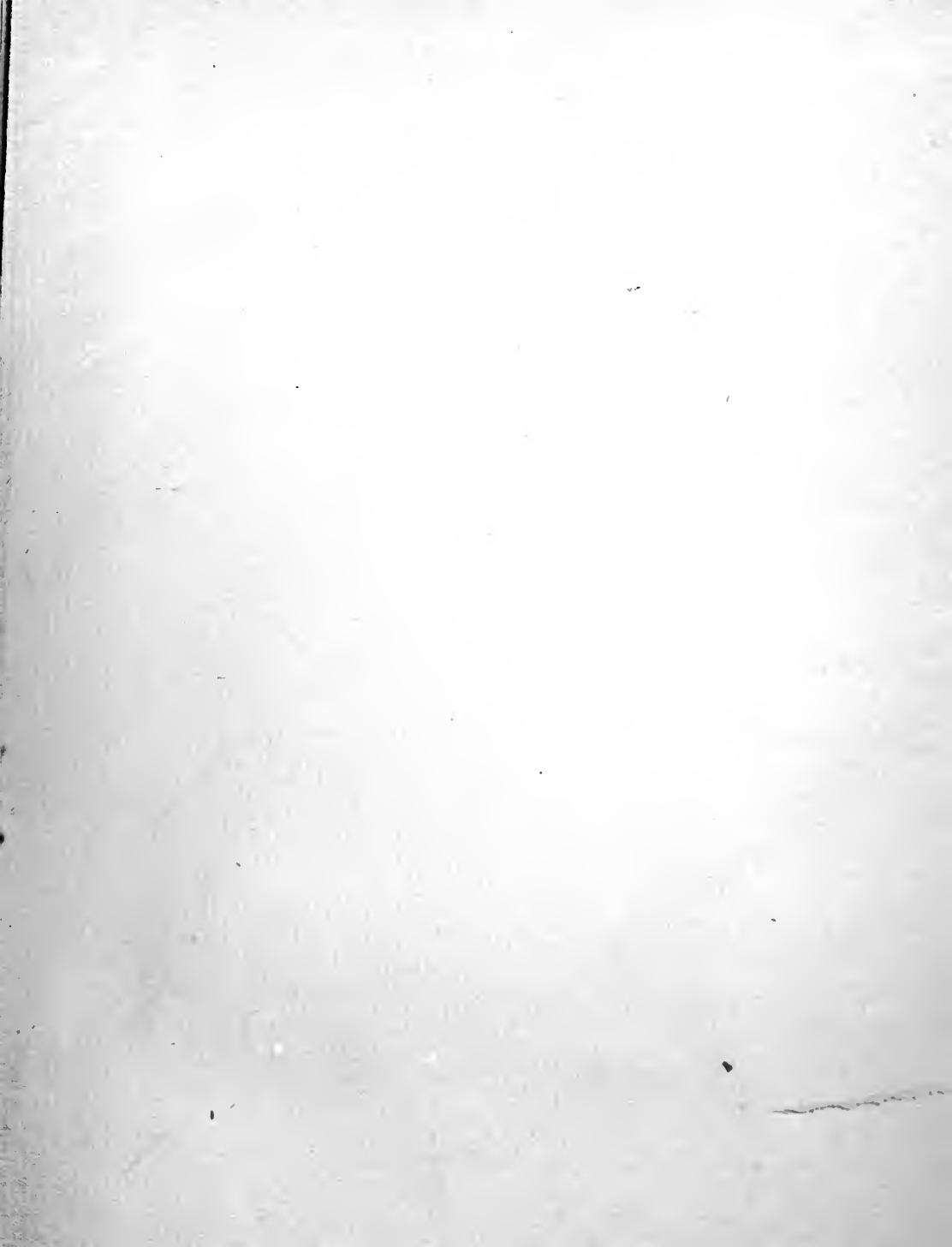
*Silence being made, the guiltie nobles,
Seing themselues to growe to dangrous troubles,
Thus (despratly) replies: oh King, quoth they,
I hope vnto our murthers youl giue waie.
Yf we make spoile, and other birds vndoe,
We take thex'ample, souraign Prince, from you.
We nereft Princes Imitate them still,
We be the emblens of your good or Ill;
Yf you slaie, we slaie; yf you saue, we saue.
All Kings about them manie shadowes haue;
For this our fault we seeke not make excuse,
Cause from your selfe sprang firste this faults abuse;
And therefore, King, yf you'l haue subiects awe,
You must not onelie make, but keep your lawe.*

