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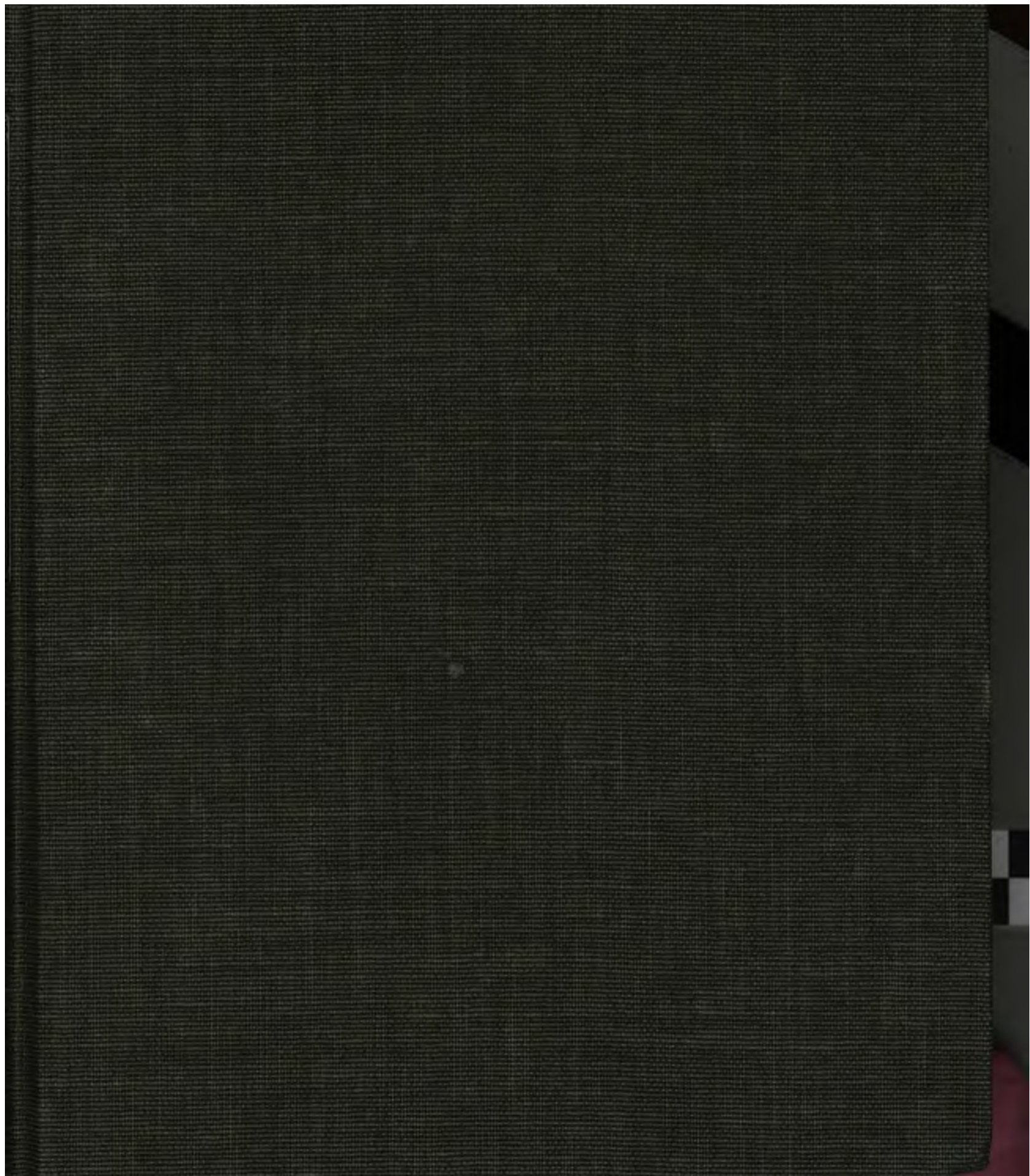
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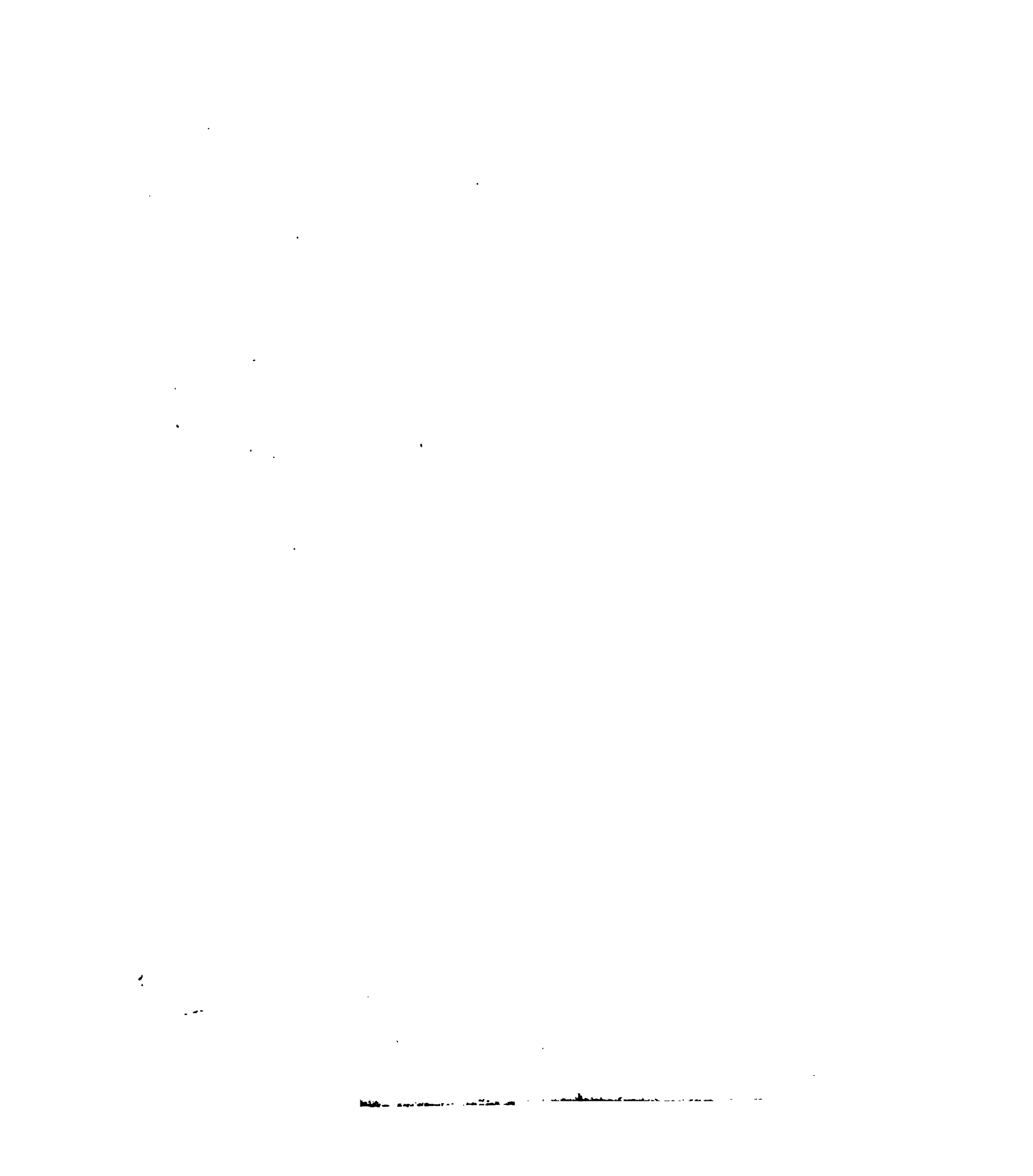
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THE
WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
Nicholas Breton

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, FACSIMILES, &c.*

BY
B. Grosart
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



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To

EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq.,

LONDON,

AUTHOR OF 'ON VIOL AND FLUTE,' ETC. ETC.

RICH-DOWERED FRIEND, WORTHY RICH-DOWERED I BRING
TO THEE, IN BRETON; AND I HAVE NO FEAR
OF CHILLY WELCOME, OR PRAISE INSINCERE,
WHEN THUS I ASK THEE LIST HIM LOWLY SING.
TRUE AS A WOOD-BIRD'S IS HIS CAROLLING,
AND WITH ITS PATHOS TOO, 'MID BRANCHES SERE:
AND A SOFT LIGHT OF HOPE, THAT SHINETH CLEAR,
AS WHEN THE SUN GILDS THE LARK'S SOARING WING.
NOR WILL IT IRK THEE, NOW AND THEN TO LOOK
ON OLD-WORLD PICTURES OF HIS WARBLER PROSE—
QUAINT TALKS IN GREEN LANES AND BY FIRE-SIDE NOOK:
FOR THOU ART ONE, WHO 'MID ALL CULTURE KNOWS
'TIS WELL TO LINGER IN THE GREAT DAYS OLDEN
WHEN ENGLAND'S SPEECH AND ACT ALIKE WERE GOLDEN.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



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MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

OUR present Worthy is careful to describe himself in various of his title-pages and epistles-dedicatory, and otherwise, as

NICHOLAS BRETON, GENTLEMAN

(abbreviated 'Gent' in a number).¹ There is touch of pathos in the continuance of the claim to the end and through long years of sorest straits and consequent humiliations. It seems to have been the *mode* of the Elizabethan period (*e.g.* Churchyard, Howell); but in his case it was warranted. For however he sunk to the level of the lowliest commonalty, he was of 'gentle blood.'

Bretons are found in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, Wilts and elsewhere, in England; but their chief seat was in Essex.² Turning accordingly to Morant's 'History and Antiquities of the County of Essex,' we find—besides incidental occurrences of the name—a somewhat full account of both themselves and their possessions. It is unaccountable that Biographers and Bibliographers alike, seem never to have consulted Morant; and so have needlessly perplexed

¹ In 'Will of Wit' title-page, and epistle-dedicatory and general epistle, and in the after-epistle and at the close, and in the 'Longing of a Blessed Heart' and 'Wit's Trenchmour,' it is 'Gentleman' in full: in 'Floorish of Fancy,' 'Courtier and Countryman,' 'a Dialogue,' etc. etc., it is 'Gent.'

² In Appendix A will be found genealogical facts from the 'Visitation of Leicestershire,' 1619, which Colonel Chester was good enough to forward me.

themselves and confounded our Nicholas Breton with another contemporary Captain Nicholas Breton. Even Mr. J. Payne Collier and the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., of Stand, missed the right biographic lines—as will appear in the sequel.

It will prepare the way for more direct details to give at this point the notices from Morant, as follows:—

"Layer-Breton is east of Layer-Marney. In records it is written Layer Braeton, or Britton, and also Layer Barley *alias* Breton; which names it received from its ancient possessors. The owner of the lands in this parish, in Edward the Confessor's reign, was Ailmar; Ralph Piperell, and his under-tenant Tuold, held them at the time of the Survey.¹ Here is only one MANER, and the mansion-house stands at a little distance west from the Church.

"The name of BRETON occurs in the List of those that came over with William the Conqueror:² and the adventurer so called might be one of those who attended Alan Fargent, Earl of Bretagne, at the Battle of Hastings, where he then commanded the rear of William's army.

"However, the surname of Breton, le Breton, and Brito, is of great antiquity in this County.

¹ Those demesnes were about 220 acres.

² Lib. Domesd. fol. 73. b. Tit. 34

"LEWIS BRITO granted to the Church and Monks of St. John's in Colchester, his messuage, with appertances, in Herchestede. His son, RALPH BRITO, confirmed the same; and moreover, granted to them two parts of the tithes of all his demesnes in Leyre-Breton,¹ to hold by the service of 8d. a year. His widow ADELIZA granted them 10s. 8d. a year in Legra, in perpetual alms, for the good of her husband's soul. Their son, ROBERT LE BRETUN, gave to the same Monks 11 acres in Legra, for the souls of his father and mother, who were buried in that Abbey.²

"In the reign of K. Richard I. ROBERT DE BRETUN held lands in and about Ardley, and was a benefactor to St. Botolph's Priory in Colchester.³ In the reign of K. John and K. Henry III., WILLIAM LE BRETUN held two knights fees in Lehere in Essex; and SIR JOHN LE BRETOUNE was a Knight banneret in this County in the time of K. Edward I.⁴

"In 1325, a Fine passed between WILLIAM BRETOUN, plaintiff, and JOHN BRETUN, Parson of — and Robert, son of Hamon de Bryche, deforc' of the maner of Layer-Breton and the Church, by which they were settled on WILLIAM for life, and after his death on NICOLAS his son, and ISABELL his wife, and the heirs of the said NICOLAS.⁵ WILLIAM LE BRETUN presented to the Living in 1329.⁶ NICOLAS BRITTON succeeded his father, and presented to the

¹ There having been great disputes about these Tithes, between the Abbey and the Rector of Layer-Breton, Simon Bishop of London, 13 November 1364, decreed, that the rector and his successors should receive these tithes, paying the Abbot and Convent the yearly sum of two marks, at two terms, viz., November 1, and February 2. Minus Reg. Abb. D. Johis. fol. 147. 170.

² Registr. Abbatie D. Johis. Colc. fol. 93, 94. penes Com. de Hardwick.

³ Monast. Angl., vol. ii. p. 45.

⁴ Nomina Nobil. sub Edw. I. militantium.

⁵ Fine 19 Edw. II.

⁶ Thomas Sampson presented to the Living from 1365 to 1373 by the title of Domicellus, i.e. inferior lord of the maner, Newcourt, vol. ii. pp. 374, 375.

Church in 1395, and 1397. ALICE his wife, dyed 6 May 1392, and was buried in this Church, with an epitaph. RICHARD DE BRETTON held half a knight's fee in Leyr Breton, near Colchester, and was taxed 10s. for his reasonable relief for the marrying of Blanch, the eldest daughter of K. Henry IV. with Lewis, afterwards Duke of Bavaria, in 1402." The further account we have of this family, is: That WILLIAM BRETTON married — daughter of — HAYNES, Gent. And had by her WILLIAM, and GRACE, wife of — RATCLIFF. WILLIAM married ANNE, daughter of — Denham, by whom he had Henry, Francis, William, John, and Thomas; which two last dyed without issue. We hear no more of this family here: They removed to Monckton-Farley in Wiltshire, and seem to have had no concern here after the year 1420.¹

Further:—"In 1242, a fine passed between WILLIAM LE BRETTON, plaintiff, and MATTHEW DE LEYHAM, and Nesta his wife, tenants, for the maner of Bellamont, in Essex, which Rohesia de Cockfield, mother of Nesta, held for her life, remainder to the said William after her decease."²

There was also a Maner of Bretton or Barton Hall in Essex, which took its name from "HUGH BRITO, that held a fourth part of a knight's fee of the House of Henry de Essex of his Honor of Raley."³

Again in Lexden Hundred the estate of Rivers Hall (also in Essex) was held by successive Bretons. Morant thus gives an account of them:—"Robert de Hastings was owner of it in the reign of K. Henry III. (Carta 49 Hen. III.). Under him it was holden by a family surnamed LE BRETUN, or DE BRETTON. WILLIAM DE BRETTON, who dyed in the 45^o of K. Henry III. held

¹ The History and Antiquities of the County of Essex . . . By Philip Morant, M.A., 1768, 2 vols. folio: vol. i. pp. 409-10.

² *Ibid.* p. 485: Fine 27, Hen. III.

³ *Ibid.* p. 319: Liber ruber.

of Robert de Hastings a capital messuage, 1 carucate of land, and 40s. yearly rent in Boxted for a pair of gilt spurs every year, and by the 5th part of a knight's fee; and of Walter de Horkeley, a water mill, and 2 parts of one carucate, and 20s. per annum by the 4th part of a fee: and of Hugh de Nevill, 7 acres of land, for the yearly rent of 18d. JOHN DE BRETON was his son (Inquis. 45 Hen. III.). JOHN, son of this latter, dyed 4 Edw. II. 1310 or 1311, and held them of the heirs of Roger de Tany a capital messuage, with a close and a fishery, and 49 acres of arable, a pasture, and 10 acres of wood: and of William de Horkesley, by the same service as above, a water mill, 90 acres of arable, 42 acres of mowable meadow, 2 acres of pasture, 13 acres of wood, 16 acres of alder, and 52s. rent of assize: and of Hugh de Nevill, 3 acres of arable (Inquis. 4 Ed. II.). MAUD, his daughter, then aged 21 years and a half, was the wife of Sir Richard de la Rivere (Inquis. 4 Edw. II.) a family of note in this county, that were lords of Stamford-Rivers, and other considerable estates. He had by her — Thomas, who dyed without issue; and MARGARET, married to Sir Roger Bellers; who had by her Margaret, that became the wife of ROBERT SWILLINGTON. He dyed 11th July 1391, holding in right of the said Margaret then surviving him, the maner of Boxted, called Ryvershall, of the King as of the Hundred of Lexden. Roger, his son, was aged upwards of 22 years (Inquis. 15 Ric. II.). John Swillington, Esq., succeeded. Then it came by purchase to Thomas Morsted, Esq."¹

There are names and things in these accounts that will fall to be noticed hereafter—recurring as they do in our Breton's books; but a glance reveals that the family was an ancient one, and entitled to rank among the

'blue blood' of England. Researches among the Visitations and Wills of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries confirm the *data* of the Historian, albeit it needeth not that our Memoir should be encumbered with such merely antiquarian lore. Two JOHN BRETONS' Wills prior to 1499 and several recorded in the Calendars of the Archdeaconry Courts of Colchester and of Essex and Herts, are unhappily not to be found. The volumes containing them have long since disappeared. They should probably have helped us to link on the several names to each other. The 'Visitation of Wilts, 1565' (College of Arms, G. 8. fo. 50), enables us to connect our Breton with the Layer Breton family of Morant, as thus:—

Arms: Quarterly *or* and gules, a bordure azure.

William Breton of Layer Breton in the countie of Essex Esquire married the daughter of [blank] in the countie of Essex gent. and by her had yssue Willim Breton his eldeste sonne [and] Grace, married to [blank] Ratclyffe of [blank] in Coun. Essex gent.

William Breton of Layer Breton in the saide countie Esquire eldeste sonne and heire to William Breton aforesaide maryed Anne daughter of Denham of the Northe and by her had yssue Henrye Breton, his eldeste sonne and heire: John seconde sonne dyed sanz yssue: Fraunces, thirde sonne: Thomas, fourthe sonne, dyed sanz yssue and Willim Breton fite sonne.

Henrye Breton of Moncton farley in coun. Wiltes Esquire, eldeste sonne and heire to Willim Breton aforesaide married Anne daughter to George Cowlte of Candish in coun. Suff. Esquire, and by her had yssue George Breton his eldeste sonne and heire aparant: William Breton, seconde sonne: Margaret, married to [blank] Hamonde of Naylond in Com. Suff. gent. Elizabeth vnmarried.¹ I note that in the copies of this

¹ *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 240-1.

¹ From Colonel Chester, as before; and so throughout, except when otherwise notified.

Visitation by Philpot and Vincent in the College of Arms, the blank for the name of the first William Breton's wife is filled in with the name of Haynes, and as will immediately emerge, her Christian name was Isabell or Isabella.

The Will of the above first William Breton, introduces a number of the family names. I therefore give an abstract of it. He is designated William Breton of Colchester co. Essex, Gentleman (14th August 1499). He was to be buried in the monastery of St. John beside Colchester 'near the pillar where the body of my father lieth buried.' Besides the usual religious bequests he leaves the following:—'to high altar of parish church of St Giles where I was late parishioner 3/4': to the Master of Higham Ferrers co. Northampton 'to pray for me, 5 marks': to churches of Great Birch and Lower de la Haye 6/8: 'my wife Isabell to have for life my tenement called Fyncher in Layer de la Hay, and after her death, same to William my son and heirs of his body, with remainder to Grace my daughter: my lands in Wyvenhoe called Marthill 'to be feoffed and the profits thereof to go to the church of St Giles aforesaid for a yearly anniversary for my grandfather Nicholas Breton, my father John Breton, Joane my mother, my aunt Alice Bodford [and] David Mortymer, and for me and my wife the day of my decease': to my daughter Grace when 21 or married 'my lands etc. in Fyngringhoe co. Essex, and if she die, same to William my son, when 21, and if both die before 21, then same to my brother John Breton': all residue to Isabell my wife, 'and appoint her executrix': proved at Lambeth 27^o November 1499 by the relict Isabell exec. (39 Horne).

This William Breton was father of William Breton, father of our Nicholas Breton. It is therefore with no common satisfaction that I am enabled to print for *the first time*, the long

and extremely noticeable Will of our Worthy's father, which opens up various points of interest. His provision of 'prayers' for himself and others (notwithstanding his Protestant reliance on the Lord Jesus alone) reveals a leaven of the old religion. It runs thus, *verbatim et literatim*¹:—

In the most holy and blyssed name of the Eternall eflyving and lasting god the father the sonne and the holly goost thre psonnes and one god the xijth day of february in the yere of our Salvacion by the deathe and passion of our most blisshed Saviour and Redemer Jhū Christ a thousand fyve hunderthe lvijth, and in the fourthe and fyveth yeres of the reignes of our soßaign Lord and Lady Phillip and Mary by the grace of god King and Quene of England Spayne ffrance bothe Cicilles Jrlfi and Ireland defenders of the faithe Archdukes of Austrige (*sic*) Dukes of Burgundy Myllayn and Brabant Counties of Haspurge fflaunders and Tiröll I Willm Breton of London of the parryshe of saynt Gyles w^{out} creplegate of London gentilman being of hole mynd and p^{fit}t remembrance, and thankes be vnto god, of good and p^{fit}t healthe of body remembring and thinking I shall dye as from this world and therw^t Trusting and beleving assuredly to ryse agayne in this flesshe vnto Eternall and ppetuall lif, and herew^t also calling and most hartely desyring and praying thaide helpe grace and Assistance of Almighty god do ordeyn and make this my last will and Testament in ma^ñ and fourme following. first I comytt and bequeth and yeld my soule to the inestimable and Incomprehensible heape and Abundance of Christes infinite mcy most hartely

¹ Joseph Hunter, in his *Chorus Vatum* mss. in the British Museum, mentions a *post-mortem* inquisition in 1568-9. It was on 27th October 1567. William Breton, of London, Esq., had died so far back as 12th January 1558-9, and the Inquisition ought to have been taken immediately after, but was not, and so a mandamus was directed to Sir Christopher Draper, then Escheator for London, and he took it on the day mentioned. It is in the usual form, and is of no consequence, seeing that, *supra*, I am able to give the Will itself, which the Inquisition merely recites. Parts of it are quite gone, and others illegible. Mr. Hunter's mistake led both Colonel Chester and myself into much fruitless searching. My experience of the *Chorus Vatum* is, that whilst these mss. contain a vast amount of rough materials for the biography of our English Poets, everything needs to be verified. Colonel Chester has also followed up his statements, and he writes me:—'Never trust Joseph Hunter for either dates or facts. Although a capable general antiquary in matters purely genealogical, his statements are not to be accepted without verification.' From one so judicial in his verdicts, this will carry warning to every conscientious consulter of the Hunter mss. Nevertheless it were ingrate not to acknowledge his untiring research and zeal.

beseching hym to sett his deathe and passion betwene my synnes and his iust iudgement. And as concerning my body my soules contynual Enemye I comytt the same to the Earthe from whence yt came to be buried in suche place as shall Seme most mete and convenyent to myn executors. Item I give and bequethe vnto Elizabeth my wif my chieff capitall mansion house in Redcrostre in the foresaid parryshe of saynt Gyles w^{out} Creplegate of London Wherein I nowe inhabit and dwell together wth the gardeyn Teñtes and all other thappurteñces to the saied capitall mansion belonging or other w^t vsed or occupied, And also all my Teñtes and heriditamentes wyth Thappurteñces in Barbycan and Redcrosse strete in the saied parryshe of saynt Giles w^{ch} I had and purchased to me and myn heires of Willm Dixe gent. Item I further give and bequeth vnto the same Elizabeth my wif all that my key and wharffe called dyse key w^t all the Teñtes and other thappurteñces therppon buylded or thereunto belonging situat nere billinges gate and in the parryshe of saynt Dunstayne in the est wⁱⁿ the Citie of London w^{ch} I lately purchased of Thomas Bacon and nowe by me lettyff vnto the same Thoms and to James Bacon his brother, To haue and to hold all and singuler the pmisses to the saied Elizabeth my wif during her naturall lif, The remaynder therof after her deceasse to Richard Breton myn eldest sonne and heire and to the heires of his body lafully begottyn, And for lacke of suche yssue to Nicholas Breton my secunde sonne and to the heires of his body lafully begottyn, And for lacke of suche yssue to my daughters Thamar Anne and Mary and to the heires of their bodies lafully begottyn, And for lacke of suche yssue to my right heires for efl. Item I give and bequethe vnto the saied Elizabeth my wif one hunderth poundes in money and thone half of all my playt howshold stuf and ymplementes hereafter nott bequethed and all her apparrell and all such Jewelles as she hath in her custody or vsed to ware and Tenne Kyen nowe remayning and being at Walcomstowe in the countie of Essex. Item I give and bequeth vnto the saied Richard Breton myn eldest sonne and to his heires for efl all my other Teñtes in London or in the suburbes of the same w^t all and singuler their appurteñces aboue not bequethed to my saied wif amounting together to the yerely value of xxxix^{li} or their aboutes that is to saye one Teñte in Eastcheape called the bell in the Tenure of Nicholas Wyatt Bochier of the yerely value of ix^{li} xx^d, Two Tenements in Towrestrete in the parryshe of saynt Dunstayne in the east in the holding of the wif of Willm Austed wax chaundler deceased, one Shopp in newe ffishestrete in the holding of Willm Davys ffishmonger, one

Teñte in the parryshe of saynt John Walbroke in the holding of Thomas Hewes Skynner, one tenement in ffynokes lane nere the pultrey in tholding of Thomas Sares, one Tenement in the parryshe of saynt Androwe next Baynardes Castell in the houlding of Sir ffrances Jobson Knight, one Tenement in the parrishe of saynt James at Garlike hithe in the holding of the wif of Xpöfer Macham Tayllo^r deceased, one vaulte or Seller in the same parryshe of Saynt James at Garlickhith in tholding of the wydow Gardyff and the Teñte brewe howse and Inne called the George in Aldersgate strete in the parrishe of saynt butulphe w^{out} Aldersgate and all the Teñtes thereunto belonging in tholding of Cuthebert Hope, And one Tenement in the parryshe of saynt Butulphe in the holding of Chrofer Teringtff carpenter, To haue and to hold vnto my saied sonne Richard and to his heires for efl. Item I give and bequeth vnto my sonne Richard threscore poundes in money and thother half of my plate and houshold stuf hereafter not bequethed to be deliyffed vnto hym at his age of xxijth yeres. The Rentes and Revenewes of w^{ch} saied Tenementes and the saied threscore poundes plate and houshold stuf so bequethed to my saied sonne Richard I will my saied wif shall haue the receipt order Rule and custody of vntill my saied sonne shall Accomplishe his saied age of xxij yeres yf my saied wif do lyve so longe, for and towards the mayntenaunce ffynding and bringing vpp of my childern and for the reapacions of the same Teñtes, So that and vppon condicion that my saied wif kepe her self sole and do not marye after my deceasse, And if she shall happyn to marry or dye before the saied age of my saied sonne, Then I will and ordeyn that my father in Lawe John Bacon and lawrence Eresbye gentilman or the longer lyver of theym shall then ymedeatly haue the receipt and order of the rentes of the saied Teñtes aboue bequethed to my saied sonne vntill my saied sonne shall accomplishe the saied age of xxij yeres, To be Employed and bestowed vppon the bringing vp of my saied sonne and the rest of my childern, And the remaynder thereof to be bestowed yerely vppon the reapacions of suche of the same Tenementes as I am charged to beare, And vppon the Reapacions of the saied Tenement called the George in Aldersgate strete, And yf yt shall happyn the saied John Bacon and Lawrence Eresbie and either of theym to dye before the saied age of my saied sonne, and after the death or mariage of my saied wif, then I will and ordeyn that the chamber of London shalhaue the receipt order Rule of all suche Rentes and revenewes of the saied Teñtes in the saied Citie as bene aboue bequethed or appoynted in possession or rellision to my saied sonne, vntill the same my sonne shall Accomplishe

the saied age of xxij^u yeres, of the profittes and rentes whereof I will the saied chamber of London shal haue fyve poundes yerely vntill the saied age of my saied sonne, And the rest of the same Rentes and profittes to be ymployed and bestowed to thuse fynding and bringing vpp of my saied sonne and of the rest of my childern, And to be kept to their vses, yf any shall remayn to be equally distributed emonges theym at their foresaied ages, And also I will and ordeyn that my saied wif ymedeatly vppon her mariage and her executors ymedeatly after her death yf she do not marye shall delyu into thandes and custody of my saied father in lawe John Bacon and lawrence Eresbie or to the longer lyver of theym the saied threscore poundes plate and household stuf aboue bequethed to my saied sonne to be kept and Saifly delyued to my saied sonne at his saied age of xxij yeres. Item I give and bequeth vnto Nicholas Breton my sonne all that my ma^r of Burgh in the Marshe w^t thappurteinces in the Countie of Lyncoln, And all the landes Tenites Refusions s^uyces and hereditamentes to the same belonging or in any wise apperteyning. And all those my landes and Tenites in Wykes in the Countie of Essex called nelmes w^{ch} I purchased of Henry Breton my brother. Item I give and bequeth to my saied sonne Nicholas Breton fortye pounds in money one salte all gilte w^t a cover and fiked w^t W E and vj siluer Spones and the gilte bedsted and bedd that I lye in at London w^t the Tester and curteyns of blewe and yellowe sarcenett and all other thapparrell of the same bedd to be delyued vnto hym when he shall Accomplishe thage of xxiiij yeres, Thissuys and profittes of w^{ch} saied ma^r Landes and Tenites so bequethed to my saied sonne Nicholas I will my saied wif shal haue for the maytenaunce and fynding of my saied sonne Nicholas vntill he shall Accomplishe his saied age of xxiiij^u yeres, yf she so long shall lyve, And also that my saied wif shal haue the custody of the saied fortie poundes salte and spones bedding and other thinges aboue bequethed to my saied sonne Nicholas vntill the same Nicholas shall accomplishe his saied age of xxiiij^u yeres yf she so long do lyve, prouyded alwayes and vppon condicion that my saied wif do not mary after my decesse, and yf she shall happyn to mary or dy before the saied age of my saied sonne Nicholas, Than I will and ordeyn that the saied John Bacon and Lawrence Eresbie or the longer lyver of theym, shall then ymedeatly vppon her saied mariage or death haue the receipt and order of thissues Rentes and pfittes of the saied ma^r of Burghes to be ymployed and bestowed vppon the fynding and bringing vp of the saied Nicholas and to his vse, And also I will that my saied wif ymedeatly vppon suche her saied

mariage or her executors vppon her death shall delyu into thandes and custody of the saied John Bacon and lawrence Erisbie or the longer lyver of theym, the saied fortie poundes in money and the saied Salt Spones bedding and other thinges aboue gyen and bequethed vnto my saied son Nicholas to be by theym or the longer lyver of theym kept and saffely p^rseued to thuse of the same Nicholas vntill he shall accomplishe his saied age of xxiiij yeres and to be then saifly delyued vnto hym, Item I give and bequeth vnto Thamar Breton my doughter the Summe of two hunderth filkes in money to be deliuered vnto her at the day of her fliage yf she shal happyn to marye before she shall accomplishe the age of xxij yeres, And if she the same Thamar be not married before that age, Than I will that the said C C filkes shalbe paied and delyued vnto the saied Thamar at suche tyme as she shall accomplishe the saied age of xxij yeres. Item I give and bequeth vnto my saied doughter Thamar my gilt salt w^tout a cover w^{ch} was Mr. Doctor Capons and vj siluer Spones. Item I give and bequeth vnto the same Thamar a bedsted w^t a Tester of waynescott a fetherbed a boulder two pillowes two blankettes a paier of shetes a coflett curteyns and all other thinges appartyning to a bedd. Item I give and bequeth vnto Anne Breton my doughter two hunderthe markes in money to be delyued and paied vnto her at the day of her mariage, yf she the same Anne shall happyn to be married before she shall Accomplishe the age of xxij yeres, And yf she be not married before that age than I will that the same two hunderthe markes in money shalbe paied and delyued vnto the same Anne at suche tyme as she shall accomplishe her saied age of xxij yeres, Item I give and bequeth vnto the saied Anne my doughter one Round salt all gilt w^t a cover w^{ch} my Suster Gray did give at the Christnyng of Mary my fyrst daughter. Item I give and bequeth vnto the same Anne my daughter syx silu spones a bedsted w^t a Testor of waynscote a fetherbed a boulder two pyloughes two blankettes a payer of Shetes a coflett curteyns and all thinges belonging to the bedd. Item I give and bequeth vnto Mary my daughter two hundred markes in money to be deliuered and payed vnto her at the daye of her mariage if she the same Mary shall happen to mary before she shall accomplishe the age of xxij^u yeres and if she be not married before that age then I will the same two hundred markes shalbe payed and deliued vnto her the same Mary at suche tyme as she shall accomplishe the saied age of xxij yeres. Item I give and bequeth vnto the saied Mary my daughter my silu salte pounced that is dayly occupied and vj silu spones a bedsted w^t a Testor of waynscote a fetherbed a boul-

ster two pylloughes two blankettes a payer of Shetes a cofflett cūens of Saye and all thinges pertynyng to a bedd. All w^{ch} saied money plate bedsteds bedding and all other thinges aboue bequethed to my saied daughters Thamar Anne and Mary or to any of them I will my saied wif shall haue the custodye order and rule of vntill the foresaied mariages or ages of my saied daughters if my saied wif shall so long live So that and vpon condiçon that my saied wife do kepe herself sole and do not mary after my decease or dye before the saied mariages or ages of my saied daughters. And if my saied wif shall happen to marye or dye before the saied ages or mariages of my saied daughters, Then I will and ordeyne that the saied John Bacon and Lawrence Eresbie or the longer liver of them shall then Immediatly vpon her saied mariage or deathe haue the Custody order and Rule of the saied money plate bedding and other thinges aboue given and bequethed vnto my saied daughters and efly of them vntill the foresaied mariages or ages And also I will that my saied wif Immediatly vpon suche her saied mariage and her executors immediatly after her deathe shall deliſt into thands and Custodie of my saied ffather in lawe John Bacon and Laurence Eresbie or the lenger liver of them the saied syx hundred markes of money plate bedding and all other thinges aboue given and bequethed vnto my saied daughters or any of them to be by the same John and Lawrence or the lenger liver of them kepte and saffy pfermed to the vse of my saied daughters vntill their foresaied mariages or ages and to be then saffy deliſed vnto them and the profyttes thereof in the meane tyme to be Employed towards ther fynding if any profytt shalbe made therof, Morouer I will and ordeyne that if my saied children or any of them shall happen to dye before foresaied mariages or ages by reason wherof they or any of them shall not haue nor inoy his her or their foresaied legacies aboue bequethed, Than I will and ordeine that the money plate and stuff aboue bequethed to hyme or her that shall so happen to dye shall remayne and be equally dystributed amongst the Rest of my saied Children w^{ch} shall then survive and be livinge, And so lykwise to remayne wholly to the Survivo^r of them although it shall happen but one of them to survive. Also I further will and ordeine by this my Last will and Testament that the saied Elizabeth the my wife wⁱⁿ the space of thre monethes next after my deathe shall stand and be bounde to the rest of myff Executors in the some of two Thousand filkes for the trewe payment and delivery of the foresaied severall somes of money plate and stuff aboue bequethed to my saied Children and appoynted to remayn in her order and Custodie in forme aforesaied, And also for

the trewe performance of this my p̄sent Last will and Testament and if my saied wif shall refuse to be so bounde or be not so bounde then I will and ordeine that my saied father in Lawe John bacon and Laurence Eresbie or the longer liver of them shall haue and take into their handes custody and order all the saied money plate Stuff and other thinges aboue bequethed to my saied Children or to any of them and shall haue the order and rule therof vntill the saied ages or mariages of my saied children, provided alwayes and I will and ordeyne that then my saied father in Lawe John bacon and the saied Laurence Eresbie or the longer liver of them shall then stand and be bounde to my saied wife in the some of two Thousand markes of Lafull money for the trewe payment and performance of the foresaied Legacies made and bequethed to my foresaied Children or any of them provided lykwise and I further will and ordeine that my saied daughters or efly of them shalbe ordred and Ruled in their mariages by my saied wif ther mother during the lyf of my saied wife And after her deathe by my saied Executo^r and the longer liver of them, And If it shall happen any of my saied daughters to mary w^{out} the consent and agrement of my saied wif ther mother during her lyf and before suche my daughter shall accomplishe thage of xxx^{ti} yeres Then I will and ordeyne that suche of my saied daughters as shall so fortune to marye w^{out} thassent of my saied wif shall forfeit and lose the some of money and Legacies a boue by this my p̄sent Testament to her given and bequethed. And that than my foresaied legacies and bequestes aboue made to suche of my saied doughters as shall so marry w^{out} tassent of my saied wife shalbe vtterlye voyde and of none effecte, And that the same Legacie shalbe then given and equally parted and distributed amongst the rest of my saied daughters then lyvinge or the reste of my Children if all my saied daughters be then deade. Item I give and bequethe to Henry Berton (*sic*) my Brother fortie poundes in money and to efly of his daughters figret & Elizabeth the twentie poundes a pece towards their mariages. Item I give and bequethe vnto Willm breton my saied brothers sonne twenti poundes in money to helpe to fynd hyme to Skoole all w^{ch} saied somes of money so given and bequethed to my saied brother Henry Breton and his saied children I will shalbe payed and delivered into thandes of my saied brother to his and their vses withe in the space of syx monethes next after my decease. Item I give and bequethe vnto ffrances Breton my brother all that my parte and moitie of the lease for terme of yeres that I haue or ought to haue in the p̄sonage of Hotoste in the Countie of Lyncoln being vijth yerly

Clere a boue the rent or there a boue And all that my interest parte and moytie of the Lease w^{ch} I haue or ought to haue in the fryshe ground in the saied countie of Lyncoln being xx^s yerly a boue the rent or ther a boues. Item I give and bequethe vnto the said ffraunces my brother syx pounds in money oñ and besydes the iij^l w^{ch} I owe vnto hym for the Legacie of the foresaied Willm Capon. Item I give and bequethe vnto John Reynold my s^{unt} thre pounds vi^s viij^d To thoms beamont my s^{unt} iij^l vj^s viij^d to Richard Dobby fortie shillings to Margret my s^{unt} twenti Shillings to mergery my s^{unt} twentie shillings, to Lame Jone fortie shillings, to King the gardner and his wif x^s, to wilson the hosyer and his wif Tenne Shillings To the widowe Bruett tenn shillings and to the Widowe Sparrowe and other thre of the poorest creatures in beche laynes x^s. Item I giue and bequethe to one hundrethe of the most Impotent and porest persones in the foresaied paryshe of saint gyles w^{out} Cripellgate of London fyve poundes in money that is to saye to eñy of them xij^d a pece Item I will and ordeyn that my Executo^{rs} shall bye and provyde in the somer yerly during iij yeres next after my deathe fyve lods of Cooles and also shall provyd an house to laye them in in the Somer to begiven and dystrubuted in the wynter amongst the poorest inhabitauntes of the saied paryshe of Saint Gyles Item I give and bequethe to and amongst twentie of the moste poorest and impotent prsones in Walthamstowe xx^s that is to saye xij^d a pece to eñy of them. Item I give and bequethe vnto Audre my dayrye woman xx^s Item I give and bequethe to Alice chaundler that was my s^{unt} fortie shillings Item I give and bequethe vnto Thospitall of saint Bathilmewes in smithefield in London twentie poundes in money vppon condiçon that aswell the poo^r in the same hospitall as the Children in bothe the Skooles there do praye eñy morning and eñy evening vnto allmightie god for M^r Willm Capon and me as benefactors of the saied hospitall that his mightifull and incomprehensible mercy maye stand betwne (*sic*) his iust Judgement and o^r synnes And that we w^t them and they w^t us maye aryse at the Later daye vnto Eternall lyfe. Item I will and ordeyn that therbe given and dystrubuted to and amongst the poorest people in the towne of Salcote in the Countie of Essex wher the foresaied Willm Capon was borne fyve poundes to praye for the saied Willm Capon. Item I will and ordeine that ther be bestowed vppon the repayinge the hyghe wayes brydges and other most nedfull and necessary thinges in and about the said towne of Salcote and Lyer Breton in Essex for the saied Willm Capon and in the Remembraunce of me

twentie poundes And also I will and ordeyne that ther be dystrubuted and given for the saied Willm Capon to and amongst the poo^r of his Late paryshe and benefyce in Southam in the countie of Southampton fyve pounds and to and amongst the poo^r of the paryshe of saint maryes in Southampton fyve pounds and to and emongest the poo^r of his Late benefyce and paryshe of Symond broughton in the countie of Dorsett fyve pounds and to and emongest the poo^r of his Late benefyce and paryse (*sic*) of Barkeley herons in the Countie of Glou^e fyve pounds and to and emongest the poo^r of his Late benefyce and paryshe of Duxford in the Countie of Cambrydge fyve pounds And to and emonges the poo^r of his Late p^rbend of Lanvere in wales fyve pounds And to and emogest the poo^r of His Late ßbend of Torleton in the Countie of Gloucester belonging to the Churche of Sarum fyve pounds And to and emongest the poo^r of the Towne of Barkewaye in the Countie of Cambrydge fyve poundes And to and emonges the poo^r of the Citie of Sarum tenne pounds And to and emonges the poo^r Lame and impotent people of the Towne of Cambrydge fyve pounds And to and emongest the poorest Skoollers of the vni^{ers}itie of Cambrydge tenn pounds And to and emongest the poorest of the paryshe of Saint Gyles in Colchester Fortie Shillings And to my^{stres} Cadley dwelling w^t My^{stres} Toye in powles churchyard xx^s And to and emongest the pore of thospitall in Southwerk Fortie Shillings to thintent that all thafforsaied poo^r people shall praye for the sayed M^r docto^r Capon All w^{ch} somes of money so bequethed and appoynted to be dystrubuted for the saied Master doct^r Capon I will shalbe performed and donne withe all possible sped Immediatly after my deathe. Item I will and ordeyn that fore and in full performance and dyscharge of all and singler Legacies made by the saied Willm Capon to Henry Knighte that The same Henry shall haue tenne pounds yerly to Studye the Lawe for the Space and terme of vij yeres so that he continew study at the Lawe or vse any other honest exercyse of Lyvinge. Item I give and bequethe vnto Thomas Sackford of Grayes Inne my beste Gowne of Clothe furred w^t Skywrrrell and faced w^t martens Item I give and bequethe vnto the same Tho^{ms} Sackford my dublet of Crynsen (*sic*) Satten. Item I give and bequethe vnto Laurence Eresbye of Louthe to take paynes in thexecu^{con} of this my ßsent Testament tenn poundes in money Item I give and bequethe vnto my Father in Lawe John Bacon my Spanyshe Cappe of Clothe and so muche Fyne clothe as shall make hyme a Cote to the same Item I give and bequethe vnto my brother Henry Berton (*sic*) my damaske gowne welted w^t

velvet and faced w^t budge (= lamb's fur). Item I give and bequethe vnto Mr. Edward Waldegrave my Shorte gowne of Sattyn. Item I give and bequethe vnto ffraunces Berton (*sic.*) my brother my gowne of clothe Furred w^t Budge and my night Gowne of Sackclothe my beste blacke cote of clothe and my crynsyn (*sic.*) Taffata dublett and my Russett dublett and my satten Jackett. Item I give and bequethe vnto Richard my Sonne my best damaske gowne w^t the Imbroderd garde and my two velvet Jackettes Imbrodered and a dublett of Crynsen satten that is vnmade and my dublett of purple satten my two best Shurtes and my best velvet hose my ringe of gold that I vse to weare wth Thonycle [qu.—Th' onyx?] and my seale of sylf Item I give and bequethe vnto my sonne Nicholas my dublett of black Satten styched and my dublett of black satten w^t whypped Lace my whit Hanger and my Sword and my buckler And to my sonne Richard my gylte Skayne my Corselett and my preuy cote All wth apparell and other thinges a boue bequethed to my saied Sonnes or either of them I will my saied wif shall haue the custody and order of vntill they shall accomplyshe the foresaied ages of xxiiijth [*sic.*] And then to be delyvered vnto them and if either of them do dye before their saied ages then I will that the supuiuo^r of them shall haue and enioye the parte of the other that shall so happen to dye before his saied age Provided allwaye that if my saied wif shall happen to marry or dye before the saied ages of my saied sonnes That then my saied father in Lawe and Laurence Eresbye or the longer lyer of them shall immediatly after her deathe or mariage haue the custodye of all the pmisses bequethed to my saied sonnes or eyther of them vntill their foresaied ages The Residue of all my goodes not bequethed my funeralles and debtes being dyschardged and payed I give and bequethe vnto the saied Elizabeth the my wif Item I ordeyn constitute and make Executo^rs of this my p^sent will and Testament my saied father in Law John Bacon the saied Elizabeth the my wyfe And the sayed Laurence Eresbye And also I ordeyn and make Supervisors of the same my will and testament the saied Edward Waldegram (*sic.*) and the saied Tho^ms Sacford All wth my saied Executo^rs and superuisors I most intirely and most hartely desyre and besече in the Bowelles and bytter deathe and passion of Christe Jesus our only savio^r and redemer not to neglecte this my present will and Testament as co^monly Executors done But ffrendly and faythfully to regarde the same and so se yt performed fullylled and accomplyshed in every behalff as my assured and faythfull truste is left in them desiring them also to Rememb[er] and regarde the

Reliefe of the poo^r the bringing vpp of my Children in Lering and vertue and the ayde and helpe of my poo^r brother ffraunces Breton for the maynteñce and continuance of his lyvinge. Thus frome and w^t my whole herte desiring and beseching mercy and forgiveness of allmightie god and of my bretheren in xpiste whom I haue offended, And clerely forgiving all persones frome the botom of my harte and bes[ee]ching them all to praye for me I bydd all farewell in our Lord Jesus Christe And so my soule to heaven and my body to the yerthe wth I trust and beleave shall ryse agayne at the later daye and lyve w^t my soule ppetually wth I comitt and comend into thandes of [my] allmightie creato^r Redemer and only savio^r therof to whome wth the holly goste be all hono^r glory and prayse eūlastingly world w^tout end Amen.

Quod Redemptor meus viuit et quod in nonissimo die de terra surrecurus sum et in ea Carne mea videbo deum saluatorem meum In manus tuas Domine comendo spiritum meū ac animam meam viventem in sempiterna secula Dñe Jesu Christe accipe s^pum meū Laus deo pax viuis et requies eterna defunctis, per me Wilfm Bretonn manu et voce proprijs. Published and declared in the presens of me Raufe Waddington and John Reynolds being wittnesses of all thinges mençoned and spoken of in this will and Testament.

Probatum fuit h^mōi Testamētū coram Mag^{ro} Waltero Haddon Legum doctore Curie Prerogative venerabilū virorū Decani et Capitū Ecclie xp̄i Canⁱ Sede Archiep̄ali Canⁱ eam vacan^e comissario xiiij^o die mens^{is} marcij anno dñi mil^lmo qu^lgen^o lvij^o Jramento Thome Vpton procuratoris Elizabethę Breton et Joh^{is} Bacon Executorū in h^mōi Testamento noiatorū Ac probatū &c. Et commissā fuit administracō p^{re}fatę executoribz &c. de bene ad sancta dei Eu^{an}g^lia in psona d^{omi}ni procuratoris iuratę Res^uata ptate Laurentio Eresby Executori etiam in h^mōi Testō noiato cū venerit:—Prerog. Court of Cant^u Somerset House (51 Welles.)

Before passing on, there are certain things in this Will, that call for brief notice in their order:—

(a) Unfortunately the Parish Registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate, do not commence until 26th March 1561, or more than two years too late for William Breton's burial; and Stowe gives no monument for him. But

there can be little doubt that he was buried there, as it was his parish church.

(b) 'Redcross Street,' wherein his 'capitall mansion house' was situated, was the direct road from the North to St Giles's church, and thus was an important one. Until recent years the famous Dr. Williams' Library was located in this street; which is another indication that even far onward it retained its respectable character.

(c) 'Dyse' quay—another property—is not named in Aggas's map of London, nor in any topographical account of the neighbourhood that I have consulted. It was probably one of the smaller quays near Billingsgate.

(d) 'Walcomstowe'—the seat of other tenements and property, was = Walthamstowe.

(e) The 'Bell' in Eastcheap, I do not find in any work on the subject. It may have been a small tradesman's sign.

(f) With reference to the 'George,' on May 15th, 1634, Richard Lawley, innkeeper, at the *George* without Aldersgate, was buried (Richard Smith's Obituary: Camden Society, p. 9). John Mynn, citizen and grocer of London, appears to have occupied it later. He issued a token *circa* 1660-70 bearing St. George and the Dragon. This inn was in Aldersgate Street, without the Gate.

(g) 'Burgh-on-the-Marsh,' is a small but very old market-town in Lincolnshire, near Wainfleet. The following extract from Oldfield's History of Wainfleet connects a Breton (spelled Brittain) very early with Burgh-on-the-Marsh:—'His [Sir William Braytoft's] son and heir Henry married Nichola, daughter of Sir Ralph Rochford, Knight, by whom he had issue William, who at his death in 1306 possessed an estate in this parish [Bratofst] held of the manor of Steeping. His wife was Grissell or Cecily, daughter to Wiliam Arden of Theddlethorpe, by whom he had a son William, who succeeded him,

and a daughter married to WILLIAM BRIT-TAYNE.'¹

(h) 'Nelmes' was certainly not one of the four manors in the parish of Wickes. It is not mentioned in any history of the parish. It was doubtless a local name for some small lands, with house property.

(i) 'Hotoste' or Hotoft is the modern Huttoft, a parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Alford in Lincolnshire. Breton may have bought half the advowson, or with some one else lent money on it. He nowhere appears as the patron.

(j) 'Salcott' is a well-known parish in Essex.

From these unchallengeable authorities, it is found that WILLIAM BRETON, father of our Nicholas, was the fifth son of another William (by Anne Denham), who was son of another William, whose wife was Isabell or ISABELLA HAYNES. This William must have been living in the latter part of the fifteenth century; which seems a respectable antiquity for Nicholas to boast of. Nor was it antiquity alone. For with the official testimony that his grandfather and great-grandfather were certainly of Laver Breton (expressly named in his father's will as well), he is seen to descend directly from the Bretons of that place recounted by Morant; and so he partakes of their lustre. There are comparatively few English families who can so certainly trace their descent from the year 1450, and beyond.

It is evident that William Breton, father of Nicholas, being the youngest son, did as most younger sons of the gentry did—came up to London and engaged in trade, becoming very much the architect of his own fortune.

I suppose we cannot greatly err if we assume that for birthplace, our Nicholas

¹ Communicated by my bookish and excellent friend Mr. Robert Roberts of Boston. Eheu! that his printing-press is now closed.

had the 'capitall mansion' in Red-cross Street with its 'garden'—so extensive that a 'gardener' was kept. He was the second son—Richard having been the eldest—and probably the addition of two years to his age over his elder brother (xxiv. for xxii.) ere he was to inherit, denotes the interval between their respective births. Richard must have been a number of years short of twenty-two at the date of his father's will and death in 1558-9; for his 'mayntenaunce fynding and bringing vpp' are appointed as for a boy. So too with the 'preuy cote' left him. He was still too young to wear either it or the 'gylte skayne' or 'corselett.' We can scarcely suppose him older than fifteen. Nicholas accordingly in 1558-9 would be thirteen. This carries us back approximately to 1542-3 as his birth-date.

The numerous properties and moneys bequeathed—even each of the three daughters receiving 200 marks = £133, 6s. 8d. = to-day £750 at least—and the retinue of household servants¹ remembered, with the mention of family-plate, and jewels, and velvet and satten dresses, and gilt bed-steads, warrant us in thinking that the widow and her two sons and three daughters (Thamar, Anne, and Mary) were well provided for.² It is also pleasant to find that it was a special charge that all the children were to be carefully educated in 'learning and virtue.' It speaks loudly in favour of the widow, that if any

¹ A mark was = 13s. 4d., two-thirds of a pound, as a noble was one-third or 6s. 8d. Two hundred marks therefore was £133, 6s. 8d. as *supra*. But money was seven or eight times as much value then as it is now.

² With Richard Breton, the eldest son, we have no great concern; but it may be stated that he was living on 27th October 1567, the date of his father's Inquisition, p.m. On the 4th May 1572 he had a license as a 'gentleman' from the Bishop of London, to marry Katherine Geste, spinster, of Walthamstow, Essex, where they were to marry. His death-date does not appear; but on 6th May 1585 his relict Catharine (then wife of Richard Wright of Sutton, near Broughton Astley in Leicester, yeoman), administered to the estate of his mother, Elizabeth Gascoine (of whom more onward). They appear to have had only one son, Robert, who was living 19th June 1596, of full age. Of the sisters of Nicholas I know nothing.

one of her daughters married without her consent, her legacies were to be absolutely void. Equally does it argue utmost goodwill and confidence, that the children were not to come to their 'fortune' until they were respectively 22 and 24. This was a not uncommon thing. There are even contemporary instances of extension of the age to 30. The intention was apparently that the widow should thus have a longer interest in the revenues.

We are therefore free to picture a home of comfort and refinement for these fatherless children, and so for our Nicholas Breton. I like to think of them as housed—like young Andrew Marvell later—within a garden-enclosed town residence, and paying visits to Essex and Lincolnshire, where the family-possession lay. The 'Kyen' (Kine) left Mrs. Breton away down in Essex, suggest the coming up to town of all rural plenty. I can picture Master Nicholas eager-eyed when a hamper was being opened, and its butter and cheese, eggs and honey, and perchance 'fair flowers' and some handfuls of milky nuts, displayed.

Of the father-in-law—father of Mrs. William Breton, *née* Elizabeth Bacon—JOHN BACON, Esquire, I am unable to tell anything worth telling.

It may, however, be well to recall that in after-years our Nicholas Breton dedicated his 'Characters vpon Essaies' (1615) to Lord Bacon. Perchance there was in that a tacit claim to kinship through his mother, just as in the like dedication to SIR MARK IVE of 'Fantasticks' (1626), there was the link of the Ives holding 'possessions' of or from the Bretons.

At this late day, in the absence of documents, it were idle to conjecture what educational advantages Master Nicholas enjoyed. I suspect that he went little beyond the alderman's famous three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. For as will elsewhere appear,

he disavowed all claim to be a Scholar. No doubt this is so far to be placed to his modest self-estimate; still, throughout his Writings there is a notable absence of classical quotation and allusion.

The only academic glimpse that we get of him is a casual notice in the Diary of the Rev. Richard Madox (Sloane ms. 5008) under 14th March 1582:—'I dyned w^t M^r. Carlil at his brother Hudson's who is governour of An[t]werp. He offered me x^{li} to take a boy w^t me [cipher].

'Ther was M^r. Brytten, once of Oriel Colledge, w^{ch} made wyts wyl. He speaketh the Italian wel [cipher].'

This entry yields three facts:—

- (a.) That our Nicholas Breton was 'once of Oriel College,' Oxford.
- (b.) That he was now [1582] abroad, though the context of the diary does not show where [qu.—Antwerp?].
- (c.) That the 'Will of Wit' was familiarly known so early as 1582.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Registers of renowned Oriel give no trace of Breton—as alas! similarly with others, and as in all too many Colleges, we have no record of other celebrities known to have been in attendance at them. Of the other two points I shall have after-occasion to speak.

How long or how short he was at the University we cannot now tell; neither, which of the learned professions he had set before himself on going thither.

Our next noticeable point is a somewhat sorrowful one. For it tells that the confidence which William Breton had in his wife, was falsified, or at least, that the interests of the children had to be guarded legally. It will be remembered that in the Will the widow is again and again reminded that her bequests and interest in her husband's property and moneys were almost wholly contingent on her remaining 'sole.' If she married

('happened to marry'), her father and his co-executor Eresbie, were to take possession of everything in the interests of the family. She did marry; and the inquisition and *mandamus* of 1568-69 inform us, that her second husband was no other than GEORGE GASCOIGNE, the once celebrated Poet. How soon after the death of William Breton his widow remarried does not appear; but it was prior to the *mandamus* (October 12th, 1568). What became of the 'suit'—if it is to be so called—we are uninformed; but all the likelihoods are that matters were compromised and arranged privately. Gascoigne enjoyed to the last the 'property' of William Breton at Walthamstow. He died on October 7th, 1577. His widow survived until 1585; in which year (as *ante*) the widow of her eldest son Richard is found administering to her estate.¹ Two little facts I am willing to interpret as indicative of restoration of good feeling between Nicholas at any-rate and his step-father. The first is—as I shall show onward (II. Critical)—that Breton copies after GASCOIGNE in several places of his poems. The second is—that in his 'Packet of Mad Letters,' he dates one from 'Gawthorpe.' I am inclined to think that it was—like others—a mere fancy date-place. Still even if it were so, it showed kindly regard for the deceased old poet, inasmuch as Sir William Gascoigne (ob. 1413), founder of the family, was of Gawthorpe, county York. I for one am pleased to meet with such a personal trait, just as I prize Bewick's introduction of dates and life-memories into his charming wood-cuts.

Another epochal event in our Worthy's life was his own marriage. The following entry in the Register of St. Giles, Cripple-gate, London, in all probability refers to our Worthy:—

1592/3, Jan. 14. Nicholas Brytten and Ann Sutton.

¹ Cf. Hazlitt's Gascoigne, vol. i. pp. xvii. xviii. xix.

If this be our Nicholas Breton, then these further entries are baptisms of his children :—

1603, May 14. Henry, son of Nicholas Brytten, Gent.

1605/6, Mch. 16. Edward, son of Nicholas Brittain, Gent.

1607, May 7, Matilda, dau of Nicholas Brittain, Gent.

There come also these burials :—

1603, July 15. a servant of Nicholas Britten, Gent.

1603, Oct. 2. Mary, dau. of Nicholas Brittain, Gent.

1625, July 27. Matilda, dau. of Nicholas Brittain, Gent.

Seeing that (1) St. Giles, Cripplegate, is shown by our Poet's father's Will to have been the family parish and church; that (2) these spellings of 'Brytten' and 'Brittain' and 'Britten' are found contemporarily, and in one instance in one of his own books, e.g., 'Brytten' is Madox's spelling in his Diary (as quoted *ante*); 'Britten' rhymes with 'written' in verses Ad Authorem by W. D., prefixed to 'Characters vpon Essaies' (1615); 'Britten' is the spelling at end of 1598 edn. of 'A Solemne Passion,' and 'Brittain' is frequent; that (3) the spelling may be set down to the Scribe, while 'Gent' was his own studiously-used designation, and hence most probably was dictated to the Scribe; that (4) the dates fit in with others, and as we shall find the last entry answers to the time of his disappearance as an author, and therefore his death-date; and that (5) there is little probability in two contemporaries of the same name in the same parish—I cannot doubt that this was our Nicholas Breton. I would add that the whole tone and allusions of our Worthy's books go to witness that he was a married man with a family.¹

¹ For these entries I am again indebted to my good friend Colonel Chester (as before). Mr. J. P. Collier (Bibl. Account, vol. i. p. 83) first gave the marriage entry, but incorrectly 'Brittain' for 'Brytten.'

The publication of his numerous books are the chief remaining way-marks in his life.

For various reasons it is important to take heed to their dates. This, the STATIONERS' REGISTER—so inestimably and admirably transcribed and published by Mr. Edward Arber, and only waiting vol. v. to make the work useable—enables us to do for the great majority of them. Accordingly I shall here extract the successive entries, arranged chronologically :—

Secundo Die Aprilis 1577.

Receaved of him for his licence to printe a booke (a) Richard Jones. intituled *a florish vpon fancie as gallante a glose of suche a triflinge a Texte as euer was written* compiled by N. B. gent to which are annexed *manie pretie pamphletes for pleasaunte heades to passe awaie idell time withall* compiled by the same author, iijj^d and a copie. (Vol. ii. p. 310.)

Primo Die Junij 1577.

Receaved of him for his licence to printe a booke (b) Master Watkins. Memorandum that this Copie is assigned ouer to Thomas Dawson. intituled *the woorkes of a yonge wille truste vp with a fardell of pretie ffantasies profitable to yonge poetes* compiled by N. B. gent, iijj^d and a copie. (*ibid.* p. 312.)

Nono die Septembris [1578].

Item Lycenced vnto him a booke intituled *the payne of pleasur[e]* (c) Rice Jones. compiled by N. BRITTEN, viij^d. (*ibid.* p. 337.)

Septimo die Septembris [1580].

Tollerated vnto him but not vnder the wardens (d) William Wright. handes a booke intituled, WILLIAM WITTE, *wittes will, or wills will Chuse you whether*, x^d. (*ibid.* p. 377.)

Vicesimo secundo die Januarij [1584].

Licenced vnto him vnder th[e h]andes of bothe the (e) Henry Denwardens, A booke intituled, *A handfull of holesome ham. hearbes*. By BRETTON [or? Dretton], vj^d. (*ibid.* p. 430.)

28^o. Novembris [1586].

Receaved of him for printinge Sir PHILIP SYDNEYS, (f) Georg Robin-Epytaphe that was of late Lord Governour of son. *Ejushynge*, authorised and allowed vnder the Lord Archbishop of Canterburie and bothe the wardens hands, vj^d. (*ibid.* p. 460.) [See onward, quotation from epistle to 'Pilgrimage to Paradise'.]

- 23 Januarij [1591].
 (r) John Wolf. Entred for his copie, vnder th[e h]andes of master Hartwell and the wardens *The Pilgrimage to Paradise*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 573).
- 3 Maij [1591]
 (A) Ric. Jones. Entred for his Copie in full Court, BRYTONS *Bours of Delights* beinge vnder th[e h]and of Master Mathew Heiton, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 581).
- j dies Octobris [1591].
 (r) John Wolf. Entred for his copie, the honorable entertaynement gyven to the quenes maiestie in *progresse at Elvet-ham in Hampshire by the righte honorable the Erle of Hertford*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 596).
- vij^o Januarij [1594].
 (r) Richard Jones. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master Warden Woodcock, *The Arbour of Amorus delights, by N. B. Gent*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 643).
- xx^o die Septembris [1595].
 (A) John Danter. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master Jackson and both the wardens a booke entituled *a solempne passion of the soules loue*, vj^d.
 (Vol. iii. p. 48).
- x^o die Octobris [or rather Novembris 1597].
 (A) Nicolas Lyng. Entred for his Copie vnder master Warden mans hande a booke called *the figure of ffour*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 96). [Again under 19 Nov. 1607: Vol. iii. p. 365].
- 20 Marchij [1600].
 (m) Thomas Busshell. Entred for his copie vnder the hand of master Harsenet and master man the warden. A booke called *PASQUILLES Madcap and his message*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 158). [Again under 29th July 1605: Vol. iii. p. 297].
- 10 Maij [1600].
 (n) Ric. Jones. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master Sonnybank and ye wardens The second part of *PASQUILLES madcap*, Intituled, *the fooles Cappe*, begunne by him and finished by Maphorius vj^d.
(ibid. p. 161).
- 29 Maij [1600].
 (o) John Smithick. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens, a booke called *PASQUILLES passe and passe not*, sett downe in Threed P P P., vj^d.
(ibid. p. 161).
- 22 Augusti [1600].
 Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master (s) John Jackson and master White warden. A booke ick called *PASQUILLES, Swullen humours*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 170).
- 11 Septembris [1601].
 Entred for their Copyes vnder the handes of master (q) John Zachariah Pasfield and the wardens A booke John called *the Ravished soule*. A Devine poeme Devided into Two partes 'The Ravished soule' and 'the blessed weeper.'
Item Another booke Called '*Brytaynes longinge*' an (r) *Ibid.* excellent poeme vppon the longinge of a blessed harte which lothinge the world doth longe to be with Christ, xij^d.
 (Vol. iii. p. 191).
- 16 Septembris [1601].
 Entred for their copie vnder the handes of master (s) John Zachariah Pasfeild and the wardens. A booke and Job called *no whippinge nor trippinge* but a kind frendly nyppinge, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 192).
- xvij^o Maij [1602].
 Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of master (t) John Pasfeild and master Seton warden. A booke Smythi called *A poste with a mad packet of letters*, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 206).
- 4^{to} Junij [1602].
 Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master (u) Rich Pasfeild: and master Seton Warden: Olde MADCAPS *newe Gallimawfrye*: by Ni. Breton, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 206).
- 21 Augusti [1602].
 Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master (v) Ran Pasfeild and the wardens A booke called *the Berkes. soules Harmony* wrytten by Nyc. Breton, vj^d.
(ibid.) p. 215.
- vltimo Septembris [1602].
 Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of master (w) Wil Harsnett and the wardens A booke called *Betweene Cotton. Ethnike philosophers* ANTHONIO MEANDRO and DINARESCO *vppon the equitie or indignitie of man*, etc., vj^d.
(ibid. p. 218).
- xxvijth of october [1602].
 Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes, as before, A (x) Jan booke called *A merry Dialouge betwixte Two Travellers* Lorenzo and Dorindo by Nicholas Britton, vj^d.
(ibid. p. 219).

- 20 Novembris [1602].
 (j) John Tap. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e] h[an]des, as before, a booke called *wonders or news worth the hearing wherin [are] Discouered the rarest wonders that euer was heard of*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 222).
- 29^o martij [1604].
 (k) William Jones. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e] h[an]des, as before, A booke Called *I praise be not angrie*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 235).
- 10 Junij [1604].
 (aa) John Tappe. Entred for his copy vnder th[e] h[an]des, as before, A booke called *the passionate shepherde*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 264).
- ultimo Augusti [1604].
 (bb) John Browne. Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[an]des as before, A booke called *varietie of inventions in presiding for Letters. Or the second packet of small letters*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 269).
- 7 novembris [1604].
 (cc) Master Edward White. Entred for his copy vnder th[e] h[an]des, as before, A Booke Called *An old mans lesson and A young mans Love*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 274).
- 8 Julij [or rather Junij 1605].
 (dd) Geoffry Charlton Francis Burton. Entred for their copy vnder th[e] h[an]des, as before, A booke called. *A Poeme vpon the praise of vertue. Alias. The soules Immortall crowne Consistinge of vij glorious graces. 1. Vertue. 2. Wisdom. 3. love. 4. Constancy. 5. Patience. 6. humility. 7. infinitenes*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 292).
- 16 Januarij [1606].
 (e) John Tappe. Entred for his copy vnder the handes of master Pasfeild and master Feild Warden A booke called *Wyttes private wealth, stored with the Chiefest commodities that may be Demised either to content the mynd or beautifie the body*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 309).
- 6 Martij [1607].
 (f) John Wright. Entred for his cotype vnder th[e] h[an]des of master Wylson, and the wardens. A booke, Called *A Murriner*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 343).
- 4 octobris [1608].
 (gg) Walter Berre. Eleanor Edgar. Entred for their copie vnder the hand of Master Segar, Deputy of Sir George Bucke and the wardens handes also beinge to yt. A Booke called *A Mad World (my Maysters)*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 391).
- 28^o Junij 1612.
 Entred for his cotype vnder the handes of master Mr John Wright Taverner and master Warren Fildis a booke called *I musse and I musse not*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 548).
- 25^o Julij 1614.
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Mr John Wright Doctor Nait and both the wardens a booke called *the figure of iustice the xxviii part*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 551).
- 4^o Maij 1615.
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Mr John Taverner and both the wardens Co-writers named *and others* by Nicholas Breton, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 557).
- 29^o Octobris 1615.
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Mr John Budge Taverner and master Lownes senior warden a booke called *The morning and remembrance of the eye*, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 574).
- 20^o Julij 1616.
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Mr John Taverner and both the wardens a little booke called *Wright Cross and pill or the Crossing the proverbes*, vjd. (*ibid.* p. 595. [Agan 9th August 1616, 'The (same) *ibid.* first and seconde part of Crossing the proverbes by B. N. ; Vol. III p. 594].)
- 7^o Januarij 1616 [i.e. 1617].
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master (aa) Richard Taverner and both the wardens a booke called *A Dialogue betwixt a Courtier and a Country man*, vjd. (*ibid.* p. 600).
- 15^o Januarij 1617 [i.e. 1618].
 Entred for his Copie vnder the hands of Master (cc) Samuel Taverner and master Swinhowe. A booke Called, *Conceited letters newlie laid open*, written by Nicholas Breton, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 618).
- 15^o Aprilis [1622].
 Entred for his Copie vnder the hands of Master (ff) George Lothrop, and Master Knight warden, A booke called *Strange newes out of diverse contries, neuer discovered till of Late, by a strange Pilgrim in those parts*, . . . vjd. (Vol. iv. p. 67).
- 5^o Julij [1622].
 Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master (gg) Cuthbert Worall and master Knight A thinge Called *Nay* (gg) Cuthbert then by Nicholas Breton, . . . vjd. (*ibid.* p. 73).

(*rr*) John
Grismand.

9^o Augusti [1622].

Entred for his Copie, vnder the handes of Master Wilson, and both the wardens, A Booke Called, *Oldes: or all the world to Nothing*, by N. B., vjd. (*ibid.* p. 77). [Entered 5 July 1622 as 'Nothings' by Nicholas Breton: Vol. iv. p. 73].

Besides these books from the Stationers' Registers, there are the following, which unaccountably do not appear therein:—

- (*ss*) Wits Trenchmour in a conference had betwixt a Scholler and an Angler. Written by Nich. Breton, Gentleman, 1597. [See Vol. II. *h*.]
- (*tt*) *Auspicante Ichoua. Marie's Exercise*, 1597. [See Vol. II. *a*.]
- (*uu*) *Melancholike Humours*, in verses of diverse natures, set down by Nich. Breton, Gent., 1600. [See Vol. I. *h*.]
- (*vv*) *Pasquil's Mistresse*, or the worthie and vn-worthie woman; with his description and passion of that Furie, Jealousie, 1600. The dedicatory Epistle is signed Salvochin Treboun = Nicholas Breton. 4^o pp. 48.
- (*ww*) *The Mother's Blessing*, 1602. [See Vol. I. *m*.]
- (*xx*) *A True Description of Unthankfulness or an enemy to Ingratitude*. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gent., 1602. [See Vol. I. *p*.]
- (*yy*) *Grimello's Fortunes*, etc., 1604. [See Vol. II. *k*.]
- (*zz*) *The Honour of Valour*. By Nicholas Breton, 1605. [See Vol. I. *q*.]
- (*aaa*) *Honest Counsaile. A Merrie Fitte of a poeticall Furie: Good to read, better to follow*, 1605, 4^o.
- (*bbb*) *Divine Considerations of the Soule*, etc., 1608. [See Vol. II. *a*.]
- (*ccc*) *The Hate of Treason*, etc., 1616. See Vol. I. *r*.]
- (*ddd*) *Fantasticks*, etc., 1626. [See Vol. II. *t*.]
- (*eee*) *The Countesse of Penbrook's Passion*. [See Vol. I. *c*.], with minor pieces in *Daffodills* and *Primroses*, etc., etc.

Turning back on this surely very remarkable list of books by one man—declarative of fecundity and swift variation of faculty—I would wish to accentuate certain things about them, in so far as these belong to the

Memoir. Elsewhere (II. Critical) I shall bring out their characteristics.

The first in the roll (*a*) is 'A fflorishe vpon fancie' (Vol. I. *a*). It is dated 2d April 1577 in the entry in the Stationers' Register, and in the original epistle-dedicatory 'From his Chamber in Holbourne, the xx of February.' To the same year belongs (*b*) 'The workes of a yonge witte truste up,' etc. According to our approximate birth-date he was then in his 34th year. So that the all hail to his 'young mates' in the epistle-dedicatory of the 'Flourish of Fancy' and the title of the other 'Workes of a yonge witte,' suggest that the Poems in both, though not published until 1577, had been composed long before. Of the latter I have not been fortunate enough to see an exemplar.¹

The 'Payne of Pleasure' (*c*) entered 9th September 1578, has not survived in a solitary copy, if ever it was published.

The 'Will of Wit' (*d*), under 7th September 1580, was—as we have seen—familiar to the Rev. Richard Madox in 1582. The earliest known edition is dated 1597, of which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt states in his *Collections and Notes* (*s. n.*) an imperfect copy was sold among Lord Charlemont's books in 1865. I am inclined to think that the several portions that form the complete work in 1599, were issued separately. The entry of 'Will of Wit' as in other instances, proves that the Author or Publisher did not always adhere to the registered title.

'A handfull of holesome hearbes,' under 22d January 1584, Mr. Arber queries 'or Dretton.' If this were='A smale handfull of fragrant Flowers, selected and gathered out of the louely garden of sacred Scriptures; & fit for any honorable or worshippfull gentlewoman to smell unto. By N. B., 1575' he might rather have asked 'Is it [Nathanael] Baxter's?' *Certes* no one who knows Breton

¹ One—without title-page—is at Britwell. No other seems known.

will hesitate in rejecting it as his work. I have included it in the entries from the Stationers' Register, simply because of the apparent illegible name that Mr. Arber reads doubtfully as Breton or Dretton. I have similarly entered (*β*) 'Sir Philip Sydney's Epytaphe,' etc., as it may have been Breton's 'Amoris Lachrimæ,' though not likely.

In regard to (*g*), 'The Pilgrimage to Paradise,' I would note that the entry is 23d January 1591, while the first edition is dated 1592; and not only so, but the publisher who enters it (John Wolf) nowhere appears in it. It is possible therefore that a prose tract, with the same title, that was published in 1591, was that entered by Wolf. The author's name is Leonard Wright. I learn this from Offor's Introduction to the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Not having seen the book I cannot tell its Publisher. Curiously enough, Offor was ignorant of Breton's 'Pilgrimage to Paradise.'

In an Epistle 'To the Gentlemen students and Scholers of Oxforde,' dated 12th April 1592, in the 'Pilgrimage,' is this notice:— 'Gentlemen there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richarde Ioanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, entituled Bretons bower of delights: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many things of other mens mingled with a few of mine, for except Amoris Lachrimæ: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappily came by, I have no part of any of thē: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleue.' The 'Bower of Delights' it has not been my good hap to see. I regret this, as I also poignantly regret the inaccessibility of the exemplars at Britwell of such of Breton's books as are nowhere else preserved.¹

¹ These two are at Britwell (*α*) 'Pasquils Mistresse,' see list, *ante*: (*β*) 'Old Mad-Cappes new Gallimawfry,' etc.: see list, *ante*. I shall indulge the hope that some day Mr. J. Christie Miller will allow these to be reprinted. Meantime I have gratefully to acknowledge his kindness in sending me information on these and others of the uniqueness of his magnificent library.

But in regard to the 'Bower of Delights' it is manifest that only a small portion of it was really by Breton. The 'Amoris Lachrimæ' named, we have been able to give from the COSENS and DR. FARMER CHETHAM MSS.; and among the 'Daffodills and Primroses' from the Cosens ms. probably all other 'toies' in the 'Bower' that were his. It lies on the surface that here was an Author and Publisher's 'Quarrel,' though not included in D'Israeli's delightful volumes. It must have been healed: for Mr. Collier is in error in stating that Richard Jones published nothing after 1591—the year of the 'Quarrel'—by Breton.¹ In 1594 he published the 'Arbor of Amorus Delightes' (*j*): in 1600, 'Pasquilles Madcap' (*m*), and in 1602 'Olde Madcaps Newe Gallimawfrye' (*u*).

Breton's disclaimer of the 'Bower of Delights' was perhaps made more earnest by Nash's drastic allusion to it and him, in his Preface to *Astrophel and Stella* (1591) as 'Pan sitting in his bower of delights and a number of Midases to admire his miserable hornpipes.'²

I have chronicled under 1st October 1591 'The honorable entertaynement gyven to the quenes maistie in progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire,' etc. (*i*), because in it first appeared the bright little song of 'Phillidon and Coridon.' From this circumstance the whole 'Entertainment' has been assigned to Breton. But there is also in it a song which in England's Helicon is assigned to Thomas Watson. Consequently there can be no presumption that either Breton or Watson wrote the rest of the 'Entertainment.' Internally there is no trace whatever of Breton's hand (*meo iudicio*).³

The 'Arbor of Amorus Delightes' of 7th

¹ Bibl. Account, vol. i. p. 83.

² See my editions of Sir Philip Sidney's Poems, (*α*) Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols., (*β*) Chatto and Windus's 'Early English Poets,' 3 vols., 'Astrophel and Stella.'

³ The 'Entertainment' will be found in its order in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*.

January 1594 (*j*), shows our Poet singing spontaneously and cheerily as the piping shepherd of Sidney's 'Arcadia.' It is an immense advance in lyrical richness and workmanship on his 'Fflorishe vpon Fancie' (*a*). The vein of melancholy in the 'Fflorishe'—hinted at in the Epistle—has pinched (to use a technical term) in the 'Arbor.'¹

His next book—a tiny one—presents him in a new light altogether. Thus far he had played with the Muses rather than uttered out his thought and emotion. But now he has passed through a momentous spiritual experience. He is at white-heat of religious passion. Whether it was the outcome of penitence over sin, or of the rapture of Christian conviction on finding rest in Him who is the goal of every human life, we can only surmise. But henceforward through all his books, even the lightest and slightest, there runs a golden thread of religious faith and hope and consolation. His 'Solempne passion of the soule's loue' (*k*)² are so many 'red leaves' out of the 'confused book of a human heart.' It glistens with tears; but the tears lie in white light.

The 'Figure of Ffour' (*l*)³ and 'Wit's Trenchmour' (*ss*)⁴ tell of 'sportive wit' and (I think) pleasant days in the country—perchance away down in Lincolnshire where his small patrimony lay. It is odd that Mr. Collier should have [mis]warned us that the 'Angler' of 'Wit's Trenchmour' is not a 'Fisher.'⁵ He is indeed, and just such an one as Izaak Walton had shaken hands with right cordially.

Again his Christian convictions and 'faith' come to the front in the same year (1597) with the publication of the two books last named. In 1597 appeared 'Auspicante Iehoua. Marie's Exercise.' (*tt*).⁶ The 'Mary' was, as everybody knows,

¹ See our Vol. I. *d*.

² See our Vol. II. *f*.

³ Bibl. Account. vol. i. 88.

⁴ *Ibid.* *i*.

⁵ *Ibid.* *b*.

⁶ See our Vol. II. *a*.

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother'

of the great epitaph of WILLIAM BROWNE. He had in 1592 dedicated his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise' to her, and 'ioyned' to it 'The Countesse of Pembrookes Loue.'¹ The whole tone of Epistle-dedicatory and poem indicates that Breton was in kindly relation to this illustrious lady, and his 'Amoris Lachrimæ' and other Sidneian things declare personal knowledge—at least—of Sidney. If we are to interpret literally certain phrases in the Epistle to the 'Pilgrimage' the Countess of Pembroke must have stepped in to 'deliver' him in some crisis of misfortune. His words are pathetically definite—'your poore vnworthy named poet, who by the indiscretion of his youth, the malice of enuy, and the disgrace of ingratitude, had utterly perished, had not the hand of your honor reuiued the hart of humility.' And he repeats 'your Ladiship's vnworthy named Poet.'² I had in my thought this confession of the 'indiscretion of his youth' when I said that we could only 'surmise' what that experience was that led to his change to passionate sacred verse and prose. Probably it was out of contrition transformed into aspiration. As with THOMAS HOWELL OF DUNSTER—that 'Sweet Singer' recently revived²—Breton appears to have been in the 'humble service' of first, Sir Philip Sidney, and on his death, of the Countess of Pembroke. Nor was the 'indiscretion of youth,' already noticed, the only one that his illustrious Mistress had to forgive. He further forfeited somehow her favour, in such a way as shaped and coloured his life and works for years. This falls now to be told in so far as we can.

In my Notes and Illustrations to 'Wit's Trenchmour' (Vol. II. *b*, p. 21, on col. 1, l. 9) I call attention to a passage that has an autobiographic look. The gist of it is that he had lost and continued to lose the favour

¹ See Vol. I. *b*, p. 4.

² In my Occasional Issues, as before.

of a noble lady, second only to the Queen (Elizabeth) in excellence. Who could this be but the Countess of Pembroke? The Reader will judge for himself whether I am right in my interpretation of the incident in 'Wit's Trenchmour' on this specific point and on its autobiographic character. It is thus told :¹—

Sir, you shall vnderstand quoth the Scholler, that in the time of my trauaile, comming (by occasions) as well into the Pallaces of Princes, as the cottages of poore people, it was my hap, yea I may well say, that vnder heauen it was my greatest happines that of this worlde I euer founde, to light into the courtlike house of a right worthy honourable Lady, the desert of whose commendations, far exceeding the stile of my study, I must leaue to better wits to dilate of, while I poorlie speake of the little world of my wonder. For in her eye was the seate of pittie, in her hart the honour of vertue, and in her hand the bounty of discretion: to see her countenance the comfortlesse, argued a diuine spirit, to heare her speak, which was neuer idle, prouoed an oracle of wit, to beholde her presence, might speake of a miracle in nature: to bee short, except Plato, I knew no such philosopher: except the excepted, I meane the Lady of Ladies in this world, the honour of women, and wonder of men, the teacher of witt, and the amazer of the wise, the terrifier of the proude, and the comforter of the oppressed, the beautie of Nature, the wonder of Reason, and the ioy of honour: the hand-maid of God, the heauenly creature of the Earth, and the most worthie Queene in the world, the princely Godesse, or diuine Princesse, the gracious soueraigne of the blessed Iland of England: except I say this sun of the earths skie, I knowe not a starre of that state that can compare light with thys Lady: while her thoughts keepe the square of such discretion, that no idle humour dare enter the list of her conceit. What praise can be giuen to that spirit, that hath so ordered the carefull course of her sences? she doth all things as shee did them not, and vseth the world as she esteemed it not: Honour is her seruant, Vertue is her loue, Truth is her studie, and Meditation is her exercise: yet is she affable, with such curtesie, as winnes honor in humilitie: to make an abridgment of her prayes, in a few words of her woorthines, let this suffice, that Nature and Wit, Vertue and Honour, Pitty and Bounty, Care and Kindnesse, haue so wrought together in the perfecting of a peerlesse creature, that I may bite my tongue, and burne my penne, lay vp my little wits, and wish for a more diuine spirit, to enter into the conceit of her desert, ere I further shew my weaknesse, to speake of the wonder of her commendation. But among many good parts, whereof her praise is top full, I wil tell you one action, and not the least, that fell out in my time of attendance on her fauour: Her house

beeing in a maner a kind of little Court, her Lorde in place of no meane commaund, her person no lesse then worthily and honourable attended, as well with Gentlewomen of excellent spirits, as diuers Gentlemen of fine cariage, besides all other seruants, each of such respect in her place, as well might giue praise to the Gouvernors, where honor setteth rules of such discretion. It might perhaps seeme teadious, to set downe the truth of such particulars as deserued a generall cōmendation, where first, God daily serued, religion trulie preached, all quarrels auoyded, peace carefully preserued, swearing not heard of, where truth was easilie beleueed, a table fully furnished, a house richly garnished, honor kindly entertained, vertue highly esteemed, seruice well rewarded, and the poore blessedly relieued, might make much for the truth of my discourse, while Enuie can but fret at her confession: but least in blowing at a coal I doo but put out the fire, and obscure her praise, that may be pend by a better spirit, let this suffice for the sum of my speech, that where the eye of honour, did set the rule of gouernment, kindnesse was a companion in euery corner of the house: now, to this little Earths kind of Paradise, among many sundry kinde of people, came by chance a poor Gentleman in the ruine of his fortune, by the deuse of a close conueyance of an imagined friend brought in, hauing more wit then descretion, in the nature of a good foole, to giue this Lady cause of laughter: who no sooner sounded the substance of his wit, but with the deepe eye of her rare iudgement, percing into the humble vertue of his spirit, pittying his fortune, and perceiuing his want, made vse of his seruice in a better sence, and in the diuine nature of her blessed spirit, determined the mean of his aduancement. With her countenance she graced him, with good words she faouored him, with her bountie, shee relieued him, and would suffer no man to hurt him: for seeing honestie want maintenaunce, and vertue oppressed with malice, she did not like a helping hand to fill vp a halfe penny purse with a poore reckoning, but like herselfe in the absolute power of her honourable spirit, shee comforted the afflicted minde, reuiued the hart halfe dead, and as it were drawne out of the ditch of misery, sette the spirite in the warme sunne of Gods blessing. Thus did this Princesse entertaine thys poore Gentleman, till by the faction of the malicious, the deceitful working of the enuious, & the desart of his owne vnworthinesse, finding in the deceiuing of this his bright sun, the sinking of his too happy fauour, supping vp his sorrowe to himselfe, taking leaue for a time, to trauaile about a little idle busines, in a cold snowy day passing ouer an vnknowne plaine, not looking well to his way, or beeing ordained to the misery of such misfortune, fell so deepe downe into a Saw-pitte, that he shall repent the fall while he liues: for neuer since daring to presume, but in prayers to thinke on his fair Princesse, and liuing in poore Cottages, to looke towards that Court-like pallace, he hath gone vp and downe like a shadowe without substance, a purse without money, and a body without a spirit.

¹ Vol. II. 6, p. 18, col. 2.

For euer since, as he hath often told me, if he haue come among men, it hath beene like a Faire of rude people, compared to the sweet company of that house, if in the company of women, like a meeting of Gossips, in respect of the gracious spirits of the sweete creatures of that little paradise: and if it chauce in his weary passage, hee hath had any priuate conference, with some espetiall bird of the Countrey, yet for all the best notes that euer he heard, they were all Sparrowes to his Nightingale. For according to the dispositions of their minds, hee might see the weakenes of their spirits: as some would talke of nothing, but the new fashion, pinning of ruffes, starching rebaters, the Outlandish tire, and the long bodies: the fine stufte and the prettie pinke, the Lawne shadow, and the cutworke Lace: other of the pyed Cow, the bay Horse, the black Sheep, and the branded Pig: another? her Malt in the Kill, her Oates in the scuttle, and her Rye in the sheafe, her Cheese in the presse, and her Butter in the cherne. Now with this galimawfrey of such good matter, as filled his eares with more sound then good sence, must he satisfie his sorrowfull hart, that, when it got him alone by him selfe, with calling to minde the excellent matter, that in variety of methode he had often heard from the mouth of his Minerua, would so fall into a sighing, that had not the heauens the better blest it, it would surely haue burst asunder. For, say quoth he, that though some few I found of extraordinary good spirits, yet among a number of these Countrey daunces, I did light on such a Galiard, as had a trick aboute Trenchmour, and could speake more to the purpose, then many of the wiues of the Parish, who hauing red many English books, could tell pretty tales of idle people, yet compare this Christall with my Diamond, she would quickly shew her dimnes: and among all other things, if by the reuenuue of a pretty Dairy, she could priuily put vp three pence to spend at a blind bridaile, if perhaps in a good humour, she had a minde to pleasure a poore friend; it would come so dropping out of her fingers, as though it hoong at her heart blood: and then perhaps with such a lesson to it, to take heede of vnthriftiness, with a shrug of the shoulders at the hardnes of the world, that it would breake the hart of a good minde, to thinke on the misery of such Almes.

To goe from Hiues that giue the golden honey,
To shilling Spirits, that will tell their money.

And then calling to mind the golden showres of his Ladies fauours, bled inwardly in the hart, with such drops of vnseene teares, as makes him like Adam out of Paradise, hope of no happines, till hee come at heauen: Or like the Phenix, liue in ashes, till he may get life by the vertue of his bright Sunne againe: and now this is only his worldly comfort, that she liueth, whom his hart honoureth, and his soule prayeth for, though his vnworthy eye, be abandoned the blessing of his sences admiration: Who though he liue in the dungeon of sorrowes darknes, will neuer cease prayer to the heauens for his bright Sunnes eternall blessednes: and that as

her name doth liue onely in the high Meridianis, so her soule may be blessed in the highest Coelis.

The Angler seeks to comfort his despondent friend thus:¹—

Alas poore wretch, quoth the Angler, why doe your eyes water your cheekes, at the shutting vp of this discourse? If it be your selfe, be not dismaide, Princes haue gracious spirits, and great powers, who at the time of their pleasure will comfort patience in misery: and after the woe of a long Winter, giue the fruite of a little Spring, howsoeuer hope bit on a good Sommer: and therefore continue thy constancie, in thy prayers to remember the happines of thy harts honour, and feare not, but vertue will one day haue a glaunce of fauour: and therefore if I may aduise thee, let not mal-content breede a madnes, to driue thee from thy selfe to a worse companion. Serue God, and care not for the world: for I am perswaded, that shee that is made of so many exceedings, cannot but at her good time make thee happy in her comfort, who though a while shee shut vp the hand of her bounty: yet will send thee a little of that Quintessence, that will saue thee from a deadly swound, whosoeuer sorrow possesse thee. And therefore be her bead-man in thy prayers, till she make imployment of thy further seruice.

It is in accord with all this being actual fact, not imagination, that 'melancholy' is *the* characteristic of Breton's works that came forth in the immediately succeeding years; and also I find here the secret of the non-publication, though then composed, of 'The Countesse of Pembroke's Passion.'² Apparently under the new offence the Countess resented repetition of the former liberty of calling his 'Auspicante Ichoua' 'Marie's Exercise.' But it is every way consolatory to have pleasant proof that his Mistress did not nurse her wrath or continue her 'vnworthy named poet' in absolute forfeiture of her friendship. This is found in the delightful little Epistle-dedicatory of 'The Rauish't Soule and Blessed Weeper.' This was in 1601, *i.e.* four years after the 'Pilgrim' and 'Wit's Trenchmour.' I suspect the 'falling into a sawe-pit on a snowy day' was a euphemistical phrase for over-indulgence in wine, and perchance free speech under its influence. Be

¹ See Vol. II. *b.* pp. 18-20.

² A change of the title would not have sufficed.

this as it may, he was self-evidently restored to his former favour, and henceforward a deep religious element mingles with all his writings—a quiet, simple, gentle, unclamorous piety. *En passant*, he was out-and-out a Protestant. Hence 'Mary Magdalen's Love,' over-hastily ascribed to him by the late Rev. Thomas Corser of Stand (Anglo-Poetica, s.n.), could not possibly be his. Witness this reference to a 'damnable deed'—'In an other Country quoth the Scholler, I saw one yeere such bloodshed, that there hath been warres there euer since. Alas quoth the Angler, the massacre in Paris can be your wittnesse for that truth: *where the deuill and the Pope made the Duke of Guise the chiefe murtherer*' (Wit's Trenchmour, p. 16, col. 2). I add that no Roman Catholic could have thus written of Priests and their services (R. Catholic):—'their deuotion is full of darknesse: for they cannot see in the day-time without a candle' (Vol. II. 5, Strange News, p. 5/1, l. 25). Or thus of Indulgences—'Buls of Rome breed too many calues in Britanie' (Vol. II. n, A Murmurur), p. 5/2, ll. 5, 31); and again—'Cruell Cookes that were the rosters of men' (Vol. II. v, p. 5/2, l. 7).

DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON further, writes as follows:—

'In the second part of the "Poste," etc., in a letter "To a Young Man going to Travel beyond the Sea," thus:—"Good cousin . . . as first for your religion, haue a great care that your eies lead not your heart after the horror of Idolatry." In *The Court and Country* (1618), where the Courtier and Countryman each praise their place, we find passages like the following:—"Courtier . . . the courtesy of the Gentlemen, the diuine service of the Morning and Evening [the scene throughout is England]. "Countryman . . . learned Churchmen . . . and so when God is prayesd and the people pleased. Courtier, Oh cousin, to heare a King or a Prince speake like a Prophet . . . A Preacher like an Apostle, and a Courtier like a Preacher. Countryman . . . we go to school, first, to read Common Prayers at Church . . . I hear our Parson in our Church." It is not to be thought that a Roman

Catholic would lug in such matters against his conscience, when he had so many other things to say and dwell upon. As here also, so in *A Mad World my Masters* (1603), we have passages referring to, and showing acquaintance with, the daily service of the Church of England, and worded as though spoken by a member of that Church. Then in the *Dialogue between Three Philosophers* (1603) are the following words, in a panegyric on Elizabeth:—"Bazilethea . . . whose magnanimitie in daungers and constancy in religion." But the fullest passage is found in *The Murmurur*, a tract written in 1607 against State-murmururs, and dedicated by Breton to the Privy Council. After praising England and its state, he continues to the malcontents:—"Hast thou not with all this the richest jewel in the world; yea, and more worthy than the whole world? which is the heavenly word of God . . . In the time of blindnes, when the booke of life was shut from thy reading, when thy learned preachers and zealous people were put vnto the fire . . . doest thou murmure at Religion? is it not better to serue God then Man? and to believe the Truth, then follow Error? to worship God in the Heauens, then make a kind of God on the Earth? and to begge pardon of thy God at home, then to buy it of a man abroad: dost thou murmure that the Saints are not worshipped? and wilt thou forget to worship God alone . . . wouldest thou rather hear the word? and understand it not, then understand it and beleuee it? or trust rather to the word of a Priest for thy cofort, then to thine own faith for thy salvation." And he then says be not ungrateful, lest "God cast thee into vtter darknes [i.e. of Romanism]; while the Buls of Rome shal breed too many calues in Britanie."¹

More cannot be required.

On 20th March 1600 was entered 'Pasquilles Madcap and his message' (*m*);² on 10th May 1600, 'Pasquille's Madcap, the second part, intituled, The Foole's Cappe, begunne by him and finished by Marphorius' (*n*); on 29th May, 'Pasquille's Passe and Passe not,' etc. (*o*);³ and on 22d August 1600 was entered 'Pasquille's Swullen Humoures' (*s*). The last was possibly the same with 'Old Madcappe's new Gallymawfry made into a merrie Messe of Mingle-Mangle out of three

¹ Notes and Queries, 5th Series, vol. i., pp. 501-2—the whole article will reward perusal. Mr. Corser's copy of 'Mary Magdalen's Love' is now at Britwell.

² See Vol. I. e.

³ *Ibid.* g.

idle conceited Humours following; 1. I will not. 2. Oh the merrie time. 3. Out of Moneys, 1602 (4°)—one of the inaccessible treasures preserved at Britwell. The other three were all issued anonymously.

Elsewhere (II. Critical) I shall return upon this remarkable 'Pasquil' series, perhaps the most *quick* and firmly-touched of all Breton's Verse. Biographically, I had counted on needing to give 'full proof' of their belonging to our Breton and of another in the same kind, though deteriorated, called 'Cornucopiæ, Pasquils Night Cap, or Antidot for the Headache' (1612) not belonging to him. But I am relieved from this task by two discoveries, viz. :—

(a.) That in 'No Whippinge,' etc. (1601), and related books, Breton as = Pasquil, is avowed.

(b.) That in the Stationers' Register I came upon the following decisive entry on the associated poem with 'Cornucopiæ' of 'Pasquil's Palinodia, and his progresse to the Taverne, Where after the survey of the Sellar, you are presented with a pleasant pynte of Poeticall Sherry' (1619):—

6^o April 1619.

Master Snodham. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Tauernor, and Master Gylmin warden, A booke Called Pasquilles *Palynodie*, or his pinte of Poetry written by WILLIAM F., vjd. (Arber, vol. iii. p. 644.) [Cf. iv. p. 154.]

I shall in the sequel give full quotations from 'No Whippinge'—inclusive of the 'Pasquils' avowed—and meantime I make three remarks: 1. That no one who knows Breton could for a moment hesitate as to his being the author of the three Pasquil books named. 2. That no one—apart from chronology—who knows Thomas Nash ever could assign them to him, though he did take the name of 'Pasquil.' 3. That it is no ordinary satisfaction to have 'Cornucopiæ' and 'Palinodia' removed authoritatively from Breton. I had long before my discovery of

above entry pronounced these as impossibly Breton's as any gross book could have been RICHARD BAXTER'S. But the 'William F.'—whoever he were—of the Stationers' Registers settles the matter conclusively.¹

NICHOLAS BRETON had not enough of gall in his nature to make a Satirist proper in the classical sense. I imagine he flung off his first 'Pasquille's Madcap' in a revulsion from his despondency, and in a hilarity that was artificial. Its success drew him on to the others.

He soon returned to his 'melancholy' and gravity and inevitable religiousness. In 1601 was entered 'The Rauished Soule. A Devine poeme devided into Two partes, "The Ravished Soule" and "The Blessed Weeper"' (q),² and contemporaneously 'Brytaynes longinge, an excellent poeme vppon the longinge of A blessed harte which lothinge the world doth longe to be with Christ' (r).³ These were all avowed; and self-evidently the Poet—as Sidney was charged to do—'looked into his own heart,' when he wrote these sweet, soft, tender, melodious, and inestimable poems. They, like others, render the uncritical ascription of 'Cornucopiæ' and 'Palinodia' to him by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, and others, at once an offence and grotesquerie.

To this same time (1601) belongs 'No Whippinge.' By the kindness of SIR CHARLES ISHAM, Bart., of Lamport Hall, I am so good-fortuned as to have had the leisurely use of Mr. CHARLES EDMONDS' 'find' of one among many priceless volumes, containing 'No Whippinge' and other two connected with

¹ Having reproduced both 'Cornucopiæ' and 'Palinodia' in my Occasional Issues of Unique or Extremely Rare Books, I venture to refer the student-reader desirous to follow up the inquiry to my Introduction, wherein I shew (1) that the two poems belong to the same author; (2) that he was a native of Leeds. The entry of 'William F.' ought to stimulate Yorkshire antiquaries to a discovery of his personality, and so to determine the matter of the authorship of two poems that, spite of their grossness, are living and valuable records of the manners of the period.

² See Vol. I. j.

³ *Ibid.* h.

it. The whole are to be reproduced and published under the trustworthy editorship of Mr. Edmonds ; so that I could not (eheu !) include 'No Whippinge' in my edition of Breton's Works. But I have been allowed to utilise it so far as I might deem necessary. I now proceed to do so.

The following is the title-page :—

NO
Whippinge, nor
trippinge: but a
kinde friendly
Snippinge.

Imprinted at London
for Iohn Browne,
& Iohn Deane.
1601.

The Epistle immediately follows, and must also have a place here. Besides other things, the somewhat odd close of it, 'Your friend, as I finde cause,' recalls the like ending of Breton's avowed 'A Murmur' (1607), as thus, 'I rest as I finde cause, Your louing friend : ' so too in 'Good and Badde' (1616), 'At your command if worthy ;' and 'Wit's Private Wealth (1612), 'I rest your friend as I may.'

¶ To all Gratioues, Vertuous, Courteous, Honest, *Learned, and gentle spirits, that are truly poetical, and not too fantastical :* that will patiently read, indifferently censure, and honestly speake of the labours *of those wits that meane nothing* but well, the writer hereof wisheth all contentment, that a good conditiō may desire.

My good friendes, if such yee be ; if not, God blesse me from yee : for the world is so full of wickednesse, that a man can meete with little goodnesse : Maye it please you to vnderstand, that it was my happe of late, passing through Pauls Church yarde, to looke vpon certaine pieces of Poetrye, where I found (that it greeues me to speake of) one writer so strangely inueigh against another, that many shallow wits stooode and laught at their follies. Now, findinge their labours so toucht with ill tearms, as befitted not the learned to lay open ; I thought good, hauing little to doe, to write vnto all such writers, as take pleasure to see their wits plaie with the world, that they will henceforth, before they fall to worke, haue in minde this good prouerbe : Play with mee ; but hurt me not : and iest with me ; but disgrace

me not ; Least that the world this iest do kindly smother. Why should one foole be angry with an other ? Now for my selfe, I proteste that humor of Charitie, that I wish to finde at all their handes that see and will reprooue my folly : for I am none of the seauen wise men, and for the eight, I knowe not where to seeke him. Beare with me then, if out of the principles of a painted cloth I haue pickt out matter to moouue impatience. And if there be any thing out of that poore library, that may take place in any of your good likings, I will honour your good spirits for your kinde acceptations. But, in any wise, what ere you think, giue me no word of cōmendation : least, too glad of such a mischaunce, I trust the better to my euill fortune. Well, in earnest, I will entreat all good schollers to beare with my lacke of learning, and wise men with my lacke of witte, and my creditors with my lacke of mony. Which, though it haue nothing to doe in this Treatise, yet entreaty sometime doeth well with honest mindes : which I wish, and hope of in them, yea, and all the world that I shall haue to doe withall. Leauing therefore the patient to their Paradice, and the displeas'd to their better patience, in my loue to all schollers (but chiefly to those, that in the ioy of their studies, make vertue their heauen) I Rest

Your friend, as I finde cause.

The opening of the poem has several allusions that go to decide Breton's Authorship. From st. 12 onward, there are pathetic revelations of his poverty and enforced literary labours. I would now quote in full the first sixteen stanzas :—

'No whippe.

Tis strange to see the humors of these daies :
How first the Satyre bites at imperfections :
The Epigrammist in his quips displaies
A wicked course in shadowes of corrections :
The Humorist hee strictly makes collections
Of loth'd behalours both in youthe and age :
And makes them plaie their parts vpon a stage.

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

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

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

For they whose eyes into the world doe looke,
And canuasse euery crotchet of conceite,
Whose wary wittes can hardly be mistooke,
Who neuer feede their fancies with deceite,
Finde this the fruit of euery idle sleight :
To shew how enuy doeth her venom spit,
Or lacke of wealth doeth sell a little wit.

And while they tumble in their tubbes of coine,
Laugh at their wittes that runne so far awry :
In learning how to giue the foole the foine,
Mistake the ward and wound them selues thereby :
While only wealth doth laugh at beggery.
For rowling stones will neuer gather mosse,
And raunging wittes doe often liue by losse.

The Preachers charge is but to chide for sinne,
While Poets steppes are short of such a state :
And who an others office enters in,
May hope of loue, but shalbe sure of hate.
'Tis not a time offences to relate.
Contentions sooner will begin then end :
And one may sooner lose, then keepe a friend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These give a good taste of the quality of
'No whippinge,' as well as reveal *at once* to
the student-reader, our Poet's inevitable
words and turns; and so throughout. He
then counsels that if a 'foole' or a 'knaue,'
a 'villaine' or a 'wicked quean,' a 'drunke-
ard' or a 'wencher,' a 'Miser' or a 'spend-
thrift,' a 'Gamester' or a 'Plotter,' a 'Swag-
gerer' or a 'Great one,' come before the
Poet, he shall not write of or against them,
to his own loss.

The 'foole' is thus drastically advised to
be let alone :—

'Know'st thou a foole? then let him leaue his folly,
Or be so still, and with his humour passe.

What hath thy wit to do with trolly lolly?
Must euery wise man ride vpon an Asse?
Take heede thou mak'st not him a looking glasse,
Wherein the world may too apparent see,
By blazing him, to finde the foole in thee.'

Similarly of the 'villaine,' hitting perchance at Marston's 'Scourge of Villainy':—

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

Of the 'quean' he thus gently speaks:—

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

So too of the 'drunkard' and the 'Miser':—

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

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

Of the 'great one' he with all loyal reverence says:—

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

Learn English Prouerbs, haue them wel by heart,
And count them often on your fingers ends:
Doe not your secrets to the world impart:
Beware your foes, doe not abuse your friends:
Take heed of flatterers as of hellish fiends:
Eate vp your meat, and make cleane all your platters,
And meddle not with any princes matters.'

Then follow practical advices as to the conduct of daily life, commencing obscurely, but passing into 'good words':—

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

Be not a churle, nor yet exceed in cheere.
Hold fast thine owne, pay truly what thou owest:
Sell not too cheape, and doe not buy to[o] deare:
Tell but to few, what secret ere thou knowest,
And take good heed to whom, and what thou shewest.
Loue God, thy self, thy wife, thy children, friend,
Neighbour, and seruant, and so make an end.

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

Be neither proude, nor enuious, nor vnchaste;
Least al too late, repentance ouer-take you:
And take good heede howe you your wealth doe waste,
Least fooles doe scoffe you, and your friends forsake
And thē the begger by the sholders shake you.
Giue vnto all that aske; nor askers, all:
And take heed how you clime, for fear you fall.

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

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

Beasts and Birds are made counsellors, in quaint and ironical characterisation ('Popingay,' misprinted Poppingeare among the latter), their opposites being ascribed to each, e.g. 'gentle, the waspe, swift, sayes the Tor-toise?' More fully thus (as a specimen):—

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

After a good deal of smooth-running commonplace, come these other personal and unmistakable allusions, his 'Apology' (= Defence) for his 'Pasquil'-'Madcap' series being specially noteworthy:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

Indeed, tis true, he cast his Cap at sinne ;
 And would to God that all the world did so :
 Then doe I hope our spirits should begin,
 Our wit, and senses better to bestow,
 Then one to seeke anothers ouer-throw.

But pardon him for what is past before,
 And he hath done for capping any more.'

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

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

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

One *bit* of advice is excellent, of the lowly:—

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

Other personal allusions are interesting, particularly his modest but distinct disavowal of 'learning' or of having taken a degree at the University:—

' Bring in no Verses for Authorities :
 As *in presenti*, and leaue out the R :
 Tis fit for Babes in their minorities,
 Emong their formes, to fall at such a iarre.
 Nocke verses are for theeues but at the Barre.
 God blesse vs man from euer comming there :
 A guiltie heart can scarcely reade for feare.

Bacchus and *Ceres* were the Gods below :
 And there shall be, and neuer come aboue.
 And Claret wine will quicken wit I trowe :
 By the Redde Crosse, I sweare, it is to proue :
 But, what should Scholers, wine and sugar moue,
 To bring in so *Appollo* and *vivorum* ?
 When wise men smile at *horum harum horum*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Further :—

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

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

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

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

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

Let Noddies go to cuffles for bloudie noses :
 Let vs but laugh to see their lack of Reason :
 Leauè them their weedes, and let vs gather Roses,
 And reap our wheat, while they do pick on peason.
 Let vs hate lies, ingratitude, and treason,

And with our friends in fond concepts to striue,
And we shall be the blessed'st men aliue.'

Still further he pleads with 'better-natured
wits' to be friendly with each other :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

And onward :—

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

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

Here is another personal reference :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

And for my selfe, I meane the Ice to breake,
Vnto the passage of that Paradice ;
Where rauisht Grace may of that glory speake,
Where mercy liues, and comfort neuer dyes,
And the best praise of any Poet lies :

Or at the least if any went before,
Follow that line, and loue the world no more.'

The following stanzas as related to 'The Whipping of the Satyre' by 'W. I.' are specially to be noted, inasmuch as in 'No Whippinge' Breton ridicules them in his own sweet-blooded fashion :—

'As a blind begger guided by his boy,
Stands in the way of some frequented place,
And cries, Alas, I doe no sight inioy :
For Iesus sake, take pity on my case ;
Bestowe one penny ; God your sight mayntayne ;
The Lord in heauen will you reward agayne.

And still his boy (like a Parenthesis)
Comes in, For Gods sake help the poore and blind ;
And leads him forward with a string, I wisse,
Spying about some Gentleman to find.
Then they poore soules make toward him apace,
And both together pleade their wofull case.

If he doth passe, and doth not passe for it,
The boy runnes after with a ruthfull crie,
Good courteous Gentleman, for Gods sake yet,
Here's a three halpence, but one half-penny :
So your blind errour by deuotion led,
Wearies the senses of the Readers head.'

(C verso and C 2.)

Here is Breton's retort :—

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

Another stanza is also laughed at by Breton. It runs thus :—

'Your Readers tongue at euery leafe doth tyre :
Then for a bayte of fresher breath doth stay,
Each lynne he thinks a lane, and doth desire,
It were as playne as Dunstable high way ;
When I dare speake it, at the best mans table,
You deale as playne as any Dunse is able.' (C. 4 p. 3.)

Here is 'No Whippinge's' reply :—

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

He adds another gentle, modest assurance, after dilating on the 'blind begger' allusion

in other three stanzas, and works in his often-used and curious expression 'woe-begon him' and his contempt for 'ballad-makers' (cf. II. CRITICAL) :—

'But for I doubt, some men of good profession,
Will take exceptions at my table-writing :
To honest mindes I make my hearts confession ;
My soule is free from vertuous spirits spighting :
Not one of them is in my thoughts endighting.

I rather wish, God blesse them and their Arts,
And let the blind men play the Beggers parts.

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

He concludes with a final wistful appeal to his fellow-poets for consecration of their gifts to 'higher strains' :—

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

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

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

FINIS.

Doubtless Breton felt called on (apart from other motives) to 'reproue' the 'Whipping of the Satire' from the direct allusion to one of his raciest books, as follows, in the portion devoted to the Epigrammist :—

'It seemes your brother *Satyre* and ye twayne,
Plotted three wayes to put the Diuell downe ;
One should outrayle him by inuectiue vaine,
One all to flout him like a country clowne ;

And one in action, on a stage out-face,
And play vpon him to his great disgrace.

You *Humourist*, if it be true I heare,
An action thus against the Diuell brought,
Sending your humours to each Theater,
To serue the writ that ye had gotten out.
That Mad-cap yet superiour praise doth win,
Who out of hope euen casts his cap at sin.'

(F. 3 verso.)

In margin on l. 2, 'Against the booke of Humours,' and on l. 5, 'Pasquils Mad-cap.'¹

Under 18th May 1602 is entered 'A Poste with a Mad packet of Letters.' This was the first part of what proved a most popular venture. It was first published in 1603. The Bibliographers record numerous after-editions on to 1685. The dates of the Letters are adapted to the dates of publication of the several editions. In my Notes and Illustrations to the 'Mad Packet of Letters'—as already partially exemplified—there are a number of touching personal allusions. In addition to 'Gawthorpe'—seat of the Gascoignes—there are 'Chaulkeley' and 'my lodging in the little Colledge' (Pt. ii. Letter 14) and 'Arthingworth' (*ib.* Letter 32). One Letter, which like the others specified it is to be noted is signed with his own initials, is of rare biographic interest. It reads to me as a *bit* of his own sorrowful life; and as such presents the old man—about sixty probably—fallen on evil days and tongues. This Letter must appear in full here (Pt. ii. Letter 19):—

¹ My friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson has made it probable that a William Ingram of Cambridge was the W. I. of 'The Whipping of the Satyre.' See Letters in *The Athenæum* as I write (1879). I would refer the reader to my collection of John Marston's Poems for relation of these poems to him. I show there that Marston could not possibly have been the author of *The Whipper of the Satyre his penance in a white Sheet*, herein differing from Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, Dr. Nicholson, and Mr. Charles Edmonds. The only allusion to 'The Whipping of the Satire' that I know is in Dekker's 'Untrussing of the Humorous Poet' (Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 260: Pearson, 1873)—'Sirra stincker, thour't but vntrussed now, I owe thee a whipping still, and I'll pay it: I haue layde roddes in Pisse and Vineger for thee: It shall not bee the *Whipping a' th' Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Bearre, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.' This looks very like a disavowal for Marston of the 'Whipper of the Satire,' or why *his* phrase 'roddes in pisse'?

To my dearest beloved friend on earth, H. W.

Honest *Harrie*, out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, & therefore beare with my skill, if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to judge of colours better then the blinde eyes and beetle-heads, and of that true kinnesse that can & doth rather comfort the afflicted, then encrease the sorrowes of the distressed: let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pittie may better play her part in my spirit: what shal I say? I liue as without life pleased in nothing, crossed in all hopes, put in many feares, languishing in many sorrowes, & troubled with the griefe of a wounded conscience: not with the horrour of Murther, the feare of Treason, nor delight of sin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the vnkindnesse of Friends, and the breach of credit, and most of all with them whom I most loue. Oh God my heart aketh, & blame it not: and my Spirit mourneth, and reproue it not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men diuine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels: and let me tell the truth, the miserie of my life is intolerable in the sense of nature: for, compare the afflictions of the most patient, with the causes of my passions, and prouide a world of pity to behold the map of my miseries: hath one man beene wealthy and become poore? so am I: hath another suffered wrong? so doe I: another buried his Parents, Children, and deare friends? so haue I: another trauelled farre in hope of gaine, and returned with losse? so haue I: another beene wounded in the warres, fared hard, lain in a cold bed many a bitter storme, and beene at many a hard banquet? all these haue I: another imprisoned? so haue I: another long bin sicke? so haue I: another plagued with an vnquiet wife? so am I: another indebted, to his hearts griefe, and faine would pay and cannot? so am I: in sum, any of these crosses are able to kill the heart of a kinde Spirit, and all these lie at once so heauy vpon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God can remoue: besides my continuall toile for the reward of vnquietnesse, while that which should bee my comfort, is my corrosiue: imagine how with all this I can liue, and thinke what a death it is thus to liue. Oh for the scoorne of the proud, the abuse of the vngracious, the scoffe of the foolish, and the scanning of the vnkind: the company of the discontentiue, and the want of the most affected: the disgrace of learning, the losse of time, and the misery of want: if their be a hell on earth, it cannot be farre from this caue of my discomfort: where I am sure, the deuill, seeing my desire to serue God, layeth all his barres he can in the way for my discomfort: but I defie him, and hope in Christ that my liuing and louing God, who hath tried my soule in aduersities, wil one day in his mercie so looke vpon me, that the deuill shal be driuen back from his purpose, and, the teares of my body wiped away, I shall reioyce in such a joy, as, all my griefes cleane forgotten, my heart and soule shall in the joy of my sense, in the heauenly harmony of a holy hymne, sing

a new song of praise to the glory of my Sauour : for the hastening whereof in my deliuerance from my torments, and comforts in his mercies, I will frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy Amen : but I feare I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end : God continue my patience but not my sorrowes : giue me deliuerance from my miseries, and make me thankfull for his blessings, and blesse thee with as much happinesse as thou knowest I want, so leauing my hopes to his mercies, and vs both to his tuition : I rest with as little rest as I thinke any man can rest,
Thine or not mine owne, N. B.

One queries wistfully whether the H. W. were HENRY WILLOUGHBY, the poet of 'Willobies *Avisa*'? Be it noted that Breton had (eheu!) an 'vnquiet wife' and that he had buried 'Parents and Children'—the latter agreeing with the entries in St. Giles Cripplegate Register (*ante*).

The 'Packet of Letters' is exceedingly entertaining even to-day. I know scarcely any contemporary book of such bright good English, or so packed full with anecdotes and incidents, wise saws and instances, quips and proverbs, hits and jests and humours, reflective of the old Elizabethan times. *En passant*, my eye has just caught the phrase, 'I finde . . . loue so idle an humour, that I am afraid to lose time in it' (Pt. i. Letter 11). Whence came the extraordinary popularity of this word 'humour' in those days? Perhaps it began with Shylock's 'I'll not ansuer that, but say it is my humour: is it answered?' At all events I think its employment in title-pages begins with Chapman's 'Humorous Day's Mirth' (dated 1597), and Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour' (dated 1598). From that time, in spite of Shakespeare's ridicule and Jonson's remonstrances, the word spread and flourished, and hardly a popular author of the period escaped putting it on a title-page, epistle, or somewhere. Davies of Hereford, like Breton, uses it. The scores of 'Humorous' books may be appropriately concluded with John Day's 'Humour out of Breath' (1608)—by which time the public were probably rather tired of the word, as afterwards it only occurs now

and then. Breton himself seems to have tired of it a little when he put his 'Packet of Letters' into its latest shape: for I have noticed at least five cases in which the word 'humour' of edition 1603 was replaced by some other later. Similarly Shakespeare lessened his use of it.

The success of the 'Packet of Letters' led to rivalry. I have now before me 'A Speedie Poste, with certaine New Letters. Or The first fruits of new Conceits, neuer yet disclosed. Now published for the helpe of such as are desirous to learne to write Letters. By L. W., Gent.' 1625. (4to.) Another edition—also before me—approaches still nearer Breton's title-page, as thus:—'A Speedy Post with a Packet of Letters and Complements: Usefull for England, Scotland, and Ireland. Or The first fruits of New Conceits, neuer yet disclosed. Newly published for the help of such as are desirous to learne to write Letters in Court, City, and Countrey. By I. W., Gent.' 1645. (4to.) Another is entitled, 'Cupids Messenger: or A trusty Friend stored with sundry sorts of serious, witty, pleasing, amorous, and delightful Letters,' 1631. (4to.). These are not without their value; but are infinitely inferior to Breton's book in substance and style.

The *hit* made by the 'Packet of Letters' was followed up with books of kin with it, e.g. 'A merry Dialouge betwixte Twoo Trauellers, Lorenzo and Dorindo' (*x*): 'Wonders or Newes worth the hearinge,' etc. (*y*): 'I praie be not angrie' (*z*): 'An Old Man's Lesson and A Young Man's Loue' (*a*): 'Wytte's Priuate Wealth,' etc. (*ee*): 'A Mad World' (*gg*): 'Characters morall and Devine' (*jj*): 'A Dialogue betwixt a Courtier and a Countryman' (*nn*): 'Strange Newes,' etc. (*pp*), and 'Grimello's Fortunes' (*yy*), and 'The Honour of Valour' (*ss*), and 'Honest Counsaile,' etc. (*aaa*). These are all manners-painting and in a quiet modest way morally hortatory. They make us wishful

to know whither, and with whom he went on his Trauells. He must have gone to the 'Low Countries,' France, Italy, and possibly Spain. He avows in the letter quoted (p. xxxviii) that he had been 'wounded in the warres.'

In grouping these works together, I have over-passed others. There was in 1600 '*Melancholike Humors*' (*uu*); which is overshadowed in my judgment with the great sorrow of the break with the Countess of Pembroke. There was in 1602 'The Mother's Blessing'—tender and beautiful, and 'A True Description of Unthankfulness,' etc. (*xx*)—most affecting. There was the exquisite 'Passionate Shepherd' in 1604 (*aa*). There was in 1605 'The Soules Immortall Crowne,' etc. (*dd*). There was in 1607 'A Murmurer,' and later 'The Hate of Treason' (*cc*)—both looking to the new king (James I.). There was in 1608 'Divine Considerations' (*bbb*). There was in 1614 'I would and I would not' (*hh*): in 1616, 'Crossing the Proverbs' (*ll*). In 1622 two books are entered in the Stationers' Registers of which no solitary exemplars survive, viz., 'Nay then' (*gg*): 'Odds: or all the World to Nothing' (*rr*). Finally: 'Fantasticks' appeared in 1626. This is unquestionably one of his brightest, most vivid, most admirable books. The marvel is that it has all

the *elan* and sparkle of youth, while its phrasing and wording is of his finest warbled prose. It is specially important to note that 'Fantasticks' did first appear in 1626; for the other NICHOLAS BRETON contemporary, of the Staffordshire and Northampton lines, who has been mistaken for our Worthy, died two years before, viz. in 1624.¹

The name of NICHOLAS BRETON suddenly disappears after 'Fantasticks,' except in assignment of some of his earlier books in the Stationers' Registers. In all likelihood he died in 1626. If—as has been seen approximately—he was born in 1542-3, he would then be in his eighty-third year. I bare my brow to this fine 'old English gentleman all of the olden time.' To my mind's eye he stands forth a brave pathetic figure of the Elizabethan days. Seeing that hitherto next to nothing has been known or told of him, and that little, blundering, *e.g.*, Farr and others dub him SIR NICHOLAS BRETON, while Ellis, Brydges, Corser, Collier, and others confound him with Captain Nicholas Breton (*ut supra*), I may be forgiven if I am somewhat proud of having brought together so much concerning him. Henceforward I trust (as in other cases of my Worthies) he will abide not *umbra nominis*, but a living personality.

¹ See all the authorities named *supra*.

II.—CRITICAL.

Turning now from the Writer to his Writings in Verse and Prose—the two about equally dividing the Works—there are certain things in them that may, perhaps, with advantage be stated and illustrated.

I arrange them thus:—

I. CHARACTERISTICS.

II. SHAKESPEREANA.

III. NOTABILIA.

IV. SATIRES AND EPISTLES-DEDICATORY,
ETC.

V. CLAIMS.

VI. DESIDERATA.

I. CHARACTERISTICS.—These I sub-arrange as follows:—

1. STYLE—CONCINNITY AND MELODY. 2. BRIGHTNESS. 3. FRESHNESS. 4. SWEETNESS. 5. TENDERNESS. 6. PURITY.

1. CONCINNITY AND MELODY.—In an age when great folios and squab quartos were the rule and the rage, NICHOLAS BRETON elected to write only small books that could readily be issued as thin quartos or slight duodecimos. He had all a book-lover's fancy for dainty form; and all of his productions were beautifully printed and not infrequently notably adorned, e.g. his 'Soule's Immortal Crowne' is a charming volume, with its woodcut bordering of quaint and intricate and varying devices.¹ In contrast with the largeness and diffuseness of many of his contemporaries, I regard it as a merit in our Worthy that he took time to be brief and compact. One secret of this is—as I have noted—the concinnity of his style. There are few Elizabethan prose-writers—Bacon stands alone in his 'Essaies'—who so abounds in 'picked and packed words.' Our word 'fluent' has deteriorated in latter days; so as to express mere volubility; but in its etymological sense it is nicely descriptive of Breton's style. It 'flows' with crystal clearness and closeness all round the thought, fancy, metaphor, apophthegm, quip, saying, story, that the Author wishes to tell us. I would have called it 'sinuous' were it not that somehow again the hiss of the serpent is inevitably associated with the word. *Ad aperturam libri*, his 'Characters vpon Essaies' and 'Good and Badde,' it would be preposterous to compare with Bacon's for weight and intellectual richness, and an unnameable charm of phrasing. But putting them out of court, I know not where to find better English, more substantive thinking (within its own relatively modest limits), or more memorable portraiture, as with a stroke of the pen—comparable in a way with the pencilled *memoranda* of the great Art-

¹ Vol. I. e: a facsimile of a page is given.

Masters. 'The 'Characters' are 'Wisdome,' 'Learning,' 'Knowledge,' 'Practice,' 'Patience,' 'Loue,' 'Peace,' 'Warre,' 'Valor,' 'Resolution,' 'Honor,' 'Truth,' 'Time,' 'Death,' 'Faith,' and 'Feare.' Let the penultimate one stand as a fair representation—conveniently short—of the rest. Thus:—

FAITH.

'FAITH is the hand of the soul which layeth hold of the promises of Christ in the mercy of the Almighty: Shee hath a bright eye and a holy eare, a cleare heart and sure foot: she is the strength of Hope, the trust of Truth, the honour of Amitie and the ioy of Loue; shee is rare among the sonnes of men and hardly found among the daughters of woemen; but among the sonnes of God she is a conueyance of their inheritance and among the daughters of Grace she is the assurance of their portions. Her dwelling is in the Church of God, her conuersation with the Saints of God, her delight with the beloued of God and her life is in the loue of God: shee knowes no falshood, distrusts no Truth, breaks no promise and coines no excuse, but as bright as the Sunne, as swift as the winde, as sure as the rocke, and as pure as the gold, she lookes toward heauen, but liues in the world, in the soules of the Elect to the glory of Election: she was wounded in Paradise by a dart of the Deuill and healed of her hurt by the death of Christ Iesus: she is the poore mans credit and the rich mans praise, the wise mans care and the good mans cognizance. In summe, finding her worth, in words hardly to be expressed, I will in these few words onely deliuer my opinion of her: Shee is Gods blessing and mans blisse, reasons comfort and vertues glory.'¹

'The Good and The Badde' embrace 'A Worthy King' and 'An Vnworthy King,' 'A Worthy Queene' with no 'Vnworthy,' 'A Worthy' and 'An Vnworthy Prince,' 'A Worthie' and 'Vnworthie Priuy Councillor,' 'A Noble' and 'Vnoble Man,' 'A Worthie' and 'Vnworthy Bishop,' 'A Worthy' and 'Vnworthy Iudge,' 'A Worthie' and 'Vnworthy Knight,' 'A Worthy' and 'Vnworthy Gentleman,' 'A Worthy' and 'Vnworthy Lawyer,' 'A Worthy' and 'An Vntrained Souldier,' 'A Worthy' and 'An Vnworthy Physician,' 'A Worthy' and 'Vnworthy Marchant,' 'A good Man' and 'An Atheist or most badde Man,' 'A Wise Man'

¹ Vol. II. g, p. 10.

and 'A Foole,' 'An Honest Man' and 'A Knaue,' 'An Vsurer' and 'A Beggar,' a 'Virgin' and 'A Wanton Woman,' 'A Quiet' and 'An Vnquiet Woman,' 'A Good Wife' and 'An Effeminate Foole,' 'A Parasite,' 'A Bawde,' 'A Drunkard,' 'A Coward,' 'An Honest Poore Man,' 'A Iust Man' and 'A Repentant Sinner,' 'A Reprobate,' 'An Old Man,' 'A Young Man,' and 'A Holy Man.' Two must represent the whole, viz., 'A Worthy' and 'An Vnworthy Lawyer,' and 'An Vnworthy Physician.'

18. *A Worthy Lawyer.*

'A worthy Lawyer is the student of knowledge, how to bring controuersies into a conclusion of peace and out of ignorance to gaine vnderstanding. Hee diuides time into vses and cases into constructions. Hee layes open obscurities and is prayed for the speech of truth, and in the court of conscience pleads much *in forma pauperis*, for small fees. He is a meane for the preseruatiō of titles and the holding of possessions and a great instrument of peace in the iudgement of impartiality. Hee is the clyent's hope, in his case's pleading and his heart's comfort in a happy issue. Hee is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conscience and the ioy of the distressed in the reliefe of Iustice. In summe, hee is a maker of peace among the spirits of contention and a continuuer of quiet in the execution of the Law.'

19. *An Vnworthy Lawyer.*

'An vnlearned and vnworthily called a Lawyer, is the figure of a foot-post, who carries letters but knowes not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clarke, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his hand-full of papers from one Court to another and from one counsellor's chamber to another, when by his good payment for his paines hee will bee so sawcy as to call himselfe a Sollicitor. But what a taking are poore clients in when this too much trusted cunning companion, better redde in Pierce Plowman then in Ploydon and in the Play of Richard the Third then in the Pleas of Edward the Fourth; perswades them all is sure when hee is sure of all! and in what a misery are the poore men when vpon a *Nihil dicit* because indeede this poore fellow, *Nihil potest dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned. But I wish all such more wicked then witty vnlearned in the Law and abusers of the same, to looke a little better into their consciences and to leaue their crafty courses, lest when the Law indeede laies them open, insteede of carrying papers in their hands they weare not papers on their heads and instead of giuing eare to their clients' causes or rather eies into their purses, they haue nere an eare

left to heare withall, nor good eie to see withall; or at least honest face to looke out withall, but as the grasshoppers of Egypt bee counted the caterpillers of England and not the foxe that stole the goose but the great foxe that stole the farme from the gander.'

23. *An Vnworthy Physician.*

'An vnlearned and so vnworthy Physician, is a kinde of horse-leech, whose cure is most in drawing of bloud and a desperate purge, either to cure or kill, as it hits. His discourse is most of the cures that hee hath done and them afarre off; and not a receipt vnder a hundreth pounds, though it be not worth three halfe-pence. Vpon the market-day he is much haunted with vrials, where if he finde anything (though he knowe nothing) yet hee will say somewhat, which if it hit to some purpose, with a fewe fustian words hee will seeme a piece of strange stuffe. Hee is neuer without old merry tales and stale iests to make olde folkes laugh and cumfits or plummes in his pocket to please little children; yea and he will be talking of complexiones though he know nothing of their dispositions; and if his medicine doe a feate he is a made man among fooles; but being wholly vnlearned, and oft-times vnhonest, let me thus briefly describe him. He is a plaine kinde of mountebanke, and a true quacke-saluer, a danger for the sicke to deale withall, and a dizard in the world to talke withall.'¹

In the recollection of much contemporary long-winded writing, I for one estimate highly these pregnant, swift antithetic sentences. They fall into the memory inevitably as husked seeds wafted before the wind into crannies and corners. When you dwell upon the thick-coming continuations and variations of the initial thought, you find that you have bullion, not thinned-out gold-leaf. Superadded to the concinnity of the Prose is the concinnity combined with 'melody' of the Verse. One o' times indeed covets more vigour, more rush, more *abandon*. There is a soupçon of monotony in a good deal of the sacred Verse. But regarded broadly, the Verse of NICHOLAS BRETON is matterful, and instinct with 'melody.' To illustrate all this, and coincidently his not unfrequent nervous purity of language, I turn to his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise' as thus:—

'Thou cursed serpent, grounde of al disgrace,
By Idlenes begetting Ignorance:

¹ Vol. II. 2, pp. 8, 9.

Which dost the sprigges of fairest rootes deface,
With loathsome course of life's discountenance :
And makst a pleasure of the spirit's paine,
Die in thy dreame, and neuer wake againe.

Sleepe is the soule's disease, the minde's dispight,
The Curse of Nature, and the crosse of rest :
The thought's inquiet, and the darkesome night,
Wherein the spirit likes the body lest :
A losse of time and reason's malladie,
Where death is found but sorrowe's remedy.'

(Vol. I. 5, p. 13, col. 1.)

Again :—

'AND on they walke, vntil anone they came,
Vnto a Church, not built of lime or stone
But that true Church, of that Immortal fame
That is worlde's wonder, and heauen's loue alone :
Whose head is Christ, whose Martirs are his pillers
And al whose members, are his wordes' wel-willers.

The gate, is Grace, Contriution, is the key,
The locke, is loue, the porter, Penitence :
Where humble faith, must heauenly fauour stay,
Till pity talke with vertue's patience :
While angels' sighes, the sinner's waie deuse,
To haue his entraunce into paradise.

Which is in deede the plot of al perfection,
Drawne by the compasse of diuine conceite,
Whose line, is life laide by his loue's direction
Who makes al flesh vpon the spirite waite :
Whose flowers are fruites of faithes' eternal fauour,
Sweete to the soule, in euerliuing sauour.

Now in this grounde, doth liue this glorious King,
Of mercie's life, amidde the fire of loue,
Who, as the sunne, doth cause the flowers to spring,
So, by his fire, makes faith her comfort proue :
When heauenly ruth doth vertue's roote so nourish,
That, her faire flowers shall grow and euer flourish.

Now heere the herbes were wholsome sentences,
Which purge the hart, of euery idle thought :
And for each grasse, a grace of wit and sences,
By heauenly blessing from the spirit brought :
In midst whereof the well of life doth spring,
About the which the Angels sit and singe.

Heere is the light that makes the sunne to shine,
Heere is the brightnes of the morning light,
Heere is the sunne, that neuer doth decline,
Heere is the daie, that neuer hath a night,
Heere is the hope of euerliuing blisse,
And comforte, that beyonde all knowledge is.

Heere neuer weede, had euer power to growe,
Nor euer worne coulede make an herbe to wither,
But in the path, where all perfections goe,
Vertue and Nature, kindly went together,
And heauenly dewes, did al the fruites so cherish,
That, neither fruit, nor herbe, nor flower could perish.

Heere neuer sorrow for the thought of losses,
Heere euer labour and yet neuer weary :
Heere neuer feare, of any fatal crosses,
Heere neuer mourning, and heere euer merry :
Heere neuer hunger, thurst, nor heat, nor cold,
But take enough, and stil the store doth holde.

Heere is the sky, the sun, the moone, and stars,
Set for a dial, by the heauen's direction :
Heere neuer cloude their brightest shining barres.
But show their brightnes in their best perfection :
Heere, is in some the sweetest light of al,
From which al lights haue their original.

Heere neuer foote of wicked pride presumed,
But is excluded heauenlie paradise :
Heere is the aier with sweetest sweetes perfumed,
While sinners' sighes is blessed sacrifice :
When faithful soules in Angels' armes embraced,
Are in the eie of glorious fauour graced.

Heere are the virgins playing, Angels singing,
The Saintes reioicing, and the Martirs ioying.
Heere sacred comfortes to the conscience springing,
And no one thought of discontent anoying :
Heere hurt was none, and feare of death is neuer,
But heere is loue, and heere is life for euer.

Heere sorrowe's teares, doe quenche the heate of Sinne,
And fire of loue, doth kinde life againe :
Heere doth the grounde of glory first beginne,
And heere is Vertue, in her highest vaine :
Heere, is in some the state of honour's story,
And of all goodnes, the eternall glory.

And heere is, lo that heauenly paradise,
Whereto the pilgrime, made his pilgrimage :
Where sacred mercy first did solemnize,
The spirite to the fleshe in mariage :
And here the hart did finde his spirit blest,
To bring the sences to eternall rest.'

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
(*ib.* p. 20.)

The 'Countesse of Pembroke's Loue,'
and 'The Countesse of Pembroke's Passion'
abound with co-equal passages, though it
is difficult to detach them for quotation.
But even thus far, how grotesque is the still
occasionally disinterred Johnsonian dictum
about 'the superior grace and finish of
Waller,' etc. etc. ! Even GILES FLETCHER
finds his match in the 'Pilgrimage' of 1592.
I feel sure he knew it.

2. BRIGHTNESS.—Sometimes one's im-
pression of a person or of a book, is incom-

municable. It is too subtle as too individual to be expressed. I may not be able to convey my own meaning in this word 'Brightness;' but to myself there is a singularly pleasing sunniness—edged like all light with shadow—in these books of Breton. His misfortunes, his 'indiscretions,' his hardships, his wrongs, his lonelinesses, his outliving of contemporaries, imparted no sourness to his spirit, no bitterness to his tongue, no misanthropy to his pen. He abides to the end,—with fits of melancholy interposed,—a cheery, whole-hearted, sweet-natured, loveable old fellow. I have already notified his last-published book 'Fantasticks' (vol. ii. *t*). It is as strong, as buoyant, as finished, as any of all his numerous writings. I can think, therefore, of no other word so interpretative of the feeling excited by these revived books of NICHOLAS BRETON as this of their 'Brightness.' You may look into almost any of them, and this 'brightness' will gleam upon you. You may be led as into some tree-shut-in 'solitary place;' but even there a ray of golden light will be shot through the boughy green gloom. Unmetaphorically, even his melancholy has semi-tones of joy, if also his joy have semi-tones of melancholy. I the more readily quote an illustration of this exceeding 'Brightness' from 'Fantasticks,' because, as his last, it is heart-satisfying to think of the 'old man eloquent'—then probably beyond his fourscore years,—thus as whole-hearted and radiant as in the early years of Elizabeth. 'Fantasticks' is a fine 'Shepherd's Calender,' with poetic touches on which even EDMUND SPENSER should have smiled gracious approval. It is to be carried captive away back to 'Merry England' of the 'Olden Time' to surrender one's-self to this book. Carry it to the greenwood with you, Reader, and an thou art not charmed, I dub thee — soulless. Here is one out of the many word-pictures:—

Easter day.

'It is now Easter, and Jacke of Lent is turned out of doores: the Fishermen now hang vp their nets to dry, while the Calfe and the Lambe walke toward the Kitchin and the Pastry: the veluet heads of the Forrests fall at the loose of the Crosse-bow: the Samman Trowt playes with the Fly, and the March Rabbit runnes dead into the dish: the Indian commodities pay the Merchants aduenture: and Barbary Sugar puts Honey out of countenance: the holy feast is kept for the faithfull, and a knowne Jew hath no place among Christians: the Earth now beginnes to paint her vpper garment, and the trees put out their young buds, the little Kids chew their Cuds, and the Swallow feeds on the Flyes in the Ayre: the Storke clenseth the Brookes of the Frogges, and the Sparhawke prepares her wing for the Partridge: the little Fawne is stolne from the Doe, and the male Deere beginne to heard: the spirit of Youth is inclined to mirth, and the conscionable Scholler will not breake a holy-day: the Minstrell cals the Maid from her dinner, and the Louers eyes doe troule like Tennis balls. There is mirth and ioy, when there is health and liberty: and he that hath money, will be no meane man in his mansion: the Ayre is wholesome, and the Skye comfortable, the Flowers odoriferous, and the Fruits pleasant: I conclude, it is a day of much delightfulness: the Sunnes dancing day, and the Earths Holy-day. Farewell.' (Vol. II. *t*, p. 12.)

Take again these companion-pictures:—

Three of the Clocke.

'It is now the third houre, and the Windowes of Heauen beginne to open, and the Sunne beginnes to colour the Clouds in the Sky, before he shew his face to the World: Now are the spirits of life, as it were, risen out of death: the Cocke cals the seruants to their dayes work, and the grasse horses are fetcht from the Pastures: the Milke-maids begin to looke toward their dayry, and the good Huswife beginnes to looke about the house: the Porrage pot is on for the seruants breakfast, and hungry stomackes will soone be ready for their victuall: the Sparrow beginnes to chirpe about the house, and the Birds in the Bushes will bid them welcome to the field: the Shepheard sets on his Pitch on the fire, and fills his Tar-pot ready for his flocke: the Wheele and the Reelee beginne to be set ready, and a merry song makes the worke seeme easie: the Plough-man falls to harnessse his horses, and the Thrasher beginnes to looke toward the barme: the Scholler that loues learning, will be hard at his Booke, and the Labourer by great, will be walking toward his worke. In briefe, it is a parcell of time, to good purpose, the exercise of Nature, and the entrance into Art. Farewell.' (Vol. II. *t*, p. 13.)

Fiue of the Clocke.

'It is now fiue of the Clocke, and the Sunne is going apace vpon his journey: and fie sluggards, who

would be asleepe : the Bels ring to Prayer, and the streets are full of people, and the high-ways are stored with Trauellers : the Schollers are vp and going to schoole, and the Rods are ready for the Truants correction : the Maids are at milking, and the seruants at Plough, and the Wheele goes merrily, while the Mistresse is by : the Capons and the Chickens must bee serued without doore, and the Hogges cry till they haue their swill : the Shepheard is almost gotten to his Fold, and the Heard beginnes to blow his horne through the Towne. The blind Fidler is vp with his dance and his song, and the Alehouse doore is vnlocked for good fellowes : the hounds begin to find after the Hare, and horse and foot follow after the cry : the Traueller now is well on his way, and if the weather be faire, he walkes with the better cheere : the Carter merrily whistles to his horse, and the Boy with his Sling casts stones at the Crows : the Lawyer now begins to look on his Case, and if he giue good counsel, he is worthy of his Fee : In briefe, not to stay too long vpon it, I hold it the necessity of Labour, and the note of Profit. Farewell.' (Vol. II. 4, p. 13.)

Once more : here are a pair of 'bright' rural scenes, that in their naturalness and simplicity, seem to cry scorn on your modern elaborate rhetoric of description :—

Summer.

'It is now Summer, and Zephirus with his sweet breath cooles the parching beames of Titan : the leaues of the trees are in whisper talkes of the blessings of the aire, while the Nightingale is tuning her throat to refresh the weary spirit of the Trauayler : Flora now brings out her Wardrop, and richly embroydreth her greene Apron : the Nymphes of the Woodes in consort with the Muses sing an Aue to the Morning, and a Vale to the Sunnes setting : the Lambes and the Rabbettes run at base in the sandy Warrens, and the Plow landes are couered with corne : the stately Hart is at Layre in the high wood, while the Hare in a furrow sits washing of her face : The Bull makes his walke like a Master of the field, and the broad-headed Oxe beares the Garland of the market : the Angler with a fly takes his pleasure with the fish, while the little Merline hath the Partridge in the foot : the Hony-dewes perfume the Ayre, and the Sunny-showers are the earths comfort : the Greyhound on the plaine makes the faire course : and the wel-mouthed Hound makes the Musicke of the woods : the Battaile of the field is now stoutly fought, and the proud Rye must stoupe to the Sickle : The Carters whistle cheeres his forehorse, and drinke and sweat is the life of the Labourer : Idle spirits are banished the limits of Honour, while the studious braine brings forth his wonder : the Azure Sky shewes the Heauen is gracious, and the glorious Sunne glads the spirit of Nature : The ripened fruits shew the beauty of the earth, and the brightnesse of the aire the glory of the heauens : In summe, for the world of worth

I find in it, I thus conclude of it : I hold it a most sweet season, the variety of pleasures, and the Paradise of loue. Farewell.' (Vol. II. 4, p. 6.)

April.

'It is now April, and the Nightingale begins to tune her throat against May : the Sunny showers perfume the aire, and the Bees begin to goe abroad for honey : the Dewe, as in Pearles, hangs vpon the tops of the grasse, while the Turtles sit billing vpon the litle greene boughes : the Trowt begins to play in the Brookes, and the Sammon leaues the Sea, to play in the fresh waters : The Garden-bankes are full of gay flowers, and the Thorne and the Plumme send forth their faire Blossomes : the March Colt begins to play, and the Cosset Lamb is learned to butt. The Poets now make their studies in the woods, and the Youth of the Country make ready for the Morris-dance ; the little Fishes lye nibling at a bait, and the Porpas playes in the pride of the tide : the Shepheards pipe entertaines the Princesse of Arcadia, and the healthfull Souldier hath a pleasant march. The Larke and the Lambe looke vp at the Sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day : Sheepes eyes in Lambes heads, tell kind hearts strange tales, while faith and troth make the true Louers knot : the aged haire find a fresh life, and the youthfull cheeks are as red as a cherry : It were a world to set downe the worth of this moneth : But in summe, I thus conclude, I hold it the Heauens blessing, and the Earths comfort. Farewell.' (Vol. II. 4, p. 8.)

Well-nigh everywhere in Breton you have 'pictures' of these types ; and for my part they beggar the arid 'Chronicles' of Kings that usurp the august name of History, and infinitely better than formal treatises set before me the 'bright' side of Elizabethan England. What was MATTHEW BROWNE about, that, in his 'Shakespeare's England,' he left our Worthy unconsulted ?

3. FRESHNESS.—The quotations from 'Fantasticks' have so-far anticipated this. His 'Brightness' is as of sunlight in the silver rain and the quivering dew, rather than of the blinding sky and sultry air. The explanation is that, whether from boyhood-associations with the paternal town-house, 'fair garden,' 'bechen lane,' and the 'farms' in Essex and Lincolnshire, or his friendships with the gentry of England (as shown in his Epistles-dedicatory, e.g. the Houghtons of Lancashire, the Dallisons, Cradocks, Conquests, and others of our 'Index of Names

and Places'), he must have had an open eye and heart for Nature. His close observation of Nature—thus early—is extremely noticeable, and gives a 'freshness' to his books simply inestimable. In this, as throughout, I can but imperfectly illustrate through quotation. My hope is, that what I work into this Memorial-Introduction will send capable readers to the Works themselves.

I cull this description of minuter and humbler life to begin with, venturing to italicise a little :—

'To see the grayhounde course, the hounde in chase,
Whilst litle dormouse sleepeth out her time ;
The lambes and rabbots sweetlie rune at base,
Whilst highest trees the litle squiriles clime ;
The cralinge wormes out creepinge in the showers,
And how the snayles do clime the lofty towers.'
(Countesse of Penbrook's Passion, st. 98.)

As a commentary on the last, of the 'snayle,' I saw lately on a 'lofty,' indeed the loftiest of the mysterious 'stones' of Stonehenge, within a few miles of the summit, a common shell 'snail.'

The 'Passionate Shepherd' (Vol. I. *n*) is full of the 'Freshness' I accentuate. Once more in quoting I italicise slightly, as throughout :—

Pastoral 3.

'Who can liue in heart so glad,
As the merrie countrie lad ?
Who vpon a faire greene balke
May at pleasures sit and walke ?
And amidde the Azure skies,
See the morning Sunne arise ?
While hee heares in euery spring,
How the Birdes doe chirpe and sing :
Or, before the houndes in crie,
See the Hare goe stealing by :
Or along the shallow brooke,
Angling with a baited hooke :
See the fishes leape and play,
In a blessed Sunny day :
Or to heare the Partridge call,
Till shee haue her Couye all :
Or to see the subtile foxe,
How the villaine plies the box :
After feeding on his pray,
How he closely sneakes away,
Through the hedge and downe the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrowe.

Then the Bee to gather honey,
And the little blacke-haired Cony,
On a banke for Sunny place,
With her fore-feete wash her face :
Are not these with thousandes moe,
Then the Courts of Kinges doe knowe ?'

(Vol. I. *n*, p. 6.)

Even in his more ordinary Prose he delights to fetch his images from the country, e.g. in his 'Wonders worth the Hearing' (Vol. II. *g*), 'she would looke as demurely as a Rabbet that had newly washed her face in a deawy morning' (p. 7, col. 1). Birds and flowers, lambs and rabbits, kine and horse, the grass, the odorous hay, the shooting or yellowing corn, orchards, hedgerows and rural lanes, chiming brooks and bosky nooks, sparkle of dew, the May sprays, the Autumnal reddened leaves, the Yule-log, cakes and nut-brown ale, the merry pranks and sports, the fire-side stories, the pat proverb, the snatch of old-world song,¹ proud memories of 'Queen Bess' and stout Harry before her—to name only these—carry the 'freshness' of inviolate nature through verse and prose alike.² The lambs and 'rabbits at base' are almost as inevitable in Breton's landscape as the grey horse of Wouverman. Let 'Fantasticks' be turned and returned to for de-

¹ See I. *g*, p. 5/2, l. 34, 'Clim of the Clough : ' II. *r*, No. 19, 'Pierce Plowman : ' *ibid.* 'Play of Richard the Third : ' II. *h*, p. 34/1, l. 4, 'Come live with me and be my love : ' II. *u*, p. 9/2, l. 41, 'My mynde to me a kingdome is : ' I. *a*, p. 11/2, l. 3, 'Robin Hood and Walter Little Wise : ' *ib.* p. 29/1, etc. etc.

² I place the following references here for the student reader :—*Country Fare*, I. *a*, p. 26/2 : l. *e*, p. 7/2, l. 29 : p. 21/2, l. 5 : I. *s*, p. 7/1, l. 28 : II. *c*, p. 43/1, l. 13 : *Dinner Time*, strewing sweet herbs, etc., I. *a*, p. 40/2 : II. *t*, p. 15 : *Fruits*, I. *n*, p. 8/1, l. 26 : *Fishes*, II. *b*, p. 10/1 : II. *d*, p. 9/2, l. 34 : II. *h*, p. 24, p. 74 : II. *l*, p. 10/2, l. 3 : *Delicacies*, II. *b*, p. 12/1 : II. *c*, p. 16/2, l. 12 : p. 28/1, 28/2 : II. *h*, p. 22, l. 64/5 : p. 23, l. 71, p. 35, l. 13, p. 40, l. 25, p. 49, l. 59, p. 50, l. 60 : II. *l*, p. 6/1 : II. *m*, p. 7/1, l. 41 : II. *n*, p. 11/2, l. 49. Tobacco, II. *h*, p. 35/1, l. 1 : p. 44, l. 43 : II. *f*, p. 9/1, l. 34 : p. 10/2, l. 21 : II. *r*, p. 13/1, l. 11 : II. *h*, p. 41, l. 28—qu. did ladies smoke? *Cakes and Ale*, II. *h*, p. 50, l. 61, 62 : *Fowl, game*, etc., II. *s*, p. 5, p. 6/1 : II. *t*, p. 11/1, l. 1 : *Christmas Feasts*, II. *t*, p. 11/1, l. 1 : *Lent Fasts*, II. *t*, p. 11 : *Easter Feasts*, II. *t*, pp. 11, 12 : *Tortoise pies*, II. *u*, p. 14/1 : *Caviare*, II. *u*, p. 14/2, l. 4 : *Popular sports*, ape-baiting, II. *b*, p. 15/2, 16/1—was this a real or only pretended amusement?—and so coursing, hawking, ferreting rabbits, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, May-games, morris-dances, etc. etc.

liciously 'fresh' description. Even in 'A Mad World' his little gentle favourites are introduced with such a yearning and wistfulness of preference as seems to me ineffably pathetic:—'Oh to see in a faire morning, or a sunnie evening, the lambes and rabbets run at base, the birds billing, the fishes playing, and the flowers budding, who would not leave the drinking in an alehouse, the wrangling in a dicing-house, the lying in a market, and the cheating in a fayre; and thinke *that the brightnesse of a faire day doth put doune all the beauties of the world*' (Vol. II. i, p. 10/1, l. 40).

4. SWEETNESS.—This is a special characteristic of his sacred poetry on the one hand, and of his rural or pastoral on the other, as of his prose in these. His piety was not at all of the clamorous or demonstrative kind. He had definite beliefs, firmly-held convictions, bravely out-spoken opinions on the burning questions of the Reformation and Civil and Religious liberty. But as much as ever has our MATTHEW ARNOLD of to-day, had he faith in 'Sweetness and Light,' though he does not 'preach' about either, rather exemplifies them. He knew nothing of that sleight-of-hand that commends 'Sweetness' in neat formulas barbed with a sneer, or that inculcates 'Light,' while stone-blind to others' standpoints and seeing, who are not of their inner circle or clique. (I know the bee's sting lies beside its honey-bag; but your prophets of 'Sweetness and Light' surely would not be taken for bees? Certes they do buzz hugely about and about the topics of their teaching.) For Breton's substantive 'sweetness' I would refer the reader to his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' his 'Countess of Penbrooke's Passion,' his 'Solemne Passion,' his 'Rauisht Soule and Blessed Weeper,' his 'Longing of a Blessed Heart,' his 'Soule's Harmony,' his 'Mother's Blessing,' his 'Soule's Immortal Crowne.' There is in all of these the

'linked sweetness, long drawn out,' that were cloying were it not for the honey-strength as compared with the mere melting 'sweetness' of sugar. I select one *bit* from the last named, the 'Soule's Immortal Crown':—

'Then doth she bring her humbly on her knees,
And, sets before her the faire booke of Blisse,
Bids her there finde that she can neuer leese,
The care of life, where euery comfort is :
When lifting vp her heart with humble eie,
She sees a Beautie brighter then the skie.

There she beholds in Mercies Maiestie,
Her Saiuour sitting on a glorious Throne :
Where, in the Essence of Eternitie,
He rules all powers in himselfe, alone :
When, seeing her thus humbly fall before him,
He blesseth her that doth so much adore him.

Then, doth she see the Angels exercise,
Who, with the Saints and Virgins sit and sing :
While humble spirits make their Sacrifice,
Vnto the Glory of their Gracious King :
While, all the Hoast of all the heauen reioyces,
To heare the Musique of the heauenly voyces.

Then, doth she set the Consort of the Quier,
Where euery Note doth keepe his Tune and Time :
The ditty only speaking of Desire,
Where, loue doth only vnto Mercy clime :
Where euery Close doth in such comfort meete,
That all the Heauens are rauisht with the sweete.

She takes the Virgine to her Morning taske,
And sets her downe a forme of faithfull praier :
But, couers not her Beauty with a Maske,
When she hath made her truly heauenly faire :
But, brings her forth with such a Blessed Grace,
As, makes him happy that may see her face.

She shewes her in a Glasse of Beauties Truth,
How, Art doth Nature too much iniurie ;
That feebled Age in forcèd tricks of Youth,
In true Conceite is Reasons Mockerie ;
The idle thoughts that spoile the inward eies,
Where Loue should liue, but in dishonour dies.

She shewes her there the Maiden-blush complexion,
Betwixt the cherric Red, and snowie White :
And, reades her then the precepts of perfection,
Within the circle of *Dianas* sight.
She shewes her all the Titles of desart,
And, that true honour liues but in the hart.

She neuer taught the Eye to leere nor lowre,
Tongue, idle talke; nor minde, vngratious thought :
She neuer set a countenance sharpe and sowre,
Nor, fetch't a sigh vpon a thing of nought :

But, shewes her Iudgement of so iust a Measure,
As, proues her Wisedome worth a world of Treasure.'
(Vol. I. o, p. 7.)

It were easy to multiply by an hundred-fold confirmations of the 'sweetness' of Breton. His religious prose-proper, *e.g.*, his 'Divine Considerations' and 'Marie's Exercise,' have nothing of the weary platitudes, and as weary divisions and subdivisions of the Preachers of the day. They may not be very deep, as they are not in any wise learned. But I know none that so quietly yet certainly nurture the Christian life. You have a conviction that the man is writing of actual experiences, not merely prating of texts.

5. TENDERNESS.—The *pathos* of many of the things in these books is very beautiful. Whether it be a cry of despair, or a sob of contrition, or a sigh of weariness, or a confession of 'indiscretion,' or a laying-hold of some 'exceeding great and precious promise' in the Word, written straight out of the heart, it goes as straight to the heart. I do not forget the Scottish 'Balou my babe,' which I suppose was posterior to 'a sweet lullabie,' in the 'Arbor of Amorous Devices' (Vol. I. d, p. 7), nor do I undervalue Robert Greene's 'Sephestia's Song to her Child'—'Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee' in his *Menaphon* (1589-1616); but where so early will we meet with tenderness so soft, pathos so un-sentimental and un-mawkish as in the 'Sweet Lullabie'? I am not ashamed to avow that it mists my eyes as I read it:—

A sweet lullabie.

'Come little babe, come silly soule,
Thy fathers shame, thy mothers griefe,
Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy selfe vnhappy chiefe :
Sing Lullabie and lap it warme,
Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.
Thou little thinkst and lesse doost knowe,
The cause of this thy mothers moane,
Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
And I my selfe am all alone :
Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile?
And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle.

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
Mine onely ioy what can I more :
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore :

Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wayle the time, but be thou still.

And doest thou smile, oh thy sweete face,
Would God himselfe he might thee see,
No doubt thou wouldst soone purchase grace.
I know right well for thee and mee :
But come to mother babe and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy if it by fortune chance,
Thy father home againe to send,
If death do strike me with his launce,
Yet mayst thou me to him comend :
If any aske thy mothers name,
Tell how by loue she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart soone yeeld,
I know him of a noble minde,
Although a Lyon in the field,
A Lamb in towne thou shalt him finde :
Aske blessing babe, be not afrayde,
His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou ioy and be right glad,
Although in woe I seeme to moane,
Thy father is no Rascall lad,
A noble youth of blood and boane :
His glancing lookes if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come little boy and rocke a sleepe,
Sing lullabie and be thou still,
I that can doe nought else but weepe,
Wil sit by thee and waile my fill ;
God blesse my babe and lullabie,
From this thy fathers qualitie.'

(Vol. I. d, p. 7.)

Almost equally charming is the un-quoted other half of 'Pastoral Third' in 'The Passionate Shepherd,' as thus:—

'The true pleasing spirits sights,
That may breede true loues delightes,
But with all this happinesse,
To beholde that Shepheardesse,
To whose eyes all Shepheards yeelde,
All the fairest of the fieldes,
Faire *Aglaia* in whose face,
Liues the Shepheard's highest Grace :
In whose worthy wonder praise,
See what her true Shepheard saies,
Shee is neither proude nor fine,
But in spirit more diuine :
Shee can neither lower nor leere,
But a sweeter smiling cheere :

She had neuer painted face,
 But a sweeter smiling grace :
 Shee can neuer loue dissemble,
 Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,
 That where wisdom guides her will,
 Shee is kind and constant still,
 All in summe, she is that creature,
 Of that truest comfortes Nature.
 That doth shewe (but in exceedinges)
 How their praises had their breedinges :
 Let then poeetts faine their pleasure,
 In their fictions of loue's treasure :
 Proud high spirits seeke their graces,
 In their Idoll painted faces :
 My loue's spirit's lowliness,
 In affections humblenesse,
 Vnder heau'n no happinesse
 Seekes but in this Sheperdesse.
 For whose sake I say and swear,
 By the passions that I beare,
 Had I got a Kinglie grace,
 I would leaue my Kinglie place.
 And in heart be truelie glad :
 To become a Country Lad.
 Hard to lie, and goe full bare,
 And to feede on hungry fare :
 So I might but liue to bee,
 Where I might but sit to see,
 Once a day, or all day long,
 The sweet subiect of my song :
 In *Aglaia's* onely eyes,
 All my worldly paradise.'

(Vol. I. 2, pp. 67.)

Infinitely gracious and tender is the so-called 'Sonet 3' (*ib.* p. 12) :—

Sonet. 3.

'Foolish loue is onely folly,
 Wanton Loue is too vnholly :
 Greedy loue is couetous,
 Idle loue is friuolous,
 But the gracious loue is it :
 That doth prooue the worth of wit.
 Beautie but deceiues the eye,
 Flatterie leads the care awrye :
 Welth doth but inchaunt the wit,
 Want the ouerthrowe of it.
 While in wisdom's worthy Grace,
 Vertue sees the sweetest face.
 There hath loue found out his life,
 Peace without all thought of strife :
 Kindenes in discretion's care,
 Truth that clearely doth declare.
 Faith doth in true fancy prooue,
 Lust the excremente of loue.
 Then in faith my fancie see,
 How my loue may construéd bee,

How it growes, and what it seekes,
 How it liues, and what it likes,
 So in highest grace regarde it,
 Or in lowest scorne discarde it.'

(Vol. I. 2, p. 12.)

'Lust the excremente of love' I hold to be very fine in its scorn of the base and bad. I place beside it 'Sonet 11' :—

Sonet. 11.

'Pretty twinckling starry eyes,
 How did Nature first deuse,
 Such a sparkling in your sight,
 As to giue loue such delight,
 As to make him like a flye,
 Play with lookes vntill he die ?

Sure yee were not made at first,
 For such mischiefe to be curst :
 As to kill affection's care,
 That doth onely truth declare.
 Where worthe's wonders neuer wither,
 Loue, and Beautie liue together.

Blesséd eyes then giue your blessing,
 That in passion's best expressing :
 Loue that onely liues to grace yee,
 May not suffer pride deface yee.
 But in gentle thoughte's directions,
 Shew the praise of your perfections.'

(Vol. I. 2, p. 14.)

It were almost treason to Breton not here to find a place for his 'Phillida and Coridon' :—

Phillida and Coridon.

'In the merry moneth of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,
 Foorth I walked by the Wood side,
 Whenas May was in his pride :
 There I spied all alone,
Phillida and *Coridon*.
 Much a-doo there was, God wot,
 He would loue, and she would not.
 She sayd neuer man was true,
 He sayd, none was false to you.
 He sayd, he had lou'd her long,
 She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
 She said, Maides must kisse no men,
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the Sheeheard call
 All the heauens to witness truth :
 Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

Such as silly Sheepbeards vse,
When they will not Loue abuse :
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded,
And *Phillida* with garlands gay ;
Was made the Lady of the May.

(Vol. I. *l.*, p. 7.)¹

Combining 'sweetness' and 'tenderness'
is the following from 'England's Helicon'
(1600):—

A sweete Pastorall.

' Good Muse rock me asleepe,
with some sweet Harmonie :
This wearie eye is not to keepe
thy warie companie.

Sweete Loue be gone a while,
thou knowest my heuines :
Beauty is borne but to beguile,
My hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
that lou'd to feede on hie :
Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocks,
and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
that were so fresh and greene :
Doo all their dainty colour leese,
and not a leafe is seene.

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
that made the woods to ring :
With all the rest, are now at hush,
and not a noate they sing.

Sweete *Philomela* the bird,
that hath the heauenly throate,
Dooth now alas not one affoord
recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost,
each hearbe hath lost her sauour :
And, *Phillida* the faire hath lost,
the comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
so kill me in conceite :
That how to hope vpon delights
it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my sweete Muse
that knowest what helpe is best,
Doo now thy heauenly cunning vse,
to set my hart at rest.

¹ In relation to this little poem, I note here that that which follows 'A Pastorall of Phillis and Coredon,' I overlooked as before given in 'The Arbor of Amorous Devices' (Vol. I. *d.*, p. 12/2). So too with one or two others.

And in a dreame bewray
what fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still decay
or when my sorrow end.'

(Vol. I. *l.*, pp. 7, 8.)

6. PURITY.—It is to the praise of NICHOLAS BRETON that at a time when broad speech was not only common but acceptable, he ever presented a white page. Even in his Satires as 'Pasquil,' there is almost absolute absence of coarseness as of luscious ministering to our lower part. By the necessity of fidelity to portraiture, some of the 'Characters' in his books troll out a 'merry tale,' a somewhat licorous jest, and once or twice we might choose less realistic words if we cared to describe at all things best left undescribed. But fundamentally, as distinguished from incident and accident, the Purity of the Works of our Worthy is as thorough and distinctive as it is admirable. Beaumont and Fletcher gird at the admiration of the 'common people' for Breton's pamphlets, etc. It had been well if other literature that was popular had partaken of his purity.

I might similarly state and illustrate by quotation, his WIT and HUMOUR and COMMON SENSE, his weighty counsels, his patriotic love of England and Englishmen, his homage to the 'great Queen,'¹ and other characteristics; but these he shared more with contemporaries. I have therefore limited myself to those characteristics that in a special and noticeable manner belong to him, and that warrant renewed attention to his Works.

II. SHAKESPEREANA.—Were it for no more than the illustrative things in Breton for the student of SHAKESPEARE, I should have been spurred to do what I have done in collecting and reproducing his Works. I would now give in their order such as have

¹ Exclusive of Vol. II. *v.* (Character of Queen Elizabeth) see Vol. II. *b.*, p. 19/2, l. 1-20: II. *f.*, p. 20: II. *c.*, p. 23/2, l. 17: p. 29/1, l. 9, etc.

struck myself and my valued and esteemed fellow-worker in the Glossarial Index and other indices,—GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq., of Glenthorne. I do not doubt that others will be guided to further Shakespeareana by these Indices and in their own reading. I have tried to be as vigilant and as sober-minded as possible in drawing from NICHOLAS BRETON matter to elucidate or illustrate WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.¹ I wish the New Shakespeare Society would direct some of its energies to thoughtful reading of Elizabethan literature for like illustrations.² For convenience sake (*i.e.* of reference) I shall arrange my quotations and references in the order of the books in Vol. I. *a* to *u* and Vol. II. *a* to *v*. There are disadvantages in this, but these are outweighed by the advantages. My main object is to guide my fellow-Shakespearean students to things and words in Breton, more or less illustrative and suggestive :—

Vol. I. (a.) *A Flourish upon Fancie*, p. 33/2, l. 26, and p. 37/2, l. 29: 'But take in worth his great good will.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act v. sc. 1). . . . 'takes it in might, not merit.'

¹ I spell 'Shakespeare' as he himself did in title-page and epistle-dedicatory of his 'Poems,' and in the Poems among those added to *Chester's Love's Martyr* (1601). It is simple nonsense to tell one that he thereby takes his Bookseller's or Printer's spelling for his own. I answer, Shakespeare wrote and signed the epistles-dedicatory, and no bookseller or printer would or could change what he wrote. Besides, who would pronounce 'Shakspere'? The Will signature is so confused and shaky that it must remain uncertain; and others as well. But plainly printed spelling from the author's own ms., and printed under his own supervision, is final, against all modern pragmatism. Besides, there is his self-chosen coat of arms to show that he so understood his name.

² It would form an admirable supplement to Dr. Ingleby's valuable 'Centurie of Praise' as re-edited by Miss L. Toulmin Smith, were she, or some one qualified and patient, to bring together from contemporaneous and onward Shakespearean quotations, phrases, words, allusions, etc. etc. Two things (*non jūdicia*) would be found, (a) That the Poems and Plays of Shakespeare got swiftly into men's ordinary speech and writing among higher and lower: (b) That men's ordinary speech and writing of higher and lower went more into Shakespeare's Poems and Plays than many suppose. Surely the first is of infinitely more concern to us than bits and scraps of estimate of Shakespeare by the merest Smiths, Browns, Robinsons, and Joneses?

Vol. I. (a.) *A Flourish upon Fancie*, p. 37/2, l. 41, and p. 38/1, ll. 17-18.

'Time is set out with head all balde,
Saus one odde lock before.'

This is a commonplace of Elizabethan writers. So Shakespeare, 'the plain balde pate of father Time' (*Comedy of Errors*, II. sc. 2). Cf. Vol. II. c, p. 9/2, l. 4: p. 25/1, l. 28.

.. (b.) *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, p. 5/1, l. 2, (from bottom) 'Ballat-makers.'

Ibid. p. 5/2: Vol. II. b, p. 20/2, l. 35: *ibid.* p. 5/1.

Ibid. s, p. 6/2, l. 34, 'Ballad penners.' Breton's contemptuous treatment of ballad-makers reminds of Shakespeare's, specifically of *I Henry IV.*, (III. sc. 1).

'I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers.'

Ibid. p. 7/2, l. 52, 'Siluer sound.' Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* (Act IV. sc. 5), 'music with her silver sound.'

Ibid. p. 11/1, l. 39, 'Or breake his hart with hammers of his head.' Cf. *Titus Andronicus* (Act II. sc. 3):— 'revenge . . . hammering in my head: see also Glossarial Index for other examples, and *s.v.* 'anvile.'

Ibid. p. 24/1, l. 36, 'The moone and stars, the candels of the night.' Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* (Act III. sc. 5): *Merchant of Venice* (Act V. sc. 1). Phineas Fletcher has also 'their candles,' etc. (*Poems* F. W. Lby., Vol. II. p. 68, l. 2.)

.. (c.) *Countess of Pembroke's Passion*, p. 3, st. 4, 'The night-raven's song that sounds of nought but death.' Cf. *Macbeth* (I. sc. 5):—

'The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.'

.. (d.) *Arbor of Amorous Devices*, p. 4/2, l. 8 (from bottom), 'The Thurstle-cock that was so black of hewe.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* (III. i. l. 130), 'The Ousel-cock so black of hew.'

Ibid. p. 10/2, l. 1, 'What finds affect? both *loue and labour lost*.' This recalls Shakespeare's Play of 'Love's Labour Lost.'

- Vol. I. (c.) *Pasquil's Madcappe*, p. 4/1, l. 7, 'a galde hackney will winch.' Cf. Hamlet (Act III. sc. 2).
Ibid. p. 7/1, l. 49, 'Sea-coale:' also Vol. II. b, *Wit's Trenchmour*, p. 17/1, 'a good warme banke of sea-cole fire.' Cf. 2 Henry IV. (II. sc. 1), 'by a sea-coal fire.'
- .. (f.) *Pasquil's Fool's Cap*, p. 22/2, l. 40, and note. 'To give the peake' no doubt means the same as to 'give the gleeck' or 'the dor,' *i.e.* to make a fool of him. Nares gives 'peak-goose' as a term of reproach, but says nothing of the origin of it. Was it a jocular variation of 'peacock'? In such case 'peake' here would be simply short for 'peacock' of Hamlet, 'A verie verie Palocke' (iii. 2).
Ibid. p. 26/2, l. 1, 'a curtall jade.' Cf. Merry Wives (Act II. sc. 1), 'a curtall dog.'
- .. (h.) *Melancholike Humours*, p. 5/2, l. 7, 'with much adoe about nothing.' Again recalls the Play of Shakespeare, 'Much Ado about Nothing.' So too in Vol. II. u, *Courtier and Countryman*, 'what a deale of adoe you have made about nothing.'
- .. (k.) *Longing of a Blessed Heart*, p. 14/1, l. 9, 'the toppe of truth.' So in *Tempest* (Act III. sc. 1), 'the top of admiration,' and elsewhere.
- .. (m.) *Mother's Blessing*, p. 6/1, l. 13 and note. It was affirmed by Dr. Ingleby in his Perkins folio controversy, that the word 'cheer' was never used in the sense explained in my note till the present century. Perhaps here it is = cherishing.
Ibid. p. 8/1, l. 7, 'Know a halbert from a hedging bill.' Cf. Hamlet (Act II. sc. 2), 'I know a hawk from a hand-saw.'
- .. (n.) *Passionate Shepherd*, p. 8/2, l. 5—
 'Let me sit and bite my thumbs
 When I see no comfort comes.'
 This was a way of expressing discomfort and morose humours. In *Romeo and Juliet* (Act I. sc. 1) it is done as a mark of contempt for others.
- .. (q.) *Honour of Valour*, p. 51/1, l. 17, 'And truth disdaineth to subscribe to error' = to submit. Cf. Shakespeare's Sonnet 107, 'My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes.'
- Vol. I. (s.) *I would*, etc., p. 5/2, l. 9, 'against the haire.' Cf. *Merry Wives* (ii. 3), 'If you should fight, you go against the haire of your professions.'
- .. (t.) *Daffodils*, etc., p. 9/1, l. 20, 'a flower in your eare.' Cf. *Faulconbridge* in *King John* (I. i. 141), 'mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,' etc.
- Vol. II. (b.) *Wit's Trenchmour*, p. 17/2, l. 3, 'silner fork and pick tooth.' Cf. *King John* (I. i. 190).
Ibid. p. 20/2, l. 36, 'To the tune of all a greene willow.' Cf. *Othello* (Act IV. sc. 3), 'Sing all a green willow.'
- .. (c.) *Will of Wit*, etc., p. 17/2, l. 10, 'her cake was dowe.' So in *Taming of Shrew* (v. sc. 1), 'my cake is dough.'
Ibid. p. 48/2, l. 43, ff. This is very like a prose version of Shakespeare's (or somebody else's) 'Crabbed Age and Youth' (the piece is also found in *Deloney's Garland of Good Will*). Breton has the priority of all if the whole of *Will of Wit* was printed in 1580.
Ibid. p. 62/1, l. 46, 'Hurlie Burlie.' Cf. *Witch's Song* in *Macbeth*. It is also used by Nic. Udall in *Apophth.* of Erasmus, p. 115 (Roberts' reprint).
- .. (d.) *Strange Fortunes*, p. 7/1, l. 5 from bottom,—ordinance = ordnance. So Shakespeare 'In second accent of his ordinance' (*Henry V.*, ii. 4), where the Globe Shakespeare and Leopold Shakespeare, and others, misprint strangely 'ordnance.'
- .. (g.) *Wonders Worth hearing*, p. 12/2. Cf. the story of Marina in *Pericles*.
- .. (h.) *A Poste*, etc., p. 11/2, l. 2, 'Beleeve not your eyes till they have a better speculation.' Cf. *Macbeth* (III. sc. 4), 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.'
Ibid. p. 11/2, last l., 'The Play of Ancient Pistoll.' Breton here turns to excellent account the 'swaggering rascal' of second Part of *Henry IV.*
Ibid. p. 33/2, l. 1, 'But all is well that ends well.'
Ibid. p. 33/2, letter 8, l. 11, 'the

- Hobbie horse,' etc., — a jocular reversal of the old refrain alluded to in Hamlet, 'The Hobby horse is forgot.'
- Vol. II. (k.) *A Poste*, etc., p. 34/1, l. 4, 'Come liue with me and be my loue.' From Marlowe's song as quoted by Shakespeare.
- Ibid.* p. 34/1, l. 8, 'braue Oliver.' See the snatch quoted in *As You like It* (III. iii. 101), 'O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver.'
- Ibid.* p. 35/2, l. 41, 'Were it not better for thee to read the fiction of Venus.' . . .
- Ibid.* p. 39, letter 21, 'My day I will not breake.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (I. sc. 3), 'If he should break his day.'
- Ibid.* p. 41/2, letter 32, 'a fine Horse, bought out of Barbarie.' Cf. *Hamlet* (V. sc. 2), 'six Barbary Horses.'
- Ibid.* p. 50/2, letter 61, 'a cake and a bottle of ale.' Cf. *Twelfth Night* (II. sc. 3), 'no more cakes and ale.'
- Ibid.* p. 51/2, letter 65, 'her most absolute workmanship' = complete, perfect. Cf. *Hamlet* (V. sc. 2), 'an absolute gentleman.'
- .. (i.) *A Mad World*, p. 6/2, l. 42, 'my table-booke' (see also *Glossarial Index, s.v.*). Cf. *Hamlet* (Act II. sc. 2).
- .. (j.) *A Dialogue, etc.*, p. 9/2, l. 34. Cf. Shakespeare's character of Brutus. See also *Wil's Trenchmour*, p. 11/2, l. 44, ff.
- .. (k.) *Grimello's Fortunes*, p. 5/1, l. 9, 'Springes for Woodcocks.' Cf. *Hamlet* (I. sc. 2, and sc. 3, l. 115). See also p. 10/1, l. 5; and Vol. I. k, Letter 58 (Part II.).
- Ibid.* p. 9/1, l. 31, 'Washing of buckes.' So 2 *Henry VI.* (IV. sc. 2), 'She washes buckes here at home.'
- Ibid.* p. 13, l. 13, 'A Magot-a-Pie.' Cf. *Macbeth* (Act III. sc. 4), 'Maggot-pies.'
- .. (l.) *Olde Man's Lesson*, p. 7/1, l. 44, 'The best loue is begotten by the eyes.' Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (Act III. sc. 2), 'it is engender'd in the eyes.'
- Ibid.* p. 9/2, l. 47. The allusion no doubt is to the same Italian rhyme which is put into the mouth of Holofernes in *Love's Labour Lost* (IV. sc. 2).
- Vol. II. (l.) *Olde Man's Lesson*, p. 12/2, l. 22, 'The Realta.' So *Merchant of Venice* (I. 3), 'on the Rialto.' So *Otway* later.
- .. (m.) *I pray*, etc., p. 4/1, l. 22, 'There are floods as well as Ebbes: Time hath his turne.' So *Julius Cæsar* (IV. sc. 3), 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' etc. Cf. *Southwell's Poems* in F. W. Lby. edit. (p. 64), 'Tymes goe by turnes.'
- Ibid.* p. 5/2, l. 40, 'a vengeance vpon his craftie conveyance' = fraud, deception. Cf. *Merry Wives* (I. sc. 3) 'Convey the wise it call.'
- .. (r.) *Good and Badde*, No. 19—'better redde in . . . the *Play of Richard the Third* then in the Pleas of Edward the Fourth.'
- .. (s.) *Strange Newes*, p. 12. In 'A Dreame of a Chough, a Pie, and a Parrot,' the 'Chough' argues for the 'russet-coate,' *i.e.* his own plumage, just as the pie and parrot for theirs. 'Russet' accordingly must have had a wider sense than we give it now, as it included the whole of the Chough's plumage, his 'coate' as well as his 'pate,' *i.e.* head. It is of importance to note this, inasmuch as it seems to warrant us to reject the correction of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (iii. 2) from 'russet-pated' to 'russet-patted,' so substituting the feet for the head. Breton's use of 'russet-coate' would suggest our reading 'russet-coated;' but perhaps 'russet-pated,' *i.e.* headed, yields a sufficiently accurate sense, especially as we really do not know which bird Shakespeare intended—Cornish chough or jackdaw. I had at one time accepted the reading of 'patted' as communicated to me by my friend Mr. J. Morison of Glasgow, who made it to me, unaware that another had anticipated him (see *Littledale's Midsummer Night's Dream, in loco*). My friend the Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, Banbury, is strong for 'russet-pated,' and well argues that the new reading 'patted' would leave Breton's use of 'russet-coate' untouched.
- .. (t.) *Fantasticks*, p. 11/2, l. 21, 'if the cooke do not lacke wit he will sweetly lick

- his fingers.' Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* (iv. 3).
- Vol. II. (t.) *Fantasticks*, p. 12/1, *Easter*, l. 5, 'veluet.' Cf. *As You Like It* (ii. 1), 'veluet friends.'
- Ibid.* p. 12/1, *Easter-day*, l. 9, 'Barbary Sugar.' Cf. I *Henry IV.* (ii. 4., l. 84), 'in Barbary it cannot come to so much.'
- .. (u.) *Courtier and Countryman*, p. 14/2, l. 4, 'Another a great Lady sent him, which was a little Barrell of *Caviary*, which was no sooner opened and tasted but quickly made up again, and was sent back with this message . . . we have blacke sope enough already.' Cf. *Hamlet's* (v. sc. 2) 'twas *caviare* to the general.' Apparently Shakespeare had the story of Breton in mind. It may have been derived from other sources. The only exemplar of the 'Courtier and Countryman' extant, is of 1618; but it was probably much earlier published—its style being like that of 1597 books. 'Hamlet' was first printed in 1603; but composed probably in 1600.

I doubt not that other Students of Breton (guided also by the full Glossarial Index) will discover other Shakespereana. But these must suffice for my contribution. Regarding them generally, I have formed three conclusions from them, (a.) That Breton was familiar with the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare; (b.) That Shakespeare worked into his Plays more of the common language of his time than is suspected; (c.) That it is not so improbable as on the first blush it might seem that the 'W. S.' of the pretty and kindly lines to Breton prefixed to the collected 'Will of Wit' (1596/9) was really Shakespeare. Let the reader judge:—

'What shall I say of Gold, more then tis Gold:
Or call the Diamond, more then precious:
Or praise the man, with praises manifold
When of himselfe, himselfe is vertuous?
Wit is but *Wit*, yet such his *Wit* and *Will*,
As proues ill good, or makes good to be ill.

Why? what his *Wit*? proceed and aske his *Will*,
Why? what his *Will*? reade on, and learne of *Wit*:

Both good I gesse, yet each a senerall ill.
This may seeme strange, to those that heare of it.
Nay, nere a whit, for vertue many waies,
Is made a vice, yet Vertue hath her praise.

Wherefore, O *Breton*, worthie is thy worke,
Of commendations worthie to the worth:
Sith captious wittes, in euerie corner lurke,
A bold attempt, it is to set them forth
A forme of Wit, and that in such a sort,
As none offends, for all is said in sport.

And such a sport, as serues for other kinds,
Both young and old, for learning, armes, and love:
For Ladies humors, mirth with mone he findes,
With some extreames, their patient mindes to proue.
Well, *Breton*, write in hand, thou hast the thing,
That when it comes, loue, wealth, and fame will bring.
'W. S.'
(Vol. II. c, p. 6.)

The 'gold' and play on 'Will' at once remind of Shakespeare. It is singular that with the exception of his two poems added to Sir Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601), he neither gave nor sought commendatory verses, although it was the *mode*. I like to believe that Shakespeare thus paid dainty compliment to our Worthy.

III. NOTABILIA.—The Glossarial Index, Index of Names, and of Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings, and our Notes and Illustrations, will lead the student-reader to a goodly number of noticeable things. Here I propose to make a note of various others that it was not easy to work into any of these; and which indeed have mostly struck me in final critical reading of the Works for this Memorial-Introduction. By the necessities of the case this record of them must be somewhat irregularly arranged; but as each presents a separate thing, strict order or classification is of less moment.

1. *Fine Thoughts*.—'darknesse is the sorrow of Time' (Vol. II. p, p. 7/1, l. 7).
'Thought is a swift Traueller and the soule is in Heauen in an instant' (*ibid.* l. 29).
'The sparing diet is the spirit's feast' (Vol. I. m, p. 6/2, l. 20). Cf. II *Penseroso*. 'Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet.'
2. *Impersonations*.—Cruelty, Despight, Envy, etc. (Vol. I. a, p. 13/1: *ibid.* b, p. 14.)

3. *Good phrasing*.—'The wealthy beggar with his golden bagges' (I. r, p. 8/2, l. 50).
'And if you chance to see the Sonne of Pride etc. (Vol. I. f, p. 19/2, l. 29); 'both his insight and his outlight' (Vol. II. l, p. 11/1, l. 14).
4. *Odd metaphor*.—Vol. II. l, p. 17, Easter Day. This reminds one of a burlesque couplet in an old play:—
'Whose eyes like two great foot-balls made of leather
Were made to heat the gods in frosty weather.'
(*Valiant Welshman*, 1625).¹
5. '*Apt alliteration*.'—'The slouch of a slouven with a slauering smile, vpon a slubbered conceit, after manie good morrowes began to trouble her with this tattle' (Vol. II. d, p. 11/2, l. 50).
6. *Foppish compliments*.—(Vol. II. b, p. 15/1, l. 1).
7. *Covetable possession to-day*.—'An Acre of Land in Cheapside.' (Vol. II. l, p. 10/1, l. 51: *ibid.* col. 2, l. 14).
8. *Anticipation of Swift*.—'Wrought day and night for the mooneshine in the water' (Vol. II. s, p. 10/1, l. 52). This recalls the philosophers of Lapute extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.
9. *Increase of pasturage*.—'Whereas in many other countries men did vse to eate vp the sheep, in that Country sheep had eaten vp both the men and their houses' (Vol. II. b, p. 16/2, l. 10).
10. *Forks*.—'To be at your siluer forke, and your pick-tooth' (Vol. II. b, p. 17/2, l. 2). 'But for us in the Country, when we haue washed our hands after no foule worke, nor handling any unwholesome thing, wee neede no little Forks to make hay with our mouthes, to throw our meat into them' (Vol. II. a, p. 13/1, l. 44).
11. *Tobacco*.—'Your Tobacco breath' (Vol. II. h, letter 28, l. 12). So Ben Jonson (Case is Altered, II. sc. 3).
'Sister I' faith you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within, as you are without.'
It seems from this—as before queried—that tobacco-taking was not deemed the prerogative of the male sex: at least in these places it is regarded as a symptom not of mannishness but of pride (here), and of melancholy in Jonson.
12. *Proud memories*.—Henry viii. 'Our late kinge of famous memorie, Henrie the 8, of whom the world speakes such honor that I need not amplifie his praises' (Vol. II. p. 6/2, l. 29). Cf. the Prologue to More's Utopia—'in all royal virtues a Prince most peerless.'
13. *Puritans—referred to contemptuously*.—'in truth brother, and verily sister' (Vol. II. b, p. 9/1, l. 4); 'Judas looked liked a holy brother' (*ibid.* l. 47).
14. *Church-men = clergy*—described in uncomplimentary terms (Vol. II. i, p. 12/2, l. 47).
Parson—ibid. p. 8/2, l. 23.
15. *Religion—Superstition*.—'Foure hard days in the year.
Ash Wednesday for Papists, for then they must be whipt' (Vol. II. f, p. 7/2, l. 7).
Query—as part of their devotions? or by Protestants as a punishment for heresy?
16. *Church-service—irreverent behaviour*.—(Vol. II. i, p. 8/2, l. 39). The custom of 'crying' lost things at the Church door after service on Sunday, continued till about the beginning of this century—query later?
17. *Catalogue of Ladies' attire, etc.*—Vol. I. a, p. 15/1, l. 41: *ibid.* p. 14/1, l. 19: *ibid.* p. 14/2, l. 55: Vol. II. b, p. 19/2, l. 47: *ibid.* c. p. 16/2, l. 24: *ibid.* l, p. 9, l. 52.
18. *Merchants' wives on Sunday*.—Vol. I. a, p. 48/2, l. 8.
19. *Male Fops*.—Vol. I. a, p. 21/2, l. 43: *ibid.* f, p. 23, l. 15: *ibid.* p. 24/1, l. 50: *ibid.* s, p. 11, st. 98. Vol. II. l, p. 9/1, l. 15: *ibid.* h, p. 46, letter 48.
20. *Counterfeit jewels*.—Vol. II. g, p. 10/2, l. 69: *ibid.* h, p. 19, letter 53.
21. *Well-dressed man and countryman*.—Vol. II. g, p. 9/1, l. 9: *ibid.* i, p. 9/1, l. 12.
22. *Female affectation*.—Vol. II. h, p. 47, letter 49.
23. *Painting faces, dyeing hair, etc.*—Vol. I. f, p. 22, ll. 8, 29: *ibid.* g, p. 7/2, l. 31: *ibid.* j, p. 8/2, l. 9: Vol. II. h, p. 35/1, letter 12: *ibid.* j, p. 7/1, l. 16: *ibid.* l, p. 10/2, l. 52 (it appears that painters of women's faces was a regular trade): *ibid.* p. 15/1, l. 35: *ibid.* k, p. 6/2, l. 30.
24. *Noticeable words*.—Clish clash—fiddle faddle—

¹ Of the many grotesque things one meets with, the following on the beheaded king (Charles I.) is perhaps unsurpassed:—

'The Church and State do shake: the building must
Expect to fall, whose prop is turned to dust;
But ceas(e) from tears: Charles is of light bereav'n,
And swift on Earth to shine more bright in Heav'n.'

My friend Mr. James Crossley of Manchester pointed this out to me in a poem on 'the Martyrdom of his late Majestie' (p. 68), in *Vaticinium Votivum*, etc.—mis-assigned to Wither by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt and others.

- hab or nab—riffie tuftie—hurlie burлие—tipling
tapling—twittle twattle—wily begiuly. See
Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, also for wealth of vitu-
perative expressions.
- 25.—*Chaucer*.—‘Zephirus with his sweet breath’
(Vol. II. *l*, p. 6/2—Summer, l. 1). Was this
a reminiscence of Chaucer’s ‘Zephorus eke
with his soote breth’ (Prol. to Canterbury
Tales).
‘Virtue of necessity’ (Vol. I. *o*, p. 15/1, l. 13),
as old as Chaucer.
‘Miller’s Thumb’—(Vol. I. *s*, st. 39)—a Chau-
cerian allusion.
26. *Gascoigne*.—‘Amid my Bale I bath in bliss’
(Vol. II. *c*, p. 8/1, l. 17). This is the first
line of a poem by Gascoigne (ed. Hazlitt, i. 40).
(See under V. CLAIMS, p. lxvi.)
27. *Thomas Rymour*.—‘Vpon a wooden horse he
rides through the world, and in a merry gale
makes a path through the seas’ (Vol. II. *r*,
p. 9/2, No. 24). So Thomas Rymour
(E. E. Text Society), p. 50, l. 168, ‘Riding’
vpon a Horse of tree.’
28. *Roger Ascham*.—Vol. I. *a*, p. 51.—This discussion
is a reminiscence of that at the beginning of
Ascham’s *Scholemaster* (1570) and the first
half of col. 2 an amplification of a passage in
that book (Arber’s reprint, p. 45)—‘The
matter lieth not so much in the disposition of
them that be young, as in the order and maner
of bringing up by them that be old; nor yet
in the difference of learnyng and pastime.
For beate a child if he daunce not well, and
cherish him though he learne not well, ye
shall have him vnwilling to go to daunce and
glad to go to his booke. Knocke him, when
he draweth his shaft ill, and fauor him againe,
though he pant at his booke, ye shall have
hym uerie loth to be in the field, and uerie
willing to be in the schole.’
29. *Sidney*.—Loue and relative note—Vol. II. *g*,
p. 7/2, l. 12: a closer parallel is Sidney’s,
‘Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three’ (Davison’s *Rhaps.*)
30. *Southwell*.—Vol. I. *m*, p. 7/1, l. 45. Cf. South-
well’s ‘My conscience is my crown.’
31. *Marlowe*.—Pethare’s Mountain plaine and
Petharco—the first passage is not unlike
‘Come live with me’ (Vol. I. *n*, p. 11/2,
l. 16 and Sonet 7).
32. *Euphuism*.—Note the hit at Euphuism with its
analogies drawn from natural history in the
mouth of a pretender (Vol. II. *d*, p. 12/1).
33. *Giles Fletcher*.—‘And if He so hath deckt the
earth below’ (Vol. I. *i*, p. 6/1, l. 17). Cf.
Giles Fletcher: (p. 211, st. 27, edn. Grosart)—
‘If such a house God to another gane,
How shine those glittering courts He for Himself
will hane.’
‘Loue is not an houre’s humour, nor a shadow
of light’ (Vol. II. *k*, p. 43, letter 37).
Again cf. Giles Fletcher (*ib.* p. 136, st. 8):—
‘As though it were the shadowe of some light.’
34. *Milton*.—‘the Heraldry of Heaven’ (Vol. II. *g*,
p. 9/1, l. 6). Cf. Milton’s Hymn Upon the
Circumcision:—
‘He who with all Heav’n’s heraldry whilear
Enter’d the world, now bleeds to give us ease.’
So opposite, Phineas Fletcher’s *Locusts*
(Poems, edn. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 73, st. 18),
‘Hell’s Heraldry.’
35. *Henry Vaughan*.—Wit’s Trenchmour—‘for all
courses whatsoever fall out, if I doe you good,
be glad not proud of it, and open not your
window to the Sunne, when she hath power
to sende her beams through the glasse, etc.
(Vol. II. *h*, p. 14/2, ll. 49-51.) So Henry
Vaughan (Fuller W. Lby. edn. vol. i. p. 238):—
‘Who breaks his glass to take more light
Makes way for storms into his rest.’
A curious coincidence of thought, but most
likely purely accidental.
36. *Dr. Isaac Watts*.—Vol. I. *a*, p. 37/2, last four
lines:—
‘So that you looke vnto his worke,
that he not idle stand:
For if he doo, some knauish worke
himself will take in hand:’
—an anticipation of Dr. Watts’ ‘Satan finds
some mischief still,’ etc.
37. *Pope*.—Vol. I. *n*, p. 11, Sonet 2, st. 3, ‘A Haire
that holdes the heart’s affections.’ First faint
prelude of ‘Beauty draws us with a single
hair.’
38. *Wordsworth*.—‘And sue but to those inward eyes
That see my heart.’
Cf. Wordsworth’s *Daffodils*—
‘They flash upon that inward eye.’
39. *The Eel story*.—(Vol. II. *k*, p. 13)—this is found
in the book of the Knight de le Tour de Landry.

40. *Litanies*.—Litanies like Pasquil's Procession (Vol. I. *g*) became very fashionable during the Civil Wars. In Wit's Recreations, 1641, there is such a Litany, part of which is a cento from 'Pasquil's Procession.'
41. *Latin quotation*.—*Tempora mutantur*, etc. (Vol. II. *b*, p. 9/1, l. 45)—an early instance of this quotation, if it really was written by Matthias Borbonius, who could not have written it much earlier than Breton himself. For myself I think it must have been much older.
42. *Word-play*.—'A strange Springe in Suffolke' (Vol. I. *a*, p. 49/2). Presumably a young lady of the name of Spring—a form of wit which Breton afterwards stretched about as far as it would go in 'Wonders worth the Hearing' (Vol. II. *g*).
43. *Corrections*.—'But if (alas) he be passe pure pennillesse' (Vol. I. *j*, p. 6/2, l. 3). Perhaps this should read, 'But if (alas) he be Pierce (or Piers) pennillesse.' The explanation probably is that 'passe' and 'pure' were Author's corrective variations imported into the text. On p. 4, Morphorius = Marforio. In Vol. II. *s*, p. 9, Langdebiete, apparently for Langdebreif. In Vol. II. *m*, p. 6, last l., read certainly, 'old Leacher.' In Vol. I. *k*, p. 16, and note, St. 3d is occupied with the mention of some of Spenser's writings; but (ehue!) st. 4 on reconsideration I see passes on to his qualities—poetic art, reason, judgment, and wit. Consequently the allusion is *not* to Spenser's lost treatise on poetry.

As with Shakespereana (II.) it were easy manifoldly to continue Notabilia from Breton; but my intention is rather to whet than satiate the Reader's appetite. By 'searching' the Works for themselves, students will come upon well-nigh innumerable noteworthy things. They lie like shells—tiny and dainty of hue—on sea-shore sands. I can scarcely conceive any taste unsuited, any line of research unrewarded.

IV. SATIRES AND EPISTLES-DEDICATORY, ETC.

(*a.*) SATIRES.—In the Memoir (I. Biographical) I have quoted as fully as might be under the conditions, from 'No Whippinge nor Trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge.' I recur to its title-page, be-

cause nothing serves better to mark out *the* distinction between Breton and earlier and later Satirists. With all their salt of wit and value as pictures of their periods, it must be conceded that DONNE and MARSTON—to name them only as types—are coarse and savage; while others, as represented by BISHOP HALL, are spiteful and envious, *e.g.* I must set down Hall's 1st Satire in Book VI. of Virgideciarum, as striking at SPENSER and SAMUEL DANIEL, while 'Adamantius my dog,' and 'Semeleferorigena' meant the elder SCALIGER. There is a fierceness and ribaldry of invective, a vulgarity and broadness of phrasing, an offensive iteration of double-meanings in contemporary Satirists—alike in Satires-proper and in Epigrams,—that one can scarcely exaggerate. With Breton there is nothing of all this. If he flings dirt at all, it is 'dry dirt,' or as a handful of sand, and because he would not use a stone so as to hurt. He has the bee's sharp sting, but its honey-bag close beside it. He is stirred and fired with indignation; but his passion is compassion. He would have shared Robert Burns's ruth for even the Devil. You hear indeed the crack of the lash, but it is in the air, not to leave weals on the offender's back. I grant that he impales your 'pretender,' but he does it as Isaak Walton his frog, 'as though he loved him.' There is a humanity in all Breton's Satires, a ripple of light-hearted humour, that in my estimate place him in a most amiable light. I trust I shall not plead in vain for a deliberative reading of the 'Pasquil' series, as reproduced in his Works, viz. :—

PASQUIL'S MADCAPPE, ETC. (Vol. I. *e.*)
 PASQUIL'S FOOLE'S CAPPE, ETC. (*Ibid.* *f.*)
 PASQUIL'S PASSE AND PASSETH NOT, ETC.
 (*Ibid.* *g.*)

Alas! that I can add neither 'Pasquil's Mistres,' nor 'Old Madcappe's Newe Gally-

mawfry'! I would allure to such critical study by a few quotations, taken almost *ad aperturam libri*. Here is a pungent assault on the all-attracting, all-swaying power of mere WEALTH and the humiliation of POVERTY, from 'An Invective against the wicked of the world':—

'The wealthy Rascall be he ne're so base,
Filthy, ill-faour'd, vgly to behold,
Moale-ele, plaise-mouth, dogges-tooth, and camel's face,
Blinde, dumbe, and deafe, diseasèd, rotten, olde,
Yet, if he haue the coffers full of golde,
He shall haue reuerence, curtsie, cappe and knee,
And worship, like a man of high degree.

He shall haue Ballads written in his praise,
Bookes dedicated to his patronage,
Wittes working for his pleasure many waies,
Petigrees sought to mend his parentage,
And linkt perhaps in Noble marriage,
He shall haue all that this vile worlde can giue him,
That into pride, the deuill's mouth may driue him.

If he can speake, his wordes are Oracles,
If he can see, his eyes are spectacles,
If he can heare, his eares are miracles,
If he can stand, his legges are pinacles:
Thus in the rules of Reason's obstacles,
If he be but a beast in shape and nature,
Yet, giue him wealth, he is a goodly creature.

But, be a man of ne're so goode a minde,
As fine a shape as Nature can deuise;
Vertuous and gracious, comely, wise, and kinde,
Valiant, well-giuen, full of good qualities,
And almost free from Fancie's vanities:
Yet let him want this filthy worldly drosse,
He shall be sent but to the Beggars Crosse.

The foole will scoffe him, and the knaue abuse him,
And euery rascall in his kinde disgrace him,
Acquaintance leaue him, and his friends refuse him:
And euery dogge will from his doore displace him.
Oh this vile world will seeke so to deface him,
That vntill death doe come for to releue him,
He shall haue nothing heere but that may greeue him.

If he haue pence to purchase pretty things,
She that doth loue him will dissemble loue;
While the poore man his heart with sorrow wrings
To see how want doth womens loue remooue,
And make a iack-dawe of a turtle-doue:
If he be rich, worldes serue him for his pelfe,
If he be poore, he may goe serue himselfe.

If he be rich, although his nose doe runne,
His lippes doe slauer, and his breath doe stinke,
He shall haue napkins faire and finely spunne,
Pilles for the rhowme, and such perfumèd drinke:
As were he blinde, he shall not seeme to winke:

Yea, let him cough, halke, spit, fart and pisse,
If he be wealthy, nothing is amisse.

But with his pence, if he haue got him power,
Then halfe a god, that is more halfe a diuell;
Then Pride must teach him how to looke as sower,
As beldam's milke that turnèd with her sneuill;
While the poore man that little thinketh euill,
Though Nobly borne, shall feare the Beggar's frowne,
And creepe and crouch vnto a filthy clowne.

Oh, he that wants this wicked cankerd coyne,
May fret to death before he finde reliefe,
But if he haue the cunning to purloyne
And ease the begger of his biting grieffe,
Although (perhaps) he play the priuie thiefe:
It is no matter if the bagges be full,
Well fare the wit that makes the world a Gull.

(Vol. I. c. p. 5.)

Such is very much the 'burden' of
'Pasqui's Madcappe.' His outlook is—

'Where gracelesse sinnes doe in their glory sit.'

Firmly-lined—bitten-in as your Etcher
says—are his portraits of those he thus sees.
Let these testify for the rest:—

'Let but a fellow in a fox-furd gowne,
A greasie night-cap and a driueled beard,
Grow but the balliffe of a fisher-towne,
And haue a matter fore him to be heard;
Will not his frowne make halfe a streete afeard?
Yea, and the greatest Codshead gape for feare
He shall be swallowed by this vgly beare.

Looke but on beggars going to the stockes,
How master constable can march before them,
And while the beadle maketh fast the lockes,
How brauely he can knaue them, and be-whore them,
And not afford one word of pittie for them,
When it may be poore honest seely people,
Must make the church make curtsie to the steeple.

Note but the beadle of a beggars Spittle,
How (in his place) he can himselfe aduance,
And will not of his title lose a tittle,
If any matter come in variance,
To try the credite of his countenance:
For whatsoever the poore beggars say,
His is the word must carry all away.

Why let a begger but on cock-horse sit,
Will he not ride like an ill-faouurd king?
And will it not amaze a poore man's witte,
That cuckoes teach the nightingale to sing?
Oh, this same wealth is such a wicked thing,
T'will teach an owle in time to speake true latine,
And make a frier forswear our Ladie's mattine.

Take but a peasant newly from the cart,
That only liues by puddings, beanes, and pease,

Who neuer learned any other arte,
But how to driue his cattle to the leas,
And after worke, to sit and take his ease ;
Yet put this asse into a golden hide,
He shall be groomme vnto a handsome bride.

Take but a rascall with a rogish pate,
Who can but onely keepe a counting-booke,
Yet if his reckning grow to such a rate,
That he can angle for the golden hooke,
How-euer so the matter he mistooke,
If he can cleerely couer his deceite,
He may be held a man of deepe conceite.

Finde out a Villaine, borne and bred a knaue,
That neuer knew where honesty became,
A drunken rascall and a dogged slaue,
That all his wittes to wickednesse doth frame,
And onely liues in infamy and shame ;

Yet let him tinke vpon the golden pan,
His word may passe yet for an honest man.

Why, take a Fidler but with halfe an eye,
Who neuer knew if *Ela* were a note,
And can but play a Round or Hey-de-gey,
And that perhaps he onely hath by roate,
Which now and then may hap to get a groate ;
Yet if his Crowde be set with siluer studdes,
The other minstrels may goe chew their cuddes.'

(*Ibid.* p. 7, col. 2.)

He thus closes the 'Invective':—

'Then let a knaue be knowne to be a knaue,
A theife a villaine, and a churle a hogge ;
A minkes a menlon, and a rogue a slaue,
A trull a tit, an vsurer a dogge,
A lobbe a loute, a heauy loll a logge :
And euery birde goe rowst in her owne nest,
And then perhaps my Muse will be at rest.

But if a Iacke will be a gentleman,
And mistris Needens lady it at least,
And euery goose be saucy with the swanne,
While the asse thinks he is a goodly beast,
While so the foole doth keepe ambition's feast ;
My Muse in conscience that cannot be quiet,
Will giue them this good sawce vnto their diet.

But I doe hope I am but in a dreame,
Foolles will be wiser then to loose their wittes ;
The country wench will looke vnto her creame,
And workemen see, but where their profite fits,
And leave fantastickes to their idle fits :
Pride shall goe downe, and vertue shall encrease,
And then my Muse be still, and hold her peace.

But if I see the world will not amend,
The wealthy beggar counterfeite the king,
And idle spirites all their humours spend,
In seeking how to make the cuckoe sing ;
If Fortune thus doe daunce in Follie's ring,
When contraries thus go against their kindes,
My Muse resolves to tell them what she findes.

For she cannot be partiall in her speech,
To smooth, and flatter, to cologue and lie ;
She cannot make a breast-plate of a breech,
Nor praise his sight that hath but halfe an eie,
She cannot doe herselfe such iniurie ;

For she was made out of so plaine a molde,
As doth but Trueth for all her honor holde.'

(*Ibid.* p. 10.)

After the 'Invective' comes 'Pasquil's
Message.' It thus opens:—

'Goe Muse abroade, and beate the world about,
Tell trueth for shame, and hugger vp no ill ;
Flatter no follie with too plaine a flowt,
Nor on a buzzard set a falcon's bill :
Doe no man wrong, giue euery man his right,
For time will come that all will come to light.

Doe not persuade a foole that he is wise,
Nor make a begger thinke he is a king ;
Say not a mole can see that hath no eyes,
Nor starke dead stockes haue any power to spring ;
For while that logicke would maintaine a lie,
Tis easely found out in philosophie.

Tell idle eies that know not how to looke,
Their wanton thoughts will worke them nought but woes,
Tell addle wittes that haue the worlde mistooke,
Vnbridled willes are Reason's ouerthrowes :

While onely Trueth that walkes by Wisedome's line,
Happieth the heart, and makes the soule diuine.'

(*Ibid.* p. 11/1.)

With 'Goe' for refrain, there follow like
mordant, but ever and anon graciously-
touched, delineations of the 'Court' and
'King,' 'Lordes and Ladies,' 'Courtiers,'
'Lawyers,' 'Schollers,' 'country Players,'
'Fidlers,' 'Swaggrers,' 'Diuine,' 'Souldier,'
'Craftesman,' 'Fencer,' the 'wretch that
would and cannot thriue,' the 'crow,'
'Aesop's pie,' 'beggar,' 'Iailour,' 'pri-
soner,' 'Poets,' 'Authors of high Tragedies,'
'Scriuener,' 'Iuglers,' 'Pander and Parasite,'
'Traitour,' 'Farmers,' 'Labourers.' All
these are wisely counselled. I limit myself
to three of these, as thus:—

1. 'Country Players.'

'Tell country Players, that old paltry iests
Pronounced in a painted motely coate,
Filles all the world so full of cuckoes nests,
That nightingales can scarcely sing a note :
Oh bid them turne their minds to better meanings,
Fields are ill sowne that giue no better gleanings.'

(P. 11/2.)

2. 'Poets and poore Writers.'

'Goe tell the Poets that their pidling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of request :
While wanton humors in their idle times,
Can make of Loue but as a laughing jest :
And tell poore Writers, stories are so stale,
That penny ballads make a better sale.' (Ibid.)

3. 'Authors of high Tragedies.'

'Goe tell the Authors of high Tragedies,
That bloudlesse quarrells are but merry fights ;
And such as best conceite their Comedies,
Doe feede their fancies but with fond delights ;
Where toys will shew that figure Trueth's intention,
They spoyle their spirits with too much inuention.' (Ibid.)

'Goe bid the Poets studie better matter,
Then Mars and Venus in a tragedie ;
And bid them leaue to learne to lie and flatter,
In plotting of a Louer's Comedie ;
And bid Play-writers better spend their spirits,
Than in fox-burrowes, or in cony-ferrits.'

(Ibid. p. 13.)

'Pasquil's Foole's Cap' with 'Pasquil's Passion for the World's waywardnesse' semi-lifts the veil of anonymity, inasmuch as his epistle-dedicatory to Master Edward Conquest is signed 'N. B.' It is really a vindication of the 'Madcappe,' but relies more on raillery than sarcasm, on pleasantry than rebuke. He dons the cap and bells, the 'Foole's Cap,' that he may 'play the Foole,' yet has he again a grave message as ever was Hebrew prophet's. I can find room only for one consecutive passage, of alternate lightness and gravity, and not without (I fear) autobiographic home reminiscences :—

'Hee that loues to be noted for *strange fashions*,
And for his *lockes*, and for his kinde of *gate* :
And in his *Muses*, and his *Passions*,
Will not be thought an ordinary mate :
If that his *Wittes* come to themselves, too late,
I know not well how to be his *Adviser* ;
But euen be sory, that he was no wiser.

He that will hoorde vp all for a *deere* yeare ;
Yet in the meane time want necessities :
He that will be vnto himselfe so neere,
As bring himselfe into extremities,
By his owne wilfull caus'd calamities,
This is the end that will fall out of it ;
Such *Niggard Fooles* haue neuer better Wit.

Hee that doth put *his wealth vpon a Cocke*,
A *Carde*, a *Die*, or such an Idle toy ;
And hath his humour so much on the *Smocke*,
As if it were his *Spirits* onely ioy :
When *Sorowes* sighes doe shewe the heartes annoy :
Let him goe backe vnto *Repentance* schoole,
And see how long his *Wit* hath plaid the *Fooles*.

Hee that will busie be with *Euery matter*,
Yet scarce hath power to bring one well to passe :
And neuer leaues to cosen, lie, and flatter,
Vntill hee prouue himselfe a *Craftie Ass* :
Let him but looke in the *Foles* looking *Glasse*,
And there his *Woodcocks* *Wit* shall plainly haue
The true proportion of a *Paltry Knave*.

Hee that would perswade himselfe *He is a King*,
Yet all the world doth for a *Begger* knowe him :
And he that takes the *Winter* for the *Spring*,
Because the *Sunne* a little light doth shewe him :
If want of *Wit* doe wholly ouerthrowe him,
And that the *Coches combe* to his *cappe* doe fall,
'Tis not my fault, I can not doe withal.

Hee that puts *fifteene elles* into a *Ruffe*
And *seauenteene yards* into a *swagg ring slappe* :
And *twentie thousand Crownes* into a *Muffe*,
And halfe his land into a *hunting Cappe* :
If that the *foole* doe catch him in his *trappe*,
There like a *Woodcocke* let him walke about :
When hee is in, I cannot helpe him out.

Hee that in all his thoughts *is so vnholy*,
Hee makes no care of any good conceight :
But giues himselfe so much to *Idle folly*,
That vnto *Hell* Hee runnes the highway straight :
If hee be poysoned with the *Diuels* baight,
I cannot choose but tell him like a friend,
Such wicked *Fooles* will haue a wofull end.

Hee that will *Brase his face at Lothbury*,
Because he will not blush at *Knauery* :
And he that will refuse no drudgery,
To gather *Drosse* by any *Slauery*,
And yet will stand vpon his *Brauery* :
He is no *foole*, whoeuer be an *Ass*,
Makes such a *Couer* for a looking *glasse*.

Hee that repents him of no wickednesse,
Nor takes delight in any godlinesse :
But in the way of all vnthriftinesse,
Doth wast the Time of *Natures* wretchednesse ;
Where helplesse *Sorowes*, in vn*happinesse*,
Doe breede the *Spirits* endlesse heauinesse :
That *Fooles* is in the height of foolishnesse.' (Ibid. p. 24.)

A vein of melancholy though not of repining, runs through 'Pasquil's Passion.' Let its opening send every student-reader to the whole, to be delighted with the vigour of the

thinking and the firmness of the workmanship :—

'Wicked, vngratiuous, and vngodly *Age*,
Where hatefull thoughts are gotten to their height,
How should my spirit in true passions rage?
Describe the courses of thy vile conceight,
That feede the world but with the diuels baight :
While wofull hearts, with inward sorrowes wounded,
Finde *Wit* and *Reason* in their sense confounded.

No, no, the depth of thy vnknowne distresse
(Wherein the heart is ouerwhelm'd with woes)
Exceedes the power of passion to expresse ;
While so much griefe within the *Spirit* growes,
As all the power of *Patience* ouerthrowes :
While vertuous minds, within their sowles agriued,
Must helpelesse die, and cannot be relieued.

The *clearest eye* must seeme to haue no seeing,
And *Eloquence* must be to silence bound,
And *Honours essence* seeme to haue no beeing,
Where wicked windes runne *Vertues shippe* a ground,
While healthfull spirits fall into a swound ;
That only *Pride*, that weares the *golden horne*,
May liue at ease and laugh the world to scorne.

If euery right were rightly apprehended,
And *best deseruings* best might be regarded,
And *Carefull workes* were to their worth commended,
And *Gratiuous spirits* gratiously rewarded,
And *wicked craft* from *Conscience* care discarded ;
Then might the *Angels* sing in *Heauen*, to see
What blessed courses on the earth would be.'
(*Ibid.* p. 25/1.)

'Pasquil's Passe and Passeth not' is first signed 'N. B.' to epistle-dedicatory, and then, to show that he was 'Pasquil,' the Epistle to the Reader is signed 'Pasquill.' I must ask my Readers to turn to these further Satires. I had marked very many *bis* for quotation ; but I refrain. I must repeat that the explicit acceptance of the authorship of these Pasquil poems by Breton in 'No Whipping'—as given in the Memoir (I. Biographical) and the discovery of a 'William F.' as author of 'Palinodia,' and so of 'Cornucopiæ' (I. Biographical, p. xxx/1), relieve me from the necessity of establishing Breton's authorship of the one set as of his non-authorship of the other set, and the utter mistake of the late Rev. THOMAS CORSER and others in assigning 'Cornucopiæ' to Breton. I may add that doubtless Breton

fetched his name of 'Pasquil' from THOMAS NASH's trenchant productions under that disguise, and availing himself of their popularity, if indeed, in his sore straits, our worthy was not quite willing to have his Pasquil pieces taken for posthumous work of the recently dead earlier Pasquil. 'Marphorius' was of course taken from the same source. Both are combined in 'The Returne of the renowned Cavaliere Pasquill of England from the other side of the Seas, and his meeting with Marforius at London upon the Royal Exchange' (1589.) One need not go searching further.¹

(b.) EPISTLES-DEDICATORY, ETC.—As a rule the Epistles-dedicatory and to the Reader of the Elizabethan period are well-turned and gracious ; but Breton's are peculiarly so. Bacon and others led the way in adulation and exaggeration of rank above brains early in the reign of James I. I find nowhere in Breton's books either flattery or fawning. There is directness, fine simpleness, manly self-respect in his Epistles, while I look in vain elsewhere for such felicitous and deserved compliments, such pleasant in-working of passing circumstance, such gentlemanly phrasing, such daintily wrought turns of expression, such sprightliness. I shall be glad if my Readers study the Epistles-dedicatory and to the Reader of the Verse and Prose alike. For one thing, it will result that no one will do so and be entrapped,—as MR. W. C. HAZLITT was,—by his ever-recurring trick of expression, to think the 'Olde Man's Lesson' was edited but not composed by him. So too with the guises and dis-

¹ It is to be remembered that 'Melancholike Humours' (Vol. I. 4.)—a collection of small pieces first published in the same year with the first of the Pasquil series—was probably issued on the strength of the popularity of the others. Though it bears Breton's name, the address 'To the Reader' begins 'Pasquil having been long in his dumps,' etc., the name 'Pasquil' being brought in apparently to reveal that 'Melancholike Humours' was by Pasquil Madcappe, and that Pasquil Madcappe was Nicholas Breton. Nash died late in 1599, or very early in 1600.

guises in the Pasquill set and elsewhere. They will not hide Breton himself from any one who has eyes in his head, not merely spectacles a-straddle his nose. I am glad here to be able to give one additional Epistle-dedicatory, a Preface, and a Publisher's Epistle, from the late lamented Mr. Henry Huth's volume of Prefaces, etc. (1874, 50 copies only) edited by MR. W. C. HAZLITT.

1. To '*The Works of a Young Wit*,' 1577: -

'*The Letter Dedicatorie*, to the Reader.'

I Haue both heard and read oft tymes, that Bookes and Cherees may very well be likened one to the other in this poynt: for the diuersitie of mens iudgements giuen of them. For they are wares both, to be looked on for loue, and bought for money. The Cheese, once out of the Presse, shortly after comes to market to be solde, where (perhaps) it is tasted of many, before it be bought; and bookes once imprinted are presently in shoppes, where many peruse them, ere they be solde. Nowe, some that haue tasted the Cheese, will say (perchance) tis too drye: an other wyl say, tis too ful of whaye: the third wyl say, the meate is good, but it is yll handled: the fourth will (contrary) say, it lookes better then it is. Come another, he wyl say, Berlady, tis prety good meate. Some wyl say, It is litle worth: and some wyl say, It is starke naught; but that is an euyl troungl fellow. Some wyl say, 'Tis Cheese: thats a blunt whorson. Some wyl say, Twil serue: he is to be borne withal. Some wyl say, Tis good meate when one is hungry: he is woorthy to haue a peece of it (if he can get it), when he hath nothing els to dynner. Some wyl like it very well, and giue money for it: he is most woorthy to haue it, and much good may it doo hym. And thus of Bookes, and so of this my booke among others. Some wyl say, It is too dry, it wants the sap of Sapience, neither hath it yenough of the Runnet of Reason. Some other wyl say, It is to ful of the whay of wantonnesse which, in wise mens taste, seemes very sowre. Some wyl say, The inuention is prety, but it is yll pend. Some other wyl more commend the pennyng, then the matter. Some wyl say, It is prety Poetrie. Some wyl say, It is meane stuffe. And some (perhaps) wyl say, It is bald ryme, not worth the reading: but that is a malicious Lob for my lyfe. Some wyl say, Tis verse: he speakes his mynd plainly. Some wyl say, Twil passe for Poetrie: let hym passe for &

cetera. Some wyl say, It is good enough to reade, when a man hath nothing els to doo: he may reade it (if he can come by it) in such idle tyme. Some (perhaps) wyl prayse it more then it deserves, and geue coyne for it, rather then goe without it. Such are best woorthy to haue it: and wel may it like them when they haue bought it. Well, such as like it not, I pray you beare a good tongue, and let it alone, and God be with you. I wish you well, and perhaps I wyl, agaynst the next Terme, prouide you some other newe ware for your olde golde. Tyll when, and euer, I wish you all, with my selfe, the grace of God, and well to fare. From my lodgyng this xiii of May, Anno Domini. 1577. Your poore Countryman N.B.'

2. '*A Flourish upon Fancy*, 1577.' Our text of *Flourish upon Fancy* was the second edition (1582). It omits the Preface to the portion entitled *The Toys of an Idle Head*: and it is specially gratifying to be able to reproduce it here:—

'THE PREFACE.

My friend, who so thou bee, that faine wouldst buy
this booke,
To passe away the time thereon, in ydle times to
looke:
If so thou fyndste that like thee not, yet pardon
graunt to mee,
And wish me from thy harte no worse, then I wish
vnto thee.
Against my will it shall be much, if many I offende
With these rude rymes which I haue made vnto none
other ende,
But as I sayde before, for want of other glee,
For pleasaunt heads to looke vpon, when they at
leysure bee.
But some there are, I must confesse, gainst whom in
great despight
Some running rymes, which here you see, I chanced
to indight.
But such I count my deadly foes: and such one if
thou bee
That buiest my boke, then take the same in deepe
despight of thee.
But if you be my friend, and take all in good parte
That there you fynde: and thinke it is for want of
better arte,
Then here with right good will I offer it to thee,
And doe but thanke me for my paynes, it is ynough
for mee.

Of troth I promise yee, tis not for want of will,
That rudely thus in rymes I run, but want of better
skill.
For if that I had Ouid's pen, ech worde in printe to
place,
Or Homer's exercyse I had, to giue my verse a grace,
Or Tullie's Eloquence to talke, as I in minde thought
best,
Or Aristotle's pregnant wit, that passeth all the rest,
Some prety peece of worke perhaps then moughtst
thou fynde
Among so many mery toyes, that mought content thy
minde.
But tush, my beetle brayne can no such fructes bring
forth ;
My verses are but rugged rimes, and therefore little
worth.
My head vnhooded yet, I ready am to flye
At every little paltrye bird, that goeth whisking by.
I neuer haue respect to any kinde of Game,
Like to the hooded Hauke that, kepte a long while
tame,
When that he Game doth spring, she knowes it by
the whurre,
And then, to make a wing thereat, she ginnes of[f]
fyst to sturre.
But till the Game be sprong, on fyst she pearcheth
still,
But I (God wot) to choose my game haue no such
kinde of skill.
I stryke at what I may, and geue God thanks for
all,
And stande contented with the same, till better doth
befall.
And glad I am sometime to pray vpon a Byrde,
I haue no wit to waye the best, but euery worthe-
lesse worde
I ready am in ryme to put, although my reason be
But small (God wot), and that too small, as you may
plainly see.
But since you see my simple head vnhooded (as it is),
Accept the symple fruct therof, and be content with
this.
Vntill I haue the skill to flye at better Game,
Which when I kill, you shall be sure to taste some
of the same.
But if ye now disdayne these Byrdes, whereon I
pray,
With better game hereafter I perhaps will flye away.
And lyke a very Churle, then will I parte with none,
But feede vpon the best thereof vnto myself alone,
Where few or none shall see, what foode I feede
vpon,
No, nor yet where I hyde the same, till all be spent
and gone.

Wherefore, my friende, I say, if so thou doest desyre
More of my workes, and wouldst not haue the rest
throwne in the fyre,
Skorne not these ragged rymes, but rather soone
amend,
What so thou fyndst that likes thee not, and so I
make an ende.
Wishing thee well to fare, if so thou be my friend,
But if my foe, then ill and worse, and so agayne I
end.

FINIS.'

3. *The Bower of Delights.* Seeing that
neither the 1591 nor 1597 editions of the
'Bower' is at present available (though at
Britwell) I gladly give here the Epistle of
the Publisher Richard Jones, the more
readily that it explains Breton's disavowal
in the Postscript of the Epistle to his
Pilgrimage to Paradise :—

'TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

Gentlemen : I present you here, in the Authours
absence, with sundrie fine Deuices and rare con-
ceytes, in English verse, by the names of Epitaphes,
Poems, Pastorals and Sonnets : some of worthines,
and some of wantonnes, yet (all in my poore censure)
wittie, pleasant, and commendable : If any like you
(as I hope they wyl), partly for the well penning of
them : but specially for the Subie[c]t and worthinesse
of the persons the[y] doo concerne, though (happly)
you esteeme the rest of lesse regard : I then haue my
desire, and count my labour and charges well be-
stowed. I am (onely) the Printer of them, chiefly to
pleasure you, and partly to profit my selfe, if they
prooue to your good liking : if otherwise, my hope
is frustrate, my labour lost, and all my cost is cast
away.

Pardon mee, (good Gentleman) of my presump-
tion, and protect me, I pray you, against those
Cauellers and find-faults, that neuer like of any thing
that they see printed, though it be neuer so wel
compiled. And where you happen to find any fault,
impute it to bee coittmmed by the Printers negli-
gence, then (otherwise) by any ignorance in the
Author : and especially in A 3, about the middest of
the page, for *lime or lead*, I pray you read it *line or
lead*. So shall your poore Printer haue iust cause
hereafter to be more carefull, and acknowledge him-
selfe most bounden (at all times) to do you seruice
to the vtmost of his power.

Yours, R. I. Printer.'

V. CLAIMS.—I hope that what I have already said of Breton's CHARACTERISTICS, viz., his—1. Style—concinnity and melody. 2. Brightness. 3. Freshness. 4. Tenderness. 5. Purity, and given under SHAKESPEREANA, NOTABILIA, and SATIRES AND EPISTLES-DEDICATORY, etc., together with a critical study of the full Glossarial Index, will win assent of capable and sympathetic readers, when I claim for him first of all a place among the 'Sweet Singers' of our England. It seems declarative of the extremely superficial knowledge of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, that our (so-called) Historians of Literature, larger and lesser, as well as our Anthologies and books of Extracts, have no recognition, or such recognition as betrays it to be second-hand and traditionary, of so fecund and long-sustained a Writer as our present Worthy (and indeed the same remark holds of well-nigh all except prominent and exceptional names). I must regard it as blameworthy, that to so sorrowful an extent the bye-ways of our literature are left untrodden. Such treatment of the great body of Elizabethan-Jacobean Verse and Prose reminds me of your vulgar Cook 'personally-conducted tours' along beaten tracks and by cheapened hotels, rushing forward in stone-eyed disregard of everything save the 'advertised' goal of the day. The very soul and joy of travelling is to 'turn aside' into the inviolate quietudes and sanctities of Nature, and of Biography and History. If you would hear the Nightingale really sing, you must leave even the glorious streets of Florence and hide you in a pine-dell of Fiesole. Similarly, if you would get at the actual literature of any period, you must not limit yourself to a few outstanding names, but give willing and laborious nights and days to those books that made the reading of the vast majority, alike gentle and simple. For NICHOLAS BRETON I claim that any one

who dedicates the necessary time to his Works as a Poet, will find himself or (herself) if not in a 'Nightingale Valley,' yet in greenwood, vocal with many and many a sweet bird-voice, and bright with colourings of leaf, and flower, and butterfly's wings, and tenderest fragrances, and dewy freshnesses, and patterings of soft rain. There is an uncloying sweetness in the Poetry of Breton that I hold justifies a demand that he shall henceforward be represented in every History of our Literature, and in every Collection or Selection professing to be based on first-hand knowledge. Even the (relatively) few things that I have quoted or indicated (as *supra*, II. 1.) will bear out my claim; but it were easy to multiply proofs an hundred-fold. My design was (and is) like Alexander Wilson's little boy in the well-known anecdote, to allure into the woods themselves, *i.e.* to persuade those who have hitherto not read Breton to do so for themselves. If after that he be not accepted as a 'Sweet Singer' I shall indeed be disappointed. As nearly as possible I have arranged the Works (Verse and Prose alike) chronologically; so that his growth and culture from the 'ragged rimes' of the 'Flourish upon Fancy' and other early books, onward to the almost perfect work of his middle-period and later, can be readily and suggestively traced.

I further claim for NICHOLAS BRETON a still higher place as a Sacred Poet. In no department of our Literature is the ignorance of our Historians and Critics of Literature more crass than this of our religious Poetry. The surprise of our representative literary journals over DR. GEORGE MAC DONALD'S 'Antiphon' would have been ludicrous if it had not been so deplorable. It is a charming little book, doubtless; but after all it is thin and shallow because restricted in its range. Yet restricted as it is, the utterances of various Critics on its selections satisfies one that to them even the FLETCHERS, and

GEORGE SANDYS, HENRY MORE, and RICHARD BAXTER, and HENRY VAUGHAN were all but unknown. Similarly with the reception of ARCHBISHOP TRENCH's still more inestimable anthology, his 'Household Book of English Poetry.' Its Critics are in open-mouthed wonder over the 'new' names introduced; and yet his Grace would be the first to acknowledge that his representation is inadequate, that is, omits others whose faculty was as genuine and as noticeable as any represented in his book. The religious life of England has with rare exception beat strong and high, and has all along been nurtured in its deepest and finest elements by sacred song. The very substantiveness and prodigiousness of the theological *pabulum* furnished necessitated this. 'Praise' alone could catch up those yearnings, aspirations, conflicts, triumphs, sorrows, and despairs, alternated with gladness and raptures, that belong to the reality of Christian experience; and when you come to 'search' you discover that England never (or rarely) has been left without its sacred Poets. A thorough History of our Literature would reveal this most gratifyingly. I claim, then, for our Worthy, that he did much that deserves our thanks in his sacred Verse. I would send the reader, with all confidence, to his 'Solemne Passion of the Soule's Love' (1595); his 'Melancholike Humours' (1600); his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise' joined with the 'Countesse of Penbroke's Love' (1592); his 'Rauisht Soule' and 'Blessed Weeper' (1601); his 'Longing of a Blessed Heart' (1601); his 'Soule's Harmony' (1602); his 'Soule's Immortal Crowne' (1605); and his 'Countesse of Pembroke's Passion.' It is simply a discredit to our critical authorities and 'Histories' that poems so matterful, so radiant, so pure, so musical, so memorable, should remain unstudied. Even my well-informed friend PROFESSOR MORLEY, in his Library of English Literature: English Re-

ligion: has a very imperfect appreciation and representation of Breton. His *bis* from 'I would and I would not' give no idea of the spiritual wealth and poetic fineness of workmanship of his elaborate sacred Poetry.

I claim, again, for our Worthy, that in his Prose, regarding the books broadly, his English is rich and pure. I have elsewhere accentuated its concinnity. I think now of its fine simpleness, unpretence, ease, continuousness. There is nothing of Horace's 'purple patchwork.' All is of the every-day speech: now of the 'gentle,' and now of the 'simple.' Our Glossarial Index will guide to abundant proofs and examples of this. Whether he is dashing off a 'Character,' or sketching a 'Portrait,' or filling in a 'Landscape,' or telling a 'Fire-side Chat,' or carrying on a 'Dialogue,' all is done with spontaneity and naturalness. When you examine details you find, doubtless, that there must have been 'pains' and 'art;' but the working is concealed, and only the work shown. For bright, I might say sparkling, pleasant, equally-sustained, and unmistakable English, I claim special praise for the Prose of Breton. Except in its orthography and occasional obsolete words (some of which might to advantage be revived) his English is as much Victorian as Elizabethan-Jacobean. But as a phraser, as a maker of short, sharp, pointed sentences, he has no successor or representative in our day. It were better if, for the platitudinarian rhetoric of our time, we had something of his brevity, compactness, sententiousness, finish.

Before leaving this claim for his good English, I may notify certain peculiarities in Breton. He generally doubles the *o* in a number of words, *e.g.*, doo, dooth, doone, prooue, mooue, etc. He also frequently adds the letter *u*, *e.g.*, chaunging, demaund, etc. Could this spelling be phonetic? It was not peculiar to Breton. He often writes *con* for *cion* or *tion*, as in *admiracon*, *menccon*,

disposicons, etc. : doubtless the *c* was pronounced as *s*. The use of *i* and *y* interchangeably, is common to him and other contemporaries. The words *travail* and *travel* are generally, but not always, used in the reverse meaning of modern usage, *e.g.*, *travail*=modern travel, and *vix versa*, *travel*=*travail* (in childbed). The singular verb following a plural noun was frequently used by Breton, as by contemporaries, *e.g.*—

'The *aper* that rides them now' (I. *a*, p. 10/2, l. 29).

'That *indgements* *procura* uniuist' (I. *u*, p. 14/1, l. 16).

Further, I claim for Breton that he was, at an imitative period, specially ORIGINAL. I cannot think of any contemporary, whether as Poet or Prose Writer, resembling him. There are accidents of parallelism in thought and wording; but I think it must be conceded that throughout, our Worthy drew on his own resources. He does not hesitate to repeat himself, or quote from himself. Thus, in the 'State of Treason,' or 'Invective against Treason' (Vol. I. *r*), there are three stanzas identical with three in the 'Soule's Immortal Crowne' (Vol. I. *o*), *viz.*, p. 4 2, st. 2, p. 5, last stanza, p. 6, first stanza=st. 1-3 of 'Humilitie' in the 'Soule's Immortal Crowne.'¹ Again, in the 'Soule's Immortal Crowne' there is much of similarity between p. 10/1, l. 1, and the opening of the 'Pilgrimage to Paradise.' *En passant* the resemblance of these two passages to that of the opening of 'The Passion of a Discontented Mind' may have originated the misascrip-

¹ Farr in his 'Select Poetry, chiefly Sacred, of the Reign of James I.' (1847), extracts four stanzas from the printed edition of the 'State of Treason.' Three of them vary verbally only from my text (*viz.* the Author's *ms.* in British Museum); but the following is entirely different. It seems to answer to p. 5/2, st. 7 of my text. It is a line short:—

'Let pride be hatefull vnto every state,—
It is a vice with vertue not allowed;
And such a vice as vertue hath in hate,
For vertue neuer makes the spirit prowde,
And in advauncement of nobilitie
Giues greatest graces, Truth's humilitie.'

tion of it to him, albeit the styles are characteristically different.¹

In the 'Honour of Valour' (Vol. I. *q*) the style is somewhat stilted. He had evidently been studying MICHAEL DRAYTON, and endeavours to catch his tone. Again, in the 'Arbour of Amorous Devices' (p. 12/1), 'Of his Mistresse Love' may be compared with Griffin's *Fidessa*, Sonnet 57. The two are from the same original, *viz.*, a French Sonnet by Philippe Des Portes, with copying from whom and Petrarch, Drayton reproaches his contemporary Sonnetteers. The present may be reckoned a translation; Griffin's is an imitation or paraphrase. The French begins:—

'Un jour, l'aveugle Amour, Diane et ma maistresse.'

I doubt if 'Of his Mistresse Love' is by Breton. Once more: It is interesting, because of the biographic fact—as shown in (I. Biographical)—that Breton's mother in her widowhood married GEORGE GASCOIGNE, to find that his step-son paid him the most flattering of all homage, of walking in his footsteps. There are various evidences that the poems of Gascoigne were familiar to Breton. Thus, in the 'Floorish vpon Fancy' (Vol. I. *a*), the 'Dolorous Discourse of one that was bewitched with loue' (pp. 25-6) echoes Gascoigne's 'Passion of a Lover' (edn. Hazlitt, i. 38). Lines 7-8 are taken in substance from it, as *cf.* :—

'Some other saye they hope, yet live in dread,
They fuese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall.'

Yet Breton here, as on p. 14, indulges in a gird or two at Gascoigne, who wrote in his 'Strange Passion of a Louer' (edn. Hazlitt i. 40):—

'Amid my bale I bath in blesse.'

¹ In the 'Arbour of Amorous Devices' there is at least one poem common to it and the 'Phoenix Nest,' *viz.*, A Sonnet (p. 12/2). It is anonymous in the latter, but the *Cosens ms.* (Daffodils and Primroses) is evidence that Breton wrote it. I, pp. 9-11 'Britton's Divinitie' in its opening is repeated from the 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' and sixteen stanzas further on from 'The Countesse of Penbrook's Love.'

Cf. Breton, l. 13 :—

'They bide in blesse amid their weary bale.'

Also :—

'I laugh sometimes with little lust.'

Cf. l. 14 :—

'With heaue hearts they show a smiling face.'

And again :—

'And yet mistrust breedes myne anoye.
I liue and lacke, I lacke and haue :
I haue and misse the thing I craue.'

Cf. ll. 9-12 :—

'The feeld once wonne, yet ielousie full ofte
With vile suspect, theyr yrkesome hearts doth teare.
They liue and lacke, they lack, and yet they haue,
And hauing, yet they lack the thing they craue.'

So too the opening of 'A Gentleman talking on a time,' etc. (p. 34/1), is nearly *verbatim* from Gascoigne (l. 362), 'When first I thee beheld in colours black and white.' It is thus clear that in his earliest book, the 'Floorish vpon Fancy,' the influence of Gascoigne was deeper than that of any other in his after-books, though he studied his friend Sidney, and also Southwell, to advantage.

Further: Turning to the 'Countesse of Pembroke's Passion,' there are several things to be noted. I suppose by 'Passion' Breton meant 'trials.' At all events, he is particularly fond of putting 'patience' and 'passion' in juxtaposition; and which juxtaposition it was that led me in Gleanings (Vol. I. 4) to assign to him the stanzas from Rowley's Book of Tablature. But a much more important matter falls here to be considered, viz., that there are lines common to the 'Countesse of Pembroke's Passion' and Thomas Watson's 'Tears of Fancy.' My deliberate opinion is, that Breton was the original and Watson the copyist. To the proof. Thomas Watson, to begin with, was an unconscionable spoiler of others. Let any one study his 'Tears of Fancy' with George Gascoigne before him, and he will come on abundant passages taken bodily from Gascoigne. Even in lesser things he

pilfered from him, e.g., the opening lines of Watson's Sonnet 48 are concocted from the same poem of Gascoigne to which he was indebted for the last six lines of that Sonnet, and the whole of Sonnet 47 (also his Sonnet 60 belongs probably to the Earl of Oxford). The case therefore stands thus: Watson or his literary executors (for the book was posthumous) undoubtedly stole eight whole Sonnets and parts of two others from Gascoigne; one Sonnet and eight lines of a second are found also nearly *verbatim* in a poem of Breton's: the presumption consequently is, that he appropriated Breton's lines as he did Gascoigne's. My friend, Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, in his Letters in the *Athenæum* (October 13, 1877, and 9th March 1878), if I rightly understand him, sets internal evidence of two kinds against this: (1.) That the lines are in Watson's style and not in Breton's; as to which I can only answer that to me the exact reverse seems to be the simple matter of fact; (2.) That the style of the whole 'Passion' resembles Breton's about the year 1600, i.e. considerably after Watson's death. I demur. I have yet to see marks of likeness between this poem and those of that date, which are not to be found in the 'Countesse of Penbroke's Love' of 1592; which seems to me in substance as in name the companion poem. And the title itself, though not proving so early a date as 1592, seems to be against the notion that it was written so late as 1600. For while 'Marie's Exercise' belongs to 1597, in 'Wit's Trenchmour' of the same date an autobiographic passage quoted by us (I. Biographical, pp. xxvi-viii) makes it self-evident that he had then forfeited the favour of the renowned Countess, and, as we have shown, because of this, suppressed the second poem of the Countess's 'Passion.' These considerations determine me to date the 'Passion' not later than 1597. I must say finally, that Watson has been, in my

judgment, preposterously extolled. He is the merest mocking-bird beside Nicholas Breton. Matter and workmanship are poor. There is no life, no pathos, no imagination, in all his writings. His Latin is mechanically accurate only. Let the Reader judge of

Watson's spoliations of Gascoigne by these tabulated quotations; for it seems due to Breton to exhibit the 'theftuous practice' of over-praised Thomas Watson as above stated.

Watson's Tears of Fancy.

Son. 20, l. 13-14.

'Eies wept and gaz'd too much,
Yet must I gaze because I see none such.'

Son. 34.

'Why liue I wretch and see my ioyes decay,
Why liue I and no hope of loues aduancing :
Why doe myne eies behold the sunnie day,
Why liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.

O wherefore tells my toung this dolefull tale,
That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint :

Was neuer hart that yet bemond my bale,
Why liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint.

Why striue I gainst the streame or gainst the hill,
Why are my sorrowes buried in the dust :

Why doe I toile and loose my labour still,

Why doe I feede on hope or bild on trust,

Since hope had neuer hap and trust finds treason,

Why liue I wretch disdainde and see no reason?'

Son. 35.

'Amongst the Idle toyes that tosse my brayne,
And reauē my troubled mynd from quiet rest :
Vyle cruell loue I finde doth still remayne,
To breede debate within my griued brest.
When weary woe doth worke to wound my will,
And hart surcharged with sorrow liues oppressed :
My sowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill,
Sorrow is so far spent and I distressed.
My toung hath not the cunning skill to tell,
The smallest greife that gripes my throbbing hart :
Mynē eies haue not the secret power to swell,
Into such hugie seas of wounding smart.
That will might melt to waues of bitter woe,
And I might swelt or drowne in sorrowes so.'

Gascoigne's Works, ed. Haslitt, vol. i.

P. 46, l. 3-4.

'Though I loke to much,
Neeedes must I loke because I see none such.
[See also p. 399, l. 23-24.]

P. 400, last four lines ; p. 401, ll. 1-4, 9, 10, 12, 13,
15, 16.

'Why liue I wretch quoth he, alas and well away,
Or why beholde my heauy eies this gladsome sunny day?
Since neuer sunne yet shone that could my state aduance,
Why liue I wretch, alas, quoth he, in hope of better
chauce?

Or wherefore telles my toung this drearye dolefull tale,
That euery earr might heare my grieffe, and so bemone
my bale?

Since earr was neuer yet that harkened to my playnte,
Why liue I wretch, alas, quoth he, my pangs in vaine
to paint? . . .

Why striue I with the streame, or hoppe against the hill,
Or search that neuer can be found, or loose my labor
still?

Why liue I wretch, alas, quoth he, with lucke thus ouer-
leyde?

Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyre I still on
trust? . . .

Since hope had neuer hap, and trust always found trea-
son,

Why liue I wretch, alas, quoth he, where all good luck
is geason?'

p. 121, ll. 7-18.

'Among the toyes which tosse my braine,
and reauē my mind from quiet rest ;
This one I finde doth there remaine,
to breede debate within my brest.
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,

I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the skill to tell
the smallest grieife which gripes my heart,
Mine eyes haue not the power to swell
into such Seas of secrete smart,
That will might melt to waues of woe,
and I might swelt in sorrowes so.'

But I alas within whose mourning mind,
The *grafts of griefe* are onelie giuen to grow :
Cannot inioy the spring which others find,
But still my will must wither all in woe.
The lustie ver *that* whilome might exchange,
My grief to ioy, and *my delight* increase :
Springs now else where and showes to me but strange,
My winters woe therefore can neuer cease.
In other coasts his sunne *doth clearely* shine,
And *comfort lend* to euery mould but mine.'

Son. 48, lines 1, 3, 5, 7, 9-14.

'The tender buds whom cold hath long kept in, . . .
Will spring and sprout as they doe now begin, . . .
But cold of care so nips my ioyes at roote, . . .
No sunne doth shine that well can doe *it* boote, . . .
For what can spring that feeles no force of ver,
What *howe* flower can flourish where no sunne doth
shine :
These *bales deare loue* within my brest I beare,
To breake my barke and make my pith to pine.
Needs must I fall, I fade both root and rinde,
My branches bowe at blast of euerie winde.'

Son. 58, ll. 1-13.

'When as I marke the ioy of euery wight,
Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing sorrow ceaseth,
And by what meanes they nourish their delight,
Their sweet delight my paine the more increaseth.
For as the Deare that sees his fellow feede,
Amid the lusty heard, himself sore brused :

Or as the bird that feeles her selfe to bleede,
And hes aloofe of all his pheeres refused,

So haue I found and now too deerely trie,
That pleasure doubleth paine and bliss annoy :
Yet still I twit my selfe of Surcuidrie
As one that am vnworthy to inioy
'The lasting frute of such a heauenly loue.'

It is curious that Mr. J. Payne Collier, who is so preposterously and uncritically hard on the venial borrowings of Griffin's 'Fidessa,' should have selected as a good specimen of the *Tears of Fancy*, a sonnet (No. 47) which is all but *verbatim* from Gascoigne, as No. 60 has already been seen to belong almost certainly to the Earl of Oxford. Dr. Nicholson also would have been safer to have eschewed the sonnets, necessarily all *suspect* by Watsonian plagiarisms elsewhere. For my part, having regard to Watson's poverty of

graffes

which
then my ioyes

full cleare doth
lends

p. 358, ll. 15, 16, 21, 22, 29-31 ; p. 359, ll. 1-3.

The

them

What plant
floure

bales, quod she,

p. 44, last 3 lines : p. 45, 1-3, 6 ; p. 118, ll. 21-23.
'And there to marke the testes of euery ioyfull wight.

And with what winde and waue they fleet, to nourish
their delight.

For as the stricken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede,
Amid the lusty heard (vnhurt), and feeles himselfe to
bleede

Or as the scely byrd that with the Bolte is brusd,
And lieth aloofe among the leaues, of all his pheeres
refusd, . . .

Euen so I finde by proofe, that pleasure doubleth payne.

And stylle accuse my selfe of *Surquedry* :
As one that am vnworthy to enioye
'The lasting frute of such a loue as thine.'

poetic gift, and the character of his 'Tears of Fancy,' I must hold him to have been the thief in each case. I would however remember that as 'Tears of Fancy' was posthumous, its editor rather than its author must bear the blame of its wholesale deprecations.¹

It will be understood that where only single words or so are placed opposite,

¹ I wish specially to acknowledge the great help rendered me in this detection of Watson by my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh.

Watson has only to that extent departed from Gascoigne.

Watson's Tears of Fancy.

Son. 56.

'Were words dissolued to sighs, sighs into teares,
And euerie teare to torments of the mind :
The minds distresse into those deadly feares,
That find more death than death it selfe can find.
Were all the woes of all the world in one,
Sorrow and death set downe in all their pride :
Yet were they insufficient to becomone,
The restles horrors that my hart doth hide,
Where blacke dispaire doth feede on euerie thought,
And deepe dispaire is cause of endles grieve :
Where euerie sense with sorrowes over-wrought,
Lives but in death dispairing of reliefe.
Whilst thus my heart with loues plague torne asunder,
May of the world be cald the wofull wonder.'

Son. 57 (l. 1-8).

'The hunted Hare sometime doth leane the Hound,
My Hart alas is neuer out of chace :
The liue-hounds life sometime is yet vnbound,
My bands are hopeles of so high a-grace.
For natures sickenes sometimes may haue ease,
Fortune though fickle sometime is a friend :
The minds affliction patience may appease,
And death is cause that many torments end.'

I for one have not a shadow of doubt that again Breton was the original and Watson the copyist. Breton's was too rich a mind and too self-contained to filch from so meagre a poet as Watson. Need it be recalled that it was the *mode* to circulate poems,—especially in MS.,—long prior to publication?

There are traces of Spenser, Sidney, and Southwell and Drayton in Breton, as there is tender and fine praise of the first two. But with every allowance for inevitable obligations to others and semi-unconscious impressions from others, our Worthy remains notably ORIGINAL. His use of the word 'compiled' in some of his title-pages was fetched from his step-father-in-law, Gascoigne, and others used it; but it was equivalent only to our 'composed.'

Finally—I claim grateful and positive recognition of Breton for his PURITY. He

All this being so I place in similar tabulated form Watson and Breton :—

Breton's Countess of Pembroke's Passion.

Where words desolve to sighes, sighes into teares, And euerie teare to torments of the mynde ; The mynd's distresse into those deadlye feares, That finde more death, than death it selfe can finde. Rut all the woes of all the worlde together, Sorrow and Death sitt downe in all ther pryde.	}	St. 5, l. 1-4.
With all the horrors that the harte may hyde.		—
		St. 6, l. 1, 2.
		St. 6, l. 4.

Wher every sence with sorrowes overwrought, Lives but in death, dispayring of relief ; Whilst thus the harte with torments torne asunder, Maye of the worlde be cald the wofull wonder.	}	St. 2, l. 3-6.
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The hunted harte sometymes doth leave the hound, My harte, alas, is never out of chace ; The lime-hound's lyne sometymes is yett unbound, My bands are hopelesse of so high a grace. For nature's sicknes sometime maye haue ease, Fortune, though fickle, sometime is a friende ; The mynde's affliction patience maye appease, And death is cawse that manye torments ende.	}	St. 13, l. 1-4.
		St. 7, l. 1-4

is out-and-out 'clean.' His sacred Verse and his religious books, e.g. 'Divine Considerations,' necessitated that; but the same attribute belongs to all he wrote. This is something to be remembered in recollection of the *abandon*, the insinuation, the provocativeness, of a good deal of contemporary writing. It is pre-eminently satisfying to compare and contrast his 'Passionate Shepherd' with like collections of the period. The shepherds are shepherds. The maidens are virgins. The love is heart-deep, not lip-shallow. The lights and shadows of wooing mean wedlock. The love-gifts are love-tokens, not snares. There is the smell of the breath of kine and hay and butter-cups and May-blooms in the vernal or summer air. The argument of the 'Hesperides' might fitly have been prefixed to these Works :—

'I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers :
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.

I sing of *May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,*
 I write of *Youth, of Love,* and have accesse
 By these, to sing of cleanly-*Wantonnesse.*
 I sing of *Dewes, of Raines,* and piece by piece,
 Of *Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.*
 I sing of *Times trans-shifting;* and I write
 How *Roses* first came *Red,* and *Lillies White.*
 I write of *Groues, of Twilights,* and I sing
 The Court of *Mab,* and of the *Fairie-King.*
 I write of *Hell;* I sing (and ever shall)
 Of *Heauen,* and hope to have it after all.'

But his 'Hesperides' has no leering Satyr, no gorge-raising (*scunnering*, *Scoticè*) brutality of thought or epithet. I think of him as of a singing brook that wells out softly and quietly from some bosky cleft, and glitters through the green grass and beneath green boughs, and falls into some pure river (rather than the sea) uncontaminated. Witness his 'What is Loue' (I. k, pp. 12-13) —with its Shakespearean parallels.

The flowers and greenwood of Breton are natural, not artificial. A good three centuries have come and gone since they bloomed and bore, but they are as daintily-hued and rich-flavoured to-day as in the beginning. So that as we gather them from book to book, we admire alike their fragility and indestructibility. Let the closing lines of one of HENRY ELLISON'S fine Sonnets interpret all this for me :—

'ON A FLOWER-WORKED STONE TABLE.
 Ye flowers, your stone hues still delight the eye ;
 Your marble-blooms have known no sere decay
 Of elements ; rude Autumn cannot lay
 Your brightness in the dust or bid ye die !
 Yet has the heart with ye small sympathy,
 Ye art-made things : e'en Fancy will not play
 'Mid your unwind-stirred clusters, which no ray
 Of sunshine ever warmed ; we pass ye by
 With a chance-gance, and dream of ye no more ;
 For we can pluck ye not to deck the brow
 Of those we love ; ye give us back no store
 Of early thoughts ; and tho' the flowers that grow
 Wild in the fields, must wither in their hour,
 'Tis like ourselves, with hopes ye never know !'¹

I think that NICHOLAS BRETON deserves our revival of his Works. I think that his life-time popularity alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher, and elsewhere, was deserved,

¹ Mad Moments, i. pp. 115-116.

and was a *factor* in the formative elements of the grand Elizabethan and early Jacobean age. I think that while without that pronounced genius that compels our wonder and our submission, he had things in him that only genius owns. I make no 'great' claims for him. He was of the rank and file, not of the Leaders and 'mighty' Captains ; but within his own lowly and homely and familiar sphere, he is worthy of our gratitude as of our praise, and of our study as of our remembrance. For myself, there are Poems in his Verse as there are maxims, apophthegms, counsels, vivid putting of things in his Prose, that never can leave my memory. In the illustrious gallery of English Worthies, I write out for enduring honour, the modest yet distinct, the un-noised but living name of 'NICHOLAS BRETON, GENTLEMAN.'

VI. DESIDERATA.—No one but myself ever can know the toil and anxiety involved in bringing together for *the first time* these works of NICHOLAS BRETON. No one either save myself can estimate the disappointment that I feel in being unable to 'complete' the Works by adding the FOUR preserved in the famous library of BRITWELL. I trust some after-comer may be fortunate enough to supplement my collection with these, either by access to those now withheld, or by the discovery of other exemplars. They are these :—

1. The Workes of a young Wyt trust vp with a Fardell of pretie fancies, profitable to young Poetes, preiudicial to no man, and pleasant to every man to passe away idle tyme withall : Whereunto is ioined an odde kinde of wooing with a Banquet of Comfites to make an end withall. Done by N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London nigh vnto the three Cranes in the Vintree by Tho. Dawson, and Tho. Gardyner. 1577. 4^{to}, 39 leaves (Hazlitt's Hand-Book and Collections and Notes s.n.).
2. Brittons Bower of Delights, contayning many most delectable and fine deuices of rare Epitaphs, pleasant Poems, Pastorals and Sonets. By N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, at the Rose and Crowne, neere Holborne Bridge. 1591. 4^{to}, 30 leaves (*ibid.*).

3. Pasquils Mistressse; or the worthie and vnworthie woman; with his description and passion of that Furie Jealousie. Imprinted at London for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulede at his Shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleete Streete. 1600. 4^o, 24 leaves (*ibid.*).
4. Old Mad-Cappes new Gallymawfry, made into a Merrie Messe of Mingle-Mangle out of these three idle conceited Humours following. 1. I will not. 2. O the merrie time. 3. Out vpon Money. At London, Printed for Richard Johnes neere S^t. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1602. 4^o, 20 leaves (*ibid.*).

With reference to No. 2 it is to be remembered (1.) That in his *Pilgrimage to Paradise* Breton repudiates responsibility for it; (2.) That in *Daffodils and Primroses*, through the *Cosens ms.*, we have probably all in it that really belonged to him. It is probable that much of No. 1. is similarly represented. But the others it makes me heart-sore not to be able to reproduce. Another book recorded by Hazlitt is:—

‘Honest Counsaile. A Merrie Fitte of a Poeticall Furie: good to read, better to follow. Imprinted at London by W. W. for W. Jones. 1605. 4^o.’

Of this no exemplar whatever is known. Neither has any exemplar come down to us of these entries in the *Stationers’ Registers*:

- a. The Payne of Pleasur, compiled by N. Britten: 9th Sep. 1578 (vol. ii. p. 337).
- b. *Nay then* by Nicholas Bretton. 5th July 1622 (vol. iv. p. 73).
- c. A booke called *Nothinge* by Nicholas Bretton (*ibid.*): also entered 9th August 1622, as ‘A booke Called *Oddes: or all the world to Nothing,*’ by N. B. (*ibid.* p. 77.)

I have also failed to trace a copy of the 1603 edition of ‘A Mad World my Masters.’ My text of 1635 is without the Epistle-dedicatory to valiant JOHN FLORIO, that I should have liked to give.

Such is the (comparatively) little all of Breton’s numerous books that are required to make the Works ‘complete.’ Because of their lack I have not—as in the others—put ‘complete’ in the title-pages; but I am thankful that what I lack is so small

beside what I have obtained and actually reproduced.

Of books mis-assigned to Breton it needeth not that I add much. No student of Breton will hesitate in rejecting ‘A small handfull of fragrant flowers,’ etc. (1577). It is the very antithesis of his style, while ‘N. B.’ (without his usual, if not absolutely invariable ‘Gent.’) belongs rather to Nathaniel Baxter of ‘Ourania’—itself so long ascribed to Breton—at any rate not to our Worthy.

‘Marie Magdalen’s Love. A practical discourse on Iohn xx. 10-18. 1595’ (16mo) is intensely Roman Catholic, while Breton was as intensely and evangelically Protestant. It is a pity that the late Rev. Thomas Corser so hastily assigned this book to Breton from the mere accidental binding up of his copy along with Breton’s ‘Solemn Passion.’ Besides its Roman Catholicism, neither his name nor initials anywhere appear in it.

The ‘Passion of a Discontented Minde,’ 1601, has neither his name nor initials nor the mint-mark words of the period, whereby the Breton authorship should have been betrayed.

In the ‘Case is altered. How? Aske Dalio and Millo,’ 1604, the initials ‘F. T.’ to the Epistle-dedicatory and to the Reader—Mr. Collier assigning these to Francis Thynne—must decide the non-Breton authorship of this tractate. So too with ‘Barley Breake or a Warning for Wantons,’ 1607. The initials ‘W. N.’ assign it necessarily to another; while, as I have shown in my reproduction of it in *Occasional Issues*, its whole substance and manner are anti-Breton. Everybody now knows that Lowndes erred in placing among Breton’s writings ‘Pleasant Quippes for upstart new-fangled Gentlemen’ (1595) and ‘England’s Joy’—well-known productions of others.

An anonymous book that internally seems out-and-out Bretonese is the following:—

'Choice, Chance and Change : or Conceits in their Colours. Imprinted at London for Nathaniel Foxbrooke, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Helmet.' 1606. (4to.) As I read and re-read this singularly brilliant and unforgettable manners-painting book, I felt here was the 'fine Roman hand' of Breton. But seeing that there is no external authority for giving it to him, I reluctantly decided not to include it among his Works, but rather perhaps find a place for it among my Occasional Issues.

I have now in conclusion to return my heartfelt thanks to all who have in any way aided me in my 'labour of love,' of preparing these Works of BRETON. In their places I acknowledge special help with rare exemplars, etc. etc. I would repeat emphatically here my sense of obligation to my dear friends Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON of London ; GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq., of Glen-thorne, Torquay, and JOHN M. THOMSON, Esq., Edinburgh. I wish also to thank HENRY F. BAILEY, Esq., London ; Rev. T. O. L. DAVIES, M.A., Southampton ; Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., Molash Vicarage, for excellent help throughout ; and last, but

not least, to my admirably intelligent and kindly co-operative printers.¹

I would fain persuade myself that the completion of these two massive volumes shall lead a select number of sympathetic minds to acquaint themselves with the Works of NICHOLAS BRETON. I would send such to them confident of this, that none will do so unrecompensed. For it is with his bright and pleasant books as with those commended of Caxton. With his gracious inviting words applied to our Worthy I close my Introduction :—

'The exercises of chivalry are not used and honoured as they were in ancient time, when the noble acts of the knights of England that used chivalry were renowned through the universal world. O, ye knights of England, where is the custom and usage of noble chivalry? What do ye now but go to the bains and play at dice? Alas! what do ye but sleep and take ease, and are all disordered from chivalry? Leave this, leave it, and read the noble volumes of St. Graal, of Launcelot, of Tristrem, of Galaod, of Perceval, of Perceforest, of Gawayn, and many more ; there shall ye see manhood, courtesy, and gentilness.'²

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

¹ See Appendix B for a number of odds and ends deserving preservation.

² 'Of the Order of Chyvalry and Kayghthood,' quoted in *Orlandus, Broadstone of Honour* (vol. iv. pp. 403-4 : edn. 1876)

* * Three little things promised in Notes and Illustrations I add here :—

(a) In 'A Mad World' (II. i, p. 6, l. 13 from bottom) reference is made to an ancient description of 'Mock-Beggars' Hall.' It is as follows :—'Mock-Beggars Hall, with his situation in the spacious country called Anywhere.' n.d. *Roxb. Coll.*

(b) For 'A Mother's Blessing' (I. m, p. 6/2, l. 15) Dean Ramsay furnishes this Scottish example of a shepherd's wit :—'Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of Bonaly, amongst the Pentlands, was sitting on the hill-side with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."' (Reminiscences, ch. I. : cf. also anecdote of shepherd and Lord Rutherford, *ibid.*)

(c) In 'Wonders Worth Hearing' (II. g, p. 9/2, l. 23), I refer to Sir John Davies' use of the phrase, 'There is no fishing to the sea nor service to the King.' It occurs in his 'Lottery.' See it in Grosart's edn. of his Poems, vol. ii. pp. 87-89 and relative note : also Fuller Worthies' edn. of Works, vol. i. p. 291.

Finally, as supplementing and confirming our remark in this Introduction (I. page xxix) very sweet and pathetic is st. 153 of 'I would and I would not' :—

'Thus would I spend in service of my God,
The lingring howres of these fewe daies of mine,
To shew how sinne and death are ouertrod,
But by the vertue of the power diuine.
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust,
And onely Christ, for our Eternal trust.'

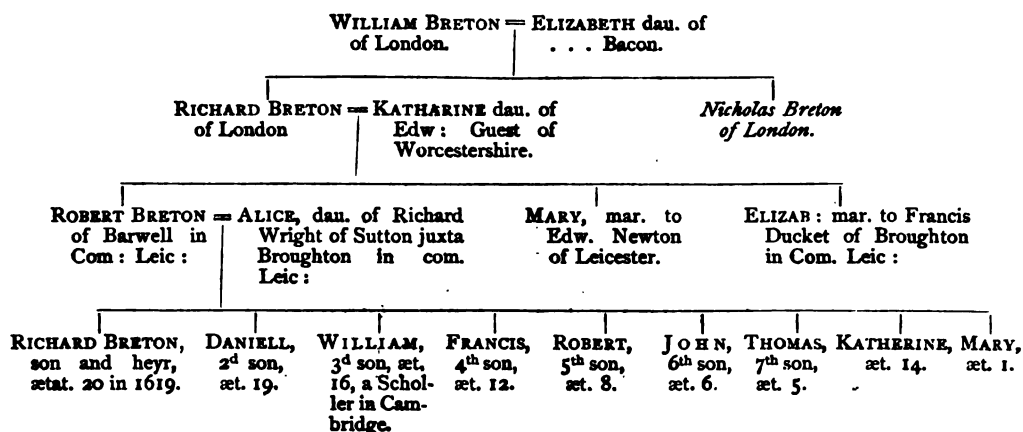
In 1614 he was (probably) beyond his three-score years and ten.

G.



APPENDIX A.

VISITATION OF LEICESTERSHIRE 1619 (*College of Arms*, C. 8. fo. 48^b).



APPENDIX B.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WITH reference to 'Merry Wonders' (Vol. II. g), p. 8/2, ll. 39-41, this Epitaph is assigned to John Hoskins in the Dr. Farmer Chetham ms. and in Camden's Remaines concerning Britaine. Page 10/1, l. 1, John Owen afterwards put this, neatly parodying Virgil, thus:—'Una salus sanis nullam potare salutem.'

In 'Daffodils and Primroses' (Vol. I. l), p. 16, No. 8, the first four stanazs are set to music in R. Dowland's *Musical Banquet*, (1610); but the author's name not given:

p. 17, No. 13, is preserved also in Harleian ms. 6910, and thence printed in Excerpta Tudoriana. In the Harleian ms. it is subscribed Finis La. R. (Rich, I suppose); but there seems no great doubt that Breton was the author: p. 19, No. 18, this was printed by Fry in Pieces of Ancient Poetry, 1814: p. 20, No. 21, there is another anonymous copy in the 'Phoenix Nest': *ibid.* No. 22, the last three stanzas of these are also in 'A Most excellent Passion' in the 'Phoenix Nest' (as at p. 6, *supra*): p. 22, No. 27, this

is set to music in Bartlet's *Ayres*, 1606: he reads in st. 2, ll. 4-5:—

'Love himselfe is sworne to serue thee
Princesse in a Goddes place.'

Instead of the ms., st. 3, he has the following:—

'Looke how loue thy seruant dyeth,
Harke how hope for comfort crieth,
Take some pity on poore fancy,
Let not fancie proue a franzie:'

p. 28, No. 31, forms the conclusion of the long Elegy on Sidney printed in the Dr. Farmer Chetham ms. This is an additional proof that the Elegy is Breton's, not Dyer's: *ibid.* No. 33, the first twelve lines were printed in Percy's 'Reliques' from a 4to ms. in Percy's own possession. He added twelve other lines of his own. I had intended giving a more minute account of the Cosens ms.; but my space is exhausted.

In my notice of the letters not found in the 1603 ed. (on p. 52) of 'A Poste, etc.' '77 to 85' ought to be '78 to 86,' the 1637 numbers having been altered by my inserting the Answer of the Laugh as Letter 57. I regret that I detached this last from the Letter to which it is a reply: a 2d Part, 1606, of these Letters was probably the 1st ed. of the 2d Part.

In the 'Arbour of Amorous Devices' the Epistle (p. 3) mentions 'many men's workes.' The following identify some, *e.g.*, 'A Lovers Complaint' (p. 6/2, and p. 7/1) is from Sidney's *Arcadia* (No. 40): 'A Poeme both pithie and pleasant' (p. 5/2), and 'Fantasma' (p. 6/1), are among the anonymous pieces in Tottel's *Miscellany*, (1557)—too early for Breton: the latter, according to a broadside copy reprinted in the late lamented Mr. Huth's *Ancient Ballads and Broad-sides*, is by a certain J. C. [Canand].

In 'Will of Wit,' etc. (p. 17, l. 43), cf. Donne and contemporaries on the 'flea,' as I meant to have illustrated.

In 'Floorish vpon Fancy' (p. 14/2) these

allusions may be helpfully filled in: l. 16, 'Pride and Fowle disdaine.' See Bausley's *Treatyse shewing and declaring the Pryde and Abuse of Women Now a Dayes* [*cir.* 1550] in Hazlitt's *Early Pop. Poetry*, vol. iv.: l. 17, 'letters amatorie'—see W. Fulwood's *Enimie of Idlennesse* (1568)—a vol. of letters like Breton's 'Poste,' etc., some in verse: l. 19, 'Pretie Pamphlets'—a section of 'A Gorgeous Gallery of gallant inventions' (1578), is headed 'Pretie Pamphlets by T. Proctor:' l. 20, 'Posies'—the 'Posies' of George Gascoigne, Esquire, 1575: *ibid.* 'Satirs'—'The Steele Glas A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire 1576': l. 21, 'Falconrie'—Turberville's *Booke of Falconrie or Hauking* (1575): ll. 22-23, 'Day of Doome,' etc.—Gascoigne's *Droomme of Doomesday* (1576): ll. 24-6, 'Tales of Lapwings'—Gascoigne's *Complainte of Phylomene* (1576): l. 27, 'Songes and Sonets'—'Songes and Sonettes written by the right honorable Lorde Henry Howard late Earle of Surrey and others' (1557).

I regret that after-researches have not yielded me materials for illustrating certain names that I had counted on being able to illustrate. I decided to leave the 'Countess of Pembroke's Passion' itself to vindicate its Breton authorship, as well as those that bear his initials reversed, and other disguises. They abundantly do so. For 'Good and Badde,' I have mislaid the spurious 'Vnworthy Queen' of a later edition. The student for himself will easily discern in 'Good and Badde' Thomas Fuller's prototype. It was my purpose to have gleaned facts and references confirmatory of Breton's Travels and knowledge of Italian, etc., and to have noticed some of his proverbs, inns, etc. etc. If any other points promised in Notes and Illustrations or elsewhere, to be noticed, have been inadvertently overlooked, I crave pardon. G.