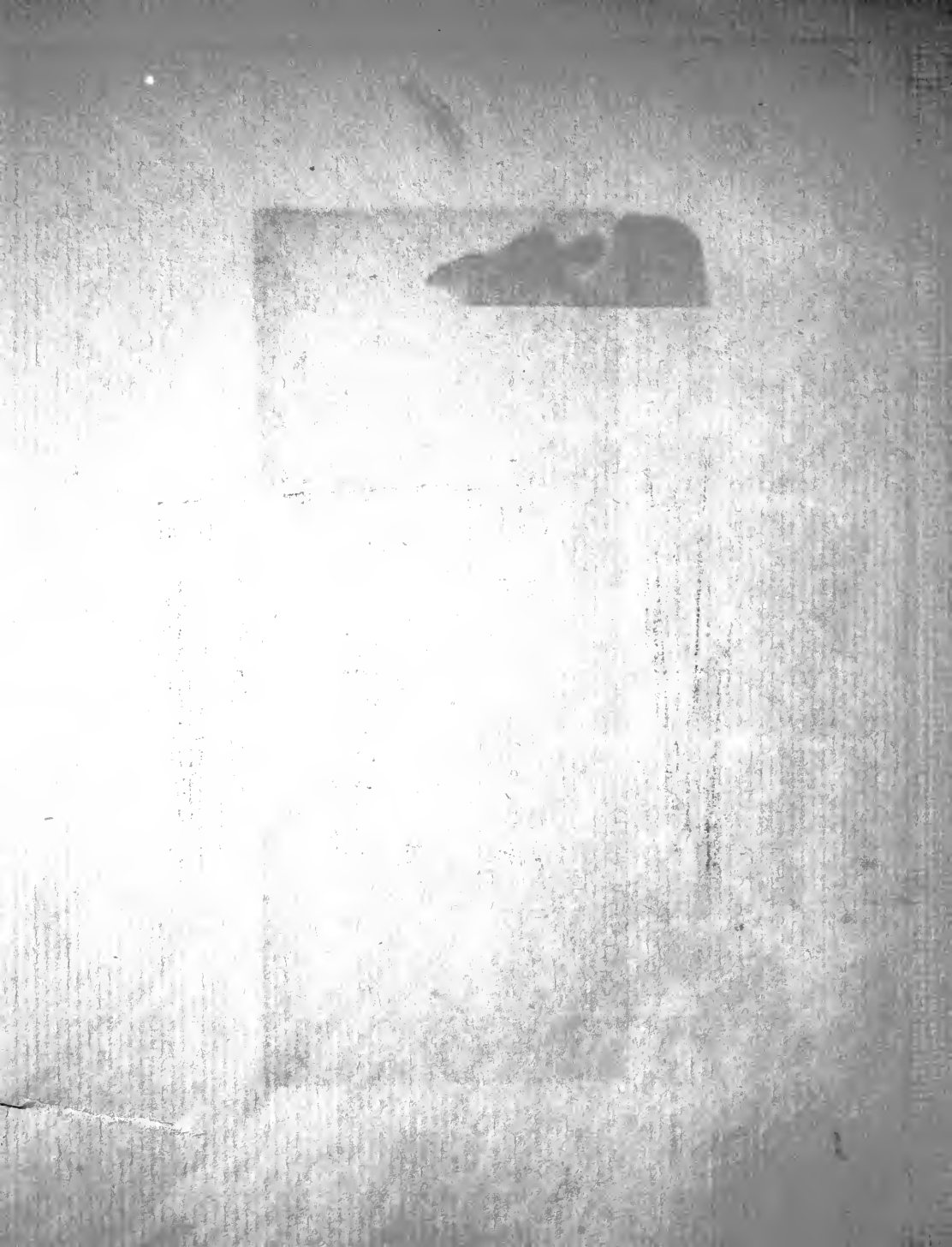
*This peremptorye aunswere so incensd
His maiestie, as tweene them wars comenst.
But while as they were soe at Civill strife,
The Owle, that malefactour, saues hir life;
She, being loose, awaie from keeper scudds,
Lusking from sight all daie in thickest woods;
But eu'ry night, about the outlawe flies,
Joying hir escape; wo ho ho she cries.*

FINIS.

W. G.







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Goddard, William
A satirycall dialogue

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