A Floorish vpon Fancie

AND

The Toyes of an Idle Head.

1577-1582.



NOTE.

THE 'Flourish vpon Fancie' and 'Toyes of an Idle Head' were reprinted from the edition of 1582 in 'Heliconia.' It is Breton's usual small quarto—50 leaves—black letter and occasional lines and words in Roman, somewhat arbitrarily. I am indebted to HENRY HUTH, Esq., London, for his nearly unique exemplar of the same edition; whereby I have been enabled to correct the all-too-many negligences and corruptions of words and orthography in 'Heliconia'—including restoration of so many as four lines and more at a time in three places. I have, however, to suit our double columns, divided the long lines as in 'Heliconia' and occasionally substituted the author's favourite colon (:) for a comma, and conversely. It is noticeable that (1) The semicolon nowhere occurs in these two booklets; (2) The adjective, not the noun, is made prominent by a capital letter. The first edition (1577) it has not been my good fortune to see. Of both these most characteristic early works of Breton, see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.



A Floorish

vpon Fancie.

As gallant a Glofe, vpon
so trifling a text as euer, was written.

Compiled by N. B. Gent.

To which are annexed

The Toyes of an Idle

head: Containing, many pretie Pamph-
lets, for pleasaunt heads to passe away
Idle time withall. By the
same Authour.



AT LONDON

Printed by Richarde

Ihones: dwelling at the Signe of the
Rose and Crowne, neere Holborne

Bridge. 1582.



To all younge Gentilmen,

That delight in trauaile to Forreine Countreis.

YOU GALLANT YOUTHES, who are of minde, rather addicted to trauaile through the world, for experience in the diuersities aswell of Countries as customes: of men, as of manners: of languages, as of other lawdable points, too tedious to discourse of: as well to the commodity of your Countrey, comfort of your Parents, content of your freends, as cheefely to your owne aduancement: rather then to sit at home, as a Chicke vnder a broode Hen, esteeming warmthe, the cheefest wisdome: golde, their God: and a whole skinne about an Honourable name: As many,—the more pittie,—by too much dandling of their Dads & making of their Mams, do now adayes. To you, my young Mates, I say—I heere vnnamed (as young as one) hauing lately taken in hande to passe a longe Pylgrimage to PARNASSVS Hill, to PALLAS and her NIMPHEs, to sue for a Schollership in the Schoole of VERTVE: I was not far out of mine owne Contrey, but suddenly, in a place vnknowne, a leagus or two from any towne, vnperfect to returne the waye I went: standing in a muze a while, not knowing what best to doo, seeing many footepathes leading diuers wales: at last I thought good to take the moste beaten way, as moste likely to leade me to some place of habitation, where for that night to take vp my lodging, and the next morning to enquire further onwarde on my Iourney. But not bearing in minde, that the broode wales are commonly beaten with Beasts: and the footepathes (I meane) are very narrow, I foolishly followed the Coxcomes Causey before me, which led me on a long straight to the Forrest of Fooles, and so to the Forte of Fancie: of which Forte, cum pertinencijs, of my comming thither, abode there, and returne from thence, I haue more largelie then learnedly discoursed. Yet as it is, I hope it will serue your turnes: though not as a direction to the place I ment to goe too, yet as a disswasion (in your trauaile) from that way that hath led mee so much out of the waye before you. Thus, hoping to turne the thriflesse fruite of my fonde trauaile to the commodity of a great many of yee: that I hope some of yee will one day thanke me for: I wishe you all, with my selfe, in trauaile, to treade the Pathe that maye bring vs all to perfect Paradise.

From his Chamber in Holbourne, this xx. of February.

THE PREFACE.

A Prouerbe olde, and therewith true there is, That haste makes waste: ech thing must haue his time: Who high aspires must ever looke to this,— To marke his steppes before he ginne to clime: For who in climbing takes no care at all, Ere he get vp, is like to catch a fall. Who dooth desire to HONOR high to clime, By due desart, must woorslippe first attaine: Then for to seeke, in farther tract of time, The meane, whereby to HONOR to attaine: For he that thinkes to be a Lorde first day, Will misse a Lorde, and prouee a Loute, straight way. Who doth assault the huge high FORT OF FAME, Must first beginne to scale the outward walles: Long is the Ladder that dooth reach the same, And happie he that gets vp without falles: Tedious the time, the labour nothing short, To take in hande to scale so high a Forte. This Prouerbe olde, my selfe obserued well, Who not assault the gallant FORT OF FAME: But FANCIES FORTE, not minding there to dwell, But for to see the secretes of the same: And many times I thought to make retire, But in the ende obtained my desire. I scalde the walles, and got into the Fort With ease inough, short time and little fight: And there I sawe whereof I make report, Eche thinge that was for to be seene worth sight:

And when that I sometime therein had past, How, by good hap, I got away at last.

Now farre from this, I see THE FORT OF FAME, A harder thinge, to giue assault vnto: I dare not seeke the meane, to scale the same, And, if I durst, I knowe not what to do: In scaling Fortes, my skill is too too small, Then if I clime, I needes must catch a fall.

By lying still, I can but little gaine, By climbing too, the feare is but a fall: No praise in deede is gotten without paine, Small hurte by falles, if bruze growe not withall: No bruze nor fall takes hee that takes good heede, No taking heede, great haste and little speede.

Then when I clime, my selfe am warnde to learne The way to scale, ere ought I take in hande: To set my LADDER, wisely to discerne, To choose a place, where it may surely stande: Then for to make my LADDER of such stuffe As I may trust, to treade on sure ynouffe.

But then the ROVNDES must not be made of RIMES, My feete will slippe, in treading on the same: And REASON sayes, that who so fondly clymes, Falles downe into the Ditch of foule Defame: GOD keepe me thence, and helpe me so to clime, That REASON yet, may rayse me vp in time.

FINIS.



THE SCHOOLE OF FANCIE.

METHINKES I see you smile,
before you gin to reede,
At this same title of my Tale :
but, for you shall not neede,
To maruaille at the same.
First, read it to the ende,
And marke ye still, through all the tale,
wherto eche point dooth tend :
And you shall see I hope,
that this same title serues
Fit for this tale : els, sure my minde
from reason greatly swarues :
Who is expert in any Arte,
dooth beare a Maisters name :
Then he who cheefe is in an Art,
dooth well deserue the same.
Of Arte of lucklesse Loue,
first Fancie is the ground,
Although that Cupid, with his Dart,
doo giue the deadly wounde.
First, Fancie liking breedes,
and liking breedeth Loue,
And Loue thē breeds such passing pangs,
as many Louers prouue :
And when the troubled minde,
with torments is opprest,
Fancie dooth finde some secret meane,
to breede the hart some rest :
And Fancie, shee sometime,
to breede the Louers ioy,
A thousand sundrie wayes (at least)
dooth still her paines employ :
She thinkes on this and that,
shee teacheth how to looue,
And tels the Louer what to doo,
as best for his behooue.
But least I go to farre,
and run too much at large
Out of the waye, and take no care
what thing I haue in charge :
I will begin to show,
what kinde of Schoole this is,
What orders too shee keepes therein.
First, lo the Schoole is this.

The roome bothe large and long,
and very darke of sight,
The most sight that her Schollers haue,
is chieflie by fier light :
Which fier dooth burne so bright,
as giues them light to see
To read such books, as there are taught :
but what this fier may bee,
Nowe thereby lyes a case.
Well marke what I doo wright,
And you shall know : for I my selfe,
haue seene it burning bright.
First, Fancie fetcheth coales,
and calles for Deepe desire :
By him shee setteth Vaine delight,
and biddes them blow the fire :
And when the fire once burnes,
for to maintaine the same,
The Coller Care, hee brings in coales
vnto this daintie Dame.
Hee makes his Coales of wood,
that growes on Haire braine hill :
The Groue is cald, the Thriftles thicke
of wilde and wanton will :
The wood is of small groth,
but stickes of Stubborne youth,
Which serues as fittest for that fier,
God wot, the greater ruthe :
Lo thus, this fier dooth burne,
and still dooth giue the light
To Fancies Schollers in her Schoole :
they haue none other sight :
Now, Sir, in this hot Schoole,
first Fancie highest sittes,
And out of all her Schollers still,
she takes the wildest wittes.
And those she takes in hands,
to teach the Art of loue :
Which being taught in that vain Art,
do soone fine schollers prouue.
She teacheth them to mourne,
to flatter and to faime :
To speake, to write, and to indight,
to labor and take paine :

To go, to run, and ride,
 to muse and to deuse :
 To iuggle with a deereest freend,
 to bleare the parents eyes :
 To spend both landes and goods,
 to venter Lim and life,
 To make foes frends, and twixt deere frends,
 to set debate & strife:
 To doo, and vndoo too,
 so that they may obtaine,
 Their mistresse looue : and neuer care,
 for taking any paine.
 To iet in braue attire,
 to please their Mistris eye :
 Although perhaps they vtterly
 vndoe themselues thereby.
 To learne to singe and daunce,
 to play on Instruments,
 To speake choice of straunge languages,
 to trie experiments
 Straunge, seldome had in vse :
 in fine, to tell you plaine,
 To doo almoste they care not what,
 their Ladies loue to gaine :
 And thus in tract of time,
 by such instructions,
 Shee makes them tread, the perfect pathe
 to their destructions :
 Some other Schollers now,
 are taught within her Schoole
 By Vshers that teach vnder her :
 of which one is a foole
 By nature and by name,
 for Follie men him call ;
 And he will teach his Scholler soone,
 to prooue a Naturall.
 The second, Frenzie is,
 in teaching too as bad :
 For he will teach his Schollers most,
 the way to make them mad :
 The Vsher Follie first,
 he teacheth to be bould,
 Without aduice to giue no care,
 to counsaile that is tould :
 To take delight in gauds,
 and foolish trifling toyes,
 In things of value, little worth,
 to set his chiefest ioyes.
 To prate without regarde,
 of reason in his talke,
 To think black white, and wrong for right,
 & know not cheese frō chalke :
 To loue the things in deede,
 which moste he ought to hate :
 For trifling toyes, with deereest frends,
 to fall at dire debate :
 To looue to play at Dice,
 to sware his blood and hart,
 To face it with a Ruffins looke,
 and set his Hat a thwart.

To haunt the Tauernes late,
 by night to trace the streetes,
 And swap ech slut vpon the lippes,
 that in the darke he meetes :
 To laughe at a horse nest,
 and whine too like a boy,
 If any thing do crosse his minde,
 though it be but a toy :
 To slauer like a slaue,
 to lie too like a Dog,
 To wallow almost like a Beare,
 and smortle like a Hog,
 To feede too like a Horse,
 to drinke too like an Oxe,
 To shew himselfe in each respect,
 a very very Coxie.
 But such a Scholler now,
 is chosen of grose wit,
 Because that Beetle heads doo serue
 for such instructions fit.
 The other Usher now,
 that Frenzie hath to name,
 His kinde of teaching, hee againe,
 another waye dooth frame :
 Hee teacheth how to rage,
 to sweare and ban and curse,
 To fret, to fume, to chide, to chafe,
 to doo all this and worse.
 To teare his flesh for grieffe,
 to fill the aire with cryes,
 To harbor hatred in his hart,
 and mischief to deuse :
 To hate all good aduice,
 to follow witlesse will,
 And, in the end, for want of grace,
 to seeke himselfe to kill.
 And sutch his Schollers are,
 ripe wits, but wanting grace,
 And sutch vngratious graffes, doo learne,
 sutch gracelesse geare apace :
 These Schollers all are young,
 except that now and than,
 To be a scholler with the rest,
 there step in som ould man.
 Who when that he a while,
 hath bin in Fancie's Schoole,
 Dooth learne in his olde crooked age,
 to play the doting foole.
 And such there are sometime,
 (more pittie) for to see,
 That in their crooked doting age,
 would faine fine louers bee.
 Which beeing in that Schoole,
 doo prooue, for all their paine,
 By Frenzie mad, by Folly foole,
 or els by Fancie vaine.
 My selfe can tell too well,
 for I haue seen the Schoole,
 And learned so long there, till I prou'd
 more halfe a very foole.

First, Fancie dandled me,
 and held me on her lap :
 And now and then, shee would me feede,
 with worldly pleasures pap.
 Shee tould mee, I was young,
 and I my youth must spend
 In youthfull sports. I did not know,
 how soone my life would end :
 Be merry while I mought,
 Set carke and care aside :
 How mad were he, that mought in blisse,
 and would in bale abide ?
 Such sugred speach of hers,
 had soone intrapt mee so,
 That I did thinke, that did me good,
 that wrought (in deed) my wo :
 Remayning thus a while,
 at last I had an eye
 To see how Folly taught his Youthes,
 and some rules, by and by,
 My selfe began to learne :
 First this, for to be bould,
 And to refuse to lend my eare,
 where good aduise was tould.
 In foolish trifling toys
 to take a great delight :
 To take in hand to prate of that,
 wherein I had no sight.
 These rules I soone had learnd,
 but when I came to that,
 Where Ruffins card & dice, and swear,
 and ware aside their hat,
 I read no farther then,
 but up againe I went,
 Unto my Mistrisse Fancie fine :
 and straight downe shee me sent,
 Unto the nether ende
 of all her Schoole below,
 Where Frenzie sat : and sweating hard,
 he gan to puffe and blow.
 He little likte my minde,
 yet would I ye or no,
 I learnd some of his raging rules,
 ere I away did go :
 I learnd to fret and fume,
 though not to ban and curse,
 And oft for grieffe, to sigh and sob,
 and many times doo worse :
 But yet, I thanke my God,
 I neuer had the will,
 In greatest franticke fit I felt,
 to seeke my selfe to kill.
 But to make short my tale,
 his lessons likte me not,
 But up againe in haste I went,
 to Fancie fond, God wot.
 And lying in her lap,
 I fell a sleepe anon :
 Where sleeping so, I dreamed sore
 that I was wo begon :

¶ Me thought that wisdome came,
 and warned mee in hast,
 To lothe sutch lessons as I learnd,
 ere that my youth were past.
 For short should be my sweet,
 and time would passe away :
 The man is in his graue too day
 that liued yesterday :
 Thy life (quod hee) poore soule,
 is like vnto a flower,
 That groweth but in daunger still
 of cropping eury hower :
 And if it be not cropt,
 yet soone it will decay,
 And like the flower, in little time,
 it wither will away.
 Thy pleasures wilbe paine,
 thy game will turne to greefe,
 And thou wilt seeke in vaine to late,
 when y^e wouldst finde releef :
 Arise thou sluggish slaue,
 out of that lothsome lap,
 And be no longer like a Babe,
 so fed with pleasures pap.
 Lose no more labor so,
 in sutch a witles Schoole,
 Where as the best that thou canst gaine,
 is but to prooue a foole.
 Study some better Art,
 for lo thy wits will serue
 To learne to doo, that may in time,
 a good reward deserue :
 Better then best degree,
 that thou art like to take
 In Fancies schoole : I tell thee plaine,
 therefore I say, awake,
 Awake, in haste, awake,
 and hie thee hence, I say :
 Take warning in good time, poore soule,
 for time will sone away :
 But since that with such Youthes,
 words seldome will preuaile,
 With this same rod, thou foolish boy,
 I meane to breech thy taile.
 With which (me thought) he gaue
 a ierke, that made me smart :
 Which soden smart, although but small,
 yet made me give a start :
 And in my starting so,
 I waked sodenly ;
 And so awakte, I cald to minde
 my vision by and by.
 Thus thinking on my dreame,
 I heauy grew in minde,
 Which by and by, when Fancie fond,
 gan by my countenance finde :
 How now, my youth (quoth she)
 what ailes thee seeme so sad ?
 What cāst thou think to cheare thy minde,
 but that it shalbe had ?

No, no, (quoth I) I not
 beleue these woords of thine.
 Thou sausy slaue (quoth she) darest y^e
 mistrust these woords of mine?
 And, therewith in a rage,
 Shee threwe me from her lap,
 And with the fall, be shrew her hart,
 I caught a cruell clap :
 Wherwith, sumthing displeasd,
 Why fine Mistris (quoth I)
 What can you bide no iest? alas,—
 And therewith, angerly,
 Without or taking leaue,
 or any duty done,
 From Fancie in a rage I flong,
 and out of dores I ronne :
 And beyng out of doore,
 these woordes me thought I said,
 Fie on thee FANCIE, flatteryng flyrt,
 I hold me wel apaide :
 That I am got away,
 out of thy skyllesse Scoole :
 For now I see, thou wentst about
 to make mee a right foole :

But now, that I am out,
 by grace of GOD, I sweare,
 While I doo liue, if I can choose,
 neuer more to come there.
 But Fancie, hearing this,
 to make mee styll to stay,
 To fetch me in with pleasant sportes
 inuented many a way :
 But when I dyd perceiue
 how neere mee still she came,
 Then from her quite I floong in haste,
 and so I left this Dame.
 Loe, thus I tell you how,
 I came from Fancies Scoole :
 Where, learnyng but a little while,
 I proou'd more halfe a foole :
 Wherfore, since my good hap,
 hath ben to come from thence,
 Although with labour lost, in deede,
 and some, too mutch expence :
 I now haue thought it good,
 to warne eche one my frende,
 To keepe themselues from Fancies Schoole,
 & so I make an ende.

FINIS.





THE FORTE OF FANCIE.

THE ARGUMENT.

As FANCIE hath a SCOOLE,
so hath she too a FORT,
Of which, the chiefest points, my selfe,
wyll somewhat make report.
The ground wheron it stands,
and the foundation then :
How it is built, how it is kept,
and by what kynde of men :
What kinde of cheere she keepes,
who are her chiefest gesse :
What drink she drinks, who ar her cookes
yt al her meat do dres :
Whom most she loues, who is her foe,
& who againe her frend,
And how the Fort may soone be scald,
& ther to make an ende.

THE FORTE OF FANCIE.

THE ground wheron it stands,
is haughtie Harebraine Hyll,
Hard by the Thicke I tould you, of
wild and wanton will.
The fond Foundation is,
false Fortunes fickle wheele,
Which neuer stands, but stil eche way,
is ready for to reele :
Now here, now there againe,
with euerie blaste of winde :
Not as she list, but as it most
doth please Dame Fortunes mind.
The House it selfe is calde,
The Lodge of luckelesse Loue ;
Within the whiche are diuers roumes,
beneath and eke aboue :
The names wherof anon,
I meane at large to shoue :
But first, the outside of this House,
I must declare, I trow :
The commyng to the same,
the walles, the Gates, and then,
The base courts, courts & gardens
then, & then the gards of men :
The Porters to the Doores,
the Officers within :
And therefore, thus in order,
I wyll now my tale begyn.

¶ The commyng to the same,
is by a great hie way,
Faire beaten plaine, with Fooles footsteps,
and troden euerie day :
The Soyle is pleasant sure,
bedeckt with gallant flowers,
But, being gatherd once, wil scarce
bide sweet aboue two houres :
And in this Soyle, there standes,
a Forrest large and wide,
Which is wel stoard w^t thicks & woods,
the beasts therin to hide :
Of which great peece of grounde,
for to declare the name,
The Forrest (Sir) of Fooles it is :
loe, now you know the same :
And in this Forrest now,
this beaten way doth lie,
Which leadeth unto Harebraine Hyll,
the right way redyly.
At foote of this same Hyll,
and round about the same,
There is a Ditch, which Deepe
deceipt is calde by name :
Ouer this lies a Bridge,
but trust mee, verie weake :
For when you are in midst therof,
then sodenly twyll breake :
And downe into the diche,
of Deepe deceipt you fall :
Rise againe, as you can your selfe,
you get small helps at all :
The Bridge is calde, the breache
of perfect amytie :
Tis made of Hollow harts,
of such as wanted honestie :
Which, being rotten styll,
wyll neuer beare the waight
Of any man, but sodenly,
downe casts hym in Deceight :
Now sir, although you fall,
no bones shall yet be burst,
Nor what so euer hurt you take,
you feele it not at furst :
But beyng false, if you
can make a shift to swym,
Though it be but a stroake or two,
yet may you get up trym.

Unto the bankes therof,
 and so by shrubs that growe
 Upon the bankes, to make a shift,
 vp to the gate to goe :
 But if you can not swym,
 you may catch such a fall,
 That you may chauce, vnto your cost,
 to catch a bruse withall :
 Not swimming as in Seas,
 for feare in deepe to drowne,
 But swimming sir, in Worldly wealth,
 for feare of fallng downe.
 But if that you can swym,
 then soone perhappes you may,
 By shrubs and bushes, to the Gates
 make shift to finde a way.
 Then beeing at the gates,
 there shall you standing finde
 A peltik patch for Porter there,
 of nature very kinde :
 His name is Dalliance :
 a foolish crafty knaue,
 Who needeth not, to let you in,
 too much intreatie haue.
 Welcome, good Sir (saith he)
 now trust me, by my fay,
 I thinke that you have trauailed
 a very peece of way :
 Wilt please you to go in,
 and take a little rest ?
 Thus by the Porter Dalliance,
 you go in as a guest.
 Now if up to the gate
 you cannot finde the way,
 Then lustely to scale the walles
 you must somewhat assay :
 Which walles you soone may scale,
 if you will take the paine,
 Or els may quickly beat them downe
 with beetel of your braine :
 Few are to make defence,
 and such as are, will stay
 Their hands from dooing harm to you,
 but rather, make you way.
 And shall I show in kinde,
 what gallants you shall see ?
 That for to garde this Forte are set,
 and what their weapons bee ?
 It were a sporte to tell,
 to set them out in kinde :
 Well, I wyll showe them all, as well
 as I can beare in minde :
 First, loe, a Garde of Geese
 and Ganders, in one rancke,
 With doutie Duckes and Drakes hard by,
 vpon an other bancke :
 A sight of Asses then,
 there stooede in Battell ray,
 With Iackeanapeses on their backes :
 and they stooede in the way

That leades into the Court :
 further you can not passe,
 Except you let a Iackeanapes,
 to ride you lyke an Asse.
 But if you wyll do so,
 then may you passe vp straight,
 Into th' inner Court (forsooth)
 where long you shall not waight,
 But out vnto the doore,
 comes out an officer,
 And gently (Sir) into the Hall,
 this man wyll you preferre :
 But now sir, wyll you know,
 what meanes these Armies so,
 That standes to gard Dame Fancies Fort ?
 well marke, & you shal know.
 The Gard of Geese are first,
 Vngratious Graftes of Youth,
 That wallow euery wanton way,
 and misse the trackt of trueth.
 The Duckes (good Syr) are Doultis,
 as well both yong as olde,
 That in that carelesse Court are set,
 to keepe a foolysh holde.
 The Asses they are Loutes,
 of wisdome none at all :
 Yet haue a certaine kinde of wit,
 to play the fooles withall.
 The Apes, that rides them now,
 and rules them euerie way,
 & turne their heads which way they list,
 a thousand times a day,
 Are Foolysh Apish toyes,
 fond heads for to delite :
 Not voide of reason vtterly,
 though voide of wisdome quite.
 Their Weapons are their Tongues,
 wherewith they make a crye,
 Away, I say, away, stand backe,
 soft Syr, you come not by :
 But if so bee they see,
 one ridden like an Asse,
 Then will they make but small a doo,
 but let him gently passe.
 Now Syr, thus like an Asse,
 he goes to the Hall doore,
 And there becomes a Man againe,
 and stands an Asse no more :
 Yet though his eares grow short,
 he is not altered so,
 But he shall beare an Asses head,
 where euer so he go.
 And be he Man or Asse,
 Jacke an apes hee must beare,
 As long as hee is in that Forte,
 or els he bides not there.
 Now Syr, at the Hall dore,
 the Porter Pleasure standes :
 He looks for, ere he farther go,
 some money at his hands.

He lets in none for thanks,
 he must haue money, hee :
 He goes not in els, I am sure,
 for so hee delt with mee.
 But if hee him rewarde,
 he brings him to the Hall,
 And there the Vsher, by and by,
 good Syr, hee meetes withall.
 Hee entertaines you then,
 in such a pleasaunt wise,
 As makes you thinke you are arruide,
 in place of Paradise.
 Not long he bides with you,
 but to the Chamberlaine
 Hee brings you vp, where curiously
 hee dooth you entertaine
 With Bezoles manos,
 imbrasing downe to knee :
 With Cap of curtesie : and a grace,
 the brauest that may bee.
 This is a gentle youth,
 but ere I farther go,
 The names of these same Officers,
 I plainly meane to show :
 The Vsher of the Hall,
 is called Vaine delight :
 Hee entertaineth none, except
 he be some witless wight.
 The Chamberlaine is
 called Curiositie,
 And fellow with this Vaine delight,
 and of affinitie :
 For at request of this,
 his fellow, Fond delight,
 Hee brings you where of Fancie faire,
 you soone may haue a sight :
 And if you like him well,
 hee workes so in the ende,
 That hee will in your sute, forthwith,
 cause Fancie stande your freend.
 To Fancie then, good Sir,
 he brings you, by and by,
 And there may you beholde her, how
 she sitteth gallantie :
 Her Chamber large and long,
 bedect with thousand toyes :
 Braue hanging clothes of rare deuise,
 pictures of naked boyes,
 And Girles too, now and then,
 of sixeteene yeeres of age :
 That will within a yeare or two,
 grow fit for mariage.
 But they must haue a Lawne,
 a Scarfe, or some sutch toy,
 To shrowde their shamefastnes withall :
 but if it be a boy,
 Hee standes without a Lawne,
 as naked as my naille :
 For Fancie hath a sporte sumtime,
 to see a naked taile.

Besides, in pictures too,
 and toyes of straung deuise,
 With stories of olde Robin Hood,
 and Walter little wise :
 Some showes of warre long since,
 and Captaines wounded sore,
 And souldiers slaine at one conflict,
 a thousand men and more :
 Of hunting of wilde Beastes,
 as Lions, Bores, and Beares :
 To see how one an other oft,
 in sunder straungely teares.
 Of gallant Citties, Townes :
 of Gardens, Flowers, and trees :
 Of choise of pleasant herbs, and fruits,
 and such like toies as these :
 These hange aboute the walles,
 the floore now is troade
 With pleasant flowers, herbs, & sweets,
 which in her gardē grode.
 But now, the names of them,
 I purpose to descrie :
 In steede of Fenell, Syr,
 the first is Flatterie,
 The other Herbe is Sawynesse,
 in steede of Sauourie :
 In steede of Basell, now
 there lyeth Brauerie :
 And for sweete Southernwood, againe,
 is secret Slauerie :
 In steede of Isop, now,
 there lies Inuention :
 And in the steede of Camamlll,
 there lies Confusion :
 The Flowers now are these :
 in steede of Iylliflowers,
 Fayre Iestes : that last not sweete, alas,
 aboute two or three houres.
 For Roses, Rages : which
 wyll not so soone decay :
 For Paunseies, pretie Practises,
 that alter many a way :
 For Marygoldes, Mischiefe :
 for Walflowes, Wantonnesse :
 For Pinckes, Presumption :
 for Buttons, Businesse :
 For Daysies, Doubtfulnesse :
 for Violets, Viciousnesse :
 For Primroses, Foolysh Pride :
 for Cowslips, Carelesnesse :
 With these floweres and Herbes,
 with many moe (God wot)
 Doth Fancie strow her Chamber floore,
 whiche I remember not.
 Now Syr, in this same roome,
 thus brauely bedect,
 Syts Fancie in her brauerie :
 and Syr, in eache respect,
 So serued in her kinde,
 with her fine Chamberlayne,

That not for any thyng she hath,
that she needes to take payne.
Fine Curiositie,
her Chamberlaine, doth all
The seruice in her Chamber, Syr :
but the Vsher in the Hall
He doth her seruice too,
although not all so neere
Her person, as her Chamberlayne :
she houldeth him more deere.
The order how she sittes,
is this Syr, in a Chayre,
Fine carued out with Caruers worke,
and couerd, verie faire,
With a strange kind of stuffe :
the colour is all green :
Braue fringde and hang'd, with two fine Pearles,
the like but seldom seen :
Now Syr, her Chayre (in deede)
is but a Youthfull brayne,
Whose head is verie greene, in deed :
the Fringde, to tell you plaine,
Are Haires upon the head :
the Pearles, they are the Eyes :
Fast set vnto the head (good Syr,)
and loe, thus in this wise,
I shewe you Fancies seat :
but if the eyes dyd see,
What great dishonour tis to them,
in Fancies Chaire to bee :
They rather would fall off,
then hang in such a place,
Where they are ruld, when they mought rule,
and so to gayne disgrace.
But be they as they be,
I shewe you as they be :
Beleeue me, when that you come there,
then you your self shall see.
Well Sir, thus Fancie sits,
before whom you must stand,
Tyll she her selfe do bid you come,
and take you by the hande :
And that she soone wyll doo,
for she is curteous ;
And where she takes a likyng too,
she is as amorous.
Now, beyng come to you,
these wordes first she wyll say,
She wyll be askyng, how at first,
you thither found the way ?
Wherto, your Answere made,
then she wyll take the payne,
To shewe you all her roomes within,
and shee wyll entertayne
You in so braue a sorte,
that you shall thinke, a while,
You are in heauen : with sugred speeche
she wyll you so beguille.
Now, first, she leades you in,
into her Garden gay :

She shews you flowers, but tels you not,
how soone they will decay :
Shee telles you this braue tree,
a gallant fruit wyll beare,
This is a gallant Princely Plum,
and this as braue a Peare :
This is a Pippyn right,
this is a Philbeard fine,
This is a Damson delicate :
but fewe suche fruites as mine :
When God, he knowes, the Tree
whose fruites she bragges on so,
Is but a plant of peeuishnes,
and brynges fourth fruits of woe.
Her Plum is but a Pate,
that puffed is with pryde :
Which eyther quickly rotten growes,
or breakes out on som side :
Her Peare is an olde plant,
that bringeth Outwarde loye
To sight, at least : but, eaten once,
wyll choake you with annoy.
Her Pippyn is a Crabbe,
that growes in Sainct Iohns wood :
Which makes a shewe of a faire fruit,
but in taste is not good.
This is a secreate foe,
that seemes a faythfull frende,
But wyll be sure, who trust in him,
to faile hym in the ende.
Her Fylberds hane faire shales,
but Kernelles all are gone,
Her Damsons are deceptfull fruites,
as hard as any stone :
Harde : how ?—not hard in hand,
nor very hard in taste,
But beyng swallowd, very hard
for to digest at last.
These Trees, with many mo
which I not call to mynde,
In Fancies gallant Garden plot
you shalbe sure to finde.
Now in this Gardein, more
alas, I had forgot :
About the midst therof (I gesse)
there standes a prety plot,
Wherin is made a Maze,
all bordered with Wilde breere,
Set all about the bankes with Rue,
that grew there many a yere.
Just in the midst wherof,
a huge high Mount dooth stand,
Which grew by nature in y^t place,
not made by Gardeners hand :
The hill on the one side,
is made much lyke a Hart,
And as like to a Hed againe
vpon the other part.
And in this Mount, there dwels
a number of mad men :

Some mad in hart and some in bed,
 and euery one his den.
 Upon the Hart side, stands
 the cave of crueltie,
 A currish knaue, which with his teeth,
 still gnashing, close doth lie.
 By him hath foule Despight
 a fythy Den lykewise,
 Which, in that lothsome lodge of his,
 Still fretting, dayly lyes.
 By him horrible Hate,
 hath eke a kinde of Caue,
 Like a foule hole : but good inough
 for such a filthy slaue :
 Upon the hedside now,
 lies Melancooly first,
 Hee beates his head with studie so,
 as if his braines would burst.
 By him vile Enuy next,
 foule fiend, with fierie eyes,
 Bound about hed w^t Serpent skinnes,
 in lothsome manner lies.
 Right ouer him dooth keepe
 fierce Frenzie, in his caue :
 Hee frets, hee fumes, hee stampes and stayes,
 & neuer lins to rauae.
 Aboue them all, vpon
 the top of this same hill,
 Dwels Madnes, Maister of them all,
 and with him, witles Will :
 His lodge is like a house,
 that had bin built of stone,
 That had bin ouerthrowne, & nought
 left but the walles alone :
 It bath a kinde of roofe,
 but all vncovered :
 So that the raine vpon him falles,
 as hee lies in his bed :
 And for the manner now
 how he lies, credit mee,
 It is the straungest sight mee thinkes,
 that euer I did see.
 His Bedsteed is of Wood,
 ingrauen with Vgly faces :
 And standes more halfe a sunder, burst
 in twenty sundry places :
 His Bed with fethers stuft,
 but all the Downe flowne out :
 And those y^r bide, are stubborne quilles,
 y^t prick him round about.
 Upon an olde crackt Forme,
 by his Bedside, there lies
 Ould instruments of Musicks sound,
 all broke in wondrous wise.
 A Lute, with but thre strings,
 and all the pinnes neere out :
 The belly crackt, the back quite burst,
 and riuen round about.
 His Virginals, with neuer a iack,
 and [but] halfe the keyes :

His Organes, with the bellowes burst,
 and battred many waies.
 His Fife, three holes in one :
 his Harpe, with neare a string :
 Great pittie, trust me, for to see,
 so broken euery thing.
 A Pen and Inke he hath,
 and Paper too hard by,
 But paper quite in peeces torne,
 pen burst, and Inkhorne drie.
 He feedes of Fancies fruites,
 that in her Garden growe,
 He drinks of Drugs of foule Despight,
 a beastly broth I trow.
 He feares no heat nor colde,
 for if with heate he glow,
 The waues of wo wil coole him streight,
 y^r there by tides do flow.
 For through this Forrest runnes,
 the Seas of sorrow sore :
 Whose Waues do beate against this Fort,
 that bordereth on the shore.
 And if with colde he quake,
 the heate of raging ire
 Will quickly warme him so, that he
 shall neede none other fire.
 In raging Frantick fittes,
 he passeth foorth the day
 In straunge perplexities, himselfe
 tormenting many a way.
 Among many mad toyes,
 I saw him play one parte,
 With looke full fierce I saw him holde,
 a Dagger to his Hart,
 Redie to kill himselfe.
 and with his heare vpright,
 He cryed, he would rather die,
 then bide sutche deepe dispight :
 At which same crie of his,
 me thought that euery one
 Within their Caues, all sodeinly
 did make a piteous mone :
 With which amazed halfe,
 not knowing what to say,
 By helpe of God, I know not how,
 but straight I got away.
 And then I was againe
 with Fancie, by and by,
 Out of the Maze in her Gardeine :
 who led me presently,
 As she will you likewise,
 if you will : backe againe
 Into her house : where you will thinke
 in heauen for to remaine.
 The Entrie first, before
 you come vnto the Hall,
 Is set out gallantly with toyes,
 and that of cost not small.
 The Pauements are of stone,
 which Hard harts haue to name :

They grow all in a minde of man,
 and thence she hath the same :
 About the Entrie walles,
 doo hang devises straunge :
 And, by the brauerie of the same,
 much like the Low Exchange.
 From Entrie then you come
 streight way vnto the Hall ;
 And that with manie Jewels riche
 is hanged round withall.
 The roome it selfe is long,
 and therewith somewhat wide,
 And for the fashion, in my minde,
 not much unlike Cheapeside :
 There hang great store of gaudes,
 of which the Vsher straight,
 Dooth offer to Dame Fancies eie.
 and therfore there dooth waight,
 Chaines, Jewels, Cups, & pots :
 Pearles, precious stones, & Rings,
 Fine whistels, Corals, Buttons, Beads,
 & such like costly things :
 Fine Brooches for your Hat,
 fine Aglets for your Cap,
 Fine Tablets for a gallant Dame,
 to hang before her lap.
 These things, with many mo,
 in this same Cheapeside Hall,
 Hath Vaine delight, to please Fancie,
 his Mistris minde withall.
 Now though she see them all,
 her Chamberlain must chuse
 What he best thinkes will like her minde,
 & what she wil refuse.
 That Chamberlaine (you know)
 is Curiositie :
 He euer chooseth all the ware,
 that Fancie fond dooth buye.
 Now from the Hall, vnto
 the Parlor straight you go,
 Which, as the Hall, with Jewels riche,
 is brauely hanged so :
 The roome is long, not large,
 I met it not with feete :
 But, as I gesse, in fashion tis,
 much like to Lombarde streete :
 This roome the Vsher too,
 dooth looke too, with the Hall :
 Well, there within a little while
 you quickly will see all :
 Which, beeing seene, you passe
 into the other roome,
 Which called is her Counting house :
 wherin when you be come,
 There shall you see her bookes,
 that treates of many toyes,
 And most of them doo show the cause
 of louers greefes or ioyes.
 Some volumes Syr, doo treat
 of naught but Vanitate,

But very few that speakes a worde
 of perfect Sanitate.
 Some auncient Authors write
De arte amandi :
 Which who so studies throughly,
 runs mad or ere he die :
 And, in the steede of Tullies workes,
 written *De officijs*,
 There standes Tom tatlers treatise, Syr,
De fine Brandicijs :
 Among the rest are some,
Belle discorce d'amore,
 And some doo write discourses
De graundissimo dolore :
 Some bookes doo make discourse
 of Pride and Foule disdainie,
 Some letters Amatorie are :
 some of Despite againe.
 Some Pretie Pamphlets are,
 some Posies, Satirs some :
 Some doo discourse of Falconrie,
 and some of Day of Doome ;
 And they are called Drummes :
 and some tell pretie tales
 Of Lapwings, Swallowes, Fesant cocks,
 & noble Nightingales :
 Some *Songes* and Sonets are,
 and some are Louers layes :
 Some Poets paint The pangs of loue,
 a thousand sundry waies.
 Now with such bookes as these,
 with other such like toyes,
 Dooth Fancie store her Counting house,
 for to instruct her boyes,
 And girles too, now and than :
 at least, if they doo reede :
 And in such vaine Discourses, most
 her selfe delights indeede.
 Now Syr, when you haue seene
 her fine Librarie there :
 She shewes you then her other roomes,
 & leades you euery where.
 But sure her Counting house,
 of all that ere I see,
 Is built as like to Poules Church yarde,
 as euer it may bee.
 Now next she leades you too
 her Wardrope of fine cloth,
 Of diuers kindes of colours Syr :
 what, laugh you Syr, of trothe ?
 Beleeue mee, when that you
 to Fancies Forte doo go :
 And if you come into her Courte,
 then you shall finde it so.
 The colours of her cloath
 are faire and verie gay :
 White, red, blewe, greene, Carnation,
 Yelow and Popyniay :
 Of blackes, but very few :
 but other colours store

Of mingled colours, or suche as
 I tolde you of before :
 Now, she that keepes that rounge
 is a yonge pleasant Dame,
 And Wantonnesse I trow it be,
 that Fancie calles her name :
 Nowe Wantonnesse againe,
 shee keepes a pretie knaue,
 That euery day deviseth styll,
 newe fashions for to haue.
 He hath a knauish head,
 fine knackes for to inuent,
 Wherof good stoare of cloathe, in haste,
 in fashions may be spent :
 In gardes, in weltes, and iagges,
 in laying cloath upon cloath :
 And this same youth a Tailor is,
 for men and women bothe.
 His name is Fond deuise :
 he came of Apish race :
 A man, for such a mistris meete,
 and fit for such a place :
 But for Dame Fancie fine,
 no garments Syr, he makes :
 But first the view her Chamberlaine
 Curiositie takes :
 And if he like it well,
 then will she stand content :
 If not, his labour all is lost,
 and cost in vaine is spent.
 Now this same Wardrop Syr,
 is likest, in my minde,
 To Watling streete, of any place,
 that euer I could finde.
 Now Syr, from thence you come :
 when you haue seene all there,
 You go into her Gallarie,
 a roome that I dare sweare,
 The like is seldome seene
 for gallant setting out :
 If one should traualle euerie day,
 almost the world about,
 For choice of Gallant stuffe,
 and fine deuises strainge :
 No place so like, that ere I see,
 as is The high Exchange :
 Such purses, gloues, and pointes,
 of cost and fashion rare,
 Such cutworks, partlets, sutes of lawne,
 bongraces, & such ware :
 Such gorgetts, sleeues, and ruffes,
 linings for gownes, and calles,
 Coffes, crippins, cornets, billaments,
 muske boxes & sweet balles,
 Pincases, picktoothes, bearde brushes,
 comes, needels, glasses, belles,
 And manie such like toies as these :
 that Gaine to Fancie sels.
 But yet, of all these toyes,
 not one will Fancie buye,

Except they first be looked on
 by Curiositie :
 But Follie, manie times,
 standes at his elbow so,
 That makes him choose the worse sometime,
 and let the better go :
 Well, there not longe you bide,
 but downe you come againe
 Into the Hall beneath good Syr,
 where longe you not remaine :
 But to the Kitchin streight,
 she forthwith leadeth thee :
 Where, how she dresseth all her meate,
 the order thou shalt see.
 And what kinde cookes she hath,
 and how they make their fyre
 To roast, to seeth, to broille, to bake,
 and what you will desire :
 The roome is narrow syr,
 in which a Harth, all bare,
 On which the Cook powers on his coales,
 & kindels thē with care :
 Then layes he to the Spitt,
 if any meate be roast :
 And if the fyre be once a flame,
 then it beginnes to toast.
 The meate that most he roastes,
 for Fancies daintie toothe,
 Are Partridges, larkes, plouers greene,
 & such fine foule (for sooth).
 The Coles are made of stickes,
 of stuborne youth (God wot)
 Which kinde quicklie of themselues,
 and blowing needeth not :
 The kinde of woode is Will,
 drie, without Sapience sappe :
 The lobcoke Lust, from thriftlesse thick,
 both bring thē in his lap :
 Which wood with lying still,
 is growne so verie drie,
 That with a Sparke of Sporte, alasse,
 they kinde, by and by.
 The Cooke is Carelesse calde :
 the fowles he roastes, are these :
 For Larks, are looks ; for Plouers, thoughts :
 for Partridge, Practises :
 The Larkes are Lookes :
 which when they liue, doe flie :
 But beeing stroken dead, they serue
 for Fancie, by and by :
 The Partridge, Practises :
 which, liuing, seeme so good,
 That they are put vnto the fyre
 to serue for Fancies foode :
 For as the Partridge keepes
 her selfe close to the grounde,
 Because, by colour of her coate,
 she may not so be founde :
 So Practises, that shift,
 to keepe themselues vnseene,

Are Foules most fit for Fancies tooth :
 and now, for Flouers greene,
 Greene thoughts, that flie about :
 now here, now there againe :
 But if, by chaunce, by Cupids dart,
 they hap for to be slaine.
 Then lying but a while,
 at this same flaming fire,
 They make in deede a meate, that most
 fond Fancie doth desire.
 Now hauing scene all this,
 then shall you see, hard by,
 The Pastrie, Mealehouse, and the roome,
 wheras the Coales do ly :
 The Coalehouse is a Cause
 of care and miserie :
 The Pastrie, is a Place
 of open patcherie :
 The Mealehouse, is a Place,
 with set mischiefe fraught,
 For sure, the meale is made of corne,
 y^e is much worse then naught.
 The Corne is called Rye :
 and diuers kindes there bee
 Of this same Rye : as you your self,
 when you are there shall see.
 For there is one kinde Rye,
 is called Knauerie :
 Another, Flatterie,
 with Tretcherie, and Patcherie :
 An other Trumperie,
 an other Mockerie,
 And Baudrie too : and yet the best
 is but a kinde of Rye,
 Wherof the Meale is made,
 that maketh Fancies bread :
 And that is baked in the braine,
 of a hot foolysh head :
 The Graine is sowne by sundrie slaues :
 of which one, Beastlinesse,
 The other Secrete sawcinesse :
 another Trayterousnesse :
 An other Pecuishnesse,
 and another Wilfulnesse,
 With Lowtishnesse, and many moe,
 which I can not expresse :
 And reaped by suche slaues,
 to Fancie, slaues, in deede,
 Which bring the Corne into the Barne
 of Beggerie, with speede :
 They now, that thresh the Corne
 are two stronge sturdie knaues,
 Who haue great beetles in their hands,
 in steed of thrashing staues :
 Of whome to tell the names :
 first, Lobcocke, little wit,
 And wayward Wyl : a good tugh knaue :
 he stands, his fellowes sit :
 They with their Beetels in
 their hands, or heades, at least,

Doo make it readie for the Myll :
 then he that grindes the griest,
 Is Many better sir,
 an arrant craftie knaue :
 Who, with his toulyng, wyll be sure,
 a good round gaine to haue.
 Now sir, this Myll doth stand,
 vpon an Hyll on hie,
 Whose Sayles are driuen by blastes of winde,
 & so grind merely :
 Now Syr, the Corne thus grounde :
 to Fancies Fort, streight way,
 The Myller coms, and in the house,
 there down his Meale doth lay :
 Now Syr, when you haue ben
 in all those Offices,
 And that at Fancies handes, you finde
 suche loue and gentlenesse,
 To shewe you all her House :
 but soft, I had forgot
 To speake of her Bedchamber fine,
 which now sir, I wyll not
 Let slippe, for any thing :
 the Roome it selfe is rounde,
 And in the night dooth stand hir Bed,
 with Curtens brauely bofid.
 The Walles hangde all with Hope,
 on thone side verie faire :
 Vpon the other side againe,
 darke hangings of dispaire.
 Strange pictures by hir Bed :
 on thone side, fittes of greefe,
 On thother side, to euerie pange,
 a present sweete releefe.
 Vpon the one side, sweete accorde,
 on thother Dire debate,
 Vpon the one side, Naked loue :
 on thother, Couerd hate.
 On thone side, Prodiges,
 with pleasaunt Dames in loye,
 On thother side, Chaung Peascods :
 in greefe and great annoye.
 These diuers contraries,
 with many thousands mo,
 When Fancie gazeth on a while,
 she is amazed so,
 That musing so a while,
 she slumbreth at the last,
 And beeing in a slumber so,
 she sleepeth, but not fast :
 Her Bed is all of Downe,
 whereon she lies so soft,
 As any Ladie in this land :
 and at her Bed a loft,
 Are written in faire hande,
 and easie for to reede :
 (Although I seeme a lonelle dame,
 I lothsome am in deede)
 This solempne sentence,
 Who euer so dooth see,

And dooth consider the contents,
 will neuer like of me.
 Her Bed is thus bedeckte :
 the Curteynes are of Saye,
 Not greene, nor yealow, red nor blew,
 nor white, nor popiniaye :
 No Silke, nor Cruel Saye :
 what then may be the same?
 This Say is calde, saye for thy selfe :
 lo, nowe you know the name.
 Her Couering, Curious cost :
 her Blankets, Louers blisse :
 Her Sheets are Shifts : to shroud her selfe.
 her quilts, are quiddities :
 Her Pillowes, they are Points :
 that Louers leane vpon.
 Her Bolster, is a Beggar's Bagge :
 when coine and goods are gone.
 Her Bed she lyes vpon,
 is a yonge Mellowe braine :
 Where Fancie softlie lyes and sleepes,
 and neuer feeleth paine.
 And of such Beds, she hath
 such stoare of choise (by roode)
 That (if so be) she like not one,
 an other is as good.
 Of which, some are so softe,
 that she dooth like them so,
 That with her lying in them long,
 they more halfe rotten growe :
 And if they be not turned,
 or ere they go to farre,
 In time, both braine, and head, and al
 she wilbe sure to marre.
 Thus shall you see her Bed
 and Chamber, brauely deckte :
 And every roome within her house,
 set out in each respect,
 So gallantie : that as
 I saide, I saye againe,
 You sure will thinke (at first) a while,
 in heauen for to remaine.
 Thus, when that Fancie fine,
 hath led you rounde about
 Her statelle house, in everie roome :
 then shall you see a loute,
 Come with a napkin fine,
 about his body bound,
 Into the chamber, there where first
 Dame Fancie fine you found :
 He comes to laye a cloth,
 vpon Dame Fancies boorde :
 And then to bringe in all her cates :
 and trust me (at a worde)
 It is so strange a sighte,
 to see her seruéd so,
 As I shall neuer see the like,
 where euer so I go.
 Her Table is a Forme,
 that stands without a frame,

And none but she and her compeeres,
 can sit vpon the same :
 Her Stooles, stande without feete,
 I cannot shew you how,
 Though I haue seene them (credite me)
 I haue forgot them now.
 But you shall see them there,
 if thither you will go.
 Now sir, when you are there,
 and see this order soo,
 Then unto Dinner straight,
 she goeth by and by :
 There shall you see her fine Compeeres,
 that beare her companie.
 First, vpper most she sittes,
 in a great maiestie :
 Then sits there downe by her, a Dame
 called Ladie vanitie.
 Then downe sits her Compeeres,
 Follie and Frenzie both :
 Such companie, as for to keepe,
 a wiseman would be lothe.
 Her Waitors at her borde,
 are Curiositie,
 Her Chamberlaine ; and next to him
 stands Carefulnesse hard by :
 The Cooke that drest the meate :
 then Nodcoke naturall,
 Then Iacke-an-apes and busie Bee,
 worst manered of them all :
 T nus furnisht is this boorde,
 with waitors in such sorte :
 The meates whereof she feedeth most,
 I neede not make report :
 I spake of them before :
 but for her kinde of drinke,
 No beere, nor ale, nor wine it is :
 and what then doo you thinke?
 It is a drinke composde,
 of drugges of diuers sortes,
 Discourtesie, Disdaine, Dispigh :
 and mingled with Disportes, ^{t ?}
 Sappe of faire Semblance,
 with secret Simulation.
 With loice of herbes of hollow hartes,
 and faithfull protestation :
 These Drugges, with many mo,
 puts Fancie in her drinke :
 Which though they sumwhat please the tast,
 yet make the bosom stinke :
 And workes so in their heads,
 that are not used theretoo,
 That maks them more half mad : for greif,
 they know not what to do.
 Now syr, this is her drinke :
 her meate before you know :
 Her servants I haue showne you too,
 that do attend her so.
 Now Syr, when you haue fed,
 of Fancies fare one day :

I doo beleue that you will wishe,
 your selfe, next day away.
 I promise you (of troth)
 I did when I was there :
 And I would not be there againe,
 for twentie pound, I sweare.
 And more then wishing too,
 at borde aloude I cride :
 I would I were away, this fare,
 I cannot I abide.
 Which when that Fancie sawe,
 she tooke me from the boorde,
 And thrust me out of dores in haste,
 not speaking any worde.
 And flonge me downe the steares,
 wherewith I caught a fall,
 That greued me sore : but yet (me thought)
 I stood cōtent withal.
 The vsber of the Hall,
 he tooke me by and by,
 And out of doores too in like sorte,
 he thrust me presently.
 Then euery lacke-an-apes,
 that rid upon an Asse,
 Was ready for to ride me still,
 as I the Courte did passe.
 The Geese and Ganders hist,
 the Duckes cride quack, at mee :
 Thus euerie one would haue a flyrt,
 ere I could get out free.
 The Porter Daliaunce,
 he draue me out in haste,
 And thrust me downe so hard the Hill,
 my neck was almost brast.
 And vp I rose againe,
 though bruséd verie sore,
 And ment, if once I gat away,
 for to come there no more.
 Well, limping as I coulde,
 I hit the beaten waye,
 Of foolles foote steps : through Forrest back,
 that led me so astraye.
 And back againe I came,
 to Learning's narrow lane :

And there I hit The trackt of Truth,
 that I should first haue tane,
 That leaues the Forrest quite :
 which when I had hit on,
 I staide awhile, and there my walke
 I gan to thinke vpon :
 And thinking so, I saw
 a Scholler comming by,
 That came from learned Vertue's Schoole :
 and, sighing heauely,
 I calde him vnto me,
 and tolde him of my wo,
 Of my sore fall, from Fancies Forte,
 and how I caught it so.
 Which when that he had harde,
 he tooke me by the hande,
 And beeing verie weake (in deede)
 scarce able for to stande :
 He led me to a house
 of Wisdome : an olde man,
 His Father (as he saide) he was :
 and there I rested than.
 This Jentle youth, if I
 do not forget the same,
 Is Honest Reason : so I thinke,
 his Father cald his name.
 Where, beyng but a while,
 my tale I gan to tell
 To hym, of this my gentle walke :
 wherat he laughéd well,
 And laughing so (quoth he)
 go, Youth, here take a booke,
 And write now, for remembrance thine,
 y^t when thou chance to looke
 Upon the same againe,
 then thou mayst take heede styl,
 Of leauyng Wisdome's narrow Lane,
 and follow wanton wyll :
 Loe, thus at his commaund,
 I wrote it by and by :
 And this it was, belecue me now,
 or els (at least) I lye.

FINIS.

In Dispight of Fancie.

AH, feeble Fancie, now
 thy force is nothing worth :
 Thou hadst me in thy Castel once,
 but now I am got forth :
 Thou barst a gallant flagge
 of lustie brauerie,
 But I haue seene y^t all thy showe,
 is but meere knauerie.

Thy Fethers flaunt a flaunte,
 are blowne awaie with winde,
 And Falsbood is the trustie Troth,
 that one in thee shall finde.
 Thy valure is but vauntes,
 thy weapons are but wordes :
 Thou vnest Shales, in steede of Shot,
 and signes in steede [of] swords.

Thy Forte is of no force,
 each foole maie scale the same,
 And thou thy selfe art but a flirt,
 and not a noble Dame,
 As some doo thee accompt :
 I know thee too too well,
 And none but Dawes & Doltes, within
 thy foolish Forte do dwell.
 Thy Castell is, in deede,
 a Caue of miserie,
 A place in short space for to bring
 a man to beggerie.
 Thy Forte defended is,
 by Duckes and gardes of Geese,
 By lacke an Apes, Asses too,
 and such gallants as these.
 Thy deepe delight is all
 in foolish trifling toyes :
 Thou makest a man in things of nought,
 to set his cheefest ioyes.
 Thy Schoole maie well be called,
 the Schoole of littell skill,
 Thy Schoolers most are waywarde wits,
 that follow wanton wil :
 Thy Lessons lothsome are,
 thy selfe a Mistris too,
 Of naught but Mischeefe, which thou most
 doost make thy Schollers doo.
 Thy Pleasure breeds Man's paine,
 thy Game doth turne to Greefe :
 Thou woorkest many Deadly woe,
 but few doost lend releefe.
 Thou makest a man to gaine
 Dishonor and Defame,
 Thou makst him thinke a Stinking Slut
 to be a Gallant dame.
 Thou makes him Hang on hope,
 and drowne in Deepe dispaire :
 Thou makest him, like a mome, to build
 High Castels in the aire.
 Thou makest him thinke Black White,
 & when that all is known,
 Thou makest him Like an Asse, to se
 a fooles head of his owne.
 Thou art The cause of care,
 but comfort very small,
 And so, what euer is amisse,
 thou art the cause of all :
 My selfe haue seene all this
 that I report, and more :
 Thou madest me thinke y, did mee good,
 that greued me ful sore.
 But long I was so blinde,
 thou so hadst dimd my sight,
 That I could neuer see the craft
 of this thy deepe dispyght :
 Till I out of thy Forte,
 was clerely got away,
 And came to Graue aduises house,
 where now I hope to stay.

Where when I was arriued,
 by helpe of a deere frende :
 Trew reason : one with whom I meane,
 to keepe till life do ende.
 Now when that I came there,
 he did declare to me,
 What ment that foolish Forte of thine,
 and all that I did se :
 Which when I well had markt,
 I did not all repent
 My labour in my Journey so,
 although my cost I spent.
 Because thy nature so,
 and deeds I did discrie :
 Which deeds of thine, I doo detest,
 and thee I doo defie.
 And now unto the worlde,
 in deepe despyght of thee,
 I shew what a vaine flirte thou art,
 that euery man may see.
 I haue set out thy Forte,
 thy Force, and eke thy Schoole :
 Thy Vshers too, that teach therein,
 a mad man and a foole :
 Thy lothsom lessons too,
 and how, by great good happe,
 I am got out, although long first,
 out of thy lothsome lappe.
 What shall I farther say,
 I haue set out, in kinde :
 Eche pguish poynt I know in thee,
 for euery man to finde.
 Therefore, let fall thy flagge,
 and all thy brauerie ;
 I haue at large, I thinke, set out
 thy suttill slauerie :
 And that, in such a sort,
 as who so lust to reade,
 My whole discourse of thy dispyght,
 will learne for to take heede.
 Of all thy gallant showe,
 they know now what it is :
 Thou long hast liued unknowen, alas,
 but now describe, I wis.
 And for my selfe, thy Forte
 I know so well, I sweare,
 That I doo meane to keepe mee thence,
 and neuer to come there :
 But if I doo looke vp,
 and follow thee againe :
 Then keepe mee fast within the Forte,
 and plague me for my paine.
 But trust me, I meane it not :
 with Reason here, my frend,
 I meane to lyue in thy dispyght,
 and so I make an ende.
 And yet before I make
 a flat ende, ere I go,
 I wyll discharge my stomache quite,
 and byd thee farewell so.

A Foole,
 Dame Fancies man,
 speaketh in Defence of his Mistresse, Fancie.

WHAT means that mad man, tro,
 that railles on Fancie so?
 That seekes to do her such dispight,
 & sweres himself her fo:
 The man mistakes himselfe,
 it is not Fancie, sure,
 That for to fal into such rage,
 doth him so much procure.
 Why, Fancie, is a frende,
 to euery curteous Knight:
 Why, Fancie, is the chiefest thing,
 that doth the minde delight.
 Why, Fancie, was the cause,
 that wunders first were founde:
 Of many fine deuices strange,
 first, Fancie was the ground:
 Why, Fancie is the thing,
 that moueth men to loue,
 And telles the Louers what to doo,
 as best for their behooue:
 Fancie, findes pretie toyes,
 to please each Courtly Dame:
 Fancie, to passe the time in sporte,
 inuented many a game.
 To Courtiers many a one,
 a good frende Fancie standes:
 She makes them reap good lyking, at
 their louing Ladies' hands:
 She made the Poets olde,
 deuices to endight,
 Which they in wrightyng, left behind,
 for other men's delight.
 She seeketh vnto none,
 but many seeke to her:
 And those who are her seruaunts styll,
 she seeketh to preferre
 To high degree in time:
 and that in Court (perchaunce)
 She helpeth them, and many wayes,
 doth seeke them to aduaunce.

Now some (perhaps) againe,
 that are of grosest wit,
 And, by their dispositions,
 For Follye Schollers fit:
 Those now (perhaps) in deede,
 she letteth all alone,
 With Follie, onely, to rewarde,
 and them regardeth none.
 But those that are againe,
 of quicke capacitie,
 Who can consider Vertue wise,
 from foolysh Vanytie:
 Suche men she chieffie loues,
 and suche, although they know her,
 Shall haue smal cause, in tract of time,
 in deed, for to beshrow her.
 I may not speake too muche,
 for I am partiall,
 But what I haue said is true,
 for I have tried all.
 And therefore, sure the man,
 that rayleth on her so,
 Hath done her wrong, without iust cause,
 to stand so much her fo.
 Faire wordes are euer best,
 backbiting is too bad.
 And therefore, I doo thinke the man,
 is either dronke or mad,
 That seekes her suche despight,
 so much without desarte:
 And, by her countenance, it seemes,
 it grieues her to the hart
 To be so muche abuse: but wot
 you what, no remedie:
 A wicked tongue doth say amisse,
 and will do tyll I die.

FINIS.

The Lamentacion of Fancie.

ALAS, poore seellie wretche,
 now maiste thou weepe and wayle :
 For now, thy Forte is of no force,
 thou canst no more preuayle.
 Fancie, let fall thy flagge,
 thy branerie is descride,
 Thy shifts are scene, wherwith thou thoughtst,
 thy selfe from sight to hide.
 The man is got away,
 whom late I entertainde :
 And loe, by him I am defamde,
 and all my state is staind :
 Why did I not him feede,
 with some more sweete repaste ?
 Why dyd I not deuise to dresse,
 some toy, to please his taste ?
 I put into his drinke,
 too much Drugges of despight :
 Thou moughtst allayd the bitternes,
 with drams of sweet delight.
 Why didst thou, in a rage,
 first fling him from thy lap,
 And leaue to feede him any more,
 with Worldly pleasures pap ?
 Why did I, in my rage,
 not speakyng any worde,
 Take him so roughly at the first,
 and set him from my boorde ?
 And thrust him out of Doores,
 in such a scornfull wise :
 Thou hadst ben better let him dinde
 and let himself to rise.
 Why didst thou throw him downe
 the Steares in such a sorte ?
 That he of thy discourtesie
 may iustly make report :
 And beeing false downe so,
 why didst thou, Vaine delight,
 Thrust him out of doores
 by force, in such dispight ?
 You, Jacke an Apeses too,
 why caught you at him so ?
 To ride him like an Asse, as he
 along the Courte did go ?
 Why did you hisse, you geese ?
 and Duckes, why cride you quacke,
 To raile on him ? why did you not
 more gently let him packe ?
 Why didst thou, Dallaunce,
 so thrust him out of doore ?
 That made him catch so great a fall
 and bruze himself so sore.

Alas, what blame I you ?
 my selfe I ought to blame :
 For, if I had forbidden it,
 you had not done the same :
 Coulde none of all my Flowers,
 so faire and sweete of smell,
 Cause him to haue desire, againe
 within my Forte to dwell ?
 Coulde not my Bedchamber,
 with all my Pictures faire,
 Make him yet ere he die againe,
 thither to make repaire ?
 Alasse, I feare he sawe
 the words at my Beds head :
 And, out of doubt, I feare in deede,
 that sentence he hath read :
 And that hath caused him
 to lothe my Bed and me :
 But could not all the other sights,
 that in the Chamber he
 Did see, to mooue delight,
 make him forget the same ?
 Oh no, well Fancie, yet
 seeke none at all to blame,
 But euon thy onely selfe,
 who tookste so small regarde
 Vnto a Stranger in such sorte,
 and handle him so harde.
 Well, since that he is gone,
 and that I am discride ;
 And that from him my shifts, alasse,
 I can no longer hide :
 I must a warning take,
 the next that come againe
 Vnto my Forte, for seruice mine,
 better to entertaime.
 And though he thus be gone,
 I doubt not but there be,
 Some youthes abroade yet in the worlde,
 yt wil come seeke out me :
 But all that I can euer
 haue, to ease my paine,
 Will neuer doe me halfe that good
 as to see him againe :
 Which if I euer haue,
 I now not sorrow so,
 But I shall then reioyce asmuch,
 and ridde me of my wo.
 Untill which time, alasse,
 I languish still in paine,
 And so shall doo, vntill I see,
 my gentle youth againe.

FINIS.

A FAREWELL

To Fancie.

FONDE Fancie, now farewell,
 thy Lodging likes me not :
 I serued thee long, full like a slaue,
 yet little gaines I got.
 Yet though I say my selfe,
 no slaue that euer seru'de
 Of any Mistris in this world,
 haue more rewarde deseru'd.
 But he that bindes himselfe
 apprentice to a Patch,
 At seauen yeares ende, will this be sure,
 to gain sum foolish catch.
 So Nodcoke I, that longe
 haue serued thee like a slaue ;
 For my rewarde, by dew desart,
 Repentaunce gainéd haue.
 Thou never badst me go,
 but I would runne with speede :
 If thou didst bid me staie againe,
 two biddings should not neede.
 When I had better runne,
 when thou didst bid me staie,
 And better staide then goe on foote,
 to breede mine owne decaye.
 When thou didst bid me looke,
 I readie was to marke,
 And would not loose the thing so soone,
 no, not in greatest darke.
 When better I had beene,
 for to haue shut mine eye,
 Then for to cast mine eye on that,
 should worke me woe thereby.
 When thou didst bid me like,
 I louéd, by and by :
 When thou againe badst me mislike,
 I hated contrarie.
 What shall I further say,
 thou nothing badst me doe,
 But I was willing, by and by,
 for to agree thereto.
 But what, for all my paines
 haue I now reapt in fine,

A goodly gaine, Repentaunce sore,
 of such great follie mine :
 When thou didst bid me go,
 my running made me fall :
 When thou didst bid me stay againe,
 twas for no good at all.
 Thou madste me studie ofte,
 but what?—fonde trifling toyes :
 The Arte of Loue, and of the cause
 of louers greeces and loyes.
 Thou madste me think, long while,
 that louers greefe was game,
 And that no loye could be compard,
 vnto a gallant Dame.
 Thou madst me thinke long time,
 no pleasure like to that,
 With Curtisans, in their kinde,
 to doe, I say not what.
 Thou madste me halfe amarde,
 sometime, with frantick fits,
 And, now and then with thoughts of loue
 almost out of my wits.
 Thou maadst me take delight,
 in Lodge of Loue to dwell :
 And for to cōmpt that thing a heauen,
 which rather was a hell.
 Thou maadst me thinke that Loue
 did purchase heauenly Joy :
 Which now I see did purchase paine,
 & wrought naught but annoy.
 Thou maadst me take delight
 to let in braue attire :
 Which now I finde was more, indeede,
 than reason did require.
 In Fethers flaunt a flaunt,
 and toasing in the winde,
 Thou maadst me take delight, which now
 a folly great I finde.
 Thou maadst me take delight
 in singularitie,
 In Tailors worke to haue a tricke,
 that none should haue but I.

Thou maadst me coumpt a praise,
 some fashion to deuise,
 Wherewith I sought in wisemens sight,
 my selfe for to disguise.
 Thou maadst me spend my time,
 in vaine and foolish toyes,
 And euer didst withdraw my minde,
 from seeking perfect ioyes.
 Thou maadst me thinke it was
 a heauen, For to go gaye,
 But neuer badst me looke in time,
 how long it would hould way.
 In fine, as long as I
 was Scholler at thy Schoole :
 For all the learning that I got,
 I proou'd my selfe a foole.
 Thou didst withdraw my minde
 from Perfect pietie,

And maadst me cheefely to delight
 in worldly vanitie.
 But now, since that I see,
 that it hath pleaséd God,
 To plague me well for my desarts,
 with smart of mine owne rod :
 And giue me grace to finde,
 what greefes by thee doe grow,
 And that, although vnto my cost,
 thy nature naught I know.
 What gaines by thee are got,
 what pinching penurie,
 What greef of minde, what plague of purse,
 what wretched misery :
 I now forsake thee quite,
 and neuer meane to dwell,
 Neere thee, by fiteene thousand mile :
 and so, Fancie farewell.

FINIS.





The Toyes of an Idle head:

verye pleasaunte and delectable, to passe away idle
time withall.

¶ A pretty Dittie in despight of Fantasie.

¶ THE ARGUMENT.

¶ SINCE Fantasie fyrst mooued mee,
To rime thus rudely, as you see :
A pretty Dittie of Despight,
Gaynsto Fantasy, first will I write.

NOW, by my troth, I cannot chuse but smile,
To see the foolish fittes of Fantasie :
With what deceits she dooth the mind beguile,
As pleaseth best her great inconstancie.
As well the wisest as the foolish man,
She troubleth, I tell you, now and than.

And no denyall : if she lyketh once,
It must be had, what euer so it bee :
And each day new Deuices for the nonce,
Onely to please Mistresse fonde Fantasie.
For she can neuer like one thing two dayes,
Though it deserue neuer so great a praise.

This thing to day, to morrow that againe,
And yet the next day neither of them bothe :
That now she likes, anon she will disdaine,
And whom she louéd, seemeth now to loath.
Thus chopping still, and chaunging euery day,
With vaine delights, she leades the minde away.

She makes the Louer thinke his Lady fayre,
Although she be as foule as foule may bee :
Shée makes him eke, build Castles in the ayre,
And very farre in Milstones for to see.
And in the ende, I thinke if all were knowne,
Shée makes him see, a Fooles head of his owne.

Shée makes my Lady so much to esteeme
Of her greene prattling Parratte in the Cage :
This makes her eke her little Page to deeme,
The finest Boye in England, of his age :
This makes her set more by her tame white Deare,
Then some would doo by twenty pounds a yeare.

And who can choose but laugh, to thinke vpon
Such frowarde fittes of foolish fantasie ?
And how, alas, the minde is woe-begon,
If that it hath not each thing, by and by,
That she desires, whateuer so it be :
Cost life or death, it must be had, we see.

Shée feedes the minde of man with many a toye,
Shée makes himselfe to seeke his owne decay :
In thinges of nought, she makes him set his ioye,
And from all Vertue leades him quite away.
And shée it is, that vainely causéd me,
Against her selfe to rime thus, as you see.

FINIS.



A dolorous Discourse,
of one that was bewitched with loue.

¶ THE ARGUMENT.

¶ SINCE that the passing pangues of looue,
Which many Louers ofte doo prooue :
I fynde the cause, from time to time,
That made men shew their mindes in rime.
I doo intend, in verses few
A dolorous discourse to shew,
Of one that was bewicht in looue :
What passing pangues he ofte did prooue.
In which, God wot, the more his paine,
Euen till his death he did remaine.

I F I had skill to frame a cunning Vearse
Wherein I mought my loathsome life lament,
Or able were in rimes for to rehearse
The gryping greefes, that now my heart haue hent :
Such priue pangues of looue I could descrie,
As neuer any Louer felt but I.

Some say they freeze, they flame, they flie alofte,
And yet they fall, they hope, and yet they feare :
The feeld once wonne, yet ielousie full ofte
With vile suspect, theyr yrkesome hearts dooth teare.
They liue and lacke, they lack, and yet they haue,
And haning, yet they lack the thing they craue.

They hide in blisse, amid their weary bale,
With beaue hearts, they show a smiling face :
In figures thus, they tell a mournfull tale,
And set their sorrow out with such a grace,
That who so reades the same, and markes it well,
Would thinke a Louer's torments worse then Hell.

Then thinke you, what vyle torments doo I feele,
When all these pangues are but Flea-bytes to mine :
I neuer came to top of Fortune's wheele,
But vnderneath, in dolours still doo pine :
I neuer flew, whereby to haue a fall,
Yet stoope I ofte, although my gate be small.

Am I not then in case much worse then they
That flye sometimes, although they fall as fast ?
Oh yes, my case let any Louer way,
And they shall see, I neuer yet did taste
One sugred ioye that they haue swallowed ofte,
That flye and fall, although they fall not soft.

For they that flie, although they catch a fall,
Yet while they flie, the time so ioyfull is :
The harme they take by falling is but small,
For when vnto themselves they thinke on this,

What a fyne flight, but euen ere while they had :
For ioye thereof, they cannot long be sad.

But Fortune neuer yet so fauoured mee,
To lend me winges to take on little flight,
Whereby the harme by falling I mought see,
Or yet in flying fynde the deepe delight.
I cannot call to minde one ioyefull day,
Which, for a time, my sorrowes may allay.

But lye along all weryed with this woe,
And know not how to prooue to make a flight :
With chilling colde, my ioyntes are frozen so,
That when I striue but euen to stande vpright,
I feele my feebled limbes to faint so fast,
That staggering still, downe flat I fall at last.

My harte it selfe, is bitten so with frost,
That all my sences now are waxed nome :
My tongue his taste of pleasaunt ioyes hath lost,
My minde with cruell care is ouercome :
My dazeled eyes are waxed dimme with teares,
Which shew the state wherein my life it weares.

Mine eares waxe deafe, no pleasaunt tunes they heare,
That may reuiue with dole, my dulled braine :
Where I was wonte with Musicke for to cheare
My heauy heart, now seemes a deadly paine.
For each sweete note I heere men play or sing,
Thorough mine eare, like thunder clappes, dooth ring.

But thus to liue, oh what a lyfe is this ?
To liue (alas) my sences all bestraght :
Though straunge it seeme, yet trust me true it is,
Such chilling cold my sences all hath caught,
That I can neither heare, nor feele, nor see,
Nor smell, nor taste, and yet aliue must bee.

And shall I tell how fyrst I caught this colde ?
By looking long vpon thy louely face :
For when I did thy heauenly hew behold,
And markt therewith thy braue and comly grace :
Good Lord, thought I, what worthy wight is this ?
Some heauenly Dame, then Venus sure it is.

Venus, quoth I ? with that I winckte for feare,
And shut the windowes of my seeing shoppe :
For greefe whereof my heart did swelte, I sweare :
Then gan I striue against the hill to hoppe.
With gazing eyes to stare on thee againe,
Whose only lookes haue wrought me all this paine.

But when I heard a name to thee assignde,
 And sawe thou werte an earthly Creature ;
 Then gan I thus imagine, in my minde,
 Which waye mought I this Ladyes Loue procure,
 To me poore Page, that thus sore wounded lye
 At point of death : yet dying cannot die.

But when I sawe mine owne vnworthinesse,
 And could not call to minde a due desarte :
 Whereon I mought presume, in this distresse,
 To craue of thee some salue for this my smarte :
 With greefe thereof, I caught this chilling colde,
 Which, quaking yet, my quieting corps dooth holde.

Yet lookte I, loe, and stared still on thee,
 Thinking thereby to finde some ease of paine :
 But straight, me thought, I sawe thee looke awrye,
 As who should say, thou didst my lookes disdain.
 Which lowryng looke droue me into this fytt,
 Which God he knowes, how it torments me yet.

But yet I must confesse at fyrst, deare dame,
 That whot desyre my greefe hath caused so :
 But, by and by, my fierce and fierie flame,
 Was quicklye quenachte with waues of wearie wo :
 In which wet waues, I too and fro am tost,
 Seeking in vaine, to finde some quiet cost.

Now (noble Dame) since that thou seest plaine,
 How fyrst I caught this greefe that gripes my harte,
 And makes me thus to pine in pangues of paine :
 Since that in thee it lyes to ease my smarte,
 And only thee : (deare Dame) doe not denye
 To helpe me now, for if thou doest, I dye.

But thinke vpon my bitter passion,
 And eke the passing pangues wherein I pyne :
 And how fast bound, without redemption,
 I lynge forth this loathsome lyfe of mine :
 And how thou mayest with speede, if thee it please,
 Both set me free, and cure my straunge disease.

Which if thou wilt, I know for certaynty
 Thou canst not choose, but lend me some releefe :
 Thou wilt, beholding my calamity,
 Lend some one graine of comfort to my greefe :
 Which when thou doest, for a Phisitions fee,
 A noble name thy greatest gayne shall bee.

And so, deare Dame, when thou doest thinke vpon
 The lothsome lyues that Louers oft rehearse :
 Among the rest, let this of mine be one,
 Which here to thee dooth shewe itselfe in vearse :
 Then shalt thou see how farre my passyon,
 In pangues of loue, hath paste them every one.

¶ A Gentleman being on a Christmas Eue
 in a very solitary place, among very
 solemn Company: where was but small
 cheare, lesse myrth and least musicke :

beeing very earnestly entreated to sing a
 Christmas Caroll, with much adoe sung
 as followeth.

Now Christmas draweth near, & most mē make good
 cheare,

With heigh how, care away :
 I lyke a siely mome, in drowsy dumpes at home,
 Will naught but fast and pray.

Some syng and daunce for lyfe, some Carde and Dyce
 as ryfe,

Some vse olde Christmas Games :
 But I, oh wretched wight, In dole both day and night
 Must dwell : the world so frames.

In Court, what pretty toyes, what fyne and pleasaunt
 ioyes,

To passe the tyme away :
 In cuntry nought but care, sower Cheese curdes,
 chieftest fare,
 For Wyne, a Bole of Whay.

For every daintie dish, of Flesh or else of Fish,
 And for your Drinke in Courte :

A dish of young fryed Froogges, Sodde houghes of
 mesled Hogges,
 A cuppe of small Tap worte.

And for ech Courtly sight, ech shew that may delight
 The eye, or else the minde :

In Cuntry Thornes and brakes, and many miery lakes.
 Is all the good you finde.

And for fine Enteries, Halles, Chambers, Galleries,
 And Lodginges many moe :
 Here desert Wooddes or plaines, where no delight
 remaines,
 To walke in too and froe.

In Court, for to be shorte, for every preyte sporte,
 That may the heart delight :
 In Cuntry many a greefe, and small or no releefe,
 To ayde the wounded wight.

And in this Desarte place, I, Wretch, in wofull case,
 This merry Christmase time :
 Content my selfe, perforce, to rest my carefull corse :
 And so I end my rime.

¶ In the latter end of Christmas, the same
 Gentleman was likewise desired to sing ;
 and although against his will, was con-
 tent to singe as followeth.

THE Christmas now is past, and I haue kept my fast,
 With prayer every day :
 And like a Country Clowne, with nodding vp and
 downe,
 Haue past the time away.

As for old Christmas Games, or daunsing with fine
Dames,

Or shewes, or pretie playes :

A solemne oath I sweare, I came not where they were,
Not all these holy dayes.

I did not sing one noate, except it were by roate,
Still buzing like a Bee :

To ease my heauy harte, of some, though little smarte,
For want of other glee.

And as for pleasaunt Wine, there was no drinke so fine,
For to be tasted heere :

Full simple was my fare, if that I should compare,
The same to Christmas cheere.

I sawe no kinde of sight, that might my minde delight,
Beleue me, noble Dame :

But eury thing I saw, did freat at wo my maw,
To thinke vpon the same.

Upon some bushy balke, full faine I was to walke
In Wooddes, from tree to tree,

For wante of better roome : but since my fatal doome,
Hath so appointed mee :

I stooode therewith content, till Christmas full was spent,
In hope that God will sende

A better yet next yeare, my heauie heart to cheare :
And so I make an ende.

¶ The same man beeing in very great dumpes
the same time, beeing likewise intreated
to write some dolefull Dittie of his owne
inuentiō wrote as followeth.

WHAT griping greefes, what pinching pangues of payne?

What deadly dinte, of deepe and darke annoye?

What plague? what wo, dooth in this world remaine?

What Hellish happe? what wante of worldly ioye?

But that (oh Caytife) I do dayly bide,

Yea, and that more then all the world beside.

If euer man had cause to wish for death,

To cut atwo this lucklesse lyne of life :

Why striue not I, with speede to stoppe my breath?

Since cruell care, not like a caruing knife,

But like a Sawe, still hackling to and froe,

Thus gnawes my heart, with gripes of weary woe.

What, doo you thinke I iest, or that I faine?

Or, Louer-like, my life I doo lament?

Or that my fyttēs are fancies of the braine,

Which wauer still, and neuer stande content?

Or that my sighes are nought but signes of sloath?

Oh, thinke not so, beleue me, on my troath.

This I protest before my God on hie,

If that I could my doloures well declare :

I thinke I should such priuie pangues descrie

Of sorrowes smarte, as surely seldome are

Seene nowadayes : I thinke, especially :

Yea, seene or felte, of such a Youth as I.

But some perhaps will aske, what is my woe?

What is the thing that makes me so to mourne?

And why I walke so solemne too and froe?

I aunswer thus : such fyry flames dooth burne

Bothe day and night, within my boyling brest,

That, God he knowes, I take but little rest.

But shall I tell how fyrst this flame arose?

And how these Coles were kindled at the furst?

I may not so my dolloures deepe disclose :

For credit me, I would faine, if I durst :

But since, alas, I may not as I would,

Let this suffice, I would faine, if I could.

What if I could? nay, durst : what did I say?

For if I durst, I know full well I could :

What could I doe? no whit more then I may :

I know that too : but yet, if that I would,

I could doe much more then I meane to doe,

As thus advise : but whether doo I goe?

What neede so many words, so much a doe?

To blaze the broyles that I doe dayly byde :

Or else to tell of tormentes too and fro,

Wherewith I am beset on euery syde :

These few wordes mought haue serued the tourne, I

troue :

Ten thousand plagues, but pleasures none I knowe.

¶ A pretty gyrd, giuen by a Gentlewoman to her seruaunt,
whereupon these Verses were made as followeth.

¶ Farewell Youth, to your vntruth.

WHEN as thou badst farewell to myne vntrueth,
I hope thou spakest it but in iest, deare Dame :

Or else, for that you thought that eury youth,

Most commonly is touched with the same :

Such youthes there are, I must confesse, in deede,

As with vntrueth their Ladies fancies feede.

But what of that : tush, I am none of those,
 Though youthly yeares, I cannot well denie :
 For rather lyfe then trueth, I chuse to lose :
 By trueth, I meane my true fidelitie :
 Which who so breakes, to him, as to a youth,
 Thou mayest well say : farewell to thine vntrueth.

But yet, good Lady, say not so to mee,
 Till thou dooest see, my trueth by falshood staynd :
 Which when thou seest, then iustly spit at mee,
 As at a slaue, whose trueth is all but faynd :
 But till that time, say not to mine vntrueth
 Farewell againe, but onely to my youth.

For all vntruethes I vitterly denye,
 And to my trusty trueth, I stoutly stand :
 And who so list against the same replye,
 Gainst him with speede, I goe, with sworde in hande :
 Into the Feeld, the same for to defend :
 For loe, in this my credit dooth depend.

And though (perhaps) most commonly, each youth
 Is giuen in deede, to follow euery gaye :
 And some of these are touched with vntruth,
 Yet some there be, that take a better waye :
 And stande vpon their trueth and honesty,
 More then vpon their foolish brauerie.

Which two I count to be the cheefest pointes
 That ech man ought to builde his life vpon :
 And these holde I my cheefe and strongest joyntes :
 For what were I, when these two pointes are gone?
 Wherefore, deare Dame, as I begon I end :
 My Youth I graunt, and trueth I still defend.

¶ It chaunced not long after, that this
 Gentleman happened to be in the com-
 pany of his very friend, which at Dyce
 lost much money : and after his losse,
 entreated him to write some despightfull
 Ditty, to diswade him from Cards and
 Dice : which with much intreaty he
 graunted, & wrote as followeth.

My freend, I saye, if thou be wise,
 Use not to much the Cardes and Dyce :
 Least, setting all at sincke and syce,
 Doe make thee know the cost :
 Twill make thee weare a thinne light purse,
 Twill make thee sweare, and ban, and curse :
 Twill make thee doo all this and worse,
 When once thy Coyne is lost.

Therefore, take heede in time, I say :
 For time at Dice runnes fast away,
 No time worse spent then at dyce-play,
 I put thee out of doubt :

And say not, but it was thee tolde :
 The nearer that thy purse is poide,
 The more still friendship waxeth colde,
 Yea, all the worlde throughout.

And then, when once thy coyne is gone,
 And friends to helpe thee thou hast none,
 Nor house nor Land to live vpon :
 Oh then, what wilt thou say?
 Well, once I might haue taken heede,
 I had a trusty freend in deede,
 That tould me true how I should speede,
 If I did hold this way.

For who continues in this vaine
 Of setting still, bothe bye and mayne,
 But in the ende he shall be faine
 To leaue it, will or nill :
 And doe the thing that dooth despight
 Most men, though some it dooth delight,
 To them that play to holde the light,
 Full ill against their will.

Leaue therefore (friend) while thou art well,
 And marke the woordes that I thee tell :
 If once thy lande thou fall to sell,
 Thy credit will impaire :
 And care not thou, though Gamsters say,—
 (These Gamsters, Roysters call I may)
 What, Dastard, darrest thou not play?
 Howe, reach this man a Chaire.

Well, if he bring it, sit thee downe,
 Or else go out into the towne :
 If not, then walke thee vp and downe,
 And beare a time his scoffe :
 And thou shalt see within a while,
 How thou mayest finely at him smile :
 When he would gladly wish a file,
 To file his yrons off.

For commonly, such knaues as these
 Doe ende their lyves vpon three trees :
 Or lye in Prison for theyr fees,
 For all their bragging out :
 And though one yeare they goe full gaye,
 And euery day play lusty play :
 Yet with a Rope they make a fraye,
 Ere seuen yeare goe about.

And therefore, say they what they list,
 Take thou still heede of, had I wist :
 And use not too too much thy fist,
 To shaking of the Dice :
 For fyrst, thy gaine will be but small,
 The credit lesse, thou gettest with all :
 Thy estimation least of all,
 Though deare thou buy the price.

Good Lorde, was not that man halfe madde,
 That once a prety lyuing had :
 And would not rest, but out must gadde,
 To Cardes and Dyce in haste :

And vsed them so lustily,
Setting, and throwing carelesly :
Till in shorte space, full foolishly,
He spent euen all, at laste.

Euen so wilt thou, I promise thee,
If thou doe not giue care to me,
And leaue thy trouling of a Dye,
And that with speede, my friend :
For they that vse so lustily
The Cardes and Dyce, most commonly
Are eyther brought to beggery,
Or hang else in the ende.

And now, farewell ! since that I may,
As now, no longer with thee stay :
My counsaile, therefore, beare away,
And leaue that vaine delight,
That now thou hast in Cardes and Dyce :
And learne betimes for to be wise :
Once well warnde, is as good as twise :
And so, my freend, good night.

An other Dittie, after that, made by the same
man (after a sorte) in defence of Cardes
and Dice, as followeth.

To play at Dice is but good sporte,
So it be vsed in good sorte :
But who delights in Cardes and Dyse,
In deede, I cannot count him wise :
For he that playes, till all be gone,
With Robin Hoode and little John,
May trace the Wooddes : for wise men say,
Keepe somewhat till a rayny day.

But will you, therefore, generally
Disprays the Dyce so spightfully?
What thing so good, that now is vsde,
But by a foole may be abusde ?
I speake not this vnto that ende,
That you should thinke I would defend
Dyce playing vniversallye,
But onely used moderately.

For who so long dooth vse the Dyce
Till he thereof hath knowen the price :
I meane, till almost all be gone :
Then marke this, straight way, such a one,
Beginnes to learne to cogge a pace :
Whereby he dooth so much disgrace
The Cardes and Dyce, that men doo feare
To play, for Coggers euery where.

But if that Coggers all were barde,
And cleanly cutters of a Carde,
And euery Gamster would play square :
Then some men would hope well to fare.

And then would few so much despise,
As now they doe, both Cardes and Dyse :
For neyther Cardes nor Dice be naught,
If men would vse them as they ought.

For how can Cardes or Dice hurt those,
That care not whether they win or lose ?—
But who doe so? such men these are
As play no more then they may spare :
And when they come to any Game,
They make a pastime of the same ;
But hab or nab, speede well who may,
And merrily so will spend the day.

And what is lost too, farewell it,
Neuer chafe nor create a whit.
And they that vse play in this sorte,
With Cardes and Dyce make preaty sporte.
Then, therefore, since both Cardes and Dyce
Be good for some men, as I say :
Who dooth abuse them, is not wise,
Nor worthy, in my minde to play.
Therefore, as I begone, I ende,
Moderate play I doe defend.

¶ An other time, not long after, he chaunced
to be in his friends and betters house :
being in his bed about midnight, by
chance awake, heard in the next cham-
ber a Page of the Ladyes of the house,
lamenting, as he laye in his bed, very
sore his vnhappy estate: which as he
could well beare away in the morning,
put it in verse only for his owne read-
ing, to laugh at : but being by his friend
intreated, put it, as you see, among his
Toyes (as one not the least), which was
as followeth.

THAT I would not perswaded be,
in my yong rechesse youth :
By plaine experience I see,
that now it prooueth truth :
It is Toms song, my Ladyes Page,
That seruice is no heritage.

I hard him sing this other night,
as he lay all alone :
Was never Boie in such a plight,
where should he make his mone?
Oh Lord, quoth he, to be a Page,
This seruice is none heritage.

Mine Uncle told me tother day,
that I must take great paine :
And I must cast all sloath away,
if I seeke ought to gaine :
For sure, quoth he, a painefull Page
Will make seruice an heritage.

Yea sure, a great commoditie,
if once Madame he doe displeas :
A cuffe on the eare, two or three
he shall haue, smally for his ease.
I would, for me he were a Page,
For to possesse his heritage.

I rubbe and brush almost all day,
I make cleane many a coate :
I seeke all honest meanes I may,
how to come by a groate :
I thinke I am a painefull Page,
Yet I can make no heritage.

Why? I to get haue much a doe
a Kirtle now and than :
For making cleane of many a shooe,
for Ales, or Mistresse Anne.
My Ladies Maides will wipe the Page,
Alwayes of such an heritage.

The wēches they get Colfes and Cawles,
Frēchhoods & partlets ecke :
And I get naught but checks and brawles,
a thousand in a weeke :
These are rewardes meete for a Page,
Surely a goodly heritage.

My Ladies maides too, must I please,
but chiefly mistresse Anne :
For else, by the Masse, she will disease
me vily, now and than.
Faith, she will say, you whorson Page,
He purchase you an heritage.

And if she say so, by the roode,
'tis Cock I warrant it :
But God he knowes, I were as good
to be without[en] it.
For all the gaines I get, poore Page,
Is but a slender heritage.

I haue so many folkes to please,
and creepe and kneele vnto :
That I shall neuer lue at ease,
what euer so I doe :
He therefore be no more a Page,
But seeke some other heritage.

But was there euer such a patch,
to speake so lowde as I :
Knowing what hold the Maides will catch,
at every fault they spie :
And all for spight at me, poore Page,
To purchase me an heritage.

And if that they may heare of this,
I were as good be hangde :
My Lady shall know it, by GIs,
and I shall sure be bangde :
I shall be vsed like a Page,
I shall not loose myne heritage.

Well, yet I hope the time to see,
when I may run as fast,
For wandes for them, as they for me,
ere many dayes be past :
For when I am no longer Page,
He give them vp mine heritage.

Well, I a while must stand content,
till better happe doo fall :
With such pore state, as God hath sent,
& giue him thanks for all :
Who wyll, I hope, send me, poore Page,
Then this, some better heritage.

With this, with hands and eyes
lift vp to heauen on high :
He sighed wise or thrise,
and wepte to, piteously.
Which when I saw, I wish the Page
In faith, some better heritage.

And weeping thus, good God, quoth he,
haue mercy on my soule :
That ready I may be for thee,
when that the bell dooth knoule :
To make me free of this bondage,
And partner of thine heritage.

Lord, graunt me grace so thee to serue,
that at the latter day :
Although I can no good deserue,
yet thou to me mayest say :
Be thou now free, that werde a Page,
And heere in heauen haue heritage.

¶ The same man beeing desired the next
day following, to singe some prety song
to the Virginalles, by a Gentlewoman
that he made no small account of :
was faine, Extempore, to endite, and
sing as followeth.

AMID my loyes, such greefe I fynde,
That what to doo, I know not I :
My pleasures are but blastes of winde :
Full well euen now, and by and by
Some sodaine pangas torment me so,
That I could euen crie out for wo.

And yet perforce no remedy :
 Needes must I laugh when I could mourne :
 Yea, ofte I sing, when presently
 To teares my singing could I tourne.
 Such luck haue Gaimsters, some men say,
 Winne, and loose, and all in a day.

But some there are, whom Fortune still
 Gtues leaue to winne, and seldome lose :
 Oh, would to God, I had my will,
 That I might soone be one of those
 That are in Fortunes fauour so :
 Then neede I not thus playne of wo.

For if that I were sure, at least,
 For to obtaine that I would craue ;
 Yea, though it were but one request,
 I would desire no more to haue :
 I aske but euen one happy day,
 Let me doo after as I may.

And sure I see no remedy,
 But euen to hope on happe alone :
 And that it is that comfortes me :
 For when hope fayles, all ioyes are gone.
 Therefore, what with hope and dispayre,
 My ioyes lye houering in the ayre.

Which, would to God, would eyther fall,
 Or else be driuen quite away :
 That I might haue no hope at all,
 Or else that I might happily say :
 Now haue I found the thing I sought,
 Now will I take but little thought.

Well, yet I hope, or ere I dye,
 To light on such a happy day :
 That I may sing full merrily,
 Not, heigh ho wele, but care away :
 The Ship, full many tempests past,
 Hath reacht the quiet Hauen at last. FINIS.

¶ The next day after that he had written this passion of Loue, dyuers Gentlewomen being then in the house : he was intreted by two or three of them at once, to make some verses : and one among the rest, being very desirous to haue her request fulfilled, brought him a Pen, and ynke, and Paper : with earnest intreaty, to make some verses, upon what matter he thought best himselfe : he, very vnwilling to write, not knowing of a sodain, how to please

them all in vearse, and yet desirous to graunt all their requests, with much adoee, was in the end intreated to write, as followeth.

WHAT, shall I write some prety toy ?
 Will that like Ladies best ?
 Or shall I pen the praise of one
 faire Dame, abooue the rest ?
 Or shall I write at randon else,
 what fyrst comes in my braine ?
 No, no : for words once flouen abroade,
 can not be cald agalne.
 Why then, since none of these will serue,
 what other kinde of stile,
 Shall I picke out to write upon ?—
 now sure, I needes must smile,
 To thinke vpon my beetle brain,
 that can no fruite bring forth :
 But such Baldictum rimes as these,
 as are not reading worth.
 Faith, Ladyes, but for shame, I would
 not write one word at all,
 In ryme (at least) because you see,
 my reason is so small.
 But since it is such as it is,
 indeede small and too small :
 I must desyre you, for this once,
 to stand content withall.
 And take the same in as good parte,
 as if a wiser man
 Had better done : because you see,
 I do the best I can.
 And more then can, you can not craue :
 for if you do of me,
 Before you aske, be sure to go
 without, I promise ye :
 But any thng that well I can,
 commaund you all of me :
 And I wyll do the best I can,
 to please each one of ye :
 And thus, as humbly as I can,
 I craue of you to lend
 Your pacience to my rudenesse this :
 and so I make an ende.
 Full sory that I cannot write,
 so finely as I would,
 To like your fancies all alyke,
 for if I could I would :
 And so agayne, fayre Ladies all,
 in curteous sort I craue,
 As I deserue your favours so,
 and friendshiphs, let me haue.

¶ Not many dayes after, hee sawe a Gentlewoman in the house, whom he ac-

counted his deere Mistresse, beginne to shew her euill countenance without cause, and to make very much of another, whom he thought very vnworthy of such good happe: and being not a little agreeued, to see himselfe causelesse to grow dayly so much out of countenance, and his adversary so vnworthy, esteemed: wrote one day among other, halfe a sheete of Paper in verse: wherein he priuily shewed his aduersaries unworthinesse, his Mistresses inconstancy, and his owne euill happe: and finding a fit time, deliuered the writing to his sayde Mistresse: which, how she tooke in worth, that restes: the verses were these.

WHEN Flatterie falles to play the fleeryng knaue,
And tried trust is put out of conceight:
And cogging craft by subtyll shiftes can haue
The gaynes, for which doth faythfull seruice waight;
Then deepe deceight must needes possess the parte
That doth in deede belong to due desarte.

¶ When fond suspect, shall cause a faythfull frende
To deeme amisse of friend, without desart:
And coy conceight, shall cause a finall ende
Of friendship there, where friendes were linckt in hart:
Then double dealyng, must of force preualle
To winne reward, and faythfull friendship faile.

When men are scornde, and shadowes are esteemde,
And shels are sau'd, and kernels cast away:
And deedes be done, and words for deedes be deemde,
And outward brauery beares the bell away:
Then honest meaning may go change his minde,
Or else is sure a colde reward to finde.

But when, in deede, vile flatterie false is found,
And tried Trust doth reape his due reward:
And deepe deceite is digged vnder ground,
And cogging craft can get no tale be harde:
Then right may haue that reason dooth require,
And due desarte may haue his deepe desire.

Lo thus, deare Dame, this for my selfe I write:
My troth, I trow, your selfe haue tryed well:
For which (alas) I reape nought but despight,
The iust cause why, God knowes, I cannot tell:
Except, by stealth, some fleering flattering knaue
Hath got the gaynes, which I deserue to haue.

Or else, perhaps, some false suspect hath bread,
Misliking some, of me, without desarte:
Or coye conceyte hath entred in your head
To hate the man who honoures you in harte:
Or double dealing seekes some secrete meane,
Betwixt true friendes, true loue to banish cleane.

Or else, I doubt, some shadow of a man,
In my despight, some gallant wordes hath usde:
On whome I vow to doe the best I can
To seeke reuenge, where I am so abusede:
Wherefore, good Lady, if such any bee:
I humbly craue, hide not his name from mee.

That I, with speede, may giue him his desarte,
Or else receaue my iust and due reward:
For then, when you shall see my honest harte,
I doe not doubt your harte will be so harde,
But you at last, although fyrst somewhat long,
Will make amends to me for euery wrong.

And thus, in hope no false and fonde suspect
Of liking yours, shall cause such sodaine change:
And that you will such coye conceyts reiect,
As to your friend, doo make you seeme so straunge:
I rest the time that reason dooth require,
When my desarte may haue his deepe desyre.

Not long after, seeing his Aduersary still
creeping in countenance, and himselfe
almost excluded: sitting on a day alone
in his Chamber, thinking on the de-
spight of Fortune & the want of discre-
tion, in his discourteous Dame: wrote
in haste these verses following.

OH! what a spight it is vnto a noble harte
To see a Scabbe, without all due desarte,
With no account of credit nor of fame,
To winne the loue of any gallant Dame.
Which valyant harts, with trauaile great and paine,
Haue much adoee, long time for to obtaine.

My selfe I count of valliance but small,
Yet such as may my credit well defend:
And such as in my Mistresse honour shall
Be well content, with speede my lyfe to spend:
Which, let me spend, and spend, and spend againe,
Yet shall an other sucke my sugred gaine.

With much a doo, I once did fauoure winne,
Of one, in deede, a fayre and gallant Dame:
Which my good happe no sooner did beginne,
But by and by, to ouerthrow the same,
A prerie Patch, a whoreson scuruy Knaue,
Inloyed the fruictes that was my right to haue.

His fleeing face, her peenish fancie please,
 My tryed troth was put out of conceyte :
 He gladde, I sadde, he well, and I diseade :
 He caught the Fish, for which I layde the baite.
 He idle sate, and nothing did all day,
 And yet at night did beare the Bell away.

But since I see, that cases so fall out,
 That valyaunt hearts so little are regarded :
 And gallaunt Dames will seeme to loue a Loute,
 And let a noble youthe goe vnrewarded :
 I will no more, henceforth, such trauaile spende
 In cases such : and so I make an ende.

¶ Not many dayes after, seeing his Mis-
 tresse' discourteous dealing, began to
 put her away, and chuse himself an
 other Mistresse : and, beeing then in
 the Christmas time, presented his new
 Mistresse with a new yeares Gifte, in
 this sorte.

THIS little Toy to thee,
 for wante of better shifte,
 I heere presume for to present,
 as a small Newyeares gifte.
 The value small whereof,
 weigh not, I humbly craue :
 But take, in worth, his great good will
 whose friendly heart you haue.
 To vse braue vaunting words,
 will winne naught but disdaine :
 But valiant deeds, with words but few,
 be they that credit gaine.
 Therefore, for to be breefe,
 thus much I do protest :
 That if to worke your harts content,
 within my power it rest,
 Commaund what so thou wilt :
 if I denye the same,
 God let me never haue good looks,
 of any noble Dame.
 But you, perhaps, will thinke,
 these wordes are all but winde :
 But doo not so : first trie, then trust,
 and fancie, as you finde.
 And let not false suspect,
 once cause you for to deeme,
 That there is any one aline,
 whom I doo more esteeme.
 But, as I doo protest,
 so count me your deare friend,
 Who likes, who loues, who honours you :
 and so I make an ende.

¶ A verse or two written Extempore, vpon
 a sight of a Gentlewoman.

I SIGH to see thee sigh :
 the iust occasion why,
 God knowes : and I, perhappes,
 can gesse, vnhappily.
 But whatsoeuer I thinke,
 I meane to let it passe :
 And thus, in secrete sorte, to thinke
 vnto my selfe (alas)
 Poore little seely soule,
 God quickly comfort thee,
 Who could his sighes refraine, a Dame
 in such sad sorte to see?
 The cause whereof I gesse,
 but not the remedy :
 I would I could a medicine frame,
 to cure thy mallady.
 For if it were in mee,
 or if it euer bee,
 To doo the thing, oh noble Dame,
 in deede, to comfote thee :
 My hart, my hand, my sword,
 my purse, which (though) but small,
 At your commaund I offer heere,
 all ready at your call.
 Of which if any shripke,
 when you vouchsafe to trie :
 As I deserue, disdaine me then,
 and God then let me dye.
 And thus, from honest harte,
 as one your faithfull friend,
 In few vnfayned friendly wordes,
 farewell : and so an ende.

¶ Verses written vpon this occasion : a yong
 Gentleman, falling in loue with a faire
 yong Damsell, not knowing how to make
 manifest vnto her the great good will he
 bare her : vsing certaine talke vnto her,
 in the end of her talke demaunded of
 her, whether she could or no? she
 answered yea : vpon which yea, he wrote
 these verses following, and found time
 to present them vnto her presently, as
 he wrote them.

If thou canst reade, then marke what heere I write :
 And what thou readst, beleene it to be true ;
 And doo not thinke, I doo but toyes indite :
 For, if thou marke in time what dooth insue,
 Then thou, ere long, perhaps, shalt easily fynde
 The effect of that, that may content thy minde.

And, to be plaine, I lyke and loue thee well,
 And that so well, as better cannot be :
 What should I say? I wish that I did dwell
 In place where I thy selfe mought dayly see :
 That yet, at least, I mought injoy her sight
 In whom doth rest the stay of my delight.

¶ A Gentleman talking on a time with a
 yong Gentlewoman, being apparreled
 very plainly, shee tolde him she was too
 gallanter Geste, more meete for his
 tooth : to which, answering his minde
 afterwarde, wrote vpon the same as
 followeth : and gaue them vnto her to
 reade.

WHEN first I saw thee clad
 in coloures blacke and white,
 To gaze vpon thy seemely selfe
 I tooke no small delight.
 Thy blacke betokens modestie,
 thy white, a Virgins minde :
 And happy he may thinke himselfe,
 that such a one can fynde.
 That which is painted out
 with coloures fresh and gay,
 Is of it selfe but little worth,
 the coloures set away :
 But that deserueth praise,
 which of it selfe alone
 Can shew it selfe in playnest sorte,
 and craueth helpe of none.
 What should I further say?
 let ech man choose his choice :
 Though some in painted toyes delight,
 in plainnesse I reioyce.
 And why? because my selfe
 am plaine, as you doo see,
 And therefore, to be plaine with you,
 your plainnesse liketh me :
 The playnnesse of your minde,
 and eke your plaine attyre :
 For gaye and gallant Cotes is not,
 the thing that I desyre.
 But noble gallaunt minde,
 and yet too therewith plaine :
 For now and then, in gallant minds,
 dooth deepe deceite remaine.
 But for in you, fayre Dame,
 bothe noble gallant minde,
 And therewith meaning plaine in deede,
 I now doo plainly fynde.
 Chuse others what they list,
 this plainely I protest :
 Your gallant minde in plaine attire,
 it is, that likes me best.

¶ A comparison betweene a slippery stone
 and a trustlesse friend.

As he that treades on slippery stones,
 is like to catch a fall,
 So he that trustes to trothlesse friends,
 shall ill be delt withall.
 But he that lookes before he leapes,
 is likest sure to stande :
 So he that tryes or ere he trust,
 shall be on surer hand.
 But once found out a good sure ground,
 keepe there thy footing fast :
 So charyly keep a faithfull friend,
 whose friendship tride thou hast.
 For as some grounds that seeme full sure,
 in time will much decay,
 So some false friends that seeme full true,
 at neede will shrinke away.
 And as within some rotten groundes,
 some hidden holes we see,
 So in the hartes of faithfull friends,
 so many mischiefes bee.
 Therefore, I breefely bidde my friends
 for to beware in time,
 For feare of further after clappes :
 and so I end my rime.

¶ A Dolorous discourse.

If he who lingers foorth a loathsome lyfe,
 In weary wyse, exprest with endlesse woe :
 To whom care still stands, as a hackeling knife,
 To teare the heart that is tormented so :
 Who neuer felte one howre, nor sparke of ioy,
 But deepe lyes drownde in Gulfe of foule annoy.

Whom Fortune euer frounde on in his life,
 And neuer lent one lucky looke at all :
 With whome the Moone and Starres are all at strife,
 Who all in vaine dooth dayly crie, and call
 For comforte some, but yet receueth none,
 But to himselfe his greefe must still bemone.

Whose greefe first grew in time of tender yeares,
 And yet dooth still continue to this daye :
 Who, all berent, dooth chaunge among the Breares,
 And still hang fast, and cannot get awaye :
 Who euery way, which he dooth seeke to goe,
 Dooth fynde some block that dooth him ouerthrow.

Who neuer was, is not, nor lookes to bee,
 In way of weale, to ridde him of his woe :
 Who day by day, by prooffe too plaine, dooth see
 That Desteny hath sworne it shall be so :
 That he must liue with tormentes so opprest,
 And till he die, must neuer looke for rest.

If such a one may well be thought to be
 The onely man that knoweth misery :

I may well say that I (poore man) am hee ;
 Who dayly so doo pine in penury ;
 Whose heauy heart is so opprest with greefe,
 As, vntill death, dooth looke for no releefe.

To swim and sinke, to burne and be a-colde,
 To hope and feare, to sigh and yet to sing :
 And all at once, are louers fytted of olde,
 To many knowen, to some a common thing :
 But still to synke, frye, feare, and alway sigh,
 Are patterns plaine, that death approacheth nigh.

And doost thou then, sweete Death, approche so neare ?
 Welcome, my friend, and ease of all my woe :
 A friend in deede, to me, a friend most deare,
 To ease my heart that is tormented so :
 Happy is he who lightes on such a friend,
 To breede his ioyes, and cause his greefes to end.

¶ A Letter sent by a Gentlewoman, in verse,
 to her Husband, being ouer sea.

WHAT greater greefe, than leese a cheefest ioy ?
 Then why liue I, that lacke my cheefe delight ?
 My friend I meane, for whom thus, in annoy,
 In weary wise, I passe both day and night :
 For loe, a friend, in deepest of distresse,
 To friend dooth yeeld of euery greefe redresse.

His company dooth often driue away
 Such dolefull thoughts as mought torment the minde
 With friend, a friend to passe ech dolefull daye,
 Of comfort great, may many causes finde :
 A friend, sometime, but with his only sight
 His dolefull friend dooth many times delight.

No greater ease is to some heauy heart,
 Yea, when it is with greatest greefes opprest :
 Then trusty friendes, to whom for to imparte
 Such cause of greefe, as breedes it such vnrest :
 For ofte, by telling of a dolefull tale,
 The tongue dooth ease the brest of mickle bale.

If heart be glad, what myrth can then be more,
 Then when true friends doo meete with merry cheare ?
 The greefe forgotte of absence theirs before,
 By presence had, doo soddaine ioyes appeare.
 What shall I saye ? as I begone I end,
 No ioye to loue, no greefe to losse of friend.

Then, my sweete friend, in this my deepe distresse,
 Let me inioy thy company againe :
 For thou alone must purchase my redresse,
 And ease my heart, that thus doth pine in paine.
 Thou art the friend, that euen but with thy sight
 Mayest me, poore soule, thy dolefull friend, delight.

What now can ease my pynning pensieue heart,
 Thus day and night, with torments sore opprest :
 Then vnto thee, my friend, for to imparte
 Such cause of greefe, as breedes me such vnrest ?
 For ofte, by telling of this dolefull tale,
 My tongue will ease my brest of mickle bale.

If thou werte heere, my heart that now is sadde,
 To thinke on thee, whose absence breedes my wo,
 With thoughts on thee would soone become so glad,
 As should forget those greefes that gripes me so :
 And, as before, so now againe I ende,
 I feare to die, for want of thee my friend.

Thou art my friend, chiefe freend, and onely Feare,
 My Jemme of ioy, my Jewell of delight :
 God onely knowes, for thy sweete sake, my deare,
 How I in dole doo passe ech day and night.
 Come, therefore, come : with speede come home
 againe,
 To comfort her, that thus dooth pine in paine.

¶ Thy louing Wife, and faithfull friend,
 And so will bide, till life doo end.

¶ One sitting in dolefull dumpes by himselfe
 alone, thinking to haue written some
 dolorous discourse, was let by occa-
 sion : and so, for want of time, wrote
 but onely sixe lynes, and left them vn-
 finished : the verses were these. (I like
 them, and therefore thought good to
 place them among other imperfections.)

MY hand here houering stands,
 to write some prety toye,
 My mourning mind for to delight,
 yt wants all worldly ioye :
 And Fancy offereth eke,
 fyne toyes for to indite vpon,
 To comfort thus my heauy heart,
 that is thus woe begon.
 But all in vaine : for why ?
 my minde is so opprest with greefe,
 As all the pleasures in this world
 can lend me no releefe.

Finis imperfecta.

¶ A dolorous verse, written by him, that
 in deede was in no small dumpes, when
 he wrote them.

If any man doo liue of ioyes berefte,
 By heauens I swear, I thinke that man am I ;
 Who at this hower, no sparke of ioy haue lefte,
 But leade a life in endlesse mysery :
 I sigh, I sobbe : I cannot well expresse
 The greefes I bide, without hope of redresse.

So many are the causes of my greefe,
 That day by day torments my mourning minde,

As that almost there can be no releefe
 To ease my heart, till ease by death I fynde.
 What shall I say? what pangues but I abide?
 What pleasure that but is to me denyde?

What sappe of sorrow but I dayly taste?
 What mite of myrth, that I can once attaine?
 What foule despight dooth follow me as faste,
 To plague my heart with pangues of deadly paine?
 Ten thousand Poets cannot paint the smarte
 That I abide, within my harmeless heart.

And why doo I by pen then seeke to shew
 The passing pangues that I doo dayly bide?
 The pangues I paint by pen (God wot) are few,
 Comparede to those, which I on euery syde
 Am faine to feele: and that is worst of all,
 Without all hope of any helpe at all.

Then you, alas, that reade this mourning vearse,
 Waye with your selves what loathsome life I leade:
 And let your hearts some sparke of pittie pearce,
 To see me thus (as one amasde) halfe dead:
 Striuing for life, desyring still to dye,
 And yet, perforce, must pine in penurie.

And thus an end of writing heere I make,
 But not an end of mourning, God he knowes:
 For when I seeke one sorrow to forsake,
 Another greefe a new as freshly growes:
 So that of force, myselfe I must content
 To dwell in dole, vntill my dayes be spent.

¶ A Gentleman hauing made promise unto
 his Mistresse to come unto her vpon
 a certaine appointed day, to doo her
 seruice, brake promise with her: but
 the next day following, thinking her
 haste [not] of necessitie so great but
 then he might come soone inough to
 accomlishe such matters as he was
 wonte to doo, came: and confessing
 his faulte of breache of promise, pro-
 fessing it against his will, shewing his
 earnest desire of more haste, craued
 pardon and recoverie of credit lost, in
 verse as followeth.

THOUGH yesterday I brake my word,
 & therby purchasde blame:
 Yet now to day, as you may see,
 I come to keepe the same.
 And though this be not halfe inough
 my fault to counterualle:
 Yet do not you my word mistrust,
 though once my promise falle.

For if ye knew the urgent cause
 that kept me so away,
 And therewith saw mine earnest haste
 to come againe this day,
 For to recouer credite lost:
 I doo my selfe assure,
 With little sute I should ywis,
 your pardon soon procure.
 Well, to be shorte, I hope no hart
 is of such crueltie,
 But that, in an offender, will
 regard humilitie.
 And since that noble Ladies all
 are pittifull by kinde,
 Let some remorse, good Lady mine,
 take roote within your minde.
 And doo not me, your seruauant poore,
 for one small fault disdaine:
 But let me, by my due desarte,
 your fauour get againe.
 And though yt once I brake my word,
 in matters of small weight:
 Yet thinke not, therefore, otherwise
 in me to rest deceit.
 For in a case of credit, loe,
 wherein my worde I giue,
 If that I shrinke or eate my word,
 then God let me not lue:
 And if in me to doo you good,
 by worde or deede, it rest;
 Vnto my power, I solemne vow
 doo make, to doo my best.

¶ A Gentleman beeing on a time desyred of
 diuers of his friendes, sitting together
 in company, to make some verses, which
 he graunted, and yet not knowing howe
 to please them all, and yet willing to
 perfourme his promise, wrote as fol-
 loweth.

SOME pleasaunt heads, delight in prety toyes,
 And some count toyes, most meete for foolish boyes:
 Some greatly loue to heare a merry rime,
 Some stately styles, which doo to honour clime:
 Some loue no rimes, what euer so they bee,
 And some mens mindes with verses best agree.

Thus euery one hath by himselfe a vaine,
 Which, all to please, it were to great a paine:
 Which since I see t'is farre too much for mee,
 To write what may with all mindes best agree:
 I thinke it best, since I haue nothing don,
 To make an ende of that is scarce begon.

So shall I well my promise past fulfill,
 In writing thus, according to my skill:

Which promise made of mine, I trow was this,
To write a rime : and heare a rime there is :
Wherein although but little reason be,
Yet rime there is, and sence ynough for me.

¶ A prety Epigram, vpon Welth and Will.

WHERE Welth doth want, there Will can bear no sway ;
And where Will wants, there Wealth can make no way.
In many things, Welth greatly rules the roste,
In some things too, selfe will, will beare a sway.
To winne the wager, Welth will spare no cost,
Which, to subuert, Will worketh many a way :
And, in the end, let Welth doo what he can,
Yet, commonly, Will stands the stouter man.

¶ A Gentleman, marking his Mistresse angrie
countenance without cause; tolde her
of it in verse, as followeth.

BY countenance of face, a man may fynde
(I say, fayre Dame, by outward view of face)
Such sundry thoughts, as occupie the minde :
Sometime by one, and ofte another grace.
Looke, with that thoughts the minde is aye possessed
Straight by the lookes the same is plaine expressed.

The frowning face declares a froward harte,
And skouling browes a sullen stomack shoves :
The glauncing lookes, of priuile grutch a parte,
Which hidden lyes within the heart, God knowes :
The staring looke declares an earnest minde,
The trouling eye, vnconstant as the winde.

The smyrking looke declares a merry minde,
When smiling lookes are forste from heauy heart :
For some can smile, that in their hearts could finde
To weepe (God wot) of greefe to ease their smarte.
But who so smyrking smiles with merry cheare,
That countenance shewes that some good newes is
neare.

Some finely vse a winking kinde of wile,
Some looke alofte, and some doo still looke downe :
And some can fayne a frowning kinde of smile,
And some can smile, that in their hearts doo frowne :
And so doo I, and so doo many moe,
That laugh sometime, when we could weepe for woe.

But euery looke, a meaning dooth declare,
Some good, some bad, some mery, and some sad :
The countenance shewes how euery one dooth fare,
Some grieffe, some loye, some sullen, and some mad :
And though that many be by lookes deceiued,
Yet by the lookes are meanings plaine perceiued.

¶ Some other gentlewomen in the company,
angrie with this toye, pleasde with these
prety verses following.

AH, be not angrie so,
my words were but in iest :
And more then that, I ment them not
by you, I doo protest.
I saw no lookes to light,
nor frowning ouer much,
Nor any such like sullen lookes,
as might shew inward grutch.
Nor smiling wantonly,
but with such modestie,
As might declare a merry minde,
but with sobriety.
But such as seeme to poute,
without iust cause, in deede :
Or els, vpon their friends will faine,
a frowning, more then neede :
Or, giglet like, will laugh,
or else with anger swell,
And deale in lookes disdainfully,
with them that wish them well :
Gainst such it is I wright,
but none of you are namde :
Then do not you accuse yourselues,
and you may go vnblamde.
And this, what I haue sayd,
take well in worth, therefore :
If I did ill against my will,
I will doo so no more.

¶ A prety toye written vpon Time.

As I, of late, this other day
lay musing in my bed,
And thinking vpon sundrie toyes,
that then came in my head :
Among the rest, I thought vpon
the setting out of Tyme :
And thinking so vpon the same,
I wrote this ragged rime.
Time is set out, with head all balde,
sauie one odde lock before :
Which locke, if once you doo let slip,
then looke for Time no more.
But if you hold him fast by that,
and stoutly doo him stay ;
Then shall ye know how he dooth passe,
before he goe his way.
And if you keepe him tide by that,
good seruice will he doo
In euery worke, what so it be,
that you will put him to :
So that you looke vnto his worke,
that he not idle stand :
For if he doo, some knauish worke
himself will take in hand.

And thē twere better want the knaue,
 then haue him serue you so ;
 When you doo think he dooth you good,
 y^t he should worke your wo.
 I reade, besydes, he painted is
 with winges, forsooth, to flie :
 And Mower like, with Sithe in hand,
 and working earnestly :
 And in his worke still singing thus :
 This dare I boldly saye,
 Saue Vertue, all things I cut downe,
 that stand within my way.
 But Vertue neuer will decay,
 she goes before me still :
 But since I cannot let her stand,
 Ile cut elsewhere my fill.
 But tis no matter, hold him fast
 by that same lock, I say,
 And neither words, nor yet his wings,
 shall help him get away.
 By chaunce my selfe haue caught him fast,
 but euen this other day ;
 And by that locke I holde him fast,
 for slipping yet away.
 And by that locke, as thus aduisde,
 I meane to holde him so,
 But I will know, or ere he passe,
 which way he meanes to go.
 And since I caught him so, I thinke
 he hath not idle stood,
 But somewhat he is dooing still,
 although but little good.
 And as this morning I, by chaunce,
 did see him idle stand,
 I thought it good to make him take,
 a Pen and Inck in hande :
 And hauing little else to doo,
 to spend a little time,
 In true discription of himselfe
 to pen this trifling rime.
 Which time, nor well nor yet ill spent,
 stands till an other time,
 Some better seruice for to doo :
 and so I ende my rime.

A PRETY DISCOVRSE OF A HVNTED
 Hartē, written by a Gentleman unto his
 Mistresse.

To reade a dolefull tale,
 that tels of nought but greefe,
 And of a man that pines in paine,
 and lookes for no releefe ;
 Whose hope of death seems sweet,
 & dread of life seems sower,
 Who neuer bid on[e] merry month,
 one weeke, one day, or hower.

In such a tale, I say,
 if any doe delight,
 Let him come read this verse of mine,
 that heer for troth I wright.
 And though the speech seeme darke,
 the matter shall be plaine :
 And he, poore wretch, of whom it treats,
 too wel doth feele the paine.

¶ A prety Discourse of a hunted Hart.

THERE is a pretye Chase,
 wherein dooth rest a Hart :
 Wherin for his abode (poore wretch)
 he keepes one only part.
 Adioyning to his chase,
 there is a prety place,
 Where stands a Lodge, wherin dooth dwell,
 the Lady of the chase.
 This Lady, now and then,
 for sport, sometime for spight,
 To hunt this silly harmlesse Harte
 dooth take a great delight.
 And how? with hounds (alas)
 and when she hunts for sporte,
 With little Whelpes, that canot bite,
 she hunts him in this sort.
 Two little whelpes, I say,
 she casteth off at once,
 To course, and eke to feare him with,
 as meetest, for the nonce.
 And with these little whelps
 she bringes him to the bay :
 And then, at bay she takes them vp,
 and let him goe his way.
 And if for spight she hunt,
 she takes another way :
 She casteth of no little whelps,
 to bring him to the bay,
 But cruell byting Curres :
 at once she castes of all :
 And with those cruell cankred Curres,
 she followes him to fall :
 And being faine (poore wretch)
 pining in extreame paine,
 She casteth off her cruell curres,
 and lets him rise againe :
 Untill she hunts againe,
 to make her selfe like sporte :
 And then, euen as she is disposed,
 she hunts him in like sorte.
 Thus liues this harmlesse Hart,
 opprest with endlesse wo :
 In daunger still of Death by Dogges,
 and yet cannot dye so.
 And neither day nor night,
 he feedeth but in feare,
 That these same Dogges should lye in waite,
 to course him eueri where.

Thus restlesse restes this Harte,
and knowes not how to rest :
Whose hope of death, in midst of course,
it is that likes him best.
God send him better rest,
a speedy death at least,
To rid him of his great virest,
and breede him quiet rest.

¶ The meaning of the Tale.

BUT wherto tends this Tale?
what first may meane this Chase?
And then the Harte, which in y^e same
doth keep one only place?
The Plot where stāds the Lodge,
the Lodge, & then the Dame
Which hunts the Hart : & last, the Doges
which do pursue the game?
A meaning all they haue :
which meaning I must shoue,
And that so plaine, as in each point
the meaning you may knowe.
My Carcase is the Chase,
my Heart the selly Harte :
Which, for his rest, my woefull brest,
dooth keepe that onely parte.
The Platte where stands the Lodge,
my head I count that place :
My Minde the Lodge, my Loue the Dame
& Lady of the Chase.
Her Dogges of diuers kindes,
that doo my Heart pursue,
Sometime to baye, sometime to fall,
are these that doo ensue.
And first, the Dogges with which
she hunts sometime for sport,
To bring my Harte vnto the baye,
and leaue him in that sort,
Are these, belecue me now.
Discountenance is the fyrst,
The second is Discourtesie,
and of the two, the worst.
Discountenance hee comes fyrst,
and feares me, in this wise :
He hangs his lip, holds downe his head,
& lookes vnder his eyes.
And with that angry looke
hee feares me in such sort,
That I may not abide the same :
and then beginnes the sport.
For then shee casteth of
Discortesie, that Curre :
And then doo what I can, alas,
my Heart beginnes to sturre.
And wearie halfe at last,
I stand with them at baye :
And so at baye, for my defence,
I somewhat ginne to saye.

Which sayde, shee then takes of
those hylding Curres againe,
And leaue me, till she hunt againe,
thus pining all in paine :
And now the Cruell Curres,
with which she takes delight
To hunt my Hart euen till he fall,
are these : not first, Despight,
But fowle Diadaine : then hee,
which Curres doo course him soe
That to the fall they bring me ofte,
and yet then let me goe.
So that my Harte dooth liue—
but howe? alas, in dreade
Of these same deullish Dogges : & so
still shall, till I bee dead.
Who would not blame this Dame,
that thus, without desart,
With these her cruell cankred Curs
dooth hunt this seely Hart :
And curse those cruell Curres,
that thus doo make her sport :
Bothe day and night, without cause why,
do hunt him in such sort.
And wish this seely Hart,
with endelesse griefes opprest,
To scape the daunger of the Dogges,
and finde some quiet rest.
But wish who list to wish,
except that you, deere Dame,
Among the rest, do wish that wish,
no wish wyl helpe the same.
But if that you, in deede,
so wish among the rest,
And hartely do wish that wish,
your wish will helpe him best.

A straunge Dreame.

¶ WHO so he be on earth,
that wisely can deuine
Vpon a Dreame : come shewe his skyl
vpon a Dreame of mine :
Which, if that well he marke,
sure he shall finde therein
Great misteries, I gage my life :
which Dreame did thus begin.
Me thought I walked too and fro,
vpon a hillie land,
So long, till euen with wearinesse,
I could wel scarcely stād.
And weery so (me thought) I went
to leane against an Oke :
Where leaning but a while, me thought,
the tree in peeces broke.
From which, me thought, to saue my life
I lightly skipt away :
And at the first, the sight thereof
my senses did dismay :

But when I stayed so a while,
 and looked rounde about,
 And sawe no other dreadfull sight,
 I knew not what to doubt.
 But to some house (me thought) alas,
 I wisht my selfe full faine :
 But when I lookte, I could not see
 one house vpon the plaine :
 Good Lord (thought I) where am I now ?
 what desart place is this ?
 How came I heere? what shall I doo?
 my heart full fearefull is.
 And therewithall (me thought) I fell
 flat downe vpon my knee,
 And humble praers made to God
 on high, to comfort me.
 Holding a Citterne in her hand,
 wherewith to mee she came :
 And gaue it me, desiring mee
 to play vpon the same.
 More halfe asfeard to see this sight,
 O Lady fayre ! quoth I,
 My skyll too simple is, God wot,
 to sound such harmony.
 Yet playe, quoth shee, the best thou canst,
 it shall suffice, I say ;
 Doo thy good will, I craue no more,
 therefore, [I] (praye thee) play.
 With that, mee thought, I tooke the same,
 and sounded, by and by,
 (Not knowing what I did my selfe,)
 a Heauenly harmony.
 Unto which tune, the Lady then
 so sweete a song did sing :
 As, if I could remember it,
 it were a Heauenly thing.
 Of all which song, one onely steppe
 I still doo beare in minde,
 And that was this—There is no ioye
 vnto content of minde :
 No plague, to pride : no woe, to want :
 no greefe, to lucklesse loue :
 No foe to fortune, friend to GOD :
 no trueth, tyll tryall prooue.
 No Serpent, to sclanderous tongue :
 no corsey, vnto care :
 No losse, to want of libertie :
 no griefes, to Cupids snare.
 No foole, to fickle fantasie,
 that turnes with euery winde :
 No torment, vnto Jelosy,
 that still disturbes the minde.
 Lo, this was all I bare in minde,
 the rest I haue forgot :
 Vnto my griefe, O God, he knowes :
 but since I haue it not,
 Well, let it passe : this Lady fayre
 when she had sung her song,
 She layde me downe a Napkin faire
 vpon the ground along,

As white as Snowe : which when I saw,
 I muzed what she ment :
 But then (mee thought) frō thence againe,
 a little space she went,
 And calde mee thus : Hoe, maides, I say !
 when will you come away ?
 Tis time that dinner ready were,
 tis very neere midday.
 Wher with, mee thought, from out no house,
 but frō a bushy bancke,
 Came out eight Damsels, all in white :
 two and two in a ranck,
 In order right, and euery one
 a fine Dish in her hand,
 Of sundry meates : some this, some that,
 and down vpon the land
 They laide me downe their Delycates,
 wheras this Napkin lay :
 Which done, fowre of thē staid stil,
 the rest went straight away
 Unto the place frō whence they came,
 the Bushy Banke (I meane)
 And sodenly, I wot not howe,
 they all were vanisht cleane.
 But, to goe onwarde with my dreame
 in order briefe I will,
 To make discourse of these fowre Dames
 behind that staid still.
 First, one of them fell downe on knee,
 and solempnely sayd Grace :
 Another, she with Pleasant Herbes
 bestowed all the place :
 The thirde, she with a Bason fayre
 of water sweete did stand :
 The fourth, demurely stooode, and bare
 a Towell in her hand.
 I standing still, as one amas'd,
 to see so straunge a sight,
 Yet seeing nothing but might serue
 my minde for to delight ;
 The Lady (Mistris) of them all,
 that kept her Royall seate,
 Rose vp, and comming towards me
 did greatly me entreate
 To come vnto her stately boorde :
 seeing me still yet to stand
 Amazed so, she came herselfe,
 and tooke me by the hand :
 Come on, and sitte thee downe, quoth she,
 be not afraide, I say :
 And eate, quoth she, for well I know
 thou hast not dinde to daye.
 Faire Dame, quoth I, I cannot eate,
 my stomach serues me not :
 Therefore, I pardon craue. Quoth she,
 thou art afraide, I wot,
 To see this seruice heere so straunge :
 Indeede, tis straunge to thee :
 For men but fewe or none do come
 our seruice heere to see.

And happy thou maist thinke thy self,
 that thou camst heere this day,
 For very fewe vnto this hill
 can hap to hit the way.
 We liue within these desart woods,
 like Ladyes, all alone :
 With Musick, passing forth the day,
 and Fellows we haue none :
 We are not like the wretches of
 the world, in many a place,
 That many liues, for feare or shame,
 dare scarsly shew their face.
 We spend the day in fine disport,
 sometime with Musicke sweete,
 Somtime with Hunting of y^e Hart,
 sometime, as we thinke meete,
 With other Pastimes, many one :
 sometime with pleasant talke
 We passe y^e time, sometime for sporte,
 about the Fields we walke,
 With Bowe and Arrowes (Archer-like)
 to kill the stately Deere :
 Which, being slaine, we roste & bake,
 & make our selues good cheere :
 Our meate we roste againe the Sunne,
 we haue none other fire :
 Sweete water Springs do yeelde vs drinke,
 as good as we desire.
 For herbe and roots, we haue great store,
 here growing in the wood,
 Wherwith we many dainties make,
 as we our selues think good.
 In Sommer time, our Houses here,
 are Arbers, made of Trees :
 about the which, in sommer time,
 do swarme such Hiues of Bees,
 As leaves vs then, of hony sweete,
 such store as well dooth serue
 Insteede of Sugre, all the yeare,
 our fruites for to preserue.
 Besides, they yelde vs store of waxe,
 which from the Hiues we take :
 And for our lights, in winter nights,
 we many Torches make.
 For then our houses all are Caues,
 as well thy selfe shalt see,
 When thou hast dinde : for I my self
 will go, and shew them thee :
 Therefore, be bolde, and feare no more,
 for thou shalt go with me :
 From perils all, within this place,
 I will safeconduct thee :
 And taste of one of these same herbes,
 which thou thy selfe likst best :
 The fayrest flower, trust me, oft times
 is not the holsommest.
 But as for these same herbes, or flowers,
 that stand vpon my boord :
 There is not one but is right good,
 belecue me, on my word.

Take wher thou list, I giue thee leaue :
 but first, my friēd, (quoth she)
 Pul of thy gloue, & wash thy hands.—
 Wherwith, a maid brought me
 A bason faire, of water cleare,
 which gaue a sent so sweete,
 That, credit me, me thinkes almost,
 that I doo smell it yet.
 Wherein I softly dipt my hands,
 and straight, to wipe the same,
 Vpon her arme, a towell brought,
 an other gallant dame :
 Of whom, I could none other doo,
 but take in courteous sorte,
 With humble thanks for seruice such :
 and so, for to be short,
 With reuerence done vnto the Dame,
 who kept her stately seate,
 I sat me downe : and hongerly,
 (me thought) I fell to eate.
 First of a Salet, that, me thought,
 hard by my trencher stooode :
 Whereof, at first, me thought the tast
 was reasonable good :
 But being downe, it left (alas)
 a bitter tang behinde :
 Then that I left, and thought to taste
 some herbes of other kind.
 And therewithall, I gan of her,
 in humble sort to craue,
 The roote that I had tasted so,
 what name the same might haue :
 It is Repentance roote, quoth she,
 whose taste though bitter be,
 Yet in the Spring time holsome tis,
 and very rare to see.
 But in the ende of all the yeare,
 when it is nothing worth,
 In euery foolish fielde it growes,
 to shewe the braunches forth :
 But if the taste thou likest not,
 then set away the same,
 And taste of somewhat else, (quoth she)
 & straight (at hand) a Dame
 Stooode reedy by, at her commaund
 to take the Dish away :
 Which done, then of an other herbe,
 I gan to take a say,
 Which better farre did please my taste,
 whereof I fedde on well.
 Good Lady, quoth I, of this herbe
 vouchsafe to me to tell
 The proper name? This holsome herbe,
 is called Hope (quoth she)
 And happy he, who of this herbe,
 can get a peece, of me.
 This herbe preserues the life of man,
 euen at pointe of death :
 Whē they are speechles, often times,
 this herbe doth lend thē breth.

This driues Dispaire, frō brainsick heds,
 this salueth many a sore,
 This is reliefe, to euery grieve :
 what vertue can be more ?
 Feede well thereon, quoth she, and thou
 shalt finde such ease of mind,
 As by no meanes, but onely that,
 is possible to finde.
 O Lady faire, quoth I,
 I humble thankes doo yeelde,
 For this thy friendly fauour great :
 but now, if to the fyelde
 Wheras this herbe so rare doth grow,
 if you wil deigne (faire dame)
 Me to conducte : and shewe me eke,
 the true roote of the same :
 Twise happy shall I thinke my selfe,
 that thus, by chaunce, I found
 So courteous a noble Dame,
 and such a fertill ground.
 The roote (quoth she) yes, thou shalt see,
 when thou hast dinde anon,
 Both roote and herbe & eke the ground
 which it doth grow vpon.—
 Dine Lady, quoth I, I haue dinde :
 this herbe hath fylde me so,
 That when you will, I ready am
 vnto that ground to goe.
 Which ground and roote for to behould
 I haue so great desire,
 That till I see the same, me thinkes,
 my hart is still on fyre.
 Well then, quoth shee, since after it
 I see thou longest so,
 I will my dinner shorter make,
 and with thee I will goe :
 And bring thee to the place, where thou
 both roote and herb shalt see,
 And gather eke a peece therof,
 and beare away with thee.
 And therwith, from the boorde she rose,
 and tooke me by the hand,
 And led me ouerthwart, me thought,
 a peece of new digd land :
 And so from thence into a wood,
 in midst wherof, me thought,
 She brought me to a great wilde Maze :
 which sure was neuer wrought
 By Gardeners hāds : but of itself,
 I rather gesse it grew :
 The order of it was so straunge :
 of troth, I tell you true.
 Well, in into this Maze we went :
 in midst wherof we founde,
 In comely order, well cut out,
 a pretty peece of grownde.
 The portrayture whereof, was like
 the body of a man :
 Which, viewing well, foorthwith,
 me thought, this Lady gan

To kneele her downe, vpon the ground,
 hard by the body, loe :
 And there she shewed me the herbe,
 that I desired soe :
 And eke the order howe it grew :
 which viewing well, at last
 She brake a peece, and gaue it mee
 to take thereof a taste,
 Fresh frō y^e ground : which don, traight way,
 Well now, y^e roote, q^d she,
 Thou lookest for : but stay a while,
 and thou it straight shalt see.
 The roote is like an other roote,
 but onely that in name :
 In difference from all other rootes :
 and, to declare the same,
 When thou hast seene it, thou shalt knowe
 (& therwithall, quoth she,)
 Come heere, beholde the roote, which thou
 desirest so to see :
 And therwith, digging up a Turfe,
 she shewde me very plaine
 The fashion of it, how it grewe :
 and downe she laide againe
 The Turfe in place whereas it was :
 O Lady fayre, quoth I,
 If one should seeme to cut the roote,
 what? would y^e herb then die ?
 No, no, quoth she, vntill the roote
 be plucked quite away,
 The roote it selfe, be sure of this,
 will neuer quite decay.
 Then would I craue a peece thereof,
 (quoth I) O noble Dame,
 That I may know it, if againe
 I chaunce to taste the same.
 The taste, quoth she, vnpleasaunt is,
 I tell thee that before :
 But where the roote, dooth rancor breed,
 y^e herbe wil salue the sore.
 But yet to make thee for to knowe
 the taste thereof, quoth she :
 She raisde the Turfe, and of the roote
 she brake a peece for me.
 And downe she layde the same againe,
 in order as she found :
 That scarcely well it could be seene,
 that she had raisde y^e ground.
 Well, I had my desire therein :
 but tasting of the same,
 It was so bitter in my mouth,
 that to allaye the same,
 I was full glad to take the herbe
 which, as the Dame did say,
 The bitter taste of that vile roote,
 did quickly driue away.
 And then, in humble sort, quoth I,
 O fayre and courteous Dame,
 Since that this roote (as you doo say)
 dooth differ much in name

From other rootes, O let me know
 what his true name may be?
 His name, quoth she, Necessitie
 is, truely credit me.
 And of these Rootes, some lesse then some :
 but bigger that they be,
 The more doth Hope spread forth his leaues :
 & som do go with me.
 Now I haue showne thee thy desire,
 this hearb, this roote, & growid,
 I back againe will bring thee, to y^e place
 wher first thy self I found.
 So, to be short, we backe returnde
 vnto the place againe,
 From whence we went : where, sitting still,
 attendant did remaine
 These fowre faire Dames, whom ther we left :
 but al y^e dishes they,
 And what else on the Boorde was left,
 they all had borne away.
 Well, beeing come vnto the place,
 vp rose they all at once :
 And to this Lady reuerence did,
 and likely, for the nonce.
 They knew their Mistresse minde right well,
 her vse belike it was :
 Of water cleere vpon the ground,
 they full had set a Glasse.
 Hard by the Glasse a Towell faire,
 and by the Towell, Flowers :
 Loe, Youth, quoth she, how likst thou now
 this seruice heer of ours?
 Couldst thou thus like to liue in woods,
 & make thy cheefe repaste
 On hearbs and rootes, as we do heere?
 or else the life thou haste?
 Troubled, tormented, euery howre,
 and that with endlesse griefe :
 In hope of helpe, and now againe
 despayring in reliefe?
 Still to reserue? We heere thou seest
 doo lyve in quietnesse :
 We passe the time without all care,
 in myrth and ioyfulnesse :
 We feare no foe, we feele no woe,
 we dread no daungers great :
 We quake not here with too much cold,
 nor burn w^t extreme heate :
 We wish not for great heapes of gold,
 such trash we do despise :
 We pray for health & not for wealth :
 and thus, in pleasant wise,
 We spende the day full ioyfully :
 we craue no ritch attire,
 This thinne white weede is euen asmuch
 as we do here desire.
 We haue our Musique sweete, besides,
 to sollace, now and than,
 Our weerie minds with other sports :
 & now, how maist thou, man?

If thou maist haue thy choyce,
 which wouldst thou rather do?
 Leade heere thy lyfe, lyke one of vs,
 or els returne vnto
 The loathsome lyfe, that now thou leadst?
 pause on this that I say :
 If th' one thou chuse, here tary styl :
 if th' other, hence away
 Thou must returne from whence thou comst,
 I put it to thy choyce :
 If th' one thou chuse, of thy good happe
 thou euer mayst reioyce :
 But if thou choose amisse, poore wretch,
 then thank thy self therfore :
 Consider well vpon my words,
 as yet I saye no more.
 With that, more halfe amazde hereat,
 still standing in a muse,
 Not knowing what were best to doe,
 to take or to refuse
 The proffer made me by this Dame,
 I humbly fell on knee :
 Beseeching GOD to graunt me of
 his grace to gouerne me,
 To make me chuse that choise y^t best
 mought please his holy will :
 And sitting so, in humble wise,
 on knee thus praying still :
 The Dame, expecting earnestly
 some annswer at my hand,
 So long, quoth she, vpon this choise,
 why doo you studying stand?
 Some aunswer briefly let me haue,
 what euer so it be :
 What? wilt thou back returne againe?
 or wilt thou bide with me?
 One way, faire Dame, quoth I,
 I gladly here would stay,
 And leade my life here still with you :
 but now another way
 Reason perswades me to returne :
 thus in a doubt twixt bothe,
 I one way loue the life I led,
 another way I lothe.
 So that remaining thus in doubt,
 a certaine aunswer for to giue,
 Whether back againe for to returne,
 or in these woods to liue
 I most desire, I cannot sure :
 therefore, I pardon craue,
 And for an aunswer flat, I may
 some longer respite haue?
 O no, quoth she, I cannot graunt
 thee longer time, not nowe
 To pause vpon these words of mine :
 and therefore, since that thou
 Wylt backe returne, loe, here behold,
 this narrow foote path heere :
 Go, follow this, vntill thou comst
 vnto a Temple neere :

Then leaue this pathe, and presently
 crosse ouer to the same :
 And there, for further help frō thence,
 your praiers humbly frame
 Unto Dame Pittie, and her tell
 that straight from me you came,
 And she will help you, for my sake :
 Dame Patience is my name :
 And for a token true, that you
 were sent to her by me :
 Say, Patience will Pittie mooue,
 and she will credit thee :
 And so, farewell, when thou hast been
 a yeere or more away,
 If thou wilt hither make returne,
 and be content to stay :
 Though thou beest wolded many a way,
 and plagde with many a sore,
 Thou shalt haue ease of euery greef :
 & thē what wouldst haue more ?
 And so, my Youth, quoth she, adue,
 I may no longer stay :
 Haue good regard to this foote path,
 for feare thou goe astray :
 And for a farewell, care thou goest,
 to me, thy courteous friend,
 In song come beare a part with me :
 which, being at an ende,
 Then fare thou well : and therewithall
 an Instrument she tooke,
 And bad one of her Maides with speede,
 go fetch her forth a booke,
 Which termed was, The tract of time :
 which by & by, me thought,
 Ere one could well say, thus it was :
 in humble wise she brought,
 With such an humble reuerence,
 doune to this noble Dame :
 That sure it would haue done one good,
 for to haue seen the same.
 Well, opening the Booke of Songs,
 and looking well therein :
 At last she staide, and on she plaide :
 which Song did thus begin.
 Who seeketh far, in time shall finde
 great choice of sldry change :
 In time a man shall passe the Pikes
 of peryls wonderous strange.
 But he that traualleth long Time,
 to seeke content of minde :
 And in the end, in tract of Time
 his owne desire shall finde :
 And being well, is not content
 to keepe him where he is :
 His time is lost, vnworthy he
 to finde the place of blisse.
 One Time a fault may be forgiuen,
 but if thou once obtaine
 The place of rest : marke well the way
 vnto the same againe.

For if thou once doo misse the way,
 or hast the same forgot :
 Thou wander maist, a tedious Time,
 & neare the neere, God wot.
 Therefore, in Time I warne thee well
 to haue a great regarde :
 The way thou goest for to returne :
 for trust me, it is hard.
 And so, for want of longer Time,
 I needes must make an ende :
 Take time enough, marke wel thy way,
 and so, farewell, my friend,
 Till Time I see thee heere againe :
 which Time let me not see,
 Till Time thou canst content thy self,
 to spend thy Time with me.
 And so take time, while time will serue,
 else Time will slip away :
 So once againe, adew, quoth she,
 I can no longer stay.
 With yt, me thought, this heauenly Dame,
 with all her maides, was gon :
 And I, poore soule, vpon the hill,
 was left so all alone :
 Where taking heede vnto the path,
 which she had shewde me so :
 Crosse overthwart the hill,
 (me thought) I gan to goe.
 At foote whereof, harde by the path,
 me thought a Riuer ran,
 And down y^e streame, in a small boat,
 me thought there came a mā :
 And by and by he cald to me,
 to aske me if I would
 Come take a boat to crosse the streame ?
 and if I would, I should :
 Now crosse the riuer straight (me thought)
 I sawe a beaten way
 Likely to lead vnto some Towne :
 whereat I gan to stay :
 But nought I said : and therewithall
 (me thought) I plaine did see
 The Dame who late had left me quite,
 approching neere to me :
 And beeing neere come to me,
 me thought she stoutly saide,
 Why do you lose your labour so ?
 what cause hath heere you staide ?
 Keepe on your way, and lose no Time,
 and happy sure art thou,
 Thou tookst not boate or ere I came :
 but, quite past danger now :
 My selfe will bring thee thither, where
 The Temple thou shalt see
 Whereto I gave thee charge to go :
 and so, (me thought) quoth she,
 Come follow me : and by and by
 no great way we had gon,
 But straight she brought me to the hill,
 this Temple stood vpon.

And ther (me thought) these words she said :
 Go, knock at yōder dore,
 And say thou art a seely wight,
 cast vp on sorrowes shore ;
 Brought in the Barke of wearie bale,
 cast vp by waues of woe :
 The Barke is burst, thou sav'de aliue,
 dost wander too and froe,
 To seeke some place of quiet rest :
 and wandring so about
 The hill of Hope, where Patience dwels,
 by chance thou foundest out :
 From whom thou presently doost come,
 a message to declare :
 Beare this in minde, thou shalt get in,
 well warrant thee I dare.
 And when thou comst into the Church,
 mark wel on the right hand,
 Within the Quire, all cladde in white,
 dooth Lady Pittie stand :
 To whom, with humble reuerence,
 saye this for thy behoue :
 I doo beleuee that Patience
 in time will Pittie moue.
 And thus this lesson I thee leaue :
 which if thou beare in minde,
 Assure thy selfe straight, at her hands,
 some fauor for to finde.
 And thus, quoth she, againe farewell,
 though me no more thou see,
 Till backe thou doost returne againe,
 yet I will be with thee :
 And guide thee so, where so thou goest,
 that thou thy selfe shalt see,
 In many Melancolike moodes,
 thou shalt be helpt by me.
 And therewithall, I know not how,
 she vanished away :
 And I vnto the Temple straight
 began to take my way.
 And to the doore, as I
 had charge, me thought I came :
 And tooke the ring [with] in my hand,
 and knocked at the same :
 Who knocketh at the doore, quoth one ?
 A silly wight, quoth I,
 Cast vp of late, on sorrowes shore,
 by tempests soddenly :
 Brought in the Barke of weary bale,
 cast vp by waues of woe :
 Since when, to seeke some place of rest
 I wandred too and froe.
 And wandring so, I knew not how,
 vnto a Mount I came,
 Whereas I found in comely sort,
 a noble courteous Dame.
 The moūt is cald the Hill of Hope,
 wher doth Dame Patiēce dwel :
 From whom I come : Welcome, quoth he,
 I know the Lady wel.

With that the doore, was opened,
 and in, (me thought) I went :
 Wherewith, me thought I hard a voyce
 a sobbing sigh that sent.
 Wherewith somewhat amazd at first,
 though greatly not affraide,
 Still staring round about (a while)
 this stately Church, I staide.
 And as before Dame Patience,
 to me at parting tolde,
 Within the Quier, on the right hand,
 (me thought) I did behold
 A gallant Dame, all clad in white,
 to whom, for my behoue,
 These words I sayd, Dame Patience,
 I hope, will Pittie moue.
 With that (me thought) this Lady sayd,
 I know thy deepe distresse :
 And for thy friēd, Dame Patiēce sake,
 thou shalt haue som redresse.
 And therewithall, me thought, she saide
 vnto an aged Sire,
 Which in the Temple hard by sate :
 Father, I thee desire
 To shew this Youth, the perfect path
 vnto the place of rest,
 Who long hath wandred vp & down,
 with torments sore opprest.
 Dame Patience bath stooode his friend,
 and sent him vnto me,
 To lend him helpe vnto this place,
 where he desires to be.
 Lady, quoth he, I cannot go
 my selfe abroade to day,
 But I will send my seruant here,
 to shew him the right way :
 Whose company if he will keepe,
 beleuee me, he shall finde
 In little time, a place that may
 right well content his minde.
 Which if he do not, yet let him
 with him returne to me,
 And then my selfe will go with him.
 It shall suffice, quoth she :
 Go, sirra, quoth she, follow well
 [his] man, where so he goes :
 And take good heede, that in no wise
 his company you loose :
 For if you lose his company,
 you lose your labour quite :
 But follow him, your gaine perhaps
 your trauaile, shall requite :
 His name, quoth she, True Reason is,
 my Father Wisdoms man :
 Whom, if you follow, to the place
 of rest, conduct you can.
 So, sirra, quoth she, go your wayes,
 be rulde by him, I say :
 And though he leade you now & the
 through some vnpleasant way,

Yet follow him where so he goes :
 doo as I bid you doe,
 And he, in time, the perfect place
 of rest, can bring thee too :
 And so, farewell, Lady, quoth I,
 I humble thanks do giue
 To you, and eke this good olde man :
 and sure, while I doo liue,
 You two, I vowe, and eke besides
 the noble curteous Dame
 That sent me hither vnto you,
 Dame Patience by name,
 In hart I euer honour will :
 and honest Reason loe,
 For taking paines, vnto the place
 of rest with me to goe.
 To recompence his paines, I vowe
 to stand his faithfull friend,
 To follow him, and to be rulde
 by him vnto mine ende.
 And if I seeke to slippe from him,
 I willing aye will be,
 That, as he list, he shall doo due
 correction vpon me :
 So Lady, I my leaue doo take :
 and therewithall, me thought,
 The good olde man, fast by the hande
 vnto the doore me brought :
 And at the doore (me thought) did part,
 this good olde man and I :
 And Reason, he came stepping forth,
 to beare me company :
 Or else to leade me to the place
 whereas we then should goe :
 But as in euery merry moode,
 dooth happe some sodaine woe :
 So in this Dreame, as we (me thought)
 were going on our waye,
 I know not well at what (alas)
 we suddainly gan staye :
 And staying so, a Phesant Cocke
 hard by me I gan see,
 Which, flying by me, crew so lowde,
 as that he waked me.
 And thus my Dreame was at an end :
 which, when that I awoake,
 I tooke my penne, and as you see
 I put it in my booke :
 Which, for the straungenesse of the same,
 surely perswadeth mee,
 It dooth some straunge effect pretend,
 what euer so it be.

THE huge highe Mountaine, fyrst of all?
 and then the brokē tree?
 And then the Lady, suddainly,
 that did appeare to me?
 The Napkin lying on the ground?
 & then the Dames that came

In order so, with Dishes all,
 vnto this noble Dame?
 And wherefore, onely fowre of them
 went backe againe away :
 And other fowre attendaunt still
 vpon this Dame did staye?
 And what should meane the giuing
 of the Citterne, vnto me
 To playe vpon? and that my selfe,
 should sound such Harmonie,
 Which neuer playde on like before?
 and then the Song that she
 Vnto the tune that I so playde,
 dyd sweetley sing to me?
 Then what should meane the order, that
 the Maidens did obserue,
 As they vpon this stately Dame,
 attendaunt still did serue?
 The Bason, Towel, & the Flowres,
 wher with she strawd y^e place?
 And one alone among the rest,
 so humbly saying Grace?
 What ment her stately keeping of
 her royall Princely seate?
 And what she ment, by bidding me,
 to wash before I eate?
 And when, as one amazed, so
 she did behold me stande :
 What she should meane to rise her selfe
 & take me by the hand?
 Then what should meane the bytter roote
 that first I fed vpon :
 And tasting of the herbe of Hope,
 the bitter taste was gon?
 Then what should meane my great desyre
 to see that herb to grow :
 And how the Lady ledde me straight,
 whereas she me did show?
 The herbe, the roote, the ground, & all,
 and why I then did craue
 Of that same roote, or ere I went,
 a little taste to haue?
 Then what should meane the cutting vp
 the Turfe, to let me see
 The roote? and then the breaking of
 a peece thereof for me?
 Then what should meane y^e laying downe,
 the turfe, evē as she foūd,
 So closely as could scarce be seene,
 that she had styrde the ground?
 And then what ment the great wilde Maze,
 the Image of a man
 Whereas it grew? and after that
 our backe returning than?
 What ment the Glasse of water, that
 at our returne we found :
 The towel, and the flowers besides,
 downe lying on the ground?
 Then what Dame Patience should meane,
 for to demandaunt of me,

Howe I did like her seruice there,
 and whither I could be
 Content to liue with her or not,
 or backe returne to chuse?
 And that she put it to my choice,
 to take or to refuse?
 And backe returnde to my olde life,
 then what she ment to say:
 If well I chose, I mought reioyce,
 for to haue scene that day?
 If contrary, why then I mought
 but thanke my selfe therefore?
 And bad me pause vpon her words,
 and then would say no more?
 Then what should meane my kneeling so,
 and praying thē of mine
 To GOD, for grace to take and chuse,
 to please his will diuine?
 Then what the Lady ment in hast,
 as I was kneeling so,
 To aske to that she did demaund
 an answer, yea, or no?
 Then what my doubtfull answer ment,
 and pardon I did craue,
 That for an answer flat, I might
 some longer respit haue?
 And why she should no respit giue?
 then what the path way ment?
 And what she ment, in that she me
 vnto the Temple sent?
 The Lesson that she gaue me then,
 and then Dame Pitty too?
 And what besides, at the Church door,
 she further bad me doo?
 Then, at our parting, the sweete song
 which ran of Time so much?
 What y^e should mean, & what should mean
 our choice of musick such?
 Her song once done, what then should meane
 the vanishing away,
 Wherewith my selfe at first a while
 amazed so did stay?
 But going onwards on my way,
 what ment the Riuer then
 That ran so neer the path? and then
 the Boate? and then the man?
 And then what should be ment, in that
 he called so to me,
 To take a Boate to crosse the streame?
 the way that I did see,
 Likely to leade vnto some towne?
 what too was ment by that
 Whereto I made no answer, but,
 I stayed looking at?
 And then againe, what ment the Dame
 who vanished away,
 To come vnto me there againe,
 and what she ment to saye?
 I happy was I had not tane
 a Boate or ere she came:

And how from thence with me, vnto
 the Temple neere she came?
 Then, what should meane the lesson, that
 she gaue me for to say
 At the Church doore? and then againe,
 her vanishing away?
 Then what should meane the stately Church?
 and, as I sayd before,
 The lesson that I did rehearse
 when I came to the doore?
 Then what should meane y^e sighe I heard?
 then what y^e Lady ment,
 Apparelled in white, to whom
 Dame Patience had me sent?
 Then what my kneeling ment to her,
 and then my words I sayde?
 And that at my first entring in
 I was so much afraide?
 And what should meane the answer then
 the Lady gaue to me?
 And how that from Dame Patience
 I came, she did well see?
 Then what should meane her saying, that
 she knew right well my grief:
 And for Dame Patience sake, I shold
 be sure to find relief?
 Then what should meane the aged man,
 of whom she did request
 To take the paines to bring me to
 the place of quiet rest?
 Then what the old man ment to say,
 he could not go that day,
 But he would send his seruaunt then,
 to bring me on the way?
 Then what the Lady ment to say
 that should as then suffice:
 And charging me his company
 to keepe in any wise?
 And then what ment the Lady then,
 to bydde me farewell soe?
 And thē what ment this old mans mā,
 that forth with me did go?
 And then my thanks vnto the Dame,
 and to the good olde man?
 And to Dame Patience, my friend,
 and eke our parting than
 At the Church doore, with y^e olde Sire?
 and thē what should be ment
 By him, that for to bring me to
 the place of Rest was sent?
 And then, what should be ment by this,
 in going of our way,
 I know not how, but suddainly
 we both at once gan staye?
 And last, of that accursed Cocke:
 what should the meaning be,
 That in his flying crew so lowde,
 as that he waked me?
 Which Cocke, I am perswaded sure,
 if that he had not beene:

Some wondrous sight, in trauailing,
 I, doubtles, should haue seen :
 And that which grieues me most of all,
 the place of quiet rest
 That man would sure haue brought me too :
 where now, with grief opprest,
 I must perforce liue as I do,
 and only haue this ease,—
 To pray unto Dame Patience
 my sorrowes to appease :
 Who promisinde me, at parting last,
 that though I her not see
 Long time againe in open sight,
 yet she would be with me :
 And guide me so from place to place,
 where euer so I goe,
 That I by her shall finde great ease
 Of many a deadly woe.
 In hope whereof, thus, as you see,
 my wearie life I spende,
 Till I the place of Rest attaine :
 and so I make an ende.
 This Dreame is strainge : and sure, I thinke
 it dooth Pronosticate
 Some straunge effect, what so it is :
 but since I know not what
 It dooth pretend : I still will praye
 to God, me to defend
 In daungers all, bothe daye and night,
 vnto my lyues end.
 And when this loathsome life I end,
 with tormentes so opprest,
 In Heauen I may, at latter daye,
 enioye a place of rest.

¶ A pretty Toye written vpon this Theame :

A man a sleepe, is not at rest.
 ALTHOUGH the heart a sleepe,
 the bones be all at rest,
 Yet man a sleepe, his minde is oft
 with many thoughts opprest.
 He dreames of this and that :
 sometime with trifling toyes
 His onely minde is troubled sore :
 sometime of pleasaunt ioyes
 His minde dooth run in sleepe :
 sometime, he dreames of Kinges,
 Of Princes Courts & princely feates,
 and of such gallant thinges :
 And, by and by, is out
 in midst of all his dreame,
 And from the Court to country Clowns,
 and of a messe of Creame :
 Of Cattle in the feelde,
 of woods and pasture groundes,
 Of Hawking, Fyshing, Fowling too,
 & hunting hare with holdis :
 And sodeinly, vnwares,
 he leaues his country sport.

And from the country, by and by,
 to Cittie dooth resort.
 And there a thousand thinges
 at once runs in his minde :
 The gallant shops of sundry sortes,
 and wares of sundry kinde :
 The precious Pearles and stones
 on Goldsmiths shops that shine :
 And then the Horsehead, but hard by
 and then a cuppe of Wine.
 Besides all gallant showes,
 yet one aboute the rest,
 The Marchaunts wiues, with other dames,
 in fine attire adrest,
 That at their doores, sometime
 on Sundayes vse to sit :
 This when some doo behold by day,
 by night they dreame of it.
 And then they fall in loue,
 although their sute be small :
 For in the Morning once awakte,
 they haue forgotten all.
 Some dreame of cruell warres,
 of men slaine here and there :
 And all the Fields with bodyes dead
 nye couered euery where.
 And by and by, the warres
 not scarcely halfe begon :
 But who dooth get the victory,
 and then the warres are done.
 And sodeinly againe,
 he cannot tell which way,
 He is at sea, and there he sees
 great Fishes gan to play :
 And straight a tempest comes,
 that makes the wanes to rore :
 And then he seeth how the Ships
 doo saile in daunger sore.
 Anon he sees his ship
 with billowes beaten so :
 That comes at last a sodaine waue,
 that dooth her ouerthrow :
 And there, both she, and all
 her Marriners are dround :
 Yet he himselfe, he knowes not how,
 is safely set on ground.
 He onely is at shore,
 when all the rest are lost :
 And there he sees, how other ships
 with tempests like are tost.
 And there he stands not long,
 but straight a suddaine change :
 He carryed is, he knowes not how,
 into a Country straunge :
 And there he speakes a speech
 he neuer spake before :
 And once awake againe, perhaps,
 he neuer shall speake more.
 A thousand thinges too, more,
 a man dooth thinke to see

In sleepe sometimes, that neuer were,
 nor yet are like to be.
 For I my selfe haue dreamde,
 in sleepe, of sightes so straunge,
 And, in the midst of all my dreame,
 of sodaine sundry change :
 That, in the morne awake,
 I could but merueille much,
 What cause by day, by night should driue
 me into dreaming such.
 But sitting so a while,
 sometime I call to minde
 A prouerbe olde, which some count true,
 but I meere false doo finde :
 That is, That man asleepe
 dooth lie at quyete rest :
 For many sleepe, yt haue their mindes
 with many grecefes opprest.
 Some Dreame of Parents death,
 or death of some deare friend :
 Some dreame of sorrowes to insue,
 and pleasures at an end.
 And dreaming so, I thinke
 that man is not at rest,
 Although he sleepe, his heart is yet
 sore troubled in the brest.
 The Boye that goes to Schoole
 dooth dreame of Rods by night,
 His breech too, ready for the rodde :
 and in a sodaine fright
 He starteth in his sleepe,
 and waketh therewithall :
 And then say I, although he sleepe,
 his rest can be but small.
 Some thinke in sleepe they are
 in Field with foe at fight,
 And with their fysts they buffet them
 that lie with them by night.
 And are they not at rest,
 although they sleepe, say you ?
 In dede they haue a kinde of rest,
 but rest, I wot not how.
 And many causes moe
 of great vnquiet rest,
 I could declare, that are in sleepe :
 but these that are exprest
 May well suffice, I hope, to prouee
 my iudgement good in this :
 That minde of man is troubled much,
 when moste a sleepe he is.

¶ Another Toy written in the praise of a
 Gilliflower, at the request of Gentle-
 women : and one, aboute the rest, who
 loued that Flower.

If I should choose a pretty Flower,
 For seemely show, and sweetest sente :

In my minde, sure, the Gilliflower
 I should commend, where so I wente :
 And if neede be, good reasen too
 I can alledge why so I doe.

The Crimson coulour, fyrst of all,
 Dooth make it seemely to the eye :
 The pleasaunt savour therewithall
 Comfortes the braine too, by and by :
 For collour then and sweetest smell
 The Gilliflower must beare the Bell.

This is in Pots preserued we see,
 And trimly tended euery day :
 And so it dooth deserue to bee,
 For sure, if I mought plainly say :
 If it would prosper in my Bedde,
 I would haue one at my Beds head.

What laugh you at? you thinke I iest,
 I meane plaine troth, I promise ye :
 The Gilliflower dooth like me best
 Of all the Flowers that ere I see.
 And who that dooth mislike the same,
 In my minde, shall be much too blame.

¶ A pretty toy written in the praise of a
 straunge Springe in Suffolke.

I NEUER trauallde countreys farre,
 whereby strange things to see,
 As woods and waters, Beasts & byrds,
 wherein such vertues bee,
 As are not common to be had,
 but seeldome to be found :
 And hearbes and stones, of nature such,
 as none are on the ground.
 But as I haue red of many one,
 and surely, in my minde,
 As well at home as farre abroad,
 I many straung things finde.
 But many men whose runing heads,
 delights abroad to range,
 Whose fancies fond are dayly fed,
 With toyes and choice of change :
 What euer their owne soyle dooth yeeld,
 they do no whit esteeme :
 But far fet & deare bought, that they
 most worthy praise doo deeme.
 But tis no matter, let that passe,
 ech one, where he thinkes best,
 Choose what and whē and where he likes,
 & leue his frends the rest.
 And let me speake in praise of that,
 which worthy, in my minde,
 And therewith, rare like to be seene
 in England, here I fynde.
 No beast, nor byrde, no stick nor stone,
 no hearbe nor flower it is,
 No foule nor Fish, no metall strange :
 nought but a Spring ywis.

But wait a Spring, so cleare, so fayre,
 w^ho were not ~~there~~ :
 That happy he may ~~know~~ himselfe,
 that may ~~come~~ up thereat.
 To speake in praise thereof at large,
 is were to much for me,
 As it deserves ; but if I were
 a Poet, as some be :
 Sere I would spend a little time
 to let the world to know,
 That out of our small ~~land~~ yet,
 so fyne a Spring dooth flow.
 In Ovids Metamorphosis
 I read there of a Spring,
 Whereby Narcissus caught his bane,
 [and] only with looking
 Long while vpon the same : for loe,
 the water shone so cleare,
 That thorow the same, the shadow of
 his face did so appeare,
 That he forgetting quite himselfe,
 fell so enamoured
 Of his owne face, that there he lay
 as one amazed, halfe dead :
 So long, till at the last,
 for want of very foode,
 He fell starke madde, and lost his life
 in place whereas he stodee :
 And after his ghost yielded vp,
 (at least, as Poets faine,)
 His Corps was turned to a flower
 which there did still remaine :
 Which flower, if I doo not mistake,
 is tearmed the Lilly white.
 If this be false, blame Ouid then,
 that such a tale would write.
 But if it had beene true,
 when he so sore was grieved,
 Had he but come vnto this Spring,
 he had beene soone releued :
 For in this Spring he should haue seene
 no shadowes of a face,
 But such a face as should in deede
 his owne so much disgrace,
 That he should haue forgotte his owne,
 if this he once did see.
 Now he that doth desire to know
 wher this same Spring should be :
 In Suffolke soyle, who so best list,
 let him I say go seeke :
 And he may hap to see a Spring
 he neuer saw the like.

¶ A Gentleman on a time, hauing three
 Sonnes : and being very desirous to
 haue them brought vp at an Universitie :
 being very well acquainted with a yong

Gentleman, who he knew had spent
 some yeares at Oxford, desyred him to
 choose a Tutor there, for his three Chil-
 dren, which as he thought were fyttest
 to bring them vp as well in learning
 as good behaviour : which he was con-
 tented to doe : and hauing chosen a
 Tutor for them, not long after, hauing a
 great desire to see them doo well, wrote
 their Tutor a Letter, and with the
 Letter a pretty Tale in verse, to moue
 him to haue a great care of them : the
 Letter I let alone : but the tale I haue
 thought good to shew forth among these
 pretty Toyes, as one not the worste :
 which tale was as followeth.

¶ A little Preface before the Tale.

A PRETTY Tale of late I heard,
 a learned wise man tell :
 Wherto I gaue attentine eare,
 and marke it very well :
 Touching the bringing vp of youth,
 and who were fittest men,
 In learning and good qualities,
 to bring vp children.
 Which Tale, when I had heard told out,
 of troth, it likte me so,
 That to the like, I were content
 againe ten myles to go.
 Well : as it was, I did full ofte
 reuolve the same in minde :
 And many pretty poinct therein
 I many tymes did finde.
 And as one day vnto my selfe,
 by chance, I did rehearse
 Eche poinct therein, I tooke my Penne
 and put it into verse.
 Which Tale so pend, according to
 my simple skill, I send
 To you : for dyvers causes Syr :
 first, for that it doth tend
 Vnto a little matter, that
 there is twixt you and me :
 It hath (I trow) somewhat respect,
 vnto the Children three :
 The three yong Gentlemen,
 which to you, as my friend,
 I gaue in charge, to rule and teach :
 and so I make an end.

¶ The Tale followeth in this manner.

A GENTLEMAN, that had two sonnes,
desirous was to see
Them both in learning traded up :
for which, great counsaile hee,
Of diuers often did require,
what Tutors he might choose
To put these pretty Puples too,
that rightly might them vse.
And vnder whom they likely were
their labours to haue lost.
Well : to be breefe, so many men
so many mindes there were :
Some would say this, some other that,
& som were here, som there.
Some sayd, they thought that liberty
was ill for Children :
Some other sayd, that lawfull twas
and needefull, now and then :
Some sayd, the rod should be the sword,
to keepe Children in awe :
And other some, such cruelty
counted not worth a strawe.
Some sayd, that Children should
surpressed be by feare :
Some thought, to rule by gentleness,
a better way it were.
Some said, that children were
by nature bent to play,
Which from their learning, in short space,
will drawe them soone away :
Fro which, by feare to keepe them still,
the rod should be the meane :
Least little smack of liberty
would quickly marre them cleane :
And vse would make great masteries,
for so, by keeping in
And harde applying of their bookes,
they profite would therein.
Some other then, that thorowly
this matter did discusse,
To that opinion contrary,
alleadged reason thus :
Children, by nature, are not bent
to any kinde of play ;
Their minds are enē halfe made by thā
that gouerne them alway :
And that, to keepe their minds frō play,
the rod should be no meane ;
And that by feare for to subdue,
that were not worth a beane.
As for examples sake, (quoth one)
at first, take me a Childe,
Who hath a pretty ready wit,
although of nature wilde :
And let him learne to daunce,
to shoote, and play at ball,
And any other sporte : but put
him to his booke withall :

And when he is abroad,
if fayre he doo not shoote,
Or when he gins to daunce,
if false he chaunce to foote,
Then pay him, breech him thorowly,
favour him not at all :
And now and then correct him well,
though for a fault but small.
If that he trip, or misse his time,
vp with him, by and by :
Let him not slip with such a fault,
but pay him presently.
And you shall see that ofte, for feare,
his legges will quiuer so,
That he shall neuer learne to daunce,
nor scarcely well to go.
And when in feild he drawes not cleane,
his arrow in his bowe,
Knock him vpon the fingers harde :
and you shall see, I trow,
That in a while his fyngers ends,
for feare will quiuer so,
That he will neuer learne aright,
to let his Arrow go.
Now if he be harde at his booke,
although he learne not well,
Either forget, or conster false :
at fyrst, doo gently tell
Him of his faulte, and if
that he do plye it harde,
Giue him an Apple or a Peare,
or some such childes rewarde :
And trust me, you shall see, the schoole
shall be his chiefe delight :
And from his booke he seeld will be,
or neuer, if he might.
Wherefore, by reason thus I prooue,
that children be not bent,
But that their natures much are made
by Tutors gouernment.
But this I graunt as requisite,
with reason to correct :
Lest children oft for lacke thereof,
their faults too much neglect.
But as a sworde, to set it vp
in schoole to open sight,
I like not that : for tis to some
at fyrst to great a fright.
Their eyes are so vpon the rodde,
they little minde their booke :
For childish feare will cause them still
upon the Rodde to looke :
And so their eyes quite from their bookes
not only drawes away,
But eke their minds, as much and more
then any kinde of play :
Wherefore a Rod I would in schooles
should be kept out of sight,
To make the Children to their bookes
to haue a more delight.

¶ Another graue gray headed syre,
 that harde them reason so,
 Thus said : So many shrewd curst boyes,
 & wāton wags I know,
 And eke so many Schoolemaisters,
 that lack good gouernment,
 That many prety Boyes will mar,
 that are of minds well bent :
 That sure I know not what to say,
 but, trust me, in my minde,
 A good Tutor, whereto a child
 is bent, can quickly finde ;
 And as he findes the nature of
 the Childe, euen so he may,
 By gentle meanes, euen as he list,
 soone leade him euery way.
 So, that to keepe him in good awe,
 correction, now and than,
 He iustly use with gentlesse,
 as a good Tutor can.
 Well : at the last, this Gentleman,
 when he had heard at large
 Their true oppinions euery one,
 at last, he gaue in charge
 His two Sonnes to two sundry men :
 whereof the one was milde,
 And euer sought by gentle meanes
 for to bring vp a Childe :
 The other was of nature fierce,
 and, therefore, rather sought
 With store of stripes for to bring vp
 such children as he taught.
 The children both of nature like,
 in time did differ much ;
 The difference of gouernment,
 of Tutors, theirs was such.
 The one did prooue a proper Youth,
 and learned for his time :
 And by his learning afterward,
 to honour high did clyme.
 This, was by him brought vp,
 that was of nature milde,
 And euer sought by gentle meanes,
 for to bring vp a Childe.
 The other prooued but a blocke,
 a Dunsicus, an Asse :
 Because, with too much cruelty,
 he often dulled was.
 This, was brought vp by him
 that was so fierce of minde :
 That thought the Rod should be the sword,
 to rule a child by kinde.
 The Father sory, afterward,
 to see his Child so lost :
 And seeing, that his other sonne,
 did euer profite most :
 Tooke him away from that fierce foole,
 and put him presently
 To him that was the mylder man,
 praying him, earnestly,

To see if that he could in time,
 quicken his dulled wit :
 Desiring him thereto to vse
 such meanes as he thought fyt.
 Well : at the last, with much adoe
 he tooke a little paine :
 And tooke in hand to sharpen then,
 his dulled braine againe :
 And many maisteries did prooue,
 but rigour none he vsde :
 For that before he had so much
 by thother ben abusde :
 But euer sought, by gentle meanes,
 to make him voide of feare ;
 And so in time did alter much,
 his nature as it were.
 He made him boulder to his booke,
 therefore, more willing to
 His study still : but yet, alas,
 whateuer he could doe,
 He could not make him like vnto
 his brother any way :
 Although he striu'de, and tooke great pains,
 asmuch as in him lay :
 Yet euery way he mended had,
 his nature very much :
 The gentle meanes, he euer vsde
 in teaching him, were such.
 Well : to be short, when that
 this Gentleman did see,
 The difference twixt his two sons :
 There shall no more, quoth he,
 Of children mine be put to Schoole
 to such as still doo vse
 To rule the Children by the rod :
 I rather aie will chuse
 To put my children vnto those,
 that are of nature milde,
 And know by loue and gentlesse,
 how to bringe vp a childe.
 And thus the tale was at an ende.
 and now, Sir, euen as he,
 The Gentleman that had two sonnes,
 desirous was to see
 Them both in learning traded vp :
 euen so, no lesse, am I
 Desirous for to see these youthes,
 bothe learnedly
 And vertuously brought vp,
 as much as if they were
 The neerest kinsmen that I haue,
 or brethren deere, I sweare.
 Wherefore, good Syr, as I in you
 my faithfull trust repose :
 Vouchsafe to take such pains with them,
 that they no time do lose :
 And for correction, now and than,
 to him that dooth not well,
 I meane not to instruct you Sir :
 your selfe can better tell

Then I, what longs thereto :
 therefore, as you shall finde,
 Vse your discretion Sir, therein
 according to your minde.
 Thus you haue heard the milder man
 the better Scholler made :
 And yet, a bridell must be had,
 for a wilde brainesicke Jade.
 But for your prety Coltes, I hope,
 no bridle you shall neede :
 I hope you easely shall them bende,
 with a small twined threed.
 My meaning is, I hope they will
 themselues eche order so,
 That you shall neede to take small care
 almost which way they go.
 Yet now and then, though without neede,
 somewhat looke out, I pray :
 Least that they hap by Company
 for to be led astray.
 For though their natures well be bent,
 yet you know, now & than,
 Ill company oft times, God wot,
 dooth marre an honest man :
 And they, you know, are all but young,
 and youth delights in toyes,
 And toyes frō learning quite & clean,
 withdraweth wanton boyes.
 Yet in good faith, I hope, good Syr,
 your prety Puples three,
 Will bothe in learning, and all things,
 by you so ruled be :
 And eke vnto their bookes, besides,
 will haue so great desire :
 That earnest more, or dilligent,
 you cannot well require.
 Well : I haue put them all to you,
 you only must be he,
 That as well to their learning, as
 behauiour must see.
 I sought not out three sundry men,
 to put these children too,
 To see which of them would doo best,
 and which againe would do
 Worst of the three : but all vnto
 your charge I doo commit,
 To teache and gouerne, by such meanes,
 as you alone thinke fit.
 And as I haue them giuen in charge
 to you, euen so I craue
 That you will see your Schollers so,
 themselues each way behaue ;
 And bring them vp in learning so,
 that when from you they part,
 I to haue found a Tutor such,
 first will be glad in heart :
 And you your selfe another day,
 may be full glad to see
 Their vertuous life, & then may say,
 these were brought vp by me.

Their Father then, whose tender care
 is for to see them all,
 In learning dally to succede,
 and further there withall
 In good behauiour eke,
 may well in hart reioyce :
 That I in this behalfe haue made
 so good and happy choice,
 As to finde out, so fit a man,
 to put his children too.
 As vnder whom, they all in time,
 so will are like to doe.
 And I my selfe, the more for that,
 may stande your bounden friend :
 And he reward you for your paines :
 and so I make an ende.

¶ TWO OR THREE PRETY TOYES
 giuen to a Gentilman, to set about his
 Counting-house.

WHAT man can beare a lofty saile,
 Where fortune frownes, and friends doo faile ?
 And who so low, but he may rise,
 By fortunes aide, and friends aduise ?
 What wo to hate ? what ioye to love ?
 What stranger state, then both to prouoe ?
 What treasure, to a friend in deede ?
 What greater spight, then faile at neede ?
 What wisdom more, then for to learne
 The trueth from falshood to discerne ?
 From which false dealing GOD defend
 Those that meane well : and so I end.

¶ A Gentleman being requested by a Gentle-
 woman, to pen her a Prayer in verse,
 wrot at her request, as followeth.

PITIE, oh LORD thy Servaunts heavy heart,
 Her sinnes forgiue, that thus for mercy cries :
 Judge no man (LORDE) according to desart,
 Let fall on her with speede thy healthfull eyes :
 In hart who prays to thee continually,
 Putting her only trust of GOD in Thee.
 LORDE, LORDE, to thee for mercy still I call,
 Oh, set me free, that thus am bound and thrall.

¶ Not many dayes after, he chaunced to
 walke with the same Gentilwoman in a
 Garden : and was againe then intreated

by her, to make her another prayer,
which presently he pend : speaking with
the tearmes of a Gardiner, as followeth.

PLANT LORDE, in me the tree of godly lyfe,
Hedge me about with thy stronge fence of faith :
If thee it please, vse eke thy proyning knife,
Least that, oh LORD, as a good Gardiner saith :
If suckers draw the sappe from bowes on hie,
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.
Let, LORD, this tree be set within thy Garden wall
Of Paradise, where growes no one ill sprig at all.

¶ A pretty toye, written vpon a Ladyes pro-
pounding of a Riddle to her friende.

A LADY once, in pleasaunt sorte,
A question did demaunde of mee,
For want as then of other sporte :
Without offence, good Sir (quod she) :
May I craue thus much at your hande,
To haue a riddle rightly scand?

Whereto I soone gaue this repley :
Madame, you know full harde it is
To reade a Riddle perfectly ;
The wisest men may iudge amisse.
But shew the effect of your request,
And you shall see me doo my best.

THE RIDDLE.

Why then, a thing there is, quod she,
That breedeth many, deadly smart :
Which none can feele, nor heere, nor see,
And yet with greefe consumes the heart :
For which is founde none other ease,
But euen the cause of the disease :
Now this is my desire, (quoth she)
To be resolv'de what this may be?

THE ANSWER.

These doubtts (Madame) quod I, to skan,
Requires some time, and that not small :
They trouble would a wiser man
Then I, by roode, to deale withall.
But yet, faire Dame, the doubt of this
I hope to finde, and not to misse :
I can but gesse vpon a doubt,
I will not sweare to find it out.
But as I judge, Madam, quod I,
It seemes Appollos sicknesse sure,
On whom he cryed piteously,
That neuer any herbe could cure :
Nor any Phisicke finde releefe,
To helpe or ease him of his greefe :
Which plainly, Madam, for to name,
Is lucklesse loue, Dame Venus game.

Which spightfull sporte for to attaine
Some so doo dull their sences all :
That in the ende, with to much paine
They doo become sore sicke with all :
And so remaine, vntill they haue
Some players such as they doo craue.
For eury Player cannot please
Eche pacient to playe with all :
For then, to cure his straunge disease,
He some should haue soone at his call :
But he must haue whom eche would craue.
Els he, poore soule, small rest shall haue.

This Madam, for ought I can see,
The meaning of your doubt must be :
Which, if you like not, good Madam,
Let it euen passe from whence it came.

My Lady lawght : Is loue, quod she,
A spight and sporte, to both at ones ?
Now thou hast giuen me, credit me,
A resolution, for the nones :
Tis loue, in deede : thou hast founde out
The misterie of all my doubt :
And for thy paines, as to a friend,
I yeelde thee thancks :—and there an end.

¶ A Letter sent vnto a Gentilwoman in
verse, wherein he gaue great thanks for
both good cheere and other curteous
entertainment he had receiued at her
hands, beeing in the Country at her
house. The Gentilwomans name was
Mistris Lettis.

FIRST, to thy seemely selfe,
my selfe I doo commend :
And for thy friendly cheere & cost
ten thousand thanks I send :
Which able to requite,
I know I shall not be :
But to my power, I will deserue
as much as lyes in me.
But yet, of all thy cates,
one dish about the rest
I euer since doo beare in minde,
which fare dooth like me best :
Which deinty dish (my deare,)
If I mought plainly name,
Lettys it is, a houlsome hearbe :
thyselpe doost know the same.
An herbe that we haue here :
but yet I plainly finde
That Lettys, from our Lettys heere,
dooth much digresse in kinde :
For in that Lettys, such
vertues soone I found,

As fewe or none the like, I finde,
 dooth grow vpon our ground :
 This Lettys sweete art thou,
 in which I so delight :
 And God he knows what griefs I bide,
 for wanting of thy sight.
 No cates, that I can taste,
 but seeme all gall to me :
 When that in minde I feede vpon
 the fresh recorde of thee :
 And so, my Lettys sweete,
 vnto thy selfe farewell !
 And thinck no cates like Lettys fine,
 can like me halfe so well.

¶ A Riddle propounded by a Gentleman
 to a Gentilwoman whom he loued, but
 was a suter, but secretly.

THE thing on earth you most desire,
 and yet of all you lest would chuse :
 That often times you doo require,
 and yet I know you will refuse :
 And that here present you may see
 All this is one : what may it be ?

¶ Her aunswer, as prety.

GOOD Sir, the selfe same thing that you
 aboue all things doo most esteeme :
 And that in deede is present now,
 and to your selfe you deereest deeme :
 That doo you take it, out of doubt,
 That I would chuse, yet be without.

¶ A Ditty in despight of a very olde man,
 who was suter to a very young Gentil-
 woman: written by a young Gentilman,
 who was then (in deede) suter to the
 same Lady.

PERHAPS you thinke, that all for spight
 I writ this running verse,
 Wherein I doo such deepe dispraise
 of doting fooles rehearse :
 No, no (good faith) I hate no man :
 but yet, to such a snudge,
 Of force I must, I cannot chuse,
 but beare a certaine grudge.
 For as one way I honour age,
 so such olde doting doltes,
 That, at the age of three score yeares,
 would faine seeme but young coltes :

Those crusty chaps I cannot loue,
 the Diuell doo them shame :
 God let them neuer haue good lucke
 of any noble Dame,
 Much lesse th[e] loue : alas, my heart,
 it rendes for very greefe,
 To thinke vpon the crabbed crust,
 that vile old doting theefe,
 That seekes to robbe thee of all ioyes,
 and me of my delight :
 Wo woorth that so shall seeke,
 to winne a worthy wight :
 And seeme to match a miching Carle
 with such a pearlesse peece,
 As neuer yet, Appelles fine,
 could paint the like in Greece.
 Well, well, this is the world, (we see)
 tis money makes the man,
 Yet shall not money make him yong
 againe, doo what he can :
 No, nor yet honest sure, I iudge,
 nay more, for troth I know,
 The older still, the more in crafte,
 his braines he dooth bestow.
 And crafte and Knauery commonly,
 with crooked crabbed age,
 With Auaryce and Jelosy,
 dooth make a mariage.
 These are the fruites of froward age,
 which thou shalt reape, God wot :
 When thou wilt say, oh, had I wist,
 in faith then would I not.
 Well, say not yet but thou art warnde,
 by him that likes thee well,
 Thou comber not thy comly corps,
 with such a Coystrel :
 Whose crusty chaps, whose Aly nose,
 whose lothsom stinking breath,
 Whose toothles gumms, whose bristled beard,
 whose visage, all like death,
 Would kill an honest wench to view :
 and so it will doo thee,
 If so thou hap to match thy selfe
 with such a snudge as he.
 My counsaile therefore follow, wench,
 cast of the crabbed knaue :
 And henceforth, not one merry word,
 ne looke yet let him haue :
 But frowne vpon the froward foole,
 and when thou seest him glad,
 Knit thou thy browes, hang down thy head,
 & then seeme y^e most sad.
 As who would say, the crabbed lookes
 of his old doting age
 Of force you know must needes offend,
 a youthfull personage :
 Let therefore crummes, as fytttest is,
 with crustes then linked be :
 For trust to this, that like to like,
 will euer best agree.

¶ A prety Toye in rime.

MISERO INFORTUNATO SOLO :

LAMENTING HIS EUILL HAPPE, IN DISPAYRE OF HELPE.

WHĒ purse grows pild, & credit cracks,
& friends begin to faile,
To comfort then a heauy heart,
alas, what may preuaile ?

Audita vox confortans.

Yet doo not thou dispayre at all,
but comfort thou thy minde :
Though credit, purse, & friends be gone,
somwhat is left behinde.

Misero.

Somewhat, alas, oh, tell me now,
what somewhat that may be :
That so in this my deepe distresse,
is left to comfort me.

Vox.

Why doost thou craue to know the thing
wherof y^e canst not doubt ?
Necessity ere long, I wis,
will make thee finde it out.

Misero.

Necessitie, alas, I see,
too ready is at hand :
Yet can I not, doo what I can,
thy meaning vnderstand.

Vox.

Why? doste thou not thy selfe assure,
there is no mallady,
But physick hath in store for it,
some kinde of remedy.

Misero.

No, credit me, I feare there is
no meane to cure my greefe :
If there be any, let me craue
how I may find releefe.

Vox.

Wylt thou doo as I bid thee doo ?
and thou shalt soone finde ease :
Although thou be not at the first,
quite rid of thy disease.

Misero.

If that thy counsaile well I like,
I will agree thereto :
To ease my heart of this despayre,
I care not what to doo.

Vox.

Haue patience then, rage not to much,
let reason rule thy minde :
And be thou sure, in little time,
some comfort for to finde.

Misero.

But pacience dooth come perforce :
and what is forst (God wot)
Dooth more and more torment the minde :
then pacience easeth not.

Vox.

Yet pacience procureth hope,
and hope driues out dispaire :
And where Dispaire is driuen away,
there comfort dooth repayre.

Misero.

Oh, but hope oftentimes is vaine,
and dooth deceiue the minde :
Therefore, in hope I thinke, alas,
but comfort small to finde.

Vox.

Let hope then grow by due desart,
then follows good successe :
For reason showes, who seekes for ease,
shal some way finde redresse.

Misero.

Oh, but alas, those dayes be past
for to reward desart :
And that the more, dooth cause dispayre,
for to torment my heart.

Vox.

What though such daies are past, in deede,
yet daies will come again,
Wherein desarts shall reape desyre,
and pleasure win for paine.

Misero.

But while the grasse dooth grow, oft times
the silly steede he sterues :
And he, God wot, shall reape small gaine,
in only hope, that serues.

Vox.

Yet serue in hope, and hope in GOD,
and seeke well to deserue :
And let the Horse doo what he list,
be sure thou shalt not sterue.

Misero.

Now like I well this lesson thine,
GOD well in heart to serue :
For he, in deede, who hope in him,
will neuer let them sterue.

¶ A Gentleman beeing in his friends house,
in the Country, was by him earnestly
intreated after Dinner, before his depart-
ure, to make him some verses. But
would giue him no thēame to write

vpon : he, not knowing what to write
that best mought like his fancie, yet
willing to graunt his request, wrote as
followeth.

NEEDS must I write, & know not what :
why then euen as it is,
Accept the same, and blame me not,
if ought you find amis.
On bushy bankes what else,
but thornes and bryars grow ?
What looke you for, but raine,
when stormy winds gin blowe ?
What looke you for, of me,
some learned kinde of verse ?
You are deceaude : I cannot I,
but ragged rimes rehearse.
But what ? me thinks you say,
I make too much adoo,
Considering how little yet,
I haue done hetherto :
And since I graunted haue
so little time to write,
Some pithy shorter sentence, would
a wiser man indite.
In deede syr, true it is,
my fault I do confesse,
And since I haue no longer time
my meaning to expresse,
Remaine in doubt what I would doo,
if I had longer time :
And so, with thanks for my good cheare,
I rudely end my rime.
But if so be you haue
some prety kinde of stile,
Whereon you doo desire some verse,
if you will stay a while,
A day or two, or so,
or till I come againe,
Then you shall see, that I in time
will temper so my braine,
And whet my wittes a new,
that I will promise you,
Some prety peece of verse thereon,
more then I can doo now.
And thus, I leaue you here,
vntil I come againe,
This rude and ragged rime to reade :
and so, in rest remaine.

¶ Verses made upon this Theame :

Little medling, breedes mickle rest.
MY youthfull yeares are spent,
old age comes stealing on,
And bids me now, fond Fancies fits,
no more to thinke vpon.

Of worthy Wisdome I,
some lessons now haue learnde,
Whereby the difference twirt wit
and will, I haue discernde :
Among all which, this one,
where euer so I be,
To keepe still secrete to my selfe
what so I here or see.
Which, since of lessons all
I doo not count the worst,
I doo intend his graue aduise,
in this to follow first.
Fyrst in thy selfe, quoth he,
all faults thou must amend,
Before in other men thou seeke,
one fault to reprehend.
Of Cato eke I learnd,
it is no little shame,
To find that fault in other men,
wherein I am to blame.
To hold my peace, therefore,
I count it alwayes best :
And keep in minde the old sayd saw,
thereof comes mickle rest.
¶ I see a flattering knaue
is set by, now and then,
Of greatest heads, as much and more,
then twenty honest men :
But let me rue the same,
since I cannot amende it :
I mought a witlesse foole be thought,
to seeke to reprehend it.
¶ Some Lawyer sees, at fyrst,
which way the case will go :
Although he list not, at the fyrst,
to tell his Clyent so :
But what meanes he by that ?
alas, doo you not see,
Your pence may make you picke it out,
and so they shall, for me.
What boote were it, for me,
their meaning to betray :
And so, no profite to my selfe,
to take their gaines away ?
¶ The Marchaunt man he sees too, syr,
by your hye lusty lookes,
That shortly he shall finde your hand,
deep in his reckening bookes.
Bids he you then beware
betimes, of had I wist ?
No, no, but lets you lash it out
as long syr, as you list.
Or as you can, at least :
and if you aske me why,
He will no better counsaile giue,
and what he meanes thereby ?
Your losse of Lands, ere long,
shall learne you how to know,
As well as I can teach you Syr,
and better too, I trow.

- And so shall I offend
the Marchaunts nere a whit,
By showing of their silken snares,
that in their shops doo sit.
- ¶ Your Tenaunt too he sees,
that by your trim gay Coates,
Some Lease is shortly to be let,
then gets he vp his Groates :
- And purseth vp his pence,
and coms with coyne in hande
To craue of your good Maystership,
to hyre a peece of Lande.
- And wot you wherefore Syr,
your Farmer finds this feate?
To come with Coyne, ready in hand,
your freenship to intreate :
- When that your goods are gone,
and you the losse doo see
Of brainsick bargaines made in haste,
to maintaine brauery :
- The smart thereof, at last,
shall shew you then their shiftes :
- Then shall you easly discerne,
their double dealing driftes :
- Which I dare not descry,
I am so chargde, you see,
To make no words of any thing,
what euer so it be.
- ¶ Your seruaunt last he sees,
your feathers gin to fall,
And sees your Farmer buy you out,
of house and land and all.
- No longer then he likes
your seruice Syr, adew,
And if you meane to keepe a man,
you must go seek a new.
- And aske you me by this,
what may his meaning be?
Sure, if you see it not your selfe,
you shall not know for me.
- ¶ As for the higher powers,
they are too high for me :
- What faults are to be found in them,
I list not seeke to see :
- Let finde their faults themselues,
so shall they best be please :
- And for my silencie, I am sure
I shall not be diseasde.
- ¶ But to the rest againe,
that are of meaner sorte ;
- Of their fine fetches, secretly,
I somewhat will reporte :
- For openly, God wot,
I nothing dare descry :
- Who hurts not me, nor yet my friends,
I will not hurt them, I.
- But they who doo me harme,
I doo not meane to spare :
- To bid my friends in each respect,
of such for to beware.
- ¶ From Cittizens to Clownes,
what secret shifte they haue :
- It is a sport to see a Clowne
how he can play the Knaue.
- The Badger fyrst, one Knaue
that hunts the market place,
When Corne is cheape, to buy good store :
now therby lyes a case.
- What should he mean by that ?
oh syr, when corne growes deere,
I need not tell you what he means,
your selfe shall know next yere.
- ¶ The toleyng Myller then,
when he hath tollde his sackle,
He findes a trade to fill it vp,
if any meale doo lacke.
- Now what meanes he by this?
this feate how dooth he frame?
The Milstones greete among y^e meale,
will make you finde the same.
- ¶ The Baker then, that sees
that meale dooth grow so deare,
He findes a shyfte to hold his gaines,
how euer goe the yere.
- But what is that his shifte?
the Bakers man can tell,
And I say nought, but little loanes
will show it pretely well.
- ¶ Some other crabbed Carles,
of canckred cutthroates kinde,
That buy whole groaues of woods at once :
and shal I speak my mind,
- What they doo meane thereby ?
oh no sir, by the roode,
The Collier & the poore man knowes,
when they do buy their wood.
- ¶ The Collyer yet to gaine,
will play the craftie Clowne :
- He works a knack, yet in his sack,
when coales doo come to towne :
- But how he works that shifte,
I pray you aske not me :
- But whē you see him shoote his coales,
thē marke what dust you see.
- ¶ Another sort of clownes there are
that liue by buying corne,
That secretly vse knauish shiftes,
that are not to be borne :
- And these are Maltmen cald :
but what their shiftes should be,
I need not tell, by speered Mault
the Bruer soone will see.
- ¶ The Bruer then, he findes
a shifte, to make a gaine :
- But what is that? small drinke (alas)
doth show it too too plaine.
- ¶ Another sort of Clownes there are,
that droaners are by name :
- That Heards of Cattell buy at once :
what meane they by the same?

Oh syr, although I know,
 I must not say my minde :
 But when the poore man buyes a Cow,
 then he the cause shall [finde.]

¶ Another sort there are,
 which some doo Grasiere call :
 And for their secret kinde of gaine,
 they are not least of all :
 But how they make theyr gaine,
 I list not to descrie :
 The Butcher, when he Buyes his Beefes,
 he better knowes thē I.

¶ The Butcher too againe,
 he is no foole, I trowe :
 He findes deuice to make a gaine,
 how euer Cattell go.
 But shall I tell you how ?
 oh sir, I must not, I :
 But marke your price & Butchers weight,
 your Beefe when you do buy.

¶ The Chaundler then, y^t of
 the Butcher Tallow buies :
 If he buy deere, then wyl he worke
 a feate in secret wise,
 To make a secret gaine :
 but what feate may that be
 I dare say nought, but some the same
 by watry lights may see.

¶ Some wealthy fellowes are,
 that trauell here and [t]here,
 And buy up almost all the Wooll
 they can get euery where :
 And doo you seeke to know
 what they may meane by that ?
 The Draper, when you buy your Cloth,
 can quickly tell you what.

¶ Tush, many such things moe,
 I see ofte times, God wot,
 Which I would helpe too if I could,
 but (alas) I cannot.
 Therefore, since I cannot,
 I thinke it alwayes best,
 To take good heede and hold my peace,
 for scilence breeds much rest.
 If Scilence, then, breede rest,
 why haue I pratted so ?
 Yet haue I nothing saide, I hope,
 whereof just grutch may grow.
 But if against my will
 I any doo offend,
 I pardon craue, I spake in sporte,
 and so I make an ende.
 The iust will liue upright,
 and make an honest gaine :
 And if I thinke to mend a knaue,
 my labour is in vaine.
 But honest men, or els
 what euer so they be,
 Let Countrey, Prince, and freends alone,
 and let them be for me.

But he that wisheth ill,
 to Countrey, Prince and freend,
 I will not keepe his counsaile sure,
 but rather seeke his ende :
 But els, as I am warnde,
 so doo I thinke it best,
 To medle little any way,
 and so to liue at rest.

¶ A solempne and repentant Prayer, for
 former life mispent.

Oh heavenly Lord, who plain doost see
 y^e thoughts of ech mā's heart :
 Who sendest some continuall plague,
 & some release of smart :
 Pittie, O Lorde, the wofull state,
 wherein I dayly stand,
 And onely for thy mercies sake,
 now helpe me, out of hande.
 And as it was thy pleasure fyrst,
 to plague me thus with greefe :
 So canst thou, Lorde, if thee it please,
 with speede send me releefe.
 I must of force confesse, O Lorde,
 I can it not denye,
 That I deserue these plagues and worse,
 and that continually :
 Yet doo not thou therefore on me
 thy Judgements iust extend :
 But pardon me, and graunt me grace
 my life for to amend.
 And banish (Lord) from me,
 delights of worldly vanitie,
 And lend me helpe, to pace the pathes,
 of perfect pietie.
 And truely so to treade the pathes,
 and in such godly wise,
 That they may bring me to the place,
 of perfect paradise :
 And not to wander vp and downe,
 in wayes of weary wo,
 Where wicked wily wanton toyes,
 do leade me too and fro :
 The Sap of Sapience likes me not,
 that pleaseth not my taste :
 But fonde delight, that wicked weede,
 was all my chiefe repaste :
 Wherein, as hooke within the baight,
 so doo I plainly finde
 Some hidden poyson lurking lyes,
 for to infect my minde :
 But wherefore doo I finde it now ?
 because, I now doo see
 That, wanting smart, I wanted grace,
 for to acknowledge thee.

But now, O Lorde, that I so sore
 doo feele thy punishment :
 I doo lament my folly great,
 and all my sinnes repent :
 And to thy heauenly throane, O Lord,
 for mercy I appeale,
 To send me (Lord) some heauely salue,
 my greevous sores to heale.
 Beholde, O Lord, my sorrowes such,
 as no man dooth endure :
 And eke, my greevous sicknesse such
 as none but thou canst cure :
 And as thou art a gracious God,
 to men in misery,
 So pitty me, that thus (O Lord)
 doo pine in penurie :

And as thou art a help to all
 that put their trust in thee :
 So (Iuld in this my deepe distresse)
 some comfort lend to me.
 And hold, O Lord, thy heauy hand,
 and lay thy scourge aside :
 For (Lord) the greevous smart thereof,
 I can no longer bide.
 Forgiue my sinnes, forget the same,
 beholde my humble heart,
 Who, onely Lord, doo trust in thee,
 for to releue my smart :
 And after this my wretched life :
 Lord, graunt me, of thy grace,
 That I in heauen, at latter daye,
 may haue a ioyfull place.

FINIS.

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[Wood-cut device on *verso* of last leaf—a female figure pointing upward and grasping a fan-like mask—legend 'QVEL . CHE . MI . MOLESTAVA . ACCENDO . ET . ARDO.']

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

TITLE-PAGE, l. 5. 'Compiled'—see Glossarial Index, s. v., also Memorial-Introduction on this word.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, l. 6. 'Mams' = mammas : l. 10, 'unperfect' = imperfect—but oddly used : *ibid.*, 'mase' = maze, wondering meditativness : l. 14, 'Coxcomes Causey' = Fool's road? l. 18, 'thriftlesse' = unprofitable.

THE PREFACE, st. 2, l. 2, 'woorshippe' = worship, dignity, reverence : l. 6, 'Louis' = bumpkin.

THE SCHOOLE OF FANCIE, pp. 5-8.

Page 6, col. 1, l. 13, 'ist' = strut about : l. 45, 'gands' = trivial pieces of finery : l. 47, 'of value, little worth' = little worth in value : col. 2, l. 2, 'truce' = walk up and down : l. 3, 'sweep' = sweep? : l. 5, 'horse nest'—we now say 'mare's nest' : l. 16, 'Casse' = concumb : l. 18, 'grosse' = gross : l. 19, 'Beetle heads' = heavy heads, lumpy : l. 30, 'grafts' = grafts.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 9, 'mought' = might : l. 10, 'carke' = long-staying 'care' : l. 31, 'Ruffins' = ruffians, or as we say now 'roughs' : l. 56, 'fond' = foolish : col. 2, l. 19, 'to late' = too late : l. 20, 'ye' = thou. So p. 8, col. 1, l. 3.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 20, 'apaid' = satisfied, repaid.

THE FORTE OF FANCIE, pp. 9-18.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 10, 'gesse' = guests—by stress of rhyme with 'dres' (*The Argument*) : (*The Forte, etc.*) l. 3, 'Thick' = thicket—see col. 2, l. 11 : l. 5, 'fond' = foolish : col. 2, l. 8, 'bide' = abide.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 19, 'peltikg'—qu. = pelting = peltry : *ib.*, 'pate' = fool : l. 26, 'fay' = faith : l. 4 (from bottom), 'A sight' = a great many—still current in Lancashire, pronounced 'seet' : l. 3 (from bottom), 'ray' = array : l. 2 (from bottom), 'lachenapes' = monkeys : col. 2, l. 21, 'Dolts' = dolts.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 17, '*Beoles manos*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: col. 2, ll. 3-4,—on this see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*: l. 18, '*troad*'—qu. 'stroade', *i.e.* strewn—the 's' to be taken from the 'is': l. 46, '*Buttons*' = bachelor's buttons.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 2, '*payne*' = pains, painstaking—see l. 9, (from bottom): l. 33, '*mought*' = might: col. 2, l. 8, '*Philbeard*' = filbert: l. 24, '*Sainct Iohus wood*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*, for full note.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 26, '*lins*' = ceases: l. 2 (from bottom), '*iack*' = instrument for striking: col. 2, l. 36, '*heare*' = hair.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 6, '*Low Exchange*' = the old Exchange: l. 15, '*gaudes*'—see on p. 6, col. 1, l. 45: l. 44, '*met*' = mete: col. 2, ll. 9-10—see Memorial-Introduction and Glossarial Index, *s.n.*, on this and other books named, some being contemporary: l. 3 (from bottom), '*Popyniay*' = parrot-colour.

P. 15, col. 1, l. 15, '*wettes*' = fringes: *ib.*, '*iagges*' = cut-work? l. 46, '*high Exchange*' = new Exchange? l. 47, '*pointes*' = tagged laces used in tying up the dress: l. 49, '*cutworks*' = open work in linen: *ib.*, '*partlets*' = ruffs: l. 50, '*bongraces*' = bonnet, or projecting hat or shade: l. 51, '*gorgets*' = kerchief, worn by females: l. 52, '*calles*' = net-work coverings for the hair: l. 53, '*crippins*' = part of a French hood: l. 54, '*cornets*' = coronets: *ib.*, '*billaments*' = habiliments: col. 2, l. 37, '*lobcok*' = lubber.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 14, '*whereas*' = whereat, *et frequenter*: l. 18, '*patcherie*' = patch-work? col. 2, l. 5, '*tolnyng*' = tolling, taking toll: l. 41, '*Chawing Peascods*' = chewing shells of peas.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 4, '*Saye*' = a kind of satin: l. 6, '*popyniaye*'—see on p. 14, col. 2, l. 3 (from bottom): l. 7, '*Cruell*' = ball—still in use in Scotland: l. 15, '*Points*'—see on p. 15, col. 1, l. 47.

P. 18, col. 1, l. 15, '*stears*'—the Lancashire and Yorkshire pronunciation of 'stairs' still: col. 2, l. 22, '*thas*' = then—as conversely elsewhere.

IN DISPIGHT OF FANCIE, pp. 18-19.

P. 18, col. 2, l. 1, '*saunte a saunte*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note: l. 7, '*Shales*' = shells.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 39, '*mome*' = blockhead: col. 2, l. 38, '*lust*' = desires.

THE LAMENTACION OF FANCIE.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 19, '*moughtst*' = mightest: l. 5 (from bottom), '*pache*' = get off.

A FAREWELL TO FANCIE, pp. 22-23.

P. 22, col. 1, l. 10, '*Patch*' = fool: l. 12, '*catch*' = cheating trick: l. 13, '*Nodcok*' = simpleton: col. 2, l. 32, '*ist*'—see on p. 6, col. 1, l. 13: l. 35, '*saunt a saunt*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

THE TOYES, etc.

'A pretty Dittie,' etc. P. 24, l. 23, '*chopping*' = a variant of or with 'change.'

'A Dolorous Discourse,' etc. P. 25, col. 1, l. 10, '*God wot*' = 'God he knowes,' p. 26, col. 1, l. 18: l. 13, '*mought*' = might, as before, and see col. 2, l. 5, etc., etc.: l. 15, '*hent*' = seized: l. 16, '*descrie*' = describe: l. 21, '*yrkesome*' = worn out? l. 24, '*bale*' = woe: l. 33, '*vnnernearth*' = underneath: l. 38, '*way*' = weigh: col. 2, l. 16, '*nome*' = numb: l. 28, '*de-straight*' = distraught, distracted: l. 41, '*swelle*' = swoon. Cf., Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. vii. 9: l. 42, '*hill*' = ill—with the luckless 'h' prefixed: *ib.*, '*hoppe*' = hope.

P. 26, col. 1, l. 20, '*whot*' = hot. '¶ A Gentleman being,' etc. col. 2, l. 15, '*Whay*' = whey: l. 18, '*mested*' = diseased: l. 19, '*Tap-worte*' = a kind of vegetable soup? l. 34, '*carefull*' = full of care.

'¶ In the latter end,' etc. P. 27, col. 1, l. 15, '*freat at wo my maw*' = did make me fret inwardly: l. 17, '*balke*' = bank. '¶ The same,' etc. l. 8, '*atwo*' = in two: col. 2, l. 36, '*blaze*' = blazon, publish abroad.

'¶ A pretty gyrd,' etc. P. 28, col. 1, l. 15, '*list*' = choose: l. 20, '*gaye*' = gay, *i.e.* gaiety: or qu. 'guy' = any absurdity: '¶ It chaunced,' etc. col. 1, l. 3, '*sincke and syce*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: col. 2, l. 14, '*bye and mayne*'—*ibid.*: l. 26, '*Roysters*' = roysterers: l. 38, '*thres trees*' = gallows, *i.e.* ¶: l. 46, '*had I wist*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for other examples of this phrase.

P. 29, col. 1, l. 7, '*trouling*' = trolling. 'An other Dittie,' etc. l. 6, '*Robin Hood and Little John*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*: l. 7, '*heepe*,' etc.,—a still living proverbial saying: l. 20, '*cogge*' = cog, cheat: l. 25, '*cutters of a card*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: col. 2, l. 11, '*hab or nab*' = have or have not. See Nares, *s.v.*: '¶ An other time,' etc. l. 2, '*recklesse*' = careless.

P. 30, col. 1, l. 10, '*smally*' = little: l. 22, '*Ales*' = Alice: l. 26, '*partlets*' = ruffs: l. 38, '*Cock*' = cocksure, *i.e.* sure as the crowing of a cock at the break of day? (*meo periculo*): col. 2, l. 3, '*Gis*' = Jesus (corrupted)—see Hamlet, iv. 15.

P. 31, col. 2, l. 19, '*Baldictum*' = balductum, paltry, poor.

'Not long after,' etc. P. 32, col. 2, l. 9, '*Scabbe*' = poor wretch.

'¶ A verse,' etc. P. 33, col. 2, l. 1 (heading), is misprinted 'Extompoire' in the original.

'¶ A comparison,' etc. P. 34, col. 2, l. 5, '*lookes*,' etc.,—another living proverbial saying: l. 7, '*tokes*,' etc., *ibid.*. '¶ A dolorous discourse,' l. 15, '*Breares*' = briars, thorns. '¶ A letter,' etc. l. 1, '*leese*' = lose.

'¶ A Gentleman,' etc. P. 37, col. 1, l. 4, '*offe*' = soon, quickly. '¶ Some other,' etc. l. 17, '*giglet*' = wanton wench: l. 21, '*wright*' = write.

'¶ A pretty,' etc. P. 38, col. 1, l. 7, 'bid' = counted.

'¶ The meaning,' etc. P. 39, col. 1, l. 5, 'Plot' = plat (see l. 17): col. 2, l. 2, 'hyiding' = menial or hiring.

P. 40, col. 1, l. 16. I have put these ticks to indicate that a leaf is here lacking. The catch-word is 'And,' whereas the next page in the exemplar begins 'Holding.' The context also shows that the lady 'holding a Citterne in her hand' has been previously described. Curiously enough, Brydges in the 'Heliconia' reprint did not notice this unfortunate loss: l. 46, 'corsey' = corrosive. So Ben Jonson, 'I send nor balms nor *corseives* to your wound' (Underwoods, xiv. An Ode): col. 2, l. 18, 'whereas' = whereat, *et frequenter*.

P. 41, col. 1, l. 9 (from bottom), 'safe-conduct' = noticeable verb: col. 2, l. 26, 'tang' = strong taste: l. 48, 'say' = a specimen—see Nares, *s.v.*

P. 42, col. 1, l. 18 (from bottom), 'overthwart' = across.

P. 43, col. 2, l. 20, 'As' = positive, absolute—see also p. 47, col. 1, l. 25.

P. 44, col. 1, l. 33, 'The tract of time'—see Memorial-Introduction and Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 45, col. 1, l. 15, 'Beare'—misprinted in original 'Beore': col. 2, l. 8, 'staide' = I tarried at.

P. 46, col. 1, l. 8 (from bottom), 'pretend' = stretch to, or = portend? See p. 48, col. 1, l. 27.

P. 48, col. 1, l. 24, 'Pronosticate' = prognosticate: col. 2, l. 9, 'Horsehead' = Inn sign, more commonly 'Nag's head': l. 14, 'adrest' = drest, with affix 'a.'

P. 49, col. 2, '¶ A prety toye,' etc., l. 16, 'Choice of change'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* on this: last line, 'yuis' = I think.

P. 50, col. 1, last line of poem, 'leeks' = like, by stress of rhyme.

P. 51, col. 1, l. 8, 'Puples' = pupils: l. 25, 'surpressed' = kept quiet and obedient: col. 2, l. 5, 'pay' = re-pay, punish—in Scotland still used, pronounced as if spelled 'pey' and as substantive = pay, pays or punishments, *e.g.*, with strap on palm of hand: l. 27, 'conster' = construe.

P. 52, col. 1, l. 15, 'list' = choose: l. 15 (from bottom), 'Dunsicus' = dunse—cheu! from Duns Scotus: col. 2, l. 17, 'boulder'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 53, col. 1, l. 1, 'longs' = belongs: col. 2, l. 12, 'will' = well.

P. 54, col. 1, l. 6, 'proyning' = pruning: 'The Answer,' l. 4, 'roode' = cross: col. 2, l. 20, 'nones' = = nonce: '¶ A Letter,' etc. (heading), l. 7, 'Lettis' = Lettice—a frequent English Christian name.

P. 55, col. 1, '¶ A Ditty,' etc., l. 11, 'snudge' = curmudgeon: col. 2, l. 13, 'micking' = skulking: l. 36, 'Coystrel' = mean fellow? l. 37, 'Aly' = red by drinking overmuch ale.

P. 56, col. 1, l. 4, 'pild' = polled, *i.e.* bare, empty.

P. 57, col. 2, l. 4, 'discerude'—misprinted 'discerude' in the original: l. 8, 'here' = hear: l. 26, 'set by' = highly thought of: l. 29, 'rue' = lament.

P. 58, col. 1, l. 14, 'feats' = feat, contrivance—cf. p. 59, col. 1, ll. 24, 26: l. 25, 'descry' = describe: l. 13 (from bottom), 'disearde' = uneasy or troubled: l. 10 (from bottom), 'fitches' = tricks, deceptions: col. 2, l. 6, 'haunts' = runs up and down: or qu. = haunts? l. 13, 'toleyng' = tolling, levying charges: l. 19, 'greate' = grit: l. 28, 'pretely' = prettily: l. 30, 'kinde' = kin: l. 43, 'shoot' = deliuer by pouring out of the waggon down into the cellar: l. 51, 'speered' = barred? *i.e.* withheld. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

P. 59, col. 1, l. 4, 'fnde'—supplied instead of the misreading of 'see' in the original: l. 11, 'Befus'—corresponding to 'muttons' applied to sheep: l. 22, 'buies' = buys: col. 2, '¶ A solempne,' etc., l. 8, 'out of hand' = immediately.

P. 60, col. 2, l. 1, 'kuld' = cast down—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* G.



The
Pilgrimage to Paradise.

1592.



NOTE.

This 'Pilgrimage to Paradise' is one of various memorials of an interesting friendship between Breton and the Sidneys. On this see our Memorial-Introduction. Our exemplar is that in the British Museum, bought at Jolley's Sale for £30. Heber's copy is now at Britwell. There have been curious mistakes of the 'Pilgrimage' for another of Breton's poems which was published in our own day and received as by the Countess of Pembroke,

'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.'

See, as before. Black-letter: 55 leaves. Our Notes and Illustrations to the 'Pilgrimage' are as follow:—

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, p. 4, l. 4, 'Duchess of Urbina' = Urbino—but which of the illustrious family?

TO THE GENTLEMEN *students*, p. 4—note spelling with 'i': col. 1, l. 4, 'discreet' = discerning: col. 2, l. 2, 'weide' = weighed: Postscript, p. 4. See on this semi-disclaimer of *Bretons bowser of delights* our Memorial-Introduction.

LETTER OF DR. CASE TO BRETON, p. 5, col. 1, l. 3, 'Palaces of pleasure'—a gird at Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure' 1566, many editions: col. 2, l. 15, 'fincture': defined by Guillim 'a variable hew of Armes.' *Dr. Jaks Case*, physician, was of Woodstock, Oxfordshire. He is author of 'The Praise of Musicke' (1586), in English, and of an 'Apologia' of the same 'sweete arte' in Latin (1588); also of various Latin treatises on Aristotle, etc. He died in 1600. *William Gager* wrote 'Vlyases Redvx' a tragedy (1582), and 'Rivales' a comedy (1583), and 'Dido' and 'Meleager,' tragedies (unprinted),—all in Latin. Specimens of a MS. of Poems by him are given by Dyce in his *Greene and Peele* (1861, pp. 324-5). He was vicar-general to the diocese of Ely. *Henry Price* (col. 2) wrote 'Epicidium in Obitum illustrissimi Herois Henrici Comitiss Derbiensis.' 1593. He was of St. John's College, Oxford. See Memorial-Introduction on all these further.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARADISE: p. 6, col. 1, l. 5, 'weande' = weaned; col. 2, l. 19, 'whereas' = whereat: l. 21, 'least' = lest: l. 30, 'causey' = causeway.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 2, 'to' = too—and so frequenter: l. 3, 'throncke' = shrunk: l. 12, 'white' = mark—an archery term: l. 50, 'perlous' = perilous: col. 2, l. 9, 'vaine' = vein: l. 46, 'over-gonne' = gone-over.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 4, 'hir' = misprinted 'his' in original: l. 18, 'let' = hindrance: l. 20 'Princes' = princess: l. 23, 'dight' = adorned: l. 43, 'charity' = warily: col. 2, l. 15, 'Semitawres' = half-bulls or bull-like creatures? l. 22, 'cut' = to draw 'cuts' or lots? l. 28, 'wore' = misprinted 'where' in original: l. 29, 'Cunny' = cony or rabbit: l. 35, 'quecky' = queachy, swampy: l. 38, 'carrein' = carrion: l. 42, 'hoppes' = hops—plant so named.

P. 9, col. 2, l. 11, 'So'—qu. 'To'?

P. 10, col. 1, l. 3, 'Iade'—note a feminine term used of a male: col. 2, l. 12, 'fond' = foolish: l. 29, 'boote' = advantage.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 7, 'embasid' = cast down: l. 39, 'with hammers of his head.' So Dr. Giles Fletcher in his 'Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third' (1593) twice has the phrase, as thus:—

'So still a crowne did hammer in my head,'
and

'Blood and revenge did hammer in my head.'

(See my editions of *Licia*, etc., in Fuller Worthies' Library Miscellanies and in the just delivered 'Occasional Issue.') Col. 2, l. 3, 'surpriser': *sic* = surpriser: ll. 53-4,

'shroncke' = shrunk, and cf. on p. 7, col. 1, l. 3: 'troncke' = trunk.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 35, 'hindling cole' = gathering-coal, placed overnight to be ready for the morning: l. 50, 'Worthles'—misprinted 'Worthees' in the original: col. 2, l. 19, 'braun' = brawn—muscular parts of the body sunken: l. 28, 'grate' = grind their teeth on [hard] crusts.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 15, 'to' = misprinted 'of' in original: l. 26, 'gummy' = sticky: col. 2, l. 14, 'minsing' = mincing: l. 26, 'heare' = hair: so p. 14, col. 1, l. 20: l. 39, 'ribaudry' = transition-form of 'ribaldry': l. 47, 'with' = misprinted 'which' in the original: col. 2, l. 27, 'sight' = sighed—frequenter: l. 33, 'patch' = fool: l. 40, 'cease' = seize.

P. 15, col. 2, l. 8, 'Buonaenture': misprinted here in original with a small 'b': but see p. 16, col. 2, l. 38, = The Good Adventure: l. 21, 'ride' = anchor: l. 24, 'haeuen' = heaven, frequenter.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 16 'had I wiste' = had I foreknown—a frequent Breton and Davies of Hereford phrase: col. 2, l. 14, 'of' = off, frequenter: l. 18, 'rifty luffy' = apparently = confusedly with clamour: l. 21, 'bason' = boatswain: l. 22, 'cookerome' = cook-room: 'rie' = row, fun: 'begane' is misprinted 'begarre' in the original: l. 23, 'all and some' = as a whole and individually—frequenter: l. 43, 'harde' = heard.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom 'Machaville' = Machiavelli, s. frequenter: col. 2, l. 12, 'ierkes' = pushes or thrusts: l. 22, 'a chalke' = debt chalk-marked on back of doors, etc.

P. 18, col. 1, l. 10, 'Mopping and mowing' = grimacing and grinning: col. 2, l. 3, 'minions' = flatterers (vicious): *ib.* 'manning' = addressing themselves to 'men' as in the feasts and sports under the 'manning-tree': see Halliwell s. v.

P. 19, col. 1, l. 6, 'overseene' = mistaken, deceived: l. 33, 'featenes' = neatness: col. 2, l. 10, 'prouaunte' = provision: l. 24, 'cannassades' = stroke in fencing.

P. 20, col. 1, l. 25, 'plot' = plan, so l. 44: col. 2, l. 21, 'perfumed': note spelling of 'perfumed'.

P. 21, col. 2, l. 16, 'wool' = wool: l. 28, 'leeke' = like, by stress of rhyme.


P. 22, col. 1, l. 2, from bottom, 'Grast' = graced.

P. 23, col. 1, l. 36, 'slashes' = puddles: col. 2, l. 38, 'griexy' = greasy: or qu.—grizzly or dark? l. 50, 'fardel' = burden or pack: l. 51, 'wey' = weigh.

P. 24, col. 1, l. 36, 'candles of the night': So Shakespeare, 'these blessed candles of the night' (*Mer. of Venice*, v. 1.) and 'night's candles are burnt out' (*R. and J.* iii. 5).

P. 26, col. 2, l. 19, 'booteth' = advantageth: l. 30, 'heares' = hairs, as before: l. 31, 'depts' = debts: l. 45, 'disseade' = disturbed.

P. 28, col. 1, l. 19, 'once' = misprinted 'one' in the original.—G.



THE
PILGRIMAGE TO PARADISE,
IOYNED WITH THE
Countesse of Penbrookes loue, compiled

in verse by Nicholas Breton

Gentleman.

Cælum virtutis patria.



At Oxford printed, by *Ioseph Barnes*, and are to be solde in
Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tygres head. 1592.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE VERTV-
OVS, AND WORTHY LADIE, THE LADIE MARY

Countesse of Penbrooke, continuall health

with eternall happinesse.

RIGHT noble Lady, whose rare vertues, the wise no lesse honour, then the learned admire, and the honest serue: how shall I, the abiect of fortune, vnto the object of honour, presume to offer so simple a present, as the poetically discourse of a poore pilgrimes traualle? I know not how, but, with falling at the feete of your fauour, to craue pardon for my imperfection: who hath redde of the Duchesse of Urbina, may saie, the Italians wrote wel: but who knowes the Countesse of Penbrooke, I thinke hath cause to write better: and if she had many followers? haue not you mo seruants? and if they were so mindfull of their fauours: shall we be forgetfull of our duties? no, I am assured, that some are not ignorant of your worth, which will not be idle in your seruice: that will make a title but a tittle, where a line shall put downe a letter: and if shee haue receiued her right in remembrance, you must not haue wrong in being forgotten: if shee were the honour of witte, you are the comfort of discretion, if shee were the fauourer of learning, you are the maintainer of Arte, and if she had the beauty of Nature, you beautifie Nature, with the blessing of the spirite: and in summe, if shee had any true perfection to be spoken of, you haue many mo truly to be written of: which amōg all, the least able to iudge of, and of all, the very least worthy, in your fauour to write of, your poore vnworthy named poet, who by the indiscretion of his youth, the malice of enuy, and the disgrace of ingratitude, had vterly perished (had not the hād of your honor reuiued the hart of humility) will not so bury in the graue of obliuion, but that your deserued fame, shall so sounde in the eares of honourable hearts, that, if I spake, more then I maie, the Iudgement of the wise, and the tongues of the learned, I know will no lesse cleere me of flattery, then wish, a minde of more perfection, to be employed in your seruice: to conclude, I beseech you so fauour my labour, and to looke on the worke, thinke not of the ruines of Troie, but helpe to builde vp the walles of Ierusalem: which figure, if it seeme obscure, let the poore pilgrime, that seeketh Paradise, finde heauen the better by your fauour: to the comfort of which, committing vnder heauen, the hope of my hearts happinesse with humble prayer for your eternall prosperitie, I rest in no lesse bounden duety, then humble seruice

Your Ladishipp's vnworthy named Poet

NICHOLAS BRETON.

To the Gentlemen studients and Scholers of Oxforde.

GENTLEMEN, I am perswaded, yee will thinke it not a little folly in me, to haue entred into so great a presumption, as, before the eyes of so many discreet iudgements, to aduenture the presse, with the simple fruites of my imperfect labours. Yet when I remember, that vertue is the honour of all artes, and that my Muse hath not altogether strayed, from the straine of that diuine humor, I will rather hope of your vnderdeserued fauours, then looke for my desart in the contrary: the occasion, that made me first enter into this action, was to acquaint the honest mindes of vertuous dispositions, with the heauenly Meditations, of an honourable Lady, the weake

discourse whereof, farre short of her worthines, in true worth truly weide, I haue heere rather aduentured to the correction of the learned, then els where woulde haue passed to the commendation of the ignorant: giue me then leaue, with this booke to honour her: and for all other I will be ready to carie them after any of you, in witnes whereof, I haue hereto subscribed my name, this 12th of Aprill 1592.

A poore well willer to
your worthines

NICHOLAS BRETON.

GENTLEMEN there hath beene of late printed in London by one Richarde Ioanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, entituled *Bretons bower of delights*: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with a few of mine, for except *Amoris Lachrima*: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toles, which I know not how he vnappily came by, I haue no part of any of the: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleue.

TO MY HONEST TRVE FRIENDE

Master Nicholas Breton.

IT is a needlesse thing (friend *Breton*) in these our daies to reuiue the olde art of louing, seeing there are already so many courts of Venus, so many *Palaces of pleasure*, so many pamphlets or rather huge volumes of wantō loue and daliance. This were to put fire to flaxe and to offer softe bleeding harts as sacrifice to Cupids bowe and arrowes. But I mistake your meaning, the onely title of your booke is *Loue*, and the obiect *Heauen*. *Loue* is the name, but God is the marke and matter at which it aimeth. This *Loue* quelleth and killeth Loue, and yet is *Loue* not the Loue of Martha, but the *Loue* of Mary who loued much, who loueth Christ. This *Loue* made Mary Magdalens teares, and maketh the best Mary liuing to ascende to *Ierusalem* and there to seeke her louer in the Temple. But finding him not among the Doctors shee taketh the wings of an Eagle, and in her sacred thoughts flieth aboue the Sunne, neuer ceasing to seeke, till shee haue founde her *Louer*. Loe heere is *Loue*, and heere is labour, but the labour is light, where the loue is

great. For the hart there onely liueth, where it loueth. Maruell not therefore if this louelie Lady become a pilgrime vpon earth, and passe the sea, and wildernesse of this worlde, till shee enioyeth her *Loue*. But, to be short (friend *Breton*) because this booke of yours touching the *Loue* and *pilgrimage* of that pearlesse Lady is as a *christal of trutthes* wel knowne vnto me, I am both in respect of your selfe whom I loue and fauour, and also in duty towardes her, whom I serue and honour, most willing to subscribe vnto it. Your wit, pen, and art therein sounde well together. The song is sweete, the ditty sweeter, but that rare *Phanix* is the sweetest *Phanix*, whom your wit, pen and art can but well shadow with all your Muses: for as an image is but an image, and the tincture of any thing is not the substance thereof, so the coulours of her honours are in your booke, but the life of her vertue is in her selfe.

Your friend in true kindnes

John Case M.D.

Gulielmi Gageri legum Doctoris in Nicolai Bretoni Peregrinantem carmen.

DV^M, Peregrinantem cantas, quem non Gula tardet,
Non vrat Liuor, non breuis ira furor:
Quem non Segnitias, non Fastus, & Ardor habendi,
Non capiat nitidis blanda Libido genis:
Non aduersa premant, non vitæ gaudia fallant,
Recto quærentem te, Paradise, gradu:
Mirandum planè cantas, sed carmine tali,
Vt sit mirandus qui canit, & canitur.

In eiusdem Amantem.

SIC Peregrinantem singis, sic pingis Amantem,
Vt Peregrinantis sit Peregrinus amor:
Ore fauere omnes, sacer est amor iste, pudensque,
Nobilis, & vulgi conditione procul:
Quæ tibi Musarum talem dictauit amorem,
Brettōne, & tantem suppeditavit opem:
Quæ Dea? non hominem vox hæc sonat, ô Dea certè,
Non miror sacro quod sacra fonte fluant.

Miraris (res mira) canat tam multa Bretonus
Quomodo tam facile, & tam bene culta canat?
Inuitante canit, canit inspirante Minerva;
Multa hinc tam facillè, & tam bene culta canit.
Qui canit inuita, canit auersante Minerva,
Aut nihil, aut nihili, nuda, vel vda canit,
Esto Minerva tuis Dea tutelarîs Athenis,
Et tibi vel latitans noctua sacra canes.

Some scoffe at all that write, write not at all,
Some write, but to finde fault with them that write:
Some ballat-makers scorne, and scorne by right,
Except they wince, because they feele the gall.

At rimers some, (ô poore worde) cast their gall,
Cast gall and all in such minde well they might:
Some through melancholy, or riuall spite,
All Poets sdeigne, or some no Poets call.
Auant such scoffing, sin default, scorning spirits.
Or let our writers, ballat-makers, rimers:
In her owne mony pay Lycambes merits.
Poets fly higher, then such pety climers,
Let this suffice, that Breton is a Poet,
Shee saide it, we subscribe it, his bookes shew it.

Mira Guarda.

IN NICOLAI BRETONI EAN-
dem peregrinantem & amantem τερράσπιχον,
Henrici Pricei.

QVÆ modo fecit iter, iam cepit amare, quid hoc est?
Hoc est. Illud amat quo modo fecit iter
Huic in dux Brettone via, comes illa, quid hoc est?
Hoc est. In portu est duxq. comesq. suo.

Ad Lectorem.

Bella Maro cecinit, lasciuam Naso puellam
Dissimili hic canitur miles, amorque modo:
Non animalis homo est quem sic in prælia trudit
Non est lasciuus virginis huius amor.
Transitus est animæ per mille pericula carnis,
Diuinique nouum tradit amoris opus.

Idem ad Authorem.

Sit pietas victrix, Deus est virtutis amator
Talia dum recolis, viue Bretonè, vale.
Sol gloria lucis.

FINIS.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARADISE.



FROM all those courses of a vaine conceit
Where vertue proues her honor hath no
place,
Vnto the Sunne of that bright shining
heighte :

Where all the graces haue their highest grace,
My Muse is weande by wisdomes sounde aduise,
To make her pilgrimage, to paradise.

Which pilgrimage, is not, as poets faine
Nor pieuish people, blindly doe conceiue :
A kinde of walke, that worldly wealth may gaine,
Whereby the deuill, doth the worlde deceiue :
But, tis a walke, of onely vertues will,
And to be founde, but by the spirits skill.

Now, they that must this trauaile take in hande,
Are onely fiue, ech differente in their nature,
Which, with consent, doe all contented stand,
To yeeld their seruice, to one onely creature :
By whom they are vnto their comforte led :
And, as hee fares, are found, aliuie or dead.

Now lies this walke, alonge a wildernes,
A Forrest, ful of wild, and cruell beastes :
The earth vntilde, the fruit vnappines,
The trees all hollow, full of howletes nestes,
The aier vnholosome, or so foule infected :
As, hardely restes, that may not be reiected.

But to goe on with my intended tale
Fiue seruants, ledde by one chiefe lord, there were :
Which, all were sworne in either blisse, or bale,
Their masters fortune, faithfully to beare :
And so resolu'de, to see, their seruice done,
On gods good speed their trauaile thus begonne.

The lorde and Master, first the Muses called,
And bad them stay, their straying kinde of Musing :
Whose pure conceite, their spirits so apalled,
As made them haue, their humors in refusing :
And make their state, but on that only story,
That was the grace, of their eternall glory.

Then gaue a charge to euery one, aparte,
To keepe the compasse of a true conceite :

What euery one should haue for her desart,
That, to her hope, could keepe the high waie streight :
And then his seruants, soundely did aduise,
How they shoulde finde the path to paradise.

The first, his charge, was onely but to see,
What best might please, and what might worst offend :
What objects might but all as abiects be,
What harme to scape, what honour to attende :
Afarre, neare hand, each side, before, behinde,
How best to guide a pure, and perfect minde.

The seconde calde, his charge was but to heare,
In sweetest sounds, which was the soundest sweete :
What graces might, in Musickes grounde appeare,
And where the honors of the humors meete :
What carefull notes, doe comfort best conclude,
While Sirens songes, doe but the soule delude.

The third then calde, was charg'd to take the sent,
Of euery flower and herbe, within the fieldes :
Which might but grow whereas their graces went,
What fauoure might, the sweetest profit yeelde :
And what might hurt, least that the braine displeas'd,
The body might perhaps be all diseas'd.

The fourth then calde, did take his charge, to tast,
Of euery fruite, that should become their foode :
What beast might nourish, and might sweetest last,
And, in their trauaile most might doe them good :
How sweete with sower, might best be tempred so,
As t'one the tother might not well forgoe.

Then came the fift, who tooke his charge to feele,
The grauelde causey from the hollow groundes :
How best the toe, might trust vnto the heele,
When settled faith had surest footing founde :
And so by leasure finde, where sweetely lies,
The louely path, that leades to paradise.

When thus ech one, had learn'd what to doe,
Instructed by the guide vnto their grace :
Weying the worth, they were to walke vnto,
Wishing, and longing, to beholde the place.
Onwards they passe, but with two poore attendauntes,
And, (on the earth) but with two poore defendauntes.

Their cariage was, but an vnwildy trunk,
Wherein to neare their trash, was laied their treasure,
With weight whereof, their shoulders often thrunk,
Before they came, vnto their place of pleasure.
But let that passe, vntill the time be cumme
To make the reckening of a Roial summe.

But to goe on as I did first intend,
To tell the course of these resoluèd creatures,
To take a trauaille, that should neuer ende,
A note, aboue the reache of earthly natures :
Lo, thus it was, at least as he did write,
That seemde he winckt not, when he hit the white.

Along the walke, the walke, alas to long,
Amidde the haples hills, and dolefull dales :
Where sighes and sobs, doe sound but sorrows song,
While sweetest truths are crost by sorie tales :
And darkest cloudes, are clapt before the sunne,
These wary creatures, haue their waie begunne.

A path vnpleasant where no pleasure was,
That earthly people easely might perceiue :
A passage harde, and narrow for to passe,
But for the life, that of his life tooke leaue :
To passe the lake where death, and sorrow lies,
And kill them both to come to paradise.

Wherein no sooner were they all set forth,
With resolution neuer to returne :
There did appeare a light of little worth,
A mocking ioie, whose ende was but to morne :
Vpon the left hand, of this selly creature,
Venus, faire painted with her finest feature.

Who, wanting nothing that might wel adorne
A cunning dame, to compasse her desire :
With looke askaunce, as if shee had in scorne,
A meaner hope, then might a heauen aspire :
With strange deuises of a world of toies,
Would stoope his passage to his further ioies.

And vp she standes a tipto, in her state,
As, if the earth too base were for her feete :
With such a glaunce, as if shee had in hate,
That lesse then Monarches, should her presence meete :
When, with such smiles, so neare this walke she went,
As made them wonder what the vision ment.

When he, that first had taken charge to view,
What might their trauaille hinder or auaille :
Finding that in his sight a dimnes grew,
Whereby the cleernes of his sence might faile :
Feeling the humor, growe vnto an itche,
Beganne to feare the wonder was a witch.

When of the sodaine, holding vp his hande,
Betwixte his sight, and this same perlous thing :
Hauing no leasure, on his thoughtes to stande,
What issue would, of this ill humor spring,
Went on alonge and kepte his walke aright,
Vntill this vision vanisht out of sight.

When on the right hand fourthwith did appeare,
Diana, shee of whom the poets writ :
A dame of state, yet with such smiling cheere,
As shewd, where kindenes did with honor sit :
Who with her nimphes, appareld all in white,
Did seeme to pure an obiect for his sight.

When fearing, that the poets did not faine,
That did set forth Diana for diuine :
When in her Beauty was so bright a vaine,
As seemde, that Phoebus on her face did shine :
Betwixt his sight, and this conceiuèd sunne,
Helde vp his hande, ere any hurte was donne.

And thus betwixt first Venus then Diane,
Onwardes he goes, his right intended way,
And noting well what he had vndertane,
And that a stoppe might cause to longe a staine,
Keeping the path, looking on neither side,
He followes on his best belouèd guide.

When, walking on, his hopèd happy way,
Vpon the left hande rose a sodaine sounde,
Which might haue beene a most vnhappy staine,
But that a sodaine remedy was found,
For he that knew her Musicke was a charme,
His hearing stopt, for feare of further harme.

And this was he that had the charge to heare,
And harken soundly to each secret sounde.
What noise might not by any meanes cum neare,
And where the Muses soone would be aground,
Who hauing heard but how her harpe was stronge,
Would not vouchsafe the hearing of her songe.

But when shee saw how hardly shee was vsed,
Her Beauty first barde from the walke of blisse,
And then her Musicke so in skorne refused,
As idle noise, wherein no honor is,
Awaie shee went all angry as shee was,
And left the poore man, on his waie to passe.

When, on the right hand of the sodeine rose,
An other sound, but of a deeper sweete,
Where sure Diana, with her Nimphes had chose
The ground of grace where all the Muses meete,
To shew the world the heauenly harmony,
Where Nightingales, doe make a company.

When hee that heard the sweetnes of the sound,
Fearing what hurt might quickly growe vpon it,
If once his Muse, vnhappy might be drownde,
In worldes delight, ere wit had ouergonne it.
The hearing stopt, of his vnworthy sence :
Of such a sound, of such an excellence.

But when Diana plainly gan to find,
That one of all the world, had warning tooke :
For comming neere vnto Acteons kinde,
And that her siluer sound was so forsooke,
Away shee went, but yet, with this sweet blessing,
Vertue is plac'd where pride may not be pressing.

When these were gon, that might haue stopte his waie,
Had he not kepte the course of better care,
A new devise, againe to breede his staie,
Came Flora forth, with all hir fairest ware,
Laying abroad the wardrope of her wealth,
Her fairest flowers, and fittest herbes for health.

But he that had the charge to take the sente,
Of euerie sauoure, both the sower and sweete,
Knowing what best might comforte or contente,
How, weedes were all to tread but vnder feete,
The holsome sauoure to his seruice vsed,
And faire flourd weedes, as poison foule refused.

But when that Flora, saw her great disgrace :
Withered with grieffe, she shrunke into the ground,
And, (as it seemed) displeas'd with the place,
For that so little fauour their she found :
She lets him goe, vntill anone he met,
An other Lady, with an other let.

And this was she, of whom the Poets writ,
Ceres the Princes of the Pesaunts treasure,
Who both for tast, and eke for hunger fit,
Did onely worke, but for the bellies pleasure :
Who, with a cornu copia, sweetely dight,
Would staie the spirit with the flesh delight.

But he that had the charge, to take a tast
Of every fruit, whereon they were to feede,
What soone would rot, and what would longest last,
And what would proue the sweetest foode indeede :
Vpon his lippe his little finger plas't :
As if her gift were vtterly disgras't.

Not that the present seemed of no price,
But that their comforts were of other kinde,
And that (God wot) it was a base deuise,
With belly pleasures to abuse the minde :
Which Ceres seeing, parted in a rage,
And left the pilgrime to his pilgrimage.

Which, selly creature, softly going on,
Encountred with more crosses than before :
A world of fooles, and deuils many a one.
In shape of men, in shape, and somewhat more :
Which labourd sore, to make some stoppe, or stay,
To hinder loue, in hitting vertues waie.

But he, whose charge, was charily to feele,
What grounde was best to grounde his footing on :
Spurnde with his toe, and kickt of with his heele,
Their stumbling stones, till all the stops were gone :
Which, when they saw, his blisse they could not balke,
They ranne away, and left him to his walke.

By which good howre, when heauens had happily tried,
How constant care, his passage, truely past :
And in the harte, no vile desire did bide,
While patient will, was with discretion plac't :
They rockt the rules of nature sence asleepe,
While Angels songs, the soule did waking keepe.

But, waking wit, that had no will to rest,
Till ioie might come, vnto her journeies ende :
And that the spirit was not fully blest,
Till humble faith, might see her heauenly friende
Awakte this pilgrime, from his pensiu vaine,
And set him sweetely on his waie againe.

When, passing on, they fell into a wood,
A thicket full of brambles, thornes, and briars :
A graceles groue, that neuer did man good,
But wretched endinges of the worldes desires :
Where Snakes, and Adders, and such venumd things,
Had slaine a number, with their cruell stinges.

Some, Metamorphosde, like Acteon, were,
Diana smiling at their lewde desires :
Some Semitawres, and some, more halfe a Beare,
Other halfe swine, deepe wallowing in the miers :
All beastly mindes, that could not be reformed,
Were to the shapes of their owne shame transformed.

There might he see, a Monkey with an Ape,
Climing a tree, and cracking of a nut :
One sparrow teache an other how to gape,
But not a tame one, taught to keepe the cut :
And many a jacke daw, in his foolish chat,
While paret's prated of they knew not what.

There might he see Beares baited all with dogges,
Till they were forst to fly into their dennes :
And wilde Bores, beating of the lesser hogges,
While cocks of game, were fighting for their hens :
A little ferret, hunting of a Cunny,
And how the olde Bees, suckt the yotig Bees honny.

There might he heare the lions in their roaring,
While lesser beastes, did tremble at the sounde :
There might he see, Buls one an other goaring,
And many a harte sore hunted with a hounde,
While Philomene, amid the quechly springe,
Woulde cease her note, to heare the Cuckoe sing.

There might he see a faulcon beaten downe
By carrein crows, that croste her in her flight.
A russet Jerkin, face a veluet gowne,
While base companions, braude a noble Knight :
And crafty foxes creepe into their holes,
While little hoppers were climing lofty poles.

There might he see the Satyrs in their daunces,
Halfe men, halfe beastes, or deuils in their kindes :
There might he see the Muses, in their traunces,
Lie downe as dead, as if they had no mindes :
There might he see, in all, so little good,
As, made him wish, he had bene through the wood.

Yit in the path, wherein he sweetely past,
No euill thing, had power to take a place :
No venumde serpent, might his poison caste,
No filthy monster, nor illfaouurd face :
No Lyon, Beare, dogge, Moncky, foxe, nor Crow,
Could stoppe the waie, where vertue was to goe.

When, forwardes, on they had not trauailde farre,
But that they met, a monster fowle, and fell :
Armede, as it seemde, with all the world to warre,
And none but heauen, could of his conquest tell :
Seuen were his heads, seuen tailles, ech taile a sting,
And but one body : oh most beastly thing.

Now, on the left hand of this passage stodee,
This ugly horror, hate of al good nature :
When on the right hand glauncing through the wood,
Through sunny beames came downe a blessed creature :
Angell at least, by heauenly Mercy sent,
To comfort vertue, where discretion went.

White was her weede, and shining was her face,
Her fetherde winges, did glister all like golde :
And in her eie shee caried such a grace,
As was on earth, too glorious to beholde.
Which made the pilgrime on his knees adore her,
As one vnworthy once to stande before her.

But when shee saw humilities affection,
Wonne from the world to seeke for heauenly fauour,
And that the soule by wisdomes sound direction
In sacred flowers, should finde the sweetest fauour :
Shee raise him vp, and badde him there receiue,
The true delights, should not the soule deceiue.

When lifted vp, by that faire hande of loue,
That brought the hart an vnkowne happines
And euery seruant, sweetly did approue,
A blessing in their Masters blessednes :
With silent thoughtes, they humbly did attende
The words, that did their comfort comprehende.

Poore wretch quod shee, thy faithfull patient hart
The highest powers in pittie doe regarde :
Where true repentance pleades for no desart.
But bounties grace, where Mercy giues rewarde :
The heauens haue harde thy humble happy praiser,
To helpe thy hope, and keepe thee from despaire :

The labour that thy loue hath tane in hande,
Thy trauaile, minding neuer to retire :
The happy stae, whereon thy hope doth stande,
Where humble praiser but pittie doth aspire :
Haue got thee grace in Mercies glorious eies,
To finde the path that leades to paradise.

This is the path, that patience onely treades,
Where life doth goe on pilgrimage to loue :
Whose humble hart, the holy spirite leades,
Vnto the height of blessed hopes behoue :
Whom graces garde, till perils al be past,
And faith resolute, doe finde her rest at last.

Since thou hast scapte the vaunt of Venus vaine,
And not presume Diana to approach :
Since Flora coulde no further fauour gaine,
Nor Ceres coulde thy carefull thought encroch :
Sinces fooles, and deuils, all are driuen awaie,
Bide that a night, and thou shalt see the daie.

Since thou hast scapte the way of wretchednes,
Where shameles mindes to shamefull shapes are turned,
And founde the waie of fairest blessednes
Where hart enflamde, with vertues fire hath burned :
Keepe on the pathe, and turne on neither side,
Grace to thy hope will be a happy guide,

Thinke it not long to cumme to heauen at last,
Nor linger time to hinder happy speede :
Feare not the sunne, though skies be ouercast,
And let a candell stande the night in steede :
So marke the light that liues in Vertues eies.
And loue shall leade thee straight to paradise.

Feare not the foes, nor forces thou shalt meete,
For thou shalt meete with monsters, many a one :
But faith resolute treds fortune vnder feete,
Where vertue comes, will vices all be gone.
Hell cannot hurt, whom heauenly powers defend,
Where grace begins, hope makes a happy end.

Lo neere at hand, he that would hurt thee most,
An ugly Monster, full of all corruption :
By whose illusion many soules haue lost,
Their lively hopes, by lewdenes interruption.
A Lier, Theife, and master of all euill,
The sier of sinne, the fiende of hell, the deuill.

Seauen are his heades, as many are his tailles,
Each head a tongue, and euery taile a sting :
And woe to them, with whom his tongues preuailes,
Within the compase of his tails to bringe.
But skorne his wordes, or quite him with disgrace,
And thou shalt kill, or make him fly the place.

His body is the very sinke of sinne,
Into which hole, all hellish filth doth runne :
A plague of pride, presumption did beginne,
An endles plague, that was in pride begunne :
Where every head the body standes in steed,
With poisoned soules, the filthy paunch to feede.

His swordes, are wordes with which he is to fight,
Whose forces can but faithles hartes offende :
For, if hee looke but once at vertues light,
He faintes for feare, and feelles his forces ende :
But heare him speake and neuer feare his spight,
When vertue laughes at vanites delight:

His greatest head, and that doth gape most wide,
Is proude Ambition, swallowing worldly wealth :
Which faithles soules infectes with filthy pride,
Killing the spirit for the bodies health :
Vpon which head, he beares a triple crowne,
That, (Vertue sees) is neere his tumbling downe.

In which great head, his tongue is all vntruth,
Lies, to bewitch the worlde vnto his will :
The ease of Age, the high conceit of Youth :
Are greatest groundes of his vngratious skil :
To governe States, is such a stately thinge :
What slaue is he that would not be a King?

And thus the villaine would the world perswade,
To prowde attempts that may presume to high :
But earthly ioles will make him proue a Iade,
When vertue speakes of loues diuinity :
Where humble hart, doth to that heauen aspire,
Where is no place for any proude desire.

The seconde heade, is wicked avarice,
Choking itselfe, with trash in steade of treasure :
Whose tongue, is treason that can best deuise,
To hurte the spirite, with the bodies pleasure :
But talke of vertues iole in misery,
And he wil pine to death in penury.

The thirde foule head, is filthy Gluttony,
Deuouring more then it can well digest :
Leading the harte to loathsome villany,
And of a man doth make an ougly beaste :
But, answere him with fasting, and with praier,
The very wordes will kill him with their aier.

The fourth bad head, is beastly slothfulness,
Sleeping, and snorting, like a filthy swine :
Loosing the time in loathsome idlenes,
Dreaming of that, which neuer was diuine :
But answere him, with vertues carefull watching,
He faintes, and falls, to finde his ouermatching.

The fift vile heade, is filthy lechery,
Which leades the hart, to hateful wickednes :
His tongue, a forge of fancies treachery,
To bring the soule, to all vnhappines :
But, answere him, with vertues chaste desire,
And, he will bite his very taile for ire.

The sixte is enuy, full of malice fraught,
Feeding on snakes, that faine would vertue stinge :
Which, where they finde their forces come to nought,
Into his mouth they backe their poison bring :
But say how patience, leades to paradise,
He frets, and fumes, and in impatience dies.

The seventh is murder, most accursed head
Whose tongue is blasphemy, all dide in blood :
Which, with the harts of harmeles creatures feade,
Lappes in the broath of an infernall foode :
But, saie how vertue doth for vengeance crie,
And dead he falles, or els awaie doth fie.

Now, beare these heauenly lessons all by harte,
And take these bookes to benefite thy minde ;
In each of which is hidde a secret arte,
Whose proper vse, maie profite in his kinde :
But chiefly doe this holly booke peruse,
Where speciall comfortes, maie thy spirit chuse.

When, hauing giuen into his humble hande,
Seuen sundry bookes, whereon to vse his wit :
And last, the staie, whereon the state did stande,
Of happy life, where heauenly loue doth sit,
The holy booke, of vertues blessed vaine :
Home shee returnes vnto her heauen againe.

Which, when the pilgrime humbly did beholde,
Carrying in minde, the comforts of his hart :
Which, to his faith, her fauour did vnfolde,
To keepe the soule from an infernall smart :
Against the fury of this fiende of hell
Onwardes he goes, God speede his passage well.

When, not to stand on circumstance too long,
He meetes anon with this same monster thing :
Who, by illusion, of the Sirens song,
Would seeke a worlde in bondage how to bring.
Turning himselfe into a thousand shapes,
To feare fond children, and to cosen Apes.

And first, he looks like to fiery light,
Which would consume, what so did crosse his waie :
But soone was donne the force of his despight,
Where vertue came he had no power to staie :
And then, he would become a speaking birde,
But God once namde, he durst not speake a worde.

And by and by, he would become a Beare,
To feare young children with a foolish noise :
But when a man, a beast can neuer feare,
He founde it prou'de olde children were no boies :
When, by and by, he would become an Ape,
Oh beastly thing, too neare a humane shape.

But, when that vertue founde the vile effect
Of Apish humors, with the Monckish mindes,
Shee wholly did the vermins lestes reiect,
And forst him seeke for shapes of other kindes :
When all his sleightes, could doe him little boote,
For, vertue knew, the deuil by his foote.

No, though into an Angell faire of light,
He coulde transforme him selfe, for to deceiue :
Yet coulde he not his foote keepe out of sight,
But, vertue coulde his filthy clawe perceiue :
So by his foote, shee plainly did descrie him,
Bidding auante foule fiende, shee did defie him.

Whenas the pilgrime lifting vp his eies,
To heauenly powers from hell for to defende him :
Sweete Christ once namde, awaie the Serpent flies,
And, for a while vnable to offende him :
Til once againe the heauens had giuen him leaue,
To doe his worst, sweete vertue to deceiue.

When in the shape whereof before I spake,
With his seven heads, the wicked Serpent standes :
With such a sounde, as made the earth to shake,
As halfe the worlde were subject to his handes :
When first, his head of pride began to speake,
And, to this pilgrime did this poison breake.

Thou little wretch, quod he, of lesser worth,
In humane shape I know not what to name :
Whom honors spirit, neuer coulde bring forth,
To seeke the fortune of imperial fame :
How didst thou fal into this forlorne path,
Wherein the world's so little pleasure hath.

Where, see the ground of euery secret grieve
Which mortifies the body with the minde :
Subject to euery crosse, and for reliefe,
Pitty, the whole that thou must hope to finde :
Patience a paine set downe, life but a death,
Where care, and sorrow draw a sickely breath.

Where eies must be embasèd to the ground,
Their pleasing humors, barrèd to beholde :
And bended knees, to cappe and courtzy bounde,
While barrèd head, must bide the bitter colde :
The minde must stoupe, the hande must loose his strength,
The hart must droupe, and life must yeelde at length.

Is this the reach of Reasons noble wit ?
To see a world, and seeke for nothing in it,
In such a chaire doth charie humor sit ?
To know a worke of worth and not beginne it :
Who could of power conceiue of kingly pleasure,
Would no conceit in such a comfort measure.

Humility ? a lolly creeping thought,
Patience, a prety purgatory :
Sorrow, a fit, for the phisitian wrought
And death a gentill ende of misery :
Fasting and praier, al the spirits pleasure,
Notes for a King, to looke vpon at leasure.

No, stoupe no thought, seeke only to subdue,
Set no conceit in honor with a crowne :
In begger minde, true conquest neuer grew,
The village is a cottage to the towne :
The Monarchy, doth shew the noble minde,
He hath no life that cummes of lower kinde.

What slaue wil serue, that easely may commaunde ?
What Sence wil stoupe, that may be set alofte ?
Who wil desire, that needes not to demaunde ?
Who loues the boordes may haue his bedde made softe ?
Or who regardes the rascall beggers teares ?
That may haue Musicke to contente his cares.

What poore conceit, wil begge for crümes of bread ?
May haue his table furnisht all with cates ?
Or breake his hart with hammers of his head ?
May passe his humors with his pleasing mates :
Faire, wise, rich, learned, valiant, young, and olde,
Power is the hande, doth at commandement holde.

And so he stopt, but swelling with such pride,
As if his braine would haue with poison burst :
To whom, the pilgrime presently replied,
Auaunt foule fiende, and Monster most accurst :
Thou hate of heauen, and greatest hagge of hell,
What wicked tale hast thou presumde to tell.

Wretched, blasphemous spirit of presumption,
Ougly in shape, and horrible in sence,
Thou cursèd substance of the soules consumption,
The heauens displeasure, and the worlds offence :
That knowst no worth, and art not worth the knowing,
Rot in thy roote, ere thou haue further growing.

Thou wicked witch, fonde fortunes first deuiser,
To bring a desperate spirit to defame,
And by illusion, first the soules surpriser,
That heares thy wordes, and wil beleeu the same :
How durst thou once presume so neere this path,
Where hatefull humor, neuer passage hath.

Thou grounde of grieve, heere is the grounde of grace,
Thou foule infection, heere is fairest health,
Thou crosse of crosses, heere is comfortes place,
Thou pitties want, and heere is pitties wealth,
Thou dire impatience, dole, and deadly strife,
Curst be the death that stoppes the waie of life.

Whose blinded eies, are barde all blessed light,
Whose crooked knees, are cramp for crafty creeping :
Whose triple crowne, in vertues humble sight,
Will breake thy necke, and rest in better keeping :
Whose hart subdued, by hande of heauenly strength,
Must liue in paine of neuer ending length.

Canst thou the rage of wil, the rules of wit ?
Is all the world, ought els but vanitie ?
Who in the chaire of chaunging choise doth sit,
Knowes nothing of diuine humanity,
Nor in conceit, can comfort truly measure,
That knows not pride the plage of high displeasure.

Humility, high Angels happy thought,
While patience, is the deuils purgatory :
Sorrow a fit, for faithes phisitians wroughte,
While high heauens mercy, endes worldes misery :
Fasting, and praier, happines procuring,
While true repentance is but hope enduring.

Then stoupe foule pride, whom heauens did full subdue,
Know that thy crowne is cumming tumbling downe :
Vertue doth see how by ilusion grew,
The worldes disgrace, to grace thee with a crowne :
Monarch of mischief, such is all thy minde,
Nor hath he life that cummes of such a kinde.

His seruice, freedome, that made thee a slaue,
His seate alofte, that makes thee lie full lowe :
His wante a welth, that sees thee nothing haue,
His boorde a bed, that makes thee watch for woe :
His almes sweete, that saues the beggers teares,
While thou hast nought but cries to fill thine eares.

A poore conceite, that starues for lacke of crums,
And yet will tell the worlde of delicates :
Who ofte for hunger feedst vpon thy thumbes,
When death and sorrowe, are thy hellish mates :
Faire, wise, riche, learned, valiant, olde, and young,
Take heede of pride, and of his poisoned tongue.

And with what worde I knowe not how it fell,
But, downe the crowne, came tumbling on the grounde :
Whenas the head, with anger seemde to swell,
Like an Aposthume, of a poisoned wounde :
Which breaking inwarde, of the sodaine shroncke
Into the body : oh most beastly troncke.

The heade of pride thus suddainely consumde,
Or shroncke into this filthy sincke of sinne :
The second head, foule Auarice presumde,
With wicked wordes, the miser mindes to winne :
Ah, begger, worme, and needy wretch quod he,
What dost thou thinke that will become of thee.

Hath patience bred in thee this poore conceite,
That colde and hunger be thy harts content ?
Dost thou not see, how manie thousandes waite,
In honors fielde, vpon the golden tente ?
Or knowest thou not, power, wisdom, wit and pleasure,
All haue their Essence, in the golden treasure.

What face so faire, that is not grac't in golde,
What wit of worth, but hath in golde his wonder ?
What learning, but with golden lines doth holde,
What state so high, but gold will bring him vnder ?
What thought so sweete, but gold doth better season,
And what rule best, but in the golden reason.

Be lorde of landes, and cram thy chest with coine,
Feare nought but neede, mony will make a friende :
Let conscience learne the cunning to purloine,
Wit without welth, hath but a wofull ende :
The golden scepter, and the golden crowne,
Doth make the subiect on his knees come downe.

The gronde is fat, that yeeldes the golden fruite,
The study high, that hits the golden state :
The labour sweete, that gets the golden suite,
The reckning right, that makes the goldē rate :
The hap is sure, that golden hap doth holde,
And rich is gaine, that serues the god of golde.

And with that worde the wicked thing did cease,
When presently the pilgrime thus replied :
Oh cursed cancker, crosse of conscience peace
Whose hatefull harte, doth all ill humors hide :
Thou kindling cole of an infernall fire,
Die in the ashes of thy dead desire.

Impatient sprite liuing all by spoile,
Drunke like the dropsy, and yet euer drye :
Consumde with care, and tiréd out with toyle,
Seeminge to liue, and yet dost ever die :
How durst thou so the name of god blaspheme,
To giue to drosse so great a Diademe.

Thou stone-colde hart, with hungry after coine,
My care in heauen, doth seeke my hartes content :
Thou scrapt for pelfe, I seeke not to purloine,
In Vertues field, I seeke but mercies tent
When wisdom findes, in power of highest pleasure,
The world al trash, compared to heauenly treasure.

Fowle is the faire that bath in gold her grace,
Worthles the wit that bath in wealth his wonder :
Vnlearnéd lines, put gold in honors place,
Wicked the state, that will to coine come vnder :
Base the conceite, that seasonde is with golde,
And begger rules, that such a reason holde.

Thou plodst for landes, I seeke a liuing place,
Thou fearste but neede, I, mony make no frinde :
Thy conscience, cunning, and my care is grace,
Thy wits welth, wo, my harts wish heauen at ende :
Thy golde is drosse, and vertue is my crowne,
Where hartes submission, puls ambition downe.

Earth giues thee golde, heauens giue me higher grace,
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdomes state :
Laboure seekes pence, loue hath a higher place,
Death makes thy reckening, life is all my rate :
Thy happe is hell, my hope of heauen doth holde,
God giue me grace : die deuill with thy golde.

And with that worde, the heade beganne to shrinke,
The face dead pale, and hollow grew the eies :
And so, at laste, did all, and wholly sincke
Into that hell, that heade of Auarice :
When vp did start the heade of Gluttonie,
Vomiting out these wordes of villany.

Poore braun false begger, whereon dost thou feede ?
Well fare the mouth, that feedes the belly full :
What staruing humor standes thy wit in steede,
The want of victuaile, makes the body dull :
I finde it true no triumph to a feast,
The belly full the bones will be at rest.

Some feede their eies with staring on the starres,
And starue the body to content the minde :
Some with their wittes will be so long at warres,
They grate on crusts, when other men hane dinde :
But let the franticke so their humor please,
Giue me the life, of meate, and drinke, and ease.

When that the earth doth giue vs pleasing foode,
What reason is it nature shoulde refuse it ?
If reason finde, what will doe nature good,
What bootes to haue it, if we doe not vse it ?
Then let me feede, while I hane power to eat,
The mouth was made to giue the body meate.

Oh when the tongue is pleaséd with a tast,
The stomacke feeds vntill the heart do laugh,
And then a cuppe with a carousing cast,
And then a health out of a frindely quaffe :
Then workes the braine in such a blessed wise,
As if the body were in paradise.

When thinking more to speake, his mouth ranne ouer,
With beastly humors, loathsome to beholde,
And in such sort, as he coulde not recouer,
Till that he did, his filthy sence vnfolde :
When stopping so, the pilgrime gan replie,
Die ougly venum in thy villany.

Thou filthy, fat, and ouerfoggy flesh,
Foule bagpipe-cheekes, eies starting from the head :
Whom heauenly humors neuer can refresh,
That all in hel, hast made thy hateful bedde :
Heauens let me fast, from such a loathsome feast,
Where to much feeding makes a man a beast.

Earth fill thine eies, heauens feede my humble hart.
 Drosse fil thy belly, Grace content my minde :
 Of worldly lunctets take thy pleasing part,
 Grace, giue my soule, one crum, and I haue dinde :
 So with thy frensies, doe thy fansie please,
 Heauens be my rest, whom earth can neuer ease.

Earth feedes of earth, heauens giue the spirit foode,
 Nature corrupted lost the key of reason :
 The body knowes not of the spirits good,
 Vse is abuse, where truth is saust with treason :
 Then role, and tumble in thy beastly riot,
 The dish of mercy, be my spirits diet.

O when the tongue is toucht with cruel fire,
 The stomacke feedes, of an infernal flame :
 A cuppe of coles to quench a foule desire,
 A cureles hart, consuming in the same :
 Then workes the spirit with such woful cries,
 As proues in hel, was neuer paradise.

When this same filthy bedde of Glotony,
 Beastly bedight with his abhorred diet :
 Chokèd with venum of such villany,
 As breeds the ground of natures most desquiet :
 Soncke backe into the belly of the beast,
 Which of such spirites made his speciall feast.

When started vp the head of slouthfulnes,
 With ougly clawes picking his gummy eies :
 Who with the noddles of natures heuines,
 Did in few wordes, this filthy speech deuise :
 What humor wretch, doth thee so waking keepe,
 That thou canst feede vpon so little sleepe.

Sleepe is the pride of ease, the height of pleasure,
 The Nurse of nature, and the rule of rest :
 The thoughtes attonement, and the sences treasure,
 The bedde of loue, that likes the body best :
 Against vnrest the only remedy
 And onely medicine to ech mallady.

And therewithall vnwilling more to speake,
 Such heauy qualmes his hart had ouercome :
 With stretching yawnes, as if his lawes would breake,
 He stopt his speech, as wholly stroken dumme :
 When nodding of his head from side to side,
 To his deafe eares, the pilgrime thus replied.

Thou cursèd serpent, grounde of al disgrace,
 By Idlenes begetting Ignorance :
 Which dost the sprigges of fairest rootes deface,
 With loathsome course of lifes discountenance :
 And makst a pleasure of the spirits paine,
 Die in thy dreame, and neuer wake againe.

Sleepe is the soules disease, the mindes dispight,
 The Curse of Nature, and the crosse of rest :
 The thoughtes disquiet, and the darke some night,
 Wherein the spirit likes the body lest :
 A losse of time and reasons malladie,
 Where death is found but sorrowes remedy.

The watching virgins kindly were receiued,
 When such as slept did loose their happy houre :
 In dreames, the sences often are deceiued,
 When waking wits finde shadowes haue no power.
 Then sleepe thy last, where life hath neuer place,
 God graunt my soule, to watch, and praie for grace,

When thus the head of hateful slouthfulnes,
 Was soncke into the filthy sincke of Sinne :
 The harmful head of al vnshappines,
 Did lechery, this loathsome tale beginne :
 Alas poor pilgrime, childe of chast desire,
 Hast thou bin burnt thou canst not bide the fier ?

A gentle iest, a man to be a maide,
 What mising humor doth the sences measure ?
 That Nature can of beauty be afraide,
 And loose her prime before she know her pleasure :
 Fleshe hath no fauour in diuinity,
 Nor Nature, pleasure in virginity.

The childe that knowes not how to make his choice,
 Must be a babe, so babishe let him bee :
 But he that knowes, how better to reioice,
 Will seeke a worlde, where sweeter thoughtes agree :
 No, thinke of loue to be that pleasing thought,
 That, for his will sets all the worlde at nought.

What figure findes not loue out of a face ?
 What humors notes he not, in euery heare ?
 In beauties eies, what stars doth he not place,
 What roses in her cheekes, doth he not beare ?
 What hony in her lippes, and sweeter worth ?
 In her faire ground but he can gather forth.

It whets the wit, and doth embolden will,
 And maketh Arte to worke beyond her selfe :
 It maketh nature, study reasons skill,
 And in her humors, play the pretty elfe :
 It bringeth fancy to a deinty feast,
 And makes a man, that woulde be els a beast.

What deinty glaunces passe from eies to eies ?
 When sweete conceites, are secretly conceiued ?
 What comfortes can the kissing hearts deuise ?
 Where kinde effectes of fauour are receiued :
 Age can reporte, and youth doth daily prooue,
 Their is no comforte to the course of loue.

And with that worde, did ende his wicked charme :
 Vnto which sounde, the pilgrime gan reply,
 Thou hatefull head, and grounde of euery harme,
 Venum, compounded all of villany :
 A foule infection of the fairest creature,
 Die in the filth of thy corrupted nature.

Thou sleepey slouth, that figurste out the swine,
 With groueling humors, tumbling on the grounde :
 Thou canst not thinke, vpon a thought diuine,
 But liu'st in dreames, where all deceits are founde ;
 How durst thou speake in that foule thoughts defence,
 Which breedeth nothing but the soules offence.

Vertue and vice, were neuer friends in doode,
 IAnna knowes that Venus is no make,
 But faith, that death in heavenly blessing feede,
 (A Turkish beauty maile in wall afraine :
 Whom Natures pleasure in virginity
 Showes flesh hath fauoure in diuinity.

And, when the spirit death the senses measure,
 There is no place to let thy poison in :
 Whom Natures pride, is but in vertues pleasure,
 IAs the only ancle, that did in loue beginne :
 Whom temptacion rules in remans chaste desire,
 Will keep the harte, from thy infernall fire.

'Thou wretched child, of natures wicked choice,
 Acurst hable, and an euer loe :
 'That maketh the flesh in filth for to reioice,
 Wherain the spirite doth but sorrowe see :
 'What thou it loue, that is but lewde conceite ?
 IAs in thy list, that art the ancles dooite.

'Iphoe the figures, found in beauties face,
 Humors of heares, illusions of the minde :
 'The heavenly stars in earth haue neuer place,
 Where painted roses, haue no perfect kinde :
 Her hony, gall, and what shee can bring forth,
 'The best, and all, is worse then nothing worth.

It blunts the wit, with to much holding will,
 And Rueth Arte, for to forget her selfe :
 It draweth Nature, quite from vertues skill,
 Whom willfull reason pleases the wicked elfe :
 Wher, better fast, then fall to such a feast,
 As makes a man in doode become a beast.

'What deathly glaucens passe twist graceles eyes,
 Wher base contents, most heastly are conceal'd :
 'What cruasie mure, can kissing hartes deulse,
 'Then when the spirite ruine is receuld,
 Age may repent, and youth with merrow proue,
 Who knowes lust, can neuer come to loue.

(Oh, what a fire is filthy lechery,
 Whose substance is but all of gluttony,
 Whose sparks are, but only riuacry,
 Whose filthy smoke, is foulest infamy,
 Whose ashes, are but all vncleanlines,
 Whose hatefull ende is helish beastlines.

Which true description, did so discontent
 The harmful head of hateful lechery,
 As when she saw of the ende of her intent
 'Twas, in the course of all her trechery,
 Shee bit her tooth, with such vnholy breath,
 As with her biting, stung her selfe to death.

When spake the head of euer all infected,
 With raggy Snakes, wherain shee seemd to feede .
 'Then howe good shee, what hath thy hart affected,
 'With these eadern, these ABC, to feede ?
 'And thou shouldest see an other ge,
 'Remember the wealth, that thou dost wish for so ?

Equality is but a childish humor,
 He is alone, that keeps the lofty seate :
 What voice is hard ? where al are in a rumor,
 Or who is seru'd, where euer one is great ?
 Why, patience is the paterne of a villaine,
 That neuer came neare to a Kings paultion.

And with that word she fed vpon her Snakes,
 As if her heart, did like none other foode :
 Whereto the pilgrime soone this answere makes,
 Vgratious grite, and voide of heavenly good :
 Feede on thy Snakes, vntill the poison fill thee,
 And thine owne cancker with corruption kill thee.

Equality is childrens blessednes,
 Where many brethren are but one in loue :
 The voice hard sweete, whose sounde is holinesse,
 And God wel seru'd, where graces glory proue :
 And he that patience paterne for a villaine,
 Shal neuer know the King of heauens paultion.

Thou neuer readst the booke of Christ his Crosse,
 Nor canst endure so sweete an ABC :
 But thou art bounde to liue with labours losse,
 Where al the woes of al the world maile be :
 God giue my spirit, grace to seeke no more,
 Then goe the waie his Sainctes haue gone before.

When, (as it seemde) the venum wrought so sore,
 Within the hart, as poimed so the heade,
 As shrinking downe, it sight, and spake no more,
 But with the rest the filthy body fedde :
 When started vp the head of murthring wrath,
 As newly cumme from out summe bloody bath.

Who grating of his teeth with knitting brow,
 Shaking his fist, as if he mente to fight :
 Thou patch quod he, where art thou plodding now ?
 Hath patience thinkst thou, such a princely might :
 That shee can thee against my force defende,
 And bring thee safely to thy Iourneys ende ?

My life is most to lay me downe in blood,
 I can endure no daunting of mine eie :
 I onely loue to feede on bloody foode,
 Whom I once cease on, they are sure to die :
 How durst thou then approach so neere my sight,
 Whose fury standes withal the worlde to fight.

Poore patient hartes are tost from post to post,
 When bloody swordes doe walke the worlde with wonder :
 Poor patience many a patrimony lost,
 While will resolu'de, put wit and reason vnder :
 Patience is oft from princely sence paid downe,
 While bloody mindes, do brauely beare the crowne.

Fury is knowen sometime to marre a city,
 And Anger, oftentimes is cause of quiet :
 Sometime as good be wifal as be wity,
 When bloody dishes make a dainty diet :
 What armes of honor to a bloody field ?
 Where Angers hande, make patient hartes to feede.

When (as it seemde) halfe stuffed vp with blood,
Stopping his tale the pilgrime thus replied :
Choke vp thy throat, with that foule butchers food,
That neuer couldst the sounde of mercy bide :
But dost consume the hart of many a creature,
Die in the fury of thy filthy nature.

Fret, fume, and chafe, I feare not of thy force,
I plod with patience where thou canst not cumme :
My patience hath such power in her remorse,
As furies sences quickly wil benumme :
And by her prowesse, stoutly so defende me,
That thou, nor thine, nor ought els can offende me.

Then lie, and bath, and tumble in thy bloode,
And stare, and stampe, til thou hast donne thy worst.
Thy foule adherents, I haue all withstoode,
And thou, art but a spirit all accurst :
Who though thou makst a number know thy might,
Where patience cums, thou hast no power to fight.

Poore patient harts, are tost from paine to peace,
When bloody swords, do breede but hellish woes :
And patience patrimony is no leace,
But in a grounde, where grace and wisdomes grows :
And patience sits with an immortal crowne,
Where tiraunt heads to hel are beaten downe.

Pitty must be the princeesse of a citty,
And Anger breedeth nothing but disquiet :
Wilful is good, so that the wil be witty,
Where bloode is bard the dish of mercies diet ;
What Armes of honor, to that heauenly fielde,
Where patience force, makes angers fury yeelde.

At which last worde, the fretting furious head,
Fel with the rest, into that sincke of sinne.
And with the body fel downe stroke as dead,
When patience did this pilgrimes ioy beginne :
With praying beauens, and vsing humble praier,
To comforte hope, and keepe of al dispaire.

When leauing so the ugly Monster slaine,
Onwardes she leades him on his happy way.
Where ioiful pleasure after feare of paine,
Had set his sences at so sweete a staie :
That now, he thought no Monster could offende him,
He had such prooffe, that patience woulde defende him.

But when the heauens that pittie haue of nature.
And know that sences, woulde be gladde of rest :
Although the spirite, waking keepe the creature,
Vnto such worke, as like the wisdomes best :
Into their garde, did will the Angels take him,
Vntill they wilde the spirite shoulde awake him.

BVt when the spirite little time coulde spare
Vnto the harte, to giue the senses rest :
And reason founde that vertues happy fare,
Was in the hande, wherewith the soule is blest :
He wilde the sences from their sleepe arise,
And follow patience to their paradise.

When hauing past the path along the wood,
They came vnto a shore, neare to a sea :
Where lofty waues did threaten little good,
When rocks with patience make a drowning plea :
Where stormes, and tempests, flawes, and rocks, and
sands,

The perils shew, wherein the seaman standes.
With patience heere the pilgrime must imbarke,
Within a shippe the Buonaventure named :
When in a Mapped he found out many a marke,
Whereby conceite his course most happily framed :
And to be shorte, with a resoluéd minde,
They hoist vp sailes, God sende a merry winde.

When as they founde the tide wold tary none,
And little wit it was to loose the winde,
What grounde was best to cast their ancker on,
And how they might their surest passage finde :
To scape the rockes, and to auoide the sandes,
And keepe their carriage out of pirots handes.

And so, along the surging seas they slide,
Till passing by capa di buon speranza,
Not farre from thence, they did intende to ride
Till some sweete winde that vertue ben auanza :
Would bid them hoice their sailes and to be gone,
Towardes the heauen they were to hope vpon.

Where, after sounding, casting ancker out,
And striking saile, and winding vp the cable,
Setting in order all thinges rounde aboute,
As well as such young Mariners were able :
With such good thoughtes as might the time beguile,
They fell to walke vpon the boordes awhile.

And riding but a while, an one they spied,
A fisher man, all in his boate alone,
With euery billow tost from side to side,
As made them feare his last farewell anone :
When moued with the pittie of good nature
They calde aboorde this silly wretched creature.

With much adoe, the creature came aboorde,
And tooke the pilgrime humbly by the hande :
And onely sight, but did not saie a word,
But, as a man that halfe amasde did stande :
Till by entreaty of sweete patience,
Hee was content to haue some conference.

Alas quod hee good Masters, heere yee see
A selly creature in a sory case :
A wofull story to be tolde of mee,
Borne to the death of sorrow and disgrace :
Curst from my cradell, with a thousand crosses,
Where fortune turnes my labours all to losses.

I haue not alwaies liu'de a fisher man,
Through other courses, I my course haue runne :
It is but late, that I this life beganne,
Where little good, hath yet my laboure donne :
But yet I like the kinde of life so well,
I woulde not chaunge it with a king to dwell.

For first I was a gallant in my youth,
 And then I courted youthfull kinde of people :
 But when my tale was tolde, to tell a truth,
 I founde although the sexton kept the steeple,
 The bells sometimes against his will were rong,
 When talking clappers could not holde their tongue.

I founde that cost was often kindly taken,
 And costly kindnes was a common thing :
 I found the needy friend was soone forsaken,
 And he that had the crownes was halfe a king :
 I founde that flattery was a fine conceite,
 And gold was seru'd, where better gifts did waite.

I found faire beauty like a blasing starre,
 But oftentimes, the moone was in a mist,
 And many a one, was with his wits at warre,
 While reason reade the rules of had I wiste :
 I founde sweet musicke sounde in many a place
 While empty purses were in weeping case.

I founde a thousande prety foolishe toies,
 That were too tedious now for to recite,
 I founde againe that there were further ioies,
 Then I could see but by the sunny light :
 Which for mine eyes could neuer come to see,
 Ha done quod I, this is no life for me.

Then to the warres forsooth a little while,
 To followe drummes, and trumpets to the fieldes :
 But oh how will doth wofull wit beguile,
 When want of comfort makes the conscience yeeld :
 And yet, when peace doth make an ende of strife,
 Surely the souldiers is the princely life.

But, for I did but little time bestow,
 Amidde the fieldes to seeke for honors fame :
 And fortune sought my comfortes ouerthrow,
 Before my hart had entrance to the same :
 I lefte that life, and to the seas I gat,
 Where, how I liu'd I neede not tell you that.

I thinke your selues can tel as wel as I,
 If not, alas, it is no ease to learne :
 So many labours in the life doe lie,
 As are not in a daie for to discerne :
 A daie, a month, nor many a yeare, God wot,
 As I could tel, if I haue not forgotte.

First I did learne to set my compasse right,
 And by my compasse, how my course to run
 To marke each point, as wel by day as night,
 By night, to marke the stars, by day the sunne :
 Then take the Mappe, to look for rockes and sandes,
 Of which ful ofte, the shippe in daunger standes.

Then narrowly to looke to every leake,
 And when the winde did serue to hoise my sailes :
 To sounde the depth, where seas beginne to breake,
 And strike my saile, when once my searoomes failes :
 To arme my fightes, and plant mine ordnaunce so,
 I might not stande, in feare to meete my foe.

Then did I learne to stande and guide the sterne,
 And now and then to helpe to hoise vp ancker :
 And otherwhiles the cunning to discerne,
 To dresse hir sides to keepe hir from the cancker :
 My termes of arte, and patient to be painefull,
 And how to hope to make my voiage gainful.

To lie ful colde, and harde, and fare full thinne,
 To frame my carkas to vnkindest natures,
 To beare of stormes, and in a calme beginne
 To learne to kill the little creeping creatures :
 To eate a fusty cake, and teinted fish,
 And one fresh morsell, make a deinty dish.

To make no conscience, so there came in gaine,
 When siluer crosses, keepe of many a curse :
 A pitteous case to see the Merchant slaine,
 For his owne goods to fil the pilots purse :
 To sweare, and stare, vntil we come to shore,
 Then rify tufty, each one to his skore.

The Master, he sometime would fall asleepe,
 The Masters mate to much vpon the can :
 The boson, he his cabin tooke to keepe,
 And in the cookerome, there the rie begane :
 When all and some, in halfe a droncken swowne,
 Would leaue the shippe, to sincke, themselves to drowne.

But, when I saw the kinde of life was such,
 The grieffe to great for any true good minds :
 The labour sore, the sorrow was too much,
 To seeke for that which but repentance finds :
 I left the shippe, with manie a sorrie note,
 And tooke me sweetely to my little boate.

And heere, my trade is poore, yet ful of peace,
 And peace is riches, though my trade be poore :
 The sea is large, whose landlorde makes no lease,
 I toile for fishes, and I seeke no more :
 When stormes arise, vnto the heauen I high me
 And in the sunne-shine, set me downe and drie me.

But, for I see the barke, wherein you ride,
 Of Buonaventure hath the blessed name,
 And patience is a pure a perfect guide
 Vnto the fauour of eternal fame :
 I hope the course is good that you intende,
 Heauens bring you happily to your Iournies end.

This poore mans tale when thus the pilgrime harde,
 He did along his company entreate,
 Promising him, a pilgrime poore rewarde,
 Besides his hope, his comfort would be great,
 If heauens did fauoure vertues enterprise,
 Humbly to passe the path to paradise.

But, when the fisher harde that fairest worde,
 Of paradise, once sounding in his eare :
 He gaue consent and hoist his boat aboarde,
 And casting of al sorrow, care, and feare :
 They hoist vp sailes, windes seru'de, what would you
 more,
 Onwardes they goe, God sende them well a shore.

When leauing Scilla to those silly guides,
That careles are to keepe their course aright :
By curst Charibdis, on he smoothly slides,
Till by good happe they had a land in sight :
To which they made with might and maine as fast
As windes woulde serue, and got to shore at last.

Yet, let me tel you, ere they came a shore,
As through the Ocea they did make their way :
Tempests arose, and many a winde blew sore,
That threatened ofte the course of their decay :
Besides the pirots that they put to flight,
Which chrost their course with many a cruell fight.

One where they saw wrakes lie without reliefe,
An otherwhere, whales tumbling in the waues :
An other while, vnto their deadly grieffe,
Stormes threaten sore, the fishes maws their graues :
Yet when the worst of all these ills were past,
Safely arriu'de they came to shore at last.

Where, wethring of themselves against the sunne,
First praising God, by his almighty power,
That guided them since first their course begunne,
And brought them safely to that happy howre :
The hart laide downe, the senses all to rest,
While angels watch the waking spirit blest.

BVT, when the spirit had but little time,
To giue the senses leaue to take their rest,
Nor was the laboure little for to clime,
The fiery ashes, of a Phoenix nest :
Hee bad them sweetely from their sleepe arise
And set them in their path to paradise.

Where walking on, they met on their right hande,
A worlde of people, making pitteous mone :
Some lost their goods, some other lost their lande,
Their parents some, and some, their friends were gone:
Not one of all, but some way were oppressed,
When all, and some, in some, where al distressed.

The Courtier, hee complainde, of loues disgrace,
The souldier, he cried out, of lacke of paie :
The lawier, lacke of hearing of his case,
The client, how his coine went to decaie :
The merchaunt, of the losse of his aduenture,
The prentice of the bandes of his Indenture.

The landlorde, of his tenaunts beggery,
The passinger of lacke of amity :
The tenaunt, of the landlordes misery,
The begger, all, of lacke of charity :
The churchmen, of their small possessions,
The laismen, of the church transgressions.

Now, on the left hande, went another crue,
A hatefull sort, of hellish company :
Which, to their welth, and wortheles honor grue,
By wicked workes, of wofull villany :
Which, by the trades of Machaule instructed,
Were by the deuill, to his hel conducted.

One, he blasphemde, and murthred many an othe,
Another, made of honesty, a iest :
An other made a tush, at faith, and troth,
An other boasted of a bloudy feast :
And some, in power, how will did gouerne reason,
And other, of their pollicy in treason.

The Courtier, boasted of his braue attire,
What lordshippes, he had laid vpon his backe :
The souldier bragde what townes he set on fire,
How many citties he had helpt to sacke :
The lawier, of his quiddities, and quirkes,
The client, of the knowledge of his terkes.

The landlorde, of his tenants slauery
And, how hee kept the pesauntes all in awe :
The tenant of his cunning knauery,
When with his landlorde he could go to law :
The Merchant, how his gaines were brought about,
The prentice, how he got his freedome out.

The churchmen, they wente boasting on their tenthes,
And twenties too, and yet they would haue more :
The Laismen, of their laying lines at lengthes,
And how a chalke did make a pretty skore :
The passinger, of fained amity,
The begger, of the bagge of charity.

After all these, vpon the right hand went,
A selly foole, for so I tearme him right :
With wringing hands, that seemèd to lament
Some crossing humor to a vaine delight :
For, loue forsooth, and nought but loue it was,
That made a woman make a man an Asse.

Of Venus frailty and of Cupids blindenes
Hee cried out, oh, that euer they were borne :
And of his mistris more then most vnkindnes,
That did so much his truest seruice skorne :
Yet, still he lou'de her, and he did so loue her,
It was his death, he neuer coulde recouer.

And then he sight, and sobde, and hong the head,
And wept, and wailde, and cast vp both the eies,
And in a trance, as if a man were dead,
Or did some dying kinde of fit deuise :
Vntill he walkte, and then he cried oh loue,
That euer louer shoulde such sorrowe proue.

And then he redde his verses and his rimes,
Wherein he praisde her to to, out of reason,
And then he sight to thinke how many times,
He watcht, the day, the night, the hower, the season :
To finde some fruite of her deserued fauoure,
But al his flowers, were weedes that had no sauour.

And then farewell, and then againe farewell,
And farewell loue, and farewell louely sweete,
And farewell sweete, where loue doth sweetly dwell,
And farewell dwelling, for loue sweetenes meete :
And farewell meeting, with loues stately store,
And farewell loue, for hee coulde liue no more.

And thus the pilgrime let the poore man goe,
To loose his will, and seeke his better wits :
Which he had lost with following fancy so,
Vnto the fury of these franticke fits :
That in his hart, had wrought that mallady,
That he must die, there was no remedy.

Now on the left hande went another creature,
Or rather spirit in an ougly shape :
Hollow dead eyes, and most lifaourde feature,
Mopping and mowing, like an olde she-Ape :
Which in the fury of youthes frenzy,
To crosse loues iole, is callèd Ielousy.

Cursing that euer Venus was so faire,
Or Cupid had the power to bende his bow :
Or euer worde had passage through the aier.
From fansies tongue, to beauties cares to go :
When trickling humors, in affections brest,
By feare of ioles is Ielousies vnest.

Then winckt, and pinckt, and leerde and honge the lippe,
And seemde to start, at euerie sodaine breath :
And gronde her teeth, as though some priuy nip,
Within her head, did fret her hart to death :
When out she mumbled, most vnhappy loue,
That makst the minde, these passions to approue.

But when the pilgrime saw her agony,
And, in what taking, wretched thing, she was :
Little contented, with such company,
He giues her leaue vpon her way to passe :
And keepes his course, vntil anone he came,
Vnto a city,—needles is the name.

Where entering in, on each side of the gate,
He found it poorly al with beggars garded :
And by the forefront of that feeble state,
He thought smal wealth where poore were so rewarded :
Til entered further in the streetes he founde,
A worlde of wealth in euery streete abounde.

I meane such welth, as worldly people chuse,
To make the comfort of their chiefest kinde :
And such a bait as wicked spirites vse,
To blinde the sight of a bewitchèd minde :
In euery shoppe, or siluer golde or wares,
To starue the poore, and fill the rich with cares.

When noting wel, by euery doore he went,
He saw each house was with a plague infected :
Where, though they liu'de content with discontente,
Were in the rules of better cares relected :
For, though the poison did not kill at first
Yet did they swel, vntil at last they burst :

One house was plagèd with a wicked master,
An other, with a most accurèd dame :
An other with a childe that was a waster,
An other, with a seruaut out of frame :
The rich men, most were plagèd with disease,
The poore men, with smal vermin, and with fleas.

One house was plagde with cursing and with banning,
An other house with swearing, and blaspheming :
An other, where fonde minions fell to manning,
An other frighted, after foolish dreaming :
Some plagde with sorrow, for their losse of treasure,
And some with torment after to much pleasure.

A number plagues to tedious to recite
In euerie corner, compass all the citty :
Where power did wrong, and poore men had no right,
And golden purses had to little pittty :
When many a creature in ful pittous case,
Did proue the citty an vnhappy place.

But, when the pilgrime saw on euery side
Their outwarde wealth so ful of inwarde wo :
And in that state, there was no blisse to bide,
Where euery house, alas was plagèd so :
Knowing withal, his trauails wisht no staid,
Thorough the streets he hastely made his way.

Vntil at last he came vnto a lane,
That ledde him to an vniversity :
Where, by the notes that he had quickely tane,
He founde a wonderful diuersity :
In young opinions, touching points of arte,
And how one scholer, tooke on others part.

Now, heare the plague, he found but in conceit,
Where some were right and other some were wrong :
Some followde wil, and wrought vpon deceit,
Some louèd truth, and songe none other song.
When leauing scolders to their learned case,
Ruing the plague, with reuerence left the place.

When passing on, ledde all by patience hande,
The happy guide vnto his hopèd grace :
While reasons state, did all reasonèd stande,
In paradise to seeke his resting place :
While heavenly powers, the hart did waking keepe,
In vertues armes, the senses fel a sleepe.

BUT still, the spirit, that had care to keepe
The hart awake vnto his happy way,
Had little time, to let the senses sleepe,
Lest smallest stoppes, might cause to long a staid :
And therefore wakt them from their sleepe vaine,
And sweetely set them in their path againe.

Where, walking on, vnto a court they came,
Where they behelde a worlde of beauties weith :
A stately prince, and many a princely dame,
Discouraging, more of pleasure then of heath :
Where honors presence was so highly garded,
As each conceit of base desire discarded.

The Counsaile, grane, as best besecmde their place,
The Courtiers, gallant, full of fine conceite :
The Ladies, faire, and full of honours grace,
The Seruantes, wise, that humbly did awaite :
Nothing amisse, that Nature coulde deuaite,
To please the humor of Affections eies.

And, let me not, to slightly ouerpasse,
The pleasing ground of euery priuate grace :
Where euery sence, so sweetely pleasèd was,
As brought the wits into a wondrous case :
And such a case, as had not vertue ben,
To garde their senses they had ben ouerseene.

To see the presence of a princely Queene,
To marke the course of graue discretion care :
To note the sightes that are but saidome scene,
Where youtnes desertes in beauties fauoure are :
To heare the musicks of most siluer voices,
And finde the restes wherein the song reioices.

To see what pleasure, power hath in her hande,
To heare how youth, can courtis his kinde desire,
To see, how wisdome doth in power commaunde,
And finde how beauty sets the hart on fier,
While humble seruantes, shewe their diligence :
Are not these notes for sweets experience ?

To see how vertues are in honor placed,
To see the aged all with reuerence serued,
To see the humble by their seruice graced,
And beauties fame by faithfull loue preserued,
To see peace, plenty wisdome, honour, loue :
Are these not pleasures, for the hart to proue ?

Now heere the pilgrime did beginne to feare,
Some of his seruants woulde be stolne awaie,
Eiher the Sente, the Tast, the Eie, the Eare,
Or els the Feeling woulde be forst to staie :
Yet, for they sware their seruice to his will,
He fearde the lesse, to leade them from their ill.

And when he sawe, what perill was in greatnes,
What idle thoughtes, in youthfull humors sit,
And what a folly, was in to much featenes,
Where beauties wonders did but blinde the wit :
And what long suites, did gaine but little grace,
And last what dangers doe possesse the place.

With humble praier vnto the powers on high,
To blesse that prince and all those princely peeres,
Which in the honour of discretions eie,
Were calde the wonders of these latter yeeres :
From care, and cost, fancy, and wisdomes folly,
He tooke his walke vnto a waie more holly.

WHERE ere they came, they came yet by the way,
Vnto a Campe, or rather, kingly field :
Where, many a stop, did feare too long a stay,
Such choice of honors, did such humours yeelde :
Where horse and foote, were so in order planted,
As, no direction, in discretion wanted.

The chiefe commaunder in his stately tente,
With noble mindes of Martiall men attended :
For euery doubt of euery ill intent,
With strongest gardes of watche and warde defended :
Whose graue discretion rulde by sounde aduise,
Performde the plot of many a rare deuise.

To see the carefull Collonels directed,
Ech to his quarter, and his regiment :
And how ech Captaine, valiauntly effected,
The wonder grace of warlike gouernement :
To see the true discharge of euery office,
And then the honor of aduentures seruice.

To note the greates prouision euery waie
For victuaile first, munition, armor, shot ;
For forrege for their horse, for grasse and hay,
And such prouaunte, as cheapest may be got :
For euery grounde, for euery quarter fit,
Are not the workes for euery simple wit.

To heere the drummes and fife the larum strike,
The horses neie, and then the trumpets sounde,
To see the horsemen charge vpon the pike,
And then the pikemen laie the horse on grounde,
To heare the Canons roar, the small shot rattle,
And see their triumph, that doe winne the battaile.

To marke the ordering of a court de garde,
To note the rules in walking of the rounde,
The Scintenils, and euery watch, and warde,
And of the mines, and working vnder grounde :
To marke the planting of their Ambuscados,
And in the night, their sodaine canuassados.

To see a Citty sende her bullets out,
Against the force of all her cruell foes,
To see her wals, all fortified about,
To beare the force of all their cruell blowes :
To make her foes, perforce their siege to raise,
And through the world to winne a wonder praise.

Are heere not sights of force to staie the eie ?
Or soundes, of power for to inchaunt the eare,
Nay, maie not wel the hart be drawn awry,
From all conceites, to keepe his compasse there :
Sure, so it had, had not the spirit still,
Preserue the senses from a secret ill.

For, then againe, to see a citty sackte,
Her buildings ruinde, and her people slaine :
Her wals, al razèd, and her castles crackt,
And al her welth, but in a woful vaine :
Her olde men mourning, and her young men dying,
The mothers weeping, and their children crying

To see her streetes, al runne with streames of blood,
Her houses burning, al in flames of fier :
To see her state, that al in honor stooode,
Yeelde to the forces of their foes desire :
Her roial strength, become a ruful storie,
And death, and sorrow, ende of al her glorie.

To see the field, with dead men ouerspread,
To see the aire infected al with smoake :
To see, the valiaunt Caualiers dead,
And many a soldiour hurt with many a stroake :
To see the steedes, lie tumbling on the earth,
And through the campe a Sickenes or a dearth.

To see the soldour starue, with lake of foode,
 And, in his march, to die with lacke of drinke :
 To see the rich men liue on poore mens bloode,
 And one close humor, at another wincke :
 To see each Captaine, euerie waie anoled,
 And, by disorder, all the campe destroyed

Did make the pilgrime willing to depart
 The place so ful of daunger and distresse :
 Where wits might worke but woful was the arte,
 Where one mans health, bred many heauines :
 And therefore making there but little staid
 He founde patience on another way.

AND on they walke, vntill anone they came,
 Vnto a Church, not built of lime or stone
 But that true Church, of that Immortal fame
 That is worldes wonder, and heauens loue alone :
 Whose head is Christ, whose Martirs are his pillars
 And al whose members, are his wordes wel-willers.

The gate, is Grace, Contrition, is the key,
 The locke, is loue, the porter, Penitence :
 Where humble faith, must heauenly fauour stay,
 Till pity talke with vertues patience :
 While angels sighes, the sinners wale deuse,
 To haue his entraunce into paradise.

Which is in deede the plot of al perfection,
 Drawne by the compasse of diuine conceite,
 Whose line, is life laide by his lones direction
 Who makes al flesh vpon the spirite waite :
 Whose flowers are fruites of faithes eternal fauour,
 Sweete to the soule, in euerliuing sauour.

Now in this grounde, doth liue this glorious King,
 Of mercies life, amide the fire of loue,
 Who, as the sunne, doth cause the flowers to spring,
 So, by his fire, makes faith her comfort proue :
 When heauenly ruth doth vertues roote so nourish,
 That, her faire flowers shall grow and euer flourish.

Now heere the herbes were wholsome sentences,
 Which purge the hart, of euery idle thought :
 And for each grasse, a grace of wit and sences,
 By heauenly blessing from the spirit brought :
 In midst whereof the well of life doth spring,
 About the which the Angels sit and singe.

Heere is the light that makes the sunne to shine,
 Heere is the brightnes of the morning light,
 Heere is the sunne, that neuer doth decline,
 Heere is the daie, that neuer hath a night,
 Heere is the hope of euerliuing blisse,
 And comforte, that beyonde all knowledge is.

Heere neuer weede, had euer power to growe,
 Nor euer worme coulde make an herbe to wither,
 But in the path, where all perfections goe,
 Vertue and Nature, kindly went together,
 And heauenly dewes, did al the fruites so cherish,
 That, neither fruit, nor herbe, nor flower could perish.

Heere neuer sorrow for the thought of losses,
 Heere euer labour and yet neuer weary ;
 Heere neuer feare, of any fatal crosses,
 Heere neuer mourning, and heere euer merry :
 Heere neuer hunger, thirst, nor heat, nor cold,
 But take enough, and stil the store doth holde.

Heere is the sky, the sun, the moone, and stars,
 Set for a dial, by the heauens direction :
 Heere neuer cloude their brightest shining barres,
 But show their brightnes in their best perfection :
 Heere, is in some the sweetest light of al,
 From which al lightes haue their original.

Heere neuer foote of wicked pride presumed,
 But is excluded heauenlie paradise :
 Heere is the aier with sweetest sweetes perfumed,
 While sinners sighes is blessed sacrifice :
 When faithful soules in Angels armes embraced,
 Are in the eie of glorious fauour graced.

Heere are the virgins playing, Angels singing
 The Saintes reioicing, and the Martirs loying.
 Heere sacred comfortes to the conscience springing,
 And no one thought of discontent anoying :
 Heere hurt was none, and feare of death is neuer,
 But heere is loue, and heere is life for euer.

Heere sorrowes teares, doe quenche the heate of Sinne,
 And fire of loue, doth kinde life againe :
 Heere doth the grounde of glory first beginne,
 And heere is Vertue, in her highest vaine :
 Heere, is in some the state of honours story,
 And of all goodnes, the eternall glory.

And heere is, lo that heauenly paradise,
 Whereto the pilgrime, made his pilgrimage :
 Where sacred mercy first did solemnize,
 The spirite to the fleshe in mariage :
 And here the hart did finde his spirit blest,
 To bring the sences to eternall rest.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

IN this true plot of reasons highest pleasure,
 The heaunly court, of the high King of Kings :
 Where sacred spirits, haue their speciall treasure
 And sweetest comfort, of contentments springs :
 God bring your sences, by your harts desire,
 To feel the comfort of his kingly fier.



*THE COUNTESS OF PEN-
brookes loue.*

FAIRE in a plot of earthly paradise,
Vpon a hill, the Muses made a Maze :
In midst whereof within a Phoenix eies,
There sits a grace, that hath the world at gaze :
Which Phoenix is but name vnto a nature
That shews the world hath scarcely such a creature :
This true loues saint, by worthy beauty crowned,
Did seeme to wish but not expresse her will :
When straunge desires were in deuises drowned,
To finde out wonders farthest from her wil :
The worlde came in, with presents many a one,
But, yet alas, her loue could like of none.
Cleare was the day when Phcebus shonne ful bright,
But her hartes eie did higher light aspire :
Aprill, brought in both earth and aires delight,
But earth, nor aire, could answere her desire :
Fortune? shee skornde : friendes? who durst be a foe?
Seruants? a worlde would serue her will or no.
Welth, was but trash, and health was natures ioie,
Honour, a Title, beauty, but a blast :
Power, but a trouble, pleasure, but a toie,
Youth, but a time, to quickly ouerpast :
Learning, alas, it liueth in her schoole,
Wisedome, her will, knowes worldly wit a foole.
Yet still she wisht, but saide not what shee woulde,
When still the worlde, did worke, but still in vaine :
Care with conceite, did all the best he coulde,
Brought in his giftes, but bare them backe againe :
When welth, helth, beauty, honor, power nor ease
Wit, youth, nor learning, could her humor please.
Some brought in pearles, most orient to beholde,
Shee knew them pearles, and so did shee regarde them :
Some brought in gemmes, of diamonds set in golde,
Shee knew their worth and so did shee rewarde them.
Some brought in workes, of weomans rare deuises,
She knew their paines, and so did giue the prices.
Some brought in musicke of most siluer sounde,
Which all woulde cease, if shee but tucht a string :
Some brought in first the fairest flowers they founde,
Shee tooke them as the comforts of the Spring :
Some brought in this and some woulde bringe in that,
But yet her wish was still shee knewe not what.

The souldiers came, and brought in all their armes,
Shee smilde to see, how beauty made a peace :
The pesants came, and offred vp their farmes,
But, shee saide loue did neuer make a lease :
The merchants, came with all their mony treasure,
Shee put it off, it did her minde no pleasure.
The lawiers came, and laide downe all their bookes,
Shee knew, that truth was all in yea and no :
The courtiers came with all their lofty lookes,
But when she lookt she made them curtsy low :
The scholars came and brought in all their artes,
Shee knew their practise ere they learned their partes.
The sailers brought their rubies from the rockes,
But, of such toies, her treasure was to full :
The shepards brought the fairest of their flockes,
But shee coulde weare no cloth was made of woll :
Thus euery one did bring in what they coulde,
Yet still she wisht, but knew not what shee woulde.
The poets came, and brought in their inuentions,
But well shee knew their fancies were but fained :
The muses brought the truth of their intentions,
Which in their kindes were kindly entertained :
But yet the best, with all her worthines,
Tought not the humor of her happines.
But when the world could not come neare her wish,
And saw in vaine it was, her will to seeke :
The earth coulde yeelde no fruite, the sea no fishe,
That coulde be founde, that might her fancy leeke :
Some with a sigh, other, with pitteous mone,
All went awaie, and left her all alone.
Now when she saw the worlde was gone indeede,
Her selfe alone, saue but my selfe vnscene :
Oh Loue quod she, this world is but a weede,
Who liues on earth, that in the heauens hath beene?
Thou knowest I know the world did know thee neuer.
But I do know, heauens know, thou knowest thē euer.
Thou art a name that nature neuer knew,
Thou art a knowledge for the earth too high,
Thou art the triall of affection true,
Thou art the truth, that cannot make a lie,
Thou art the sweete, that cannot be conceiued,
Thou art the hope, that neuer harte deceiued.

The Diamond is to thee but dimmed glasse,
 Gold is but drosse, pearles are but fishes eies :
 The wisest head, to thee is but an Asse,
 What life so proud? but in thy presence dies :
 Thou art the Beauty that can neuer fade :
 Thou art the sunne, what euer be the shade.

Thou ledest the eie vnto his harts delight,
 Thou ledest the hart vnto his soules desire,
 Thou ledest the soule vnto that liuing light,
 Which shewes the heauen wher hope can go no higher :
 Thou art the height aboue all heights so high,
 As giues the life, where loue can neuer die.

And since I see, such is thy sacred Essence,
 As giues the being to each secret blisse :
 And vertue hath her highest excellence,
 In but performing what thy pleasure is :
 Some heauenly Muse, let my poore spirit moue,
 To make the world to wonder at my loue.

Thy face my Loue, is fairer then the sunne :
 Thy beauty sweete, is brighter then the daie :
 Thy shining light before the world begunne,
 And cannot fade, though al the world decay :
 Where wisdome findes, in state of vertues story,
 The grace of Beauty hath her brightest glory.

Thy wisdome doth all wonder comprehend,
 Thy valure is aboue all power victorious,
 Without beginning, and can neuer ende,
 Thy vertue is in heauen and earth al glorious :
 Thy prayes are aboue all praise rayed,
 Where mercy is, in highest glory prayed.

Health is no health, but in thy happy hand,
 Life is but death, that thy loue doth not cherish,
 Earth hath no fruit except thou blesse the land,
 Thoughts prosper not wher thou wilt haue them perish,
 Power, is no power, but where thou doest assist,
 Downe goes the world, that doth thy will resist.

Thy wil, sweete loue, is but the summe of wel,
 Thy well, is well, wel, better, and the best :
 That, with thy loue, thy liuing soules may dwell,
 Safe, in the hope of their eternal rest :
 Thy rest the ioie, the soule cannot conceiue,
 Thy soules, the Saintes, thy Mercy doth receiue.

Thy comfort is the tuchstone of true kindenes,
 Thy kindenesse is the very life of loue :
 Thy loue is light, all other light but blindenesse,
 Thy light is life, that death can neuer proue :
 Thy death, was life, thy life is ioie for euer,
 Vnto the soules, that loue and leaue thee neuer.

What was? or is? or, on the earth shall be,
 But that thou knowst, and knowst al what they are
 And that they haue, their beeing but in thee,
 Made by thy hande, and gouerned by thy care :
 Which thou dost prosper, comfort, or defende,
 And when thou wilt, shal wholly make an ende.

Grast is the king, whom thou dost only crowne,
 And wise the wit, that only knowes thy wil,

Happy the State, where thou dost blesse the towne,
 And blest, the hart, that thou dost keepe from ill :
 But yet the soule, doth in her faith approue
 The life, the life, is onely in thy loue.

Shall I describe thy sweete and glorious seate?
 But, as thou art vnto thy seruants scene,
 Or shall my sprite humbly else entreate?
 Some Angels help, that in the heauens hath beene?
 That to the world such glory may vnfolde,
 Or, saie it is, too glorious to beholde.

Thy throne is Iudgement, Iustice is thy sworde,
 Mercy and Truth are still before thy face :
 Loue, is thy law, and Wisdome is thy worde :
 Vertue thy loue, and Bounty is thy grace :
 Pitty thy state, where patience is the story,
 Grace is thy gift, and Mercy is thy glory.

Thus in the seate of sacred excellence,
 With Virgins, Saints, and Angels all attended,
 Dost thou possesse that princely residence :
 Till Iudgement passe and Ioies be neuer ended,
 When all the host of heauen and heauens doth sing,
 An Alleluia, to their heauenly king.

Where trembling Ioyes distill the teares of loue,
 And louing feare doeth bring forth blushing faces,
 And blushing faces, in their faith approue,
 Vnworthy creatures, to behold their graces.
 Which graces doe this glorious musicke moue,
 The life of life, is in thy heauenly loue.

Now for thy loue, it cannot turne to hate,
 Thou hatest the life, that once doth alter loue :
 It is the stale of an eternall state,
 A mansion house, that neuer can remoue :
 Which, on the rocke of true Religion standes,
 And neuer feares the seas of errors sandes.

Now, thy Religion is the rule of life,
 Whose chiefest blessing is the ioie of peace :
 Where loue, cuts of the cause of euery strife,
 And sweete accord, doth bring out loues encrease :
 And loues encrease is such a ioie to see,
 As bring the soule vnto his life in thee.

Alas, alas, all treasure is but trashe,
 Where loue is banisht by the state of strife :
 The sweetest wine, is but as swinish wash,
 Vnto the water, of the well of life :
 No, no, the pleasures, that the world can proue,
 Are all but sorrowes to thy heauenly loue.

But, let me see what fruite, thy fauour yeeldes,
 Or in thy loue, what happy life is founde.
 When sea, and lande, hills, dales, and fairest fieldes,
 Doe all, but in thy blessed giftes abounde :
 Besides the peace, wherewith the hart is blest,
 To bring the soule to thy eternall rest.

Thou dost not ioie to see a sinners death,
 But true repentaunce pleaseth thee farre better :
 Yea, thou wilt helpe at latest gaspe of breath,
 To make the soule confesse it selfe thy debter :

And where the soule, such comforts doth approue,
 Can there be thought a comfort like thy loue?
 No, no, this worlde is full of wanton toies,
 Which oft keepes backe the comfort of thy care:
 And many waies doth worke the harts anioies,
 When fortunes hope doth proue but heauy fare:
 Oh heauens, who knew but halfe thy blessednes,
 Woulde hate the worlde with all his wretchednes.

Where shew of faith doth shape but falshods cloke,
 When fancies teares, proue drops of fonde desire:
 Where free conceites, will yeeld to kindenes yoke,
 When sorrow paies repentance for their hire:
 While in thy loue male liuing faith vnfolde,
 Hart, may her hope, hope may her heauen beholde.

What shadowes here doe ouershroude the eie?
 While Masking thoughts doe March before the winde:
 Where loues conceite, doth but illusion trie,
 When careles wit becometh the wilfull blinde,
 And Nature findes herselfe still misconceiued,
 Where forme, for matter hath the soule deceiued.

Where night for daie, for light is darkenes taken,
 Treason for truth, and hate indeede for loue,
 Where death is followed, and the life forsaken,
 While ioies mistaken, doe but sorrowes proue:
 When in thy loue this life is sweete set downe,
 The faithfull soule receiues a roiall crowne.

The swanne is white, but whiter is the snow,
 The daie is bright, but brighter is the sunne,
 But he that coule but thy loues lustre know,
 And where the fire of phebus first begunne,
 Woulde saie, to see thy sweet loues shining brightnes,
 The sunne hath lost his light, the snow his whitenes.

Fooles, of the earth (alas) could neuer know thee,
 And thou dost know, the wisest are but fooles:
 Thy glorious workes doe in such wonder, show thee,
 That greatest powers, are plaashes to thy pooles:
 Height, depth, length, breadth, are in thy loue declared,
 Yet are they nothing to thy loue compared.

Above all height, thy loue doeth liue on high,
 And who can sounde, the depth of thy loues treasure?
 Or limit out the length of thy loues eie,
 Which heauen and earth doth in thy mercy measure:
 No, let all height, depth, length, and bredth confesse,
 Thy loue is blessed, in all blessednes.

Thy loue giues light, vnto the inwarde eie,
 Thy loue giues life, vnto the dying hart:
 Thou giu'st, the comforte, that can neuer die,
 Thou giu'st, the comfort, that can neuer part:
 Thou giu'st, but all, that all in all doth proue,
 All, all, in all, is onely in thy loue.

But, what shoulde I? shall I? or can I giue?
 To thee: for all, that thou hast giuen to me:
 Whē, by thy loue, my soule doth only loue,
 And hath her being wholly but in thee:
 Nothing I haue, but, if that ought be mine,
 All doe I giue vnto that loue of thine.

And though my sinnes, haue bard me of thy blessing,
 By great offences to thy grace diuine,
 Yet let my soule, with humble harts confessing,
 Purchase againe, that gracious loue of thine:
 And, let my teares vnto such pittie moue thee,
 That I may know, that thou dost know I loue thee.

And while my soule doth to thine honor sing,
 The heauenly praises of thy holy name,
 Oh, let the sounde throughout the world so ring,
 That, olde and young, male iole to heare the same:
 And on our knees, al humbly fall before thee,
 With hart, and minde, and soule for to adore thee.

Not that my wits can touch the smallest worth
 Of that high wonder worthines of thine:
 For, from a sinner, what can issue forth?
 And who more sinner then this soule of mine?
 Which doth with teares of true repentance moue,
 Thy gracious helpe to glorifie thy loue.

For, as vnto the sea, a water droppe,
 And to the sandes, a little pibble stone,
 And as a corne, vnto a haruest crophe,
 And vnto infinite, the number one:
 So are my Muses in their Musicke short,
 Thy kingly prayse of prayses to report.

But, as a scholer that doth goe to schoole,
 To make a letter, ere he learne to write,
 And as the wit, that knowes it selfe a foole,
 Till higher wisedome teach it to endite:
 So let my soule in her submission proue
 Hate of the world, and honour of thy loue.

For, what is heere that can content the hart?
 That knowes content, or what it doth containe:
 What thought so sweete but brings as sowre a smart,
 Or pleasure such? but breedes a further paine:
 What thing so good? but proues in fine so euil,
 As, but for God, woulde beare men to the deuill.

What is the Earth? the labour of our life,
 What is the sea? a gulfe of griesy lakes:
 What is the aire? a stuffe of filthy strife,
 What is the fire? the spoile of what it takes:
 When these are al, whence euery thing doth springe,
 What is the worlde? but euen a woful thing.

What thing is man? a clodde of miry clae,
 Slime of the Earth, a slaue to filthie sinne:
 Springes like a weede and so doth weare awaie,
 Goes to the earth, where first he did beginne:
 Oh heauens thinke I, when man is wholly such,
 What is in man? that man shoulde loue so much.

What hath the worlde, to leade the minde to loue?
 In true effect, a fardel ful of toies:
 Where, wey the pith, what euery one doth proue,
 The perfectst gems are most vnperfect ioies:
 Consider al what fansie bringeth forth,
 The best conceite will fal out nothing worth.

What worldely thinges doe follow fansie most?
 Welth, beutie, loue, fine diet, honor, fame:

What findes affect? both loue and labour lost,
Disdaine, disease, dishonor, death, and shame :
Where care, and sorrow, death, and deadly strife,
Doe rule the rost, in this accursed life.

What thing is Beauty? colour quickly gon,
And what is wealth? when riches fal to rust :
What thing is loue? a toy to thinke vpon,
Fine diet? drosse, to feede a filthy lust.
What worldly honour? oft vnworthy praise,
What ease? the cause whereby the life decaies.

What is disdaine, the skorne of proud conceit,
And what disease? the death of discontent :
Dishonour next? the fruite of foule deceite,
And what is death? but ende of ill intent :
Now what is shame? a shamefull thing to tell,
And thus the world but euen the way to hell.

For beasts and birds, for fishes, flowers and trees,
And al such things created for our vse :
What thing is man? to take such things as these,
By want of grace, to turne vnto abuse :
Oh wretched world, when man that should be best,
In beauty things proues worse then al the rest.

But when I see the wretched state of man,
And al the world at such a woful passe :
That since the course of humane care began,
More ful of wo, good nature neuer was.
When this my soule, doth with her sorrow see,
Lord sales my Loue, that I might liue with thee.

And leauing so the world with all his woes,
And looking vp to heauen and heauenly ioies,
And to the grace where vertues glory goes,
Noting the life, that neuer loue anoies :
When in my soule, I doe this sweetnes proue,
Lord sales my soule, how sweet art thou my loue.

I see the sunne, the beauty of the skie,
The moone and stars, the candles of the night :
They haue their essence in thy heauenly ele,
That blindes the proude, and giues the humble light :
I see the raine-bow, bended by thy hand,
That doth both heauen, earth, sea and heauen command.

Thou gauest the sunne, the moone and stars a course,
Which they obserue according to thy will :
Thou makest the tides to take their due recourse,
And setst the Earth, where it doth settle stil.
Thou framdst the substance of each Element,
And settst thy foote vpon the firmament.

Thus dost thou sitte in glory of thy throne,
With al the hoast, of highest heauens attended :
Who, in thine ire, hast kingdoms ouerthrown
And in thy loue hast little things defended :
Whose glory more then may by man be knowen,
And glory most, is in thy mercy showen.

Thus thou dost sit in honor of thy power,
Calling the poore vnto thy rich reliefe,
Sowing the sweete, that killeth euery sower,
Giuing the salue, that healeth euery grieft :

Making them liue, that long were dead before,
And liuing so, that they can die no more.

Thou madst the worlde and what it doth containe,
Onely but man, thou madst vnto thy loue :
And mans good will was thy desired gaine,
Till proude attempt did high displeasure moue :
Thou plagst his pride, yet when thou sawst his paine,
Thou gau'st the salue, that heald the wound againe.

Vngratefull man, whom thou didst onely make,
In loue to loue, and with thy loue preseruest,
And for his loue, enduredst for his sake,
Such death of life, as dearest loue deseruest :
What cursed hart woulde to displeasure moue thee,
That giuing all, askes nothing but to loue thee.

Oh loue, sweete loue, oh high and beauenly loue,
The onely line, that leades to happy life :
Oh loue, that liu'st, for louing harts behoue,
And makst an ende of euery hatefull strife :
Happy are they that kindly can attaine thee,
And how accurst, that dare but to disdaine thee.

Thy loue was cause, that first we were created,
Loue is the life, that thou wilt haue vs leade :
Loue is the cause, we neuer can be hated,
Loue is our life, when other life is dead :
Loue is thy grace, that highest good doth giue
Loue me then lorde and I shall euer liue.

And with that worde proceeding from her hart,
The trickeling teares distilled downe her eies :
As if her sence possesset in euery part,
A secret ioie that did the soule surprise :
When lifting vp her handes, oh loue quod shee,
My soule is sicke she can not be with thee.

And from the mercy of thy malesty,
Beholde the sorrowes of my wounded soule :
Let pitties care of loues calamitie,
My ruthfull teares, thy register enrowle :
And thinke vpon the passions that I approue,
For, truely, lorde, my soule is sicke of loue.

And sicke it is, and so well maie it bee,
A sweeter sickenes then a worldly health :
A healthfull sickenes, to be sicke for thee,
Where Natures want doth proue the spirits wealth :
While hart hath set her highest happines,
But to beholde thee in thy holines.

But, I am sicke, and sicke, in euery vaine,
Sicke to the death, but not to die to thee :
For why thy loue assures me life againe,
And there to liue where death can neuer be :
Oh sweetest sicknes, where the soule may see
The way through death, to come to liue with thee.

To liue with thee, oh euerliuing loue,
Oh let me die, that I may liue no more,
Till in thy loue, I may the life approue,
That may confesse I neuer liu'de before :
Life is but death where thy loue shineth neuer,
Onely thy loue, is happy life for euer.

My sinnes my sinnes with sorrow and with shame,
Of faultes and follies couered haue my face :
Death is my due, I haue deseru'd the same,
Wo to the hart, in such vnhappy case :
But if repentance mercy may obtaine,
Looke on me loue, and I am well againe.

Vnhappy hart, that euer thee offended,
Vnworthy eies, thy blessings to beholde :
Vncarefull eare, that euer tale attended,
But to the truth that hath thy mercy tolde :
Vnfaithfull soule, that euer thought did moue
From euerliuing, with thine onely loue.

But, now the hart is dead to worlde's delight,
And eies in teares, pronounce repentance truth :
The eare is deafe vntill the hart be right,
To see the life, that of thy loue ensueth :
The faithfull soule of pleasure is deprived,
Dead, till her life, be by thy loue reuiued.

Nor, let me tempt that truest loue of thine
To hasten time beyonde thy holy will :
But only looke, vpon this soule of mine,
That in thy loue may be her liuing still :
Till shee may heare this iofull sounde of thee
Come away loue, and euer liue with me.

But, yet my loue, me seems I see thee looke,
As though my soule had thee displeas'd sore :
But, hath my loue so high displeasure tooke ?
That he will looke vpon my loue no more :
Oh, yes, my loue will not be angry euer,
And where he loues, he will be angry neuer.

Then, though thou chide, yet be not angry loue,
But in thy kindenes giue thy sweete correction,
That humble hart made in repentance proue,
The dearest passage of thy loues direction :
Whose blessed ende may in this only be,
To liue to die, to die to liue to thee.

To liue to thee, in thee, and but with thee,
My dearest life, and onely truest loue :
Where heauen and earth doe all the comfort see,
That faithfull passions in the soule may proue :
Come lambe, come loue, come ly betwixt my breasts
Where zealous loue, and true repentance rests.

Some say sweete loue, there is a Phoenix birde,
Of which there was, is, nor will be but one :
Which Phoenix sure, I thinke is but a worde,
For such a birde, I thinke is surely none :
But that it doeth, in figure onelie tuch,
Some heauenly thing ; on earth was neuer such.

For why the birde, is saied to bee alone,
And thou didst male, and femall all create :
And as for birdes were neuer two in one,
That euer trueth in reason did relate :
No, no, the figure surely doeth intende,
More then the world can easily comprehend.
They saie she hath a kinde of fiery vaine,
For that she liues and dies but in the sunne,

Consumes with heat, and so reuiues againe,
But, by the heate, whereby her death begunne :
Which stränge conceit makes me cōiecture this
Some high construction of the figure is.

And high it is, that to the heauens doth reach,
And heauen it is, that such a reach intendeth,
And high intent, doeth such a reason teach,
That onely faith this figure comprehendeth :
When in thy passion patience doth approue,
The rising life, of euerliuing loue.

For by the sunne, is surely vertue ment,
Which doth enflame the soule with sacred loue :
The flying high, the faithfull hearts intent
Where loue must worke, but for the liues behoue :
The ashes, are olde Adam, dead and gon,
The new life, Christ, thy loue anew put on.

And didst thou die, to compass thy desire ?
And thy desire, but to preserue thy loue ?
And, could in thee, loue, kindle such a fier ?
To leaue thy life ? thy constant loue to proue ?
Then of thy loue, let this the figure be,
If euer there were Phoenix, thou art he.

And since thou didst, that sweete example giue,
By thine owne death to show thy dearest loue :
That we might learne the onely way to liue,
Is, by thy crosses comforts to approue :
Oh let my soule, beseech her sacred rest,
But in the ashes of the Phoenix nest.

Me thinkes, I see, that glorious seate of thine,
Whereto thy Saints and Angels al assemble,
And in the presence of thy power diuine,
With iofull feare, how euen the highest tremble :
And when those spirits, doe such passions proue,
Shall I presume, to think vpon thy loue ?

Oh sweetest loue, that carries such a force,
As keeps the hart of humble hope in awe :
And sweete againe, that carries such remorse,
As hath cut off, the curses of the lawe :
And sweetest yet, that in the soule doth proue
There is no sweete indeede, but in thy loue.

Which feeds the hungry with a heauenly bread,
And cooles the thirsty from the liuing Rocke,
Which heales the sicke, giues life vnto the dead,
And wakes the careful, with the morning cocke :
Which breeds the peace, that stinteth euery strife,
And giues the fountaine of the well of life.

It is the key that opes the doore of grace,
Vnto the care that thou hast constant proued,
And shewes the fauour of thy shining face,
Vnto the blessed of thy deare beloued :
It is in summe, the infinite sweete pleasure,
Of tried faith, and true Repentance treasure.

Oh ioy of ioyes, what hart can comprehend thee ?
Oh sweete of sweets, what sence that can cōceiue thee ?
Blest be the harts that truly doe attend thee,
And ten times blest, that in their soules receiue thee :

And fairely blest, whom thou hast faithful proued,
But chiefly blest whom thou hast chiefly loued.

Me thinkes I see, how sweetly thou dost ride,
Above the heauens, vpon the Cherubs high,
With all thine angels set on euery side,
With all the sound of sweetest harmony :
Where all and some, their sweetest notes do frame
To sing the praises of thy holy name.

Me thinkes I see the holy Martyrs crowned,
On hible knees cast down their crowns before thee :
And cry aloud, be thou alone renowned,
Let heauen and earth, and all the world adore thee.
When, my poore soule, with sinne oppressèd sore,
Can say Amen yet, though it say no more.

Oh that my soule could see that sacred light,
That might but leade me to thy holy will,
And learne the rule, that keeps the soule aright,
In perfect faith thy precepts to fulfill :
And might so neere vnto thy hand abide,
As from thy loue, might neuer steppe aside.

But, what am I? a worne and wretched thing,
Vnworthy creature, made of earth and clae :
Once to presume to speak vnto my King,
On whom the state of highest heauens doth staie :
Let no presumption thy displeasure moue,
But in thy pittie looke vpon my loue.

For I am sicke, oh Saviour sende me health,
My hart is hurt, come heale my deadly wounde :
And I am poore, relesue me with thy wealth,
Yea, I am dead, oh raise me from the grounde :
My health, my wealth, my only resurrection,
Let my soule liue, but in thy loues perfection.

Beholde the teares of my repentaunt truth,
And wey my sorrowes, by my sighing sobbes :
And in the rule but of thy heauenly ruth,
Feele my poore hart, in horror how it throbbes :
And when thou seest my soule thus wo begun her,
In thy sweete mercy, sweet loue looke vpon her.

And from the dew of thy deare blessed loue,
Let fall one droppe vpon my dried hart :
Wherein my soule such comfort may approue,
As may asswage the rigour of my smart :
And being so by thy sweete hand relieued,
Maie so reioice, as neuer more be grieved.

Lorde who dare looke against thy liuing power?
Or what doth liue? but onely in thy loue :
The sweete of sweets where there was neuer sower,
But ioies of ioies, that can no sorrow proue :
Oh purest prooffe, of loue and lifes perfection,
Blest be the soule, that liues by thy direction.

But my heart pantes, my soule doth quake for feare,
And sorrowes paine possesseth euery part :
My heape of sinnes, to heuy for to beare,
Prease downe desire with terror of desert :
And in great dread, of deepe dispaire doth crie,
Grace giue me life, for in my sinnes I die.

For still the flesh is subject to offende,
While yet the spirit, groneth for thy grace :
But thou hast power the weakest to defende,
That vnto thee, reueale their heauy case :
Then from that hande, and mighty arme of thine,
Strengthen, this weake and wounded soule of mine.

Thou that hast saide proude Esaw was thy hate,
And humble Iacob, was thy chosen loue :
That doth the power of worldly pride abate,
And workst the heauen of humble hartes behoue :
Make Esawes life with Iacobs loue agree :
Or kill the flesh, the soule maie liue with thee.

And from despaire, that poisoned sting of death,
Deliuer Lorde, the sorrowes of desire :
And at the latest houre, and gaspe of breath,
Let humble hart, the hope of heauen aspire :
Where faithfull soules maie in thy fauour see,
That onely loue, doth onely liue in thee.

What booteth me the worlde for to possessae,
And want the ieuell of my heauenly ioie :
What earths delight? but is to me distresse,
When natures health, doth proue the soules anye :
No, my sweete loue, let this poore soule of mine,
Neuer haue life, but in that loue of thine.

One precious droppe of thy pure oill of grace,
Power downe, sweete loue into my wounded hart :
And to my faith, to turne thy louing face,
That from thy fauour I maie neuer part :
Looke on thy Mary with her bitter teares,
That washt thy feete and wipte them with her heares.

The greater depts forgiuen, the greater loue,
Thy worde hath saide, and it saies euer true :
When patience life, in pitties loue doth proue,
In greatest mercy, greatest glory grue :
Where one mans sinne procured all mens paine,
And one mans grace, gaue all men life againe.

Oh high creator of all creatures liuing,
Who nothing wantst that all thinges dost possessae :
What hath the world that may be worth the giuing,
Vnto the honor of thy holines :
But onely thanks, that thy true spirit moueth,
In that true hart, that thy true mercy loueth.

But still I see my loue is sore displeasde,
And tels me of my great vngratefulness,
When so my soule, with sorrow is diseasde,
As in my hart, findes nought but hatefulness :
And with the teares of true repentance crieth,
Lorde saue the life, that in thy mercy lieth.

For, thou art loue, the euerliuing God,
And onely God and onely of the liuing,
Who, though thou smitst thy children with thy rod,
Sweete is the care of thy corrections giuing :
In which thy sweete and kindest care correct me,
But in thy mercy, neuer doe reiect me.

Let neuer death against thy life preuaile,
Nor euer hate, once looke against thy loue,

Nor faithfull hope thy heavenly fauour faile,
 But harts contrition happy comfort proue :
 And let the soule, euen at the dore of death,
 Liue by the aier but of thy heavenly breath

Mine eies are dimme, my flesh, bare skin and bone,
 My sinewes shroncke, and all my limmes are num,
 Mine eares are deafe, but to the sound of mone,
 My speech, is but to sorrow stroken dum :
 My blood dried vp, my heart with sorrow soken,
 Oh helpe the soule, before the heart be broken.

Behold the sorrowes, that my soule doeth make,
 And see what tormentes teare my heart asunder,
 Where euery teare, doth other ouertake,
 Where fearefull care, puts faithfull comforts vnder :
 Oh my sweete life though I be deadly wounded,
 Let not my faith be vtterly confounded.

And since oh king, that thou art onely able,
 To helpe the helple, onely but in thee,
 And by one crasme, from thy true mercies table,
 The wofull soule may well relieved be :
 Of that sweete foode, oh let my faith so tast,
 That by thy loue, my life may ener last.

What life is this, that wretches here we leade?
 Caring and carking for our fleshly liues,
 Neuer wel fild, when we are too much fedde,
 Where strange conceits for true contentment striues :
 Tearing our harts, and tiring out our minds,
 For that, in fine, which but repentance findes,

Where kindnes proues a kinde of leude conceite,
 Leading the heart to lothsomnes of loue,
 While wisest wits on wanton humours waite,
 And wilfull fancies doe but follies proue :
 Where power and pride, so plage the world with woes,
 That peace and vertue, all to ruine goes.

Where gold is helde a God, siluer a Saist,
 And durt and drosse, are dearest in regarde :
 Where friendship failes, and faith beginnes to faint,
 And curses rule, while blessed thoughts are barde :
 And all and some, doe in conclusion proue,
 Wo to the world, that liues not by thy loue.

Where valure proues but foolish hardines,
 And greatest wit, is wicked wilines,
 And honour gotten by vnworthines,
 Fils all the world with all vnhappines,
 While vertue sighes, at sinners wickednes,
 And Angels mourne for our vngodlines.

Where parents griue at childrens stubbornnes,
 And children smile, at parents childishnes,
 Where masters sigh, at seruants idlenes,
 And seruants laugh at masters wantonnes,
 While faithfull soules in sorrowes wretchednes,
 Looke but in heauen to haue their blessednes.

Where subtle heads, are simple harts illusion,
 While tyrant thoughts vnjustly make intrusion,
 And outward shewes, are inward thoughts allusion,
 While strange delightes, are strong desires delusion :

And heedles care, doeth make vp this conclusion,
 That lacke of grace, is all the worlds confusion.

Where brightest truth, by treason often blamed is,
 While faithles hart, with falshood all inflamed is,
 And carefull age, with sorrow all ashamed is,
 That careles youth so long at large vntamed is,
 That, where good nature, all (alas) misnamed is,
 The faith of honour, vtterly defamed is.

Where sore decaies the care of true Gentility,
 And strong disquiet standeth for tranquillity,
 And vertue is of too much imbecility :
 Where faith is found but ful of al fragility,
 When honors loue, that liues by hopes humility,
 Must walke among the beggars for ability.

Oh wicked fruit, of woful hearts affection,
 When once the soule is toucht by sins infection,
 And wil not learne, by care of thy correction,
 To leade a life, but by thy loues direction,
 Where in the fire of thy bright sunnes reflexion,
 They maie behold of height of their perfection,

But, what is Earth? and what but earth are we?
 A goodly brag, begunne and endes in dust,
 Where old and young, and all the world may see,
 From whence we came, and whetherto we must :
 Short time we liue, no sooner dead then rotten,
 And scarce wel buried, but wee are forgotten.

O Lord thou knowest, this world is all but wo,
 Where sinne doth seeke to get the vpper hand :
 The flesh would faine the spiritt ouerthrow,
 But that her stay doth in thy mercy stand :
 But, since the soule may conquer sinne by thee,
 Lord let thy mercy onely fight for me.

Let me but looke vpon thy holie loue,
 And sucke my houle from that beauenlie hieue :
 Wherein my soule such sweetnes maie approue,
 That with that foode shee maie for ener liue :
 And feeding so vpon thy sacred will,
 When shee is fedde, yet maie shee hunger still.

Oh bring me home, that long haue beene abroade,
 And leade me streight, that long haue gone astraic :
 And raise me vp that haue beene ouertroade,
 And on thy mercie, let me onlie staie :
 That my poore soule, maie in thy comfort proue
 Lo, what it is, to liue but in thy loue.

Some wish for golde, and some for golden graces,
 Some wish for wit, and some for worldly pleasure,
 Some wish for power, and some for stately places,
 And some, alone, doe wish for worldly treasure :
 But, let my will, those wishes all displace,
 And wish alone, thy fauour, and thy grace.

Some in their chariots, some in horses trust,
 But, be thou still a strong defence to me :
 Some heere desire but to possesse their lust,
 Let my soules loue, be but to liue to thee :
 Some wish, but here to purchase worldly fame,
 Let me but ioie, to glorify thy name.

And not, alone in sweetest woods to mone,
The worldly cares to wonder at the same :
But in my works thy praises I music prone,
I doe but tecke the honour of thy name :
That all true soules music iustly saie with me,
All that is good, directly comes of thee.

Let me but touch the garment of thy grace,
I shall be healed of my sickest sore :
Let me but looke vpon thy losing face,
Such health will come, I shall be sicke no more :
Yes, if thy mercy mitigate my paine,
If I were dead ; I should revive againe.

Forget, oh lorde the follies of my youth,
And giue me not the death of my deart.
But of the treasures of thy heavenly Truth,
Bestow an alms on my needy hart :
That in the secrets of thy sacred loue
My carefull soule, her comfort may approue.

Let not mine eare once listen to the sounde
Of vaine conceits, that but deceiue the minde,
Nor, let the worlde so giue my hart a wounde,
That, in my soule, mine eie be stricken blinde :
But, let my spirit onely make her choise,
But, in thy loue and mercy to reioice.

Oh, that my waies, were all and whole directed,
Vnto the seruice of thy sacred will,
And, that my faith, had in my soule effected,
The happy comfort, of that heavenly skill :
That, in true loue, might euer so attende thee,
As, in default, might neuer more offende thee.

That I might leaue this lothsome world of ours,
And shewe the honor of thy children awe,
And in thy heauen, and with thy heavenly powers,
Learne, but obedience to thy blessed lawe :
And with thy Saints and holy Martyrs sing,
All lawde, and glory to my heavenly king.

Then, should my hart finde out my heavenly rest,
And sorrow then should tuch my soule no more,
But hart and soule, both in thy mercie blest,
Should daie and night thy holy name adore :
And make the worlde, by some effectes to see,
It is thy loue hath wrought this life in me.

And with that worde, she sweetly fetcht, a sigh,
And then a sobbe, and then a bitter teare,
As who should saie, that either death was nigh,
Or else her hart, was stroken with a feare,
Or else the spirit might be ouercome,
That for the time her tongue was stroken dumme.

But, let it be, all blessed is the traunce,
When so the soule is ouercome with loue,
That vertues choise, doth finde it is no chaunce,
When humble faith doth heauenly fauour proue :
And when the senses from their sleepe arise,
The spirit findes the life that neuer dies.

So, when it awaked shee waked from her sleepe,
Or sodaine traunce, for so I tearme it right,
When such high case did to her senses keepe,
That shee awakt, with glory of the light :
Oh sacred loue, and sweetest life, quod shee,
What happy figure hath apperide to me ?

Did I beholde, that fairest shining light ?
That made me shake for feare to see thy face,
And weepe for ioy, that in thy blessed sight,
My sinfull soule, might come, and see thy grace :
And did I see thy loue so sweetely vnto mee ?
That, in thy mercy thou wouldst not refuse me.

And did thy mercy so thy loue extreme ?
That iustice gaue her sworde to mercies hande,
And did thy mercy sit in iustice seate ?
And did the iudgement in thy mercie stande ?
Oh blessed loue, where mercie doth approue,
The fruit of loue, is mercie, mercies loue.

I must confesse my conscience did condemne me
Of such offence, as I could not denie :
And of such crime, as thou mightst well contene me,
When by my doe, I had deseru'd to die :
But when thy mercy did my sorrowe see,
How in thy pittie shee did pleade for me.

Beholde, quod shee, the true repentant hart,
Which bleedes in teares with sorrowe of her sinne :
What passions haue perplexed every part,
Where penitence doth pitties suite beginne :
Where true confession, doth submission proue,
And true contrition, cries to me for loue.

Beholde the faith that hath her fairest holde,
Vpon the gift of thy especiall grace :
Thy word of truth, that to the world hath told
The faithful soule, in heauen shall haue a place :
And true repentance shall by me obtaine,
The freed loyes from euerlasting paine.

When that vile serpent, euery soule accuser,
That sought to bring my comforts to decay :
That ougly deuill, al the worldes abuser,
In furies rage, methought did fly awaie :
And to the life, but of thy mercy leane me,
Who to thy seruice, sweetely did receiue me.

When all thy Saintes, and martyrs came vnto me,
And in their armes thine Angels did embrace me,
And all were glad what comfort they could doe me,
And in a seate of paradise to place me :
That al with ioy surprisde these loies to see,
I wake, and prae the vision true may bee.

For, this is it, sweete Lorde, that I woulde haue,
The world is short, in sounding my desire :
It is thy mercy that I onlie craue,
Thy vertues loue, that set my hart on fire ;
And in thy loue, that onely liuing blisse,
That world may wish, but know not what it is.

FINIS.



The Countess of Pembroke's Passion.

N. D.



NOTE.

POSTPONING to our Memorial-Introduction a full statement with critical proofs, of the Breton authorship of the present Poem, these *memoranda* may at present suffice, mainly taken from the original prospectus of the Chertsey Worthies' Library (1875) *s.n.* The 'Countesse of Penbrook's Passion' was first printed by (now) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in the following volume: 'A Brief Description of the Ancient and Modern Manuscripts preserved in the Public Library, Plymouth: to which are added, Some Fragments of Early Literature hitherto unpublished. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., Hon. M.R.I.A., Hon. M.R.S.L., &c. London. Printed for Private Circulation only.' 1853. (4to.) The Poem is herein headed: 'An Unpublished Poem by Nicholas Breton, From the Original Manuscript' (pp. 177-210). Probably this MS. had at one time been in the possession of George Steevens, for in his list of the Writings of Breton in his copy of 'The works of a young Wyt trust up' (Steevens' Sale Catalogue, 997, *s.n.*) the Poem is assigned by him to Breton. Notwithstanding all this the Poem was published in 1862 (London, John Wilson, Publisher, N. G. B., Editor) as 'A Poem on our Saviour's Passion. By Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. From an Unpublished MS. in the British Museum. With a Preface by the Editor' (8vo. pp. 32). I regret to need to say that corrections of readings in the Sloane MS. which N. G. B. prints from, that are only found in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' MS. as printed, betray his knowledge and use of the prior publication, though there is a studious avoidance of acknowledgment of either. The Poem as by the illustrious sister of Sidney, has received high praise from Dr. George Macdonald in his 'Antiphon' as it was earlier quoted from by Walpole in his 'Royal and Noble Authors' and by Lodge in his 'Portraits of Illustrious Personages.' The title given by N. G. B. of 'Our Saviour's Passion' is without authority. The Poem is entitled 'The Countesse of Penbrook's Passion' exactly as Breton named another of his productions 'The Countesse of Penbrook's Love' and another 'Marie's Exercise' and as Sidney named his 'Arcadia' after her. My accomplished friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson called my attention to the working into this Poem of two stanzas from Thomas Watson's 'Teares of Fancie.' He has since put the matter before the public in an interesting letter to the *Athenaeum*; and is about to follow it up with detailed evidence of the Breton authorship in the same Journal. By his kindness the MS. of this after-letter is now before me; but as stated above, it seems expedient to reserve the discussion for the Memorial-Introduction, wherein all the semi-anonymous though equally genuine Breton books, will fall to be examined and his authorship of them made good. Watson will also be shown to have appropriated Gascoigne very largely and literally.

My text is substantially that of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps; but as the somewhat considerable Notes and Illustrations will show, every line and word has been collated with the Sloane MS. No. 1303 (formerly the property of 'Johannis Botterelli, Anno Domini 1600, Novembris 27') and a number of readings from it accepted. N. G. B.'s text is fairly creditable, albeit our collation reveals important errors of reading. In each case the variations are given. The Halliwell-Phillipps MS. is self-evidently a revised and improved text as compared with the Sloane MS.; but nevertheless its mistakes make it manifest that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is in error in regarding it as autograph. It may be recorded that the Halliwell-Phillipps MS. spells 'angel' as 'angle' and 'angels' as 'angles,' and otherwise has some odd spellings—the two former have not been adopted in our text; nor have I divided into cantos, *e.g.*, I., st. 1-46: II., st. 47-66: III., st. 67-80: IV., st. 81-92: V., st. 93-110. Neither of the MSS. has a very intelligent punctuation. Let any one who imagines that editing our old literature is a very easy matter, study the Notes and Illustrations appended to the present Poem. I must here gratefully acknowledge the invaluable help of John Shelly, Esq., Plymouth, and Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, in the critical preparation of our text and notes.—G.



The Countesse of Penbrook's Passion.

1.

WHERE shall I finde that melancholy muse
That never hard of any thing but mone?
And reade the passionnes that her pen doth
use,
When she and sorrow sadiye sitt alone ;
To tell the world more then the world can tell?
What fits, inded most fitlye figure hell.

2.

Lett me not thinke once of the smalest thought,
Ne speake of less then of the greatest gref ;
Wher every sence with sorrowes overwrought,
Lives but in death, dispayring of relef ;
Whilst thus the harte with tormentes torne asunder,
Maye of the worlde be cald the wofull wonder.

3.

The dayes like nights all darkned by distresse,
Pleasure become a subject all of payne ;
The spirit overprest with heaviness,
While hopelesse horror vexeth every vayne ;
Death shakes his darte, Grief hath my grave prepared
Yett to more sorrowe is my spirit spared.

4.

The owlie eyes that not endure the light,
The night-raven's songe, that sounds of nought but
death,
The cockatrice that kileth with her sight,
The poysoned ayre, that chokes the sweetest breath,
Thunders and earthquakes, altogether mett ;
These tell a litle how my life is sett.

5.

Where words desolve to sighes, sighes into teares,
And every teare to tormentes of the mynde ;
The mynd's distresse into those deadlye feares,
That finde more death, than death it selfe can finde ;
Death to that life, that livinge doth descrye,
A litle more yett of my myserye.

6.

Put all the woes of all the worlde together,
Sorrow and Death sitt downe in all ther pryde ;
Lett Miserye bringe all her muses hether,
With all the horrors that the harte may hyde ;
Then reade the state but of my rufull storye,
And saye my gref hath gotten sorrowe's glorye.

7.

For nature's sicknes sometime maye have ease,
Fortune, though fickle, sometime is a friende ;
The mynde's affliction patience maye appease,
And death is cawse that manye tormentes ende ;
But ever sicke, crost, grevid and livinge-dyinge,
Thinke of the subject in this sorrowe lyinge.

8.

To shew the nature of my payne, alas !
Payne hath no nature to descrye my payne ;
But where that payne it selfe in payne doth passe,
Thinke on vexation so in every vayne,
That hopeles, helplees, endles payne may tell :
Save hell it selfe, but myne, ther is no hell.

9.

If sicknes be a ground of deadlye grefe,
Consuminge care hath caught me by the harte ;
If wante of comforte, hopeles of relef,
Be further woe : so weye my inwarde smarte ;
If friendes unkindenes, so my gref is grounded ;
If cawses wronged, so my harte is wounded.

10.

If love refused, so reade on my ruine,
If truth disgrac'd, so my sorrow moved ;
If fayth abused, the ground my torment grew in,
If vertue scorned, so my death approved ;
If death delayinge, so my harte perplexed,
If livinge-dyinge, so my spirite vexed.

11.

My infant's yeares mysente in childishe toys,
My riper age in rules of litle reason ;
My better yeares in all mistaken joyes,
My present time,—Oh most unhapie season !—
In fruitles labours and in ruthles love :
Oh what a horror hath my harte to prove.

12.

I sighe to se my infancie mysent,
I morne to finde my youthfull life misled ;
I weepe to feele my further discontent,
I dye to trye how love is livinge dead ;
I sighe, I morne, I weepe, I livinge dye,
And yett must live to shew more miserye.

13.

The hunted harte sometyes doth leave the hound,
My harte, alas, is never out of chase ;
The lime-hound's lyne sometyes is yett unbound,
My bands are hopelesse of so high a grace ;
Sumer restores what WINTER doth deprive,
But my harte wythred, never can revive.

14.

I cannot figure Sorrow in conceite,
Sorrow exceeds all figures of her sence ;
But ou my woe, even sorrowes all may wayte,
To see a note exceed their excellence ;
Let me conclude, to se how I am wounded,
Sorrow herself is in herself confounded.

15.

But whereof groweth the passion of this payne,
That thus perplexeth every inwarde parte ?
Whence is the humore of this hatefull vayne
So dampes the spirite and consumes the harte ?
Oh lett my soule with bitter teares confesse,
It is the grounde of all unhapines.

16.

If lacke of wealthe ? I am the note of need,
If lacke of friendes ? no fayth on earthe remaynes ;
If lacke of health ? se how my harte doth bleed,
If lacke of pleasure ? looke upon my paynes :
If lacke of wealthe, of friendes, of health, and pleasure
Says then my sorrowe must be out of measure.

17.

Measure ? no measure measure can my thought,
But that one thought that is beyonde all measure ;
Which knowinge how my sorrowes have been wrought,
Can bring my harte unto her highest pleasure ;
Which eyther must my Sorrow cutt of quite,
Or never lett me thinke upon delight.

18.

Ther is a lacke that tels me of a life,
Ther is a losse that tels me of a love ;
Betwixt them both a state of such a strife
As makes my spirite such a passion prove ;
That lacke of 'one, and th' other's losse, alas !
Makes me the woefulest wretche that ever was.

19.

My dearest love, that dearest bought my love,
My only life, by whom I only live ;
Was never fayth did suche affection prove,
Or ever grace did such a glorie give ;
But such a lacke, and suche a losse, aye me !
Must needs the sorrowe of all sorrowes be.

20.

My love is fayre, yea fayrer then the sune,
Which hath his light but from his fayrest love ;

O fayrest love, whose light is never done,
And fayrest light doth such a love approve ;
But suche love loste, and suche a light obscured,
Can ther a greater sorrow be indured ?

21.

He came from highe to live with me belowe,
He gave me life and shewed me greatest love ;
Unworthy I so high a worth to knowe,
Who left chefe blisse, a baser choyse to prove ;
I sawe his woundes, yet did I not beleve him,
And for his goodnes with my synnes did greve him.

22.

I sawe him faultles, yett I did offend him,
I sawe him wronged, yett did not excuse him ;
I sawe his foes, yet sought not to defend him,
I had his blissinges, yett I did abuse him :
But was it myne, or my forfathers' deed ?
Whose ere it was, it makes my harte to bleed.

23.

To se the feett, that travayled for our good,
To se the hands, that brake the livlye bread ;
To se the head, wheron our honor stooode,
To se the fruite, wheron our spirits fedd :
Feste pear'd, hands bored, and his beade all bledinge,
Who doth not die with suche a sorrowe readinge.

24.

He plast all rest, yett had no restinge place,
He healed ech payne, yett lived in sore distres ;
Deserved all good, yett driven to great disgrace,
Gave all harts joye, himself in heavines ;
Suffered them live, by whom himself was slayne,
Lord ! who can live to se such love agayne ?

25.

A virgine's child by vertue's power conceyved,
A harmles man that lived for all mene's goode ;
A faythfull frend that never fayth deceyved,
An heavenly fruite for hart's especiall food,
A spirite all of excellence devine ;
Such is the essence of this love of myne.

26.

Whos mansion's heaven, yett laye within a manger,
Who gave all fooode, yett suckte a virgine's breste ;
Who could have kiled yett fiedd a threatned danger,
Who sought our quiet by his owne unrest ;
Who died for them that highly did offend him,
And lives for them that cannot comprehend him.

27.

Who cam no further than his Father sent him,
And did fulfill but what He did commande him ;
Who prayed for them that proudley did torment him,
For tellinge truth to what they did demand him ;
Who did all good that humblie did entreat hime,
And beare ther blowes, that did unkindlie beat hime.

28.

A sweet phisicion for the bodye crazed,
 A heavenly medicine for the mynd diseased ;
 A present comfort for the witts amazed,
 A joyefull spirit to the soule displeased :
 The bodie, mynd, the witts, and spiritts' joye,
 What is the world without him but annoy.

29.

He knewe the sicknes that our soule infected,
 And that his bloude must onely be our cure ;
 When so our fayth his sacred love affected,
 That for our lives he would a death endure ;
 He knew his passion, yett his patience bare it,
 Oh ! how my soule doth sorrowe to declare it.

30.

He heal'd the sicke, gave sight unto the blinde,
 Speache to the dumbe, and made the lame to goe ;
 Unto his love he never was unkinde,
 He loved his frende, and he forgave his foe,
 And last, his death for our love not refused :
 What soule can live to se such love abused.

31.

To note his words, whatt wisdome they contayne !
 To note his wisdome of all worth the wonder ;
 To note his workes, what glorie they do gayne !
 To note his worth, world, heaven and earth, came under ;
 To note the glorie that his angells gave hime :
 Fye that the world to suche disgrace should drive hime.

32.

Unsene he came, he might be sene unto us,
 Unwelcome sem'd, that came for all our wealth ;
 He came to die, that he might comfort do us ;
 We slewe the subjecte of our spirits' healtie ;
 The subject ? noe, the kinge of all our glorie :
 Weepe harte to death to tell the dolfull storye.

33.

A lion wher his force should be effected,
 And yett a lambe in myldnes of his love ;
 As true as turtle to his love elected,
 Sure as Mounte Sion that can never move :
 So mylde a strength and so fast truth to prove ;
 What soule can live and lacke so sweet a love.

34.

He preacht, he prayed, he fasted, and he wept,
 The sweet Creator for the synfull creature ;
 The carefull watchman warelye he kepte,
 That brake the necke, even of the fowlest nature ;
 And when he did to hapie state restore us,
 Shall we not weep to make him then abhorre us ?

35.

To hate a love, must argue lothsome nature ;
 To wronge a frend must prove too foule a deed ;

To kill thysel will show a cursed creature ;
 To slaye thy soule no more damnation nede ;
 To spoile the fruite whereon thy spirit feedeth ;
 Oh what a hell within the soule it bredeth.

36.

He thought none ill, and onlie did all goode,
 He gave all right and yett all wronge receyved ;
 The fiende's temptatione stoutley he withstood,
 Yett lett himself by synners be deceyved ;
 And so at last when he was woe begone him,
 Howe trayter worlde did tiranyze upon hime !

37.

His faultles members nayled to the crosse,
 His holye head was crowned all with thornes ;
 His garments given by lots to gayne or losse,
 His power derided all with scofes and scornes ;
 His bodie wounded and his spirit vexed :
 To thinke on this what soule is not perplexed ?

38.

Pore Peter wept when he his name denyed,
 And Marye Mawlden wept for her offence ;
 His mother wept when she his death espied,
 But yett no teares could stand for his defence ;
 But if thes wept to see his waylefull case ;
 Why dye not I to thinke on his disgrace ?

39.

Happie was he that suffred deaths so nighe hime
 That at his end repentance might behould hime ;
 Thrise hapie life that did in love so trie hime,
 As to his fayth such favour did vnfold hime,
 As cravinge comforte but in mercie's eyes
 That selfe-same daye did live in paradise.

40.

Would I had ben ordeynd to suche a death,
 To dye with hime, to live to hime for ever !
 And from the ayre but of his blisshed breath,
 To sucke the life whos love might fayle me never !
 And drinke of that sweet springe that never wasteth,
 And feede of that life's bread that ever lasteth !

41.

Oh would my soule wer made a sea of teares,
 Myn eyes might watch, and never more be sleeping ;
 My harte might beare the payne all pleasur weares,
 So I might se hime once yett in my weeping ;
 When, joyfull voyce, this songe might never cease :
 My Savioure's sight hath sett my soule in peace.

42.

Should I esteme of anye worldlie toye,
 That might behould the height of suche a treasure ?
 Could I be Judas to my chefest joye,
 To gayne possession of a graceless pleasure ?
 Noe ! could my soule in comforte once conceyve hime,
 I hope his mercye would not lett me leave hime.

43.

Blest was the fishe that but the figure swallowed,
Of my swete Jesus, but in Jonas' name ;
More blessed tombe by that sweet bodie hallowed,
From whence the ground of all our glorie came ;
Might not my soule be synner, I could wish,
That I were suche a tombe or such a fishe.

44.

But Jonas left the sea, and came to lande,
And Jesus from the earth to heaven ascended ;
Why shoulde I then upon more wishes stande,
But crye for mercye wher I have offended ;
And saye my soule unworthye is the place
Ever to see my Savioure in the face.

45.

Yett lett me not dispayre of my desire,
Although even hell do answer my desarte ;
Where humble hope that pitie doth aspire,
Proves patience the pacifyinge parte ;
Wher mercye sweet that sees my soule's behavioure,
Maye graunte me grace to se and serve my Savioure.

46.

Whom till I see in sorrowe's endles anguish,
All discontent with all that I can see,
Resolv'd in soule, in sorrowe's looke to languish,
Wher no conceit but discontent may be ;
I will sitt downe, till after this world's hell,
My Saviour's sight maye only make me welle.

47.

But shall I so my gryping grief give over,
With hope to se the glorie of my sight ?
Or can my soule her sacred health recover
While no desarte doth looke upon delighe ?
No, no, my harte is too, too full of greffe,
For ever thinkinge to receyve relefe.

48.

The sune is downe, the glorie of the daye ;
The Springe is paste, the sweetnes of the yeare ;
The harvest in, wherein my hope did staye,
And wethering Winter gives her chillinge cheare ;
And what such greffe can death or sorrowe give,
To see his death wherby his soule doth live ?

49.

Methinkes I se, and seinge sighe to see,
How in his pasion patience playes her parte :
And in his death, what life he gives to me,
In my love's sorrowe to relive my harte.
But what a care doth this conclusion trie,
The head must of, or els the bodie dye.

50.

He was my head, my hope, my harte, my health,
The speciall Jewell of my spirit's joye ;

The trustie treasure of my highest wealth,
The only pleasure kept me from annoye ;
He was, and is, and ever more shalbee,
In life or death, the life of life to me.

51.

And lett me se how sweetelie yett he lookes,
Even while the teares are trickling downe his face ;
And for my life how well his death he brookes,
While my desarte was cawse of his disgrace ;
And lett me wishe yett while his death I see,
I could have dyed for hime that dyed for me.

52.

Had I but sene him as his servantes did,
At sea, at land, in citie, and in fielde ;
Though in himselfe he had the glorie hid,
That in his grace the light of glorie helde ;
Then might my sorrowe somewhat be appeased,
That once my soule had in his sight ben pleased.

53.

But not to se him till I se him dye,
And that my deed was cawser of his death ;
How can I cease to weepe and howle and crye,
To se the gaspinge of that glorious breath ?
That purest love unto the soule approved,
And is the blissinge of the soule beloved.

54.

Am I not one of that unhapie broode,
The pellican doth figure in her neste ?
When I muste live but by his only bloode ;
In whose sweet love, my life doth only rest.
O wretched bird, but I more wretched creature
To figure such a birde in such a nature.

55.

Did God himself ordayne it should be so,
To save my life my Saviour should die ?
His will be done, yett lett me weep for woe,
To be the subject of this miserie ;
That though he came to mende what was amise,
He should be so the author of my blisse.

56.

Shall I not wash his bodie with my teares,
And save the blood that issues from his syde ?
That keeps my harte from all infernall feares,
Unto my soule in penitence applied ?
Shall I not strive with Joseph for his corse,
And make his tombe in my soule's true remorse ?

57.

Shall I not curse those hatefull bellish fiends,
That led the worlde to worke such wickednes ?
And hate all them that have not ben his friends,
But followed on that work of wretchednes ?
Cut of the head, firste hands upon him layde,
And helpe to hange the dog that hime betrayed ?

58.

Shall I not drive the watchmen from the grave,
And watche the risinge of the sune renowned?
Or goe myself alsoe into the cave,
To kisse the bodie wher it lies entombd?
What shall I doe? or shall I not approve,
For my soule's health that so my soule did love?

59.

O love! the ground of life; oh liviye love!
Why doe I live that did not dye with the[e].
When in my harte I do such horror prove,
As lets mye care no thought of comforte see?
How my poore soule might once such service do the[e].
To give me hope how I might come unto the[e].

60.

No, I have rune the waye of wickednes,
Forgettinge that my fayth should follow moste;
I did not thinke upon thy holines,
Nor by my syne what sweetnes I have loste:
Oh syne, so close hath compaste me aboute,
That, Lord, I knowe not wher to finde the[e] out.

61.

If in the heaven, it is too highe a place,
For wicked harte to hope to clime so highe;
If in the worlde, the earth is all too base,
To entertayne thy glorious majestie;
If in thy Word, unworthy I to read
So sweet a senc to stande my soule in stead.

62.

If in my harte, syne sayth, thou arte not there,
If in my soule, it is too foule infected;
If in my hope, it is too full of feare,
And fearefull love hath never fayth elected:
In soule nor bodye, hope nor feare! Aye me!
Wher should I seeke wher my soule's love may be?

63.

Alas the daye that ever I was borne,
To se how synne hath bar'd me from my blisse!
And that my soule is so in torments torne,
To knowe my love, and com not where he is:
O yet, if ever heavens hearde creature crie,
Lord, looke a litle on my misery!

64.

Let mercy plead in true repentante's cawse,
Wher humble prayre may heavenlye pitye move;
That though my life hath broken sacred lawes,
My hart's contrition yett may comfort prove;
That till my soule maye my sweet Savioure see,
Mercy may caste one lovinge looke on me.

65.

And while I sitt with Marye, at the grave,
As full of greife as ever love maye live;

My wounded harte som sparke of hope may have,
Of such relefe as glorious hand may give;
To make me fele, though syne hath death deserved,
In heaven for me there is a place reserved.

66.

Which sacred truth untill my soule doth taste,
To slake the sorrowe of this harte of myne;
My wearye life in wofull thought must waste,
While soule and bodye humblie I resigne
Unto those glorious holye hands of his;
Who is the hope of my eternall blisse.

67.

Butt can I leave to thinke upon the thinge,
That I can never put out of my thought?
Or can I cease of his sweet love to singe,
Who by his blood his creature's comfort wrought?
Or can I live to thinke that he should dye
In whom the hope of all my life doth lye?

68.

No, lett me thinke upon his life and death,
And after death his ever-life agayne;
He breathed our life, and giving up his breath,
Revived our soules that in our synes were slayne:
His life so good, as never death deserved,
And by his death our ever-lives preserved.

69.

Did he not wash his pore Apostles' feett?
Cam he not rydinge on a sillye asse?
Did he not heale the criples in the streett?
And feed a world whear litle victaull was?
Did not his love most true affection trie?
To dye for us that we maye never dye?

70.

Was never infant shewed such humblenes,
Was never man did speake as this man did;
Was never lover shewed such faithfullnes,
Was never trew man, such a torture bid;
Was never state continwed such a storie,
Was never angel worthy such a glorie.

71.

Oh glorious glorie, in all glorie glorious!
Angels rejoyced at his incarnation;
O powerfull vertue, of all pow'r victoriows!
In true redemption of his best creation.
O glorious life that made the divels wonder!
Oh glorious death that trode the divels under!

72.

Thus in his birth, his life, his death, all glorie
He did receyve, who was himself the same;
The statlye substaunce of that sacred storie,
From whence the ground of highest glorie came;
Whom highest power to highest glorie rayسد,
And all the hoste of heaven with glorie prayسد.

73.

Was ever such a gratitude approved,
 Since heaven and earth for man, and man was made?
 For onely God, who held him his beloved,
 Till graces syne did make his glorie fade;
 That he whom angels with such reverenc used
 Should be by man so cruelly abused.

74.

O livy image of thy Father's love!
 O lovy image of the Father's life!
 O pure conceits that doth this concord prove!
 That all augmented breeds no thought of stryfe!
 But that the Sonne in state of all the storye,
 Is found the brightnes of the Father's glorie.

75.

Could ever such a glorie be refused,
 By those that wer in dutie to adore it?
 Or could so great a glorie be abused,
 When angels tremble when they stand afore it?
 Oh man, woe man! to wounde thy soule so sore,
 To lose thy glorie so for ever more.

76.

Behould the heavens what sorrowe they did shewe,
 And how the earth her doller did discerie!
 The suns was darke, and in the earth belowe,
 The buried bodies shewed their agonye;
 The Temple rent, the heavens with anger moved,
 To se the death of the divine beloved.

77.

And yett thou man, full little didst regarde
 What thou hadst done unto thy dearest love;
 Thou madest more reckninge of the worlde's rewarde
 Then of the blessinge of thy soule's behove;
 But wretched man, descend into thy thought,
 And with thy sorrowe weare thyself to nought.

78.

Yett some ther were, to[o] small a some wer they,
 That joyed to see the sume of all ther joye;
 They watched the night, and walked in the daye,
 And wer not choked with the world's anye;
 But followed on ther heavenly love alone;
 Would God in heaven, that I were such a one.

79.

But aye me, wretch, all wretched as I am,
 Unworthy all to followe such a friend;
 In sweet remembraunce of whos sweetest name,
 The joyes begine, that never make an end;
 Lett me butt weep, and sorrowe, till I see
 How mercye's love will cast one looke on me.

80.

And lett me heare but what my Savioure sayth;
 'He once did die that I might ever live!'

And that my soule by her assuréd fayth
 May feele the comforte that His grace doth give;
 That for his love, who sorrowes here so sore,
 May joye in heaven, and never sorrowe more.

81.

O joye above all joyes that ever were!
 Coule I conceyve but half thyne excellence,
 Or howe to hope to have attendaunce there,
 Where thou dost keepe thy royall residence;
 And on my knees thy holy name adore;
 Wer my soule well, she should desyre no more.

82.

To se the daye that from on high is springe,
 To gule our feett into the waye of peace;
 To heare the virgines playing, ang'ls singinge
 The psalmes of glorie that shall never cease;
 To heare the sounde of suche an heavenly quere,
 Would it not joye the soule to se and heare?

83.

To se the Saints and Martirs in ther places,
 By highest grace with heavenly glorye crowned;
 To see the kisses and the sweett embraces,
 Of blessed soules by constant fayth renounced;
 To se the ground of all this sweett agreinge,
 Were not these sights all sweetlie worth the seinge?

84.

The diamounde, rubie, saphire, and such like
 Of pretious gemmes, that are the worldinge's joyes,
 And greatest princes for ther crownes doe seeke;
 To heavenly treasures are but triffling toys:
 Wherwith the holie citie all is paved,
 And all the walles are round about engraved.

85.

No! He that sits on the supernall throne,
 In majestic moste glorious to behould,
 And holdes the septer of the worlde alone;
 Hath not His garments of imbroydred goulde,
 But He is clothed with truth and righteousness;
 The garments of true fayth and holynes.

86.

Oh, would my soule out of some angel's winge,
 By humble sute might gaine one heavenly penne
 Might wright in honor of my glorious Kinge!
 The joye of angels, and the life of men;
 That all the worlde might fall upon ther faces
 To heare the glorie of his heavenly graces.

87.

But since I see his wondrous worth is suche,
 As doth exceed all reache of human sence;
 And all the earthe, unworthie is to touche,
 The smaleste title of his excellence;
 Lett me refere unto some angel's glorie,
 The hapie writtinge of this heavenly storye.

88.

Wher heavenly love is cause of holie life,
 And holie life increaseth heavenly love ;
 Wher peace establisht without feare or stryfe,
 Doth prove the blissinge of the soule's behove ;
 Wher thirst, nor hunger, grefe, nor sorrowe dwelleth,
 But peace in joye, and joye in peace excelleth.

89.

Wher this sweett kinge that on the white horse rideth,
 Upon the winges of the celestiall winde ;
 Neare whose sweett ayre no blastinge breath abideth,
 Nor stands the tree that he doth fruitles finde ;
 Doth make all tremble wher his glorye goeth ?
 Yea, wher his mildnes most his mercye sheweth ?

90.

O joyfull fear ! on vertue's love all founded ;
 O vertuous love ! in mercie's glorie graced ;
 O gracious love ! on faythe in mercy grounded ;
 O faythfull love ! in heavenly favoure placed ;
 O settled love ! that cannot be removed ;
 O gracious love ! of glorie so beloved.

91.

Wher virgines joye in their virginitie ;
 The virtuous spouses in undefiled bedd ;
 The true divines in true divinytie ;
 The gracious members in ther glorious heade ;
 The synners joye for to escape damnation,
 And faythfull soules rejoyce in ther salvation.

92.

Wher sicke men joye to se their sweetest health,
 The prisoned joye to see ther libertie ;
 The pore rejoyce to se ther sweetest wealth,
 The verteous to adore the Deitye ;
 And I unworthye most of all to see
 The eye of mercye cast one look on me.

93.

But can my harte thus leave her holie love,
 Or cease to singe of this her highest sweett ?
 Hath patience no more passionnes for to prove ?
 Hath fancye laboured out both hands and feett ?
 Or hath invention strayned her vayne so sore,
 That witt nor will, hath power to write no more ?

94.

No ! heavens forbid that ever faythfull harte,
 Should have a wearye thought of doinge well ;
 But that the soule maye summon everye parte,
 Of everye sence wher anye thought maye dwell ;
 That may discharge the dutie of this care,
 To pen his praise that is without compare.

95.

But since no eye can looke on him and live,
 Nor harte can love, but lookinge on his love ;

Behould the glorye that his grace doth give,
 In all his workes that dothe His wonders prove ;
 That all the world maye finde ther witts too weake
 But of the smailest of his prayse to speake.

96.

Behould the earth how sweetlie she bringes forth
 Her trees, her flowers, her hearbes, and every grasse ;
 Of sundrye nature and most secrett worth,
 And how ech branche doth others' beawtie passe ;
 Both beastes, and birds, and fishes, wormes and flies,
 How ech ther high Creator glorifies.

97.

The lyon's strength doth make him stand as kinge,
 The unicorne doth kill the poyson's power ;
 The roaring bull doth make the woods to ringe,
 The tiger doth the cruell wolfe devoure ;
 The elephant the weightie burthen beares,
 And raveninge woulefes are good yett for ther heares.

98.

To see the grayhounde course, the hounde in chase,
 Whilst litle dormouse sleepeth out her time ;
 The lambes and rabbots sweetlie rune at base,
 Whilst highest trees the litle squirles clime ;
 The cralinge wormes out creepinge in the showers,
 And how the snayles do clime the lofty towers.

99.

To see the whale make furrowes in the seas,
 Whilst soddenlye the dolphine strikes him deade ;
 Which havinge founde the depth of his disease,
 Upon the shore doth make his dyinge bed ;
 Where heavens doe worke for weaker harts' behove :
 Doth not this grace a worke of glorie prove ?

100.

But since that all skye, sea, or earth contaynes,
 Was made for man ; and man was onlye made
 For onlye God, Who only glorie gaynes ;
 And that one glorie that can never fade ;
 Shall man forgett to give all glorie due
 Unto his God, from whom all glorie grew ?

101.

But lett me come a litle higher yett,
 To sune and Moone, and everye stare of light ;
 To see how each doth in his order sitt,
 Wher everye one doth keep his course aright ;
 And all to guide these darkned eyes of ours :
 Give these not glorie to the highest powers ?

102.

No, lett not man shew himself so ungratefull
 Unto his God, that all in love did make him ;
 By thankles thoughts, to make his spirite hatefull
 Unto his kinge that never will forsake hime ;
 But lett his soule to God all glorie give,
 In whome doth all love, life, and glorie live.

103.

And lett me wretch, unworthy most of all,
To lift myne eyes unto his loneye seate ;
Before the feett, but of his mercye, falle,
And of his mercye but the leave entreate ;
That with his servants I maye sitt and singe
An alleluiah to my heaveanye kinge.

104.

Come all the worlde and call your witts together,
Borrowe some pens from out the angell's winges ;
Entreate the heavenes to send ther muses bether,
To helpe your soules to write of sacred thinges ;
Prophane conceits must all be caste awaye ;
The night is past, and you must take the daye.

105.

Speake not of synne, it hath no partie heare,
But wright of grace, and whenc her glorye grew ;
Thinke of the love that to the life is deare,
And of the life to whome all love is due ;
And then sitt downe in glorie all to singe,
All to the glorie of your glorious kinge.

106.

Firste make your *grounde* of faythfull holynes
Then your *devisions* of divine desyres ;
Lett all your *restes* be hopes of happynes,
Which mercye's *musicke* in the soule requires ;
Lett all your *sharpes* be feares of faythfull hartes,
And all your *flatts* the death of your desarts.

107.

Yett *rise* and *fall*, as hope or feare directes,
The nature of ech *note*, in *space*, or *line* ;
And lett your voyces carrye such effectes,
As maye approve your passions are divine ;
Then lett your *consorts* all agree in one,
" To God above all glorye be alone."

108.

Then lett your *dittie* be the dearest thought,
That may revive the dyinge harte of love ;
That onlye mercye in the soule hath wrought,
The happie comforte of the heavenes to prove ;
Then lett your sounds unto the heavenes ascend,
And lett the *chors* all in glorie end.

109.

Glorie to him that sitteth on the throne,
With all the hoste of all the heavenes attended ;
Who all thinges made, and governes all alone,
Vanquisht his foes, and all his flocke defended ;
And by his power his chosen soules preserveth,
To singe his prayes that so alle praye deserveth.

110.

And whilst all soules are to his glorie singinge,
Lett me pore wretch not whollye hold my peace ;
Butt let my teares from mercye's glorie springinge,
Keepe time to that sweett songe maye never cease ;
That while my soule doth thus my God adore,
I maye yett singe AMEN, although be no more.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- STANZA 1. line 1. 'shall' of Sloane MS. preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'should': l. 3. 'the *passions*' preferable to 'her passion' of the Sloane MS.: l. 6. 'figure' similarly preferable to 'figured' of Sloane MS. Cf. kindred thoughts in opening lines of An *Katrina's* Passion, in Mel. Humours, p. 8; and on l. 6, the same, l. 20.
- .. e. l. 8. 'No' (Sloane MS.) better than 'Maye' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS., looking to 'thinke' and 'speake': l. 3. 'sorrows' is in Sloane MS. and in Thomas Watson (see Introduction) 'torrows': l. 5. 'torments' is in Sloane MS. 'torment.' Of course the singulars are collectives (as required in construction of l. 5): cf. 'Whilst' of Sloane MS. better than 'While' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. l. 1. 'nights' and 'by' preferable to Sloane MS. 'night' and 'in.' Cf. thought in

- A Dolefull Passion, pp. 6, 7, l. 2, and An Extr. Passion, l. 33. Mel. Humours, as before: l. 2. 'become' (Sloane MS.) better than 'became' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 4. 'hopelesse' of Sloane MS. better than 'helpless' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- Stanza 4. l. 1. 'eyes . . . endure' preferable to Sloane MS. 'eye . . . endures': l. 2. 'night-raven's . . . sounds of' preferable to Sloane MS. 'night-crowes . . . soundeth,' albeit the bird is the same in either case. I have inserted the hyphen.
- .. 5. l. 1. 'words dissolve . . . into' preferable to Sloane MS. 'woes dissolv'de . . . and sighes to.' Watson agrees with former, but has 'dissolv'd.' l. 2. 'torments' better than 'torment' of Sloane MS., and is so in Watson: so too, l. 3. 'into' for

- 'unto'—also Watson's: l. 4—Cf. l. 18 of An Extr. Passion, as before: l. 5, 'doth' preferable to 'can' of Sloane MS.
- Stanza 6. l. 2, 'sitt' preferable to 'sett' of Sloane MS. Cf. 'bringe' (l. 3): l. 4, 'horrors' better than Sloane MS. 'sorrows.' Cf. Extr. Passion, as before l. 10 *et frequenter*: l. 5—Cf. *ibid.*, and A Sol. Sonnet l. 3, Mel. Humours, p. 8, as before, and elsewhere: 'state' is better than 'fate' of Sloane MS.
- .. 7. l. 5, 'crost' preferable to 'crased' in Sloane MS., albeit it does not signify crazed in mind: *ib.* 'grevid' is spelled 'greiv'd' in Sloane MS.: *ib.* I have deleted comma (,) after 'living' and inserted hyphen. Cf. An Extr. Passion, l. 17, and page 9, l. 27: and this poem, St. 12, ll. 4 and 5: l. 7, 'of' and 'this sorrowe' better than 'on' and 'the.'
- .. 8. l. 4, 'vexation' preferable to 'vexations': l. 5 in Sloane MS. reads 'That hopelesse helpes, this endlesse payne may tell.' This is meaningless; but the insertion of 'this' shows that 'helpes' was intended and is no mis-reading. For the thought of ll. 5, 6 cf. What is Hell, ll. 3, 4 Mel. Humours, as before, p. 6: An Extr. Pass., l. 10 and p. 9, l. 27, etc., etc.
- .. 10. l. 1, 'reade'—Halliwell-Phillipps MS. has 'weed' erroneously: l. 2, 'disgraced' of Sloane MS. better than Phillipps' 'disgrac'd' as in l. 1 'refused' and in l. 4 'scorned' and gives better rhythm: l. 4, 'vertue' is preferable to 'vertues' of Sloane MS., and agrees better with 'love,' 'truth,' 'faith': ll. 5, 6 cf. An Extr. Pass. as before, p. 9, ll. 26-7: l. 5 'ruine' better than 'crime' of the Sloane MS., though in the printed text of 1862 it is given 'ruin.'
- .. 11. l. 5, 'labours' preferable to 'labor,' and 'ruthles' to 'endlesse' of Sloane MS.
- .. 12. l. 6, 'shew': Sloane MS. 'knowe.'
- .. 13. l. 1, 'sometymes' from Sloane MS. preferable to 'sometime' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS., and so in l. 3 cf. An Extr. Passion, as before, p. 9, l. 10: l. 3, 'line-boundes' Sloane MS., 'lime-hounds' Halliwell-Phillipps MS.—former accepted as better agreeing with the 'lyne' that follows, which is miswritten 'life' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS., as is 'unbound' miswritten 'vnfounde' in Sloane MS.: l. 5, 'restores' is mis-written 'restore' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 14. l. 1, 'Sorrow' is mis-written 'sorrows' in Sloane MS.—see l. 2, 'sorrowe' and 'her': l. 2, 'exceedes' miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'exceed': l. 3, 'wayte'—Halliwell-Phillipps miswrites 'wayste': 'even' in Sloane MS. is erroneously 'when.'
- Stanza 15. l. 1, 'whereof' preferable to Sloane MS. 'wherefore,' as agreeing better with 'whence' (l. 3): *ib.* 'groweth' of Sloane MS. preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps MS., as agreeing better with 'perplexeth' (l. 2): *ib.* 'the' better than 'this' of Sloane MS., though the latter is so much after Breton's manner that it may be taken as his first reading.
- .. 16. l. 4, 'pleasure' preferable to 'pleasures' of Sloane MS., albeit the latter perhaps agrees best with 'paynes': but see ll. 5, 6, and St. 17, l. 1: ll. 5, 6. Sloane MS. reads 'health . . . wealth, of pleasures,' and l. 6, 'measures'—Halliwell-Phillipps text preferable. Cf. An Extr. Pass., Mel. Humours, as before, ll. 3, 4 from end.
- .. 17. l. 4, 'unto' better than Sloane MS. 'into': l. 5, 'Sorrow . . . of' preferable to 'sorrows . . . out' of Sloane MS.
- .. 19. l. 4, 'a glorie' more alliterative and more Bretonesque than Sloane MS. 'an honor': l. 5, 'losse' is miswritten 'foe' in Sloane MS., though again in 1862 text printed 'losse.'
- .. 20. l. 1, 'yea' of Sloane MS. better than 'and' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 21. l. 4, 'Who left chefe' preferable to Sloane MS. 'Left my cheife'; but it is open to the reader to apply it either to God, or earth, or the man ('I'): l. 5, 'woundes' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'wonders': l. 5, 'yet did I not' of Sloane MS. better than 'yet did not I' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 22. l. 4, 'sought' preferable to Sloane MS. 'fought.'
- .. 23. l. 2, 'the livelye' better than 'that' of Sloane MS.: l. 4, 'spirits' better than 'spyrte' of Sloane MS., but Halliwell-Phillipps MS. miswrites 'feed' for 'fedd' in this line: l. 5, 'Feete pearc'd, handes bored' of Sloane MS. preferable to 'Thes feett hands bored' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: *ib.* so too 'his' better than 'this.'
- .. 24. l. 1, 'yett' better than 'and' of Sloane MS.: l. 3, 'driven to' preferable to Sloane MS. 'liv'de in' as the latter is already in l. 2.
- .. 25. l. 4, 'food' is miswritten in Sloane MS. 'goode,' which is a repetition of rhyme in l. 2.
- .. 26. l. 3, 'threatned'—Sloane MS. 'threatinge': l. 4, 'our' mis-written in Sloane MS. 'all.'
- .. 27. l. 4, 'truth to' preferable to Sloane MS. 'truly of': l. 6, 'beat' of Sloane MS. better than 'treate' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS., especially with 'intreate' in l. 5.

- Stanza 28. l. 3, 'comfort for the' of Sloane Ms. preferable to 'comforter to that' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 4, 'displeased' is miswritten 'diseased' (caught from l. 2) in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 5, 'witts' is preferable (as in Sloane Ms.) to 'witt' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. It is doubtful whether the Poet means the bodye[s] mynde[s] &c. joy, or whether he means the Saviour is the (true) bodye, &c. (see 'joyfull spyritt'). But 'witts,' at all events, agrees with l. 3 better than 'witt.'
- .. 29. l. 4, 'he would a death' better than 'a death he would' of Sloane Ms.
- .. 30. l. 4, 'frende' is preferable to Sloane Ms. 'frendes.' It better agrees with 'foe,' and does not, as 'frendes' does, place 'foe' in the singular instead of as a collective : l. 6, 'can' stronger and better (as in Sloane Ms.) than 'could' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : *ib.* 'abused' in Halliwell-Phillipps is 'misused.'
- .. 31. l. 4, 'world' (=the world?) is obscure, but 'would' of Sloane Ms. yields no meaning : *ib.* 'came' is better than 'come' : l. 5, 'the' better than 'his' of the Sloane Ms., though 'his' is more Breton-like, perhaps : *ib.* 'gave' is required instead of 'give' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 6, 'the world' seems to return on 'world' in l. 4. and so world is = heaven and earth. Yet is l. 4 doubtful and ambiguous.
- .. 32. l. 1, 'unto' preferable to 'to' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms., and so 'do' in l. 3 to dropping it : l. 6, 'the' of Sloane Ms. better than 'this' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms.
- .. 33. l. 5, 'and so fast' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. clearer, though 'so fast a truth' of Sloane Ms. more rhythmical.
- .. 34. l. 2, 'the' of Sloane Ms. better than 'Ays sinful' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 3, for the text (which is Sloane Ms.) the Halliwell-Phillipps has 'He carefull watches full warelye he kept ;' both seem confused : l. 6, 'to make him then' better than Sloane Ms. 'then to make him.'
- .. 35. l. 3, 'will,' in Sloane Ms. 'must,' which was doubtless the original word, as in ll. 1, 2, but 'will' seems to have been substituted that it understood ['will'] no more, &c. to give sense to l. 4, which otherwise seems nonsense : l. 5, 'To spoyle' better than 'Than spoyle' of Sloane Ms. : l. 6, 'the' is in Sloane Ms. 'thy,' and the repetition of 'thy' is more like Breton, but 'the' takes the whole more clearly out of some particular 'thee,' and makes it more general.
- .. 36. l. 1, 'none' preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. 'no' : l. 6, 'Howe . . . tyranyse ;' in Sloane Ms. 'How traytors wordes tyronized.'
- Stanza 38. l. 2, 'Mawdlen' is in Sloane Ms. 'Magdene'—the former required by rhythm and scansion : l. 5, 'those' of Sloane Ms. preferable to 'thes' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 6, 'on his' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. 'of this.'
- .. 39. l. 2, 'his' preferable to 'the' of Sloane Ms. : *ib.* 'repentance' is (poetically) a spiritual being ; 'repentant' of Sloane Ms. is nonsense : l. 3, 'Thrise' of both MSS. is misprinted in 1862 text 'Twice' : l. 4, 'vnfould' is in Sloane Ms. 'enfold' : ll. 5, 6, one of various examples in this poem of confused construction, leading to the belief that it was an early production.
- .. 40. l. 2, 'to' in Sloane Ms. 'with'—the former an evident second-thought : l. 5, 'that never' is in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. 'which'—the former preferable by rhythm, and the 'that . . . that' agrees with the same repetition in next line : l. 6, 'feede'—erroneously omitted in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms.
- .. 41. l. 2, 'Myn' is in Sloane Ms. 'My,' and 'watch' is in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. 'wake'—the former the stronger and better.
- .. 42. l. 1, 'Should' is in Sloane Ms. 'Shall' : *ib.* 'toye' is in Sloane Ms. 'joye'—the latter a mistake, as it ends l. 3 : l. 2, 'height' is in Sloane Ms. 'sight'—the former much preferable.
- .. 43. l. 5, 'I could' is in Sloane Ms. 'for a' : l. 6, 'That' preferable to Sloane Ms. 'Would.'
- .. 45. l. 2, 'do' is in Sloane Ms. 'doth' : *ib.* 'desarte' is in the same 'deserte' : l. 3, 'humble' of Sloane Ms. is miswritten 'humble' in Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. : l. 5, 'that sees' is miswritten in Sloane Ms. 'to see.'
- .. 46. l. 3, 'looke'—In itself, 'lake' of Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. (with which cf. in An Extr. Pass. as before, (l. 4, from end) 'Sorrow's seas') is a clear instance of revisal ; but looking to the context, 'looke' agrees best therewith, as ll. 1 and 95, 'I will sitt downe' : l. 5, 'sitt' is miswritten 'sett' in Sloane Ms. : *ib.* 'this worlde's hell.' Cf. Mel. Humours, What is Hell and A Dolefull Passion (last line), and An Extr. Pass. ll. 10, 19.
- .. 47. l. 1, 'so my gryping,' another evident revisal of Sloane Ms. 'see my secrete.' The repetition of 'see' is one of Breton's most marked characteristics of style.
- .. 48. l. 3, 'in wherein'—another trick of Breton's style and, on the whole, preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps Ms. 'whereon' : *ib.*

- 'hope' better than 'harte' of Sloane MS. : l. 4, 'her' preferable to 'but' of Sloane MS. : l. 6, 'His . . . his'—the same peculiarity of style, but altered by Breton in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. to 'The . . . the,' on account of the ambiguity. But the change was hardly a happy one; for it speaks of generals, while the previous lines refer only to himself. The *H* and *A* prevent any real difficulty.
- Stanza 49, l. 2, 'playes her' preferable to Sloane MS. 'play'd his' : l. 3, 'gives' is in Sloane MS. 'gave' : l. 6, 'But' better than 'O' of Sloane MS.
- .. 50, l. 5, 'and is'—Sloane MS. 'he is' : l. 6 'life of life' is in Sloane MS. 'light of life'—former stronger.
- .. 52, l. 3, 'his' of Sloane MS. preferable to 'the' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.—for there is no 'the glory' spoken of but 'his' : l. 4, 'light' is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'height'—the former (Sloane MS.) agrees best with 'hidde' and 'helde' and 'grace.'
- .. 53, l. 3, 'and houle'—Sloane MS. 'to houle' : l. 6, 'be-loved' preferable to Sloane MS. 'he loved.'
- .. 54, l. 2,—See a similar simile in Mel. Humours, An Extr. Pass., ll. 6, 7, p. 9, as before : l. 4, —See Mel. Hum., A Sol. F. to the World, l. 5, from last : l. 5, 'bird' agrees best with 'pellican' (l. 2), and so is better than 'byrds' of Sloane MS. : *ib.* 'I more' is in Sloane MS. 'over.'
- .. 55, l. 2, 'should die' preferable to Sloane MS. 'so to bee;' and l. 4, 'this' to 'his,' because it refers to ll. 5, 6, That though etc. : l. 5, 'what' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. is 'that,' because it repeats the 'That though,' etc., but 'what' gives better rhythm : l. 6, 'author' in Sloane MS. is 'Saviour' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. I prefer the former as better English, notwithstanding 'Saviour' of l. 2.
- .. 56, l. 3, 'keepes' of Sloane MS. is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'keep'—a clerical error, for the nominative is not 'the body and the blood' (ll. 1, 2) but the latter only. See ll. 5, 6.
- .. 57, l. 3, 'have' preferable to Sloane MS. 'had' : l. 6, 'helpe' is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. mis-written 'helped.' In l. 5 supply mentally 'head' [of Him who or who]—best of several examples that could be given from this poem of omission of the relatives *who, that, etc.*
- .. 58, l. 3, 'alsoe . . . cave'—in Sloane MS. 'alive . . . grave.' The former change in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. is a reference to St. Peter and St. John, instead of the first conceit of 'alive' in contrast with the 'dead' body. 'Cave' is required by the rhyme of l. 1.
- Stanza 59, l. 4, 'no thought' is poorly in Sloane MS. 'nothings' : ll. 5, 6, 'do the[e]' and 'unto the[e]' preferable to Sloane MS. 'service see,' and 'to thee' as otherwise 'see' ends ll. 4, 5, while its use or meaning is not the same : l. 6, 'might' in Sloane MS. is 'should.'
- .. 60, l. 2, 'that' is more full and distinctive than 'what' of Sloane MS. : l. 4, 'syne' agrees better than Sloane MS. 'sinnes' with context : l. 5, 'so close' in Sloane MS. mistakenly 'for sinne.'
- .. 61, l. 2, 'harte' is in Sloane MS. 'hartes.' See 'I' St. 60, l. 6 : l. 5, 'thy Word . . . to' is in Sloane MS. erroneously 'the world . . . doe.' Cf. 'reade,' and the 'world' has been already mentioned.
- .. 62, l. 3, 'full of' is in Sloane MS. badly 'foule a' : l. 4, 'love' is in Sloane MS. 'hope'—the former agrees best with the sequence repeated in ll. 5, 6, where we have 'soule's love' : l. 4, 'nor' in Sloane MS. 'or' : *ib.* 'Aye' in Sloane MS. 'save' : l. 6, 'should . . . may' in Sloane MS. 'shall . . . should.'
- .. 63, l. 4, 'To knowe' in Sloane MS. is 'And knowes' : l. 5, 'O yet, if' of Sloane MS. preferable to 'Yett if that' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. : *ib.* 'creature' better than 'creatures' of Sloane MS.
- .. 64, l. 1, 'repentantes' better than Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'repentance' : l. 5, 'That' better than 'Then' of Sloane MS. : l. 6 in Sloane MS. is, 'My eye may cast one louinge looke on thee'—misprinted in 1862 'longinge.' Cf. St. 79, l. 6.
- .. 65, l. 2, 'As' preferable to 'And' of Sloane MS. : l. 3, 'sparke' better than 'sparkes' of the same : l. 5, 'fele' [= feel] much better English than 'well' of Sloane MS. : l. 6 is from Sloane MS. and is preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'MySaviour's death hath my soule's life preserved,' which is nearly identical with St. 68, l. 6.
- .. 66, l. 1, 'Which' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'With' : l. 3, 'thought' better than 'thoughts' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. as agreeing with other singulars : *ib.* 'waste' is miswritten 'passe' in Sloane MS. : l. 5, 'those' of Sloane MS. better than 'thes' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 67, l. 2, 'putt' of both MSS. is misprinted in 1862 'part.'
- .. 68, l. 3, 'our' is in Sloane MS. blindly 'out' : *ib.* 'us' for 'up.'

- Stanza 69, l. 4, 'victuall'—Sloane MS. 'victuals': l. 6, 'maye'—Sloane MS. 'might.'
- .. 70, l. 5, 'continued' in both MSS., though printed in 1862 'contayned'—probably a clerical misspelling of 'contained' or 'contained.'
- .. 71, l. 6, 'Oh' preferable to 'And' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. See rest of Stanza: l. 6, 'trode' is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'trade.'
- .. 72, l. 1, 'birth' is in Sloane MS. 'breath' and cf. St. 68, l. 3: *ib.* 'his' of Sloane MS. better than 'and': l. 3, 'that' better than 'the' of Sloane MS., because there is a reference to the story in l. 4: l. 5, 'Whom' better than 'From' of Sloane MS., being required in l. 6, And [whom] all, etc.: l. 6, 'hoste' better than 'rest' of Sloane MS., as being a well-known phrase, though 'rest' has its contrast.
- .. 73, l. 6, 'man so cruellye abused' is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'men refused and abused.' The change of 'man' into 'men' is on account of 'angells' l. 5; but as 'man' is used in l. 2 it seems better to retain it here. The rhythm of the Sloane MS. as printed is better than Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 74, l. 2, 'the'—for 'thy' of Sloane MS. a better after-thought: l. 4, 'augmented' is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'agreement': *ib.* 'breeds' better than 'bredd' of Sloane MS.: l. 5, 'that the Somme' is in Sloane MS. 'yet the same': *ib.* 'the storye' is needed to prevent the rhyme being 'glorye | glorye'; but not a good alteration in itself.
- .. 75, l. 1, 'Could' better than Sloane MS. 'Should': l. 4, 'afore' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. is 'before,' and the latter is perhaps better in itself, but does not rhyme so perfectly with 'adore it' (l. 2).
- .. 76, l. 4, 'these' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'the.'
- .. 77, l. 2, 'hadst' is also miswritten in the same MS. 'haste': l. 6, 'this sorrowe' much preferable to Sloane MS. 'thy sorrowes.' It is the incomparable 'sorrow' of the Man of Sorrows that is to occupy 'wretched man.'
- .. 78, l. 1, 'to[o] smalle a some' [=sum] better than 'the smaller summe' of Sloane MS.: l. 3, 'the' more after Breton's manner than 'by' of Sloane MS.
- .. 80, l. 4, 'feele . . . grace' in Sloane MS. reads 'seeke . . . grace' mistakenly: l. 6, 'May' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'Shall.'
- .. 81, l. 2, 'thyne' of Sloane MS. more rhythmical where it stands than 'thy' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 3, 'howe to . . . have' is in Sloane MS. 'have a . . . give.'
- Stanza 82, l. 6, 'the' preferable to 'thy' of Sloane MS., as there is no antecedent to 'thy' for a long way back, and the pronoun in preceding St. has been 'I.'
- .. 83, l. 3, 'kisses' is in Sloane MS. 'kissinges'—the former more appropriate, the latter having a more material not to say lascivious sound: l. 5 is a curious line.
- .. 85, l. 1, 'No' better than 'Where' of Sloane MS.; l. 3, 'holdes' of Sloane MS. is miswritten 'hould' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 5, 'with' more Scriptural than 'in' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 6 much preferable to the Sloane MS. 'Where angells all doe singe with joyfulness.'
- .. 86, l. 1, 'Would' of Sloane MS. preferable to 'could' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. as more expressive of a wish: l. 2, 'sute' preferable to 'fate' of Sloane MS., but the rest from Sloane MS. preferable to 'obtaine . . . onlye': l. 3, 'Might' is in Sloane MS. 'And': l. 5, 'Might' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'may' erroneously.
- .. 87, l. 1, 'wondrous' of Sloane MS. better than 'wonder' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS., even 'wonder-worth' were poor: l. 3, 'And' is in Sloane MS. 'That': l. 4, 'tittle' = tittle, as in Sloane MS.
- .. 88, l. 3, 'or' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'of.'
- .. 89, l. 1, 'this'—looking to preceding St. 'this' is better than 'the' of Sloane MS.: l. 5, 'Doth make' better than 'But makes' of Sloane MS.: ll. 5, 6 'goeth . . . sheweth' as agreeing with ll. 1, 3, preferable to 'goes' and 'showes' of Sloane MS.
- .. 90, l. 2, 'vertuous' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'vertue's': l. 3, 'in' preferable to 'and' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. since the 'faith' is in one and 'mercy' in the other, viz., Christ. But the St. is obscure.
- .. 91, l. 5, 'escape' in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'scape,' and omits 'for' (l. 5), and 'rejoyce' (l. 6) by blunders.
- .. 92, l. 5, 'And' not quite satisfactory, but better than 'But' of Sloane MS.
- .. 93, l. 3, 'for' of Sloane MS. is in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'left,' which is specious; but how can patience have passions? l. 6, 'nor' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'or.'
- .. 94, l. 2, 'Thought' better than 'harte' albeit the latter repetition from l. 1 is more in Breton's manner: l. 4, 'anye' is miswritten in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'my.'
- .. 95, puzzles one as to its construction and sense. Line 3 seems to require the 'nor'

- of l. 2 to be understood before it; but what is the meaning of 'That all,' etc. l. 5? The same confusion appears in ll. 1, 2, especially if we read 'live' with Halliwell-Phillipps MS.; whence I prefer 'love' of Sloane MS. and in l. 4 prefer its 'His' to 'suche wonders:' l. 5, 'witts' is in Sloane MS. 'wills.'
- Stanza 96, l. 3, 'nature' in Sloane MS. better than 'natures' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS., but 'and' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. better than 'of' of Sloane MS. But again 'most secrett' of Sloane MS. preferable to 'of greatest' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS. There is nothing for it but thus to elect when two readings are before us. Had Breton printed the poem it would have been different: l. 6, 'beastes' of Sloane MS. agrees with other plurals, and therefore better than 'beaste' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 97, l. 2, 'poyson's power'—the horn of the unicorn had mythical properties of healing in ancient 'Vulgar Errors:' l. 6, 'heares' is spelled in Sloane MS. 'heires.' It is intended for 'hairs' = skin—not 'good' for their offspring, as might at first seem: 'woulfes' = wolves.
- .. 98, l. 2, 'Whilst' of Sloane MS. here and in l. 4, and St. 99, l. 2, better than 'While' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 2, 'time' rhymes better with 'clime' than Sloane MS. 'eyne;'; l. 3, 'base'—game so called.
- .. 99, l. 2, 'dolphin' = sword-fish, rather: l. 5, 'doe' better than Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'thus,' because all the instances cannot 'thus' be referred to.
- .. 100, l. 1, 'sea, or earth' more rhythmical than Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'earth, or sea:' l. 3, 'Who . . . glorie gaynes' preferable to Sloane MS. 'that . . . giveth grace.' The St. is a poor one.
- .. 101, l. 4, 'course aright' preferable to 'order right' of Sloane MS.: l. 5, 'to'—Sloane MS. 'these.'
- .. 102, l. 3, 'to'—Sloane MS. 'that.'
- .. 103, l. 2, 'myne . . . lonelye' preferable to Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'my . . . loveye:' Halliwell-Phillipps MS. miswrites 'list' for 'lift': l. 3, 'feett' better than faulty repetition of 'feat' in Sloane MS.
- Stanza 104, l. 2, 'from out' seems better than Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'out of:' l. 3, 'ther' = their, preferable to 'the' of Sloane MS.
- .. 105, l. 2, 'has' and l. 3 'the' preferable to 'our' and 'his' of Sloane MS., though the changes alter the sense.
- .. 106, l. 1, 'grounde' agrees best with 'faithfull holynesse' and therefore preferred to 'groundes' of Sloane MS.: l. 6 better than Sloane MS. 'And lett the flatts be deathes of your desertes.' 'Desartes,' as before, more rhymes with 'hartes.' = 'let your flats (which are used for mournful music) tell the want of all your deserts.'
- .. 107, l. 1, 'or' required by 'directes,' not as Sloane MS. 'and:;' l. 5-6 better than Halliwell-Phillipps MS. 'in one agre' and 'all-onlye glorie be.'
- .. 108, l. 3, 'the'—'thy' of Sloane MS. is sing. whilst all preceding is the plural 'your;'; wherefore I prefer 'the:;' l. 4, 'of'—the repetition of 'in' in Sloane MS. is as usual after Breton's manner; but here 'of' seems better as in Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: l. 5, 'sounds' can be objected to, because in all points before spoken of they are supposed to ascend, and the word 'soules' of Sloane MS. does not accord with all the technical musical terms used. On the whole, 'sounds' seems preferable: l. 6, 'lett' of Sloane MS. better than 'all' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.
- .. 109, l. 2, 'heavens' better than Sloane MS. 'heaven.' So just above.
- .. 110, l. 1, 'are' of Sloane MS. better than 'doe' of Halliwell-Phillipps MS.: *ib.* 'his' better than 'their' of Sloane MS.: ll. 1 and 3 Halliwell-Phillipps MS. end 'singe' and 'springe'—inferior.
- Gloria in Excelsis Deo*—in Halliwell-Phillipps MS. only. G.





The Arbor of Amorous Deuices.

1597.



NOTE.

The only known exemplar of 'The Arbor of Amorous Deuices' is that preserved in the Capell collection in Trinity College, Cambridge. Unfortunately it wants the title-page and several leaves, and a number of half lines, etc. While grateful for so much as is preserved in the Capell collection, it is disappointing to be compelled to reprint so bright and intrinsically rich and musical a book with these deficiencies. I am indebted to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's 'Hand-Book' (*s.n.*) for the following title-page:—'The Arbor of Amorous Deuices : Wherein young Gentlemen may reade many pleasant fancies and fine deuices : And thereon meditate diuers sweete Conceites to court the loue of faire Ladies and Gentlewomen : By N. B. Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Iones, at the Rose and Crowne, neare S. Andrewes Church. 1597.' 4to, 18 leaves. This title-page is apparently derived from Beauclere's Sale-Catalogue (1781), in lot 3241. If this was a second copy it has disappeared utterly. See our Memorial-Introduction on the other Writers besides Breton, in the 'Arbor'—as announced in the Printer Jones's Epistle, and for the relation of 'The Arbor' to Mr. Cosens' MS., which so enriches our 'Daffodils and Primroses,' or the scattered minor poems of Breton. In the Capell unique exemplar there is a manuscript note signed P. P., which doubtless refers to Mr. Cosens' MS. It runs thus:—'I have an ancient quarto MS. which contains many of the Poems entituled The Arbor of Amorous Deuises, with little or no variation except in point of Orthography, which in the MS. is more obsolete and antique.' Were it only for 'A sweet Lullabie' (page 7) which ought long since to have found its way into our choicest Selections and Collections—the 'Arbor' had been a priceless gift ; but there are others in it of beauty and tenderness.—G.



To the Gentlemen

Readers : health, wealth, and
welfare.

Right courteous Gentlemen, your absence, this long time of vacation hindered my poore Presse from publishing any pleasing Pamphlet, to recreate your minds, as it was wont : yet now, to give you notice that your old Printer forgetteth not his best friendes, he hath thought it meet to remember his dutifull good wil he beareth to you all, publishing this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen, being many mens workes excellent Poets, and most, not the meanest in estate and degree : and had not the Phenix prevented me of some the best stuffe she furnisht her nest with of late : this Arbor had bin somewhat the more handsomer trimmed vp, beside a larger scope for gentlemen to recreate them selues. Please it you (sweete Gentlemen) to take it in worth as it is, though nothing comparable with your pleasant Arbors of the countrie : view it ouer I pray you, and praise it as you find it : in the meane time (I beseech you) pardon me, and protect me against cauilling Finde faults, that neuer like of any thing, but what they doe themselues, and that, for the most part, is nothing at all : so shall I acknowledge my selfe most bounden vnto your flourishing degree, and pray vnto God to keepe you all in health : and such as are in the country, God send them a happy and speedy returne to London, to the pleasure of God, their harts content, and to the reioycing of all Citizens, and specially to the comfourt of all poore men of Trades.

Yours, most bounden.

R. I. Printer.



The Arbor of Amorous Deuises.

A Lovers Farwel

To his Loue and ioy.

Adieu mine onely ioy whose absence breedes my smart,
 whose parting did amaze my minde & damped much my hart.
 Adieu mine onely loue, whose loue is life to me,
 whose loue once lost, no life can tast within my corps to be.
 Adieu mine onely friend whose friendship cannot fade,
 whose faith is firme, vpon the which my health and hope is stayed,
 Adieu the vitall spirits of these my sences all,
 for dead each parte will still remaine vntill I heare thee call.
 Farewell my selfe and all, farewell more deare then life :
 Farewel the constant dame on earth : farewel
 Vlisses wife.
 Sith Spite hath playde his parte, to parte vs now in twaine,
 my helpe shal rest in happy hope, till we two meet againe :
 Which hope doth heaue my heart about the hauty heauen,
 and carrieth me with good successe about the Plannets seouen,
 Sith that the Sunne must lodge within the Ocean seas,
 As ofttime as the houres be within foure compleat dayes :
 So must ~~Manas~~ face be rownd and horned thrise
 and for her light a debter be vnto Sir ~~Phobus~~ wise :
 Before I shal enioy the presence of my choyce,
 till which time comes, Ile cloy the skies with plaints
 & bitter voyce.
 That Fortune now which frownes with all her fatal dames,
 shal haue for prayse most piteous plaints, and infamie for names :
 Vntill the time that she doth turne her face againe.
 and give me her that may redresse my . . . ous pinching paine :
 God graunt that none beholde thy fa . . .
 thy comely corps and feature . . .
 Thy haire in tresses tyed . . .
 thy Lilly with the . . . [Defective lines.]
 Thy eyes with . . .
 by dim . . .
 Th . . .

The graces all attend the Muses make request,
 still for to waite vpon my deare, and be at her behest :
 Blush now you bashles dames that vaunt of beautie rare,
 for let me see who dares come in, and with my deare compare :
 No, no, you are all fled, you walke like owles by night,
 my deare so fayre, that of the world she is the onely wight :
 Then farewell heart and ioy, till time hath run her race,
 farewell delight, welcome annoy, till that I see thy face,
 Which wil delight my heart, which wil reuiue my minde
 which will delight my senceles corps, which ioy none else can finde,
 Take heere my speech last spent, vntill thy home returne,
 take here my heart, but leaue the corps which shal in torments burne.
 My scalding sighes Ile send throughout the skies to thee,
 my teares shall water still my couch, vntill thou beest with mee. *Finis.*

A Louers Complaint.

THe restles race that I haue run,
 the peril and the paine
 That I from time to time haue past,
 and dayly doe sustaine,
 Doth make me dreame, that when I first
 this light began to see,
 The starrie skie no planet had,
 that happy was for me.
 The

[A leaf missing here.]

The chattering Pie, the Jay, and eke the Quaille,
 The Thrustle-Cock that was so blacke of hewe.
 All these did sing the prayse of her true heart,
 And mournd her death with dolefull musick sound :
 Each one digged earth, and plyed so their part,
 Till that she was close closed vnder ground. *Finis.*

The counsell of a friend to one in loue.

CLime not too high, for feare thou catch a fall,
 Seeke not to build thy nest within the Sunne,
 Refraine the thing which bringeth thee to thrall,

Least when too late thou findest thy selfe vndone :
Cause thy desires to rest and sleepe a space,
And let thy fancie take her resting place.

The Tiger fierce cannot by force be tamed,
The eagle wilde will not be brought to fist,
Nor womens mindes at any time be framed,
To doe ought more than what their fancies list :
Then cease thy pride, and let thy plumes downe fall,
Least soaring still thou purchast endles thrall.

Finis.

*A Ladies complaint for the losse of
her Loue.*

Come follow me you Nymphes,
Whose eyes are neuer drie,
Augment your wayling number nowe
With me poore *Emelia*.

Giue place ye to my plaintes,
Whose ioyes are pinchd with paine :
My loue, alas through foule mishap,
Most cruell death hath slaine.

What wight can wel, alas,
my sorrowes now indite ?
I waile & want my new desire
I lack my new delite.

Gush out my trickling teares
Like mighty floods of raine
My Knight alas, through foule mishap
Most cruell death hath slaine.

Oh hap alas most hard,
Oh death why didst thou so ?
Why could not I embrace my ioy,
for me that bid such woe ?

False Fortune out, alas,
Woe worth thy subtile traine,
Whereby my loue through foule mishap,
Most cruell death hath slaine.

Rock me a sleepe in woe,
You wofull Sisters three
Oh cut you off my fatall threed,
Dispatch poore *Emelia*.

Why should I liue, alas,
And linger thus in paine ?
Farewell my life, sith that my loue
Most cruell death hath slaine.

Finis.

The lamentable complaint of a Louer.

Accord your notes vnto my wofull songs,
You chirping birds which hant the cloudy skie,
Cease off your flight, and come to heare my wrongs
Compeld by loue, mixed with crueltie :
Leave off I say, and help me to lament
My wofull dayes, vntill my time be spent.

With sorrow great I passe away the time,
The which too long I feele vnto my paine,
Too childish is this fond conceit of mine,
That voyde of hope doth helpelesse still remaine :
Yet wil I rest til time doth further serue,
That *Atropos* doth me of life bereaue.

But fie fond foole, I complaine of disease,
And faultlesse Fortune I begin to blame,
Venus her selfe doth seeke me for to please,
In causing me to loue so rare a dame :
But if (faire Nymph) I might enioy thy sight,
Thy fauour faire would force in me delight.

But I am bannisht from thy comely hew,
Oh thy sweet loue, but yet I wil remaine
For euer thine as perfect louer true,
Without all guile, although thou me disdaine :
And thus I end, although not rest content,
Vntill such time my wretched dayes are spent.

Finis.

A Poeme both pithie and pleasant.

I F right were rackt and ouer-runne,
And power take parte with open wrong,
If force by feare doe yeeld too soone,
The lack is like to last too long :
If God for goods shalbe vnplac'd,
If right for riches leaues his shape,
If world for wisdom be imbrac'd,
The guesse is great much hurt may hap :
Among good things I prooue and find,
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mind,
There is no riches may be found :
Riches doth hate to be content,
Rule is enmie to quiet ease,
Power for the most part is vnpatient
And seldome likes to liue in peace :
I heard a Shepheard once compare,
That quiet nights he had more sleepe,
And had more merrie dayes to spare
Then he which ought his Flock of sheepe.
I would not haue it thought heereby,
The Dolphin swim I meane to teach,
Ne yet to learne the Faulcon flie,
I roue not so farre past my reach,
But as my part about the rest,
Is wel to wish and good to will :
So till the breath doth fayle my brest,
I shal not stay to wish you still.

A Poeme.

The time was once that I haue liued free,
And wandred heere, and where me liketh best,
But in my wandring I did chance to see
A Damsel faire which caus'd in me small rest :
For at her sight mine heart was wounded sore,
That liued free and voyd of loue before.

Which when I felt, I got me to my bed,
Thinking to rest my heauie heart : but then
There came strange thoughts into my troubled hed,
Which made me thinke vpon my thoughts agen :
And thus in thinking on my thoughts did sleep,
And dreamed that another did her keepe.

With this same dreame I sudainly awoke,
And orderly did marke it euery poynt :
And with the same so great a grieffe I tooke,
That as one scard, I quaked euery ioynt :
Yet at the last supposed it but a dreame,
My troubled spirits did reuiue againe.

Finis.

Fantasma.

I N fortune as I lay, my fortune was to finde
Such fancies as my carefull thought, had brought
into my minde,
And when each one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to
lie,
I would haue slept, but then the watch did follow
still mine eye :
And sodainly I saw a sea of sorrowes prest,
Whose wicked waues of sharpe repulse brought me
vnquiet rest.
I saw this world, and how it went, each state in his
degree,
And that from wealth graunted is both life and
libertie :
I saw how enuie it did raigne, and bare the greatest price,
Yet greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice :
I also saw how that disdain, oft times to forge my woe,
Gaue me the cup of bitter sweete, to pledge my
mortall foe :
I also saw how that deceit, to rest no place could finde,
But still constrained an endles paine, to follow
natures kinde.
I also saw most strange, how Nature did forsake
the blood that in her womb was wrought, as doth the
loathed snake,
I saw how fancie would remaine, no longer then her lust,
And as the winde how she doth change, and is not
for to trust :
I saw how stedfastnes did flie, with winges of often
change,
A bird, but truely seldome seene, her nature is so
strange :
I saw how pleasant Time did passe, as Flowers in the
Mead,
To day that riseth red as Rose, tomorrow lyeth dead.
I saw my time how it did run, as sand out of the Glasse,
Euen as each hower appoynted is, from tide to tide
to passe :
I saw the yeares that I had spent, and losse of all my
gaine,
And how the sport of youthfull playes, my folly did
retaine :

I saw how that the little Ant in Summer still doth runne
To seeke her foode, whereby to liue in winter for to
come :
I saw eke vertue, how she sate the threed of life to spinne,
Which sheweth the end of euery thing before it doeth
begin.
And when al these I saw, with many moe perdie,
In me my thoughts each one had wrought a perfect
propertie :
And then I sayd vnto my selfe, a Lesson this shalbe,
For other that shal after come, for to beware by me.
Thus all the night I did deuise which way I might con-
straine,
To forme a plot that wit might worke the branches
in my braine.

Finis.

The complaint of one being in loue.

L Eaue me O life, the prison of my minde,
Since nought but death can take away my lotte,
For she which likes me wel is most vnkinde,
And that which I loue best my death doth prouue.

Loue in her eyes my hopes againe reuiue,
Hopes in my thoughts doe kindle my desires,
Desire inflam'd through loue and beauty striue,
Til she (displeas'd with loue) my death conspires :
That loue for me, and I for Loue doe cal,
Yet she denies because she graunts not al.

Finis.

A Louers resolution.

T Rue, though vntried, desirous in despaire,
Patient with paine, faithful though yet not sound,
In cares vnknowne my youthful daies I weare,
More sure then safe my youth and beauty bound.
What shal I say? the time serues not to waile :
Let it suffice, my faith shal neuer faile.

Finis.

A Louers complaint.

T He fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth,
The aire in raine for mine affection weepeth,
The sea to ebbe for grieffe his flowing turneth
The earth with pittie dul the centre keepeth,
Fame is with wonder blazed,
Time runnes away for sorrow,
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my nights of euill which haue no morrow.
Alas, onely she no pittie taketh
To see my miseries, but chast and cruel,
My fall her glorie maketh
Yet still her eyes giues to my flames their fuel.

Fire burne me quick, till sence of burning leaue,
Ayre let me drawe my breath no more in anguish,

Sea drowne me in thee, of tedious life bereaue me,
 Earth take this earth, wherein these spirits languish :
 Fame same I was not borne,
 Time draw my dismall hower,
 Place see my graue vp-torne,
 Fire, Aire, sea, earth, Fame, time, place, shew
 your power :

Alas, from all their helps I am exiled,
 For hers am I, and death feares her displeasure :
 Oh death thou art beguiled,
 Though I be hers she makes of me no treasure.

*Finis.**A sweet lullabie.*

Come little babe, come silly soule,
 Thy fathers shame, thy mothers grieffe,
 Borne as I doubt to all our dole,
 And to thy selfe vnhappy chiefe :
 Sing Lullabie and lap it warme,
 Poore soule that thinkes no creature harme.

Thou little thinkst and lesse doost knowe,
 The cause of this thy mothers moane,
 Thou wantst the wit to waile her woe,
 And I my selfe am all alone :
 Why doost thou weepe? why doost thou waile?
 And knowest not yet what thou doost ayle.

Come little wretch, ah silly heart,
 Mine onely ioy what can I more :
 If there be any wrong thy smart,
 That may the destinies implore :
 Twas I, I say, against my will,
 I wayle the time, but be thou still.

And doest thou smile, oh thy sweete face,
 Would God himselfe he might thee see,
 No doubt thou wouldst soone purchace grace.
 I know right well for thee and mee :
 But come to mother babe and play,
 For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy if it by fortune chance,
 Thy father home againe to send,
 If death do strike me with his launce,
 Yet mayst thou me to him comend :
 If any aske thy mothers name,
 Tell how by loue she purchast blame.

Then will his gentle heart soone yeeld,
 I know him of a noble minde,
 Although a Lyon in the field,
 A Lamb in towne thou shalt him finde :
 Aske blessing babe, be not afrayde,
 His sugred words hath me betrayde.

Then mayst thou ioy and be right glad,
 Although in woe I seeme to moane,
 Thy father is no Rascall lad,
 A noble youth of blood and boane :
 His glancing lookes if he once smile,
 Right honest women may beguile.

Come little boy and rocke a sleepe,
 Sing lullabie and be thou still,
 I that can doe nought else but weepe,
 Wil sit by thee and waile my fill :
 God blesse my babe and lullabie,
 From this thy fathers qualitie.

*Finis.**A Poeme.*

T He work of worth that Nature finely fram'd,
 H Hope of the heart, that highest harts aspire :
 R Reason set downe that secret wisdoms nam'd,
 O Onely the sweete that honour can desire,
 G Grace of the earth, and natures onelle glorie
 M More then most faire was spoke of long agoe :
 O Oh heauenlie starre that is the shepherds stay :
 R Read who it is, but one there is no moe,
 T This is the Saint that Wit and Reason serue,
 O Of such account as vertue doth regard,
 N Note who it is that doth this fame deserue,
 E Excellencie giues each honour his reward.

*Finis.**A Poeme.*

M Vses attending all on *Pallas* traine,
 A Amongst the rest was one, though not the
 least,
 C Carrying the minde that most might honour gaine,
 K Kinde yet with care that might become her best,
 W Wise as a woman, men can be no more :
 I Judge who it is, I may not tell her name,
 L Loue of the life that vertue doth adore :
 L Life of the loue that gaine the highest fame.
 I Joyne but the thought of loue and life together,
 A And one may finde anothers excellence,
 M Meere loue, deare life can sorrow neuer wither,
 S Such is the power of beauenly prouidence.

*Finis.**Another.*

S Illy poore swaine pul down thy simple pride,
 A Angelles are not for beggars to behold,
 R Reach not too high for feare thy foote doth slide,
 A And haples hope doo prouee a slender hold.

H Hold downe thy head, thy hand is not thine owne,
 A A sunne, a sunne hath put out both thine eyes,
 S See in thy selfe how thou art ouerthrowne :
 T There is no comfort in extremities,
 I In high good-wil let honour be thy guide,
 N No cruell thought can rest in kinde aspect,
 G Good nature sees that reason cannot hide,
 S Sweet be the ends that follow such effect.

Finis.

Another.

K Knowledge doth much in care of most content,
 A And reason sees, when loue hath lost his eyes,
 T Time hath his course, and vertue her intent,
 H Honor her selfe when other fancies dies,
 A A wonder lasts but onely for a day,
 R Reason regards but honors worthines,
 I In vertues loue can honor not decay ;
 N Nothing but heauen is perfect happines.

R Rare is the eye that neuer looks awry,
 A And sweet the thought that neuer sounds amis,
 T True is the heart that guldeth such an eye,
 C Careful the minde where such discretion is,
 L Long is the life where loue doth draw the line,
 I Joyfull the hope that such a heart vpholdeth,
 T Time is the threed no fancie can vntwine,
 F Faire is the hap, that such a face beholdeth.

*Finis.**Another.*

C Vrteale carries all the world to loue,
 A Affection serues, where vertue fauour giues,
 N Neere to the heauens of highest hearts behoue,
 D Deere is the thought whereby discretion liues,
 I Joy of the eye, and Jewel of the heart,
 S Saint of the shape that seruice doth adore,
 H High of the honor of *Mineruas* art :
 E Except, excepted but one there is no more.

*Finis.**Another.*

S Sweet is the flower that neuer fadeth hue,
 V Vnmatcht the mind that neuer means amis,
 T Treasure the heart that cannot prooue vnttrue
 H High such a saint in whom such honor is,
 W Where such a flower, as faire as sweet doth spring
 E Except but one, behold the onely ground,
 L Loue such a ground, a Garden for a King :
 L Looke in the world, the like is hardly found.

Finis.

A prettie Poeme.

A Trembling hand, but not a traitor's heart
 Writing for feare and fearing for to write,
 Loath to reueale, yet willing to impart,
 Such secret thoughts as fit not euery sight
 Must leaue to you in sweet conceit to know them,
 For I haue sworne that I will neuer shew them.

I know not what, but sure the griefe is greene,
 I know not when, but once it was not euer,
 I know not how, but secretly vnseene,
 And make no care if it be ended neuer,
 And yet a wound that wastes me all with woe,
 And yet would not that that it were not so :

But oh sweete God, what doe these humors moue ?
 Alas, I feare, God shield it be not loue.

*Finis.**A Lower in despair.*

BVrne burne, desire, while thy poore fuel lasteth,
 Young wood enflam'd doth yeeld the brauest fire,
 Though long before in smothering heat it wasteth
 With froward will to conquer his desire :
 But fire suppress once breaking into flame,
 Doth rage till all be wasted in the same.

Most tyrannous and cruel element,
 So to Enuie the Substance of thy life,
 As to consume thy vital nourishment,
 Till death it selfe doe end this mortal strife :
 Yet worke thy wil on me O raging fire,
 And leaue no coales to kindle new desire.

Ne let the glowing heat of ashes left,
 Yeeld to my fainting sences fresh reliefe,
 But as my soule from comfort thou hast rest,
 So end my life in this consuming griefe :
 For wel I see, nor wit nor wil now serueth,
 To recompence desire as he deserueth.

*Finis.**A Dreame of the arraignment
of Desire.*

A Court was lately kept in secret of conceit,
 To cal desire vnto his death, or cleare him of
 deceit,
 Fayre Beantie was the Queene, and loue was all her
 Lawes,
 Who had appoynted perfect sence to sit vpon the
 cause.
 The wretches that accus'd desire of ill desart,
 Where Enuie, packt with Iniurie, to kil a careful
 heart,
 The whole Inditement read against desire, was this,
 That where he most auowed best he ment not least
 amis,
 The Lawyers that did plead against this poore desire,
 Where wicked wit with eloquence, whom hate and
 wrong did hire.
 But to defend desire was plaine simplicitie,
 Who knew the bounds and kept the bonds of perfect
 amitie :
 A grand Inquest in haste was panneld by the Court.
 Of whom Tom-troth was foreman made, and so
 begun the sport.
 Suspect did halfe affirme, that witnes should not neede,
 And yet selfe-will would faine haue sworne that a
 was true indeed.
 But reason wild regard, the treason should be tryed,
 And deepe conceit should be the man that should
 the truth decide.

Suspect in Natures sence layd shrewdly to his charge,
 But care had brided Natures course, loue neuer
 liu'd at large,
 And conscience plaine replied in reasons secrete thought,
 That good wines need no Iuie-bush, and eloquence
 is naught.
 To sound the depth of all did sences all assemble,
 And poore goodwill came swearing in, that loue
 could not dissemble,
 When patience fully heard the pleading of the case,
 She call'd to reason to reuale who had deserud
 disgrace,
 Good-wil was earnest still, and sware that liue or die,
 Suspect did sore abuse desire, for louers could not lie.
 With that the people laught, and reason chargd Tom-
 troth
 To giue vp vnto perfect sence the verdict of his oath.
 The Iurors were the thoughts that did posse the minde,
 Where flatterie was but fancies foole while faith did
 fauour finde.
 Who when they had at ful considered of the cause,
 Gaue Enuie vp for enmie to loue and al his lawes.
 And wit was but a foole to follow false suspect,
 And eloquence was little worth to carrie such effect.
 And hate and enuie both were had in great disgrace,
 And eloquence for taking parte, was hissed out of
 place.
 And sweet desire was cleare, in Reasons secret sence,
 And perfect sence gaue iudgement so, and quit him
 of offence.
 And beautie that before was thought did quite disdaine
 him,
 Did graunt him fauour by desert, and loue did enter-
 taine him,
 Suspect to silence put, good Nature gan to smile,
 To heare them iudge to loues disdaine that would
 desire beguile.
 And sweet desire the force of enuies ouerthrow,
 And therewithal the Court brake vp, and I awakèd
 so. Finis.

Brittons Diuinitie.

From worldly cares and wanton loues conceit,
 Begun in grieft and ended in deceit :
 I am coniu'r'd by hope of happie blis,
 Where heauenly faith and highest fauour is,
 To call my wits and all my thoughts together,
 To write of heauen, and of the high-way thither.

The holy spirit of eternall power,
 Vouchsafe his grace to guide my soule aright,
 That patient heart may finde the happie hower,
 When I may see the glorie of that sight,
 That in conceit so fully may content me,
 As nought on earth be able to torment me.

I aske no ayde of any earthly muse,
 Far be my fancie from such fonde affect :

But in the heauen where highest Angels vse,
 To sing the sweet of faithful loues effect,
 Among those spirits of especiall grace,
 I wish my soule might haue a sitting-place.

Where first the teares of true repentant hart,
 With faithful hope may happy fauour moue,
 And sighing sobs of sorrowes bitter smart,
 May see the life of vnderuèd loue :
 Thence would I craue some excellence deuine,
 To set my foote in this discourse of mine.

To iudge of heauen it is a place of ioy,
 Where happy soules haue their eternall rest,
 Where sweet delights doe suffer no annoy,
 But all things good and onely on the best.
 Where comforts moer then man can comprehend,
 And such contents as neuer can haue end.

It is the Throne of high *Jehouah* sweete,
 The God of power, of glorie and of grace,
 Where vertue dwels, and her adherents meete,
 In ioyful feare to see his heauenly face,
 Where holy saints and highest Angels sing,
 An *Allalulia* to their heauenly King.

There is the day, and there is neuer night,
 There euer ioy, and there is neuer sorrow,
 There neuer wrong, but there is euer right,
 There euer haue, and neuer need to borrow,
 There euer loue, and there is neuer hate,
 Neuer but there was euer such a state.

There all the graces doe agree in one,
 There liueth brethren in one linke of loue,
 There all the saints doe serue one King alone,
 Who giues the blis of highest hearts behoue.
 There is the place of perfect paradise,
 Where conscience liues and comfort neuer dies.

There is the Sun, the beautie of the skie,
 The Moone and Starres, the candles of the night,
 There is the essence of that heauenly eye,
 That blinds the proud and giues the humble light,
 There is the rainebow bended by his hand,
 Who doth both heauen, earth, sea, and hel cōmand.

There sitteth God in glorie of this throne,
 With Virgins, saints and Angels all attended,
 Who in his Ire hath Kingdomes ouerthrowen,
 And in his loue hath little things defended,
 Whose glorie more then may by man be knownen,
 And glorie most is in his mercy shownen.

There doth he sit in highest of his power,
 Calling the poore vnto his rich reliefe,
 Sowing the sweete that killeth euerie sower,
 Giuing the salue that healeth euery grieft :
 Making them liue that long were dead before,
 And liuing so, that they can die no more.

By him alone the dumbe doe speake againe,
 Of him alone the blinde receiue their seeing.

With him alone is pleasure without pain
 In him alone haue blessed hearts their beeing :
 To him alone and onely but vnto him,
 All glorie doe that al the world may doe him.

Now haue I writ, though far beneath the worth,
 Of highest Heauen, what happie hart conceiuet
 Nor wil I trie in order to set forth,
 Direction such as neuer hope deceiuet,
 How care may climbe the hill of happines
 Where is the heauen of highest blessednesse.

Grace is the ground of euery good that is,
 The ground once good, how can the work be ill?
 Then that the mind may not be lead amisse,
 Beseech the helpe of his most blessed will :
 Whose onely word sets downe the passage best
 Of humble soules to their desired rest.

Begin to leaue, and make an end to loue,
 Such wanton thoughts as wofull sorrow giue,
 Be once resolu'd and neuer doe remoue,
 To live to die, as thou mayst die to liue :
 Which hell to hate, and seeke for heavenly blis
 Read of the world, and tell me what it is.

The world (in truth) is but a wofull vale,
 Where griefe for grasse, and sinnes doe grow for seed,
 Where substance, sence and soules are set to sale,
 While hoorders heape that naked people need :
 And for the gaine but of a simple groat,
 One man wil seeke to cut anothers throate.

What is there here that can content the hart?
 That knowes content or what it doth containe :
 What thought so sweet but brings as sower a smart?
 What pleasure such but breeds a greater paine?
 What thing so good but prooues in fine so euill?
 As (but for God) would beare men to the deuill.

What is the earth? the labour of the life.
 What is the sea? a gulfe of grislie lakes,
 What is the ayre? a stuffe of filthie strife :
 What is the fire? the spoyle of that it takes.
 Since these are al whence euerie thing doth spring
 What is the world, but euen a woful thing?

What thing is man? a clod of mirie clay,
 Slime of the earth, a slaue to filthie sinne,
 Springs like a weed, and so doth weare away,
 Goes to the earth where first he did begin :
 Thinke with thy selfe, when thou thy selfe art such
 What is in Man that man should be so much :

What hath the world to leade thy minde to loue?
 In true effect, a fardle full of toyes,
 For wey the pith what euerie man doth prooue,
 The perfect Gems are most vnperfect loyes ;
 Consider all what fancie bringeth forth,
 The best conceit will fall out nothing worth.

What worldlie thinges doe follow fancie most?
 Wealth, beautie, loue, fine diet, honour, fame :

What finds affect? both loue and labour lost,
 Disdaine, disease, dishonour, death and shame.
 Where care and sorrow, death and deadlie strife.
 Doo rule the roste in this accursed life.

What thing is beautie? a colour quicklie gone.
 And what is wealth when riches fall to rust?
 What thing is loue? a toy to think vpon :
 Fine diet? drosse to feede a filthie lust.
 What worldlie honor? oft unworthie praise :
 What ease? the cause whereby the life decayes?

What is disdaine? the scorne of proud conceit,
 And what disease? the death of discontent :
 Dishonor next? the fruit of fond deceit,
 And what is death? the end of ill intent.
 Now what is shame? a shamefull thing to tel :
 What is the world but wickeds way to hel?

For beaste, for birds, for fishes, flowers and trees,
 And all such things created for our vse,
 What thing is man to take such things as these,
 By want of grace to turne into abuse?
 Oh wretched world, when man that shuld be best,
 In beastly things prooues worse then all the rest.

Thus haue I shew'd the world and what it is,
 A wicked place and ful of wretched woes,
 A sincke of sinne shut out from heauenly blis,
 Where lacke of grace doth wit and reason loose :
 So vile a thing as who in kinde doth prooue it,
 Will soone confesse he hath no cause to loue it.

Now how to leaue this loathsome life of ours,
 The hatefull hel the ground of euerie griefe,
 Implore the helpe of those assured powers,
 Who neuer faile the faithfull soule reliefe :
 Laye by these thoughts that are to be abhord,
 And sett thy heart vpon thy heauenlie Lord.

First knowe thy God, and what a God he is,
 Without beginning and can haue no end,
 Who in His loue created onely his,
 And by his hand doth euer his defend :
 Whose glorious essence of his excellence,
 Makes highest powers to tremble at his presence.

He made the world and what it doth containe,
 Onely but man he made vnto his loue,
 And mans good-will was his desired gaine,
 Till proud attempt did high displeasure mooue :
 He plagu'd his pride, yet when he saw his paine,
 He gaue the salue that heald the wound againe.

He gaue the rules to guide the soule aright,
 What it should doe, and what it should not doe,
 He shew'd the summe of his desires delight,
 And what the heart should set it selfe vntoo :
 And in the good of his most gracious will,
 He shew'd the good that heald euerie ill.

He gaue the sunne, the moone and starres a course,
 That they obserue according to his will :

He makes the tides to take their due recourse,
And sets the earth where it doth settle still :
He made the substance of each element,
And sets his foot vpon the firmament.

He giues vs knowledge and we will not know him
He bids vs aske, and we will neuer mooue him :
He bids vs come, and we are running from him :
He giues vs life, and yet we neuer loue him :
He is our King, and we doe not respect him,
He is our God, and yet we doe neglect him.

And nought but man that can or dare deuse,
How to offend that holy wil of his,
In onely man that cursèd humor lyes,
That makes no care to run his course amis,
But day by day doth more and more offend him
Whose onely hand doth from all hurt defend him.

Vngrateful man whom God did onely make,
In loue to loue, and with his loue preserueth,
And for his loue endurèd for his sake
Such death of life as dearest loue deserueth :
What cursèd hart would in displeasure mooue him
That giuing all, askes nothing but to loue him.

Oh loue, sweet loue, oh high and heavenly loue,
The onely loue that leads to happie life,
Oh loue that lines for lovinge hearts behoue,
And makes an end of euery hateful strife :
How happie he that kindly can attaine it,
And how accurst that dare for to disdain it.

Loue was the cause that first we were created,
Loue is the life that we haue giuen to lead,
Loue is the cause we neuer can be hated,
Loue is our life when other life is dead,
Loue is the grace that highest good doth giue,
Learne but to loue, and t'is enough to liue.

First loue thy God that taught thee how to loue,
Then loue the loue that he in loue hath taught thee.
That loue so fixed as nothing can remoue,
The hope of life that highest loue hath wrought thee.
Thus if thou loue, thy loue will be a friend,
To gaine the life where loue wil neuer end.

Finis.

A Louers complaint.

O loue, alas, what may I call thy loue,
Thy vncouth loue, thy passions wondrous strange
... mischief deadly such as for to prooue,
... rt would shun if power I had to change.
... ge said I : recant againe that sound,
... must, recant it shall indeede.

[Four pages missing.]

She sware, as she a woman was, no loue she did
allow,
Alas, then grew my paine, it greu'd me to the heart,
My sences then so sencelesse were, as that I felt no
smart,

And standing in a maz, as Aspis on the charme,
She said and swore (to saue my life) she wisht no
good nor harme.

Alas, what bitter sweet, alas what pleasant paine,
What shiuering heat, what chilling cold, did passe
through euery vaine?

And when I would haue sworne her heart would neuer
mooue,

By Jesus Christ she tooke that oath, that she did
neuer loue.

Alas what was I then ? alas what am I now ?
Too weake to loue, too strong to die, quick, dead,
I know not how ?

Finis.

A Poeme.

WEare happie I as others are,
Then might I liue as others doe :
But fortune giues a sundrie share,
And more to one then others too,

The mind doth yet content it selfe,
What euer fortune doe befall,
And makes no count of cankred pelfe,
Nor cares for any care at all.

For health it is the gift of God,
And giue him thanks, and so haue done,
And want of wealth a heavenly rod,
To punish natures eldest sonne.

If freinds doe frowne, then farewell they,
This worldlie loue wil neuer last,
And if it be a rainie day,
The sunne wil shine when storme is past,

If troubles come a thwart thy minde,
Why tis a rule, there is no rest,
And he that seekes and cannot finde,
Must take a little for a feast.

If Ladies loue, they laugh for ioy,
And if they doe not, farewell loue :
If thou be lost, tis but a toy,
And if it hold, it will not mooue.

Faire beautie soone will fade away,
And riches quicklie fall to rust,
Thy youthfull yeares will soone decay,
And age will soone giue ouer lust.

The greatest horse is but a beast,
The highest Hawk is but a bird,
The sweetest banquet but a feast,
The brauest man is but his word.

To promise much doth please the eare,
But to performe contents the heart,
And where performance commeth, there
A vowèd loue can neuer parte.

But they that haue the world at will
And shrinketh at a shower of raine,
May hap to wish and want there will,
Vnles their hands haue greater gaine.

But hap what will my heart is sette,
I am resolu'd of this conceit,
If by desert I cannot get,
I loath to liue vpon deceit.

For stayèd minde is of that state,
As euerie fortune cannot finde,
. . . hope nor feare, nor loue, nor hate,
Can euer change an honest minde.

. . . her die in secrete grieve,
. . . etc care can euer be conceald,

[Six pages missing.]

Of his Mistresse loue.

TO trie whose art and strength did most excell,
My Mistresse, *Loue* and faire *Diana* met,
The Ladies three fourthwith to shooting fell,
And for the prize the richest Jewel set.
Sweet *Loue* did both her bowe and arrowes gage,
Diana did her beautie rare lay downe,
My Mistresse pawnde her crueltie and rage,
And she that wanne had all for her renowne:
It fell out thus when as the match was done,
My Mistresse gat the beautie and the bowe,
And streight to trie the weapons she had wonne,
Vpon me heart she did a shaft bestow.

By beautie bound, by *Loue* and *Vigor* slaine,
The losse is mine where hers was all the gaine.

Of a discontented minde.

POets come all, and each one take a penne,
Let all the heads that euer did indite,
Let Sorrow rise out of her darkest denne,
And helpe an heart an heauie tale to write.
And if all these or any one can touch,
The smallest part of my tormenting paine:
Then will I thinke my grieffe is not so much,
But that in time it may be healde againe.
But if no one come neere the thought,
Of that I feele, and no man els can finde,
Then let him say that deare his cunning bought,
There is no death to discontented minde.

Of his Mistresse Beautie.

WHat ailes mine eies, or are my wits distraught,
Doe I not see, or know not what I see:
No marueil though I see that wonder wrought,
That on the earth another cannot bee.
What ment the Gods when first they did creat you,
To make a face to mocke all other features,

Angels in heauen will surelie deadlie hate you,
To leaue the world so full of foolish creatures:
Cheekes that enchain the highest hearts in thrall,
Is it set downe such faire shall neuer fail you.
Hands, that the hearts of highest thoughts appall,
Was not *Minerva* made when she had made you:
Faire: looke on you, and farewell beauties grace,
Wise: why your wits the wisest doth abash.
Sweet: where is sweet, but in your sweetest face,
Rich: to your will all treasure is but trash.
Oh how these hands are catching at those eyes,
To feed this heart that onely liues vpon them,
Ah, of these hands what humors doe arise,
To blind these eyes that liue by looking on them.
But hearts must faint that must be going from you,
And eyes must weepe that in you loose their seeing,
Heauens be your place, where Angels better know you,
And earth is too base for such a Goddess-beeing.
Yet where you come among those highest powers,
Craue pardon then for all these great offences,
That when you dwelt among these hearts of ours,
Your onelie eyes did blind our wits and senses.
Now if you see my will aboute my wit,
Thinke of the good that all your graces yeeld you:
A mazed Muse must haue a madding fit,
Who is but mad that euer hath beheld you.

A Sonnet.

THose eyes that hold the hand of euerie heart,
That hand that holds the heart of euerie eye,
That wit that goes beyond all Natures art,
The sence too deepe for wisdom to discerie.
That eye, that hand, that wit, that heauenlie sence,
Doth shew my onely Mistresse excellence.

Oh eyes that pearce into the purest heart,
Oh hands that hold the highest thoughts in thrall,
Oh wit that weyes the depth of all desart,
Oh sence that shewe the secret sweet of all.
The heauen of heauens with heauenlie power pre-
serue thee,
Loue but thy selfe, and giue me leaue to serue thee.

To serue, to liue to looke vpon those eyes,
To looke, to liue to kisse that heauenly hand,
To sound that wit that doth amaze the minde,
To know that sence, no sence can vnderstand,
To vnderstand that all the world may know,
Such wit, such sence, eyes, hands, there are no
moe.

A pastorell of Phillis and Coridon.

ON a hill there growes a flower,
Faire befall the daintie sweet:
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heauenly Muses meete.
In that bower there is a chaire,
Fringed all about with golde:

Where doth sit the fairest faire,
That did euer eye beholde.

It is Phillis faire and bright,
She that is the shepherds ioy :
She that Venus did dispight,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she the wise, the rich,
And the world desires to see,
This is *Ipsa quæ* the which,
There is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire,
Who would not this Saint adore,
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more :

Oh faire eyes yet let me see,
One good looke, and I am gone.
Looke on me for I am hee,
Thy poore sillie *Corridon*.

Thou that art the shepherds Queene,
Looke vpon thy silly swaine :
By thy comfort haue bene seene,
Dead men brought to life againe.

The complaint of a forsaken Louer.

LET me goe seeke some solitarie place,
In craggie rocks where comfort is vnknowne :
Where I may sit and waile my heauie case,
And make the heauens acquainted with my mone,
Where onelie *Eccho* with her hallow voyce,
May sound the sorrow of my hidden sence :
And cruel chance the crosse of sweetest choyse,
Doth breed the paine of this experience.

In mourning thoughts let me my minde attire,
And clad my care in weedes of deadlie woe :
And make disgrace the graue of my desire,
Which tooke his death whereby his life did growe :
And ere I die engraue vpon my tombe,
Take heede of *Loue*, for this is Louers doome.

A pretie fancie.

WHO takes a friend and trusts him not,
Who hopes of good and hath it not.
Who hath a Item and keeps it not,
Who keeps a Ioy and loues it not.
The first wants wit, the second will,
Carelesse the third, the fourth doth ill.

*An epitaph on the death of a noble
Gentleman.*

SORROW come sit thee downe, and sigh and sob thy fill,
And let these bleeding bitter teares, be witness of
thine ill,

See, see, how Vertue sits, what passions she doth
prooue,

To thinke vpon the losse of him, that was her
dearest loue.

Come *Pallas* carefull Queene, let all thy Muses waite,
About the graue, where buried is, the grace of your
conceit.

Poets lay downe your pennes, or if you needs will write,
Confesse the onely day of loue hath lost her dawn-
ing light.

And you that know the Court, and what becomes the
place,

With grieffe engraue vpon his tombe, he gaue al
Courts a grnce.

And you that keepe the fields, and know what valure is,
Say all too soone was seene in this vntimelie death
of his.

Oh that he liu'd in earth, that could but halfe conceiue,
The honour that his rarest heart was worthie to
receiue,

Whose wisdom farre about the rule of Natures reach,
Whose workes are extant to the world, that al the
world may teach,

Whose wit the wonder-stone, that did true wisdom touch,
And such a sounder of conceipt, as few or neuer
such.

Whose vertue did exceed in Natures highest vaine.
Whose life a lanthorne of the loue that surelie lines
againe.

Whose friendship faith so fast, as nothing could remooue
him,

Whose honourable curtesie made all the world to loue him:
What Language but he spake : what rule but he had
read ?

What thought so high ? what sence so deep but he
had in his head :

A *Phoenix* of the world, whom fame doth thus com-
mend,

Vertue his life, Valor his loue, and Honour was his
end.

Vpon whose tombe be writ, that may with teares be red :
*Heere lies the flower of chivalrie that euer England
bred.*

Oh heauens, vpon the earth was neuer such a day,
That all conceits of all contents should al consume
away,

Me thinkes I see a Queene come couered with a vaile,
The Court al stricken in a dumpe, the Ladies weepe
& waile,

The Knights in careful sighes bewaile their secret losse,
And he that best cōceales his grieffe, bewraies he
hath a crosse.

Come Scholers bring your bookes, let reason haue his
right,

Doe reuerence vnto the corse, in honour of the
Knight,

Come souldiers see the Knight, that left his life so neere ye,
Giue him a volley of your harts, that al the world
may heare ye.

And ye that live at home, and passe your time in peace,
To helpe ye sing his dolefull dirge, let sorrow neuer
cease.

Oh could I mourne enough, that all the world may see,
The griefe of louse for such a losse, as greater can-
not bee.

Our Court hath lost a friend, our Countrie such a Knight,
As with the torment of the thought, hath turned
day to night :

A man, so rare a man, did neuer England breed,
No excellent in any thing, that all men did exceed.
No full of all effects, that wit and sence may scan,
As in his heart did want no part to make a perfect
man.

Perfection farre above the rule of humane sence,
Whose heart was onely set on heauen, and had his
honor thence,

Whose marke of highest aime, was honor of the
minds,

Who both at once did worldlie fame, and heauenlie
favour find :

Whom Vertue so did louse, and Learning so adore,
As commendations of a man, was neuer man had
more :

Whom wise men did admire, whom good men did affect,
Whom honest men did louse and serue, and all men
did respect.

Whose care his Countries louse, whose louse his Countries
care,

Whose careful louse considered wel, his Countrie
could not spare.

Oh Christ what ruthfull cries about the world doe
ring,

And to behold the heaule sighs it is a hellish
thing.

The campe, the dolefull campe, comes home with all a
Mourne,

To see the Captaine of their care, come home in
such a sort.

The Court, the solemne court, is in a sudden trance,
And what is he but is amasde to heare of this mis-
chance.

The little shakes the head, as it had lost a piller,
And kind Affect is in such care, a little more would
kill her :

Sweet *Hyfow* sits and weepes, and Cambridge cries
outright,

To loose the honour of their louse, and louse of their
delight.

The Cleargie singing Psalmes, with teares beblot their
bookes,

And all the Schollers follow on, with sad and heaule
lookes.

The Muses and the Nimphes attired all in blacke,
With rearing heares, & wringing hands, as if their
hearts would cracke :

The father, wife, and friends, and seruants in degrees,
With blubbered eyes bewaile the life that faithfull
louse did leese.

My self that lou'd him more then he that knew him
much,

Will leaue the honour of his worth, for better wits
to tutch :

And saie but what I thinke, and that a number know,
He was a *Phenix* of a man, I feare there are no
moe :

To set him downe in praise with men of passed fame,
Let this suffice who more deseru'd : I neuer read
his name.

For this he was in right, in briefe to shew his praise,
For Vertue, Learning, Valor, Wit, the honour of
our dayes.

And so with honor ende, let all the world goe seeke,
So young a man, so rare a man, the world hath not
the like.

Whose onelie corps consumes, whose Vertue neuer dies,
Whose sweetest soule enjoyes the sweet of highest
Paradice.

The sum of the former in foure lines.

G Race, Vertue, Valor, Wit, Experience, Learning,
Loue,
Art, Reason, Time, Conceite, Deuise, Discretion,
Trueth,
All these in one, and but one onely prooue,
Sorrow in age, to see the end of youth.

In the praise of his Mistresse.

POets lay downe your pennes, let fancie leaue to faine,
Bid al the Muses goe to bed, or get a better vaine.
There musicks are to base, to sound that sweet consaite,
That on the wonder of the world, with wonder may
awaite :

But if as yet vnknowne, there be some daintie Muse,
That can doe more then al the rest, and will her
cunning vse,

Let her come what her wits, to see what she can doe,
To that the best that euer wrote, came neuer neere
vntoo,

For Venus was a toy, and onely feigned fable,
And *Cressid* but a *Chauvours* least, and *Helen* but a
babe.

My tale shalbe of trueth, that neuer treason taught,
My Mistresse is the onelie sweet, that euer Nature
wrought,

Whose eyes are like those starres that keepe the highest
skies,

Whose beautie like the burning Sunne, that blinds
the clearest eyes,

Whose haire are like those beames that hang about the
Sunne,

When in the morning furthe he stepps before his
course to runne :

And let me touch those lips, by louse, by leaue, or lucke.
When sweet affect, by sweet aspect, may yet some
favour seeke.

They are those little foldes, of Natures finest wit,
 That she sat smoothing while she wrought & wilbe
 smacking yet :

And for that purest red, with that most perfect white,
 That makes those cheeks the sweetest chains, of
 louers high delite,

What may be said but this? Behold the onely feature,
 That al the world that sees the face, may wöder at
 the creature.

I wil not stand to muse as many writers doe,
 To seeke out Natures fittest stuffe to like her lims
 vntoo,

For if there were on earth that could in part compare :
 With anie part of anie part, wherteh her praises
 are :

Either for Natures gifts, or Vertues sweetest grace :
 I would confesse a blinded heart, were in vnhappy
 case.

But where both Nature, Sence, and Reason doth
 approue,
 She is the onely saint on earth, whom God and
 man doth loue.

Let this in summe suffice for my poore Muse and mee,
 She is the Goddess of the earth, and there is none
 but she.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Page 3. *PRINTER'S EPISTLE*, line 6, '*had not the Phenix presented me of some the best stuffe she furnisht her nest with of late*.' This refers to 'The Phoenix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined Workes of Noble men, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts and braue Schollers. Full of Varietie, excellent Invention and singular Delight. Never before this time published. Set forth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. 1593 (4to):' last line, *R. I.*, i.e. Richard Iones—on whom see our Memorial-Introduction.
- .. 4. '*A Louers Farwell*,' l. 20, '*cloy*' = over-ask, as 'glut' the appetite: l. 23, '*time*:' misprinted in original 'rime.'
- .. 5. '*The lamentable complaint of a Louer*:' l. 13, '*disease*' = discomfort, *not* bodily ailment.
- .. '*A Poeme both pithie and pleasant*:' l. 20, '*ought*' = owned.
- .. 7-8. The acrostic names of these two pages cannot now be traced—probably all private friends.
- .. 8. '*A Dreame of the arraignment of Desire*:' l. 4, '*Who had appointed perfect sence*:' Cf. page 9, l. 12 (from top). In the original it is nonsensically misprinted 'per sem': l. 10, '*posse*' = pose: l. 17, '*wild*' = will'd.
- Page 9. '*Brittons Diuinitie*:' l. 14, '*affect*' = desire: col. 2, l. 36, '*candles of the night*.' Cf. Merchant of Venice, v. 1.: 'these blessed candles of the night.'
- .. 10, col. 1, l. 26, '*While hoorders heape that naked people need*.' Earlier and later very passionate are the complaints against such farmer-'hoorders' as took advantage of bad harvests and bad times: l. 7 (from bottom), '*fardle*' = burden.
- .. 11, col. 2, l. 1, '*as Aspis on the charme*' = aspick or serpent?
- .. 11-12, '*A Poeme*:' p. 11, l. 1, '*Weare*' = were: p. 12, col. 1, l. 3, 'there' = their.
- .. 12, '*A Sonnet*:' ll. 13-14: a comma after 'liue' in both lines I have removed, as obscuring the thought.
- .. 13, '*An epitaph*,' &c. = Sir Philip Sidney: col. 2, l. 3, '*carefull*' = full of care: l. 15, '*tuck*' = test as by a touch-stone: p. 14, col. 1, l. 6 (from bottom), '*bookes*:' misprinted 'booke': l. 3 (*ibid.*) '*heares*' = hairs.
- .. 14, '*In the praise of his Mistresse*:' l. 2, '*vaine*' = vein: l. 3, '*to*' = too: l. 10, '*Cressed*' = Cresseid or Cressida: *ibid.*, '*Charocers ieast*'—a noticeable early allusion: l. 16: the latter half is illegible: supplied from the Cosens' MS.

POEMS OF THE 'ARBOR' IN THE COSENS' MANUSCRIPT: VARIOUS READINGS, &c.

- Page 9, '*Brittons Diuinitie*': l. 5, 'thoughtes' for 'wits' and 'wittes' for 'thoughts': col. 2, l. 1, 'heavnes' for 'heauen': l. 13, 'And where'—the 'And' superfluous, spoiling the scansion; as also in next line 'where things' is dropped, and so 'is' in l. 46: l. 22, 'the' for 'their': l. 39, 'the' for 'his.'
- .. 10, col. 1, l. 5, 'that' for 'the': l. 7, 'Nowe' for 'Nor': l. 15, 'hollie' for 'onely': l. 38, 'what' for 'that': col. 2, l. 20, 'vnto' for 'into': l. 23, 'shewne' for 'shew'd': ll. 29-37, defective in 'Arbor' have been supplied from ms.: l. 5 (from bottom), 'sinne' for 'summe': l. 3 (from bottom), 'good that hateth euy (= every) 'yll' for 'good that healed euerie ill.'
- .. 11, col. 1, l. 24, 'lyne' for 'loue': l. 25, 'lovinge' for 'liuing'—adopted in text: l. 35, 'thy' for 'to'—adopted: l. 37, 'Then loue so fixe as nothinge may remove' for 'That loue so fixed as nothing can remoue.'
- .. 12, '*Of a discontented minde*': l. 4, 'a harte' for an 'heart': l. 9, 'But if no one can once come nere the thought.'
- Ibid.* '*Of his Mistresse Beantie*': l. 1, 'bestrought,' stupidly for 'distraught': l. 10, 'fade' for 'fall' (a mistake): l. 21, 'harte' for 'hearts': l. 25, 'when' for 'where': l. 28, 'all' for 'our.'
- Ibid.* '*A Sonnet*': l. 10, 'shewes' for 'shewe': l. 11, 'powres' for 'power.'

Pages 12-13, '*A pastorell of Phillis and Coridon*':
A closing stanza is not found in the
'Arbor,' thus:—

Make him liue that dying leuge
Neuer durst for comfort seeke;
Thou shalt heare so sweete a songe
Neuer shepperde sounge the like.

Page 13, '*The complaint of a forsaken Louer*': l. 5,
'hollowe' for 'hallow.'

Ibid. '*A pretie fancie*': l. 3, 'Jem' for 'Item'—
adopted.

Ibid. '*An epitaph*,' &c.: l. 11, 'And you that kept
the feilde' for 'you that keepe the fields':
l. 13, 'on' for 'in': l. 19, 'vertues' for
'vertue': l. 21, 'faithe' in the ms. as in
'Arbor': qu.—error for 'sate' or 'fixed?'
or is 'faste' = 'fastened?' l. 32, 'stroken'
for 'striken': page 14, col. 1, l. 3, 'might'
for 'may': l. 16, 'commendacon' for
for 'commendations': l. 21, 'ruifull' for
'ruthfull': l. 23, 'wofull' for 'dolefull':
ib., 'runnes' for 'comes': col. 2, l. 3,
'sale' for 'said' of 'Arbor'—adopted in
text: l. 4, 'feare' for 'state': l. 9,
'sorrowe' for 'honor': last line, 'sence'
for 'soule.'

.. 14, '*The sum*,' &c.: l. 1, 'Valuer' for 'Valor': l. 2,
'Tune' for 'Time.'

Ibid. '*In the praise of his Mistresse*': l. 7, 'with' for
'what': l. 8, 'Do' for 'To'—not adopted
in text: l. 9, 'an onelie fancied' for 'and
onely feigned.'

Page 15, l. 6, 'shall' for 'may': l. 8, 'stuffes' for
'stuffe'; ll. 9-10, text adopted from ms. in
preference to the following as printed in
'Arbor':—

For if thou wert on earth that could in part compare:
With euerie part of euerie part, &c.

G.



Pasquils Mad-cappe.

1626.



NOTE.

On this and related 'Pasquil' satire-verse, see our Memorial-Introduction, as before. 'Pasquill's Mad-cappe' is from the extremely rare original in the British Museum, sm. 4°, 24 leaves. The Epistle 'To the Reader' is a *literatim et punctatim* reproduction; but in the Poems I have deemed it expedient greatly to reduce the capitals, which in the original are out of all reason super-abundant.—G.



PASQVILS

Mad-cappe,

Throwne at the Corruptions

of these Times.

WITH

His MESSAGE to Men

of all Estates



Tempore Patet Occulta Veritas.

LONDON: Printed by A. M. for *Francis Falkner*,
and are to be sold at his Shop neere vnto S^t
Margarets-hill in Southwarke. 1626.

Francis Falkner

To the Reader.

WHAT you are that reade this I know not, and how you like it I greatly care not ; the honest will keepe their condition in spight of the deuill, and for them that are of the foure and twentie Orders, God amend them, for I cannot : what I haue written was in a madde humor, and so I hope by your reading you will imagine ; a galde hackney will winch if he heare but the noyse of a curri-combe, while a better Horse will abide dressing and be quiet : call a foole a foole, and he will either crie or scratch ; and yet an Oxe cannot hide his hornes though he were clad in a Beare's skinne. To be short, I wish well to all honest Professions ; I honor the Souldier, I reuerence the Diuine, I commend the Lawyer, and I obserue the Courtier : The Merchant I hold a man of worth, the Farmer a rich fellow, the

Craftesman no foole, and the Labourer worthy his hyre ; but for the Beggar, he dwelles so neere my doore, that I am weary of his company : and therefore let Souldiers march, Diuines preach, Lawyers pleade, Marchants trafficke, Craftesmen follow their trade, and Worke-men take paines, Fencers play and Players thriue, I say nothing to them all but when they goe well to worke, God speede the plough : He that cannot abide the weather, let him lay by his feather, the Wise will liue in his wisdom and the Foole will dye in his folly ; of which number hoping you are none, I leaue my labour to your pleasure, to consider of as your patience will giue you leaue, and so rest, your Friend,

PASQUILL.



An Inuective against the Wicked of the Worlde.



WHY should man loue this wretched world so much,
In which is nothing, but all worse then nought ?

Shadowes and shewes of things are nothing such,
While strong illusions haue too weake a thought,
With wicked humors too much ouer-wrought,
The witch of Will and ouerthrow of Wit,
Where gracelesse sinnes doe in their glory sit.

Beauty is but a babies looking-glasse,
While Money eats into the Miser's heart,
And guarded Pride, all like a Golden Asse,
Makes Lechery lay open euery part.
Sloth lies and sleepes, and feares no waking smart,
While froth and fatte in drunken gluttony
The venome shew of Nature's villany.

Patience is counted but a poet's fancie,
While Wrath keeps reakes in euery wicked place,
And fretting Enuy falne into a franzie,
While tyrant Murder treads a bloody trace,
And blessed Pity dare not shew her face :
Pride, power and pence march in such battle ray,
As beares downe all that comes within their way.

The wealthy Rascall be he ne're so base,
Filthy, ill-fauor'd, vgly to behold,
Moale-eie, plaise-mouth, dogges-tooth, and camel's face,
Blinde, dumbe, and deafe, diseased, rotten, olde,
Yet, if he haue the coffers full of golde,
He shall haue reuerence, curtsie, cappe and knee,
And worship, like a man of high degree.

He shall haue Ballads written in his praise,
Bookes dedicated to his patronage,
Wittes working for his pleasure many waies,
Petigrees sought to mend his parentage,
And linkt perhaps in Noble marriage,
He shall haue all that this vile worlde can giue him,
That into pride, the deuill's mouth may driue him.

If he can speake, his wordes are Oracles,
If he can see, his eyes are spectacles,
If he can heare, his eares are miracles,
If he can stand, his legges are pinacles :
Thus in the rules of Reason's obstacles,
If he be but a beast in shape and nature,
Yet, giue him wealth, he is a goodly creature.

But, be a man of ne're so good a minde,
As fine a shape as Nature can deuise ;
Vertuous and gracious, comely, wise, and kinde,
Valiant, well giuen, full of good qualities,
And almost free from Fancie's vanities :
Yet let him want this filthy worldly drosse,
He shall be sent but to the Beggars Crosse.

The foole will scoffe him, and the knaue abuse him,
And euery rascall in his kinde disgrace him,
Acquaintance leaue him, and his friends refuse him :
And euery dogge will from his doore displace him.
Oh this vile world will seeke so to deface him
That vntill death doe come for to releete him,
He shall haue nothing heere but that may greene him.

If he haue pence to purchase pretty things,
She that doth loue him will dissemble loue ;
While the poore man his heart with sorrow wrings
To see how want doth womens loue remooue,
And make a iack-dawe of a turtle-doue :
If he be rich, worldes serue him for his pelfe,
If he be poore, he may goe serue himselfe.

If he be rich, although his nose doe runne,
His lippes doe slauer, and his breath doe stinke,
He shall haue napkins faire and finely spunne,
Pilles for the rhewme, and such perfumèd drinke
As were he blinde, he shall not seeme to winke :
Yea, let him cough, halke, spit, fart and plisse,
If he be wealthy, nothing is amisse.

But with his pence, if he haue got him power,
Then halfe a god, that is more halfe a diuell ;
Then Pride must teach him how to looke as sower,
As beldam's milke that turned with her sneuill ;
While the poore man that little thinketh euill,
Though Nobly borne, shall feare the Beggar's frowne,
And creepe and crouch vnto a filthy clowne.

Oh, he that wants this wicked cankred coyne,
May fret to death before he finde reliefe,
But if he haue the cunning to purloyne
And ease the begger of his biting grieffe,
Although (perhaps) he play the priue thiefe :
It is no matter if the bagges be full,
Well fare the wit that makes the world a Gull.

The Chuffe that sits and champes vpon his chaffe,
 May haue his mawkin kisse him like a mare ;
 And on his barne-doore-threshold lye and laugh,
 To see the swagg'rer with the beggars share,
 Follow the hounds, till he hath caught the hare :
 Oh tis the purse that guildes the bullocke's horne,
 And makes the shrew to laugh the sheepe to scorne.

Who hath not seene a logger-headed Asse,
 That hath no more wit than an old loynd-stoole,
 Prinking himselfe before a looking-glasse,
 And set a face as though he were no foole,
 When he that well might set the calfe to schoole,
 Must be attentiu to the gander's keake,
 Or giue a plaudite, when the goose doth speake.

Let but a dunce, a dizard, or a dolt
 Get him a welted gowne, a sattin coate ;
 Then though at randon he doe shoote his bolt,
 By telling of an idle tale by roate,
 Where Wisedome findes not one good word to note :
 Yea though he can but gruntle like a swine
 Yet to the eight wise men he shall be nine.

But for a poore man, be he nere so wise,
 Grounded in rules of Wit and Reason's grace,
 And in his speeches neuer so precise,
 To put no word out of Discretion's place ;
 Yet shall you see, in shutting vp the case,
 A peasant slouen with the purse's sleight,
 Will humme and haw him quite out of conceit.

Looke on a souldier that hath brauely serude
 And with discretion can direct a campe ;
 If he haue nothing for himselfe reserude,
 To warme his loyns when he hath got the crampe ;
 He shall haue little oyle vnto his lampe,
 But in a lacket and a paire of broages
 Goe passe among the company of roages.

But, if he can make money of his men,
 And his lieutenant to supply his place,
 Although the cocke be of a crauen henne,
 And dare not meete a capon in the face ;
 Yet if he can be garded with gold lace,
 And swaere and swagger with a siluer sword,
 Who would not feare a stabbe for a foule word ?

And yet this swappes, that neuer bloodied sword,
 Is but a coward, braue it as he list :
 And, though he swaere and stare to keepe his word,
 He will but loose his armour in the list,
 Or take the cuffe, and kindly kisse the fist ;
 Stolne honour is a iest of chivalry,
 And vnto valour open iniury.

While he that ventures landes, and goods, and life,
 To shew the vertue of a valiant heart,
 And leaues his house, his children and his wife,
 And from his countrie's quiet will depart,
 To passe the pikes of Danger's deadly smart ;
 He is the souldier, be he ne're so poore,
 May write disgrace vpon the coward's doore.

But for the Lords and Generals of fields,
 The serleant-maiors, colonels, and such,
 Marshalls and captaines, that in Vertue's shields
 Doe beare the trueth of Valour's honours' tuch ;
 In good of them I cannot say too much,
 If all their armour were of pearle and gold,
 That by desert the due of knighthood hold.

Take an odde Vicar in a village-towne,
 That onely prayes for plenty and for peace ;
 If he can get him but a threed-bare gowne,
 And titha a pigge, and eate a goose in grease,
 And set his hand vnto his neighbour's lease,
 And bid the clearke on Sondayes ring the bell,
 He is a church-man fits the parish well.

But, if he get a benefice of worth,
 That may maintaine a good hospitality,
 And in the pulpit bring a figure forth,
 Of faith and workes with a formality,
 And tell a knaue of an ill quality ;
 If with his preaching he can fill the purse,
 He is a good man, God send nere a worse.

But yet this simple idle-headed asse,
 That scarce hath learn'd to spell the Hebrew names,
 Sir Iohn Lack-latine with a face of brasse,
 Who all by roate his poore collations frames,
 And after seruice falles to ale-house games,
 How ere his wit may giue the foole the lurch,
 He is not fit to gouerne in the Church.

While he that spends the labour of his youth,
 But in the Booke of the eternall blisse,
 And can and will deliuer but the trueth,
 In which the hope of highest comfort is,
 That cannot leade the faithfull soule amisse :
 Howeuer so his state of wealth decline,
 Deserues the title of the true diuine.

I doe not speake of bishops nor of deanes,
 Nor learn'd doctors in diuinity ;
 For they are men that rose by godly meanes,
 Who with the world haue no affinity,
 But in the worship of the Trinity,
 Their times, their brains, their loues, and liues do
 spend,
 To gaine the honour that shall neuer end.

Take but a petti-fogger in the Law
 That scarce a line of *Littleton* hath read,
 If he hath learn'd the cunning how to claw
 His clients back and bring a foole to bed,
 With beating toys and trifles in his head ;
 His golden fees will get him such a grace
 A better lawyer shall not crosse his case.

But be a Poore man neuer so well read
 In all the quirkes and quiddities of Law,
 And beate his braines and weary out his head
 Till he haue prou'd a dunce to be a daw ;
 Yet will his skill be held not worth a straw,

And he perhaps in pleading of his case
With floutes and scoffes be shouldred out of place.

But let that pidling petti-fogging lacke,
That faine would seeme a lawyer at the least,
Be ne're so busie in a begger's packe,
And light vpon the cardes that likes him best,
Yet shall you see in setting vp his rest :
In all the game who so doe loose or saue,
His luck will allwaies fall vpon the knaue.

While he that hath the honest case in hand,
And learnedly can iudge twixt right and wrong,
And doth vpon the care of conscience stand,
And knowes that sorrow's the afflicted's song ;
Bids Iustice not the poore man's grieffe prolong,
But hateth bribes to heare the trueth approoued ;
He is the lawyer worthy to be loued.

But for the Lords and Iudges of the Law,
They looke into the matter not the men :
They know the mettall if they see the flaw,
And iudge the marish if they see the fenne :
They know both what, and how, and where, and when,
And are as gods on earth to the distressed,
To giue the right, and see the wrong redressed.

But for our gentle Iustices of Peace,
That but the chaire of charity doth keepe,
By whose great wisdome many quarrels cease,
And honest people doe in quiet sleepe,
While their command both watch and ward doth keepe :
I say no more, but God preserue their health,
They are good members in a Common-wealth.

Say coyne can make a painter draw a face,
He cannot giue it life, doe what he can :
And though that coyne can giue an outward grace,
It cannot make a knaue an honest man,
It cannot turne the cat so in the pan :
But he that hath his eyes may easily finde
The difference twixt the body and the minde.

Take him that is disfigurèd in the face,
And worse in minde and euery where to blame ;
He shall be but the subiect of disgrace :
How euer fortune doe his shadow frame,
And in Loue's triumph but a laughing game :
For neuer mastiffe curre will be a beagle,
Nor euer owle will grow to be an eagle.

Looke on a fellow with a filthy face,
Snow on his head and frost vpon his beard,
And euery where so furnisht with disgrace
As well might make a seely foole afeard,
And like a smith wjth sea-coale all besmeard ;
Yet if he haue his working toole of golde,
Venus will helpe to strike, if *Vulcan* holde.

Let but a fellow in a fox-furd gowne,
A greasie night-cap and a driueled beard,
Grow but the baliffe of a fisher-towne,
And haue a matter fore him to be heard ;
Will not his frowne make halfe a streete afeard ?
Yea, and the greatest Codshead gape for feare
He shall be swallowed by this vgly beare.

Lookè but on beggars going to the stockes,
How master constable can march before them,
And while the beadle maketh fast the lockes,
How brauely he can knaue them, and be-whore them,
And not afford one word of pitty for them,
When it may be poore honest seely people,
Must make the church make curtsie to the steeple.

Note but the beadle of a beggars Spittle,
How (in his place) he can himselfe aduance,
And will not of his title loose a tittle,
If any matter come in variance,
To try the credite of his countenance :
For whatsoever the poore beggars say,
His is the word must carry all away.

Why let a begger but on cock-horse sit,
Will he not ride like an ill-fauour'd king ?
And will it not amaze a poore man's witte,
That cuckoes teach the nightingale to sing ?
Oh, this same wealth is such a wicked thing,
T'will teach an owle in time to speake true latine,
And make a frier forswear our Ladie's mattine.

Take but a peasant newly from the cart,
That only liues by puddings, beans, and pease,
Who neuer learned any other arte,
But how to driue his cattle to the leas,
And after worke, to sit and take his ease :
Yet put this asse into a golden hide,
He shall be groome vnto a handsome bride.

Take but a rascall with a rogish pate,
Who can but onely keepe a counting-booke,
Yet if his reckning grow to such a rate,
That he can angle for the golden hooke,
How-euer so the matter he mistooke,
If he can cleereley couer his deceite,
He may be held a man of deepe conceite.

Finde out a Villaine, borne and bred a knaue,
That neuer knew where honesty became,
A drunken rascall and a dogged slaue,
That all his wittes to wickednesse doth frame,
And onely liues in infamy and shame ;
Yet let him tinke vpon the golden pan,
His word may passe yet for an honest man.

Why, take a Fidler but with halfe an eye,
Who neuer knew if *Ela* were a note,
And can but play a Round or Hey-de-gey,
And that perhaps he onely bath by roate,
Which now and then may hap to get a groate ;
Yet if his Crowde be set with siluer studdes,
The other minstrels may goe chew their cuddes.

— Give mistress *Fumkins* (John Anods his wife,—
The filthiest queane in fifteene country townes,
Who neuer had good thought in all her life)
But one fring'd kertle, and two wosted gownes,
And fill her leather powch with a few crownes,
She shall haue more fine suters for her marish,
Then all the fairest maidens in the parish.

— Olde Gillian Turne-tripe lacke an Apes his trull
That scarce can chew a peece of new made cheese,
Swelld with the dropsie, foule and farting full,
With feeding on the fatte of scullions fees ;
Yet if she haue the golden hony-bees,
She shall be kept as cleanly, fine, and fresh
As if shee were a sweeter peece of flesh.

— Let prinking *Parnell* with a paire of Thumbes
That well might serue a Miller's tolling dish ;
Who thicks her pottage but with brown-bread crummes,
And neuer car'd for butter to her fish,
Haue but the mettall of the miner's wish ;
Twenty to one, but she shall quickly marry,
When finer wenches will be like to tarry.

Looke on old *Betresse* with her beetle browes,
Begot betwixt a tinker and his Tibbe,
And but of late a silly coblers spouse ;
If she haue playde the thrifty prowling scribe,
To purchase grasse to greaze the bullocke's ribbe ;
She shall be fedde with fine and dainty fare,
And woo'd and wedded, ere she be aware.

But for a poore wench, be she nere so fayre,
Gratious and vertuous, wise and nobly borne,
And worthy well to sit in Honor's chaire ;
Yet, if her kertile, or her gowne be torne,
All her good gifts shall be but held in scorne,
And she (poore soule) in sorrow and disgrace,
Be forc'd to giue a filthy baggage place.

So that by all these consequents I see,
— It is the money makes or marres the man ;
And yet where iudges will indifferent be,
The hobby-horse best fittes Maide-*Marrian*,
While greedy dogges may lick the dripping pan ;
For though that money may doe many things,
Yet Vertue makes the truest Queenes and Kings.

— Oh what a world it is to see what wiles,
A silly foole will finde to gather wealth ;
And how he laughes, when he himselfe beguiles,
With getting of the cuckoes note by stealth,
And thinke all well, it is a signe of health :
When Patience hath the vaine to gather pence,
It is a fault to trouble conscience.

Who doth not see what villanies are wrought,
To gather wealth, the ground of wickednesse :
How many scholers *Machawell* hath taught,
To fill the earth with all vngodlinesse,
While Witte doth onely worke for wealthinesse :
Who liues in ebbes, and may let in the floods,
But will betray his father for his goods ?

But what amales vnto the world to talke ?
Wealth is a witch that hath a wicked charme,
That in the mindes of wicked men doth walke,
Vnto the heart and soule's eternall harme,
Which is not kept by the Almighty arme :
Oh, tis the strongest instrument of ill
That ere was knowne to worke the deuill's will.

An honest man is held a good poore soule,
And kindenesse counted but a weake conceite,
And loue writte vp but in the wood-cocke's sowle,
While thriving *Wat* doth but on wealth awaite,
He is a fore-horse that goes euer straight :
And he but held a foole for all his wit,
That guides his braines but with a golden bit.

A Virgin is a vertuous kind of creature
But doth not coine command virginitee ?
And Beantie hath a strange bewiching feature,
But golde reads so much world's diuinitie,
As with the heauens hath no affinitie ;
So that where Beantie doth with Vertue dwell,
If it want money yet it will not sell.

The market doth not serue to looke on mindes,
Tis mony makes the way with euery thing ;
Coyne alters natures in a thousand kinds,
And makes a begger thinke himselfe a king,
The carter whistle and the cobbler sing :
Money, oh God, it carries such a grace
That it dare meet the diuell in the face.

And he that wants this wicked kinde of drosse,
May talke of nuttes but feede vpon the shales ;
Insteede of grasse be glad to gather mosse,
And steed of hilles be glad to keepe the dales,
With chilling blasts insteede of blessed gales :
Valour, wit, honor, vertue, beantie, grace,
All little worth if wealth be out of place.

The golden tale is euer soonest heard,
The golden suter soonest hath dispatch,
The golden seruant hath the best regard,
And what such marriage as the golden match ?
And who so wise as is the golden patch ?
Sweet musicke soundes it in a golden vaine,
The sweetest stroke is in the golden straine.

And yet for all this, by your leaue awhile,
Examine all and giue each one his right,
Let not selfe-will a better wit beguile,
To take a candle for the sunny light :
There is a difference twixt the day and night,
So is there twixt the riches of the minde,
And the base drosse in beggar-thoughts to finde.

The wealthy beggar with his golden bagges,
Is yet a beggar, maugre all his golde ;
And noble Vertue, though it be in ragges,
May well deserue a better place to holde
Then many a one that is for money solde :
And tis not wealth can make an ape a man,
Cut out his coate the best way that you can.

Wealth will not make an old man yong againe,
 Howeuer so *elisers* do abuse him,
 Nor wealth can take out a dishonest staine,
 Howeuer kindnesse for a time excuse him,
 Wealth can make the wise but to refuse him :
 Wealth cannot sweeten an old stincking breath,
 Nor saue a miser from the dart of Death.

A knaue in graine can take none other hue,
 The counterfeit will quickly shew his kinde,
 A traitor in his heart cannot be true,
 The weather-cocke goes euer with the wind,
 He hath no eies that can no colours finde :
 Fooles may be blinded with a wilfull mist
 But wise men will beware of had-I-wist.

For he that were as rich as *Craesus* was,
 Yet if he haue a pare of *Midas'* cares,
 He shall be counted but a Golden Asse,
 Whatueuer worship in the world he beares :
 For Truth herselfe by all her triall swears
 In all the rules where reason hath his right,
 A shadow doth but onely mocke the sight.

While he that hath a manly comely feature
 And wisdome's grace to guide the spirite's will,
 And with the outward ornaments of Nature,
 To heauenly comfort bends his inward skill,
 Although he cannot clime the golden hill,
 How bare soeuer here be his abode
 He shall be gracious in the sight of God.

He that walkes wanton with his head aside,
 And knowes not well how he may see his feete ;
 And she that mince like a maiden bride,
 And like a shadow slideth through the streete ;
 Howeuer so their mindes in money meete,
 Measure their humours iustly by the middle,
 He may be but a foole and she a fiddle.

She that hath a round table at her breech,
 And like a puppet in her 'parrell dight ;
 He that is all formalitie in speech,
 And like a rabbit that is set vpright ;
 Howeuer so their purses be in plight,
 He may be wise, but in his owne opinion,
 And she accounted but an idle minion.

He that with fat goes wallowing like a beare,
 And puffs and blowes, and gapes to gather ayre ;
 She that all day sittes curling of her hayre,
 And paints her face to make the fowle seeme faire ;
 Howeuer so their wealth encrease, or paire,
 He may be held for a butcher's weather,
 And she a bird but of an idle feather.

He like a crane that stalkes along the streete,
 And ouer-lookes the moone, and all the starres ;
 She that doth softly striue to set her feete,
 As though her ioynts had lately been at iarres ;
 How-e're their purses breede their peace or warres,
 He may be counted but the sonne of pride
 And she perhaps haue an vnwholesome hide.

He that doth set his wicked wittes to worke,
 To coosen and to cony catch his friend ;
 And she that doth in secret corners lurke,
 To bring young humours to a wicked end ;
 Howeuer so their purses paire or mend
 She may hap prooue as good as euer twangd
 And he a rascall, worthy to be hangd.

He that doth bring men into bonds of dept,
 And feede their humors with a card of tenne ;
 She that can mump, and mince, and ierke, and iet
 As though she were old *chawnteclers* chiefe hene ;
 How ere their purses build the golden penne,
 In the best rules that wit and reason haue,
 She may be thought a queane and he a knaue.

He that can fleere, and leere, and looke aside,
 As though he studied on some weighty case ;
 She that can kindly counterfet the bride,
 On working dayes to make a Sondaye's face ;
 Howeuer so their purses be in case,
 He may perhaps haue but a knauius wit,
 And she perhaps be but a foolish tit.

He that will drinke, and sweare, and stabbe, and kill,
 And will be brought vnto no better stay ;
 She that will brawle, and scold, and haue her will,
 In spight of whosoever dare say nay ;
 Howe're their wealth do beare the world away,
 He may be fit to keepe the duels court,
 And she a match to make a mad-man sport.

So that I can see I finde myselfe deceiued,
 To thinke that mony should monarch it so ;
 Although I thinke I might be well conceiued,
 To thinke that money make a goodly show,
 Vnto a minde that doth not mettall know ;
 But he that knowes the flower from the mosse,
 Will finde it but a necessary drosse.

But he that can with conscience and with kindnesse,
 From a small mole-hill to a mountaine rise ;
 And she that will not with Discretion's blindnesse
 Lead a poore friend into Foole's Paradise ;
 Let crownes and angels follow them like flies.
 If they get golde, on God's name let them weare it,
 He hath a peeuish humour cannot beare it.

But let him yet acknowledge what he is,
 That by his wealth his onely worship getteth ;
 And let her that is such a misteries,
 Thinke her but fond that so herselfe forgetteth,
 As labour's lucre euen with honor setteth.
 Let them, I say, confesse but what they be,
 And they shall be stil as they are for me :

But if King Pippin ouer-looke his basket,
 I wish a rotte among his apples fall ;
 And if dame Laundresse doe forget her flasket,
 I wish her losse her crippin, or her cawle,
 I can not make a parlour of a halle :
 Let euery rabbit to her borough runne,
 And then the hunting will be quickly done.

But if the hildings care not how they rome,
 Nor where they range in fetching of their feede ;
 If they be met with in their going home,
 I can not pittie their vnhappy speede ;
 Who cuttes their fingers must abide them bleede,
 Who wilfully will venture for a smart,
 I can not helpe them, if it breake their heart.

Then let a knaue be knowne to be a knaue,
 A theife a villaine, and a churle a hogge ;
 A minks a menion, and a rogue a slaue,
 A trull a tit, an vsurer a dogge,
 A lobbe a loute, a heauy loll a logge :
 And euery birde goe rowst in her owne nest,
 And then perhaps my Muse will be at rest.

But if a lacke will be a gentleman,
 And mistris Needens lady it at least,
 And euery goose be saucy with the swanne,
 While the asse thinks he is a goodly beast,
 While so the foole doth keepe ambition's feast ;
 My Muse in conscience that cannot be quiet,
 Will giue them this good sawce vnto their diet.

But I doe hope I am but in a dreame,
 Fooles will be wiser then to loose their wittes ;
 The countrey wench will looke vnto her creame,
 And workemen see, but where their profite fits,
 And learne fantastickes to their idle fits :
 Pride shall goe downe, and vertue shall encrease,
 And then my Muse be still, and hold her peace.

But if I see the world will not amend,
 The wealthy beggar counterfeite the king,
 And idle spirites all their humours spend,
 In seeking how to make the cuckoe sing ;
 If Fortune thus doe daunce in Follie's ring,
 When contraries thus go against their kindes,
 My Muse resolves to tell them what she findes.

For she cannot be partiall in her speech,
 To smooth, and flatter, to cologue and lie ;
 She cannot make a breast-plate of a breech,
 Nor praise his sight that hath but halfe an cie,
 She cannot doe herselfe such iniurie ;
 For she was made out of so plaine a molde,
 As doth but Trueth for all her honor holde.

FINIS.





His Message.



DOE Muse abroad, and beate the world about,
Tell trueth for shame, and hugger vp no ill ;
Flatter no follie with too plaine a flowt,
Nor on a buzzard set a falcon's bill :

Doe no man wrong, giue euery man his right,
For time will come that all will come to light.

Doe not persuade a foole that he is wise,
Nor make a begger thinke he is a king ;
Say not a mole can see that hath no eyes,
Nor starke dead stockes haue any power to spring ;
For while that logicke would maintaine a lie,
Tis easely found out in philosophie.

Tell idle eies that know not how to looke,
Their wanton thoughts will worke them nought but woes,
Tell addle wittes that haue the worlde mistooke,
Vnbridled willes are Reason's ouerthrowes :
While only Trueth that walkes by Wisedome's line,
Happieth the heart, and makes the soule diuine.

Goe to the Court and tell your gracious king,
That in his loue his Land hath blessed been ;
And tell his Land that you haue truely seene,
No Court on earth more gracèd in a King ;
Where Vertue giues a kind of heauenly crown
That all the world can neuer tumble downe.

There tell the lordes and ladies in their eares,
They must be loyall in their humble loues ;
The fairest badge that honor euer beares,
Is, in a crowne a nest of turtle-doues ;
The crowne of lawrell that can neuer wither,
The birdes in loue that liue and die together.

There tell the courtier he doth kindly serue,
That of his curtsie cannot make a cloake ;
Where Bountie's hād doth honor best deserue,
That giues reward before the word he spoke ;
And tell the gallants that will seeke for graces,
Chaste modest eies best figure angels' faces.

Goe bid the lawyers looke their Common-places,
And where they know the trueth, there giue the right :
For God Himselfe who heares the poore mens cases,
Will giue a day vnto their darkest night.
When in the Booke that doth all thoughts disclose,
Their soules shall see whereto iniustice growes.

Goe to the learned Vniuersities,
And tell the schollers of the losse of time ;
Bid them beware of too much liberties,
Best thriuing plants are tended in their prime ;
And bid them first goe read the rules of grace,
That lower blessings may come on apace.

Tell country Players, that old paltry iests
Pronouncèd in a painted motley coate,
Filles all the world so full of cuckoes nests,
That nightingales can scarcely sing a note :
Oh bid them turne their minds to better meanings,
Fields are ill sowne that giue no better gleanings.

Goe tell the Fidlers that doe haunt the Faires,
They are but coales to kindle wicked fire ;
Where only pence doe make vnequal paires :
Performe the actions of vnclene desires :
When in an ale-house in a drunken pot,
The diuell daunceth though they see him not.

Goe tell the Swaggrers that doe vse to sweare,
Heere, or in hell, their mouthes will sure be stopt ;
And tell the thieues that robbe without a feare,
That Tiborne trees must once a month be topt ;
And tell the cluster of the damnèd crue,
Such hell-hounds heauen out of her mouth doth spue.

Bid each Diuine goe closely to his booke,
And truely teach the comforts of the soule,
And to his life to haue a carefull looke ;
Knowing what actions angels doe enroule,
And tell them truely that diuinitie
With worldly loue hath no affinitie.

Feede not the Souldier with delight of blood,
While Mercy is the honour of a field ;
And tell the Merchant, that ill gotten good,
A wretched life a wofull end will yeeld ;
And tell the Miser vsurer of money,
His soule is poysned with his bodie's hunney.

Goe tell the Craftsman of his crafty worke,
And that his coosoning one day will decay ;
For long the foxe may in his burrow lurke,
That may be catcht in hunting of a pray ;
And whereas Trueth can only beare a blame
Falshood must runne and hide her face for shame.

Goe tell the Fencer with his deadly foynē,
That *Caine* and *Abell* yet are currant weight,
Where is more easie for to part then ioyne
The soule and body by a wicked sleight ;
While secreet murther in the sinner's brest
Will neuer let the soule to be at rest.

Goe tell the wretch that would and cannot thrine,
That his endeauor standeth for a deed ;
And bid the sick man in his soule reuiue,
While angells ioyes on sinners teares do feede :
And tell the soule that mourneth for her sinne
Heau'n gates stand open for to let her in.

Tell not a crow, that she is lilly white,
Because a painter colourd hath her coate ;
Nor say a cuckoe hath in musicke righte,
Because in *Maye* she hittes vpon a noate ;
But say the crow is blacke, the cuckoe's horse ;
The finest carkasse will be but a corse.

Tell *Aesop's* pie, that flies with peacocke's feathers
They are but stolne, or borrowd, not her owne ;
And tell the shippe that sailes in roughest weather,
Vpon a rocke she may be ouerthrowne ;
And tell the hart that will not keepe the wood,
To graze too farre, will doe him little good.

Goe tell the beggar at the rich man's gate,
That *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* bosome liues ;
And tell the rich, that *Dines'* wofull state,
Doth shew what almes lacke of pittie giues ;
And tell the wise that *Salomon* is dead,
While wilfull Fancie brings a fool to bedde.

Goe bid the Iailour looke vnto his charge,
And not be cruell where he may be kinde ;
For though a prisoner be not set at large,
Yet in his sorrow let him comfort finde ;
That when the soule at *Mercie's* doore doth knocke,
Pitty on earth may ope the heauenly locke.

Goe to the prisoner that doth liue opprest,
And tell him patience is a heau'nly power,
That in all troubles giues the spirit rest,
And makes it happy in a heau'nly hower ;
When True Remorce that *Vertue's* grieffe doth see,
From care and sorrow soone will set him free.

Goe tell the Poets that their pidling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of request :
While wanton humors in their idle times,
Can make of Loue but as a laughing iest ;
And tell poore Writers, stories are so stale,
That penny ballads make a better sale.

Goe tell the Authors of high Tragedies,
That bloudlesse quarrells are but merry fights ;
And such as best conceite their Comedies,
Doe feede their fancies but with fond delights ;
Where toyes will shew that figure Trueth's intention,
They spoyle their spirits with too much inuention.

Goe bid the Scribe looke in his indentures,
That no ill couenant a conuicience marre ;
And tell the Sailer that in sea aduentures,
A shippe ill guided splitts vpon a barre ;
And tell the Fisher when he layes his nets,
He fisheth ill that but a gudgin gets.

Go tell the Iuglers that their iests are toyes,
Where wisdomē seeth the worth of little wit ;
Their exercises but for girles and boyes,
That watch the gander while the goose doth sit ;
Their trickes but trifles, bred by wickednesse,
But to deceiue the eye of simplenesse.

Go tell the pander and the parasite,
The one his tongue is like the other's minde ;
The parasite without a tooth can bite,
The pander liues in a more loathsome kinde ;
The one, his facultie is flattery,
The other, liues by filthy lechery.

Go tell the traitour, if thou hitst of any,
That *Iudas* is a prologue to their play ;
And tell the world that *Iudasses* too many,
In secreet corners spring vp euerie day ;
Who, since both heau'n and earth may well abhorre,
Goe hang themselues as he hath done before.

Go to the Countrey, where the farmers dwell,
And bid them bring their corne out to the poore ;
Tell them the sexton comes to ring the bell,
Whē death will fetch the richest out of doore ;
And they too late to their sorrow shall see,
How churles on earth in hell shall plaguēd be.

Goe tell the Labourers, that the lazie bones
That will not worke, must seeke the beggar's gaines
And tell the beggar that his fainēd groanes,
Must haue a whippe to ease him of his paines ;
While workemen's labour, and the lame man's woe
In wisdomē's eye cannot vnpittied goe.

Thus, not in order seeke out euery one,
But as thou meetst them, tell them what I bid thee ;
But if thou seest thou canst doe good of none,
Of gracelesse schollers quickly seeke to rid thee ;
Such as determine in their sinnes to dwell,
Thou canst not helpe them if they run to hell.

But lest thy worke be all to much to doe,
Beginne againe and I will make an end ;
But haue a care of that I set thee to,
Lest I discarde thee euer for a friend ;
But take good heed, begin where I begun,
And make an end, and I will soone haue don.

Goe bid the Courtier that he be not prowde,
The Soldier bloody, nor the Lawyer blinde ;
And bid the Merchant, that he doe not shrowde
A subtle meaning in a simple kinde ;
Goe bid the Schollers learne, the Doctors teach,
And haue a care to liue as they doe preach.

Goe bid the Farmer bring abroad his graine,
The Craftsman, that he soundly make his ware,
The Workeman, that he labour for his gaine,
The Beggar that he waite for pittie's share ;
Then if the Sexton come to ring the bell,
Where Faith is fixt, there is no feare of Hell.

Forbid the Poets, all fantasticke humors,
The Players, acting of vnlawfull lests,
The Prose-men, raising of unciull rumors,
The Fidlers, playing but at Bride-ale feasts,
The Fencers, fight but onely to defende,
That easie quarrels soone may haue an ende.

Goe tell the Spend-thrift that doth sell his land,
Money will melt like snow against the sunne ;
And he that takes his rent vp afore-hand,
May hap to want before the yeare be done ;
And tell a Foole, that plaies on better wittes,
A lowzie head will quickly shew his nittes.

Goe bid the Scriuener looke he truely write,
And tell the Iugler, that his feates are stale ;
And bid the Sailer looke his shippes be tight,
And take the blowing of a merry gale ;
And bid the Fisher lay for bigger fish,
A world of gudgins will not fill a dish.

Goe tell the Rich Man, that his store of wealth,
Will purchase him no place in Paradise ;
And bid the strong man boast no more of health,
For as the lambe we see the lyon dies ;
And bid the wise man boast not of his wits,
Lest vnawares he fall to madding fits.

Goe bid the Iaylour looke vnto his lockes,
And keepe his keyes, and feare no prisoners flight ;
And keepe his rackes, his tortures, boltes and stockes,
To make a traitor bring a trueth to light ;
But to his power to helpe the poore oppresséd,
For God is pleasd in pittying the distresséd.

Goe bid the Poets studie better matter,
Then Mars and Venus in a tragedie ;
And bid them leaue to learne to lie and flatter,
In plotting of a Louer's Comedie ;

And bid Play-writers better spend their spirits,
Than in fox-burrows, or in cony-ferrits.

Do not allure a wanton eye to loue,
Nor seeke with wordes to witch an itching eare ;
Play not the turky with a turtle-doue,
Nor fray a baby with a painted beare ;
Finde better worke to set thyselfe vnto,
As good be idle, as haue nought to doe.

Follow not follies, shadowes, nor conceites,
For in the end they will but ill deceiue thee ;
Practice no iestings, nor no juggling sleights,
For in the end discretion will perceiue thee ;
And when that woe and want doth ouertake thee,
Fortune will falle thee, and the world forsake thee.

Loose not thy time with looking after toyes,
Nor fall to building castles in the ayre ;
Let Nature's iewells neuer be thy ioyes,
But loue the beauty of the inward faire ;
Where e're thou goe, let trueth and vertue guide thee,
And then be sure no euill can betide thee.

Spend not thy patrimony in apparrell,
In cardes nor dice, in horses, hawkes, or houndes ;
Maintaine thy right, but make no idle quarrell,
And keepe thyselfe within Discretion's boundes ;
Abuse no friend, nor trust an enemy,
And keepe thyselfe from wicked company.

Reuenge no wrong, except it bee too greate,
True valour liues in sparing, not in spilling ;
Deny no truce that Mercy doth intreate,
A cruell conquest that doth end in killing ;
For Patience findes that poison's wrath to death,
An angry word is but an angry breath.

Bid them feare God that meane to shun the deuill
And hate the deuill that would come to God,
And say, when children are enclinde to euill
Parents sometime of force must vse the rodde ;
For sinne is hatefull in *Iehouah's* eyes,
And Man his life but in His mercie lyes.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 4, TO THE READER, col. 1, l. 4, '*the foure and
twentie Orders*:' whether by jocular reference to the
twelve companies of London, or the 'orders four' of
mendicant friars ; or whether because the names added
up came to twenty-four,—I know not ; but there were
said to be twenty-four orders (or species) of rogues in
the Rogues' Commonwealth : l. 7, '*a galled hackney*

will winch' = a sore-backed or hurt hired horse will
winch. Cf. Shakespeare—

'Let the galled jade wince' (*Hamlet*, lii. 2) :

l. 14, '*observe*' = mark or watch : col. 2, l. 1, '*Labourer*,'
etc. So St. Luke x. 7.

P. 5, col. 1, l. 6, 'The witch of Will,' etc. Reminds us of Breton's 'Wil of Wit,' etc.: l. 15, 'reakes' = pranks: l. 16, 'fransie:' by stress of rhyme for 'frenzie': l. 17, 'trace' = course: l. 19, 'ray' = array: l. 27, 'worship' = honour or respect: l. 31, 'Petigrees' = pedigrees: a not obsolete flattery: col. 2, l. 7, 'Beggars Crosse' = stocks: l. 27, 'halke' = hawk, *i.e.* force up phlegm.

P. 6, l. 1, 'Chuffe' = an old miser: cf. Breton's 'Longing of a Blessed Heart,' p. 8, col. 2, l. 22, 'The Churle that sits and champes vpon his chaffe:' l. 2, 'maukin,' or maukin = a hare: = maid or mistress: l. 8, 'logger-headed' = blockhead: l. 10, 'prinking' = adorn: l. 13, 'heake' = cackle: l. 15, 'disard' = clown: l. 16, 'welled' = border-adorned: l. 17, 'bolt' = arrow: l. 20, 'gruntle' = grunt: l. 34, 'brooges' = brogues, shoes: l. 43, 'swappes:' a word not recorded apparently; the meaning is plain: col. 2, l. 11, 'goose in grease' = well sauced: l. 44, 'Littleton:' the great law authority: l. 47, 'foyes' = trifles: l. 49, 'crosse' = lose him: l. 51, 'quiddities' = a scholastic term: the proper answer to *quid est?* See Bailey, *s.v.*

P. 7, l. 7, 'rest:' game-at-cards term: l. 20, 'marish' = marsh: l. 22, 'gods on earth:' Psalm lxxxii. 6: l. 35, 'turne the cat:' there is a cunning which we in England call 'the turning of the cat in the pan;' which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him. Bacon in Bailey, *s.v.*: col. 2, l. 6, 'Cod's head' = foolish fellow: the 'cod' has a huge head and small brains: l. 15, 'spittle' = hospital: l. 51, 'Ela,' the highest note in music, I suppose = to *si* of our present scale: l. 52, 'Round' or 'Hey-de-Gey:' dance-music: 'heydegives' were frolicsome dances.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 4, 'wasted' = worsted: l. 6, 'marish' = marriage: l. 16, 'tolling dish' = measuring: l. 22,

'Betresse' = Beatrice: l. 25, 'prowling' = prowling and plundering: l. 35, 'baggage' = worthless woman: l. 39, 'Maide-Marrion' = Marion of Robin Hood Ballads celebrity: l. 52, 'Machauell' = Machiavelli: col. 2, l. 10, 'wood-cocke:' 'Springes to catch wood-cockes' preserves this love term: l. 30, 'shales' = shells: l. 40, 'golden patch' = rich fool.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 8, 'in graine' = in substance: l. 14, 'had-I-wist' = had I known,—frequent in Breton: l. 37, 'parrell' = apparel: l. 48, 'weather' = wether, sheep: col. 2, l. 2, 'covey catch:' slang phrase adopted by Rowlands, etc. = to entrap: l. 8, 'debt' = debt: l. 9, 'card of tenne.' This was a card that by the rules of the game counted as ten. It was also called a 'cooling card,' apparently because it cooled the courage of the adversary. Here = give them all they desire or that which they would have: l. 11, 'chaunticlers' = cock: l. 20, 'tit' or titty = a smart girl, yet 'foolish:' l. 29, 'monarch:' note the verb form: l. 39, 'angels' = coin so called: l. 45, 'fond' = foolish: l. 52, 'crippin' = golden net caul, as 'cawle' explains: l. 54, 'borough' = burrow.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 1, 'hildings' = low person or idle: l. 10, 'minkes' = our minx? See our Memorial-Introduction on this: *ib.*, 'menion' = minion: l. 11, 'tit,' as *supra*: l. 12, 'lobbe' = clown: so 'loute,' a clownish fellow: l. 12, 'loll' = idle fellow: col. 2, l. 16, 'cologue' = confederate.

P. 11, col. 2, l. 22, 'Tiborne:' = Tyburn or gallows.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 1, 'foyne' = thrust, in fencing: l. 17, 'horse' = hoarse.

P. 13, col. 1, ll. 37-42. See on this our Memorial-Introduction: col. 2, l. 22, misprinted—

'In cardes, nor dice, in horses, nor hawkes, houndes.'—G.



Pasquils Fooles-Cap.

1600.



NOTE.

The only copy known of 'Pasquils Fooles-cap' is that in the Bodleian—our text. On it and 'Morphoriv' see our Memorial-Introduction. The Notes and Illustrations find most fitting place here:—

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, EDWARD CONQUEST—p. 18. See Memorial-Introduction on this special friend to Breton. Col. 1, l. 17, 'Cognisaunce.' Cf. p. 20, col. 2, l. 7: = badge.

TO HIS HONEST FRIENDE PASQUILL—col. 2, l. 7, 'beetle-headed.' Cf. p. 19, col. 2, l. 24, etc., = stupid, wooden.

MORPHORIUS TO THE READER—col. 2, l. 2, 'fransy' = frenzy: l. 14, 'Gulles' = fools, with the sub-idea of licentiousness: *ibid.*, 'Gugin' = gudgeon.

PASQUILS FOOLES-CAP—p. 19, col. 1, l. 4, 'had I wist': *frequenter* here and in Breton generally. See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*: l. 5, 'hammering skonces.' 'Skonces' = skulls or heads, *i.e.* brains. See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*, for parallels: l. 18, 'fiddle fiddle' = trivial, as 'fiddlededee' = nonsense: l. 19, 'green Cheese for Chalke.' One of many proverbs in Breton: col. 2, l. 4, 'hoods'—as a hawk in sporting or a scholar in full dress: l. 10, 'list' = boundary line: l. 16, 'sears' = touch-hole of a pistol—used metaphorically: l. 27, 'Rowles' = rolls: *ibid.*, 'raede' = judge: l. 38, 'cogging' = cheating.

P. 20, col. 1, l. 15, 'Huffcappe' = swaggerer: l. 43, 'Babies' = the little likeness seen in the pupil of the eye when eyes are brought near: l. 51, 'Eawe' = ewe, and so l. 53, 'deawe' = dew,—the contemporary and later spelling: col. 2, l. 6, 'woodcocks' = simpletons: *ibid.*, 'Morris-daunce' = an ancient dance in which the performers were grotesquely dressed. See Halliwell, *s. v.*: l. 11, 'Ris Dowe' = dough: l. 29, 'Sorrell' = chestnut colour: l. 35, 'Dowd' = slattern, and lazy: l. 31, 'cogging' = cheating, as before and *frequenter*: l. 41, 'Bussard' = night-moth: *ibid.*, 'hawke' = hawk: l. 42, 'Tittles' and *frequenter*: = smart girl: ll. 44-45.—another proverb.

P. 21, col. 1, l. 9, 'Cuckoe' = makes a cuckold: l. 14, 'Drabbe' = slattern; *ibid.*, 'queane' = slut: l. 18, 'Rascaldry' = rascallery: l. 31, 'Fortunes share' = the chapter of accidents, which is the Bible of the Fool: col. 2, l. 1, 'Cophers' = coffers: l. 14, 'Hilding' = hilding or hinderling, *i.e.* idle jade: l. 23, 'Ruffin-like' = ruffian-like: l. 27, 'Kittes' = Kates—a slang name for light women: l. 45, 'swearde' = sword: l. 46, 'Aere' = grin.

P. 22, col. 1, l. 32, 'portes' = gates: l. 42, 'Tit.' See on p. 20, col. 2, l. 42: col. 2, l. 40, 'peaks' = ascendant: l. 42, 'Moris-daunce.' See on p. 20, col. 2, l. 6.

P. 23, col. 1, l. 3, 'Nansicoche.' Same as nanny-hen, *i.e.* affected, over-nice: l. 15, 'Iennat' = Genet—a small Spanish horse: l. 26, 'Shelf' = sunken shoal or reef: l. 29, 'Ioynt-stools': misprinted 'joyne': = folding, jointed stool or seat: l. 47, 'Ganders wooll' = feathers—by stress of rhyme: col. 2, l. 24, 'niffes' = nothings, trifles. See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*: l. 25, 'Bunting' = woodlark: and a shrimp: l. 40, 'Noddy' = noodle: l. 50, 'Conny borough' = rabbit burrow: l. 53, 'Muce' = muse or mused, *i.e.* hole in a hedge through which game passes: l. 16, 'gate' = gait: l. 24, 'neere.' See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*

P. 24, col. 1, l. 5, 'noddied' = befooled: l. 38, 'leaves' = ceases: l. 48, 'Cokes combe' = Fool's head-gear—as of a boastful-crowing cock: l. 51, 'slappe' = hypocrite: col. 2, l. 24, 'lowte' = lout.

P. 25, col. 1, l. 8, 'Machasile.' See Glossarial Index, *s. v.*

PASQUILS PASSION—p. 26, col. 1, l. 22, 'keake' = cackle: col. 2, l. 1, 'Curtall' = docked: l. 4, 'Kestrell' = Kestrel: called also *stannel* and *windhover*,—of the hawk tribe: l. 51, 'Fonde' = foolish: l. 52, 'dissas d' = infected,—or qu.—troubled or disturbed?—G.

P A S Q V I L S

F O O L E S - C A P

S E N T T O S V C H (T O

keepe their weake braines warme)

as are not able to conceiue aright

of his Mad-cap.

With Pasquils P A S S I O N for

the Worlds waywardnesse.

Begun by himselfe, and finished by his

Friend MORPHORIVS.



Imprinted at LONDON, for *Thomas Iohnes*, dwelling neere *Holborne Conduit*. 1600.

TO MY VERY GOOD

friende, Master *Edward Conquest*,

as much happinesse from Hea-

uen, as his worthy heart can wish.

SIR, to forget your vnderdeserued kindnesse, were a note out of my nature: & yet how kindly to requite it, is many notes about my ability. But as a lame man, that striues to goe, shewes hee would runne, if hee had legges: so, in the humour of my *good will*, imagin a *Desire* of a greater matter. But leauing these complements, and to come to my purpose; as I haue found you a kinde *Spectator* of my *Labours*, so let mee entreat you, at my hands to accept this treatise, with a foolish *title*. Where, if *Wit* haue plaid the *Wagge*, let him not haue his name for nothing: and where you finde a head fit for this *Cappe*, either bestowe it vpon him in charity, or send him where he may haue them for his money. I know that you are acquainted with many that well deserue it: whome, least they should be mistaken for better men, I pray you giue them the *Cappe* for their *Cognisauce*. And so, hoping that your *discretion* will beare with my *imperfection*, to finde no better worke, to giue notice of my good will; I rest, with much thankfulness, in more *Affection* than *Protestation*.

Yours assured, to commaund,

N. B.

To the Reader.

OV that Read, to learne you Gentle and be not, you would thinke I did mocke you: & therefore giue me leaue to thinke of you, as I finde you. But to the matter: Mad-cap hath past one fit and now is fallen into another: what it is, you may partly guesse by the Title. For, in a Foole, is hidde a great deale of vaine matter: which you shall heere finde runne ouer, in a fewe Verses; not the best that euer you redde, nor perhaps the worst that you may meeete with. But to be short, what Pasquill begun, Morphorius hath ended: how well I say not: but the better, if you like it: to whose kindnesse, in hope of patience, I commit it; and so abruptly I leaue it.

Your friend:

TO HIS HONEST

friende *Pasquill* in all haste.

* *



riende *Pasquill*, hearing of late of the paines that thou hast taken in reprehending of the *wicked* (among the spirits of best condition, not a little commended) I haue thought good (finding the corruption of this *Age*) to put a *Foole*, to thy *Knawe*. Among which weak witted brains, I haue not let slip such Beetle headed *Asses*, as taking vpon them the worke of thy *Wit* (in seeking to rob thee of thy *Worthinesse*) haue shewed the height of their *Foolishnesse*. Who, among other such wise people, finding their names but in their Natures, will (I hope) like good children, rather mend their faults, then be angry with their maisters; if not, let them sinke in their owne sorrowe: giue the *Mad-man* his *Mad-Cappe*, and the *Foole* his *Fooler-Cappe*: thou and I be friends, and the world fare as it list. And so farewell.

Thine, as his owne, MORPHORIO.

Morphorius to the Reader, in the behalfe of his friende Pasquill.

* *

HEE, that of late was in a *Madding fit*,
Doth from a *fransy* to a *folly fall*:
And which is better, *madde*, or *foolishe wittle*?
I thinke as good, almost haue none at all.
Well, *Sugar sweete*, or *bitter as the gall*,
Tis *Pasquills humour*, so I pray you take it:
And as you like it, chuse it, or forsake it.

His meaning was, to please none but himselfe,
Nor to displease but those that well deserue it:
He doth not care though *Enny* play the elfe:
His dishe is drest, and hee will not Reserve it:
But to the world, for such poore diet serue it,
As are content with ordinarie dishes,
While *Nicer Gullies* are choakt with *Gugin fishes*.

When he was *Madde*, hee Rag'd against the *knawe*:
Now idely fitted, fallies vpon the *Foole*,
In hope that *Doctors* better wisdome haue,
Than *Carpe* at *schollers* that doe goe to schoole
And wishe a workeman but to knowe his tooles:
For *Graues-end Barge* can neuer passage haue,
Till it be furnisht with a *Foole* or *Knawe*.

FINIS.



PASQVILLS

Fooles-Cap.



Hat means this world, that *Muses* can not rest,

But one or other will be working still?
Tis no time now to breake too broad a iest;

Least, had I wist, repent a heedlesse will,
While hammering skonces haue vnhappy skill
Which in their Cradles, being borne accurst,
Will euer construe all things to the woorst.

But since the *Wisdome* of the world I finde,
Before Heauens *Wisdome*, *Foolishnesse* indeede,
While such Illusions doe the spirit blinde,
As onely growe vpon vngratious seede:

Which wiked Humours in the heart doe breede,
While truest *Wisdome* liues about the *Sunne*:
Let me but play the *Foole*, and I haue done.

But some, perhaps, in pieuish spight will say,
The field is large, wherein I am to walke:
Where I may wander many an idle way,
And make a deale of fiddle faddle talke:
But say, my *Muse* mistake greene *Cheese* for *Chalke*,
This is the worst (to hide her idle braines)
She shall haue but the *Fooles-cappe* for her paines.

But let her weare it, since it is her due,
Who hath no *Wisdom*, can not speake of *Wit*:
Who neuer came where *Wit* and *Reason* grue,
Must needs shoot wide, when that they aim at it.
For, while the *Gander* by the *Goose* doth sit,
Tis ten to one, how euer prooue the weather,
But that the birds will all be of a feather.

Then, good *Wise Man*, if such a one thou bee,
That dost the lines of little matter reade,
I pray thee be not in a chase with mee,
Although a *Jade* be spurred till hee bleede:
Keepe thou thy *Stable* for a better *Steede*:
Who hath bene well brought vp in *Reasons Schoole*,
May haue the patience to goe by the *Foole*.

But, if it bee, you cannot goe along,
But that you needes will stumble at a strawe;
If that your selfe will doe your selfe such wrong,
To let the *Worme* vpon your *Wits* to gnawe,
Vntill a *Crosse* be come to be a *Dawe*:
Then do but thinke how some the least will smother,
Why should one *Foole* be angry with another?

Then be not angry, let the *Foole* alone,
Except thou be a bird of his owne broode:
For trust it true, it will be ten to one,
If once thy heade be couerd with his *Hoode*,
It will so heate thy braines, and staine thy bloode,
That thou wilt fall into such Extasies,
As while thou liu'st, thou neuer wilt be wise.

Beware therefore in time of *Had I wist*:
Let not *Impatience* shewe thy pieuishnesse:
Keepe thy *Concept* within *Discretions* List:
Where thou maiest looke vpon that Idlennesse,
That fills the world too full of Foolishnesse:
Seeke thou to knowe but where true wit doth dwell,
And learne to laugh at *Fooles*, and all is well.

And if thou chauce to meete an idle Mate,
Whose tongue goes all too glibbe vpon the seare,
And chiefe delight is so much in his prate,
As where hee comes, will be chiefe Prater there:
In friendly kindnesse tell him in his eare,
That in the Rules of *Wit* and *Reasons* schoole,
He will be counted but a prating foole.

And if you hap to light vpon a Gull,
That is conceived of his Mother wit,
And doth apply his beetle-headed scull
But to an humour of an idle fit;
In honest kindnesse let him heare of it,
That in the Rowles of *Wisdomes* Rules you reede,
Lesse hope of him, then of a *Foole* indeede

And if you chauce to see the *Sonne of Pride*
Looke fiftene thousand mile about the Moone,
And lye abedde vntill his idle hide
Must make a Morning, of an after-noone:
For feare his Worshipp should be vp too soone;
Least that the Ayer should happe to doe him harme,
Lend him the *Fooles-cappe* for to keepe him warme.

And if you chauce to spy a *Subtill Slave*,
That hath a world of Simple *Wits* beguilde,
And, like a cunning cogging, coosening knaue,
On other harmes, his helps doth onely builde:
Tell him that *Sathan* is a subtill childe,
That while the *wicked* golde for drosse doe sell,
Makes *Fooles* seeme wise, vntill they come in hell.

Hee that doth murder twentie thousand men,
And sacke their cities, and their townes deface :
And, with a dash but of a wicked Penne,
Bring a poore world into a pitious case,
To gaine himselfe a kinde of *Monarches* grace :
Tell him what Angels read in *Vertues* schoole,
That bloody *Pride* doth breede a bellish *Foole*.

Hee that doth couet more then is his owne,
And scrapes and scratcheth for a little drosse :
And, all with ease is like a Bladder blowne,
And neuer cares for any neighbours crosse,
For his owne gaine, to giue a thousand losse :
Tell him when *Wisdomes* beates the world about,
The *Foole* will quickly lay the Miser out.

The swaggering *Huffecappe* that will stare and swear,
That hee will cut through the whole piece of cloath ;
And face to face, will meete the olde blinde Beare,
And breake the Canne, that's fillèd vp with froath,
And cares not how he throwe away an oath :
Let him be sure when *Vertues* Honours fall,
In *Wisdomes* Court he hath no place at all.

The sneaking *Coward* that doth closely creepe,
And feareth euery shadowe where hee goes :
And of himselfe both watch and warde doth keepe,
For feare his Friendes should growe to be his Foes :
Doth so much title of true *Manhoodes* lose,
That hee may reade what *Truthe* in honour tries,
A *Coward* neuer can be truly wise.

The Idle *Spendthrift* that will sell his land,
To feede the humours of an addle heade :
And sows his seede vpon the barren sand,
Till late *Repentance* liue to begge his bread :
Let him belecue what many a one hath read,
Howeuer *Fancy* make excuse for it,
Such *Had I wist* had neuer happy wit.

Hee that doth thinke that *Wit* is but in *Wealth*,
And plots to purchase kingdomes with a *Purse*,
And neuer thinketh of the *Spirits* health :
But doth his heart with wicked humours nurse,
And for a blessing, falles vpon a curse :
Let him confesse, if in heau'ns blessings blot,
Hee finde himselfe a wicked *Foole*, or not.

Hee that lookes Babies in his Mistris eyes,
And beates his braines to tell an Idle tale :
And thinks himselfe, that hee is wondrous wise,
That breakes a least, though it be nere so stale :
And for a *Nut*, crackes nothing but a *Shale* :
How ere hee thinke of his owne wit amisse,
Wisdomes will tell him, what a *Foole* hee is.

She that is neither noble, faire, nor wise,
Nor scarce so rich as a newe shornèd *Esawe* :
And yet, conceited in her owne foule eyes,
When shee is dabbled three foote in the deawe,
That shee may seeme a prettie handsome shrewe :
Let her not thinke, but such a *Shut the doore*
Is halfe a *Foole*, and if she be no more.

Hee that hath neither *Truth* nor *Honestie*,
Good hand, good legge, good body, nor good face,
Nor any such exceeding qualitie
As may aduance him vnto *Honours* place :
Yet, thinkes himselfe a man of speciall grace.
When mad-men treade the *Woodcocks* Morris daunce,
Giue him the *Fooles-cappe* for his Cognisaunce.

Shee that is fiftene mile about the waste,
And all with fat vnable is to goe,
Yet makes her face vp in a piece of paste
As though she were an Image of *Rie Dowe* ;
Tell her but trueth that *Wit* and *Reason* knowe,
That this is all, that *Fame* doth her afforde,
A filthie *Owle* is but a foolish *Birde*.

Hee that doth hit vpon a printed booke,
And findes a name neere fitting to his owne,
And of his owne poore wit hath vnderooke
The ground of all hath from his humor growne,
When euery Bird is by her feather knowne,
Pasquill doth tell him that poore *Asses* Pie
Will shewe him how his *Wit* hath gone awry.

Hee that doth marry, all for *Wanton-loue*,
And hath no *Reason* for his *fond affection* :
But all too late doth with *Repentance* proue
The wofull fruites of wretched *wils* direction,
While *Want* and *Sorrowe* are the *Soules* correction :
Tell him, such babies may the dugge goe sucke :
While louing *Fooles* haue neuer better lucke,

Shee, in a glasse, that sees her *Sorrell* haire,
And straight will put it to the *Painters* die,
And then doth thinke that shee is wondrous faire ;
When flatt'ry feedes her humour with a Lie,
Oh, let her not in such an error die ;
But bid her kindly cracke this friendly Nut,
So fowle a *Dowd* is but a foolish *Slut*.

Hee that delights to tell an idle tale,
Vpon the prattle of a cogging Mate,
And carelessly his credit set to sale :
Which being noted for his foolish prate,
He shall be sure to finde although too late
That *Wisdom* reades these Rounds in *Reasons* schooles ;
Newes-Carriers are next Neighbours vnto *Fooles*.

She that doth file her tongue for *Eloquence*,
To entertaine a world with Idle talke :
And thinks shee hath the very *Quintessence*,
Of quicke conceite, wherein her wits do walke
Yet doth not knowe a *Buzzard* from a *Hawke* :
Let her belecue, such giddie headed *Tittes*
Are not commended for the truest *Wittes*.

Hee that doth loue to talke of *Robin-Hoodes*,
Yet neuer drewe one Arrowe in his Bowe :
And yet doth thinke his skill is wondrous good,
That scarce the compasse of a marke doth knowe
When such a *Goose-cappe* doth a shooting goe,
Tell him, that in the aime of *Wisdomes* eye,
Wide handed *Wits* will euer shoote awry.

Hee that doth put his state vpon his friendes,
In hope of grace, when all his good is lost,
Shall finde his *Wit* not worth two puddings endes,
When want of pence to reckon with the *Hoste*,
Doth make the *Begger* chalke vpon the poste :
Whose base condition doth too plainly showe,
Hee was not wise, that plaide the *Woodcocke* so.

Shee that doth thinke, shee hath a rare conceite,
That giues the *Cuckoe* to her kindest friend ;
And laughes to thinke vpon that close deceit,
That doth but breede *Repentance* in the ende ;
Tell her, if shee the sooner not amend,
Wisdom sets downe, that knows what *Wit* doth meane
A wicked *Drabbe* is but a foolish *queane*.

He that is proud of his conceipted wit,
When he can cogge, and cozen, prate, and lie :
And place himselfe with better men to sit,
Then may beseeeme so base a *Rascaldry*,
As is too farre from thought of *Chynalry* ;
When euery *Ass* his due reward shall haue,
The *Fooles-cappe* is too good for such a *Knaue*.

Hee that in heart doth say there is no *God*,
And neither thinkes of *Heau'n*, nor yet of *Hell* :
Nor hath a feeling of that heau'nly *Rodde*,
That makes the *Soule*, in *Sorrowes* teares to tell
How *Mercie* doth within the *Spirit* dwell :
Within the booke of *Wisdomes* blessed *Schools*
The Lord of *Heauen* hath set him downe a *Foole*.

Hee that will lende more then he well may spare
And he that spendes all that he hath and more ;
And onely trusteth vnto *Fortunes* share,
And cares not how he runne vpon the score,
Vntill the *Begger* meete him at his dore :
*Wisdom*e will tell him truly in the end,
Hee is a *Foole* that is not his owne friend.

Shee that can looke as mildely as a *Lambe*,
Yet is a *Tigre* inwardly in heart ;
And cares not how, nor where she leaue the *Ramms*,
When she hath gotten once the rutting parte :
It is a Rule, in *Wit* and *Reasons* Arte,
That she, that hath no better natur'd *Wit*
The *Wise* will tearme a dogged foolish *Tit*.

Hee that is brought vp idly in his Youth,
And scornes to labour in his elder yeeres,
And neuer thinkes vpon the day of *Ruthe*,
Went want (entangled in the *Beggars* breers)
The heauie sound of helpelesse *Sorrowes* heares :
Let him beleue, that *Truthe* doth plainly wright ;
The *Fooles-cappe* fits the *Idle* begger right.

Hee that can plot a world of villany,
And neuer cares what *Vertues* loue deserueth :
And sortes himselfe with wicked company,
That from the way of perfect *Wisdom*e swarueth
While *Mercies* hand the gracious heart preserueth
That sinfull wretch will finde in *Sathans* schoole,
A damned villaine is a cursed *Foole*.

Hee that doth fill his *Cophers* full of Goulde
Yet will not weare good Cloathes on his backe
But doth a kinde of Clownish humor bould
To haue his Garment cut out, like a sacke
And thinkes *Redde Herings* haue a daintie smacke :
Tell him in kindenesse (that he may not quarrel)
The *Fooles-cappe* will be fit for his *Apparrell*.

Shee that is giuen to *Ease* and *Stuttishnesse*,
And trifles out the time in *Tromperry* :
And yet will thinke it is no pieuishnesse,
To feede her selfe with Idle *Fopperry* ;
May hap to finde in *Sorrowes* Misery,
That when the *Grashopper* doth leaue to sing,
An idle *Hiilding* is a foolish thing.

Hee that doth studie twentie things at once,
And hath intent for to performe them all :
And yet his beetle addle-headed skonce,
In full conclusion can doe none at all :
If that the *Fooles-cappe* to his fortune fall,
Let him not thinke but it will finely fit.
The *Idle* heade, that hath no better *Wit*.

Shee that is giuen to *Pride* and *Brauery*,
And *Ruffin*-like, will sweare, and swash it out ;
And studies nothing els but *Knauery*
To bring a wicked kinde of world about ;
And cares not whome she followes with a flout :
Such foolish *Kittes* of such a skittish kinde,
In *Bridewell* booke are euery where to finde.

Hee that is here to day, yonder to morrowe
And cares not how hee raungeth here and there :
Nor careth what hee can or begge, or borowe,
To spende or spoile, he cares not how nor where :
Oh, tell that Idle Fellowe in his care,
If that hee doe not take the greater care,
The *Foole* will catch him, ere hee be aware.

Shee that doth loue to gossippe, and to tattle,
And leaues her house to keepe it selfe alone :
And cares not how she spende the time in prattle,
Till shee haue bar'd her *Husband* to the boane :
Let her not thinke but such an Idle *Ioane*
Must haue this note set downe vpon her name ;
A *Tattling* housewife is a foolish Dame.

Hee that can combe his head and curle his bearde,
And set his *Ruffes*, and weare his Cloake in print,
And by his side can finely weare his swerde,
And learne to fleere, and leere, and looke a squint
And keepe his steppes, within a measures stint :
Let him be sure to passe with this good flout :
Hee lackes the *Fooles-Cappe* yet to set him out.

Hee that is well in seruice entertainde
And iustly hath the due of his desart ;
And by his labour findes that hee hath gainde
The carefull comfort of an honest heart ;
Yet fondly will with such a Master part :
Tell him what *Truthe* doth by *Experience* knowe :
Hee is a *Foole*, leaues such a Master, so.

Hee that will let his *Wit* to runne on Wheelles,
And in proude tearmes will with his betters stand,
Vntill his *Tongue* be tempered by his heeles,
Vntill his *Brains* haue better manners scand :
And if the *Foole* doe take him by the hand,
Bid him haue *Patience*, to endure the sounde ;
That lacke of *Wit* will lay a *Foole* aground.

Hee that in *Libels* takes delight to write,
And cares not whom hee wickedly defame ;
But piously will shewe a baggage spite,
To touch the *Honour* of an *Honest* name :
What shall I say, that hee is much to blame ?
Yea and so much, as for his idle vaines
Hee well deserues the *Fooles-cappe* for his paines.

Hee that hath all his studie in the *Clowdes*,
And all misliketh euery thing hee reedes :
And what the *Sunne* within her *Circle* shrowdes,
All in the height his haughty *Humour* feedes :
If hee doe chauce to light on *Herbes* for *Weedes*,
Hee is but foolish : rise he nere so soone
That runnes in haste to ouertake the *Moon*.

He that will *Reade*, before he learne to *Spell* ;
And write a *Booke*, before he knowe a *Blot* ;
And keepe a *Shoppe*, before he learne to sell ;
And all to galloppe ere hee learne to trot :
Whither such one thinke himselfe wise or not,
Let him be sure that better wits doe reede,
Such *Madhead* fellowes are but *Fooles* indeede.

Hee that with pleasure followes *Cards* and *Dice*,
Drinking and *wenching*, and such Idle sportes :
Vntill too late *Repentance* knowe the price
Of *Patience* passage to *Saint* *Sorrowes* portes ;
Whereto the *Begger* most of all resortes :
Oh let him knowe when he doth comfort lacke
The *Begger* *Foole* will haue him by the backe.

Shee that doth finde her *Husband* true and kinde,
And for her wants to worke both night and day :
Yet like the *Wethercocke*, with euery winde,
Will turne her *Humour* euery idle way,
And cares not how hee fall into decay,
So shee be fedde according to her fit ;
She is a *Baggage*, and a foolish *Tit*.

Hee that is married to an *honest* wife,
That, as her life, in loue doth holde him deare :
With whom his heart may haue a quiet life,
And, in *content*, liue many a merry yeare :
Yet leaues a *Doe* to take a *Rascall* *Deere* :
The fruites of *Will* do prouee his *Wit* accurst,
That so will leaue the best, to take the worst.

He that doth enuie euery mans good happe,
And knowes not how to get himselfe in grace :
And layes his *Loue* but all in *Fortunes* lappe,
Whose custome is her followers to deface :
When hee is fallen into a pitious case,
O let him knowe, before he hang himselfe
An *envious* *foole* is euen such an *Elfe*.

Shee that doth keepe an *Inne* for euery *Guest*,
And makes no care what winde blowe vp her skirt,
And readie is to breake a *Chaucers* ieast,
To make a *Smocke* euen measure with a *Shirt* :
If such a one be call'd a *Foolish* *flirt*,
Twas not for nothing that she had her name,
When all the world is witnesse to her shame.

Hee that doth take the lawe, but as a least,
And will be hangd but for good fellowshippe,
And thinkes it nothing to be halter blest,
When from the *Gallowes* it is but a skippe :
Oh, let him not in anger hang the lippe,
If by desert thus due reward hee take ;
He was a *Foole*, that hangd for fashion sake.

Hee that wil weary out his friends with borrowing,
And be behoulding to an *Enemy*,
And kill himselfe with too much *Sorrowing*,
To thinke, the touch of *Treasons* villany
Should make such worke in wicked company :
*Wisdom*e will tell him, what *Experience* tries,
That kinde of *Wit* will neuer make him *Wise*.

Hee that importunes an *appraund* friend,
And hee that feares to speake where hee may speede ;
And in beginning, lookes not to the end ;
But loues to glorie in a *Wicked* deede,
And will his heart with *wicked* humours feede :
These *Wits* doe shewe (that are so fitly matcht)
A *neast* of *Fooles*, that *Wisdom*e neuer hatcht.

Hee that doth set his hand to euery *Bill*
And neither cares for *Right* or *Equitie*,
And onely bendeth his vnhappy skill,
But to the ouerthrowe of *Honesty* :
Fooles, that are so neere in affinitie,
When *Wisdom*e makes a tryall of *true* *Wit*,
Not one of these that hath to doe with it.

Hee that doth build high *Castles* in the *Ayre*,
Vntill they headlong tumble on his *necke* :
And hee that will not an old *Shippe* repaire
Till it be too farre tainted with a leake :
If that the *Woodcocke* giue his *Wits* the peake :
Let him not chafe if that it be his chauce,
To weare the *Fooles-Cappe*, in a *Moris-dance*.

Hee that can play on *Twentie* hands at once,
And turnes his humor vnto euery time :
And hath his *Spirit* tempered for the nonce,
To set his flowers onely in the prime :
If when he thinkes most warily to clime,
By due desert a *breake* *neck-fall* hee haue,
His craft doth prouee him but a *Foolish* *knave*.

He that will talke of euery thing hee knowes,
And credit giue to euery thing hee heares :
And builds his knowledge only on suppose,
Yet vnderstands not what too plaine appears :
How young or ould soeuer be his yeares,
Who of his poore *Wit* giueth witnesse so ;
Thinke him an *arrant* *Foole*, and let him goe.

Hee that doth wonder at a *Weathercocke*,
And plaies with euery feather in the winde,
And is in loue with euery *Nannicocke*;
Yet scarcely knowes an *Orange* by the Rinde:
When euery *Foole* is found out in his kinde,
How is it possible but he should passe,
For a *poore silly simple witted Asse*?

Hee that doth thinke it is no *Wickednesse*,
To lead a young man into *Wantonnesse*;
But takes delight in all *Vngodlinesse*;
Vntill the *Heart* in *Sorrowes* heauienesse,
Doe shewe the fruites of *Wils unhappinesse*;
Let that vile villaine reade in *Vertues Schooles*,
Such *wicked wretches* are *Vngracious Fooles*.

Hee that will change a *Jennet* for a *Jade*,
And put his *Land* into a little *House*:
And, in the way where *Little Wit* doth wade,
Watch a great *Mountaine* for a little *Mouse*,
And sits to feede a *Monkey* with a *Louse*:
Where *Will* is so in *folly* ouergone,
Wisdomes sayes plainly, his is small or none.

Hee that will put his state vpon aduenture
And may be safe and if it please himselfe;
And hee that bindes his seruice by *Indenture*,
To baggage courses for a little pelfe:
If that his *Shippe* doe runne vpon a *Shelfe*,
Let him not thinke, but that *poore Wit* of his,
From *Wisdomes* Course, was carried quite amisse.

Hee that will creepe vnto an olde *Joynt-stoole*,
And serue a *Thatcher* for a *Bunch of strawe*,
And he that goes to worke without his toole,
And loues to wrangle with a *Man of Lawe*,
And thinke no *Birde* so prettie as a *Dawe*:
How ere such one be of his *Wit* conceiued,
Wisdomes will tell him he is much deceiued.

Hee that will treade a *Measure* as he walkes,
And counterfaite *Maide Marians* countenance:
And loues to fall into those whisper talkes,
That bring *poore Wit* into a pitious trauce:
If that the *Foole* doe light on him by chaunce,
He must assume what *Fates* to him assigne:
I can not helpe him, tis no fault of mine.

Hee that will *Drinke* vntill his *braines* be merry,
And *Eate* vntill his *stomacke* be too full,
And *Lie* a *bed* vntill his *boanes* be wearie,
And *Prate* so long vntill he procure a *Gull*:
If that such *braines* be lin'd with *Ganders* wooll,
When such *Wise* creatures put their *Wits* together,
To chuse the *wisest*, who knowes which is whether?

Hee that all day sits *blowing* at a *cole*,
And neuer leaues till hee *put out the fire*:
And hee that *houlds* his *finger* in a *hole*,
To please the humour of a *fond desire*:
And hee that loues to *trample* in the *mirr*:
When these wise men together make a play,
The *Foole* will runne with all their *Wits* away.

He that will in an *humour* leaue a *friend*,
And in a *furie* fall vpon a *foe*:
While ill beginnings make as bad an end,
When *poore Repentance* doth too late beshrowe
The heedlesse *Will*, that *Wit* doth ouerthrowe:
That *Foole* must needes be turn'd vnto the *List*,
Among the number of the *Had I wist*.

Hee that will tell his *secrets* to a *stranger*,
And play the *Coward* with an *emie*:
Hee that will put himselfe in needlesse daunger,
To followe a *mad headed companie*:
Let him take heede a *sodaine villany*
Make him not finde in true *Repentance Schoole*,
A *backward Wit* lackes little of a *Foole*.

Hee that will weare his *wealth* vpon his *backe*,
Yet in his *purse* doth scarce his *dinner* carry:
And hee that saies to *giue* his *neck* the *cracke*,
Because he will not for his *fortune* tarry:
If such a *Foole* become a *Bussards* quarry,
When *Carelesse Will* doth shew his *Wit* so smal,
Tis not my fault, I cannot doe withall.

Hee that doth studie out his *braines* in *trifles*,
And misse the humour of a better marke:
And cosens his conceite with *Foolish* *nifes*,
In taking of a *Bunting* for a *Larke*,
And euery *Pibble* for a *Diamond* sparke:
Hee that doth so his *Will* to folly fit,
Doth plainly shewe he hath no perfect *Wit*.

Hee that can eate no other *Meate* but *Milke*,
And for his *Horse*, must haue an *Ambling Nagge*:
And cannot weare a *Shirt*, but soft as *Silke*:
Nor keepe his *Coyne*, but in a *Golden Bagge*,
And must be knowne his *Mothers* kindest *Wagge*:
Such smooth'd *Godsons* shew in *Wisdomes* schoole,
A *Milk-soppe* *Babie* is more halfe a *Foole*.

Hee that will be *afraide* of euery *dreame*,
And thinketh *euery puddle* is a *foole*:
And runnes ten miles to eat a *masse* of *Creame*,
And cannot sit but on a *Cushin* *stoole*:
If such a *Noddy* be not thought a *foole*,
Hee hath great fauour in the *Rule* of *Wit*,
That sees his *Weaknesse*, and concealeth it.

Hee that doth fill his *heade* so full of *humours*,
Hee knowes not where he may in quiet sit:
And hee that loues to raise *vnckeinill* *rumours*,
Vntill that *Iustice* doe in *Iudgement* sit,
Vpon the workes of such a *wicked wit*:
Such *wicked Wits*, for *honest* *peoples* health,
Might well be banisht from a *Common* wealth.

Hee that all night doth watch a *Conny* *borough*,
To catch a *Ferret*, that hath broke his *Muzzle*:
And hee that squats a *Hare* within a *furrowe*,
And sees how shee within her *Muce* doth Nuzzle:
And yet so long about the *Bush* doth puzzle,
That she is gone ere he can well beset her,
Which of these two good *Fooles*, may be the better?

Hee that put all to *the latter day*,
To reckon euen with all *the world at once* :
And in the meane time is at such a stay
He knowes not how to vse his addle *Skonce* :
If such an *Asse* be noddied for the nonce,
I say but this, to helpe his Idle fit ;
Let him but thanke himselfe for lacke of *Wit*.

Hee that wilfully *fall*s into offence,
And satisfaction neuer cares to make :
But carelesly stands in his owne defence,
While that the *Foole* his *Wits* doth ouertake :
When late *Repentance* makes his heart to ake,
Hee scapeth well, if (for such idle vaines)
Worse then the *Foole*-*cappe* answer not his paines.

Hee that loues to be noted for *strange fashions*,
And for his *lothes*, and for his kinde of *gate* :
And in his *Muses*, and his *Passions*,
Will not be thought an ordinary mate :
If that his *Wittes* come to themselves, too late,
I know not well how to be his *Adviser* ;
But euen be sory, that he was no wiser.

He that will hoorde vp all for a *deere years* ;
Yet in the meane time want necessities :
He that will be vnto himselfe so neere,
As bring himselfe into extremities,
By his owne wilfull caus'd calamities,
This is the end that will fall out of it ;
Such *Niggard Fooles* haue neuer better *Wit*.

Hee that doth put *his wealth vpon a Cocke*,
A *Carde*, a *Die*, or such an Idle toy ;
And hath his humour so much on the *Smocks*,
As if it were his *Spirits* onely ioy :
When *Sorrowes* sighes doe shewe the heartes annoy :
Let him goe backe vnto *Repentance* schoole,
And see how long his *Wit* hath plaid the *Foole*.

Hee that will busie be with *Euery matter*,
Yet scarce hath power to bring one well to passe :
And neuer leaues to cosen, lie, and flatter,
Vntill hee prooue himselfe a *Craftie Asse* :
Let him but looke in the *Foles* looking *Glasse*,
And there his *Woodcocke Wit* shall plainly haue
The true proportion of a *Paltrey Knaue*.

Hee that would perswade himselfe *He is a King*,
Yet all the world doth for a *Begger* knowe him :
And he that takes the *Winter* for the *Spring*,
Because the *Sunne* a little light doth showe him :
If want of *Wit* doe wholly ouerthrowe him,
And that the *Cockes combe* to his *cappe* doe fall,
Tis not my fault, I can not doe withall

Hee that puts *fifteene elles* into a *Ruffe*
And *seauenteene yards* into a *swagg'ring sloppe* :
And *twentie thousand Crowns* into a *Muffe*,
And halfe his land into a *hunting Cappe* :
If that the *foole* doe catch him in his trappe,
There like a *Woodcocke* let him walke about :
When hee is in, I cannot helpe him out.

Hee that in all his thoughts is so *vnholy*,
Hee makes no care of any good conceight :
But giues himselfe so much to *Idle folly*,
That vnto *Hell* hee runnes the highway straight :
If hee be poysoned with the *Diuels* baight,
I cannot choose but tell him like a friend,
Such wicked *Fooles* will haue a wofull end.

Hee that will *Brase his face* at *Lothbury*,
Because he will not blush at *Knawery* :
And he that will refuse no drudgery,
To gather *Drosse* by any *Slauery*,
And yet will stand vpon his *Braury* :
He is no *foole*, whoeuer be an *Asse*,
Makes such a *Couer* for a looking glasse.

Hee that repents him of no wickednesse,
Nor takes delight in any godlinesse :
But in the way of all vnthriftinesse,
Doth wast the Time of *Natures* wretchednesse :
Where helplesse *Sorrowes*, in vnhappinesse,
Doe breede the *Spirits* endlesse heauinesse :
That *Foole* is in the height of foolishnesse.

Hee that regardes not how hee vse his speech,
Nor careth how the world doe goe about,
Nor maketh reckening who beholde his breech,
Nor how hee play the *Logger headed* lowte :
Where *Wisemen* liue, if hee be beaten out,
Let him be patient, if it come to passe
A beastly *Foole* be handled like an *Asse*.

Hee that doth make his *Tongue* a *two hand sword*,
And onely seekes his *Honour* all by stealth :
And cares not how *hee falsifie his worde*,
Nor by how much disgrace to *gather wealth* :
Howeuer so his *Carcasse* be in health,
Wisdom describes him, in true *Honours* schoole,
A *Gull*, a *Knaue*, a *Coward*, and a *Foole*.

Hee that doth gaine more, then he well may spend,
And prattles more then *Trueth* doth vnderstand :
And in his actions, alwaies doth intend
Vpon the stay of wicked workes to stande :
If that the *Diuell* take him by the hand,
Let him beleue what highest *Trueth* doth tell ;
Hee is a *Foole*, that leaueth *Hea'n* for *Hell*.

Hee that doth take a *Shadowe* for a *Substance* ;
And yet doth thinke he hath a perfect sight :
And hee that takes an *Humour* for an *Instance* ;
And yet beleuees his braines be in the right :
Hee that in darknesse so doth looke for light
(How euer *Will* do take his *Wittes* to schoole)
*Wisdom*e in deede will finde him but a *Foole*.

Hee that hath once a *piece of worke* begunne,
And knowes not how nor when to *make an end* :
And hee whose *will* his *Wittes* doth ouerrunne,
To make a *Foe* in wronging of a *Friend* :
Hee that doth so amisse his *Spirit* spend,
(Howeuer so his owne conceit doe deeme him)
*Wisdom*e in deede will but a *Foole* esteeme him.

Hee that is *Esau* for *Vnchristinesse*,
 And follows *Caine* in his *vngodlinesse* :
 And loues *Achitophell* for *wickednesse*,
 And is a *Judas*, in *vnfaihtfulnessse*,
 Whateuer showe he make of *holinesse* :
 That man I finde in too much *foolishnesse*,
 Hath redde the Scripture in *vnhappinesse*.
 Hee that of *Machauile* doth take instruction
 To manage all the matters of his thought ;
 And treades the way but to his owne destruction,
 Till late Repentance be too dearely bought,
 Shall finde it true, that hath bene often taught :

As good be Idle as to goe to schoole,
 To come away with nothing but the *Foole*.


For feare whereof, least some of mine owne sect
 (That haue but plaid the *Foolas*, with lacke of *Wit*)
 Doe kindly tell mee of my *Cares* neglect,
 In finding humours for the time more fit :
 While wicked *Spirits* doe their venome spit :
 I will conlude (to prooue worlds *Wit* an *Asse*)
 Mans *Wit* is vaine, shalbe, and euer was.

Sapientia mundi, stultitia coram Deo.



Pasquils passion

for the worlds waiward-
nesse.

 Icked, vngratious, and vngodly *Age*,
 Where hatefull thoughts are gotten to their
 height,
 How should my spirit in true passions rage?
 Describe the courses of thy vile conceight,
 That feede the world but with the diuels baight :
 While wofull hearts, with inward sorrowes wounded,
 Finde *Wit* and *Reason* in their sense confounded.

No, no, the depth of thy vnknowne distresse
 (Wherein the heart is ouerwhelm'd with woes)
 Exceedes the power of passion to expresse ;
 While so much grieue within the *Spirit* growes,
 As all the power of *Patience* ouerthrowes :
 While vertuous minds, within their sowles agrieved,
 Must helpelesse die, and cannot be relieved.

The *clearest eye* must seeme to haue no seeing,
 And *Eloquence* must be to silence bound,
 And *Honours essence* seeme to haue no beeing,
 Where wicked windes runne *Vertues shippe* a ground,
 While healthfull spirits fall into a s wound ;
 That only *Pride*, that weares the *golden horne*,
 May liue at ease and laugh the world to scorne.

If euery right were rightly apprehended,
 And *best deservings* best might be regarded,
 And *Carefull workes* were to their worth commended,
 And *Gratious spirits* grateously rewarded,
 And *wicked craft* from *Conscience* care discarded ;
 Then might the *Angels* sing in *Heauen*, to see
 What blessed courses on the earth would be.

But oh, the world is at another passe,
Foolas haue such *Masks*, men cannot see their faces :
 There is such flattery in a looking Glasse,
 That winking eyes can not see their disgraces,
 That are apparant in too open places :
 But what aualles vnto a wicked minde?
 No eye so cloudy, as the wilfull blinde.

To see the sleight of *subtill sneaking spirits*
 (That dare to see the *Glasse* of their disgraces)
 Thriue in the *World*, while better natur'd merits
 Can not aspire vnto those blessed places,
 Where *faithlesse hearts* should neuer shewe there faces :
 Would it not grieue an honest heart to knowe it?
 Although the *tongue* be sworne it may not showe it.

To see a *horse of service* in the field,
 Hurt by a *lade*, that can but kicke and fling :
 To see *Vlisses* weare *Achilles* shield,
 While hissing *Serpents* haue a *Hollish sting* :
 To see the *Knaue of Clubbes* take vp the *King*.
 Although hee be a wicked helpe at *Mawe*.
 Twas but a *clowne* that yet deuis'd the lawe.

To see a sight of *Curres* worry a *Hound*,
 A flight of *Bussards* fall vpon a *Hawke*,
 A *coward villaine* giue a *Knight* a wound,
 To heare a *Rascal* to a *King* to talke,
 Or see a *Peasant* crosse a *Princes* walke :
 Would it not fret the *heart* that doth behould it,
 And yet in *figures* may not dare vnfolde it?

But what a kinde of *wretched* world is this !
 They that are *honest*, let them be so still.
 Such as are settled in their course amisse,
 Haue much adoe for to reforme their will.
 It is the winde that driues about the *Mill*,
 That grinds the *Corne* that sometimes fills the *Sacke*,
 That laide awry may breake the *Loaders* backe.

What shall I say? that knowes not what to say.
 This *worlds* vile *Grammar* hath a wicked *speack* :
 Where *Wealth* and *Will* doe carry such a sway
 That many a time the *Goodwife* weares the breech,
 And the stowte *Oke* must yeelde vnto the *Beack*.
 Such vile conjunctions such constructions make,
 That some are pois'ned with a *Sugar* Cake.

Terence his *Plaises* are too much in request.
 The *Knave*, the *Foole*, the *Swagg'rer*, and the *Whore*,
Thraso and *Gnato*, *Lais* and the rest
 Of all the crue (that I dare say no more ;
 But ware the *dogges* that keepe the *Disuels* dore)
 So play their parts vpon the worldly *Stage*,
 That *theines* are hangd before they come to *age*.

Oh tis a word to heare a *Gander* keake,
 And all the *Geese* to giue a hisse to heere ;
 To heare an *Owle* to teach a *Parrot* speake,
 While *Cuckoes* notes makes better *Musique* deere ;
 Where nere a better *singing bird* is neere,
 Would it not grieue a good *Musicians* care
 To be enforst to stand attentiu heare.

To see a *Wise man* handled like a *Foole*
 An *Asse* exalted like a *proper man* :
 To see a *Puddle* honour'd like a *Poole*,
 An old blinde *Goose* swimme wagers with a *Swan*,
 Or *Siluer Cuppes* disgraced by a *Canne* :
 Who wold not grieue that so the *world* should go?
 But who can helpe it, if it will be so?

No, no, alas it is in vaine for mee,
 To helpe the *eyes*, that ioy not in the *light* :
 Hee that is sworne that hee will neuer see,
 Let him play *Buzzard*, with his *blinded sight*.
 An *Owle* will neuer haue an *Eagles* flight ;
 Hee, that is once conceited of his *Wit*,
 Must die of *folly* : ther's no helpe for it.

And yet good *Fooles*, that cannot doe withall,
 May well be borne with, for their *simple Wits* :
 And *Knauish Wits*, that *wicked Fooles* wee call,
 (Where *Hellish Sathan* with his *Angels* sits,
 To worke the feates of many a thousand fits)
 Those *foolish knaues*, or *knauish fooles* I meane,
 I would to God, the world were ridde of cleane.

And yet is it in vaine such *world* to wish :
 There is no packe of *Cardes* without a *Knave* :
 Who loues to feede vpon a *Sallet dish*,
 Among his *Herbes* some *wicked weede* may haue :
 Some men must winne, some lose, and some must saue.
Fooles will be *Fooles*, doe *wise men* what they can,
 And may a *Knave*, deceiue an *honest man*.

A *Curtall Iade* will shewe his *hackney* trickes
 And *snarling Curras* will bite a man behinde : [*Priches* :
 The *Blacke Thorne Shrubbe* is best knowne by his
 A *Kestrell* can not chuse but shewe her kinde. X
Wise men sometime must wait, till *Fooles* haue din'd :
 And yet, those *Fooles*, in common *Wits* conceite,
 Are *Wise*, when *Wisdom* on their *wealth* doth wait.

And yet the *wealthy Foole* is but a *Foole*,
 The *Knave* with all his *wealth* is but a *Knave* :
 For truest *Wisdom* reads in *Vertues* schoole,
 That there is no man happy till his *grau*.
 The *Hermit* liues more quiet in his *Cave*,
 Then many a *King* that long vsurpes a *Crowne* :
 That in the end comes headlong tūbling downe.

Yet who so base, as would not be a *King*?
 And who so fond as thinkes not hee is *Wise*?
 Doth not the *Cuckoe* thinke that shee can sing,
 As clearely as a *Birde of Paradise*?
 The *fewlest Dowd* is faire in her owne eyes.
Conceit is strong and hath such kinde of vaine,
 As workes strange wonders in a *Woodcocks* brain.

But, what should *Fancy* dwell vpon a *Fable*?
 In some farre Contries, *Women* ride a-stride :
 The *Foole* that in the kinde can vse his *bable*,
 Shall haue *Fat meate* and somewhat els beside.
 For *Wit* doth wonders vnder *folly* hide :
 Yet in true *Wisdom*, all are *Fooles* approued,
 They that loue *Fooles*, and *Fooles* that are beloued.

But since tis best that all agree in one,
 The prouerbe saies, *tis mery when friends meete*.
 It is a kinde of death to liue alone.

A *louing humour* is a *pleasing sweete*.
 Let *Wise men* studie on the *Winding sheete*,
 And *weaker Wits* this poore contentment haue,
 Tis better be a *Foole* then be a *Knave*.

And so, *good friend*, if so thou be, farewell :
 I must not stand vpon the *Foole* too long ;
 Least that my *spirits* so with *folly* swell,
 As doe perhaps my *better humours* wrong :
 And therefore thus in briefe I ende my song,
 The *wisest man* hath writ, that euer was,
Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.

Vanitie all, all is but vanitie,
 Nothing on earth but that will haue an end :
 Where hee that trustes to bare *Humanitie*,
 Shall hardly liue to finde in *Heauen* a friend.
 Take heede therefore the *Highest* to offend :
 Either learne *Wit*, where truest *Wisdom* lies,
 Or take my word, thou neuer wilt be *Wise*.

And therefore let the *wise* not be displeas'd
 If they be counted *Fonde* as well as other :
 For, tis a plague that hath the world diseas'd,
 Since *sinne* became vnhappy *Natures Mother* :
 And let me say but this, my gentle *brother* :
 Since all is *vaine*, that liues vnder the *Sunne*,
 Good *wise men* beare with *Fooles*, and I haue done.

FINIS.



Pasquil's
Passe and Passeth not.

1600.



NOTE.

On this and related Pasquil books, see our Memorial-Introduction, where the whole are critically examined, and the Breton authorship established. Our exemplar is Jolley's copy in the British Museum—purchased for £9, 5s. in 1843 (4°: 24 leaves). The Notes and Illustrations of Pasquils Passe, etc., will find most fitting place here:—

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, p. 4, M. GRIFFIN PEN. My accomplished friend, Colonel Chester, who has made the Penn family and name a special study, informs me that there is no Griffin Pen known. He conjectures that this must have been a certain Griffith Pen; and as Breton was careless in his spelling of names, it probably is so. Of Griffith Pen he states there is mention made in the Will of John Penn of Penn, co. Bucks: proved in 1596.

Of the M. Conquest named along with Pen I can find nothing.

TO THE READER.—l. 5, '*Night-caps*.' This has been misunderstood as a claim on Breton's part to the authorship of '*Cornu-copias*, Pasquill's *Night-cap*;' but see the error corrected in our Memorial-Introduction: l. 13, '*better cheape*:' a variant of 'good cheape,' or extremely cheap.

PASQUILS PASSE, p. 5, col. 8, l. 13, 'Counter' = the prison for debtors: l. 34, '*Clim of the Clough*,'—celebrated in a well-known ballad and chap-book: p. 6, col. 8, l. 3, '*he be*:' misprinted 'he he': l. 8, '*Angels*' = money so called.

PASQUILS PRECESSION, p. 7, col. 1, l. 3, 'Tit' = young girl—usually smart; here in association with 'baggage' to be regarded unfavourably: l. 15, '*jacke*' = jack-ass or fool: l. 16, '*cagging*' = cheating or fraudulent: l. 17, '*broken sache*' = in holes: l. 25, '*baggye*' = bagged or bewitched,—mad: *ib.*, '*beetle head*' = dull, stupid: l. 34, '*the three corner'd tree*:' query—gallows? col. 2, l. 3, '*hachney Gill*' = a wanton wench

or whore: l. 17, '*floering*' = mocking, sneering: l. 22, '*bles*' = colour, complexion: l. 40, '*Tems*' = Thames? p. 8, col. 1, l. 5, '*shale*' = shell: l. 34, '*thrins, nor thes*' = the fool that can neither [himself] thrine, nor [help] thes to do so: l. 51, '*curtoll*' = docked horse: col. 2, l. 3, '*naddy*' = blockhead: l. 10, '*walks the Woodcocks to the Beggars crosse*:' 'woodcocks' = simpleton: 'beggars crosse' = stocks: or query, same as Beggar's Bush, or the road to ruin? l. 20, '*venals*' = vermined, and so moving: l. 30, '*cwager*' = cucumber: or qu. conger eel? l. 51, '*medling*:' misprinted 'mednig:' p. 9, col. 1, l. 8, '*woodcocks*' = simpleton, as before: l. 12, '*baggye*' = baggage, or mad, *i.e.* foolish person: see p. 7, col. 1, l. 25: l. 15, '*Verola*' = a vicious distemper, as in next: l. 16, '*Spanisk pippe*' = *lues venerea* ('pip'): ll. 18-20 = death on the gallows: l. 20, '*consoning*' = cozening: col. 2, l. 13, '*diall*' = a watch: l. 34, '*aches*:' two syllables—as in Herrick, etc., later: p. 10, col. 1, l. 5, '*foyme*' = fencing weapons? l. 22, '*dowdes*' = dowdies, lary slatters or sluts: l. 23, '*letting*' = to move the legs wantonly: col. 2, l. 5, '*frump*' = lie: p. 11, col. 1, l. 8, '*John a Noddes*' = a foolish fellow: qu. = John of Nokes? l. 19, '*Mawnd*' = basket: l. 20, '*Beere*' = bier: l. 30, '*had I wist*.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for Breton's varying use of this phrase. Old Puritan John Trapp, on Esther viii. 3, brings in Ahasuerus crying on discovery of Haman's plot 'Had I wist! *ein äyup*:' p. 12, col. 1, l. 8, '*Primero rests*' = to set up rest is to stand up upon one's cards: l. 16, '*at a stay*' = a stop or obstacle: but a syllable in excess, as elsewhere: l. 2 from bottom, '*Table*' = tablet, note-book.—G.



PASQVILS
Paffe, and pafseth
not

SET DOWNE IN THREE PEES

His { *Passé*
Precesion, and
Prognostication.



LONDON

Printed by V. S. for *John Smithicke*, and are to be solde at
his shop within Temple Barre.

1600.

To my very louing and vndererued
good friend M GRIFFIN PEN, vpon his
heart's true worthinesse shine the Sunne
of highest happinesse.

THE countenance of a Landlord, makes a poore Tenant halfe a King, and simple men are no fooles, that followe the shadow of a little honour : for my selfe, I am none of these Sects : for I esteeme more of the kindenes of a good spirite, than of faire wordes, that bewitch Ignorance ; yet I reuerence Honour, and loue Vertue, but finding my selfe vnworthy the fauour of great ones, and yet not willing to looke among the too little, I will loue where I find cause, and deserue where I finde loue : in which sense, entreating you, in the fore rancke of my affection, to march with your kind friend *M Conquest*. I commend to the good leizure of your patience, the perusing of this little pamphlet ; deuided into three pees : a *Passe*, a *Precession*, and a *Prognostication* : *Pasquill* gaue them to me, to deliuer vnto you, which with his further seruice shall be further at your commandement : and for my selfe how well I loue you I will not tell you, til your commandement make me happy in your employment ; and so wishing both in the worke, and my wil, a more worthines of your kindnes, I rest :

Yours affectionately to command

N. B.

To the Reader.

PASQUILL commends him to all that loue him, to whom he giues to vnderstand, that after his pains taken in his *Mad-cappe*, and his *Fooles-cappe*, laying them both aside, thinking to take a litle rest ; gat him his *Night-cappe*, vnder which, in steede of sleep, many idle humors came into his head, which troubling his little staied braine, would not let him be at quiet, till he had committed them to the custodie of pen, and incke, and paper, which hauing set downe somewhat to his owne contentment, he hath in diuers Copies sent abroad to all such as will pay for the writing, or els, I should rather say, for the printing, which I thinke

be better cheape : to tell you what he doth intreate of, were needeles, when it followeth neere at hand : and therefore onely thus much I will tell you, hauing past through manie strange courses, and finding little or nothing so pleasing, but tasted like a bitter sweete, vpon a suddaine fell vpon, Good Lord deliuer vs, and so continuing of his *Precession* as long as he thought good, growing weary of his life, fell to dreame of *Doomes-day* : but lest I proue tedious, I will turne you to that you shall reade if it shall please you, and consider of it as it shall like you, and so for this time I leaue you.

Your friend PASQUILL.

Pasquill to Morphorius.

MORPHORIUS, I promised thee a *Passe*, which heere I haue sent thee, hoping in the like kindnesse ere long to heare from thee : in the meane time, let mee tell thee, that for our parts, we haue little ioy to looke for in this worlde : fooles doe not vnderstand vs, and knaues do but abuse vs, the wealthy loue vs not ; and the poore can do vs no good : honesty is ill for thriving ; and yet the wisdome of the world being

foolishnesse before God, I know not what to say : but for that the time of our life is short in this worlde, let vs leaue vanitie, and fall to some vertuous courses, and yet, because I will not at this time trouble thee too much with the Scripture, I will leaue thee to reade what I haue scribbled : and so end in some haste.

Thine, PASQUILL.



PASQVILS

Paffe.

HE that desires from danger safe to passe
Along the world, his wofull wretched daies,
And would behold (as in a looking glasse)
The blocks and stops, and such vnhappy
staies,

As crosse a thousand in their very waies :
Let him but creepe as I haue learn'd to go,
And tell me if it do him good or no.

He that will passe neere to a Princes Court,
Let him take heede his tongue breake not his necke;
Nor mate himselfe among the Noble sort,
Lest prowde presumption haue too sore a checke,
Nor bend his will, to euery wanton's becke :
But watch good fortunes, when they kindly fall,
And then passe on, and haue no feare at all.

But, if a face of brasse will be too bold,
Or like a sheepes head shunne good company,
Or of complexion be too chilling cold,
Or fiery hot vpon an agony,
Or much inclined to any villany,
Or for his wit, ioyne issue with an asse,
He hath no warrant neere the Court to passe.

He that will passe before a Iudgement seate,
Let him take heede his case be good and cleere,
Lest, when that Trueth doth of the matter treat
A heedlesse will do buy repentance deere :
While cost ill lost doth breed but heauy cheere :
But let him chiefly carry a good purse,
And then be sure to passe on ne're the worse.

But, if he come with an vncertainty,
And thinke a curtsie will excuse a fee,
In hope that Law in Pitties charity,
Wil always giue the right where it should be,
Let him learne this *probatum* rule of me,
That Trueth and Wealth do very much in law,
While beggar Falshoode is not worth a straw.

He that will passe into a warlike field,
Let him not be too rash, nor yet too slow,
Not franticke fight, nor like a coward yeeld,
But with discretion so his valour show,
That fame may grace him where e're he goe :
Lest heedlesse will do shew when he is slaine,
He may passe hither, but not backe againe.

He that will passe into a Merchants booke,
Let him take heede how to discharge the debt,
Lest when that Kindnesse doth for Patience looke,
He be so tangled in a Statute net,
That he be so with cunning trickes beset
That to the Counter he do passe so fast,
As he can scarce passe backe againe in haste.

He that will passe into a Ladies eies,
And in her hands wil leaue his little heart,
And yet with all his wit, is not so wise,
As to discerne the sleight of *Venus* Art ;
In giuing of the Fooles-Cap by desart :
Let him go better set his wittes to schoole,
Or else be sure to passe for a good foole.

He that will passe into the Holy land,
Let him be grounded in the rules of grace,
And be assurde that he doth vnderstand,
What is the trueth that falshoode may deface ;
Lest when that Wisedome Follie doth displace
And Learnings Court breake vp, and all are gone,
He passe but for a simple blind sir Ihon.

He that will passe into a Clownes conceit,
Let him take heede he know a clouted shooe,
Lest him be cousoned with a close deceit :
When seely Fooles know not what Knaues can doe,
With, Yea, and Nay, to bring an Ideot to :
But if he kindly know Clim of the Clough,
Then let him passe, he shall doe well enough.

He that will passe into an Ordinary,
 Let him take heede to deale with cardes and dice ;
 Lest whatsoeuer mony in he carry,
 Ere he beware he loose it with a trice,
 And, all too late repentance, learne the price,
 To know how he that passeth in purse-full,
 And goes out empty, passeth for a Gull.

He that desires to passe vnto the seas,
 Let him take heede his ship be good and tight,
 Let him prouide for all things for his ease,
 And to withstand both wind and weathers spight,
 And by his Compas keepe his course aright :
 Be wary of the shelfes, the rocks, and sands,
 And fall not rashly into pyrats hands.

But if he passe within a leaking ship,
 Ill victualld, and worse furnisht for defence,
 And thinke a thousand leagues is but a skip,
 And by the want of wits experience,
 Prouide for nothing that may shunne offence :
 Such one may happen well to passe from shore,
 But once at sea may passe to lande no more.

But he that seekes to passe by sea or land,
 To Court, or Country, for his best auaille,
 Let him thus much for certaine vnderstand,
 That if his purse the better not preuaile,
 His fortune will in many courses faile :

For a good purse will make a man to passe
 To many places where he neuer was.

But if (alas) he be passe purse pennilesse, v
 In this vile world he shall haue little grace,
 But with a heauy heart all comfortlesse,
 Among the Beggars take a sory place :
 Oh this same Gold hath such a glorious face,
 That in false Angells, he that heedes not well,
 Will headlong passe his wicked soule to hell.

But, he that faine would passe to Paradise,
 Must learne to passe from all these worldly pleasures ;
 For vnto heau'n what heart can passe his eies,
 That is intangled in this worlds treasure ?
 No, where the World hath on the Soule made seisure,
 As hardly it can passe to hean'n on hie,
 As can a Camell through a Needles eie.

Then do not passe the boundes of honestie,
 Of wit, of reason, nor of amitie,
 Of law, of iustice, nor of equitie,
 Nor the true grounds of Trueths diuinitie ;
 But in the worship of the Trinitie,
 Humble thy soule vnto the Deitie,
 And passe vnto heau'ns felicitie.





PASQVILS

Precesion.



LOGGER headed asse that hath no wit,
A rascall knaue that hath no honesty,
A foule ilfauour'd filthie baggage Tit,
A wicked Iudge that hath no equity,

And a rich man that hath no charity,
A faithlesse friend, and from a fruitlesse tree :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A gracelesse child, and an vnquiet wife,
An idle seruant, and a priuy theefe,
A long delay, and an vngodly life,
A helplesse care, and a consuming grieffe,
And from despaire that neuer finds relieffe,
And from the drone that robbes the hony be :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A proud companion, and a prating iacke,
A cogging marchant, and a carelesse debter,
A queasie stomacke, and a broken sacke,
A filthy hand, and an ill-fauour'd letter,
And an ill-mind that meanes to be no better,
And from a bribe insteede of a due fee :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A blind phisition, and a sluttish cooke,
Vnholosome porridge, and vnsauory bread,
A babish story, and a foolish booke,
A baggige humor, and a beetle head,
A smoaky chamber, and a lowsie bed,
And from such neighbours as cannot agree :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A Tyrant prince, and a rebellious subiect,
A bloody soldiour, and a coward leader,
An Owles cie-sight, and an vgly obiect,
An obscure line, and an vnlearned Reader,
A sergeant, iailour, hangman, and beheader,
And from the fruit of the three cornerd tree :
Good Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A resty hackney, and a durtle way,
A stormy tempest, and a leaking ship,
An idle quarrell, and a drunken fray,
A doggèd queane that euer hangs the lip,
A iade that will not stirre without a whip,

A blinded eie that can nor will not see :
From these the Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A lazie huswife, and a hackney Gill,
A crooked finger, and a cramped foote,
A hasty wit, and an vnbrideled will,
A broken shooe, and an ill fauour'd boote,
A poisning weede, and an vnwholesome roote,
An from the buzzing of the humble Bees :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

A mouth that slauers, and a stinking breath,
A craftie cripple, and a sullen queane,
A stinking puddle, and moorish heath,
A dogge that is too fatte, a horse too leane,
A maide that will not keepe her dairie cleane,
A blow vpon the elbow, and the knee :
From each of these the Lord deliuer me.

A fleering laughter, and a faithlesse heart,
A creeping curtsie, and a cankred mind,
An idle study, and a needlesse art,
A Northerne tempest, and an Easterne wind,
And from a Curre, that bites a man behind,
And from a glasse of an il-fauour'd blee :
The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

To keepe too long among vngodly people,
To fit mine humor vnto euery fashion,
To seeke to build a house vpon Paules Steeple,
To dwell too long vpon a peeuish fashion,
To follow ill, and hate a reformation,
To learne the rules where such ill lessons be :
From all such trifles, the Lord deliuer me.

To make an idoll of a painted face,
And to attend vpon a golden asse,
To seeke to do the honest mind disgrace
And bring a kind of wicked world to passe,
Or seeke to braue it with a face of brasse,
To leape the Tems, or clime a rotten tree :
From all such trifles, the Lord deliuer me.

From standing too much in mine owne conceit,
 And giving credite unto every tale,
 From being caught with every foolish baite,
 From setting of my credite all to sale,
 From leaving of a nut to take a shale,
 From the posse line of the fowles peregrine
 The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From fury, fransie, and imprisonment,
 From fine Maid Marian and her Morris dance,
 From the deserving of due punishment,
 From bond, from statute, and recognisance,
 From trusting too much unto fickle chance,
 From vnkind brothers that cannot agree :
 The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From taking pleasure in a villanie,
 From carelesse hearing of a sound aduise,
 From sorting with the wicked companie,
 From setting vertue at too low a price,
 From loosing too much coine at cardes and dice,
 From being bound till frily makes me free :
 The Lord of heau'n and earth deliuer me.

From laying plottes for to abuse a friend,
 From being by a cunning knaue beguild,
 From working humors to a wicked end,
 From getting of a filthy whore with child,
 From dwelling in a house that is vntilde,
 From surfeting within a cherrie tree :
 From all such toies, good Lord deliuer me.

From a conspiracie of wicked knaues,
 A flight of buzzards, and a denue of theemes,
 A knot of villaines, and a crew of slanes,
 And from the patches on the beggars sleeves,
 And from the spoile that gracious spirits greenes,
 And from the foole can neither thriue nor thee :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From the illusions of a filthy dinell,
 From too much hunting after worldly pleasure,
 And from delighting in an inward euill,
 And too much louing of this worldly treasure,
 And from taking leuell by vnlawfull measure,
 And from the babies foolish A, B, C :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To thinke to wash an Ethiopan white,
 To knee too long, and not be loued againe,
 To do him wrong that alwaies doth me right,
 To play the knaue with him that meaneth plaine,
 And to continue in so vile a vaine,
 From all such notes where such instructions be :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

An old blind cat that cannot catch a mouse,
 A flingling curtoll, and a kicking mare,
 A wife that neuer loues to keepe her house,
 A lazy hound that will not hunt a hare,
 The shame that falles out with the beggars share,
 And from the foole that will good fortune flee :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From all mischaunces both of soule and body,
 And from the carelesse crosses of the maner,
 From being too much inward with a noddy,
 Or to a brother or a friend vnkind,
 Or changing humors lourely with the wind,
 From an ill fruit of an accursed tree :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From making bargaines till I lme by losse,
 And hoarding coine to eate into my heart,
 To walke the Woodcocke to the Beggars crosse,
 Or to be schooller at the finells art,
 To hurt my soule with such infernall smart,
 From all such humors where such errors be
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From beating of my brunes about a babie,
 From thinking of no end ere I begonne,
 From giuing care unto an idle fable,
 And posting iournees for a puddings skime,
 And loosing all while other men do winne,
 From eating apples vpon Adams tree :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A rainy evening, and a foggy morne,
 A barren ground, and an vnkindly yeere,
 A nitte haire, a garment ouer worne,
 A market towne where all things are too deere,
 A charles bare table without bread or beere,
 The wofull issue of a Judas see :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From restie bacon, and ill salued beefe,
 From raw sodde conger, and ill roasted eeles,
 From a quicke witte, that hath his tongue too briefe,
 And from the blaimes and kibes vpon my beeles,
 And from a madding wit that runnes on wheels,
 From all such rules as out of order be :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From a delight in hunting after newes,
 Or louing idle tales of Robin Hood,
 And from too much frequenting of the stewes,
 Or ventring farre but for a little good,
 And take a puddle for a princely flood,
 From such blind iests as best with fooles agree :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To slander Honor, Vertue to disgrace,
 Offend Discretion, Learning to abuse,
 Good labours enuy, and their worth deface,
 To follow follie, wisdom to refuse,
 To leaue the best, and all the worst to chuse,
 To euery Asse to giue the cappe and knee :
 From all such errors Lord deliuer me.

From writing libells against men of state,
 And meddling with matters about my selfe,
 Where I am lou'd, to giue iust cause of hate,
 Or to be busie with a monkie elfe,
 Or carelesse runne my ship vpon a shelve,
 From such ill courses where no good I see :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From loosing too much time in making loue,
 From trusting to an idle humour'd dreame,
 From spending too much mony how to proue,
 To make a boate to ouergo the streame,
 To kill my selfe to purge a little fleame :
 From such odde vaines where such deuises be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

— From a prouwd woodcocke, and a peeish wife,
 A sleepey maiden, and a wanton hagge,
 A poyntlesse needle, and a broken knife,
 A house vnfurnisht, and an emptie bagge,
 A fidling baggige and a wicked wagge,
 And from the woods where wolues and foxes be :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

The French *Verola*, and the English feuer,
 The Irish ague, and the Spanish pippe,
 The lungs consumption, and the rotten liuer,
 The cursed fall into a fellous trippe,
 And from the ladder by the rope to skippe,
 Where execution makes the fatal tree :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To diue into a pocket for a purse,
 Or steal a horse out of a pasture field,
 To loue to swear and lie, and ban and curse,
 And stubbornly to no good counsell yeeld,
 But vnder fortune all my forces shield :
 From all such rules where reasons ruines be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From cousoning of my selfe with too much kindnes,
 From slipping fortune when it doth befall me,
 From being led by wilfull reasons blindnes,
 And keeping backe when fortune seems to call me :
 From all such passions as may so apall me,
 Where blinded eyes cannot their blessings see,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

To be commanded by a currish minde,
 And to be flattred by a foolish knaue,
 And to be crosséd by a wicked winde,
 And to be followed with a filthy slaue,
 And to be harbourd in a hellish caue :
 From such ill courses where such crosses be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From thriftlesse spending, and from fruitlesse paines,
 From sencelesse studies, and from gracelesse deedes,
 From helplesse torments, and from witlesse vaines,
 And from all those follies, that such humors feedes,
 And from the sinne that endlesse sorrow breeds,
 And from all spots in my fowle soule to see :
 Oh blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A moath that eates into the finest cloth,
 A wicked worme that hath a deadly sting,
 A poysned potion with a sugred froth,
 A wicked charme, within a Diuels Ring,
 And from the Syrenes when they fall to sing :

From such ill creatures as so curséd be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

A mowse within a daintie peece of cheese,
 A nest of rattes within a linnen chest,
 A snake within a hiue of hony Bees,
 A wolfe that eates into a wounded breast,
 And from his curse that neuer can be blest :
 From all such ill, wherein no good can be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From an olde kow that kicketh downe her milke,
 And a yong colt, that will his rider cast,
 From a thiefes halter though it be of silke,
 And from a diall that doth goe too fast,
 And from a pardon when the paine is past,
 And from confession vnder Tiborne tree :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From too long hoping after dead mens shooes,
 And from betraying of an honest trust,
 From lacke of care, either to gaine or loose,
 And from a conscience that may prove vniust,
 And from a wicked and vnlawfull lust :
 From all such courses where no comforts be,
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From a stale peece of flesh that is twice sodden,
 And from a bloud-raw roasted peece of beefe,
 And from a crauen henne that is crow trodden,
 And from a bawd, a whore, a rogue, a thiefe,
 And from home-taking and hearts inward griefe,
 And from the ill wherein no good can be :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From blindnes, lamenesse, deafnes, cramps and stiches,
 And from the gowt, the chollicke and the stone,
 And from inchanting charmes of wicked witches,
 From coughes, and rhowmes, and aches in the bone,
 And from the griefe of loue to liue alone,
 And from all agues whatsoe're they be :
 The blessed Lord of heau'n deliuer me.

From the forsaking of the word of God,
 To follow idle humour'd fopperies,
 To scorne the scourging of the heau'nly rod,
 From doing of my selfe such iniuries,
 To bring my soule into such miseries,
 And from all sinne within my soule to see :
 The gracious God of heau'n deliuer me.

When I am olde, and sicke, and lame and poore,
 And crucified a thousand sundry wayes,
 And death beginnes to ope my fatal doore,
 To call me home from my vnhappy dayes,
 And all my passions then must end their playes,
 Then from all euill, and both now and then :
 The Lord of heau'n deliuer me, Amen.

PASQVILS

Prognostication.

WHEN that a charle doth grow so prodigal,
He cares not how he throw away his coyne,
And a wise man growes so fantasticall,
As with a foole will for his counsell ioyne,
And that a Fencer layes away his foynne,
And a yong spend-thrift failles to purchase land :
I feare that Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When that a Lawyer leanes to take a fee,
And that a trades man will not sell for game,
When every Iudge will so indifferent be,
Euen as he sees to shew the matter plaine,
When that the world is growne to such a vaine :
My muse doth feare in her best ayming markes,
The skie will fall, and then we shall haue Larbes.

When humblenesse is praiside, and pride abated,
Vertue is honourd, and foule vice defaced,
Goodnesse beloued, wickednesse is hated,
Wisdomme advanced, folly is despised,
Truth is esteem'd and falshood is disgraced,
The rich men giue their treasure to the poore :
I feare me Doomes day will be at the doore.

When filthy Dowdes will leane to paint their faces,
And lacke an Apes leane letting like a man,
And Brokers debtors feare no Sergeants maces
Nor Geese will take the riser with the Swan,
Nor greemie turne-spirites like the skipping pan,
Nor that a knaue will giue a foole the scuffle :
I feare me doomes day will be not farre off.

When gaddie heads lay by their life humors,
And wicked wines will leane their villaine,
And gracelesse rogues will cease vaine Rumors,
And yong men follow no 2 companie,
Nor maides be sick of the sweete Tympanie,
But constant hearts for very loue will die :
I feare me doomes day will be then too nee.

When idle louers leane for so dissemble,
And fustid friends are worthy regarded,
And Vertue's beautie doth the same resemble,
While ciuile missees are vicerly dissuaded,
And careful seruaice kindly is rewarded,
While honor liues, where loue can neuer die :
I feare me doomes day will be very nigh.

When old men live til they be yong againe,
And yong men fall in age before their time,
When Poets Muses leane to frump and faime,
And blossomes loose the beautie of their prime,
And no man falls that takes in hand to chime,
And he that may be rich will needes be poore :
I feare me Doomes day then is at the doore.

When that a beggar branes it with a King,
And that a coward puts a souldier downe,
And that a Waspe is bred without a sting,
And that a Knight must creepe vnto a Clowne,
And heart sick Honor falls into a swoone,
And careful hearts for lacke of comfort die :
I feare me doomes day will be then too nee.

When cankerd come a Kingdom may command,
And many thousands die for one mans ease,
And that a poore man may not right demand,
And honest hearts must wicked humors please,
Till sorrow too much on the soule do come :
When thus the world with woe is ouercome,
I feare that Doomes day will be coming on.

When Cokes of game begin to leane their fight,
And old fokies will not with yong babies play
The stanchy Eagle loose her lofty height,
And wise men fall to keepe fokies holiday,
When that the world doth grow to such a stay
It makes me feare that much about that yeere,
The day of Doome will sure be very neere.

When that the Lion doth begin to roare,
The Wolfe to howle, the snarling curie to bawle,
The buzzard Kite too neere the Sunne to soare,
The Bunting strice to moue about the Larkie,
My Muse doth find in her best ayming markie,
That neere vpon that yeere she feares to see,
The coming of the day of Doome will be.

When that a she vpon a guide horse backe,
Can make fokies laugh to see how he can sit,
And when a pedler in a beggars packe,
Can carie ware, for his poore trade wale,
And with his purse can go away with it,
And Epicures will leane their belly-chere
I feare me then the day of Doome is neere.

When Iohn a Noddies will be a Gentleman
 Because his worship weares a velvet coate,
 And euery Piper, a Musitian,
 Because he hits vpon an idle noate,
 And Beggars care not for the King a groate,
 When that the foole will giue himselfe the scoffe :
 I feare me Doomes day cannot be farre off.

When children teach their parents how to speake,
 And seruants learne their masters to command,
 When strong men will be guided by the weake,
 And Rascall driue the male Doere downe the lawnde,
 And Beggars fill the misers emptie Mawnd,
 And dead men rise aliuie out of the Beere :
 I feare me Doomes day will be very neere.

When conies hunt the dogges out of the warren,
 And partridges beate hawkes out of the field,
 And deinty falcons feede on filthy carren,
 And souldiers take the penne, and leaue the field,
 And that a prince will to his subiects yeeld :
 Then by some rules my Muse doth vnderstand,
 She biddes me feare that doomes day is at hand.

When such as loue their eies will needes be blind,
 And such as heare will seeme to stoppe their eares,
 And fathers to their children are vnkind,
 Because they thinke that they are none of theirs,
 When they haue wiues, and other make their heires :
 When such hard pointes the world doth stand vpon,
 I feare me doomes day will be comming on.

When that the world is set vpon a will,
 And purses carie matters as they list,
 When all the grace is in the golden skill,
 And few or none that cares for had I wist,
 And each one thinkes he walketh in a mist :
 When all these courses fall out in a yeere,
 I feare me Doomes day will be very neere.

When idle quarrels breede vngodly warres,
 And subtil peace deceiues a simple heart,
 When men do shoote their arrowes at the starres
 And neuer thinke of death his sodaine dart :
 When thus the world doth take the foolish part,
 When all good thoughts are flung vpon the floore,
 I feare me Doomes day will be at the doore.

When he that puts himselfe into good ragges,
 Thinkes himselfe halfe a prince for his apparrell,
 When he that hath the chest of golden bagges
 Beleues he hath the world within a barrell :
 When folly thus with better wit will quarrell
 While wisdome in the world hath much disgrace,
 I feare me Doomes day will come on apace.

When lands and bagges do marry wealth to wealth,
 And want and vertue must go downe the wind,
 When few or none regard the spirites health,
 While wicked humors leade away the mind :
 When the poore world is in this pitteous kind,
 While hellish spirits in their pride do stand,
 I feare me Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When Charing crosse and Paules do meete,
 And breake their fast in Friday streete,
 And Ware and Waltham go to Kent,
 To purchase lands and gather rent,
 And Easter falles afore the Lent :
 Then if my Table doe not lie,
 The day of doome will sure be nie.

When woodcockes build in dawcockes nestes,
 And Robin Hood is rise againe,
 And misers churles make merry feasts,
 And merchants loose that they may gaine :
 When once the world is in that vaine,
 Then do not thinke but nigh that yeere,
 The day of doome is very neere.

When euery child his father knowes,
 And euery man will loue his wife,
 And women sweare to be no shrowes,
 But husbands leade a quiet life,
 While kindnesse cuts off euery strife :
 Then without doubt this build vpon,
 The day of doome is comming on.

When Newgate is without a knaue,
 And Bridewell found without a whoore,
 A galley found without a slaue,
 A Farmers barne without a floore,
 And not a beggar at the doore :
 Then let both time and reson trie,
 And if that doomes day be not nie.

When theeues begin to leaue to steale,
 And Iades will leaue their kicking trickes,
 And fooles their secrets will conceale,
 And maides will vse no setting stickes,
 Nor blacke thorne carrie pointed prickes :
 Then do not thinke but in that yeere,
 The day of doome will sure be neere.

When old men care not for their health,
 And faire yong women wish to die,
 And rich men throw away their wealth,
 And Rascalls leaue their beggarie,
 And Knaues will leaue their knauerie :
 Then thinke as I haue said before,
 The day of Doome is at the doore.

When wanton eies breede wicked minds,
 And wilfull heads breede wofull hearts,
 While indiscretion nature blinds,
 To scorne the rules of Reasons Artes,
 And headlong fall into foule partes,
 Til had-I-wist make folly crie :
 Then thinke the day of Doome is nie.

When women will no malice shew
 And men are free from enuies fault,
 Who may be high, wil be below,
 And beefe keepe sweete that hath no salt,
 And Beere is brewed with musty Malt :
 Then do beleuee that truth will trie,
 The day of Doome will sure be nie.

When Gamsters at Primero rests,
Will put out all their purses eie,
And warres do grow to be but iests,
Where many fight, and few do die,
A spider will not eate a fie :
Then by my rule I vnderstand,
The day of Doome will be at hand.

When Souldiers led into a field,
Do see their leaders runne at a stay,
The valiant to the coward yeeld,
That doth his honour steale away :
When the world is at such a fray,
I say but as I said before,
Thinke Doomes day will be at the doore.

When that a Cocke wil craue his hen,
Because shee is not of his breede,
And boies will be as good as men,
When schollers teach their Masters reade,
An hearb is spoiled by a weede :
Then by my rules experience,
That day of Doome is not farre hence.

When no good nature can amend ill manners,
Nor daily preaching draw the world to God,
But sinne and shame display their open banners,
While he on earth begins to make abode,
When holy thoughts are wholly ouertrode,
While faith and troth do feare to shew their face :
I feare me Doomes day will come on apace.

When that a man must seeke to please his wife,
For feare the cuckoe sing vpon his head,
A women will be wearie of her life,
Because she cannot bring a foole to bed,
When siluer thus must be exchange for led :
By such true rules as I haue rightly scand,
I feare me Doomes day will be hard at hand.

When wicked minds will in their humors dwell,
And sinne is not ashamde to shew her face,
And Atheists are resolute to go to hell,
Because they haue no feeling thought of Grace :
When that the world is in this wofull case,
And death and sorrow do begin their song,
I feare the day of Doome will not be long.

When men and women gree like dogges and cats,
Because the world is full of wicked natures,
And euery towne is full of mice and rattes,
That do deuoure the foode of better creatures,
While fooles make idolls of ill-faouered features :
When we are thus poore, people to beg on vs,
I feare me doomes day will come stealing on vs.

When that a cat will eate no milke,
And that a fox the goose forsakes,
And courtiers leaue their wearing silke,
And snow doth leaue to fall in flakes,
And one man marres that other makes :
Then doth my Table say that yeere,
The day of Doome will sure be neere.

When fishes leaue to play with baibes,
And buzzards leaue to beate the wind,
And knaues will leaue with cunning sleights,
For to deceiue a simple mind :

When that the world is in this kind,
Be sure this note to build vpon,
The day of Doome is comming on.

When morrice dancers leaue their bells,
The foole his bable by will lay,
And oysters breede without their shells,
And that the mice with cattes will play,
While wise men make fooles holy day :
Then tell me if my table lie,
That saies that doomes day will be nie.

When that a Kite the Chicken feares,
The wolfe will not come neere the Lamb,
The frogs will be as big as Beares,
The Ewe will not abide the Ramme,
A Calfe will leaue to sucke the Damme :
Then do I by my table find,
That doomes day is not farre behind.

When youth will not the wantons play,
And age hath sworne he will not dote,
And wil and wit are at a fray,
While beggarie is not worth a groate :
It is a certaine rule to note,
That very much upon that yeere,
The day of doome approacheth neere.

When that a beggar braues a King,
And fishes swimme without their finnes,
An Owle will teach a Lark to sing,
And fishers leaue to lay their ginnes,
When puddings creepe out of their skines :
Then thinke as I haue said before,
The day of doome is at the doore.

When Swallowes leaue to feede on Flies,
And Asses looks into the ayre,
And Mowles begin to ope their eies,
And two fooles do not make a paire,
And Basenese sits in Honors chaire,
And the Lord be seruant to a Groome :
Then thinke vpon the day of doome.

When fire begins to leaue his heate,
No coolnesse in the water is,
The hungry will refuse their meate,
And louers leaue to coll and kisse,
And all is well that was amisse :
Then doth my perfect rule descrie,
The day of doome wil sure be nigh.

When couetousnesse can infect a King,
And pride is set vpon a beggars heart,
And too much want the honest mind doth wring,
While helplesse sorrow breeds the spirits smart :
When thus the diuell ginnes to play his part,
To fill the world with such unhappy fare,
I feare doomes day before we be aware.

When furies fie like sparkles in the ayre,
With fire and sword, to fil the world with bloud,
And feareful soules are neere vnto despaire,
While gracelesse hearts can see no hope of good,
But endlesse sorrow is the sinners food :
When thus the diuell in the world doth sit,
Doomes day wil come, although it be not yet.



MELANCHOLIKE HUMOURS.

1600.



NOTE.

'Melancholike Humours' was reprinted by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES at the Lee Priory Press (1815, 4to, 86 copies). It is perhaps the most inaccurate of the whole of the Brydges' books, as an entire stanza and various lines are omitted in 'An vnhappy, solemne, jeasting curse,' and many words tinkered, misspelled, or misprinted, *e.g.* to the Reader, 'pains' for 'paine:' 'nest' for 'death' (*What is Hell?*): 'doth' for 'doe' (*ibid.*): 'save' for 'serue' (*Mal Content*): 'pound' for 'ground' (*A Solemne Sonnet*): 'heart' for 'soule,' and 'the' for 'these' (*An Extreame Passion*): 'give' for 'gaine,' and 'not' for 'thine,' and 'its' for 'his' (*A Solemne Farewell to the World*): 'contents' for 'conceits,' and 'despise' for 'deuise' (*A Straunge A, B, C*): 'then' for 'they' (*An vnhappy, solemne, jeasting curse*): 'impossible' for 'vnpossible' (*A quarrell with Loue*): 'me' for 'them' (*A Wish in Vaine*): 'cruel' for 'bloody' (*A Conceit vpon an eagle and a phoenix*): 'the' for 'her' (*A smile misconstrued*): 'even' for 'euer,' and 'be' for 'liue' (*An odde humour*): 'drawn' for 'drunke' (*A dolefull fancy*): 'story' for 'glory' (*An epitaph vpon poet Spencer*), etc. etc. Self-obvious misprints and mispunctuations of the original have been silently corrected. For the biographical importance and literary interest of 'Melancholike Humours' see our Memorial-Introduction. Our text is from the extremely rare original edition in the Marsh Library, Dublin; there is a second copy in the Bodleian. Collation: A to F, in fours; 23 leaves, sm. 4to. The Contents on *verso* of title-page are prefixed for convenience of reference.—G.



MELANCHOLIKE

HUMOURS,

*In Verses of Di-
verse Natures,*

Set downe by

NICH: BRETON, Gent.



,c LONDON:

¶ Printed by RICHARD BRADOCKE.

1600.

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To the Lover of good studies,
 and Fauourer of good actions,
MASTER THOMAS BLUNT,
Heavens blessing, and earths happinesse.

SIR,—*My knowledge of your good judgement in the diuersity of humours, and your disposition to that best melancholie, that cannot run madde with trifles, hath made me (vpon the gathering together of certain odde pieces of poetry) to offer my labours to your patience, and my loue to your seruice. They are all waters of one spring: but they runne through many kinds of earth, whereof they giue a kinde of tang in their*

taste. Such as they be, I leaue them to the kindnesse of your acceptation, and my selfe to your like commaundement. And so (loath to vse ceremonious cōpliments) in the affection of a poore friend, and in humble thankfulness for your manie vnderseed favours,

I rest yours, very much to commaund,

N. B.

¶ **To the Reader.**

PASQVIL, hauing been long in his dumps, in somewhat better then a browne studie, hath brought forth the fruites of a fewe Melancholike Humours; which chiefly he commendeth to spirits of his own nature, full of melancholy, and as neere Bedlem as Mooregate: a figure in the fields, to be easily disciphered. To be short, and to growe towards an ende, ere I haue wel begun, I wil tel you: the gētemās brains were much troubled, as you may see by his perplexities; but with studying how to make one line leuell with another, in more rime then perhaps some will thinke

reason, with much adoe about nothing, hee hath made a piece of worke as little worth. He that can giue him lesse commendation, let him vse his arte. For mine owne part, I haue taken paine to write his Will, which he hath sent to the worlde to like as it list. According to whose will, I leaue it: entreating no man to wreste his will to any thing further then may stand with his pleasure; but to speak indifferently of all things, as hee findes cause. And so I rest

Your friende,

N. B.

In Authorem.

THow, that wouldst finde the habit of true passion,
 And see a minde attir'd in perfect straines;
 No twearing moodes, as gallants doe a fashion,
 In these pide times, only to shewe their braines,

*Looke here on BRETONS Worke, the master print:
 Where, such perfections to the life doe rise;
 If they seeme vry, to such as looke asquint,
 The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.*

*For, as one comming with a laterall viewe
 Vnto a cunning piece wrought perspective,
 Wants facultie to make a censure true;
 So with this Authours readers will it thrine:*

*Which, being eyed directly, I diuine
 His prooffe their praise, will meet, as in this line.*

BEN: IOHNSON.



MELANCHOLIKE HUMOURS.

✠ SEE AND SAY NOTHING.



H my thoughts, keepe in your words,
Least their passage do repent yee ;
Knowing, Fortune still affordes
Nothing, but may discontent yee.

If your saint be like the sunne,
Sit not yee in Phoebus chaire,
Least, when once the horses runne,
Yee be Dedalus his heire.

If your labours well deserue,
Let your silence onely grace them ;
And in patience hope preserue,
That no fortune can deface them.

If your friend doe growe vnkinde,
Griue, but doe not seeme to shoue it :
For a patient heart shall finde
Comfort, when the soule shall know it.

If your trust be all betrai'd,
Trie, but trust no more at all :
But in soule be not dismai'd ;
Whatsoever doe befall.

In your selues your selues enclose,
Keepe your secrecies vnseene ;
Least when ye your selues disclose,
Yee had better neuer beene.

And what euer be your state,
Doe not languish ouerlong ;
Least you finde it, all too late,
Sorrow be a deadly song.

And be comforted in this,
If your passions be concealed,
Crosse or comfort, bale or blisse,
'Tis the best, is not reuealed.

So, my deerest thoughts, adieu,
Hark whereto my soule doth call yee :
Be but secret, wise, and true,
Feare no euill can befall yee.

¶ WHAT IS HELL ?

WHAT is the place that some do paint for Hell ?
A lake of horroure for the life of man :
Is it not then the death wherein I dwell,
That knowes no joy, since first my life began ?

What are the diuils ? Spirits of tormenting ;
What else are they, that vexe me in each vaine ?
With wretched thoughts my wofull spirit tempting,
Or else perplex mee in an after-paine.

What is the fire ? but, an effect of sinne,
That keeps my heart in an vnkinde heat.
How long shall I this life continue in ?
Till true repentance mercy doe entreate,

And Patience cry, euen at the latest breath,
Salue mee, sweet Lord yet fro the secod death.

¶ MAL CONTENT.

If I desir'd vnto the world to liue,
Or sought in soule to serue the golden God :
If I did homage to an idole giue,
Or, with the wicked wisht to haue abode,

Then, well might Justice lay her sword vpon mee,
In due correction of my crooked hart ;
But shall I liue, in soule thus woe begon mee,
That seeke in faith to serue the better part ?

Ah, wretched Soule, why dost thou murmur so ?
It is thy crosse, and thou art borne to beare it :
Through hellish griefs thy hart to heaue must go,
For Patience crowne, if thou wilt liue to wear it.

Then rest with this, (since Faith is Virtues friend,)
Death ends distresse, Heauen makes a happy end.

¶ A DOLEFULL PASSION.

OH, tyred heart too full of sorrowes,
In night-like daies, despairing morrowes ;
How canst thou thinke, so deeply grieued,
To hope to liue to be relieved ?

Good Fortune hath all grace forsworne thee,
 And cruell Care hath too much torne thee :
 Vnfaithfull friends do all deceiue thee ;
 Acquaintance all vnkindly leaue thee.
 Beauty, out of her booke doth blot thee,
 And Loue hath vtterly forgot thee :
 Patience doth but to passion moue thee,
 While only Honour liues to loue thee.

Thine enemies all ill devise thee,
 Thy friends but little good aduise thee ;
 And they who most doe duty owe thee,
 Doe seeme as though they doe not knowe thee.

Thus Pittle weepes to looke vpon thee,
 To see how thou art woe begon thee ;
 And while these passions seeke to spill thee,
 Death but attends the houre to kill thee.

And since no thoughte is comming to thee,
 That any way may comfort doe thee ;
 Dispose thy thoughtes as best may please thee,
 That Heauen, of all thy Hell, may ease thee.

¶ A TESTAMENT VPON THE PASSION.

To Care, that crucifies my heart,
 My sighes and sobbes I doe bequeath ;
 And to my Sorrowes deepest smart,
 The latest gaspe that I doe breath.

To Fortune, I bequeath my folly,
 To giue to such as seeke her grace :
 To faithlesse friends, that fortune wholly,
 That brought mee in this heauie case.

To Beauty, I bequeath mine age ;
 To Love, the hate of wit and sense ;
 To Patience, but the cure of rage ;
 To Honour, Virtues patience.

Mine enemies I do forgiue ;
 And to my friends I giue my loue ;
 And wish vngrateful hearts may liue
 But like ingratitude to proue.

To Pitty, I bequeath my teares,
 To fill her eyes when they be dry ;
 To Faith, the fearelesse thoughts of feares,
 To giue to life, to let me die.

My care I doe bequeath to Death,
 To cut the threades that thoughts do spinne ;
 And at my latest gasp of breath,
 To Heauen my soule, to Hell my sinne.

¶ A FANTASTICKE SOLEMNE HUMOUR.

SOVND, good Reason, sound my sorrowes,
 Equall them with any liuing ;
 Finde the worst of all her giuing,
 When she most her mischiefe borrowes.

Leaue not patience all perplexed,
 Where no passions are appeased ;
 But her torments, never eased,
 Keepe her spirit too much vexed.

Tell, oh tell the truest story
 That hath long time bene described ;
 Whereto justly is ascribed
 Sorrowes pride, and Death his glory.
 Loue bred in Discretions blindnesse,
 Shadowes, for the sunne affecting
 Nothing, but nothing effecting,
 Shewes the crosse of Natures kindnesse.
 Wit, bewitcht with wanton Beauty,
 Lost the raines of Reasons bridle ;
 And, in Folly all too idle,
 Brake the bands of Reasons duty.
 Time misspent in Follies trifles,
 (With repentance sorrow feeding,)
 In the rules of Reasons reeding,
 Findes them nothing else but nifles.
 Care, yet seeking to recouer
 Indiscretions heauie losses,
 Found, in casting vp my crosses,
 Sorrow only left the louer.

¶ A BRIEFE OF SORROWE.

MYSE of sadnesse neere Deaths fashion,
 Too neere madnesse, write my passion ;
 Paines possesse mee, Sorrowes spill mee,
 Cares distresse mee, all would kill mee ;
 Hopes haue faild mee, Fortune foild mee,
 Feares haue quaild mee, all haue spoild mee :
 Woes haue worne mee, sighes haue soakt mee ;
 Thoughts haue torne mee, all haue broke mee.
 Beauty strooke me, Loue hath catcht mee,
 Death hath tooke mee, all dispatcht mee.

¶ A SOLEMNE FANCY.

SORROW in my heart breedeth
 A cocatrices nest,
 Where euery young bird feedeth
 Vpon my Hearts vnrest.
 Where euery pecke they giue mee,
 (Which euery houre they doe,)
 Vnto such paine they driue mee,
 I knowe not what to doe.
 Oh, broode vnhappy hatched
 Of such a cursed kinde,
 Where Death and Sorrowe matched,
 Liue, but to kill the minde.
 Wordes torments are but trifles,
 That but conceits confounde ;
 And Natures griefes but nifles
 Vnto the Spirits wounde.
 They are but Cares good morrowes
 That passions can declare ;
 While my Hearts inward sorrowes
 Are all without compare.
 Fortune, she seekes to sweare mee
 To all may discontent mee ;
 Yet sayes, she doth forbear me,
 She doth no more torment mee.

Beauty she doth retaine mee
 In scarce a favours tittle ;
 And though she doe disdeigne mee,
 She thinks my griefe too little.
 Love falls into a laughing
 At Reasons little good,
 While Sorrow, with her quaffing,
 Is drunke with my heart blood.
 But let her drinke and spare not,
 Vntill my heart be dry ;
 And let Love laugh, I care not ;
 My hope is, I shall dy.
 And Death shall only tell
 My froward fortunes fashion,
 That nearest vnto hell
 Was found the Lovers passion.

¶ A SOLEMNE SONNET.

FORTVNE hath writ characters on my heart
 As full of crosses as the skinne can holde,
 Which tell of torments, tearing every part,
 While Death and Sorrowe do my fate vnfolde.
 Patience sits leaning like a pining soule,
 That had no heart to thinke of Hopes relië ;
 While fruitlesse cares discomfort doe enroule
 Within the ground of neuer ending griefe.
 Thoughts flie about, as all in feare confounded ;
 Reason growne mad, with too much *mal content* ;
 Love, passion-rent, to see his patience wounded,
 With dreadfull terrors of Despaires intent.
 While Care concludes, in comforts overthrowne,
 Whē Death can speak, my passiōs shal be showne.

¶ AN EXTREAME PASSION.

OVT of the depth of deadly griefe, tormenting day and night ;
 A wounded heart and wretched soule depriu'd of all delight ;
 Where neuer thought of comfort came, that passiō might appease ;
 Or by the smallest sparke of hope might giue the smallest ease :
 Let me intreat that solemne Muse that serues but Sorrowes turne,
 In ceaselesse sighes and endlessse sobs to helpe my soule to mourne.
 But, Oh what thought beyōd al thought hath thought to think vpon,
 Where Patience findes her greatest power in passions ouergon.
 That neere the doore of Natures death in dolefull notes doth dwell ;
 In Horrors fits that will describe my too much figur'd hell.
 What want, what wrong, what care, what crosse, may crucife a hart ;
 But day and howre I doe endure in all and euery part ?
 Want to sustaine the Bodies neede, wrong to distract the minde :
 Where Want makes Wit and Reason both to goe against their kinde.
 Care to deuise for Comforts helpe ; but so by Fortune crost,
 As kills the heart, to cast the eye on nought but labour lost.
 Desire to liue, in spite of Death, yet still in liuing dying ;
 And so a greater death than death, by want of dying, trying.
 Oh, hell of hels, if euer earth such horror can afford,
 Where such a world of helpelesse cares doe lay the heart aboard.
 No day, no night, no thought, no dreame, but of that doleful nature,
 That may amaze, or sore affright, a most afflicted creature.
 Friends turnd to foes, foes vse their force ; and Fortune in her pride,
 Shaks hand with Fate, to make my soule the weight of sorrow bide,
 Care brings in sicknes, sicknes pain, and paine with patience passion,
 With biting in most bitter griefes brings feature out of fashion ;
 Where brawn falne cheeks, heart scalding sighs, and dimmed eyes with teares
 Doe shewe, in Lifes anatomy, what burthen Sorrowe beares.
 Where all day long in helpelesse cares, all hopelesse of reliefe,
 I wish for night, I might not see the objectes of my griefe.
 And when night comes, woes keep my wits in such a waking vaine,
 That I could wish, though to my griefe, that it were day againe.
 Thus daies are nights, which nights are daies, which daies are like those nights,
 That to my passiōs sēse presēt but only Sorrows sights ;
 Which to the eye but of the minde of Misery appeare,
 To fill the heart of forlorne Hope too full of heaue cheare.
 Oh hart how canst thou hold so long, and art not broke ere this ?

When all thy strings are but the straines that cōfort strikes amisse.
 Yet must thou make thy musicke still but of that mournfull straine,
 Where Sorrowe, in the sound of death, doth shew her sweetest vain :
 Or where her Muses all consent in their consort to trie
 Their sweetest musicke, in desire to die, and cannot die.
 The pellican that kils her selfe, her young ones for to feede,
 Is pleas'd to dy that they may liue, that suck when she doth bleede :
 But while I in those cares consume that would my spirit kill,
 Nought liues by me, when I must die, to feede but Sorrowes will.
 The hart that's hūted all day long, hath sport yet with the hōlds,
 And happily beats off many a dogge before his deadly wounds :
 But my poore heart is hunted still with such a cruell cry,
 As in their dogged humours liue, while I alone must die.
 The swan that sings before her death, doth shew that she is pleas'd,
 To knowe that death will not be long in helping the diseas'd :
 But my poore swanlike soule, (alas) hath no such power to sing ;
 Because she knowes not when my death will make my care a king.
 What shall I say? but only say ; I knowe not what to say :
 So many torments teare my heart, and tugges it euery way.
 My sunne is turnd into a shade, or else mine eyes are blinde,
 That Sorrowes cloude makes all seeme darke, that comes into my minde.
 My youth to age ; or else because my comforts are so colde,
 My sorrowe makes me in conceit to be decrepit olde.
 My hopes to feares ; or else because my fortunes are forlorne,
 My fancie makes me make my selfe vnto my selfe a scorne.
 My life to death ; or else because my heart is so perplexed,
 I finde my selfe but liuing dead, to feele my soule so vexed.
 For what is here that earth can yeeld in Pleasures sweetest valne,
 But in the midst of all my cares doth still increase my paine ?
 While epicures are overglut, I ly, and starue for foode ;
 Because my conscience can not thriue vpon ill gotten good.
 While other swimme in choyce of silkes, I sit alone in ragges ;
 Because I can not fite the time to fill the golden bagges.
 While other are bedeckt in golde, in pearle, and pretious stone ;
 I sigh to see they haue so much, and I can light of none.
 Not that I eniue their estate, but wish that God would giue
 Some comfort to my carefull hope, wherby my heart might liue.
 Some please themselves in choyce of sports, in trifles and in toies ;
 While my poore feeble spirit feedes of nothing but annoyas.
 Some haue their houses stately built, and gorgeous to beholde ;
 While in a cottage, bare and poore, I bide the bitter colde.
 Some haue their chariots and their horse, to beare them to and fro ;
 While I am glad to walke on foote, and glad I can doe so.
 Some haue their musickes hermony, to please their idle cares ;
 While of the song of sorrow still my soule the burthen beares.
 Some haue their choise of all perfumes, that Natures arte can giue ;
 While sinne doth stinke so in my soule, as makes me loath to liue.
 They, like the wielders of the world, command, and haue their will ;
 While I, a weakling in the world, am slaue to sorrow still.
 The owle, that makes the night her day, delights yet in the darke ;
 But I am forc't to play the owle, that haue beene bred a lارke.
 The eagle from the lowest vale can mount the lofty skie ;
 But I am falne downe from the hill, and in the vale must die.
 The sparrow in a princes house can finde a place to builde ;
 I scarce can finde out any place that will my comfort yeelde.
 The little wrenne doth find a worme, the little finch a seede ;
 While my poore heart doth hunger still, and finds but little feede.
 The bee doth find her hoay flower, the butterflie her leafe ;
 But I can finde a worlde of corne, that yeeldes not me a sheafe.

The horse, the ox, the silly asse, that tugged out all the day,
 At night come home, and take their rest, and lay their worke away :
 While my poore heart, both day and night, in passions ouertold ;
 By ouerlabour of my braine doth finde my spirit spoiled.
 The winds doe blowe away the clowds, that would obscure the sun ;
 And how all glorious is the sky, when once the stormes are done !
 But in the heaue of my harts hope, where my loves light doth shine ;
 I nothing see, but clouds of cares, or else my sunne decline.
 The earth is watred, smooth'd and drest, to keepe her gardens gay ;
 While my poore heart, in woefull thoughtes, must wither still away.
 The sea is sometime at a calme, where shippes at anchor ride ;
 And fishes, on the sunny shore, doe play on euery side :
 But my poore heart in Sorrows seas, is sicke of such a qualme ;
 As, while these stormy tempests holde, can neuer looke for calme.
 So that I see, each bird and beast, the sea, the earth, the sky,
 All sometime in their pleasures liue, while I alone must die.
 Now thinke, if all this be too true, (as would it were not so)
 If any creature liue on earth, that doe like sorrow knowe.
 Nay, aske of Sorrow, euen her selfe, to thinke how I am wounded,
 If she be not, to see my woes, within her selfe confounded :
 Or say, no figure can suffice my sorrowes frame to fashion,
 Where Patience thus hath shew'd her selfe, beyöd her selfe in passion.

Par nulla figura dolori, nec dolor meo.

✠ A SOLEMNE FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

OH forlorne Fancy whereto dost thou liue,
 To weary out the senses with vnest ?
 Hopes are but cares, that but discomforts giue,
 While only fooles doe clime the *phoenix* nest :
 To heart sicke soules all joyes are but a jest,
 Thou dost in vain but striue against the streame,
 With blinded eyes to see the sunny beame.

Die with desire, abandoned from delight,
 Thy weary winter lasteth all the yeare :
 Say to thy selfe that darknesse is the light,
 Wherein doth nothing but thy death appeare ;
 While wit and sense, in Sorrowes heauy cheare,
 Findes thee an humour, but vnkindly bredde
 Of Hopes illusions, in too weake a head.

Fortune affrightes thee with a thousand feares,
 While Folly feedes thee with abuse of wit ;
 And while thy force in fainting passion weares,
 Patience is ready to increase the fit,
 Where agonies in their extreames doe sit :
 So that, each way, thy soule is so perplexed,
 As better die, then liue to be so vexed.

Say, Patience somewhat doe asswage thy paine ;
 Prolonged cures are too vncomfortable ;
 And where that care doth neuer comfort gaine,
 The state, alas, must needes be miserable :
 Where Sorrowes labours are so lamentable,
 That Silence saies, that to the soule complains,
 Concealed sorrowes are the killing pains.

Then doe not cease to sigh and sobbe thy fill,
 Bleeds in the teares of true loue's liuing blood ;
 Shewe how vnkindnesse seekes the heart to kill,
 That hides a buzzard in a falcons hoode :
 Feede not thy self with misconcepted good ;
 Better to starue, then in a sugred pill
 To taste the poison of the Spirits ill.
 But if thou canst content thee with thy life,
 And wilt endure a double death to liue,
 If thou canst beare that bitter kinde of strife,
 Where crosse concepts but discontents do giue :
 If to this ende thou canst thine humour driue,
 And cares true patience can command thee so ;
 Give me then leave to tell thee what I knowe.
 I knowe too well, that all too long haue tryed,
 That earth containeth not that may content thee ;
 Sorrowe will so beset thee on each side,
 That Wit nor Reason can the thought inuent thee,
 But that will some way serue for to torment thee :
 Hope wil deceiue thee, Happinesse goe by thee,
 Fortune will faile thee, and the World defie thee.
 Beauty will blinde thine eyes, bewitch thine heart,
 Confound thy senses, and commaund thy will,
 Scorne thy desire, not looke on thy desart,
 Disdain thy seruice, quite thy good with ill,
 And make no care thy very soule to kill.
 Time will outgoe thee, Sorrowe overtake thee,
 And Death, a shadow of a substance, make thee.
 I know this world will neuer be for thee ;
 Conscience must carry thee another way :
 Another world must be for thee and mee,
 Where happie thoughts must make their holiday,
 While heauenly comforts neuer will decay.

We must not thinke in this ill age to thrive,
Where Faith and Loue are scarcely found aliuē.
Wee must not build our houses on the sands,
Where euery flood will wash them quite away ;
Nor set our seales vnto those wicked bands,
Where damned soules their debts in hel must pay :
Our states must stand vpon a better stay ;
Vpon the rock we must our houses builde,
That wil our frames from winde and water shield.

Goe, bid the world, with all his trash, farewell,
And tell the earth it shall be all but dust :
These wicked wares, that worldlings buy and sell,
The moath will eat, or else the canker rust :
All flesh is grasse, and to the graue it must.
This sinke of sin is but the way to hell ;
Leaue it, I say, and bid the world farewell.

Account of pompe but as a shadowed power,
And thinke of friends but as the sommer flies ;
Esteeme of beauty as a fading flower,
And louers fancies but as fabled lies :
Knowe, that on earth there is no Paradise.
Who sees not heauen is surely spirit-blinde,
And like a body that doth lacke a minde.

Then let vs lie as dead, till there wee liue,
Where only loue doth liue for euer blest ;
And only loue the onely life doth giue,
That brings the soule vnto eternall rest :
Let vs this wicked, wretched world detest,
Where gracelesse hearts in hellish sins perseuer,
And fly to heauen, to liue in grace for euer.

¶ A SOLEMNE CONCEIPT.

1
DOTH Love liue in Beauties eyes ?
Why then are they so vnloving ?
Patience in her passion prouing,
There his sorrowe chiefly lies.

2
Liues beliefe in lovers hearts ?
Why then are they vnbelieuing ?
Houely so the spirit grieuing,
With a thousand jealous smarts ?

3
Is there pleasure in Loue's passion ?
Why then is it so vnpleasing,
Heart and spirit both diseasing,
Where the wits are out of fashion ?

4
No : Love sees in Beauties eyes :
He hath only lost his seeing :
Where in Sorrowes only being
All his comfort wholly dies.

5
Faith, within the heart of Loue,
Feareful of the thing it hath,
Treading of a trembling path,
Doth but jealousy approue.

6
In Loves passion then what pleasure ?
Which is but a lunacy :
Where grieffe, feare, and jealousy,
Plague the senses out of measure ?

7
Farewell, then, (vnkindly) Fancy,
In thy courses all too cruell :
Woe the price of such a jewell,
As turnes Reason to a franzy.

¶ A STRAUNGE A, B, C.

To learne the babies A, B, C,
Is fit for children, not for mee.
I knowe the letters all so well,
I neede not learne the way to spell ;
And for the crosse, before the rowe,
I learn'd it all too long agoe.
Then let them goe to schoole that list,
To hang the lippe at ---*Had I wist* :
I never lou'd a booke of horne,
Nor leaues that haue their letters worne ;
Nor with a fescue to direct mee,
Where euery puny shall correct mee.

I will the treuant play a while,
And with mine eare mine eye begulle ;
And only heare what other see,
What mocketh them as well as mee ;
And laugh at him that goes to schoole,
To learne with mee to play the foole.

But, soft awhile : I haue mistooke,
This is but some imagin'd booke,
That wilfull hearts in wantons eyes
Doe onely by conceits deuse ;
Where spell and put together, proue
The reading of the rules of Loue.

But if it be so, let it be :
It shall no lesson be for mee.
Let them goe spell that can not reede,
And know the crosse vnto their speede ;
While I am taught but to discerne,
How to forget the thing I learne.

¶ FIE ON PRIDE.

THE hidden Pride that lurkes in Beauties eyes,
And overlookes the humble hearts of Loue,
Doth nothing else but vaine effectes deuse,
That may discretion from the minde remoue.

Oh, how it workes in wit, for idle wordes
To buy repentance but with labour lost ;
While Sorrowes fortune nothing else affordes,
But showres of raine vpon a bitter frost :
A wicked shadowe that deceiues the sight,
And breedes an itch that ouerrunnes the hart ;
Which, leauing Reason in a pitious plight ;
Consumes the spirit with a curelesse smart :
While wounded Patience in her passion cries,
Fie vpon Pride, that lurkes in Beauties eyes.

¶ A FAREWELL TO LOUE.

FAREWELL Loue, and louing folly,
 All thy thoughts are too vnholly :
 Beauty strikes thee full of blindnesse,
 And then kills thee with vnkindnesse.
 Farewell wit, and witty reason,
 All betrai'd by Fancies treason :
 Loue hath of all joy bereft thee.
 And to Sorrow only left thee.
 Farewell will, and wilfull fancy,
 All in daunger of a frenzy,
 Love to Beauties bowe hath wonne thee,
 And together all vndone thee.
 Farewell Beauty, Sorrowes agent ;
 Farewell Sorrow, Patience pagent ;
 Farewell Patience, Passions stayer ;
 Farewell Passion, Loues betrayer.
 Sorrows agent, Patience pagent,
 Passions stayer, Loues betrayer,
 Beauty, Sorrow, Patience, Passion ;
 Farewell life, of such a fashion.
 Fashion, so good fashions spilling ;
 Passion, so with passions killing ;
 Patience, so with sorrow wounding ;
 Farewell Beauty, Loues confounding.

¶ A JEASTING CURSE.

FIE vpon that too much Beauty,
 That so blindeth Reasons seeing,
 As, in swearing all Loues duety,
 Gives him, no where else, a being.
 Cursèd be thou, all in kindnesse,
 That with Beauty Loue hast wounded ;
 Blessing Loue, yet in such blindnesse,
 As in Beautie is confounded.
 Euer maist thou liue tormented
 With the faith of Loue vnfaigned,
 Till thy heart may be contented
 To relieue whom thou hast pained.
 Thus, in wroth of so well pleased,
 As concealeth loyes confessing,
 Till my paine be wholly eased,
 Cursèd be thou, all in blessing.
 So farewell and fairely note it,
 He who as his soule doth hate thee,
 From his very heart hath wrote it,
 Neuer euill thought come at thee.

¶ A SOLEMNE TOIE.

If that Loue had beene a king,
 He would haue commanded Beauty :
 But hee is a silly thing,
 That hath sworne to doe her duety.
 If that Loue had beene a God,
 He had then beene full of grace :
 But how grace and loue are odde,
 Tis too plaine a pitious case.

No : Love is an idle jeast,
 That hath only made a woord,
 Like vnto a cuckoes neast,
 That hath neuer hatcht a bird.
 Then from nothing to conceiue
 That may any substance bee,
 Yet so many doth deceiue ;
 Lord of heaven, deliuer mee.

✠ A DISPLEASURE AGAINST LOUE.

LOVE is witty, but not wise,
 When he stares on Beauties eyes ;
 Finding wonders in conceit,
 That doe fall out but deceit.
 Wit is stable, but not staied,
 When his senses are betraied ;
 Where, too late, Sorrow doth proue
 Beauty makes a foole of Loue.
 Youth is forward, but too fond,
 When he falles in *Cupid's* bond ;
 Where repentance lets him see,
 Fancy fast is neuer free.
 Age is cunning, but vnkinde,
 When he once growes *Cupid*-blinde :
 For when Beauty is vntoward,
 Age can neuer be but froward.
 So that I doe finde in briefe,
 In the grounds of Natures griefe,
 Age, and youth, and wit doe proue,
 Beauty makes a foole of Love.

¶ A FAREWELL TO CONCEIT.

FAREWELL Conceit : Cōceit no more wel fare :
 Hope feeds the heart with humours, to no end :
 Fortune is false, in dealing of her share :
 Virtue in heauen must only seeke a friend.
 Adieu, Desire. Desire, no more adieu,
 Will hath no leasure to regard desart :
 Love findes, too late, the prouerbe all too true,
 That Beauties eyes stooode neuer in her heart.
 Away, poore Loue. Loue, seek no more a way
 Vnto thy woe, where wishing is no wealth :
 In nightes deepe darknesse neuer looke for day,
 Nor in hearts sicknesse euer seeke for health.
 Desire, Conceit, away, adieu, farewell :
 Love is deceiu'd, that seeks for heauen in hell.

✠ AN UNHAPPY, SOLEMNE, JEASTING CURSE.

OH venome, cursèd, wicked, wretched eyes,
 The killing lookers on the heart of Loue :
 Where witching Beauty liues but to deulse
 The plague of wit, and passions hell to proue.
 That snowy necke that chillest, more than snowe,
 Both eyes and harts, that liue but to behold thee ;
 That graceles lip, frō whence Loves grief doth grow,
 Who doth in all his sweetest sense infold thee.

Those chaining hairs, more hard than iron chains,
 In tying fast the fairest thoughts of Loue ;
 Yee shameful cheeks, that in your blushing vains
 The ravisht passions of the minde doe proue.
 Yee spider fingers of those spitefull hands,
 That worke but webbes to tangle Fancies eyes :
 That idole breast, that like an image stands,
 To worke the hell of reasons heresies.
 Those Fairy feete, whose chary steppes doe steale
 Those hearts, whose eies do but their shadowes see :
 That ruthlesse spirit, that may well reueale
 Where Loues confusions all included be :
 To thee, that canst or wilt not bend thy will,
 To vse thy gifts, all gracious in their nature ;
 To Patience good, and not to Passions ill,
 And maist and wilt not be a blessed creature.
 I wish and pray, thine eyes may weepe for woe,
 They cannot get one looke of thy beloued ;
 Thy snowy necke may be as colde as snowe,
 With colde of feare it hath no fancy moued.
 Thy lippe, in anger by thy teeth be bitten,
 It can not giue one kissing sweete of Loue ;
 And by thy hands thy shriu'led haire be smitten,
 For want of holding of thy hopes behoue.
 Thy blushing cheekes loose all their liuely blood,
 With pining passions of impatient thought ;
 That idole bodie, like a piece of wood,
 Consume, to see it is esteemd for nought.
 Those spider fingers, and those fairy feete,
 The crampe so crooke, that they may creepe for griefe :
 And, in that spirit, Sorrowes poisons meete,
 To bring on death, where Loue hath no reliefe.
 All these, and more iust measures of amisse
 Vpon thy frownes, on faithfull Love, befall :
 But sweetly smile--and then heaues pour their blisse
 On thy hairs, neck, cheeks, lip, hands, feet, and all.

¶ A QUARRELL WITH LOUE.

OH that I could write a story
 Of Loues dealing with affection :
 How hee makes the spirit sory,
 That is toucht with his infection.
 But he doth so closely winde him
 In the plaits of will ill pleased,
 That the heart can neuer finde him,
 Till it be too much diseased.
 Tis a subtill kinde of spirit,
 Of a venome kinde of nature ;
 That can, like a conny ferret,
 Creepe vnwares vpon a creature.
 Neuer eye that can beholde it,
 Though it worketh first by seeing ;
 Nor concept, that can vnfolde it,
 Though in thoughts be all his being.

Oh it maketh olde men witty,
 Young men wanton, women idle ;
 While that Patience weepes, for pittie,
 Reason bitts not Natures bridle.
 In it selfe it hath no substance,
 Yet is working worlds of wonder ;
 While, in phrensies fearfull instance,
 Wit and sense are put asunder.
 What it is, is in coniecture,
 Seeking much, but nothing finding ;
 Like to Fancies architecture,
 With illusions, Reason blinding.
 Day and night it neuer resteth,
 Mocking Fancy with ill fortune ;
 While the spirit it molesteth,
 That doth patience still importune.
 Yet for all this, how to finde it,
 Tis vnpossible to showe it ;
 When the Muse that most doth minde it,
 Will be furthest off to know it.
 Yet can Beauty so reteine it
 In the profit of her seruice,
 That she closely can mainteine it,
 For her seruant chiefe in office.
 In her eye she chiefly breeds it ;
 In her cheekes she chiefly hides it ;
 In her seruants faith shee feedes it,
 While his only heart abides it.
 All his humour is in changing,
 All his work is in inuention,
 All his pleasure is in ranging,
 All his truthe but in intention.
 Straunge in all effectes conceued,
 But, in substance, nothing sounded ;
 While the senses are deceiued,
 That on idle thoughts are grounded.
 Not to dwell vpon a trifle,
 That doth Follies hope befall ;
 Tis but a newe nothing nife,
 Made for fooles to play withall.

¶ A WISH IN VAIN.

OH that Wit were not amazed
 At the wonder of his senses,
 Or his eyes not ouergazed
 In *Minervas* excellences.
 Oh that Reason were not foiled
 In the rules of all his learning,
 Or his learning were not spoiled
 In the sweete of Loues discerning.
 Oh that Beauty were not froward,
 In regard of Reasons duety,
 Or that Will were not vntoward
 In the waiward wit of Beauty.

But since all in vaine are wishes,
 Patience tels them that haue past it,
 Poys'ned broth, in siluer dishes,
 Kils their stomackes that doe taste it.

Wit and Reason, Loue and Learning,
 All in Beauties eyes are blinded,
 Where in sense of sweete discerning,
 She will be vnkindly minded.

Let those hartes whose eyes perceiue her,
 Triumphe, but in thoughts tormented,
 Labour all they can to leaue her,
 Or else die and be contented.

¶ A CONCEIT VPON AN EAGLE, AND A PHENIX.

THERE sate sometime an Eagle on a hill,
 Hanging his wings, as if he could not flie :
 Blacke was his coate, and tauny was his bill,
 Grey were his legges, and gloomy was his eye ;
 Blunted his talents, and his traine so bruised,
 As if his brauery had bene much abused.

This foule olde birde, of some vnhappy brood,
 That could abide no hauke of higher wing,
 (But fed his gorge vpon such bloody foode,
 As might, in feare, maintaine a cruell king.)
 Faire on a rocke of pearle and pretious stone
 Espied a *Phenix* sitting all alone.

No sooner had this heauenly birde in sight,
 But vp he flickers, as he would haue flowne :
 But all in feare to make so farre a flight,
 Vntill his pennes were somewhat harder growne ;
 He gaue a rowse : as who should say, in rage
 He shew'd the fury of his froward age.

And, for this *Phenix* still did front his eyes,
 He cald a counsell of his kites together ;
 With whom in haste he wold the mean deuise,
 By secret arte to leade an armie thither,
 And so pull downe, from place of highe estate,
 This heauenly bird, that he had so in hate.

Much talke there was, and wondrous heede was held,
 How to atchieue this high attempt in hand :
 Some out were sent to soare about the field,
 Where flue this grace and glory of the land,
 To mark her course, and how she made her wing,
 And how her strēgth might stād with such a king.

And forthwith should such cages be deuised,
 As should enclose full many thousand fowles ;
 By whom her seat should quickly be surprized,
 And all her birds should handled be like owles :
 No time detract : this deede must needs be don :
 And ere they went, the world was wholly won.

But, soft a while : no sooner seene the land,
 But, ere they came in kenning of the coast,
 So great a force their fortune did withstand,
 That all the brauery of the birds was lost :
 Some leakt, some sanke, and some so ran on groūd,
 The cages burst, and all the birds were drown'd.

But when the Eagle heard what was become
 Of all his flight, that flick'ed here and there ;
 Some sicke, some hurt, some lame, and all and sūme
 Or farre from hope, or all too neere in feare.
 He stoupt his traine, and hung his head so sore,
 As if his heart had never burst before.

¶ A CONCEITED FANCY.

PVRE colours can abide no staine ;
 The Sunne can neuer lose his light ;
 And Vertue hath a heauenly vaine,
 That well may claime a queenely right :
 So giue my mistresse but her due,
 Who tolde mee all these tales of you.

From heauen on earth the Sunne doth shine,
 From Vertue comes Discretions loue ;
 They both are in themselues diuine,
 Yet worke for weaker hearts behoue :
 So would my mistresse had her due,
 To tell mee still these tales of you.

But, Oh, the Sunne is in a clowde,
 And Vertue liues in sweetes vnseene ;
 The earth with heauen is not allow'd ;
 A begger must not loue a Queene :
 So must my mistresse haue her due,
 To tell mee still these tales of you.

Then shine, faire Sunne, when clouds are gon ;
 Liue, Vertue, in thy queenely loue :
 Choose some such place to shine vpon,
 As may thy Paradise approue :
 That when my mistresse hath her due,
 I may heare all this heauen in you.

¶ A SMILE MISCONSTRUED.

BY your leaue, a little while :
 Loue hath got a Beauties smile
 From on earth the fairest face :
 But he may be much deceiued,
 Kindnesse may be misconceiued,
 Laughing oft is in disgrace.

Oh but he doth knowe her nature,
 And to be that blessed creature,
 That doth answere Loue with kindnesse :
 Tush, the *Phenix* is a fable ;
Phabus horses haue no stable ;
 Loue is often full of blindnesse.

Oh but he doth heare her voice,
 Which doth make his heart reioyce
 With the sweetnesse of her sounde :
 Simple hope may be abused.
 Hears he not he is refused ?
 Which may giue his heart a wound.

No : Loue can belieue it neuer,
 Beauty fauours onç and euer,
 Though proud Enuie play the elfe :
 Truthe and Patience haue approued,
 Loue shall euer be beloued,
 If my mistresse be her selfe.

¶ AN ODDE HUMOUR.

PVRELY faire, and fairely wise,
Blessed wit, and blessed eyes,
Blessed wise, and blessed faire,
Neuer may thy blisse impaire.

Kindely true, and truly kinde,
Blessed heart and blessed minde ;
Blessed kind, and blessed true,
Euer may thy blisse renue.

Sweetely deare, and dearely sweete,
Blessed where these blessings meete ;
Blessed meetings neuer cease ;
Euer may thy blisse encrease.

Blessed Beauty, Wit, and Sense,
Blest in Natures excellence,
Where all blessinges perish neuer,
Blessed maist thou liue for euer.

¶ A WAGGERY.

CHILDRENS Ahs and Womens Ohs,
Doe a wondrous grieft disclose ;
Where a dugged the one will still,
And the t'other but a will.

Then in gods name let them cry ;
While they cry, they will not die :
For, but fewe that are so curst,
As to cry vntill they burst.

Say, some children are vntoward :
So some women are as froward :
Let them cry them, 'twill not kill them ;
There is time enough to still them.

But if Pitty will be pleased
To relieue the small diseased,
When the helpe is once applying,
They will quickly leaue their crying.

Let the childe then sucke his fill,
Let the woman haue her will ;
All will hush, was hearde before ;
Ah and Oh, will cry no more.

¶ AN ODDE CONCEIPT.

LOVELY kinde, and kindly louing,
Such a minde were worth the mouing :
Truly faire, and fairely true,
Where are all these, but in you ?

Wisely kinde, and kindly wise,
Blessed life, where such loue lies :
Wise, and kinde, and faire, and true,
Louely liue all these in you.

Sweetely deare, and dearely sweete,
Blessed, where these blessings meete :
Sweete, faire, wise, kinde, blessed, true,
Blessed be all these in you.

¶ A DOLEFULL FANCY.

SORROW rippe vp all thy senses,
Neerest vnto Horrors nature :
Taste of all thy quintessences,
That may kill a wretched creature.

Then beholde my wofull spirit
All in passions overthrowne ;
And full closely, like a ferret,
Seize vpon it for thine owne.

But if thou doe growe dismaid,
When thou dost but looke on mee,
When my passions, well displaid,
Will but make a blast of thee.

Then, in grief of thy disgraces,
Where my fortunes doe deface thee,
Tell thy Muses to their faces,
They may learne of mee to grace thee.

For thy sighes, thy sobbes, and teares,
But thy common badges beene ;
While the paine, the spirit beares,
Eates away the heart vnscene.

Where in silence swallowed vp
Are the sighes and teares of Loue,
Which are drawne to fill the cuppe,
Must be drunke to Deaths behoue.

Then beholding my hearts swoune,
In my torments more and more ;
Say, when thou dost sit thee downe,
Thou wert neuer grac't before.

¶ AN EPITAPH VPON POET SPENCER.

MOVRNFULL Muses, Sorrowe minions
Dwelling in Despaires opinions ;
Yee, that neuer thought inuented
How a heart may be contented ;
(But in torments all distressed,
Hopelesse how to be redressed,
All with howling and with crying,
Liue in a continuall dying.)
Sing a dirge on *Spencers* death,
Till your soules be out of breath.

Bidde the dunces keepe their dennes,
And the poets breake their pennes ;
Bidde the shepheards shed their teares,
And the nymphes goe teare their haire ;
Bidde the schollers leaue their reeding,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding ;
Bidde the valiant and the wise
Full of sorrowes fill their eyes ;
All for grieft that he is gone,
Who did grace them euery one.

Fairy Queene shew fairest Queene,
How her faire in thee is scene :
Sheepeheards Calendar set downe,
How to figure best a clowne,

As for Mother *Hubberts* Tale,
Cracke the nut, and take the shale :
And for other workes of worth,
(All too good to wander forth,)
Grieue that euer you were wrot,
And your Author be forgot.

Farewell Arte of Poetry,
Scorning idle foolery :
Farewell true conceited Reason,
Where was neuer thought of treason :
Farewell Judgement, with inuention,
To describe a hearts intention :

Farewel Wit, whose sound and sense
Shewe a poets excellence.
Farewell, all in one together,
And with *Spencers* garland, wither.

And if any Graces liue
That will vertue honour giue ;
Let them shewe their true affection
In the depth of Griefes perfection,
In describing forth her glory,
When she is most deeply sorry ;
That they all may wish to heere
Such a song, and such a quier,
As, with all the woes they haue,
Follow *Spencer* to his graue.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY TO MASTER THOMAS BLUNT, p. 5.—This was probably Thomas Blount, ancestor of the baronets of Tittenhanger, Herts, which title became extinct in 1757. They usually prefixed the name of Pope to their surname: and it is interesting to find a Sir Thomas Pope Blount author of 'De Re Poetica: or Remarks upon Poetry, with Characters and Censures of the Most Considerable Poets . . .' 1694 (4th). He was son of William Blount, Esquire of Osberton, co. Leicester (descended from the Blounts of Staffordshire), and himself settled at Tittenhanger, having inherited an estate there from his great-uncle, Sir Thomas Pope. He was one of the deputy-Lieutenants of Hertfordshire, and Sheriff of the county in 1598, and was knighted by King James I. on 7th May 1603. He married Frances, d. of Sir Thomas Pigot, Kt. of Doddershall, Bucks, and widow of Sir Thomas Nevil, Kt. of Holt, co. Leicester. He died 10th January 1638/9.

Line 8, '*tang*' = flavour, with rankness implied.

TO THE READER, p. 5.—'*Pasquill*.' On this name see the series of satirical poems by Breton as Pasquill, and our Memorial-Introduction: l. 1, '*dumps*' = melancholy: l. 2, '*browne studie*' = pensive and vague meditation: l. 6, '*Bedlem*' = Bedlam, or a Lunatic Asylum: l. 11, '*more rime then perhaps some will thinke reason*.' a contemporary commonplace phrase, since become 'familiar as household words': l. 12, '*with much adoe about nothing*.' another semi-proverbial phrase, glorified by Shakespeare's drama: l. 19, '*indifferently*' = impartially.

IN AUTHOREM, p. 5.—l. 1, '*habit*' = constitution: l. 4, '*pide*' = pied, parti-coloured: l. 10, '*perspective*.' So George Herbert later in 'The Temple,' 33,—Sinne, st. 2:

'So devils are our sinnes in perspective.'

See relative note in my edition of Herbert in Fuller Worthies' Library and the Aldine Poets. The reference is to those glass-faced toys that require to be looked at in a given angle to reveal the real picture.

l. 11, '*censure*' = judgment: l. 12 '*Ben Iohnson*.' Sic, and not Jonson, was the 'great Ben's' more frequent spelling of his name.

A DOLEFULL PASSION, p. 6.—l. 3, '*spill*' = spoil: so in A BRIEFE OF SORROW, p. 7, l. 3, *et alibi*.

A FANTASTICKE SOLEMNE HUMOUR, p. 7.—l. 24, '*niftes*' = nothings, trivialities. So in A SOLEMNE FANCY, p. 7, l. 15: and A QUARRRELL, etc., p. 13, st. 14.

AN EXTREAME PASSION, p. 8.—l. 27, '*brown*' = sinew-showing or lean: p. 9—l. 4, '*consort*' = concert: l. 21, '*dis-eas'd*' = troubled, i.e. dis-eased, or out of ease, uneasy,—not physically distempered. Cf. A SOLEMNE CONCEIT, p. 11, st. 3, l. 3, '*diseasing*.' *et alibi*. l. 43, '*carefull*' = full of care.

A SOLEMNE FAREWELL TO THE WORLD, p. 10.—st. 8, l. 4, '*quite*' = requite: st. 10, l. 3, '*bands*' = bonds.

A SOLEMNE CONCEIT, p. 11.—st. 5, l. 4, '*approve*' = prove: to be noted as one of many examples of the prefix '*a*.'

A STRANGE A, B, C, p. 11.—st. 2, l. 2, '*Had I wist*' = Had I known,—a proverbial saying. It is used by Davies of Hereford in his 'Scourge of Folly': Epigram 93, 'So shalt thou scape the rocke cal'd *Had I wist*.'

st. 2, l. 3, '*booke of horne*' = horn-book, i.e. elementary school-book, so called as having been covered with semi-transparent horn: l. 5, '*fecue*' = a pointer, or small wire or rod, to point out the letters, etc.

A DISPLEASURE AGAINST LOUX, p. 12.—st. 3, l. 1, '*fond*' = foolish.

A CONCEIT Vpon AN EAGLE, AND A PHENIX, p. 14.—No doubt the allegory is of Spain and England, and the defeat of the Armada in 1588,—the Phoenix being Elizabeth.

A WAGGERY, p. 15.—st. 1, l. 3, '*the one*.' misprinted 'the tone.'

AN EPITAPH Vpon POET SPENCER, p. 16.—st. 4, '*Farewell Arte of Poetry*.' This apparently refers to Spencer's lost 'The English Poet,' mentioned in E. K.'s notes to the Shepherd's Calendar. Surely it must one day be recovered, since it seems to have been well known in 1600, i.e. at the date of 'Melancholike Humours': st. 3, l. 6, '*shale*' = shell: st. 5, l. 8, '*quier*' = choir.—G.



A SOLEMNE

Passion of the Soules Love.

1623.



Beauty she doth retaine mee
 In scarce a fauours tittle ;
 And though she doe disdeigne mee,
 She thinkes my griefe too little.
 Loue falls into a laughing
 At Reasons little good,
 While Sorrow, with her quaffing,
 Is drunke with my heart blood.
 But let her drinke and spare not,
 Vntill my heart be dry ;
 And let Love laugh, I care not ;
 My hope is, I shall dy.
 And Death shall only tell
 My froward fortunes fashion,
 That nearest vnto hell
 Was found the Lovers passion.

¶ A SOLEMNE SONNET.

FORTVNE hath writ characters on my heart
 As full of crosses as the skinne can holde,
 Which tell of torments, tearing euery part,
 While Death and Sorrowe do my fate vafolde.
 Patience sits leaning like a pining soule,
 That had no heart to thinke of Hopes reliefe ;
 While fruitlesse cares discomfort doe enroule
 Within the ground of neuer ending griefe.
 Thoughts flie about, as all in feare confounded ;
 Reason growne mad, with too much *mal content* ;
 Loue, passion-rent, to see his patience wounded,
 With dreadfull terrors of Despaires intent.
 While Care concludes, in comforts overthrowne,
 Whē Death can speak, my passiōs shal be showne.

¶ AN EXTREAME PASSION.

OVT of the depth of deadly griefe, tormenting day and night ;
 A wounded heart and wretched soule depriu'd of all delight ;
 Where neuer thought of comfort came, that passiō might appease ;
 Or by the smallest sparke of hope might giue the smallest ease :
 Let me intreat that solemne Muse that serues but Sorrowes turne,
 In ceasselesse sighes and endlessse sobs to helpe my soule to mourne.
 But, Oh what thought beyōd al thought hath thought to think vpon,
 Where Patience findes her greatest power in passions ouergon.
 That neere the doore of Natures death in dolefull notes doth dwell ;
 In Horrors fits that will describe my too much figur'd hell.
 What want, what wrong, what care, what crosse, may crucifie a hart ;
 But day and howre I doe endure in all and euery part ?
 Want to sustaine the Bodies neede, wrong to distract the minde :
 Where Want makes Wit and Reason both to goe against their kinde.
 Care to deuise for Comforts helpe ; but so by Fortune crost,
 As kills the heart, to cast the eye on nought but labour lost.
 Desire to liue, in spite of Death, yet still in liuing dying ;
 And so a greater death than death, by want of dying, trying.
 Oh, hell of hels, if euer earth such horror can afford,
 Where such a world of helpelesse cares doe lay the heart aboard.
 No day, no night, no thought, no dreame, but of that doleful nature,
 That may amaze, or sore affright, a most afflicted creature.
 Friends turnd to foes, foes vse their force ; and Fortune in her pride,
 Shaks hand with Fate, to make my soule the weight of sorrow bide,
 Care brings in sicknes, sicknes pain, and paine with patience passion,
 With biting in most bitter griefes brings feature out of fashion ;
 Where brawn falne cheeks, heart scalding sighs, and dimmed eyes with teares
 Doe shewe, in Lifes anatomy, what burthen Sorrowe beares.
 Where all day long in helpelesse cares, all hopelesse of reliefe,
 I wish for night, I might not see the objectes of my griefe.
 And when night comes, woes keep my wits in such a waking vaine,
 That I could wish, though to my griefe, that it were day againe.
 Thus daies are nights, which nights are daies, which daies are like those nights,
 That to my passiōs *sēse* presēt but only Sorrows sights ;
 Which to the eye but of the minde of Misery appeare,
 To fill the heart of forlorne Hope too full of heaue cheare.
 Oh hart how canst thou hold so long, and art not broke ere this ?

When all thy strings are but the straines that cōfort strikes amisse.
 Yet must thou make thy musicke still but of that mournfull straine,
 Where Sorrowe, in the sound of death, doth shew her sweetest vain :
 Or where her Muses all consent in their consort to trie . . .
 Their sweetest musicke, in desire to die, and cannot die.
 The pellican that kills her selfe, her young ones for to feede,
 Is pleas'd to dy that they may liue, that suck when she doth bleede :
 But while I in those cares consume that would my spirit kill,
 Nought liues by me, when I must die, to feede but Sorrowes will.
 The hart that's hūted all day long, hath sport yet with the hōlds,
 And happily beats off many a dogge before his deadly wounds :
 But my poore heart is hunted still with such a cruell cry,
 As in their dogged humours liue, while I alone must die.
 The swan that sings before her death, doth shew that she is pleas'd,
 To knowe that death will not be long in helping the diseas'd :
 But my poore swanlike soule, (alas) hath no such power to sing ;
 Because she knowes not when my death will make my care a king.
 What shall I say? but only say ; I knowe not what to say :
 So many torments teare my heart, and tuggē it euery way.
 My sunne is turnd into a shade, or else mine eyes are blinde,
 That Sorrowes cloude makes all seeme darke, that comes into my minde.
 My youth to age ; or else because my comforts are so colde,
 My sorrowe makes me in conceit to be decrepit olde.
 My hopes to feares ; or else because my fortunes are forlorne,
 My fancie makes me make my selfe vnto my selfe a scorne.
 My life to death ; or else because my heart is so perplexed,
 I finde my selfe but liuing dead, to feele my soule so vexed.
 For what is here that earth can yeeld in Pleasures sweetest vaine,
 But in the midst of all my cares doth still increase my paine ?
 While epicures are overglut, I ly, and starue for foode ;
 Because my conscience can not thrive vpon ill gotten good.
 While other swimme in choyce of silkes, I sit alone in ragges ;
 Because I can not fitte the time to fill the golden bagges.
 While other are bedeckt in golde, in pearle, and pretious stone ;
 I sigh to see they haue so much, and I can light of none.
 Not that I enuie their estate, but wish that God would giue
 Some comfort to my carefull hope, wherby my heart might liue.
 Some please themselves in choyce of sports, in trifles and in toies ;
 While my poore feeble spirit feedes of nothing but annoyēs.
 Some haue their houses stately built, and gorgeous to beholde ;
 While in a cottage, bare and poore, I bide the bitter colde.
 Some haue their chariots and their horse, to beare them to and fro ;
 While I am glad to walke on foote, and glad I can doe so.
 Some haue their musickes hermony, to please their idle eares ;
 While of the song of sorrow still my soule the burthen beares.
 Some haue their choice of all perfumes, that Natures arte can giue ;
 While sinne doth stinke so in my soule, as makes me loath to liue.
 They, like the wielders of the world, command, and haue their will ;
 While I, a weakling in the world, am slaue to sorrow still.
 The owle, that makes the night her day, delights yet in the darke ;
 But I am forc't to play the owle, that haue beene bred a larkē.
 The eagle from the lowest vale can mount the lofty skie ;
 But I am falne downe from the hill, and in the vale must die.
 The sparrow in a princes house can finde a place to builde ;
 I scarce can finde out any place that will my comfort yeelde.
 The little wrenne doth find a worme, the little finch a seede ;
 While my poore heart doth hunger still, and finds but little feede.
 The bee doth find her hony flower, the butterflie her leafe ;
 But I can finde a worlde of corne, that yeeldes not me a sheafe.



A Solemne Passion of the Soules Loue.

WAKE, my soule, out of the sleepe of sinne,
And shake off slouth the subject of thy
shame;

Search out the way how best thou mayst
beginne

To holy worke thine humble will to frame :

Then proue not weary of a little paine,
When fleshe's griefe will breed the spirit's gaine.

Confesse thyselfe vnworthy of the sence
To learne the least of the supernall Will ;
Beseech the heauens in strength of their defence,
To saue and keepe thee from infernall ill :

Then fall to worke, that all the world may see
The ioyfull loue betwixt thy God and thee.

Tell of His goodnesse how He did create thee,
And in His iustice how He doth correct thee,
And in His loue, how He will neuer hate thee,
And that His mercy neuer will reiect thee :
And how He helpt thee when the world distrest thee,
And with His graces how He sweetly blest thee.

Say, I was sicke, and He did send me health,
I was in prison, and He did set me free :
And I was poore, and He did send me wealth,
And I was blinde, and He did make me see,
I was perplexed, and He did heale my paine,
And being dead, He gaue me life againe.

When I was lame, Hee did my limmes restore,
When I was deafe, He made me heare His voyce,
When I was wounded, He did heale my sore,
When I was sad, He made my soule reioyce :
When I had sinn'd, He would not yet forsake me,
When I was lost, He did to mercy take me.

To say yet more, what He hath done for me,
I needs must say His goodnesse hath no end ;
Who when on Earth He saw no friend to me
Did make me feele I had a heauenly friend :
A heauenly friend, Whose helpe doth faile me neuer,
But is my comfort and my King for euer.

This is my Lord, my Life, and all my loue,
My liuing Loue, and louing Life indeed ;
This is the blessing of my best behoue,
The sacred fruit whereon I sweetly feede :
This is the ioy that makes my heart to sing
Honour and glory to my heauenly King.

Oh King, more glorious then the world can know Thee,
From Whom the day euen from on high doth spring ;
Where glorious workes vnto the world doe shew Thee.

Of glorious loue the euerlasting King :

The King of Life in Whom the soule doth proue
The highest glory of the heauenly loue.

By Whose high hands were all things made at first,
By Whose deepe wisdomes they are gouern'd still ;
By Whom alone are blessed or accurst,
That loue His Word, or disobey His Will :

By Whose sweet breath they liue that doe attend Him,
And by Whose wrath they dye that doe offend Him.

For who can bide the furie of His ire ?

Or halfe conceiue the comfort of His loue ?

Who plagues His foes with an infernall fire,

And plits His seruants in the heau'ns about :

Who shakes the heau'ns and makes the mountains bow
If Hee but once begin to knit His brow.

And where He loues what will He leaue to doe,
To make the soule acquainted with His kindnesse ?
And with what ioy will He, the spirit woo
To shun the woes that grow of worldly blindnesse ?
What paine, or griefe, or death did He refuse,
To saue their liues that He did sweetly chuse ?

Now for the greatnesse of His glorious power :

He is Almighty, and all glory His ;

He made the yeere, the month, day, night, and hower,

The heau'ns, earth, sea, and what in them there is :

In Him alone doth all their being stand,

And liue and die in His almighty hand.

He spake the Word, and by His Word they were,

And all was good, His secret wisdomes did ;

His Will did worke His fauour without feare,

And not a thought is from His knowledge hid :

He knowes the hearts, and searcheth through the
reines,

And sees the roots euen of the smallest veines.

He deckt the skie with sunne, and moone, and starres,

And made the seas to flowe vpon the sand,

Vpon whose shore His hand did set the barres,

They shall not passe to ouerflow the land :

Amid the ayre He hath disperst the clouds,

And onely man within His mercy shrouds.

Within the depth the fish their holes do keepe,

And in the rockes the conny makes his house ;

Into the earth the crawling wormes do creepe,

And hollow rocks are harbour for the mouse :

The lyon keeps his den, the bird his nest,

And man alone doth but in mercy rest.

Yet these and all are guided by His power,
And may not passe the passage He hath giuen there ;
The sunne his course, the moone must know her houre,
And clouds must wander but where winds haue driuen
the ;

Beasts know their times, and fishes know their tides,
And man alone in onely mercy bides.

To tell of wonders by His wisdome wrought,
Euen from the greatest to the very least,
Which Time declares by true experience taught,
In fish, in fowle, in bird, in man and beast ;
Marke but the Power that doth in each abide,
And how it weakens in their highest pride.

The lyon first is fearfull of a bee,
The elephant doth dread the little mouse ;
A crowing cocke the dragon may not see,
The stoutest eagle subiect to the louse ;
The greatest oxen a little taint-worme killeth,
And many a man a little canker spillleth.

Yet is the lyon feared for his force,
The elephant a huge and mighty beast ;
The fiery dragon kills without remorse,
And eagles carry lambes vnto their nest ;
The oxen the taint-worme vnder foot doth tread,
And man sometimes doth kill the canker's head.

But when that power begins to gather pride,
Then see the strength of the Almighty hand ;
By Whose high helpe the weakest things are tryde,
To spoile the strength wherein the strongest stand :
That they may knowe there is a Power on hie,
In Whom they liue, and at His pleasure dye.

To shew examples of the heauenly might,
Against the pride of the inferiour power ;
The Word of Truth doth giue a glorious light,
Where may be seene in minute of an houre,
How greatest staves that on their strength were
grouded,
With headlong falls were vtterly confounded.

How Pharaoh first, the proud Egyptian king,
That would not suffer Israel to passe ;
What plagues and griefes did the Almighty bring
Vpon the house, euen where his lodging was !
Frogs, flies, and lynces did freely make their way
Euen to the chamber where proud Pharaoh lay.

A number plagues the Lord did further threaten ;
His land was strooken with a darksome feare,
His grasse, and corne by grasshoppers was eaten,
The plague distroyd his people euery where :
At last, himselfe amidst his army crown'd,
Was in a moment in the Red Sea drown'd.

Yet through these seas His hand did make the way,
Where all His seruants went and wet no foote ;
Which proues His loue was His elected's stay,
While rebell hearts were torne vp by the roote :
Which true example to the world may proue,
The glorious greatnesse of His power and loue.

Goliath boasted greatly of His strength,
Yet little Daud killd him with a stone ;
The Madian host was strong, but yet at length,
By Gideon's hand, the kings were ouerthrowne :
By change of tongues fell Babylon's great tower,
And Christ His Word did breake the diuel's power.

Yet in itselfe what weaker is then water,
Which drown'd proud Pharaoh and his mighty host ?
A louse or flie is of a little matter,
Yet with such wormes are men tormented most.
What strength alas is in a little stone ?
Yet so we reade Goliath ouerthrowne.

Knowe then from whence this wonder-power groweth
But from the force of the Almighty hand ;
Which to the world His glorious power sheweth,
When with the weake, the strongest cannot stand :
King Daud wrote, and it is truly knowne,
That power belongeth vnto God alone.

To proue the prowesse of the heauenly Power,
How many more examples might be showne !
There is no yeere, no day, no night, nor hower,
But some such action to the world is knowne :
That Truth may well vnto His glory speake,
God is of power, and all the world is weake.

But since the world cannot the books containe,
Wherein His workes of wonder may be writ ;
To admiration let His power remaine,
And say, All powers are subiect vnto it :
And let me of His loue and mercy write,
Which is the substance of my soule's delight.

This powerfull loue, the glory of all grace,
When He had wrought the world vnto His will,
And planted each thing in his proper place,
And in the course that they continue still :
Of all the workes that He in wonder wrought
Made onely man the dearest of His thought.

For what He made He made but man to serue,
And man to serue His onely sacred loue ;
And in His loue doth so man's life preserue,
As may the comfort of His care approue :
And so approue as may this sentence giue,
His onely loue doth make the soule to liue.

He loued the earth when He did giue it life,
He loued the life when He His image gaue it ;
He loued the flesh that made the bone a wife,
He loued the soule when He from death did saue it :
He loued him euer yet He loued him most,
To fetch him home when he himselfe had lost.

Come poets, ye that fill the world with fancies,
Whose falning Muses shew but madding fits ;
Which all too soone doe fall into those franzies
That are begotten by mistaking wits :
Lay downe your lines, compare your loue with mine,
And say whose vertue is the true diuine.

For further tryall, let me giue you leaue
To adde a truth vnto your idle stories ;

Wherewith so oft you doe the world deceiue,
 And gaine your selues but ill-conceited glories :
 Yet when you see where sweetest sights are showne,
 Looke on my Loue, and blush to see your owne.

With sunny beauties let your loues be blest,
 The sunne doth fetch his light but from my Loue ;
 You haue your wonders from the phoenix nest,
 Mine honour liues but in the heauens aboue :
 Your Muses doe your ladies' praises sing,
 The angels sing in glory, of my King.

The earth, alas from whence your loues receiue
 Their flowres and sweets, their pearles & precious stones,
 To decke themselues, with which they doe deceiue
 The blinded spirits of the simple ones :
 This earth, from whence their outward graces spring
 Is but the footstoolle of my heauenly King.

And if He so hath deckt the earth below,
 Imagine then the glory of His seat ;
 Which may perswade, where angels tremble so
 For humane eyes the glory is too great :
 For where the sunne, the moone and stars haue light,
 For Nature's eyes the beauty is too bright.

And who doth liue that euer ye did loue,
 But that ye could their fairest faire vnfold ?
 And my faire Loue,—let fairest Truth approue,—
 No eye can liue in glory to behold :
 Your clearest beauty is with age declining,
 My Loue's bright glory is for euer shining.

If ye be wise, thinke where true wisdome liueth,
 And then allow the honour to my Loue :
 If yours be kind, thinke Who the comfort giueth,
 And know the turkey from the turtle-doue ;
 If constant yours, that truth let my Loue try,
 Who lost His life to saue His loue thereby.

And let me see how liueth all your loue
 But on desert, the stay of all your state !
 And in my Loue a further life approue,
 Who lou'd indeed when He had cause to hate :
 Your fancies oft for want of fauour starue,
 But my Loue doth both yours and mine preserue.

Then truly say, whom chiefe your loues do chuse,
 To cast the countenance of their fauors on !
 Then whom againe they wholly do refuse,
 In liking thought as most to looke vpon :
 Then do but looke vpon my Loue His choice,
 And whose heart most He maketh to reioyce.

The wealthy, mighty, wise and well at ease,
 Do fit the fancies of your ladies best ;
 But poore, and weake, and simple soules best please
 My heauenly Loue, to labour in his brest :
 And who the world doth vtterly refuse,
 Those doth my Loue vnto His fauour chuse.

And see what power is in your louing natures,
 To take or giue what ye may gaine or lose ;
 And ye shall see they are but my Loue's creatures,
 Whose liues are at His pleasure to dispose ;

And while your fauors all do fade away,
 My sweet Loue's blessings neuer will decay.

Could ye conceiue the smallest of the sweet
 That doth descend from my soule's dearest Loue,
 Vpon the faith that falleth at His feet,
 That doth in praier but in mercy proue :
 And you will blot out euery idle line,
 And yeeld your soules vnto this Loue of mine.

Compare a weed vnto a wholesome flowre,
 A cloudie euening to a sunny day,
 A foggie mist vnto an Aprill showre,
 Nouember blast vnto a bloome of May ;
 And you shall easily see the difference plaine,
 Betwixt my sunshine and your showres of raine.

Compare meere folly to the finest wit,
 The coursest copper to the purest gold ;
 The healthfull body with an ague fit,
 And set the youthfull age against the old ;
 The rauens' foule note to Philomela's voice,
 And quickly say which is the better choice.

Compare foule pride to faire humililty,
 A kind discretion to a dogged nature ;
 The clownish race to true gentility,
 A blessed angell to a cursèd creature ;
 Fauors to frownes and smilings vnto scowles,
 And say, The phoenix makes all birdes but owles.

Compare the earth vnto the heauen on hie,
 The spirit's treasures vnto fleshly toyes ;
 The pibble stone vnto the azurde skie,
 The woes of men vnto the angels' loyes,
 The lowest weaknesse vnto th' highest powers ;
 Then see the diffrence twixt my Loue and yours.

And when you see how all sweet blessings grow
 But from the ground of my Loue's liuing grace ;
 And doe againe the imperfection know,
 Wherein you doe your fond affection place :
 Then all your titles to this truth resigne,
 There is no life but in this Loue of mine.

And giue me leaue to praise my princely Loue,
 Although my wits are short of such a worth ;
 And let my spirit in my passions proue,
 What His high hand in mercy will bring forth :
 And write but truth that may be truly prouèd,
 My onely Loue alongely to be louèd.

Before all times, all thoughts, all things He was,
 And euer is, and will be aye the same ;
 That doth in wonder, Wonder's wonder passe,
 In Truth's high triumph of eternall fame :
 Where life, and loue, in grace and glory crownd,
 Doe sway the scepter of the heauens renound.

Now what He was, cannot be comprehended,
 Who in Himselfe doth all things comprehend ;
 And when that all things shall be wholly ended,
 Himselfe, His Word, His Will shall neuer end :
 Whose gracious life all glorious loue beginning,
 Doth adde all grace and endlesse glory winning.

And of His essence, this is all we finde,
 A Spirit fully incomprehensible ;
 A louing God vnto His seruants kinde,
 And in His humane nature sensible :

In wisdome's wonder, knowledge, quintessence,
 And in that essence highest excellence,
 The high Creatour of all creatures liuing,
 The sweet Redeemer of His seruants lost ;
 The glorious grace, all grace & glory giuing,
 The loy of loyes that glads the spirit most :

The loue of life and life of loue indeed,
 Gainst death and hell, that stands the soule in steed.

His seat is heauen, the earth His foot-stoole is,
 His chieftest dwelling with His soules elected ;
 His ioy to loue and to be lou'd of His,
 His fauor life vnto His loues affected :

His Word is truth, which doth the spirit try,
 Where fruitfull faith shall liue and neuer dye.

His blessing is the peace of conscience,
 His comfort, Mercie's contemplation ;
 His precious gift, the Sprit's patience,
 His mercie, Vertue's meditation :

His grace the oyle that kills the spirit's euill,
 His death, the life that did subdue the diuell.

His garments are the sundry sorts of graces,
 His tribute is but sinners' sacrifice ;
 His worke, the planting vertues in their places,
 His gaine, the loue of humble spirits seruice :

His musicke, psalmes that angels neuer cease
 To sing, in glorie of the King of Peace.

This King of Peace, this God of Life and Loue,
 Who in Himselfe doth all and onely hold
 The highest blessings of the hearts behoue,
 That faithfull truth hath to the spirit told :

This is the substance of my soule's delight,
 Vnworthy subject of His worth to write.

Yet as His mercie will vouchsafe His grace,
 With intercession of His high assistance ;
 Against the power that would my thoughts deface,
 And proudly make against the soule resistance :

I will a little giue His loue a tuch,
 Whose smallest praise is for my pen too much.

What loue was that which made Him like man best,
 Of all the workes that euer He created?
 What loue againe did in that liking rest,
 To loue him so he neuer can be hated?
 What loue was more to giue the man a wife?
 What loue was more to die to giue him life?

The earth within with siluer, gemmes and gold,
 Without with trees and herbs and fruites and flowres ;
 The water deepe, where fishes keepe their hold,
 The elements with all their inward powers :

These hath my Loue all made for man to chuse,
 And to his pleasure in his seruice vse.

The fire was made to kill the chilling cold,
 The water made to slake the burning heat ;

The subtile ayre a secret breath to hold,
 The earth to drie when moysture is too great ;
 These crosse in natures, yet doe meete in one,
 Only to serue the vse of man alone.

Each bird, each beast, each fowle, and euery fish,
 The flesh of man must serue to cloath and feede ;
 What eye can see, or heart of man can wish,
 But some way serues to stand poore man in steede?
 And for that cause their being first began,
 From Mercie's loue to serue the life of man.

The light was made to glad the lightsome eye,
 The sound to please the pure attentiu care ;
 The ayre to draw a liuing breath thereby,
 The earth the body and the limmes to beare ;
 The clouds, the stars, the sun, the moone, the skie,
 Were made for man to make him looke on hie.

All these were made out of the mould of Loue :
 Was neuer loue came euer neere to this,
 Which doth a wonder in affection proue,
 Euen when we least deseru'd the loue of His ;
 For when our soules did most offences doe Him,
 He came Himselfe in loue to call vs to Him.

To make, redeeme, preserue, defend and cherish
 His faithfull soule, and so in loue to nourish
 As in His loue their liues shall neuer perish,
 But like the lilly liue and euer flourish :

Are these not points sufficient to approue
 The true affection of a peerelesse loue?

Yet more to say that truly may be said
 In humble honour of this heauenly Loue ;
 In mercies sweet to make the soule dismaid,
 To see the blessing of this God aboue ;
 The louing spirit liuely to refresh,
 He let His seruants see Him in the flesh.

To see Him so as might not hurt their sight,
 For none might see His high supernall power ;
 But in His loue to see that glorious light,
 That gaine that sweet that cuts off euery sowre :

The Second Person of Himselfe, His Sonne,
 In Whom are all things to His glory done.

And see the cause why so He came vnto vs,
 His onely loue, the onely cause we liue ;
 And when Hee came, what comfort did He doe vs,
 To saue our liues His loue His life did giue ;
 And so to saue vs from the fire of hell,
 That with His loue we might for euer dwell.

What loue was this, to leaue His heauenly seat
 Among His angels, all in glory seruéd ;
 To come to man, who did too ill intreat
 The sacred loue that hath his life preseruéd :

From being honour'd, prais'd and glorified,
 To be disgracéd, whipt and crucifide?

In loue He left His highest heauenly pleasures,
 About His angels in their heapes of loyes ;
 To liue on earth in sorrowes out of measures,
 With change of nothing but the world's annoyes :

In toyle and trauell, long in loue He sought vs,
 And with His death at last full dearly bought vs.

Oh wofull trauell that He vnderooke,
 To bring our liues vnto His sacred loue ;
 Which paine, nor crosse, nor death itselfe forsooke,
 That to our faith might His affection proue :
 Which left the Spirit of His Loue behinde Him,
 To shew the loue that seekes Him how to finde Him.

In loue He came, that He might comfort doe vs,
 In loue went from vs to prouide our places ;
 In loue He sent His Comforter vnto vs,
 In loue He guides vs with His holy graces :
 In loue He made, bought, keepe, and guides vs thus,
 And shall not we loue Him that so lou'd vs ?

Yes, my deare Lord, be Thou my dearest Loue,
 For Christ His sake, let my soul neuer leaue Thee ;
 Who in Thy loue thy liuing truth doth proue,
 That makes me finde the world doth al deceiue me :
 And were there truth on earth as there is none,
 Yet were Thy loue the ioy of life alone.

And let these teares be witness of my loue,
 Which first doe begge remission of my sin,
 And in repentance doe but mercy moue,
 To ope the gates of grace and let me in ;
 Where humble Faith but at Thy feet may fall,
 With my soule's seruice, loue, and life, and all.

Forget, O Lord, my workes of wickednesse,
 Whereby my soule with sorrow is oppresséd ;
 And with the finger of Thy holinesse,
 In mercy touch my spirit so distressed :
 And saue my life that draweth nigh to hell ;
 Loue me a little and I shall be well.

Loue? No, sweet Lord! mercy I craue, no more ;
 My sinnes are such I dare not speake of loue ;
 But in Thy mercy to Thy loue restore
 My humble faith that may but mercy proue :
 And so approue, that all the world may see
 The ioyfull loue betwixt my God and me.

Oh call me home and make me heare Thy call,
 And heare Thee so that I may run vnto Thee ;
 And hold me fast that I may neuer fall,
 But that my soule may euer seruice doe Thee :
 Shew some good token that the world may know
 My soule is blest whom Thou hast louéd so.

And while I liue here in this wretched vale
 Of fearfull danger of infernall death ;
 Where earthly pleasures take those soules to sale,
 Which haue their bargaine in the hell beneath ;
 Let my soule's loue and life and labour be,
 To seeke my ioy, my loue, and life in Thee.

Make me not rich, lest I forget to thinke
 From whence I haue the comfort of my heart ;
 Nor in such want let Thy poore seruant sinke,
 That I be driuen to craue the needy part :
 Giue me but meanes the needy to relieue,
 To feed Thy flocke and not the wolfe, to grieue.

Let me not listen to the sinners' songs,
 But to the psalmes Thy holy saints doe sing ;
 Nor let me follow tyrants in their wrongs,
 But kisse the rocke where righteousnesse doth spring :
 Let not mine eye affect the outward part,
 But let me loue the vertue of the heart.

And let my loue be, to behold Thy loue,
 And let my loue be, but to liue in Thee ;
 And so to liue, that all the world may proue
 The gracious good my God hath done for me :
 To call my soule out of this world of wo,
 In faithfull loue to serue my Sauour so.

And when they see the blot of all their blame,
 To loue the world but all in wretched toyes ;
 And doe confesse with inward-blushing shame,
 They are but sorrowes vnto heauenly ioyes ;
 They may with me, forsake all worldly pleasure,
 And make Thy loue an euerlasting treasure.

For Lord by Thee we are, in Thee we liue,
 And in Thy loue the liuing cannot die ;
 And since Thy death did our liues wholly giue
 For Thy loue's sake shall wee affliction fie ?
 No my deare Lord, let life be death to mee,
 So I may die to liue in loue with Thee.

A ioyfull life were such a death indeede,
 From earthly paine to passe to heauenly pleasure ;
 A ioyfull line for louing hearts to reade,
 To leaue the flesh, to take the Spirit's treasure :
 Whose glorious sence vnto the Sunne doth fall,
 That all is nothing to that All in All.

And I (alas) of many thousand soules,
 Vnworthy most of His high worth to write ;
 Who in His mercie's true record inroules
 The louing substance of the soule's delight :
 Must mercy cry, for feare of loue's presuming
 Of too high sence, may be my soule's consuming.

And with the teares of true repentant loue,
 Looking vpon the wonders of that wonder,
 That in His least perfection may approue
 The greatest wisdom of the world put vnder :
 Confesse my wit as short to pen His praise,
 As darkest nights in light of clearest dayes.

And say but this in grace and glorie's height
 Where Vertue's loue doth liue for euer crowned ;
 And all the host of heauen and heauens await
 Vpon the highest of the heauens renowned :
 Whom saints and angels trembling do adore,
 To Him alone be praise for euer more.

All honour, praise and glory euer be,
 Vnto my louing euerlasting King ;
 This King of life, Who so hath louéd me,
 To giue my soule this gracious power to sing,
 In heart and mind, in man and angels' loue,
 All glorious glory be to God aboue.

FINIS.



RAUISHT SOULE

and

Blessed Weeper.

1601.



NOTE.

'The Rausht Soule and the Blessed Weeper' is only now known in the edition of 1601, which is our text—from our own exemplar. This Poem was reprinted in *Excerpta Tudoriana*; but the original has been returned to with benefit: 24 leaves, 4°. Divine names, pronouns as well as nouns, are given capitals, also apostrophes are inserted in the places.—G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY—MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. Such was the contemporary spelling. The sister of Sidney, and mother of Pembroke—as in the famous Lines. See Memorial-Introduction. After 'To the Reader' the Lines of H.T., 'Two twinnes,' etc., already given with the 'Longing of a Blessed Heart,' etc., re-appear: not repeated herein.

GLORIA IN EXELCIS DEO.—p. 5, col. 1, l. 3, 'aboorde:' cf. p. 11, col. 1, l. 27: I take the following from my editions of George Herbert, on his use of the word in st. lxii., l. 2, of 'The Church Porch:': 'That all may gladly *board* thee as a flowre.' 'French, *aborder*, to go

or come side by side with: hence it has the same etymology and meaning as accost (accoast, Fr. *coste* or *cbte*: "accost her is front her, board her, woo her, assail her" (*Twelfth Night*, i. 3). As a resulting sense, the French *aborder* also means "to become familiar with" (Cotgrave).' P. 6, col. 1, l. 8, 'silly' = innocent: so frequently: p. 7, col. 2, l. 23, 'afright' = affrighted: l. 36, 'lite' = light: p. 8, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom, 'trie' = prove: p. 9, col. 2, l. 2, 'ginne' = begin.

THE BLESSED WEEPER.—p. 10, col. 2, l. 26, 'neat' = clean, beautiful: p. 11, col. 1, l. 24, 'feltred' = entangled: p. 12, col. 1, l. 23, 'too low:' misprinted 'to loue.'—G.



A

Diuine Poeme, di-

uided into two Partes:

The Rauisht Soule, and the

BLESSED WEEPER.

Compiled by *Nicholas Breton*, Gentle-man.



Imprinted at LONDON, for *Iohn Browne*,
and *Iohn Deane*. 1601.

*To the Right Honourable, discrete, and vertuous Lady, the Nourisher of
the Learned and fauorer of the Godly: my singuler good Lady, the
Lady MARY, Countesse of Penbrooke: NICH: BRETON wisheth all the
good that the Heauens will and the world can giue, to the pleasure of
the Highest, and her worthy heartes desire.*

RIGHT Honorable,—Matter of most worth, to most worthy mindes, is most worthily presented. What matter in worth may compare with diuine meditation? What minde more worthy honour then the heauenly-enclined? and whose minde more truly worthy of that blessed Title then your Ladiship's? I would there were many, but I know too fewe. Being then, in that excellent sense, truly your selfe, whom (for more worth than I will speake of) the wise admire, the learned followe, the vertuous loue and the honest serue; vouchsafe me leaue among those poore people that being throwen from the world looke only towards heauen and heauenly graces, to lay before your eyes a diuine humour of a raiisht soule; which (being above it selfe carled into the heauenly meditations of the mercies of the Almighty) by the blessing of His Holy Spirit, hath brought forth such fruits of His praise, as I hope wil be pleasing to your good fauor. To the honour of whose commaundement anowing the duty of my heart's seruice, in al humble thankfulnessse for your bountifull vnderseeded goodnesse, praying for your eternall happinesse, I take my leaue,

Your Ladiship's in all humblenesse,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

To the Reader.

NOV that with a sealous loue of Religion, with an indifferent regard of Learning, and without disdaine of Poetry, will vouchsafe to bestow a little time in the perusing of this little volume of verses; it may be you wil not repent you of your labour nor thinke much of your cost, but when you have once read it ouer, perhaps beginne it againe and ende it without wearinesse. If you note it well you may finde matter of comforte and nothing to the contrarie: God truly glorified in His manifold blessings, and

man greatly blessed, that being endued with His graces by faith taketh hold of His mercies: the Atheists confounded in their follies, and the vertuous blessed in their election. This if you finde not, blame either your selfe, or me; but if you note what I write, much good doe you in the reading and God encrease you in His blessing. And so in the best nature of loue, leauing you to the ioy of the best life, I end

Your friend, NICHOLAS BRETON.



The Rauisht Soule.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.



ING, my soule, to God thy Lord,
All in glorie's highest key ;
Laie the Aungells quier aboorde,
In their highest holy daie ;

Craue their helps to tune thy heart
Vnto praise's highest parte.

Tell the world no world can tell
What the hand of heauen deserueth ;
In whose onely mercies dwell
All that heauen and earth preserueth ;
Death's confounding, Sinne's forgiuing ;
Faith's relieuing, Comfort's liuing.

Grace and glory, life and loue,
Be the summe of all thy dittle ;
Where a sinner's teares may proue
Comfort's loy in Mercie's pitty :
Euery note in loue alluding,
Endlesse glory in concluding.

Prayse of prayes where Thou dwellest,
Tell me, (if the world may know Thee)
In what sense Thou most excellest,
When Thy wonder worth doeth shew Thee,
In that state of Honour's story
Where Thou gain'st thy highest glorie ?

'Tis not earth nor earthly wonder
Can discerne Thy dearest honour ;
All her praises are put vnder,
When Thy glory lookes vpon her.
Nor in heauen Thy glorie dwelleth ;
Where Thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heauen was neuer liuing
Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit ;
Where Thy Grace may haue the giuing
Of Thine honour's highest Merite.

Tis their glories admiration
That deserues Thy commendation.

Since then by all consequences,
In the notes of Glorie's nature,
And the Graces influences,
'Tis no earth, nor heauenly creature ;

In my God alone on high
Is this onely mysterie.

And since in His Malestie,
All and onely euer dwelleth
That most glorious Deity,
That all prayse's praise excelleth ;
Say although thy soule attend Him
It can neuer comprehend Him.

If thou speak'st of power, all powers
To His power are in subiection ;
If thou speak'st of time, all houres
Run their course by His direction :
If of wisdom, all is vanitie,
But in his Diuine humanitie.

If of trueth, it is His triall :
If of loue, it is His treasure :
If of life, it is His diall :
If of grace, it is His pleasure :
If of goodnesse, 'tis His storie :
If of mercy, 'tis his glorie.

If of iustice, Iudgement sheweth
His proceeding is impartiall :
If of valour, all Hell knoweth
Who is Heauen's high marshall :
If of bountie, tis His blessing :
If of place, tis His possessing.

If of patience, His perfection :
If of comfort, tis His fauour :
If of vertue, His affection :
If of sweete, it is His sauour :
If of triumph, tis His merite :
If perfection, tis His Spirit.

If aboue all these thou singest
Rauisht in thy reason's glory ;
Tell the world whatere thou bringest
Admiration's wonder's story ;
To such height my Sauour raiseth
As aboue all praises prayseth.

Let all kings and princes then
 In submission fall before Him ;
 Virgins, angels, holy men,
 Both in heauen and earth adore Him :
 In His onely mercie seeing,
 All and onely, all your being.

Babes and children, shew His glory,
 In your silly soules preseruing ;
 Men and women note this storie
 Of the life of loues deseruing ;
 Heauen and earth be euer reading
 Of this essence of exceeding.

Sunne and moone and euery creature
 In that shining starrie skie,
 All confesse your brightnesse' feature
 In the hand of Mercie's eye :
 And for all your blessed powers,
 Shew it God's and none of your's.

And when all the world together
 Ioyned with angels harmonie :
 Let my soule come singing thither
 With that blessed company :
 God in Mercie's power victorious,
 Be aboue all glory glorious. Amen.

Sacred Muse that onely sittest
 In the spirits of the blessed
 And the faithfull onely fittest,
 With their thoughts to heauen address'd :
 Helpe my humble soule to sing
 To my glorious heau'nly King.

All abandon earth's coniecture,
 Thinke not on so meane an instance :
 Make thine honour's architecture,
 But on Grace's glorious substance :
 There in comfort's confirmation
 Build thy heauenly habitation.

Study not astronomy,
 Least to darknesse turne thy light :
 But that high diuinitie
 Where the day hath neuer night :
 There finde out that worke of worth
 That may bring thy wonder forth.

In the teares of true contrition,
 Think on Mercie's blessednes :
 And in care of Loue's condition
 Of Perfection's holinesse :
 Then in notes of Grace's glory
 Make the state of all thy story.

Il Christiano al honore di Christo.

BEFORE there was a light, there was a light,
 Which saw the world the world could neuer see ;
 From which the world receiues his brightest sight,
 Yet cannot see what brightnesse there may be.

From this faire light there came a liuing loue ;
 A loue which giues the liuing all their seeing ;
 And in the life of all their seeing proue
 The onely essence of their onely being.

From this bright loue there came a liuing Word ;
 A Word that doeth in wisdom signifie
 What heauen and earth in wonder can afford,
 Is but in life this loue to dignifie.

For in this Word was that Almighty power
 Which was before that power was euer nam'd ;
 Begun before the first-beginning houre,
 Framing each substance that was euer fram'd.

And in that Word that onely wisdom dwelleth
 That onely knowes what onely may be knowne :
 And in that knowledge knowledge all excelleth,
 Because it knowes all knowledge is His owne.

This worthy Word of wisdom's wonderment
 (To giue some notice of His powerfull nature)
 In wisdom made His will an instrument
 To shew Himself vnto His silly creature.

The holy essence of the Deitie
 In Virgin's wombe did take the vaille of flesh ;
 Bringing the dewe of blessed charitie
 Our withring spirits sweetly to refresh.

This highest height of heauenly Maestie,
 This Word of Wisdom's gracious, glorious loue,
 Inuested in all vertues vnitie
 That perfect God and perfect Man approue.

From the sweet bosome of His Father's brest,
 Eternall Babe, of all eternall blisse ;
 All blessed Babe, that made the mother blest,
 By that sweet blessed holy loue of His,

From the High Throne of heau'nly Glorie's seate,
 Vnto this world, this worthlesse world descended ;
 With their crosse spirits kindly to intreat
 For their owne good, that highly Him offended.

This blessed infant of Eternitie,
 And onely glorious essence of the same ;
 By the cleare light of His all-seeing eye
 Beholding all things, all, so out of frame,

Vnto His seruants to make knowne His loue
 And to redeeme what lacke of loue had lost ;
 In tender age and elder yeeres did prouee
 How Patience' care might be in passions crost.

When first sweet Infant in the mothers armes,
 Fed with the milke of pure Virginitie ;
 How did He scape the tyrant Herod's harmes,
 That little knew of His diuinitie.

But oh, when first His presence sweet appear'd,
 Vnto the silly shepheards in the field :
 With how much ioy were all their spirits cheer'd,
 Whose humble eyes His heauenly Face beheld.

While in the heauens the angels sung for ioy,
That peace by Him vnto the world was come ;
By Him Who should both Death and Hell destroy,
And be the Sauour of His chosen summe.

The virgin-mother ioyed in her childe,
And in her ioy did call her sonne her Saulour ;
Whose gracious spirit in her countenance milde,
Did shew the blessing of her meeke behauiour.

O blessed Sonne, the Father's best belou'd,
In Whom He all and onely did delight ;
How many wayes His workes in wonder proou'd,
He held the scepter of His Father's right.

In simplesse, all harmelesse as the dowe ;
In learning, putting all the doctours downe ;
In power, the hand of highest heau'ns behoue ;
In state, the King of Kings in Glorie's crowne.

In patience, the true prooue of sufferance ;
In truth, the touch-stone of all vertues triall ;
In loue, director of Life's ordinance ;
In life, the hande of the eternall diall.

In charitie, the giuer of all good ;
In bountie, the bestower of all blisse ;
In mercie, faithe's eternall blessed food ;
In grace, the guide that cannot leade amisse.

In wisdome, founder of all wit and sense ;
In will, the worker of all wonders' worth ;
In essence, all the Summe of excellence ;
In all, that good that brings all glorie forth.

This essence all incomprehensible,
Yet willing in His mercies to be knowne ;
That glorie might not be offensable,
That in a shadowe onely should be showne :

First, in the time of feeble infancie
When Nature's weaknesse fled a feared force ;
Then, in the yeeres of reason's constancie,
When gracious Mercie gloried in remorse ;

Came to the worlde to call the worlde to come,
Vnto His call that had the heauens at call ;
Healing the sicke, the blinde, lame, deafe, and dumme,
And rais'd them vp that readie were to fall.

Contented with the badge of pouertie,
Who might commaund both heauen and earth at wil ;
Lodg'd in a manger in humilitie,
Who in Himselfe both heauen and earth did fill.

Threatned with death, Who was the life of life ;
Sought to be slaine, Who was the death of death ;
The ground of peace, yet with the world at strife ;
And suffred death, yet gaue the liuing breath.

Seeke heauen and earth and finde out such another,
So might command and so would be commanded ;
Who was our King, yet would become our brother,
Might strike all dumbe, and yet wold be demanded.

Would leaue such pleasure and endure such paine,
And for their liues, that crucified His loue ;
With losse of life to make their liuing gaine
That prooued turkies to their turtle-doue.

Who euer crau'd His help, and was denied ?
Who loued Him so, but left Him at His death ?
Who euer fail'd where faith on Him relied ?
Yet who for Him would spare one fauour's breath ?

Oh Lord, what madnesse could be more in men ?
Then when they knew the trueth to make a doubt ;
And long in darknesse hauing light euen then,
To blinde themselues to put the candle out.

And blessed women that His death bewailed,
While hearts' deepe grieffe found comfort's high perfec-
tion ;
When passion's teares so much with loue preuailed,
As first to them reueal'd His resurrection.

The mother wept, to see her Sonne so vsed ;
The sinner wept to see her Sauour dying ;
The cousin wept, to see her kind abused ;
All for His death fell to a deadly crying.

The sunne eclipsed, the day did loose his light,
And stoncs did rise against their Maker's foes ;
The Temple rent, the people were affright,
And from the graues the troubled spirits rose.

All these were tokens of His holy trueth,
To make men know how they were woe begon them ;
But gracelesse spirits voyd of gracious ruth,
Ventred to take the guiltlesse blood vpon them.

Here then behold the maiestie of blisse,
That pray'd for them that prei'd vpon Him so ;
Content with all might come to Him amisse,
So His with Him might to their comfort goe.

His life, the lanterne of eternall light ;
His death, the passage to eternall rest ;
His grace, the marke of the most blessed sight ;
His loue, the lite of the eternall blest.

His miracles, the witness of His power ;
His sacraments, remembrance of His loue ;
His resurrection, His triumphant houre ;
And His ascension angels' loyes aboue.

His trauaile, all to bring our soules to rest ;
His prayer, for our preservation ;
His worke, to ioy the spirits of the blest ;
His Word, the assured trueth of our saluation.

His warre a fight, but onely for our peace ;
His peace, the ioy wherein our soules doe liue ;
His woundes, the salue that doth our woes release ;
His triumph, freely of His grace to giue.

Oh, should I runne into that world of worth,
Wherein His glory duely doth increase ;
I should more wonder of most worth bring forth,
Then thought can reach, vntill all thinking cease.

But since true loue requited with vnkindnesse,
 Grace with disgrace, comfort with miserie ;
 Wisedome with folly, Truth with falshood's blindnes,
 Honour with shame and right with iniury.

Since all the contraries of true content,
 That wit and reason rightly maie receiue,
 His heavenly mercy, truely patient,
 All for our good full meekely did receiue.

And being gon from our vngratious handes
 Vnto the right hand of his Father's rest ;
 There in His houely intercession standes,
 For our remission making Loue's request.

And by his Worde, the message of His will,
 Sent by the preacher of His proued truthe ;
 Doth call our soules from all accursèd ill,
 Vnto the good of gracious Mercie's ruth.

And bids our faith to feare no hurt of sinne,
 And leaues vs lessons in the rules of grace ;
 Where true repentance doth remission winne,
 And humble faith doth finde in heauen a place.

And lets vs see each day and euerie night,
 A kind of figure, both of heauen and hell ;
 And how that sinnes doe alwaies fly the light,
 While blessed graces doe in brightnes dwell.

And howe the vertuous in the heauens are blessed,
 And how the vicious in their horrors hated ;
 And howe the iust shall haue their wrongs redressèd
 And how the proude shall haue their pride abated.

How Charitie shall be in heauen rewarded ;
 How Patience' care shall richly be contented ;
 How Briberie shall be vtterly discarded ;
 And Tyrannie shall be in hell tormented.

How humble Faith shall be in heau'n belouèd,
 And gracious spirits blessedly embracèd ;
 And faithlesse spirits from all grace remouèd,
 And gracelesse spirits vtterly disgracèd.

When life shall be pronounc't to the elected ;
 And Loue shall take the charge of the belouèd ;
 And Hell receiue the soules of the reiected,
 To endlesse paines of gracelesse will reprovèd.

When this (I say) and all that can be sayd,
 That may reuiue the vertuous in their death ;
 And iustly make the reprobate afraide,
 With looking downe into their hell beneath.

Our Lord hath left vs in those lines of Loue,
 That heau'nly wisdom wrote for our instruction ;
 Yet we, all carelesse of our soules behoue,
 Will headlong runne vpon our owne destruction.

What shall I say? But, let the atheist frie
 Within the coles of his owne concience' fire ;
 Torments too true, too late will make him trie
 He cannot scape the furie of God's ire.

And let the faithfull in their fearelesse hope,
 Assure their spirits of especiall grace ;
 The breadth of heauen doth beare so large a scope,
 That none so poore but there shall haue a place.

And let the prince not glory in his crowne,
 But lay it at the feet of Mercie's loue ;
 And let the haughtie pull those humours downe,
 That onely worke for wicked hel's behoue.

Oh, let the faire leaue painting of their faces,
 And onely seeke the beautie of the minde ;
 For God alone dooth loue the inward graces,
 And not the shadowes that the eye doe blinde.

And let the rich not let his riches rust,
 But seeke the wealth but of the spirit's worth ;
 For God doth know your treasure is but dust,
 And ye but stewards for to let it forth.

And let the wise so well employ their wits,
 They may attaine the knowledge to doe well ;
 And shun the follies of those madding fits,
 That leauing heauen doe run the way to hell.

Oh let that Queene be truely angel-like,
 With Grace's scepter holdes the sword of peace ;
 And by her faith in Mercie's hande doth seeke,
 A ioyfull kingdome that shall neuer cease.

And let that Ladie thinke herselfe a queene,
 That hath possession of her spirite so ;
 That she could leaue all comforts she hath scene,
 And her owne selfe vnto her God to goe.

And let that Souldier most that valour loue,
 Where God assistes the faithfull in their fight ;
 While lacke of faith in coward feare doth prouue,
 Each shadowe doth the faithlesse soule affright.

And let the Lawyer looke on Iustice lines,
 And knowe that God will right the poore man's wrong ;
 And that such lawyers as are true diuines,
 Doe loue the Muses sing of Mercie's songe.

And let the Marchant loue that traffique best,
 Where trauaile findes the treasure of God's grace ;
 While greedie mindes that fill the golden chest,
 Shall neuer see their Sauour in the face.

And let the Scholler that doth studie most,
 Finde out the truth of life's eternall treasure ;
 And thinke all labour in his studie lost,
 Where God His grace giues not the spirit pleasure.

And let the louer leaue his wanton looke,
 With such illusions as enchaunt the minde ;
 And onely loue the beautie of that Booke
 Where God alone is in His loue to finde.

Abhorre the diuell and he will depart,
 Grace is as neere as sinne, if you will craue it ;
 So faith doe begge it with repentant heart,
 For feare nor pride are euer like to haue it.

Crie vnto Christ, Whom you haue crucified ;
 In teares of loue reueale your hate of sinne ;
 So in your greefe, when grace is glorified,
 Be sure in mercie doth your blisse beginne.

Beleeue His worde, seeke to obey His will,
 And knowe the worke is His and none of your's ;
 Striue to doe well and flye the way to ill,
 And be submissiue to supernall powers.

Be patient in the crosse of any care,
 Repentant in remembrance of amisse ;
 Constant in faith ; loue God without compare,
 And giue all glory to that name of His.

Hate him that speakes against His Maiestie,
 Loue him in soule that will forsake Him neuer ;
 And know the scornors of the deity,
 Shall all be damn'd and frie in hell for euer.

Goe to your closet, louely, there alone
 Bleede forth in teares, the trueth of your beliefe ;
 And you shall see your smallest spirit's groane,
 Will finde a grace to ease you of your grieffe.

For He that knowes the secrets of your thought,
 And knowes the natures of your sinne's disease ;
 Will neuer see your spirit ouer-wrought,
 But in the instant giue you present ease.

You shal be the deare daughter of His loue,
 And like a father He will looke vpon you ;
 And in His mercy so much comfort proue,
 That you shall neuer more be woe-begon you.

Your soule in heauen shall halfe already be,
 The angels ginne to set your post to sing ;
 Your spirit's eye shall in some graces, see
 Some shadowing glory of your heauenly King.

And you all rauisht with your heauenly loy,
 Will so His gracious glorious Name adore ;
 That being heald of your soule's annoy,
 This hatefull world shall be your loue no more.

And you of men that haue bene long admir'd
 For many worthes, well worthy admiration,
 Shall then of angels be as much desir'd
 For heauenly grounds of grace's confirmation.

And God Himselfe so neere Himselfe will set you,
 In Grace's seate where Mercy so will loue you,
 That Faith's regard will neuer more forget you,
 Nor sinne, nor death, nor deuill shall remoue you.

But where the saints and angels are reciting
 The heau'nly trueth of high Iehouah's story ;
 Your rauisht soule in such diuine enditing,
 Shall euermore be singing of His glory.

To the assured hope of which high grace,
 In humble prayer let my poore humble penne,
 In your good fauour begge that blessed place,
 Where my poore heart, may happ'ly say, Amen.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.



The Blessed Weeper.

MY thoughts amaz'd, I knowe not how, of late
 Halfe in a slumber and more halfe a-sleepe ;
 My troubled senses at a strange debate
 What kind of care should most my spirit
 keepe ;

Methought I sawe a silly woman weepe,
 And with her weeping, as it seem'd, so pleas'd
 As if her heart had with her teares beene eas'd.

The place neere where she sate, was like a graue,
 But all vncouer'd and the bodie gone ;
 Where in her care she nothinge seem'd to craue
 But that stolne bodie how to looke vpon.
 When weeping so, appear'd to her anon
 Two blessed angels and one Lord of blisse,
 Who came to comfort this poore wretch of His.

But ere they came, how she in bitter teares
 Bewail'd the losse, or lacke of her deere loue ;
 As to her words my vision witness beares,
 And my remembrance may for truth approoue ;
 The whole discourse her passions seem'd to moue ;
 In heart's deepe grieffe and soule's high ioy conceined,
 Was as I write, were not my thoughts deceiued.

If euer sorrow in a sinner's hart,
 Liu'd to distill those droppes of bitter teares
 That to the world in passions can impart,
 Part of that paine the troubled spirit beares,
 Smoothing the woes wherein all pleasure weares ;
 Oh let her shewe the deepest of her skill,
 In drawing out the essence of mine ill.

The losse of health the heart may somewhat craze ;
 The losse of wealth distemper may the minde ;
 The losse of honour is a fearefull maze ;
 The losse of friends, a care of greuous kinde ;
 But all these woes vpon one heart to winde,
 Were much to thinke but much more to beleuee ;
 How it could liue, whom farre more crosses greuee.

But from the bagge of naked pouertie
 To haue more wealth then all the world can giue ;
 And from the care of all calamitie,
 In all the comfort of content to liue,
 Where settled ioy all greefe away doth driue ;
 And sodenly growe sicke and poore againe,
 Who can conceiue the plague of such a paine ?

I wretched I, the out-cast of all grace,
 And banisht for my sinne from heauenly blisse ;
 I that to hell did headlong runne my race,
 Not caring how my soule was led amisse,
 While I was cosoned, by the Serpent's hisse ;
 I caitiffe wretch, of all the world the worst,
 By Sinne's iust doome to endlesse sorrow curst.

I, wretched soule, whome sinne had bar'd so,
 As left me naked of all Nature's grace ;
 I sinke of sinne and also full of woe,
 As knew not how in heauen to haue a place ;
 And in the depth of all this desperate case
 To be relieu'd, and cloth'd, grac't and belou'd,
 And on the sodaine, from all these remou'd.

To lose the vesture of that Vertue's grace
 That cloth'd my naked soule, asham'd of sinne ;
 To lose the beautie of that blessed Face,
 Where mercie's loue did comfort's life beginne ;
 To lose the ioyes that heauens were glad to winne ;
 To lose the life of such a louely Friend,
 Oh let me weepe and neuer make an end.

The child that hath his father deere lyoung,
 Who sees his faults and greatly doth abhorre them ;
 Yet so from wrath will haue his thoughts remooung,
 As he will neither checke, nor chide him for them,
 But puts them backe, while Pitie stands before them ;

And doth not onely all his faults forgine
 But makes him kindly in his grace to liue.

That happie child, that in his heart hath felt
 The blessed life of such a father's loue ;
 Thinke how his heart must needs in sorrow melt,
 That must the losse of such a father prooue,
 And curse the death doth such a life remooue ;
 And as a creature in all comforts freendlesse,
 Bleede out his time in teares of sorrow endlesse.

That wicked child of too much ill am I,
 That had a Father held me all too deere ;
 Who from my sinnes, did turne His angrie eye
 And on my sorrow shew'd a smyling cheere,
 And to His grace did take my soule so neere,
 And when asham'd to come His face before,
 He sayd but this, Take heede thou sinne no more.

My sinnes forgien, what ioy my soule receiue'd,
 None can expresse but the repentant heart ;
 Nor can that sorrow euer be conceiue'd,
 To see that Father from that child depart ;
 But in that soule that in the bitter smart
 Of the true feeling of that Father's loue,
 Had rather death then His departure prooue.

The carelesse seruant that the goods misspends,
 Which his kind Maister to his trust committeth ;
 And his neat house to theeues and varlets lends,
 And cares for nought but what his humour fitteth ;
 That gracious Lord that all such faults remitteth,
 And in His goodnesse doth so deere lyoue him,
 That from His fauour nothing shall remooue him.

So ill a seruant that doth finde the loue
 Of such a Lord, as neuer like was found ;
 And in the midst of all his ioy must prooue
 The death to see his comfort all a-ground,
 His blessed Lord by theeues and varlets bound ;
 Soft, scourg'd and beaten, sorrowing, sighing, dying,
 How can that seruant cease continuall crying ?

That wicked seruant wretched wretch am I ;
 That louing Maister was my liuing Lord ;
 Whose gracious giftes abus'd vngratiously,
 Whose house,—my soule,—fowle spirits laide aboard,
 Filld full of sinnes, of graces all abhor'd ;
 Yet for all this and all that I could doe,
 My Lord forgau me and did loue me too.

He cleans'd my soule from all my filthy sinne,
 And with my teares did wash it cleane againe ;
 Draue out the feends and kindly entred in,
 With grace to heale that sorrow would haue slaine ;
 And in His loue, did so my teares retaine
 That euerie droppe that fell vpon His feete,
 Vnto my soule did giue a heauenly sweet.

Now such a Maister as was neuer such ;
 So good vnto a seruant, none so ill :
 So much abus'd, abuses oh too much ;
 A cursèd crue, to worke their hellish will
 Like rauening woolues a silly lambe to kill,
 Foule darknesse so to gouerne ouer light,
 Who would not weepe to death at such a sight ?

A sorrie Sister that hath such a brother
 As for her loue would venture losse of life,
 And her vnkindnesse so in kindnesse smother
 As twixt their loues should kill all cause of strife,
 Though her ill course were His heart's cutting knife ;
 To see that Brother lose His liuing breath,
 How can that sister choose but weepe to death ?

That sister I, that Brother was my Lord,
 Who in His loue laide downe His life for me.
 Whose death, oh crosse of crosses to record,
 Ah wretch that euer I was borne to see :
 Though by His death my life must onely be.
 To lose a father, maister, brother such ;
 Child, seruant, sister, how can I weep too much ?

Shame bad me weepe ynough to see how sinne
 Besmeerèd had my soule with ougly spotted,
 And weepe to feele how I was feltred in
 The wretched snarles of wicked nature's knots,
 And weepe to looke vpon those loathsome blots,
 That fild me so with greefe of all disgrace,
 I durst not see my Sauour in the face.

At Whose sweete feete I kneeling wept with feare
 I had offended to presume so neere,
 But sinne so fled away at euerie teare
 That grace beganne my heaule heart to cheere :
 When my deere Lord sayd not, What dost thou here ?
 Or get thee hence, or like a dogge outspurne mee,
 But from my sinne vnto His mercie turne me.

He felt my teares, though no man heard my weeping,
 And gaue me grace, though no man for me mou'd Him ;
 Which made me know He had my soul in keeping,
 Though sinne too long too far from me remou'd Him.
 For sinne once fled, how deare in soule I lou'd Him,
 His words can witness that my soule did tuch,
 ' Much is forgiuen her for she louèd much.'

He louèd much that me so much forgaue :
 Such my Forgiuer how much should I loue ?
 Forgaue my sinnes and from the Feend did saue
 My wounded soule that could no comfort prooue,
 Till grace and mercie did my greefe remooue.
 But when I felt my paine of sinne once past
 In Mercie's grace, I wept with ioy as fast.

But oh my soule, vnworthy of this sweete,
 Could not enjoy these ioyfull teares too long :
 For sinne and sorrow did so soundly meete,
 As made my heart to sing another songe,
 When I beheld the too apparant wronge,
 My Lord, my Loue, my Life, my King and God,
 For my poore soule and for my sinnes abode.

To see the Lambe that bleated but our blisse,
 Brought all by woolues unto a bleeding end :
 To see that cruell shamefull death of His
 Who did His course but for our comfort bend,
 And held our foe that was our deere friend :
 Who did such good and to receiue such ill,
 Weepe heart to death and die in weeping still.

Vngratefull wretches, worthlesse of al grace,
 Rebellious subjectts, traytours to your King ;
 Could yee behold His workes before your face
 What choise of good His charitie did bring ?
 And from your hearts could so much venom springe,
 As with the Lord of Peace to stirre such strife,
 To seeke His death, Who onely gaue you life ?

Slaues, dogges and diuels, worse if I could call yee,
 That so haue showne the malice of your mindes,
 I cannot wish more ill then shall befall yee,
 That are the impes of such accursèd kindes,
 As ougly Sathan with illusions blindes :
 I weepe not for your sorrow, but to see
 That all yee did not die to set Him free.

And better had it beene for yee to die,
 Then haue been borne with bringe Him to His death ;
 And by your deeds to die eternally
 Or liue in death within the hell beneath,
 Where neuer ayer shal breath you wholesome brent ;
 But by your choice of torments make you know
 What yee haue done to breede my weeping so.

Alas, what sinne but did my soule possesse ?
 But that accursed crucifying sinne,
 That would not let your wicked soules confesse
 His glorious grace where grace did first beginne
 By true desert, all glorie due to winne ;
 And by such grace did winne my soule so to Him :
 My death were sweete if it might seruice doe Him.

Oh that my teares kept number with my sinnes,
 Or that my sinnes were drownèd in my teares ;
 Then should my weeping shew how ioy beginnes
 In faithfull heart, where fearefull sorrow weares,
 And comfort's blisse so much contentment beares,
 That hope shold shew that halfe a heauen doth win ;
 Better to weepe in grace then laugh in sinne.

But what speake I of either sinne or grace ?
 My sinne's too greuous and my grace is gone ;
 My life is dead, the earth is all too base,
 For my loue's Lord, to deigne to looke vpon,
 Where liues not one good creature, no not one,
 And what should I but weepe to liue to see
 I cannot see where my sweete Lord may be.

But since mine eyes haue liuèd to behold
 The heauenly substance of my life and loue,
 Wherein my faith doth gratusly vnfold
 The onely blessing of my soule's behoue,
 All for the glorie of the heauens above,
 Why should I liue and looke vpon the light ?
 Now I haue lost the ioy of such a sight.

No, I doe hope my darknesse will not hold,
The night will passe and sunne againe will shine ;
Although my heart in comfort be a-cold
My soule doth tell me that these teares of mine
Shall all be dri'd vp by His hand diuine ;
Who so will cure me of my sinfull sore
That I shall ioy in grace and weepe no more.

But He is gone, my spirit's onely sweete,
And I am left a wretched sinner heere ;
Oh that my teares could with my comfort meete
And I might see my sauing health so neere
As with his sight my heaule heart might cheere :
Then should I loue mine eyes for such a seeing,
Without which sight the ioy not in their being.

Let me then seeke where I may hope to see
The onely substance of my loying sight ;
And neuer rest nor euer wearie be
Vntill I come vnto that starre of light,
Which may direct my heart and spirit right,
Vnto that place where gracious loue will show
My soule His presence that it loueth so.

To clime to heauen it is too high a place ;
Sinne weighes me downe too low to seeke Him there :
For hell, it is vnworthy of such grace
And for the world, my sorrow witness beare.
It is not worthy of His name to heare :
Then since nor heere nor there, without all doubt
Within the graue I must goe seeke Him out.

Oh ground more gracious then the world besides
Which do'st enclose that all the world commaundes :
And blessed earth that in thy center hides
His corpse for Whom my weeping soule demands :
Tell me, oh heauens into what holy handes
He is conuey'd, and where He now may be,
Whom thus my heart with teares desires to see ?

Thus weeping still, two angels did appeare,
Who as it seem'd, desirous for to know
The monerfull cause of this her mourning cheere,
Wherefore she wept and what she sought for so ;
Briefely she thus her greefe beganne to shewe
(Wringing her hands with many a bitter teare)
Her Lord was stolne and laid she knew not where.

Oh blessed angels, blessed as yee be,
Tell me where is my highest blisse become ?
Your Lord and mine, oh tell me where is He,
May cheere the heart that sorrow doth benumme ;
Starue not my teares, vouchsafe my soule one crumme
Of comforts' care, to let me truely know
Where is my Lord, that I lament for so.

But doe yee aske me Whom I seeke for so ?
Or why I weepe ? Because I cannot finde Him.
Oh heauenly creature helpe my soule to knowe
But where He is that I may come behinde Him,
That He may know but how my loue doth mind Him :
If dead I may vnto His tombe restore Him,
And if aliué I may on knees adore Him.

Oh happie Gardiner of this holy ground,
Blest art thou borne if thou hast liu'd to see
That blessed bodie where it may be found,
That here lay buried : tell me (if thou be
Sent from my Lord, to come and comfort me)
Who hence hath stolne the substance of my blisse,
And where bestowed that holy corps of His.

But doe you aske me why I weepe so much ?
And what I seeke ? I seeke my soules delight :
And weepe because I finde not any such
As can direct me to so sweete a sight :
This is the cause of my heart's heauie plight.
Oh tell me then, and put me out of doubt,
Dead or aliué, where I may finde Him out.

Thus while her eyes continuall weeping kept,
Came Christ Himselfe although a while vnknowne ;
Who askt her what she sought and why she wept :
She as before vnto the angels showne,
Began in teares to make her pitious mone :
Her Lord was stoin, and borne she knew not whither,
But if He knew He would direct her thither.

But while the Lord of all her life and loue,
Beheld her teares, the witness of her truth, .
To make her faith in heauenly fauour prooue
The sweete reward of Mercie's sacred ruth,
And know what life of such a loue ensueth,
Spake but one word, but that word was so sweete,
As would haue made her soule to kisse His feete.

Marie, quoth He,—Oh Maister ! blessed voice,
From which my heart receiues so sweet a sound,
As makes my soule in raiisht ioy reioyce,
To thinke to liue that I my Lord haue found :
Oh let my sinnes be in my teares so drown'd
That in my ioyes my soule be euer weeping,
To haue Thy presence in my comfort's keeping.

I will not presse one foote beyond the line
Of Thy Loue's leaue ; vouchsafe me but a looke
Of that sweet heauenly holy eye of Thine,
Of my deere Loue the euer-liuing Booke :
Wherein my teares haue such true comfort tooke,
That let the world torment me nere so sore,
Let me see Thee and I desire no more.

Oh, sight more pretious then tongue can expresse,
Wherein the eye doth comfort so the heart,
The heart the soule and all in their distresse,
Doe find an ease and end of euerie smart,
When eie and heart and soule and euerie part
Conclude in ioy, that comfort did beginne ;
Better to weepe in grace then laugh in sinne.

And with that word, she vanisht so away
As if that no such woman there had bene,
But yet methought her weeping seem'd to say
The spirit was of Marie Magdalen ;
Whose bodie now, although not to be seene,
Yet by her speech it seem'd it was she,
That wisht all women might such weepers be.

FINIS.



The LONGING of a BLESSED HEART.

1601.



NOTE.

The 'Longing of a Blessed Heart' was reprinted in 100 copies at the Lee Priory Press (1814, 4^o) by Sir Egerton Brydges, with more accuracy than usual with him, albeit a return to the original text of 1601 has enabled us to correct several important 'slips,' and to restore the Author's own orthography. Our exemplar is that in the British Museum. Collation: 24 leaves. See our Memorial-Introduction on the biographical value and interest of these Poems.—G.



AN

EXCELLENT POEME,

Vpon the Longing of a Blessed
Heart: which loathing the
World, doth long to be
With Christ.

WITH AN *ADDITION* VPON THE *DEFINITION OF LOUE.*

Compiled by NICHOLAS BRETON, Gentleman.

Cupio dissolui, et esse cum Christo.

Imprinted at LONDON, for *Iohn Browne,*
and *Iohn Deane.* 1601.

To the Right Honourable, my singular good Lord,

The Favourer of all good Studies, and Louer of all Vertues,

THE LORD NORTH,

NICHOLAS BRETON *wisheth increase of Honour, continuance of health,
and eternall happinesse.*

RIGHT Honourable, knowing the nature of men so different, that it is hard for one to speak of all; and the delightes of the most part of the world so farre from longing after heauen, that if the mercie of God were not the greater, the diuell would make too great a harvest on the earth: sorrie to see the dispositions of the wicked, and wishing the number of the vertuous were increased, (among the which, if I might without flatterie speak a truth, I should note your Honor for a kind of Phoenix among men), I haue vpon my knowledge of your worthynesse, in the good regard of all well-disposed spirits, presumed, out of the humble meditations of no worldly minde, to present your Honour with a little volume of the vaine delights of the worldly, and the better longings of the godly. In which, I am perswaded, when your Honour hath noted what is loue, and what is worth the louing, you will loue me nothing the worse for my loue's longing. But leauing to your honourable discretion, the liking of my soule's labour, and commaundement of my heart's loue: in the humilitie of affectionate seruice, I rest

Your Honour's,

In all humble and bounden duty,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

To the Reader.

IF you loue yourselfe, or like to be loued, it were good you did first know what loue is, where it is to be sought and how to be had; which in this little lesson following, you may happe to hit on. For if you mistake the matter as many haue done, that set their wittes a woll-gathering vpon the backe of a woodcocke, in thinking loue to be either nothing, or at least as little worth; or such a kinde of riddle as is scarcely worth the reading; you may happe either neuer finde what it is, repent the seeking, or not care for the hauing of it; or standing in

your owne light be but little beloued for your lost labour. But if with the eye of a carefull heart you will looke into the loue of the soule, there I would be glad to see you longing and wish you (hauing not to trouble you with more words then matter) the loue of God, you to loue me as I doe you and God to loue vs all; and so I end

Yours in the loue of charitie

NICHOLAS BRETON.

TWO hopeful twinnes ioynt issues of one braine
A Rauisht Soule and Longing Spirit sends
Into your bosome's high and heauenly traine,
That are Witte's kinsmen and the Muses friends :
Embrace them, loue them, and with iudgement's view
Eye them. Beleeue me, Reader, thou shalt finde
Their limmes well measur'd and proportions true ;
No part dissenting from their perfect kinde.

Onely the fashion sits not on their clothes
To make them sightly to fantasticke eyes.
Pallas not Venus did the work dispose,
Cutting their garments from angellick skies :
Plaine is their habite yet diuine and sweete,
Fit for the wise but for the wisest meete.

H. T. GENT.

AD LIBRUM.

GOE, Booke, and balke those eyes,
That loue but shadowes' sightes ;
And let them gape for flies,
That make but buzzards' flights.

And tell the humble heart,
That longes in better loue,
To him thou wilt impart
Thy spirit's turtle doue.

Whose flesh the soule doth feed,
With that eternall sweet ;
Wherein heart's eies may reed,
How life and loue doe meet.

To make the blessed see
The loue, that longeth best ;
And what those longinges bee,
Whose loue is neuer blest.

That loue not misconceiu'd in thought,
May neuer long for that is nought.



Breton's Longing.

WHAT life hath he that neuer thinks of loue ?
And what such loue but hath a special liking
And what such liking but will seeke to proue
The best to finde the comfort of his seeking ?
But while fond thoughts in Follie's packs are peeking,
Better conceited wits may easely finde,
The truest wealth that may enrich the minde.

But since the difference 'twixt the good and bad
Is easely seene in notes of their delights ;
And that those notes are needefull to be had,
To see whose eyes are of the clearest sights ;
Whose are the dayes, and whose may be the nightes ;
From the poor crowch vnto the princely crowne,
I will the difference, as I finde, set downe.

The worldly Prince longes to encrease his State
To conquer kingdomes, and to weare their crownes ;
A foraine power by forces to abate,
To make but footstooles of their fairest townes ;
And hates the spirits of those home-made clownes,
That will not venter life for victorie ;
But yet forgets that God should haue the glorie.

The worldly Councillour doth beat his braines,
How to aduise his Soueraigne for the best,
And in his place doth take continuall paines
To keepe his Prince in such a pleasing rest,
That he may still be leaning on his breast,
Thinking his happe vnto a heauen so wrought ;
But yet perhaps God is not in his thought.

The Souldier he delighteth all in armes,
To see his colours in the field display'd ;
And longes to see the yssue of those harmes,
That may reueale an enemy dismay'd,
A forte defeated, or a towne betray'd :
And still to be in action day and night,
But little thinks on God in all the fight.

The worldly Scholler loues a world of bookes,
And spendes his life in many an idle line :
Meanewhile his heart to heauen but little lookes,
Nor loues to thinke vpon a thought diuine ;
These thoughtes of ours, alas ! so lowe encline :
We seeke to know what Nature can effect ;
But vnto God haue small or no respect.

The Poet with his fictions and his fancies,
Pleaseth himselfe with humorous inuentions ;
Which well considered are a kinde of franzies,
That carie little truth in their intentions :
While Wit and Reason falling at contentions,
Make Wisdome finde that Follie's strong illusion
Bringes Wit and Senses wholly to confusion.

The worldly Lawyer studyeth right and wronge :
But how he iudgeth, there the question lyes :
For, if you looke for what his loue doth long,
It is the profite of his plea doth rise :
There is the worldly Lawyer's Paradise !
He neither longes the right nor wrong to see,
But to be fingring of the golden fee.

The Cosmographer doth the world suruey,
The hills and dales, the nookes and little crookes,
The woods, the plaines, the high, and the by-way,
The seas, the riuers, and the little brookes :
All these he findes within his compast bookes ;
And with his needle makes his measure euen ;
But all this while he doth not thinke of heauen.

Th' Astronomer standes staring on the skie,
And will not haue a thought beneath a starre ;
But by his speculation doth espie
A world of woonder comming from afarre ;
And tels of times and natures, peace and warre :
Of Mars his sword, and Mercury his rod ;
But all this while he little thinkes on God.

The worldly Marchant ventreth farre and neere ;
And shunnes nor land nor sea to make a gaine :
Thinks neither trauaile, care, nor cost too deere,
If that his profite counteruaile his paine,
While so his minde is on the getting vaine,
That if his shippe do safely come on shore,
Gold is his God, and he desires no more.

The worldly Courtier learnes to crouch and creepe,
Speake faire, wait close, obserue his time and place,
And wake and watch and scarcely catch a sleepe,
Till he haue got into some fauour's grace,
And will all cunning in his course embrace,
That may vnto authoritie aduance :
But if he thinke on God, it is a chaunce.

The worldly Farmer fills his barnes with corne,
 And ploughes, and sowes, and digges, and delues, and
 hedges,
 Lookes to his cattell, will not lose a horne,
 Fells downe his woods, and fals vnto his wedges,
 And grindes his axes, and doth mend their edges,
 And deerey sels that he good cheape hath bought ;
 But all the while God is not in his thought.

The Saylor, he doth by his compasse stand,
 And weies his anchors, and doth hoise his sayles,
 And longes for nothing but to get on land,
 While many a storme his starting spirite qualles,
 And feare of pirats his poore heart assayles :
 But once on shore, carowae and casts off feare,
 Yet scarcely thinks on God that set him there.

The worldly Preacher talkes of sacrifice,
 Of sacraments, and holy mysteries :
 Meanwhile hee longes but for the benefice,
 That should preserue his purse from beggeries,
 Because hee loues no worldly miseries :
 For many a Preacher that God's Word hath taught,
 Shewes by his life, God liues not in his thought.

The world's Physitian, that in sicknesse tries
 The nature of the hearbes and minerals,
 And in his simples and his compounds spies,
 Which way to make the patients funerals,
 Or profite by his cures in generals ;
 Longes but to see how long they may endure :
 But scarcely thinks on God in all the cure.

The world's Musitian, that doth tune his voice,
 Vnto such notes as Musique's skill hath set :
 Whose heart doth in the harmonie reioice,
 Where pleasing consorts are most kindly met :
 But still perhaps his spirit doth forget,
 In all his himmes, and songs, and sweetest layes,
 To thinke of God, or of His worthy praye.

The Polititian hath a world of plots,
 In which his spirit hath speciall spies ;
 Ties, and vnties a thousand sundrie knots,
 In which the substance of his studie lyes,
 And many trickes his close experience tryes,
 How to deceiue the world with many a wile ;
 But neuer thinks on God in all the while.

The Trauailer delighteth in the view
 Of change and choise of sundrie kinde of creatures :
 To marke the habites, and to note the hew
 Of farre borne people, and their sundrie natures,
 Their shapes, their speech, their gates, their lookes,
 their features,
 And longes abroad to make his life's abode :
 Yet happily neuer longes to be with God.

The Painter in his colours takes delight,
 And neere the life to make the liuelyhood ;
 While onely shadowes doe deceiue the sight,
 That take such pleasure in a peece of wood ;
 But doth not long for that same liuing food,
 Which neither eye hath seene, nor heart conceiu'd,
 The God of Truth, that neuer soule deceiu'd.

The Louer, he, but on his Ladie thinketh,
 And how to catch her in a kinde content ;
 And lookes, and leeres, and trowles the eie, and
 winketh ;
 And seekes how thoughtes in silence may bee sent ;
 And longes to see the end of his intent :
 And thinks himselfe a king, to get a kisse ;
 But where is God in all these thoughtes of his ?

Th' Artificer that hath a worke to doe,
 And brings his hand vnto his head's deuise,
 Longes till he see what it will come vnto,
 And how his paines haue profite in the price,
 And hauing cast it ouer twice or thrice,
 Ioyes in his heart : but scarcely hath a thought,
 To thanke his God, that him the-canning taught.

The Churle that sits and champes vpon his chaffe,
 And will not stirre a foote from his barne floure,
 Except it be among his bagges to laugh,
 He can the poore so with his purse deuoure,
 Longes but to vse the poyson of his power.
 To enrich himselfe, to bringe a world to naught ;
 Shewes that God neuer dwels within his thought.

As for those beggerly conditions
 Of basest trades, that like to miry hogges,
 Doe shewe their spirites' dispositions,
 In digging with their noses vnder logges,
 For slime and wormes, or like to rauening dogges,
 Longe but for that which doth the belly fill,
 Most of them thinke on God against their will.

These are the worldlings, and their world's delightes
 Whose longing, God knowes, is not worth the louing :
 These are the obiects of those euill sightes,
 That Vertue hath from her faire eyes remoouing :
 These are the passions of Corruption's prouing :
 But they that loue and long for God His sight,
 In worldly trifles neuer take delight.

The Prince, annointed with the oyl of Grace,
 Who sits with Mercie, in the seate of Peace,
 Will long to see his Sauour in the face,
 And all his right into His handes release ;
 (Whose onely sight would make all sorrow cease,)
 And lay both crowne and kingdome at his feete,
 But of His presence to enioy the sweete.

The Councillour with heavenly Grace inspir'd,
 Where Wisdome guides the lineaments of Wit,
 Although he hath to Honour's place aspir'd,
 His heart doth shew it longes not after it ;
 His loue desires a higher marke to hitte :
 For while he leaneth on his Prince's breast,
 His longing is, but with his God to rest.

The Courtier, that is once in God His grace,
 Whateuer countenance in the Court he beares,
 His heart aspireth to a better place ;
 Which humble loue doth long for with those teares,
 Which all too nought the pride of pleasure weares :
 And neuer rests vntill his God he see,
 With Whome his soule in loue doth long to be.

The Souldier that hath fought the Spirit's fight,
 Will put off warre, and long to liue in peace ;
 And not in discord, but concord delight,
 While gracious Kindnesse makes all quarrels cease ;
 While Patience doth all passions so appease,
 That he shall finde that Souldiour onely blest,
 Whose faith, in God, doth set his soule at rest.

The Lawyer that hath read the lawes of God,
 And in his heart is touchèd with His loue,
 And knowes the smart of the supernall rod,
 Will one day worke, for silly soules' behoue,
 Who haue their comfort in the heauens aboue ;
 Will leaue all golden fees, to see the grace,
 That Mercie's justice shewes in Iesus face.

The Scholler that beginnes with Christ His crosse,
 And seekes good speede but in the Holy Ghost,
 Findes by his booke that siluer is but drosse,
 And all his labour in his studie lost ;
 Where Faith, of Mercie, cannot sweetly boast,
 And Loue doth long for any other bliase,
 Then what in God, and in His graces is.

And such a Poet as the Psalmist was,
 Who had no minde but on his maister's loue,
 Whose Muses did the world in musique passe,
 That only soong but of the soule's behoue,
 In giuing glorie to the God aboue,
 Would all worlde's fictions wholly laye aside,
 And onely long but with the Lord to bide.

The Cosmographer, that by rules of grace
 Surueys the citie of the heauenly saintes,
 Will neuer long for any earthly place,
 That either penne prescribes, or painter paints ;
 But in the faith that neuer failes, nor faints,
 Will long to see in heauen's Ierusalem
 The gracious God of Glorie's diadem.

The true Astronomer that sees the sunne,
 And knowes that God from Whome it takes his light,
 And in the course the moone and starres doe runne,
 Findes the true guider of the day and night,
 Longes but to see His onely blessed sight,
 Who sunne, and moone, and stars their brightnes giues,
 And in Whose face all brightnesse, glorie, liues.

The Mariner that oft hath past the seas,
 And in his perils seene the power of God,
 Whose onely mercie doth the stormes appease,
 And bringes the shippe vnto his wishèd road,
 Will neuer long on earth to make abode ;
 But in the heauens to see that blessed hande,
 That at His becke so rules both sea and land.

The Marchant that hath cast within his minde,
 How much the spirit's gaine the flesh surmounts,
 And by his faith in Mercie's loue doth finde
 The ioyfull summe of such a soule's accouunts,
 As to saluation of the whole amounts ;
 Will leaue the world but on Christe's face to looke,
 Which all the faithfull make their liuing booke.

The Farmer that hath felt his neighbour's neede,
 And found how God and Charitie are one ;
 And knowes there is a better kinde of feede,
 Then grasse, or corne, or flesh, or bloud, or bone,
 Will wish himselfe from his world's treasure gone,
 Vpon those loyes to feede in Mercie's blisse,
 Where Christ His presence is heauen's paradise.

The true Physitian that doth knowe the natures
 And dispositions of each element,
 And knowes that God created hath all creatures
 Beneath, and eke aboue the firmament,
 And ouer all hath onely gouernment,
 Will onely long that glorious God to know,
 That giues the sicknesse and doth cure it so.

The soule's Musitian that doth finde the ground
 Of truest musique, but in God His grace,
 Will thinke all singing but an idle sound,
 Where God His praise hath not the highest place,
 And onely longes to see that blessed face,
 Which makes the virgins, saints, and angels, sing
 An Halleluiah to their heauenly King.

The Preacher, that doth in his soule belieue
 The Word of God, which to the world he teacheth,
 And in his spirit inwardly doth grieue,
 He cannot liue so heauenly as he preacheth,
 While faith no further then to mercie reacheth ;
 Would wish in soule to leaue his benefice,
 To make himselfe to Christ a sacrifice.

The Politician that hath plotted much
 In worldly matters, greatly to his gaine,
 Will finde, if God doe once his spirit tuch,
 Zacheus' heart will haue another vaine
 To clime aloft, and to come downe againe,
 And leaue all plots to come but to that place,
 Where he might see sweete Iesus in the face.

Th' Artificer that hath a worke in hand,
 And feelles the grace of God within his heart ;
 And by the same doth surely vnderstand,
 How God alone perfecteth euerie part,
 And onely is the giuer of all art,
 Will gladly leaue his worke and longe to be,
 Where he might Christ his soule's worke-maister see.

The Painter that doth paint a daintie image
 So neere the life, as may be to the same,
 And makes an asse vnto an owle doe homage,
 While shadowes bring the senses out of frame,
 If God his heart once with His loue enflame,
 His pictures all will vnder foote be trod,
 And he will longe but for the liuing God.

The Trauailer that walkes the world about
 And sees the glorious workes of God on high ;
 If God His grace once kindly finde him out,
 And vnto heauen do lift his humble eye,
 His soule in faith will such perfections spie,
 That leaning all that he on earth can see,
 His loue will long but with the Lord to be.

The Churle that neuer chaunc't vpon a thought
 Of Charitie, nor what belongs thereto ;
 If God His grace haue once his spirit brought,
 To feele what good the faithfull almers doe,
 The loue of Christ will so his spirit wooe,
 That he will leaue barnes, corne, and bagges of coine,
 And hand and life, with Iesus' loue to ioine.

Thus from the Prince vnto the poorest state,
 Who seemes to liue as voide of Reason's sense,
 If God once come, Who neuer comes too late,
 And touch the soule with His sweet quintessence
 Of Mercie's gracious glorious patience,
 His soule will leaue whateuer it doth loue,
 And long to liue but with the Lord aboue.

Now to the tenure of that longing time,
 That louing spirits thinke too long will last ;
 The maide new married, in her pregnant prime,
 Longes till the time of forty weekes be past,
 And blameth Time he makes no greater hast ;
 Till in her armes she sweetly haue receiu'd
 Her comfortes fruite, within her wombe conceiu'd.

Thus fortie weekes she labours all in loue,
 And at the last doth trauaille all in paine :
 But shortly after doth such comfort proue,
 As glads her heart, and makes all whole againe ;
 So in her infant's pretty smiling vaine
 Pleasing herselfe, that all her greefe is gone,
 When she may haue her babe to looke vpon.

Penelope, at her deere loue's departing,
 In sober kindnesse did conceale her care ;
 Though in her heart she had that inward smarting,
 That Time's continuance after did declare ;
 Where constant loue did shew, without compare,
 A perfect passion of true Vertue's vaine,
 Longing but for Ulisses home againe.

How many yeeres the storie doth set downe,
 In which she felt the gall of Absence' greefe,
 When constant Faith on foule effects did frowne,
 Which sought to be to Charitie a theefe,
 Of Natures beaultie the true honour cheefe :
 Long languishing in Absence' cruell hell ;
 But when she saw his presence all is well.

But if I may in holy lines beginne,
 To speake of Ioseph, and his longing loue
 Vnto his brethren, but to Benjamin
 To note the passion Nature did approue,
 Which did such teares in his affection moue,

That well from thence the prouerbe sweet might
 spring,
 The loue of brethren is a blessed thing.

Well may I see the notes of Nature's grieffe,
 In absence of the object of affection ;
 And longing for the substance of reliefe,
 In presence finde the life of loue's perfection,
 While eie and heart are led by one direction ;
 Yet all this while I doe not truely proue
 The blessed longing of the Spirit's loue.

When Mary Magdalene, so full of sinne,
 As made her heart a harbour of ill thought,
 Felt once the grace of God to enter in,
 And driue them out that her destruction sought ;
 Her soule was then to Iesus' loue so wrought,
 As that with teares in true affect did proue
 The pleasing longing of the Spirit's loue.

In grieffe she went all weeping to His grace,
 Longing to see Him or aliuie or dead ;
 And would not cease vntill her loue might haue
 Her longed fruite, on which her spirit fed,
 One blessed crumme of that sweet heauenly bread
 Of angels' food, but of her Lord a sight,
 Whose heauenly presence prou'd her soule's delight.

Midas did long for nothing els but gold,
 And he was kindly choaked for his choyce ;
 Such longing loue doth with too many hold,
 Which onely doe in worldly drosse reioyce,
 But did they hearken to the heauenly voyce,
 Their diamondes should not so for drosse be sold,
 And they would long for God, and not for gold.

Zacheus, too long, longed for such drosse,
 Till Iesus came, his spirit's further loye ;
 And then he found his gaine did yeeld but losse,
 While sinne in conscience bred the soule's annoye,
 And vnto heauen the world was but a toye ;
 He left it all and climed vp a tree,
 To shew his longing how but Christ to see.

And well he longd that so His loue receiued,
 Who sweetly saw, and kindly call'd him downe :
 His stature low, but his loue high conceiued,
 Who so was grac't by Mercie's glorious crowne,
 As hauing cause vpon his sinnes to frowne,
 Forgiue the workes that did deserue damnation,
 And fill'd his house with glory of saluation.

A blessed longing of a blessed loue !
 Would so all soules did loue, and so did long ;
 And in their longing might so sweetly proue
 The gracious ground of such a glorious songe,
 As kills all sinne that doth the spirit wrong ;
 And sing with Simeon at his Sauour's sight,
 "Oh now my soule depart in peace, delight !"

Oh blessed Simeon, blessed was thy loue,
 And thy loue's longing for thy Sauour so,
 Who wrought so sweetly for thy soule's behoue,
 As from thy prayers would not let thee goe,
 Till to thy loue He did His presence showe,
 Which made thee sing, when sorrowes all did cease,
 " Lord, let thy seruant now depart in peace ! "

" For I, according to Thy word, haue seen
 The glorious substance of my soule's saluation ;
 Thy Word, in whome my trust hath euer beene,
 And now hath found my comfort's confirmation ! "
 Thus did he make a ioyfull declaration
 Of that sweete sight of his sweet Sauour's face,
 That was the glorie of his spirit's grace.

How many yeeres he all in prayer spent,
 For the beholding of His blessed loue !
 What was the yssue of his hope's euent,
 And how his prayers did preuaile aboue,
 That so his God did vnto mercie moue,
 As to his armes to send his onely sonne
 The storie doth of all th' Apostles runne !

He was well call'd, good Simeon, for that grace,
 That God had giuen the spirit of His loue ;
 That loue that long'd but in his Sauour's face,
 To see the blessing of his soule's behoue,
 And blessed prayer, that did truely proue
 A blessed soule, that could not prayer cease,
 Till Christ His presence came to giue it peace.

So should all soules their Loue's chief longing haue,
 All soules I meane of euerie Christian hart,
 That seeke or hope both heart and soule to saue
 From hell, damnation, and supernall smart ;
 This is the loue that, in the liuing part
 Of Mercie's power, shall finde that blessednesse,
 That is the spirit's onely happinesse.

Nor can Loue look to limit out a time,
 But now and then and euermore attende ;
 For he shall neuer to that comfort clime,
 That will not all his life in prayer spend,
 Vntill he see his Sauour in the end ;
 In whose sweet face doeth all and onely rest
 The heavenly ioy that makes the spirit blest.

Blest be the spirit that so longs and loues,
 As did Zacheus and good Simeon :
 And from his faithfull prayer neuer mooues,
 Vntill he find his life to looke vpon,
 And in such loue is all so ouer-gon,
 That in such ioy his heart and spirit dwels,
 As hauing Christ, it cares for nothing els.

Oh blessed Christ, the essence of all blisse,
 All blessed soules loue's longings' chiefe delight !
 What heart can thinke how that soul blessed is,
 That euer hath his Sauour in his sight ?
 The sunny day that neuer hath a night ?
 Oh that my spirit might so euer pray,
 That I might liue to see that blessed day.

The day that onely springeth from on high,
 That high day-light wherein the heauens do liue ;
 The life that loues but to behold that eye,
 Which doth the glory of all brightnesse giue,
 And from th' enlight'ned doth all darknesse driue :
 Where saints doe see, and angels know to be
 A brighter light, then saints or angels see.

In this light's loue, Oh, let me euer liue !
 And let my soul haue neuer other loue,
 But all the pleasures of the world to giue,
 The smallest sparke of such a ioy to proue,
 And euer pray vnto my God aboue,
 To grant my humble soule good Simeon's grace,
 In loue to see my Sauour in the face.

O face more faire then fairnesse can containe :
 O eye more bright then brightnesse can declare :
 O light more pure then passion can explaine :
 O life more blest then may with blisse compare :
 O heauen of heauens where such perfectiones are !
 Let my soule liue to loue, to long, to bee
 Euer in prayer, but to looke on Thee !

But, Oh vnworthy eye of such a sight ;
 And all vnworthy heart of such a loue ;
 Vnworthy loue, to long for such a light ;
 Vnworthy longing such a life to prouue ;
 Vnworthy life, so high a suit to moue !
 Thus, all vnworthy of so high a grace,
 How shall I see my Sauour in the face ?

All by the prayer of true penitence,
 Where Faith in teares attendeth Grace's time,
 My soule doth hope in Mercie's patience,
 My heart all cleansed from my sinfull crime,
 To see the springing of Aurora's prime,
 In those bright beames of that sweet blessed sunne
 Of my deere God, in Whome all blisse begunne.

And that my soule may such a blessing see,
 Let my heart pray, and praying neuer cease,
 Till heart and soule may both together be,
 Blest in thy sight all sorrowes doth release ;
 And with good Simeon then depart in peace !
 Oh then ; but then, and onely euer then,
 Blest be my soule, sweet Iesus say Amen.

Gloria in Excelsis Dea.



What is Loue ?



EN talke of Loue that know not what it is :
For could we know what Loue may be in-
deede,
We would not haue our mindes so led
amisse

With idle toies, that wanton humours feede ;
But in the rules of higher reason read
What Loue may be, so from the world conceal'd ;
Yet all too plainly to the world reueal'd.

Some one doth faine Loue is a blinded God ;
His blindnesse him more halfe a diuell shoues :
For Loue with blindnesse neuer made abode,
Which all the power of Wit and Reason knowes :
And from whose grace the ground of knowledge growes :
But such blinde eyes, that can no better see,
Shall neuer liue to come where Loue may be.

Some onely thinke it onely is a thought
Bred in the eye, and buzzeth in the braine,
And breakes the heart, vntill the minde be brought
To feede the senses with a sorrie vaine,
Till wits, once gone, come neuer home againe :
And then too late in mad conceit do proue,
Fantasticke wits are euer void of loue.

Some thinke it is a babe of Beautie's getting,
Nurst vp by Nature, and Time's onely breeding ;
A pretty worke to set the wits a whetting,
Upon a fancy of an Humour's feeding ;
Where Reason findes but little sense in reeding.
No, no : I see, children must goe to schoole ;
Philosophie is not for euery foole.

And some againe thinke there is no such thing,
But in conceit, a kinde of coynd iest ;
Which onely doth of idle humors spring,
Like to a bird within a Phoenix nest,
Where neuer yet did any yong one rest.
But let such fooles take heed of blasphemie,
For Loue is high in his Diuinitie.

But to be short, to learne to finde him out,
'Tis not in Beautie's eyes, nor babyes' harts ;
He must goe beate another world about,
And seeke for Loue but in those liuing parts
Of Reason's light, that is the life of arts ;
That will perceiue, though he can neuer see,
The perfect essence whereof Loue may be.

It is too cleare a brightnesse for man's eye ;
Too high a wisdom for his wits to finde ;
Too deepe a secret for his sense to trie ;
And all too heauenly for his earthly minde ;
It is a grace of such a glorious kinde,
As giues the soule a secret power to know it,
But giues no heart nor spirit power to show it.

It is of heauen and earth the highest beautie,
The powerfull hand of heauen's and earth's creation
The due commander of all spirit's duety,
The Deltie of angels' adoration ;
The glorious substance of the soule's saluation :
The light of Truthe that all perfection trieth,
And life that giues the life that neuer dieth.

It is the height of God and hate of ill,
Tryumph of Trueth, and Falshood's ouerthrow ;
The onely worker of the highest will ;
And onely knowledge that doeth knowledge know ;
And onely ground where it doeth onely growe :
It is in summe the substance of all blisse,
Without whose blessing all thing nothing is.

But in itselfe itselfe it all containeth ;
And from itselfe, but of itselfe it giueth ;
It nothing loseth, and it nothing gaineth,
But in the glope of itselfe it liueth ;
A ioy which soone away all sorrow driueth :
The proued truth of all perfection's storie,
Our God incomprehensible in glorie.

Thus is it not a riddle to be read,
And yet a secret to be found in reading ;
But when the heart ioynes yssue with the head,
In settled faith to seeke the spirit's feeding,
While in the woundes that euer fresh are bleeding,
In Christ His side, the faithfull soule may see,
In perfect life what perfect loue may be.

No further seeke then for to find out Loue,
Then in the liues of euerlasting blisse,
Where carefull conscience may in comfort proue,
In sacred loue that heauenly substance is,
That neuer guides the gracious minde amisse :
But makes the soule to finde in life's behoue,
What thing indeed, and nothing else is loue !

Then make no doubt of either good or bad,
 If this or that, in substance, or in thought ;
 And by what meanes it may be sought or had ;
 Whereof it is, and how it may be wrought :
 Let it suffice, the word of Truth hath taught,
 It is the grace but of the liuing God,
 Before beginning that with Him abode.

It brought forth Power to worke, Wisdom to will,
 Iustice to iudge, Mercie to execute,
 Vertue to plant, Charitie to fill,
 Time to direct, Truth Falshood to confute,
 Pittle to pleade in Penitence's suite,
 Patience to bide, and peace to giue the rest,
 To prooue how loue doth make the spirit blest.

And this is God, and this same God is Loue :
 For God and Loue, in Charitie are one :
 And Charitie is that same God aboute,
 In Whome doth liue that onely loue alone ;
 Without whose grace true Loue is neuer none.
 Then seeke no further what is loue to finde,
 But only carrie God within the minde.

Leaue in the world to looke for any loue,
 For on the earth is little faith to finde ;
 And faithlesse hearts in too much truth doe proue,
 Loue doth not liue where care is so vnkinde :
 Men in their natures differ from their kinde ;
 Sinne fills the world so full of secret euils,
 Men should be gods to men, but they are deuils.

Christ lou'd to death, yet Loue did neuer die !
 For Loue, by death, did worke the death of death !
 Oh liuing Loue, oh heavenly mystery,
 Too great a glory for this world beneath,
 The blessed breathing of the highest breathe :
 Blest are they borne that onely find in Thee,
 Oh blessed God, what blessed loue may be.

Let then the Poets leaue their idle humours,
 That write of Loue, where there is no such thing ;
 And let the world not hearken to those rumours,
 That speake of Loue, or whence that life doeth spring ;
 Except it be in this our blessed King,
 And Lord of life, in Whom our soules may proue
 The onely life of euerliuing Loue.

Let wantons weepe that laughing sought for loue,
 Within the gems of their mistaken loyes ;
 And turne with teares that perfect path to proue,
 That leades the spirit from the world's annoyas,
 Vnto that treasure that admits no toyes :
 But in the riches of the soule doth proue
 The heavenly life of blessed spirits' Loue.

And let the wise, (if any such there be,
 As God forbid, but there were many such,
 That in their soules by secret wisdom see,
 In the true triall of true Vertue's touch,
 The worth that Faith cannot affect too much :)

Confesse, they finde, in Truth's effects alone,
 That God is Loue, without Whom there is none.

Amidde the skie there is one only sunne,
 Amidde the ayre one only Phoenix flies ;
 One only Time by which all houres do runne :
 One onely life that liues and neuer dies :
 One onely eye that euerie thought descries :
 One onely light that shewes one onely Loue :
 One onely Loue, and that is God aboute !

To say yet further what this Loue may be ;
 It is a holy beauenly excellence,
 Aboute the power of any eye to see,
 Or Wit to finde by World's experience ;
 It is the spirit of life's quintessence :
 Whose rare effects may partly be perceiued,
 But to the full can neuer be conceiued.

It is Repentance' sweete restoratiue,
 The *Rosa solis* the sicke soule reuiuethe,
 It is the faithfull heart's preseruatiue :
 It is the hauen where happie grace arriueth ;
 It is the life that death of power depriueth ;
 It is, in summe, the euerlasting blisse,
 Where God alone in all His glorie is.

It is a ioy that neuer comes in fest ;
 A comfort that doth cut off euerie care ;
 A rule wherein the life of life doth rest,
 Where all the faithfull finde their happie fare ;
 A good that doth but onely God declare.
 A line that His right hand doth drawe so euene,
 As leads the soule the highway vnto heauen.

If then henceforth you aske what thing is Loue,
 In light, in life, in grace, in God, goe looke it :
 And if in these you doe not truly proue,
 How in your hearts you may for euer booke it ;
 Vnhappy thinke yourselues you haue mistooke it.
 For why the life that death hath ouer-trod,
 Is but the Loue of Grace, and that is God.

All kinde of loue but this is but mistaken,
 And all conceit but this is misconceiued ;
 All kinde of loue but this must be forsaken ;
 All trust but in this truth may be deceiued ;
 All in this loue all truth may be perceiued :
 All heart's beliefe and all soule's scale vnto it,
 All what is good this loue doeth onely doe it.

What shall I say ? but 'tis beyond my saying,
 To tell you all may of this Loue be sayd :
 And yet that truth be free from all betraying,
 That hath no more then what she knowes bewray'd.
 Let me but stay, but where as shee hath staid,
 And say but this, as I haue said before,
 That Loue is God, and I can say no more,

Solus Amor Deus,



Solus in toto laudandus Deus.



Oh blessed Loue, the life of blessednesse,
If euer Thou diddest helpe a sinner's heart,
Behold my teares, and in Thy holynesse
Assist my spirit with Thy sacred art,
That al the world may ioy to heare me sing
The holy praises of my heavenly King.

Inspire me with that vnderstanding power,
Which may conceiue, and by desert commend
The toppe of truth on that triumphant tower,
Where graces dwell, and glories neuer end ;
Let some such angell help me in deuising,
As speakes of praise in glorie's euer rising.

Oh Loue, how gracious is that beautie held,
That giues the world but shadowes to behold !
But, Oh what glorie maist thou iustly yeeld
Vnto that life which doth thy life vnfold !
And while all shadowes fade and fall away,
Is euer bright and neuer can decay !

In Nature's beautie, all the best can be
Are shadowing colours to deceiue the eye :
But in this beautie may our spirits see
A light wherein we liue, and cannot die ;
A light whereby we see that most auailles vs
The comfort of our faith that neuer failes vs.

How bountifull is that faire hand accounted,
That of his store a little stinte bestoweth !
But how in bountie hath that hand surmounted,
That euer giuing, asking ouer-goeth !
And for no gift shall in true grace be scanting,
Doth giue itselfe to see no comfort wanting.

How wise is he that teacheth how to wiede
The world at will, by wicked wits deuise !
But wiser much that findes that wit begull'd,
That neuer seeks the way to Paradise !
Oh blessed loue, none but thy Lord of light
Doth giue the soule that perfect heauenly light !

How kinde is he that doth his friend relieue,
In time of need of worldly mindes reputed !
But he that helps the heart that him doth grieue,
To such a minde what praise may bee imputed !
How kinde is then our Christ, let His death trie,
Who hated sinne, yet did for sinners die !

How valiant is hee held that can subdue,
By force of hand, the furie of his foe !
But in whose hand such valour euer grewe,
As gaue both death and hell their ouerthrow !
None but my Lord, my Loue, that God of light,
Who makes all powers to tremble at His sight.

How patient is that poore conceit esteem'd,
That can put vp a wrong, or crosse, or two !
But how more patient may our Christ be deem'd,
That bare all wrongs that all the world could doe !
Oh peerlesse paterne of true Patience' power,
That conquer'd death in passion's dying houre !

How iust is he who as the law doth beare
The likeliest trueth his judgement doth pronounce !
But how more iuste whom neither Hope nor Feare
Could ever mooue to challenge or denounce !
Sweet Iesus Christ, who neuer Caesar wrongeth,
And giues to God that vnto God belongeth.

How gracious is that creature to be thought,
That doeth repent him of his wickednesse !
But how more gracious, in Whom God hath wrought
The perfect height of Grace's holinesse !
It is thy life, my loue, our Lord and God,
Who by His grace all sinne hath ouer-trod.

How comfortable is esteem'd that hand,
That heales the sick, although not neere to death !
But what more comfort in that power doeth stand,
Then to the dead can giue a liuing breath !
My loue thou knowest that Lazarus can tell,
When Marie's teares did please our Master well.

What should I in particulars proceed ?
When all and summ that heauen and earth can show,
Are short to finde how farre He doth exceede
The praise of prayse where highest prayes goe :
But worship Him in Whom all graces liue,
Worthy more glory then the world can giue.

And since my God and euerliuing Lord,
All in Himselfe all height of glory holdeth ;
And to the faithfull onely doeth afford,
No more to know, then Mercie's care vnfoldeth :
Let my soule's loue but humbly fall before Him,
In admiration wholly to adore Him.

For Beauty, Bounty, Wisdome, Valour, Kindnesse,
 Grace, Patience, Comfort, Justice, Trueth, Perfection :
 In Whome all these doe lue, what Reason's blindnesse
 Can think to reach in Prayse's due perfection ?
 Where in the height to haue all glory sounded,
 Both heau'ns and earth and angels are confounded !

And since farre more then most that can be thought,
 Liues in the light of His incomprehension ;
 Which neuer sense that euer proudly sought,
 But perisht in the instant of intention ;
 Let my soule sing, when all hearts' strings are broken,
 His praise is more then can in praise be spoken !

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Hymn.



WHEN the angels all are singing,
 All of glory euer springing,
 In the ground of high heauen's graces,
 Where all vertues haue their places :
 Oh that my poore soule were neere them,
 With an humble heart to heare them.

Then should Faith in Loue's submission,
 Ioying but in Mercie's blessing,
 Where that sinnes are in remission,
 Sing the ioyfull soule's confessing,
 Of her comfort's high commending,
 All in glory, neuer ending.

But, ah wretched sinfull creature,
 How should the corrupted nature
 Of this wicked heart of mine,
 Thinke vpon that loue diuine,
 That doth tune the angels' voices,
 While the hoast of heauen reioyces !

No, the songe of deadly sorrowe,
 In the night that hath no morrow,
 And their paines are neuer ended,
 That haue heauenly powers offended,
 Is more fitting to the merite
 Of my foule infected spirite.

Yet while Mercie is remoouing
 All the sorrowes of the louing,
 How can Faith be full of blindnesse,
 To despaire of Mercie's kindnesse ;
 While the hand of heauen is giuing
 Comfort from the euer-liuing ?

No, my soule, be no more sorrie ;
 Look vnto that life of glorie,
 Which the grace of Faith regardeth,
 And the teares of Loue rewardeth :
 Where the soule the comfort getteth,
 That the angels' musique setteth.

There when thou art well conducted,
 And by heauenly grace instructed,
 How the faithfull thoughtes to fashion
 Of a rauisht louer's passion,
 Sing with sainctes to aungels highest,
 Halleluiah in the highest !

Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Title-page, 'Cypio,' etc.,—Philippians i. 23.

P. 5. EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, TO LORD NORTH.—
 From the date (1601), as Roger, second Lord North,
 died 3d December 1600, this must have been his grand-
 son, Dudley, third Lord North, who lived on until 1666.
 He was racketsy in youth, but sobered down in manhood

and became prominent. Davies of Hereford celebrates
 him in his 'Scourge of Folly,' *To Worthy Persons*, p. 58
 in our edition.

TO THE READER, l. 6, 'upon the backs of a wood-
 cocke.' Breton and Davies of Hereford have frequent
 references to 'Springes to catch Woodcockes.' See our
 Memorial-Introduction.

P. 6, 'Two hopefull twinnes,' etc.—These Lines were also prefixed to Breton's 'Rauisht Soule,' etc.

P. 7, l. 5, 'fond' = foolish: *id.*, 'peaking' = picking: to 'peek' is to pick holes in character: l. 19, 'crouch' = crouch or crutch-borne? l. 20, 'uenter' = venture—the contemporaneous spelling; see col. 2, l. 29, 'ventreth': l. 15, 'Councillour' = Privy Councillor: Brydges misprints 'Chancellor': col. 2, l. 2, 'humorous' = humour-born: l. 3, 'fransies' = frenzies: so in 'Pasquill's Mad-cappe,' p. 4, col. 1, l. 16: l. 20, 'needle' = compass: or qu. etching needle?

P. 8, col. 1, l. 6, 'good cheape' = extremely cheap, or a bargain: l. 32, 'consorts' = agreements, our concerts: l. 47, 'gates' = gaits: col. 2, l. 22, 'The Churle that sits and champes vpon his chaffe,' Cf. as nearly identical

in 'Pasquill's Mad-cappe,' p. 6, col. 1, l. 1, 'The Chuffe that sits and champes vpon his chaffe.'

P. 9, col. 1, l. 4 from bottom, 'road' = harbour or anchoring-place, where the ship 'rides.'

P. 10, col. 1, l. 11, 'almers' = alms-givers: col. 2, l. 15, 'affect' = affection.

'WHAT IS LOUE?'—See on this in our Memorial-Introduction for Shakesporean parallels.

P. 12, col. 2, l. 7 from bottom, 'for to find': a contemporaneous usage, rare in Shakespeare: 'then' = than.

SOLUS IN TOTO LAUDANDUS DEUS.—P. 14, col. 1, l. 9, 'the toppes of truth': cf. 'the top of judgment' (*Measure for Measure*, ii. 2): l. 26, 'stinte' = a limited quantity: col. 2, l. 32, 'all and summe' = the whole and the part.—G.





THE SOULES HARMONY.

1602.



NOTE.

On the different editions of 'The Soule's Harmony,' see our Memorial-Introduction. Our text is that of 1602, from a copy in the British Museum, where are others later. We add a few Notes and Illustrations at the close. It is a small 12°: 19 leaves.—G.



The
Soules Harmony.

Written by NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nunquam aut Nunc.



Imprinted at LONDON by S.
Stafford, for *Randoll Bearkes* :
And are to be sold at the signe of the
white Vnicorne in Popes-head
Alley. 1602.

*To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady SARA
HASTINGS, NICHOLAS BRETON wisheth all happinesse
in this world, and eternall ioyes hereafter.*

RIGHT Honourable.—Your zealous loue to diuine studies, hath made the Muses of that nature, to present your fauour, with the best frutes of their delights ; which in the exercise of their spirituall contemplations, haue brought forth these comfortable Meditations : which bound up in this little volume, they haue presumed with my seruice, to present to your good Ladyship, beseeching the same, with that good fauour to accept them, that may vnder heauen be the greatest grace that they desire vnto them. It is intituled The Harmony of the Soule ; who in the gracious thoughts of God's blessing and humble talke with His mercy, thinks her selfe halfe in heauen ere she come there ; where, after that you haue passed a happy pilgrimage on this earth, God send you the eternall felicitie of the faithfull.—Your Ladyship's in all humblenesse,
NICHOLAS BRETON.



The Soules Harmony.

GOD.

GRACE in all Glories height,
On whom all Glories waite,
Describe my ioyes conceite.

IESVS.

IOY in the highest of the height of ioy,
Holding the state of the Celestiall story—
Eternall life, that doth all deaths destroy :
Sonne to that grace, that makes the Fathers Glory,
Vnmarched Power, in Mercies Princely might :
Such is the substance of my Soules delight.

CHRIST.

CLEERE is the Sunne, that doth for euer shine,
Heauenly that light, that giues al eyes their seeing,
Royal that Crown, which neuer can decline,
Imperious Power, that giues all powers their being :
Such is the Power, the Crown, the Light, the Sun,
That neuer ends where Glory first begun.

216 **M**Y soules loues life, & lifes loues soules delight,
How highly are thy holy Angels blest ;
That in thy grace enjoy the glorious sight,
Wherein the summe of all their ioy doth rest !
What heauenly musike may those Muses sing,
Who set their consorts by thy sacred skill ;
And Angels quauers make the Quiere to ring,
While vertues Ayre doe all the voyces fill ?
How may those Spirits be with ioyes possesst,
That may be rauisht with this Royall sight,
Where Peter sawe, and in his seeing blest
My soules lifes loue, and loues lifes soules delight.
O blessed Peter, blest in such a seeing :
Well might he sing, Sweet Lord, here is good being.

217 O gracious God, and Lord of mercies might,
Why do I liue amid this world of woes ?
When euery day doth seeme to me as night,
While sorrowes seeke my Spirites ouerthrowes.

I heare thy word, and would obey thy will,
But want the power, that might performe my due :
I know the good, and fayne would leaue the ill,
And feare the sorrow, that doth sinne ensue :

And yet I fall into that depth of sinne,
That makes me feare the iudgement of thy wrath ;
Vntill thy grace doth all my helpe beginne,
To know what comfort, Faith in Mercy hath.
Oh blessed light, that shewes in Mercies eye,
While faith doth liue, that loue can neuer die.

4. Lord, when I thinke how I offend thy will,
And know what good is in obedience to it ;
And see my hurt, and yet continue still
In doing ill, and cannot leaue to doe it ;
And then againe, doe feele that bitter smart
That inwards breeds, of pleasures after payne ;
When scarce the thought is entred in my heart,
But it is gone, and sinne gets in againe :

And when, againe, the act of sinne is past,
And that thy grace doth call me backe againe :
Then in my teares I runne to thee as fast,
And of my sinnes, and of my selfe complayne.
What can I doe, but cry, Sweet Jesus, saue me :
For I am nothing, but what thou wilt haue me.

5. O Lord that liuest in that life of life,
Which all thou art, and of thy selfe alone ;
Whose sacred word is that soules cutting knife,
That doth deuide the marrow from the bone.

O glorious God, of grace and mercy more,
Then heart and soule are able to conceaue !
And seest the teares that mercy doth implore,
And will not Faith in feares discomfourt leaue.

My God, my Lord, my soules lifes dearest loue,
How so my sinnes haue thy displeasure moued :
Let my soules teares thy glorious mercy moue,
To make me feele, how faith may be beloued ;

- That being set from sinne and sorrow free,
I may not cease to sing in praise of thee.
- 72 My heauenly Loue, frō that high throne of thine
Where gracious mercy sits in Glories seat :
In that true pity of thy Power diuine,
That dries the teares, that mercy doe entreat.
Behold, sweet Lord, these bleeding drops of loue,
That melt my soule in sorrow of my sinne ;
And let these showres some drops of mercy moue,
That in my grieffe my comfort may beginne.
Let not despair confound my praying hope,
That begs an almēs at thy mercies gate :
But let thy grace thy hand of bountie ope,
That comfort yeelds, which neuer comes too late ;
That in the cure of my consuming grieffe,
My ioyfull soule may sing of thy reliefe.
- 36 Oh, that my soule were purified so,
It might no more be subiect vnto sin ;
And that my care might onely seeke to know,
How humble grace doth mercies loue begin.
Oh, that my thoughts, my words & deeds were such
As might not swarue from my deare Sauours will ;
And that my truth might neuer haue a tutch
Of false conceit, for to excuse mine ill :
And that this world were vnto me a hell,
But where I see his Saints in their loues seruice ;
And I might die, till I might liue to dwell
In some such place, to do some pleasing office ;
That he might be, who doth my death destroy,
All aboute all, and all in all, my Ioy.
- 1 The worldly prince doeth in his Septer hold
A kind of heauen in his authorities :
The wealthy miser, in his masse of gold,
Makes to his soule a kind of Paradise :
The Epicure that eats and drinkes all day,
Accounts no Heauen, but in his hellish rowtes :
And she, whose beauty seemes a sunny day,
Makes vp her heauen, but in her babies clowtes.
But my sweete God, I seeke no Princes power,
No misers wealth, nor beauties fading glosse ;
Which pāper sin, whose sweetes are inward sowre,
And sorry gaynes, that breed the spirits losse.
No, my deare Lord, let my Heauen onely bee
In my Loues seruice, but to liue to thee.
- 1 O God, forgiue the greatnesse of my sinne :
I am not worthy to implore thy grace ;
The loathsome stinke, that I lie tumbling in,
With filthy shame hath couered all my face.
I haue deseru'd the depth of all thine ire,
To know thy will, yet wilfully offend ;
My soule deserues, in the infernall fire,
To feele the torments that shall neuer end.
But Lord, thy mercy is aboute thy wrath,
Thou doest not ioy, to see a sinners death ;
And true repentance in thy mercie hath
The blessed food, that giues the spirit breath ;
- Where praying hope, in heart can perish neuer,
While humble faith doth liue in ioy for euer.
- 178 What is the gold of all this world but drosse ;
The ioy but sorrow, and the pleasure, payne ;
The wealth, but beggery, & the gayne but losse,
The wit, but folly, and the vertue wayne ;
The power but weakenesse, and but death the life,
The hope, but feare, and the assurance dout ;
The trust, deceit, the concord but a strife,
Where one conceit doth put another out ;
Time but an instant, and the vse a toyle,
The knowledge, blindnesse, & the care a madnesse ;
The siluer, lead, the diamond, but a foyle,
The rest, but trouble, and the mirth but sadnesse.
Thus since to heauen compar'd, the earth is such,
What thing is man, to loue the world so much.
- 142 Oh, would man thinke but on that world of ioy,
Which in the heauens the chosen shall receiue !
And then againe, vpon this worlds annoy,
Where hellish baytes the wicked do deceiue !
Would he but looke vpon the Angels graces,
The Paradises of their heauenly pleasures :
And then, vpon the deuils ugly faces,
With all their torments endles without measures.
Would men thus make a differēce in their minds,
Twixt light and darknesse, and the day, and night ;
Then would sinne die, that with illusion blinds
The eye of nature from her blessed sight ;
And man would loue the good, & hate the euill,
And honour God, and tread vpon the deuill.
- 156 Some heauenly Muse come helpe me sing,
In Glorie of my heauenly king :
And from some holy Angels wing,
Where graces doe for feathers spring :
Oh bring my hand one blessed Pen,
To write beyond the reach of men.
Let all the subiect be of Grace,
Where Mercy set in Glories place,
Doth stand before that shining face,
That makes all other beauty base :
That Heauen and earth may see the wonder.
That puts all worths and wonders vnder.
Let Vertues onely set the grounds
Where Grace but all of Glory sounds,
While Mercie heales the spirits wounds :
Where faith the feare of death confounds :
That heauen and earth may ioy to heare,
The Musike of the Angels queere.
Oh tell the world, no world can tell,
How that Ioy doth all ioyes excell :
Where blessed soules set free from hell,
In Mercy do with Glory dwell :
And with the Saints and Angels sing,
In glory of their heauenly King :
Sinke not a note beneath the sence
Of Glories highest excellence :

And keepe vnto that onely Tence,
Where heauens haue all their honour thence :
That Seraphins may clap their wings,
To heare how Grace, of Glory sings.

Oh, let the Sunne in brightnes shine,
And neuer let the Moone decline :
And euery starre his light refine,
Before that blessed light diuine :
Of whome, in whom, from whom alone,
They haue their shining euery one.

Let all the Azure skie be cleare,
And not a mistie cloud come neere :
But all that brightest light appeare,
Where Angels make their merrie cheere :
And all the troope of heauens may see,
Where all the loyes of heauen may be.

Let Phcebus in his brightnes stay :
And driue the darkesome nights away,
And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
While Martyres keepe high holy-day :
And all the hoast of heauen accord,
To sing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the yeere be Summers spring,
And Nightingales all Birds that sing,
And all the fruites that grow or spring,
Be brought vnto this glorious king :
With all their colours and their sweetes,
Before his feete to strow the streetes :

Let hony-dews perfume the ayre,
That all may be both sweet and fayre :
That may with Mercies leaue repayre,
Vnto the seate of Glories Chayre :
That euery thing may fitting fall
Vnto the Glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the soules, the mindes,
That wisdome vnto vertue bindes,
And breedes but of those blessed kindes,
That gracious loue in glory findes :
Agree together all in one,
To glorifie our God alone.

And when they all in turne are set,
And in their sweetest musike met,
And highest skill the note hath set,
Where grace may highest glory get ;
My rauisht soule in mercy then,
May haue but leaue to sing, *Amen.*

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

21 Prayse, in the highest of the height of prayse,
Strayne vp thy heart vnto thy spirits note ;
There, in the worth, where all thy wonder stayes,
Write to the wits of all the world to quote :

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canst not tell,
What grace and glory thy deare God deserueth ;
Whose Excellence all excellence doth excell,
While him alone, all excellency serueth.

Life, loue, truth, power, grace, pity, bounty, glory,
Health, comfort, wisdome, vertue, mercy, peace ;
These in the state of the celestiaall story,
Doe sound the glory that shall neuer cease :
Whose holy prayes to more height arise,
Then earth or heauen, or Angels can deuisse.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

22 NO that my heart could hit vpon a strayne,
Would strike the musike of my soules desire :
Or that my soule could find that sacred vayne,
That sets the consort of the Angels Quiere.

Or that that Spirit of especiall grace,
That cannot stowpe beneath the state of heauen ;
Within my soule would take his settled place,
With Angels *Ens*, to make his glory euen.

Then should the name of my most gracious King,
And glorious God, in higher tunes bee sounded,
Of heauenly prayse, then earth hath power to sing ;
Where heauen & earth, & Angels are confounded.

And soules may sing while all heart strings are broken,
His praise is more, then can in praise be spoken.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

259 When Iob had lost his children, lands & goods
Patience did kill the poynson of his payne :
And when his sorrowes came as fast as floods,
Hope kept his heart, till comfortes came agayne.

When Dauids life by Saul was often sought
And worlds of crosses compast him about ;
Yet was his spirit neuer ouer-wrought,
But in his woes, hope still did helpe him out.

When the sore Cripple by the poole did lye,
Full many a yeere in misery and payne ;
His heart on Christ no sooner set his eye,
But teares mou'd grace, and he was well agayne.

No Iob, nor Daud, Cripple more in griefe :
Christ giue me patience, and my hope reliefe.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EPITHE-DEDICATORY—LADY SARA HASTINGS.—She was d. of Sir James Harington, of Exton, co. Rutland, Kt., by Lucy, d. of Sir William Sidney of Penshurst, and sister of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G. She was sister of John, first Lord Harington. She married first—Francis, Lord Hastings, eldest son of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1595, in his father's lifetime : secondly, Sir George Kingsmill, Kt., one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, who died in April 1606 : thirdly, Edward, Lord Zouch, of Haringworth, who survived her. Her eldest son by Lord Hastings succeeded as Earl of Huntingdon.

Page 4, 1st col., l. 24, 'consorts : ' catachrestic for 'concerts,' with the idea of concurrence in it. So on p. 6, 2d col., l. 19.

Page 4, 2d col., l. 4, 'ensue' = pursue.

Page 5, 1st col., l. 22, 'swarue' = swerve: *ibid.* l. 36, 'roules' = routs, or hilarious assemblies: 2d col., l. 13, 'joyle' = set off. So Herbert to the Queen of Bohemia—

'Afflictions are a folle to sett off worth.'—(Aldine Poets edn., p. 262.)

Page 6, line 6 from end of 2d col., 'Cripple.' See St. John, c. v.—G.



*The
Mothers Blessing.*

1602.



NOTE.

By the kindness of Sir Charles Isham, Bart., of Lamport Hall, Northampton, I am enabled to give 'The Mothers Blessing' complete, from his unique exemplar. That in the Bodleian is deficient of the Epistle to the Reader, of leaf E (page 9, col. 2, ll. 30-70), and of the last leaf (page 10-11, ll. 48-82). 4to, 20 leaves. In the centre of the original title-page is a printer's wood-cut device—met with elsewhere contemporaneously,—a mailed hand grasping a flaming sword, and the legend '*Bellvm Hit Avaritia Contra,*' and in the border an anagrammatic combination of initials T. C and S and E D with δ and A (reversed) within the ball. Another edition appeared in 1621, 4°.—G.



T H E
M O T H E R S
blefsing.




Printed at LONDON by T. C. for John Sme-
thick, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dun-
stons Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

1602.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MVCH

forwardnesse, in the inclination to much goodnesse, in the loue of learning, and the honor of vertue: *M. Thomas Rowe*, sonne to the *Lady Bartley of Stoke*, Nich. Breton *wisheth with continuance of health, a prosperous achievement of his vertuous desires.*


 Yr, my acquaintance with you hath not been litle, nor my loue, lesse; which I wold bee glad to manifest in some better matter thē bare words, and yet, since words well weyed, sometime carry matter of good sence; in the words which I write, I pray you wey the sence of my good will; which if it haue not done so well as I wish, beare with it for a litle fault, and it may bee I will mend it with a greater: but leauing complements, let me entreat you, in your kindnesse, to Patronage this childe of my best choise, to answeere the regard of your good discretion; in whom, though you finde not that finenesse, that is fitting to phantastike humours, yet it may bee you shall note some such matter of contentment, as may be a litle worthy entertainment; the best is this, there is a carefull mothers blessing to her beloued sonne: the first I know you haue, and the second I doubt not you are: who reading what I haue written, and remembering what you haue read, I am assured will please her that loueth you, and loue him that herein hath pleased you: and for that much good that he knoweth in you, will euer loue you: but seeing it were better that I rather do so, then tell you so, I will leaue my hope to a good occasion to manifest the nature of my affection: And so beseeching God to blesse your forwardnesse in all good actions, and to preserue you from all illusions.

*Yours I rest at command, in
what mine owne.*

NICH. BRETON.



To the Reader.

 ENTLEMEN, there are so many idle Pamphlets vnder the abused name of Poetrie, abroad in the world, that matter of good worth, either morall, or diuine, if it bee handled in verse, it is almost as ill as vertue; it will not sell almost for any thing: yet amōg a number, of, no matter for thē, I doubt not but there are some wil giue Reason his right, and Vertue her due; to such onely I commend this little tract of morall discipline: which though it be handled in single verse, yet if it please you to peruse it, I hope you will not vtterly disdaine it: such as it is, I leaue it to your discreet censures, and kinde cor-

rections; in which, as you shall shewe the best conditions of dispositions, so shall you giue mee cause with much thankfulnessse, to present you hereafter with some better substance: But least I promise more then I can performe, I pray you take this in as good part, as if it had bin a matter of more worth: and so wishing you all that beare good mindes, the happy fruites of your best desires: Loath to be too tedious, I rest as I finde cause,

Your friend,

N. Breton.



The Mothers blessing.



Y sonne, my sonne, my best belouèd sonne,
Hear my deare son, what careful charge I
leauè thee :

Take hold of *Time*, the glasse is quickly
run,

Trust not to *Fortune*, for she will deceiue thee :
What ere thou art, let not the world perceiue thee,
Know God, loue him, be gouern'd by his will,
And haue no doubt of good, nor feare of ill.

Weane laizie Will, from thriflesse Idlenes :
Beware the wanton, to abuse thy wit :
Vnbridled Will breeds but vnhappines,
How euer sorrowes Care would couer it :
Who buyes Repentance must pay deare for it.
Time, Truth, and Triall, will in one agree :
The fruits of sin, Death, shame, and sorrow bee.

Loue not vpon the first delightfull looke :
Nor hate, vpon the first conceiued harme :
Let not the care of Conscience be mistooke,
And feare the force of the Almighty arme :
Feare not mischance, nor harken to a charme.
By graceles meanes, deuise not to enrich thee,
And let no worlds vnworthy loue betwitch thee.

If that thou serue a Thatcher, do him due :
But if thou canst, subscribe not to the Clowne :
Lest all too late, thou find'st it all too true,
When thou hast thatt the house, he throw thee downe,
But neuer fret, how euer Fortune frowne.
For what the higher powers of heau'n decree,
There is no asking, why it should so bee.

Breake not thy word, that well thou maist performe,
For words are waide by men of worthy minde :
Take heed of those, that falshoods do enforme.
And strike not saile, for euery blast of winde :
Nor do thy spirit to thy body binde.
Giue not a Misers liberalitie,
And feare the fruite of prodigalitie.

Hearè all men speake, but harken to the wise,
Learne of the learnèd, and the vertuous loue :
And let no pride thy blessed soule surprise,
That may discretion from thy minde remoue :
Humilitie is grac't with God aboue.

And Courtesie, with honors cariage,
Twixt Loue, and Beautie, make a mariage.

Be kinde to those, that kindly do deserue,
Cruell to none, a Tyrant is a Deuill :
Haue speciall care, thy health for to preserue,
And keep thee from the Epicurian euill,
Loue not the eye that squints, nor lips that dreuill.
Beware the Pander, and the Parasite,
And do not leauè a Faulcon for a Kite.

Giue not thine eare to euery Idle tale,
And trust no more, then what of needs thou must :
Set not the secrets of thy heart to sale,
For feare, they throw thine honor in the dust,
And do not loue the treasure that will rust.
Make it thy day, but when the Sun doth shine,
And ioy in soule, but in the loue diuine.

Place not thy learning in a Library,
Yet reede, and marke, remember, and apply :
And till thou art a perfect Antiquary,
Stand not too much vpon antiquitie :
Let vertue note the best Nobilitie.
Be wise in all things, that thou doest intend,
A good begining makes a blessed end.

Stand not on termes with persons of estate,
Be truly loyall in thy life and loue :
Know what belongs vnto a Magistrate,
Who hath his office from the heau'ns aboue :
Nor make a Gaunlet of a hedging gloue.
Let Bountie euer be the fruite of thrift,
For borrowing is too neere the Beggers shift.

Looke into Nature with Discretions eye,
And sort thy selfe with vnderstanding spirits :
Build not thy Castle of conceit too high,
Nor let thy hopes be grounded but on Merits,
While heedles Connies feare the hunters Ferits.
Giue none abuse, nor basely take disgrace,
Nor loue that minde, that hath a brazen face.

A blessed Colour is a maiden blush,
And settled Countenance is a comely sight :
Stand not too long in beating of a bush :
For feare the Bird beguile thee with her flight,
In idle follies, neuer take delight.

Trouaile, but toile not, painfull is the pleasure,
Where lacke of care, in labour hath no measure.

If God haue blest thee with an inward good,
Be ioyfull of his blessing, but not proud :
For, be the Phœnix nere so rare a Brood,
Nature doth wonders in her worke-house shroud :
The Sunne it selfe, sometime is in a cloud.
Concealèd comforts are the kindest sweets,
Where loue, and honour, with discretion meets.

A boasting tongue is like a heard-mans horne,
Which makes a noyse, but nothing worth the hearing :
And bragging Rascalls are not to be borne,
Thogh fooles of choise, sometime are worth the chering,
Yet in the points of wisdoms true appearing,
Presumptuous fooles, and irreligious Lewes,
Emong the Nobler sort should neuer vse.

Know how to loue, but know not how to hate :
T' one halfe a heau'n, the tother halfe a hell :
Learne what belongs to Fortune, and to Fate,
And trust not all, that Idle stories tell :
And do not reede, before you learne to spell.
But keep thy spirit with that speciall care,
That Truth may shew thee, where her honors are.

Offend not God, with figuring the faire,
In higher substance then may fit their sexe :
And looke not after humors in the aire,
That hurt the heart, or may the spirit veze,
And let no passion so thy soule perplexe,
But that thou maist all discontents remoue,
That may be hurtfull to thy happie loue.

Regard thy followers in a kind, as friends,
But make a difference in thine eyes affect :
And vse their seruice in such carefull kinds,
That wisdomes fame may speake of thy respect,
And well deseru'd rewards do not neglect.
For tis the hand, that doth the seruice binde,
Although the spirit doth commaund the minde.

Examine Reason by the rules of Grace,
And cherish valour, but in vertues choise :
In Natures Musique, dwell not on the Base,
And let thine eare be pleasèd in the voyce
That sounds the song, that makes the soule reioyce.
Auoyd all substance of the soules annoy :
And only Iesus be thy spirits ioy.

If honor fall vpon thee vnawares,
Note how it comes, and how it may be gone :
And guide thy courses with such inward cares
Thy ground may still be sure to build vpon,
But needles humors neuer studie on.
For Time is pretious to perfections eies,
And brings the blessed soule to Paradise.

Follow the warres but in a worthy cause,
And Court it but for affabilitie,
Be not a Rebell vnto honors lawes :
For tis a maiime to true Gentilitie,
In all the notes of true Nobilitie.

So vse thy sword in field, at home thy pen,
Thou maist be both belou'd, and fear'd of men.

Let not a Shaft, a Bowle, a Carde, nor Die,
Take vp thy Rent a yeare before the day :
A Parats feather, nor a Faulcons eie,
Make thee too fast, to throw thy wealth away,
Lest had I wist do keepe fooles holly day.
Esteeme a horse, according to his pace,
But loose no wagers on a wilde goose chase.

Teare not thy throat with hollowing to hounds,
Nor ride thy horse to death, to seeke a Hawke :
Spoile not thine eyes with leuelling of grounds,
Nor barre thine honest neighbour of his walke,
But take no pleasure with a foole to talke.
But harken to the shepheards what they saine
Both of the Sun shine, and a showre of raine.

Feed not too grosse, and drinke not ouer much,
The sparing diet is the spirits feast :
The Pitch and Tarre, are dangerous to tuch,
And want of reason makes a man a beast :
Of forcèd euils euer chuse the least.
Be warnèd by a little, from the more,
And take heed of an inward breeding sore.

Wound not the conscience of a wofull hart,
Nor take delight in doing iniury :
But ease the sicke of his consuming smart,
And helpe the poore man in his misery :
So liue, so die, so liue, and neuer die.
Relieue thy friend, but not with all thou hast,
Lest thou be driuen to seeke to him as fast.

Importune not a Prince in any sute,
Nor to a sutor long delaie his hope :
In cause of Iustice, be not ouer mute,
But in a malice, do no secrets ope :
But keepe thy eare within discretions scope.
Smile at the bird, whose bill is ouerlong,
But neuer listen to the Cuckoes song.

Loose not thy paines, to teach an Owle to speake,
Nor striue to wash an Ethiopian white :
Make it no tryumph to subdue the weake,
But vse thy force, to put the proud to flight,
And in renowme, giue euery man his right.
Begin no more, then so thou mean'st to finish,
As of thine honor, may no sparke diminish.

Trouaile to learne diuersitie of Natures,
But keep at home, the care of thy content :
And euer haue respect vnto those creatures,
That haue their talents in thy seruice spent :
And loue the soule that is to vertue bent.
For euer keep this point of noblenes,
Let no man note thee of vnthankfulnes.

Deprae not any that do well deserue,
Nor magnifie an idle headed wit :
Nor let thy will from wisdomes order swarue,
How euer humors disalow of it :
Manage affections with discretions bit.

For time will teach thee in true reasons creature,
A foole, is but the weake effect of nature.

In Princes Courts, do neuer presse too fast,
Nor shrinke a foote from thy desert of fame :
And slip no time, for once the humor past,
A pleasing fansie may be out of frame :
Shun all occasions of deseru'd blame.
But if vnwares, thou happen to offend
Let witts excuse the care of will commend.

Grow not too great, for feare of Enuies figge,
Yet ioy in all that vertue may aduance :
Make not thy musique of a country ligge,
But leaue the Lout, to tread the Morris-daunce :
And keep thy sences from *Narcissus* traunce.
And follow not *Acteon* to the wood,
For feare *Diana*, do thee little good.

Studie the lawe, but to maintaine thy state,
Diuinitie, to keep thy soule in peace :
Logicke, but only questions to debate,
Arithmeticke, but knowledge to encrease :
How numbers may both multiply and cease.
Philosophy, to iudge of Natures best,
And Phisicke, but grosse humors to digest.

And Rethoricke, to speake in tune and sence,
Musique, but to remoue melancholy :
Astrology, to know circumference ;
For Architecture, learne Geometry,
And for thy trauaile, learne Cosmography.
For recreation, scorne not Poetry :
But for discourses, study History.

To haue a kinde of superficiall sight,
In hawkes and hounds, and horse, and fowle, and fish :
Is not amisse, but let thy harts delight
Be neuer settled in an idle dish,
Nor shew thy folly in a wanton wish.
Be silent to thy selfe, what ere thou thinkest,
And take good heed, with whō, and where thou drinkest.

Learne for instruction, Reede for exercise ;
Practise for knowledge, and for gaine remember :
In worldly pleasures make no paradise ;
Know that thou art of Christ his church a member,
And do not make thine Aprill in September.
Vnto thy God, in youth direct thy waies,
And he will blesse thee in thine agēd daies.

Let Conscience know the title of a crowne ;
Yet know withall, there is a king of kings :
Who hoisteth vp, and headlong tumbleth downe ;
And all the world doth couer with his wings,
While heauen and earth but of his glory sings.
To whom discharge the loue thou daily owest,
And he will blesse thee where so ere thou goest.

Winke at the world as though thou saw'st it not,
And all earths treasure, but as trash despise :
Let not thy folly lose that wit hath got,
Nor lose an Art, by lacke of exercise :
Yet let no labour, honor preiudice.

Be wisely sparing, but not miserable,
And rather die, then be dishonorable.

Feare not a Giant, for his monstrous shape,
The diuell cannot goe beyond his bounds :
Nor learne to play the Monkie with an Ape,
But keep thy selfe within discretions bounds,
And keep thee frō the worm the cōscience wounds.
Thus in thy way, let wisdome euer guide thee,
And be assur'd, no euill can betide thee.

Do not awake the Lion in his denne,
Nor thinke the Foxe a foole before you trie him :
Nor put an Eagle in a Capons penne,
Nor trust a Wolfe, if that you come too nigh him ;
But come not neare him, if you can goe by him.
For rauening beasts haue wonderfull wide lawes,
And spoile whateuer comes within their clawes.

Beate not the aire with hammers in thy head,
Whose dreaming labours, will but dull thy wit :
And do not put thy siluer into lead,
Except thou make a double gaine of it,
And euer do that may thine honor fit.
Know trades and traffique, merchants and their wares,
But spend thy spirit in more noble cares.

Be not condemn'd for a common Louer,
I meane, loue maker, to a world of weemen :
For care can hardly credit lost recouer,
And who are bound, can neuer well be free men :
Beautie hath cunning in her eyes to see men.
For where she leads the heart vnto her eies,
She leads it finely to fooles paradies.

Boast not vpon the brauery of youth,
Nor scorne the weaknesse of decrepit age :
But hold this for a principle of truth,
Death hath a part vpon this worldly stage,
Where none can scape the furie of his rage :
A Tragedie, where old and young are slaine,
But spight of death, the vertuous liue againe.

Spend not thy care vpon a selfe conceit,
In grieuing for that neuer can be had :
Nor let thy wit and idle will await,
Where giddie humors are inclin'd to gad ;
And let not melancholy make thee mad.
For better shut thine eyes from such a light,
Then haue thy heart tormented by the sight.

Spare to discourse vpon experience,
And alwaies rather answer then demaund :
And let no passion shewe impatience,
But make entreatie where thou maist commaund :
And neuer be with flatterers ouerfawnd.
Nor stand too much vpon thine owne opinion,
How euer *Pallas* marke thee for her minion.

Let not a Princesse fauour make thee proud,
Nor grieue too much vpon a small disgrace :
Beare not affection to a filthy dowd,
Nor make an Idoll of a painted face :
Nor loue a colt but of a coursers race.

Nor vow thy seruice to mistaken Saints,
Whose truest tytles are but honors Faints.

Weare not a feather in a showre of raine,
Nor swagger with a Swiser for his swill :
Put not thy spirit vnto too much paine,
In searching secrets farre aboute thy skill :
And know a halbert from a hedging bill.
And euer note those noble points of nature,
That truly make an honorable creature.

Forbeare thy fury on a suddaine rage,
Yet in thy right be euer resolute :
And let true patience choller so asswage,
That honors quarrell may be absolute :
Lest rashnes too much reason ouershute.
For carefull valor in a cause of strife,
Strengthens the hart, and giues the spirit life.

Flie *Machinile* his vile instructions,
Which are but poysons to a princely minde :
And noted well, are but destructions,
That do the world with wicked humors blinde :
And do the soule to hellish seruice binde.
Where nothing for gaine must be forbidden,
While diuels in the shape of men are hidden.

Note what is done, by whom, and how, and when,
And marke what issue growes of each euent :
If by the sword, the purse, or by the pen,
And where the honor of the action went :
And how to take it for a president.
For many things haue many times bene done,
That had bene better, nere had bene begun.

Know all the courses that thou canst attaine,
But follow onely that may do thee good :
In questions alwaies make thy meaning plaine,
Obscurd thoughts are hardly vnderstood,
But let not choller ouerheate thy blood.
So shall thy feare of fortunes force be small,
And thou shalt stand when other men do fall.

Take heed my sonne, thy soule be not deceiued
With any straunge, or all too strong illusion :
For cares best wit cannot be misconceiued,
Which sees the force of follies close intrusion,
While heedlesse will brings wit vnto confusion.
Be wise my sonne, in heau'nly wisdomes booke,
And thou shalt angle with no diuels hooke.

Loue not a Iester, nor a hackney Iade,
Time is but lost in either of their triall :
Rather regard the mattocke and the spade,
And take the sunne to be thy truest diall :
Where thou shalt see the foole a knauish spiall.
Shake off the lowse that hangs vpon thy clothes,
And hate the swearer that is full of oathes.

The ruffian, ruds-by, and the rascall flye,
But loue the vertuous, valiant, and the kinde :
Looke towards heauen, and let the world go bye,
And make thy body subiect to thy minde :
How ere thou winkest, be not wilfull blinde.

But looke into the glory of that grace,
That makes the faithfull spit in sathans face.

Confound the diuell with the word of God,
Looke to thy soule, it is the speciall part :
And loue the life that death hath ouertrod,
And to thy Sauour wholly giue thy hart :
Who saues his seruants from infernall smart.
And when thy greatest sorrow doth assaile thee,
Trust in his mercie, that will neuer faile thee.

Mine owne deare sonne, I am no deepe diuine,
But what my God hath taught me, that I teach thee :
Beseeching him to blesse that soule of thine,
That no illusion euer ouerreach thee ;
Nor wilfull sinne of lacke of grace impeach thee.
Nor faithlesse thought may euer so deface thee,
But that his mercie euer will embrace thee.

But for my notes of natures obseruations,
By long experience to my paines reuealed :
Where truths cōstructiōs made those confirmatiōs,
That too much prooffe hath for assurance sealed :
Which priuate care hath from the world concealed.
To thee my sonne, and for thy good I hope,
I do this casket of my Jewels ope.

Esteeme them richer then a masse of gold,
And part not with them for a world of wealth :
For such a treasure is not to be sold,
As is both for the soule and bodies health ;
Then leaue them not vnto vnworthy stealth :
But in thy bosome, locke them as their louer,
Till good occasion bid thee looke them ouer.

And when thou findest that fitteth with thy minde,
And leads thee to the groundworke of thy good :
Go forward still, and further seeke to finde,
How best the substance may be vnderstood ;
That after purging breeds the liuely blood.
And thou shalt feele such pleasure in thy paine,
As idle spirits haue no power to gaine.

And ere I grow too fast vnto an end,
Let me a little furthermore aduise thee.
Be carefull in affecting of a friend,
Least subtile kindnesse cunningly surprize thee :
And let thus much for such respect suffice thee.
Let honour, valour, truth, and wit allure thee,
Or neuer of a faithfull friend assure thee.

For parentage affect equalitie,
For learning, vertue ioind with eloquence :
For bountie, wisdomes liberalitie,
For valour, resolutions patience :
For profit, labour with experience.
For honour, vertues inclination,
For spirit, graces inspiration.

Thus chuse a friend, if thou wilt fauour any.
For these are they that cannot alter nature
But fauour fewe, for if thou mak'st of many,
Thou wilt be held a simple witted creature :
Take heed therefore of a dissembling feature.

Sound the condition, and approue it sound,
Before thy faith be to thy fauour bound.

But if thou find'st a minde of that true worth,
That is not matcht in all the brokers shops :
Whence thou canst draw, that true loues liquor forth,
Which is not season'd with vnsauery hops :
While faiths strong pillars need no vnderpropa.
All as a Phaenix, do esteeme that friend,
With whom thy life with thy affection end.

But if a smoothing tongue, a fleering face,
A capping knee, with double diligence,
By close colloging creepe into thy grace,
To make an vse of thy magnificence :
Know he will but abuse thy patience.
Away with such, and from thy care discard them,
They purchase but disgrace that [do] regard them.

And if he seeke to vndermine thy thought,
And go about thee with a bad inuention :
And do denie thy due desire in ought
That may performe the truth of his intention :
Or stand on termes in causes of contention ;
Then do thus much for thy assurance know,
A hollow friend is but a hellish foe.

And now for knowing of thine enemy,
Let this suffice for reasons true direction :
Who doth intrude into thy company,
And make a shewe of too too much affection :
Such nimble wits haue euer in reiection.
And by a serpents hisse, and beare-whelpes eie,
Mistrust the treason of an enemie.

If he perswade thee to disloyall thought,
Imagine him a villaine in the height ;
If that he haue with wanton humor wrought
Know that an Idoll is the diuels baite :
And if he cheat thee with a gaming sleight,
In cares discretions leaue his company,
And hold him for a cunning enemy.

If he importune thee with borrowing,
Or carelesse liue vpon thy purses spending :
Or dally put thee off with morrowing,
Till want do make thee wearie of thy lending,
Then in the care of better thrifts commending,
Shake off a varlet in his villany,
And hold him for an inward enemy.

But leauing more of friends, or foes to speake,
The one too fewe, the other all to many :
So many friends, their friendships dally breake,
That fewe are faithfull, if that fewe be any :
The Sunne so soone, the painted face will tawny.
That he that hath the world well ouergone,
Findes foes too many, friends, but fewe or none.

But when thou wilt a seruant fitly chuse,
Haue great regard vnto his qualitie :
Lest lacke of care, thy kindnes do abuse :
Allow no counterfeit formalitie ;
No priggish theft, nor prodigalitie.

No pot companion, nor no prating knaue,
Nor lasie Rascall, nor vncomely slaue.

No slouen, sluggard, nor sheep-biter dogge,
Nor wencher, night-walker, nor game player :
No leering copes-mate, nor no grunting hogge :
No lyar, swearer, brabblor, no way layer :
No sawcie lester, nor [no] soothsayer.
No daintie tooth, nor double diligence ;
Nor him that hath a world wide conscience.

But sober, honest, wittie, thriftie, kinde,
Good shape, good face, expert, and laborous
Good hand, good heart, good spirit, & good minde,
Discreetly carefull, but not couetous :
Faithfull and firme, in perfect truths approuing,
And think that seruant kindly worth the louing.

Now if thy seruant vnawares offend,
In secret giue him reprehension :
But if you see he care not to amend,
Nor of aduice take better apprehension,
Mistrust his spirit of some ill intention.
Away with him, and turne him to disgrace,
And seeke to put a better in his place.

But last of all, and not the least in charge,
I wish thee looke into thy loues consort :
For when the heart hath left the eye at large,
Venus commaunds where *Cupid* scales the fort :
As all too many, all too true report.
Be carefull therefore in thy thoughts affection,
That they be gouern'd by a good direction.

Beautie with vertue, honour loynd with kindnesse,
Wit with some wealth, and person without pride :
True noblenesse, without ambitious blindnesse,
Faire haire, straight bodied, sweet countenance, and
cleare eide ;

A spirit where no poison doth abide.
Where these sweet birds do all in one bush sing,
Who would not spend his life in such a spring ?

But if she be ilfauour'd, blind and old,
A prattle basket, or an idle slut :
A sleepe huswife, or a hatefull scold,
Or such a sparrow as will not keepe cut :
Spoile not thy teeth with cracking such a nut.
For in the world there is no greater hell,
Then in a house with such a hagge to dwell.

Or if complexion with condition meete,
A Croidon sanguine, and a currish nature :
A minde that treads good manners vnder feete,
A sorrell foretop, and a sowish feature :
God blesse thee sonne, from such a wicked creature.
And let thee rather leade a single life,
Then kill thy selfe, to liue with such a wife.

Learn then to chuse the best, and leaue the worst,
And chusing well, make much of such a choise :
And thou shalt see while other lius accurst,
Thy heart and soule shall inwardly reioyce :
Oh heartie loue, is such a heau'nly voyce,

As be that know it, or doth kindly heare it,
Will finde no musicke in the world come neare it.

But I will leave thee to the heau'ns direction,
Beseeching God of his high heauenly grace :
To settle so the care of thy affection,
It take no roote in an vnworthy place :
But that a virgins eye, and Angels face,
So make thee ioyfull of thy happie chaine,
That fancie bound, would not be free againe.

But that this course, and euerie other care,
May purchase and continue thy content :
And that thy soule may liue, where vertues are,
The happie soules eternall ornament :
To him that fram'd the highest firmament.
Thy heart and soule in loue all humbly bow,
And to his will, thy seruice truly vow.

At morne, at noone, at euening, day, and night,
Vnto his mercie do confesse thy sin :
And begge of him, to cleare thy blinded sight,
And teach thy spirit how it may begin
To finde the way that gracious loue may win.
Pray, weepe and cry, vntill thou hast obtained
Into his seruice to be entertained.

And when thou feel'st the spirit of that grace
That rules the heau'ns, come downe into thy hart :
And so thy thoughts in order all to place,
That vertue to dispose of euery part :
When thus thou feelest that thou blessed art,
Pray for continuance of that comforts blisse,
That keeps the soule, it cannot go amisse.

And when thou feel'st the loathing of that sinne,
That long misled, that mournfull soule of thine :
And the true way of grace art entred in,
That doth the soule to sacred loue encline,
And doth assure thee of the loue diuine,
Then let thy heart, thy minde, and spirit sing,
An Halleluiah to thy heauenly King.

Begin with glorie to his maiestie,
Proceed with glorie to his holy name :
Continue glorie to his Deitie,
And end with glorie to his worthy fame :
And endless be the glorie of the same.
Begin, proceed, continue, end his story,
With beginning, neuer ending glorie.

O highest glory, in the heau'ns aboue,
O brightest glory, of the heau'ns behoue :
O purest glory, before heau'ns to proue,
O blessed glory, aboue heau'ns to loue :
O louely glory, that all loue doth moue.
O gracious glory, that all grace beginneth,
O glorious glory, that all glory winneth.

Thus my deare sonne, sing vnto God thy Lord,
And sing in tune, that heau'ns may ioy to heare :

And let thy tongue, thy heart, and soule accord,
To chaunt it out with such a ioyfull cheare,
That heau'ns may see, thou hold'st their master deare.
And thy true faith may in thy spirit proue,
The liuing comfort of thy heau'nly loue.

But if thou doost not serue thy God aright,
And humbly feare his holy maiestie :
Thy clearest day will turne to darksome night,
Thy wealth to want, thy wit to vanitie :
Thine ease to paine, ioy to calamitie.
Thy sweetest musicke to a mournfull queill,
Thy life to death, thy hope of heauen to hell.

For though a while he suffer thee to thrine,
And finde on earth a fayned paradys :
Yet death will come, who quickly will deprivus,
The senses of the pleasures of thine eyes :
Wherein th' illusion of thy spirit lies.
And thou wilt be within thy soule so torne,
As thou wouldst wish, thou neuer hadst bin borne.

A world of woes will ouerwhelme thy heart,
And fearefull dreames affright thee in the night :
A thousand torments will increase thy smart :
And dreadfull visions will thy soule affright :
Thou shalt be bard from the eternall light.
And in the darknesse, where all horrors dwell,
Thy soule shall burne in euerlasting hell.

Where thou shalt see the miser-minded-dogge,
Frie in the furnace of his molten gold :
The glutton monster, and the drunken hogge,
Gnawing their bones, with hunger, thirst, and cold :
The murthurer in paines not to be told.
The leacher so bedight in beastlinesse,
As kills his soule to see his filthinesse.

The tyrant tortur'd with those vgly spirits,
That fed his humor with the thirst of blood :
The traitor follow'd with those hungry ferits,
That only fed vpon the poysned food
Of damnèd soules, that neuer did man good.
The theefe tormented with the shamelesse lyer,
The swearers mouth, all in a flame of fyre.

The pander and the wicked parasite,
Shall sup the broath of hellish beastlinesse :
The heretike in wilfull ouersight,
Shall feed vpon the froth of foolishnesse :
Boyl'd in the fire of all vnfaithfulnesse.
The Atheist so shall feele Gods vengeance on him,
That all the plagues of hell shall fall vpon him.

The vnjust Iudge, at least if there be any,
The bribing client of ill conscience :
The periur'd witnesse whereof are too many,
The plotting pate of sinfull pestilence :
The wrothfull spirit of impatience :
All these shall iustly all their torments beare,
But God blesse thee from seeing of them there.

But if thou rightly serue thy Lord and God,
And day and houre do sue to him for grace :
When faithfull Truth this world hath ouertrod,
Thy soule shall flye vnto a fairer place ;
Where thou shalt see thy Sauiour in the face ;
And in that face, that euerlasting blis,
In which the brightnesse of all glory is.

There shalt thou see frō hie the day-light springing,
Which darksome night hath neuer power to shade :
There shalt thou heare the Saints and Angels singing,
And all their ditties to his glory made ;
There shalt thou feele the ioyes that neuer fade.
There shall thy soule more perfect ioyes possesse,
Then tongue, or heart, or spirit, can expresse.

There shalt thou see the bounteous richly crowned,
The gracious Prince in Angels armes embraced :

The vertuous souldiers with the Saints renowned ;
The Iudge of Iustice, in high honor placed :
The faithful witnes, in Truthes fauour graded.
The virgins singing, in the Angels quier,
How patient hopes vnto their beau'n aspire.

There shalt thou feele the blessed ioy of peace,
Wherein the life of holy loue doth rest :
There shalt thou heare the Musicke neuer cease,
Where Angels voyces euer are adrest,
In their best tunes, to sound his glory best.
Where euery one a blessed part doth beare,
God blesse thee sonne, to set them euer there.
Amen.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4 : EPISTLE-DEDICATORY TO M. THOMAS ROWE. . . . He was only son of Robert Rowe of London, Merchant, by Eleanor, daughter of Robert Jermy, Esq., who married, secondly, Sir Richard Berkeley of Stoke, Gifford, co. Gloucester, Kt. He was afterwards knighted, and became Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, etc. He was of Bulwick, co. Northampton, and of Woodford, co. Essex, and was a member of the Privy Council. His Will, dated 8th July 1644, was proved 16th March 1646-7. His wife was Eleanor, d. of Sir Thomas Cave of Hanford, co. Northampton, who survived him until 1675. He left no issue. 'Bartley' is the somewhat odd spelling of 'Berkeley' it will be observed.

P. 4 : TO THE READER, l. 10, 'single verse' = verse alone : l. 12, 'censures' = judgments.

P. 5, col. 2, l. 6, 'the Epicurian euill' = fleshly indulgence—from the 'Vulgar Error' concerning Epicurus : l. 7, 'drenill' = drivell, slaver : l. 28, 'Gawnet' = gauntlet : l. 35, 'Ferits' = ferrets. So p. 10, col. 2, l. 36.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 5, 'Phenix' : so spelled also in p. 9, col. 1, l. 8 : l. 10, 'heard-mans' = shepherd : l. 13, 'chering' = cheering, applauding : l. 16, 'neuer use' = be found : l. 53, 'Court it' = frequent the Court : col. 2, l. 3, 'Shaft' = of a bow, i.e. an arrow—a common sport : *ib.*, 'Bowle' : either = rolling ball as in many games, or = bowl (for drink) : *ib.*, 'Die' = dice :

l. 7, 'had I wist.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for this recurring phrase : l. 15, 'saine' = bless. See Memorial-Introduction for a capital Scottish illustration of this : l. 32, 'to'—misprinted 'do' : l. 42, 'renowme'—such was the contemporary spelling. See also p. 11, col. 2, l. 1.

P. 7, col. 1, l. 10, 'Ennies figge' = contemptuous treatment. The 'fig' symbolized a great many things in early times. See Memorial-Introduction. l. 13, 'Lout' = clownish fellow : *ib.*, 'Morris daunce' = Moorish dance : col. 2, l. 12, 'penne' = wicker-work cage or coop : l. 17, 'hammers in thy head.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : l. 49, 'ouerfawnd' = excessively fawned on : l. 51, 'minion' = favourite (deteriorated since) : l. 54, 'dowd' = slattern.

P. 8, col. 1, l. 2, 'faints' = feignings—misprinted 'Saints' : l. 4, 'Switzer'—qu. foreign mercenary soldier or Switzer? *ib.*, 'swill' = wash—coarse drink : l. 7, 'halbert' = halberd : *ib.*, 'bill' = bill-hook : l. 17, 'Machiuite' = Machiavelli : l. 28, 'president' = precedent : l. 45, 'hackney lade' = hired mare, with equivoque : l. 49, 'spiall' = spy : l. 50, 'louse' = creeping, crawling, vermin-like character : l. 52, 'ruds-by' = rudesby, i.e. rude person : col. 2, l. 40, 'affecting' = choosing.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 10, 'smoothing' = flattering : *ib.*, 'steering' = jeering : l. 11, 'capping' = standing cap in hand, obsequious : l. 12, 'colloging' = colloquing : l. 40, 'morrowing' = giving the 'good morrow' or early morning calls : l. 49, 'lawny' = embrown :

col. 2, l. 4, 'wencher' = licentious person: *ib.*, 'night-walker' = prostitute: l. 5, 'copes-mate' = associate: l. 6, 'brabber' = wrangler: ll. 10-15: this stanza is one line less than the others: l. 11, 'laborous' = transition form of 'laborious': l. 40, 'keepe cut' = Pudendum:

Come forth, thou queene ! come forthe, thou scolde !
 Come forthe, thou sloveyn ! com forthe, thou slutte !
 We shal thee teche with carys colde
 A lytyl bettyr to kepe thi *Kutte*.

Coventry Mysteries, p. 218 (See Wright, *s.v.*)

l. 45, 'Croidon': probably a misprint: l. 47, 'sorrill?' = a buck in its third year: qu.—'foretop' = cuckold? *ib.*, 'swowish' = transition form of 'swinish.'

P. 10, col. 1, l. 1, 'knew' = [doth] know: col. 2, l. 11, 'quell' = quill or reed sounding sadly: l. 43, 'oversight'—So 'over-seen' = deceived—deeper than our 'oversight' = inadvertent neglect.

P. 11, col. 2, l. 1, 'renowned.' Cf. p. 6, col. 2, l. 42.—G.





THE
PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD.

1604.



NOTE.

I AM indebted to Frederic Ouvry, Esq., President of the Society of Antiquaries of London, for the use of his *unique* exemplar of 'The Passionate Shepheard.' It was formerly in the possession of Mr. J. Payne Collier, and is carefully described in his 'Bibliographical Account' (*s.n.*). I appreciate Mr. Ouvry's kindness all the more that he has himself just reprinted the book, in a (nearly) facsimile edition of 50 copies, for his friends. As usual, our text follows the original in all faithfulness, except in such printer's errors as are pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations. By a careful collation of the original, these printer's errors, which are all repeated in Mr. Ouvry's reproduction somewhat puzzlingly to the reader, as well as the following slight oversights, have been corrected :—

- Page 6, col. 2, Past. 3, l. 7, 'hee' is printed 'he.'
- .. 9, Sonet 1, col. 2, l. 1, 'sounded' is printed 'founded:' l. 20, 'mine' with 'm' in original turned upside down is printed 'wine:' l. 40, 'rusty' is printed 'rustye.'
- .. 13, col. 2, l. 1, 'doste' is printed 'dost.'

On the name 'Bonerto' = Bretono, *i.e.* [Nicholas] Breton, see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.

THE
PASSIONATE
SHEPHEARD,

OR

The Shepherdes Loue: set downe in
Passions to his Shepherdesse
Aglaia.

With many excellent conceited Poems and plea-
sant Sonnets, fit for young heads to passe away
idle houres.



LONDON

Imprinted by *E. Alde*, for *John Tappe*, and are to
bee solde at his Shop, at the Tower-Hill
neere the Bul-warke Gate.

1604.



Bonerto the faithfull Shepheard, to A-

glaia his faire Shepheardesse, wisheth more

wealth than the Sheepes-wooll, and a


better Garland then the

Bay-leafe.

FAire Shepheardesse, pardon your poore Swaine, who seeing the faint feeding of his pyening flock and hopeles to recouer the droping Lambes of his best folde, knowing such to be the diuine Nature of your vertue, as wil suffer nothing to perish, that you are able to preserue doth beseech you after letting of thē bloud in the head vaine, to giue thē for the heart sickness a little grazing in the grouūd of your least grace, in which prospering (by your fauour) they sha liue but to your seruice ; which being the best cause of their breeding, I leaue them to the swee employment of your pleasures, & so in the naked sence of a sincere truth, resting the comfort c
your kinde vnderstanding I humbly take
my leaue.

Your poore Shephard

Bonerto.



*Pastorall Verses written by the She-
pheard Bonerto, to his beloued She-
pheardesse Aglaia.*

Pastor Primus.

TELL mee all yee shepherds swaines,
On *Minervas* Mountaine plaines :
Yee that onely sit and keepe
Flockes (but of the fairest sheepe)
Did you see this blessed day,
Faire *Aglaia* walke this way?
If yee did oh tell me then,
If yee bee true meaning men :
How shee fareth with her health,
All the world of all your wealth :
Say a truth, and say no more :
Did yee euer see before,
Such a shepherdesse as shee ?
Can there such another bee?
Euer did your eies beholde,
Pearles, or pretious stones in golde,
Or the Starres in *Phabus* skies,
Sparkle like her sunny eyes?
Doe but truth, and truth confesse :
Is she not that shepherdesse,
That in state of beauties stay,
Carries all the praise away?
Tell me truly, shepehard, tell,
On your plaines did euer dwell,
Such a peereles paragon,
For pure eyes to looke vpon?
Oh the chaste commaunding kindnes,
That disswades affection's blindenes !
Settes it not your hearts on fire?
Yet forbiddes yee to aspire.
Doth it not coniuere your sences,
That yee fall not in offences?
Hath shee not that wit diuine,
That doth all your wittes refine.
And doth limite loue his measure,
That he purchase no displeasure.

Hath shee not your spirits wrought,
In obedience to her thought,
Where your hearts vnto her eye,
In a kinde of Simpathie,
Frame the best conceited fashion,
Of a blessed fancie's passion,
Which may neuer passe that ace,
That may keepe you in her grace?
O yee truest harted creatures !
In the truest kindest natures
Who, when all your thought assemble,
Neuer doe in one dissemble :
In loue's beauties honour's face,
Let *Aglaia* be your grace.

Past. 2.

Siluan Muses can yee sing,
Of the beautie of the spring?
Haue yee seene on earth that Sunne,
That a heauenly course hath runne?
Haue yee liu'd to see those eyes?
Where the pride of beautie lies,
Haue yee heard that heauenly voice,
That may make loues heart reioyce?
Haue yee seene *Aglaia*, shee
Whome the world may ioy to see.
If yee haue not seene all these?
Then yee doe but labour leese,
While yee tune your pipes to play,
But an idle Roundelay.
And in sad discomfort's denne :
Euerie one goe bite her penne :
That shee cannot reach the skill,
How to clime that blessed hill.
Where *Aglaia's* prayses dwell
Whose exceedings doe excell,

And in simple truth confesse,
 Shee is that faire Shepherdesse,
 To whome fairest flockes a fielde,
 Doe their seruice duely yeelde :
 On whome neuer Muse hath gazéd,
 But in musing is amazéd ;
 Where the honour is to much,
 For their highest thoughtes to touch.
 This confesse, and get yee gone,
 To your places euery one.
 And in silence onely speake
 When yee find your speech to weake.
 Blesséd be *Aglaiia* yet,
 Though the Muses die for it.
 Come abroad you blesséd Muses,
 Yee that Pallas chiefly choses,
 When shee would commend a creature,
 In the honour of loues nature.
 For the sweet *Aglaiia* faire,
 All to sweeten all the ayre :
 Is abroad this blesséd day,
 Hasten yee therefore, come away ;
 And to kill Loue's Maladies,
 Meete her with your Melodies.
Flora hath bin all about,
 And hath brought her wardrope out ;
 With her fairest sweetest flowers,
 All to trimme vp all your Bowers.
 Bid the Shepherds and their Swaynes
 See the beautie of their plaines.
 And commaund them with their flockes
 To doe reuerence on the roekes.
 Where they may so happie be
 As her shadowe but to see.
 Bidde the Birdes in euery bush,
 Not a bird to be at hush :
 But to sit, chirp, and sing,
 To the beautie of the spring,
 Call the siluan Nimphes together,
 Bid them bring their musickes hither,
 Trees, their barky silence breake,
 Cracke yet though they cannot speake.
 Bid the purest whitest Swanne,
 Of her feathers make her fanne :
 Let the Hound the Hare goe chase,
 Lambes and Rabbets runne at bace.
 Flies be dauncing in the Sunne :
 While the Silke-wormes webbes are spunne.
 Hange a fish on euery hooke,
 As shee goes along the brooke :
 So with all your sweetest powers,
 Entertaine her in your bowers.
 Where her care may ioy to heare,
 How yee make your sweetest quire :
 And in all your sweetest vaine,
 Still *Aglaiia* strike the straine.
 But when shee her walke doth turne,
 Then begin as fast to mourne :

All your flowers and Garlands wither,
 Put vp all your pipes together :
 Neuer strike a pleasing straine
 Till shee come abrode againe.

Past. 3.

Who can liue in heart so glad,
 As the merrie countrie lad ?
 Who vpon a faire greene balke
 May at pleasures sit and walke ?
 And amidde the Azure skies,
 See the morning Sunne arise ?
 While hee heares in euery spring,
 How the Birdes doe chirpe and sing :
 Or, before the houndes in crie,
 See the Hare goe stealing by :
 Or along the shallow brooke,
 Angling with a baited hooke :
 See the fishes leape and play,
 In a blesséd Sunny day :
 Or to heare the Partridge call,
 Till shee haue her Couye all :
 Or to see the subtil foxe,
 How the villaine plies the box :
 After feeding on his pray,
 How he closely sneakes away,
 Through the hedge and downe the furrow,
 Till he geets into his burrowe.
 Then the Bee to gather honey,
 And the little blacke-haired Cony,
 On a banke for Sunny place,
 With her fore-feete wash her face :
 Are not these with thousandes moe,
 Then the Courts of Kinges doe knowe ?
 The true pleasing spirits sights,
 That may breede true loues delightes,
 But with all this happinesse,
 To beholde that Shepherdesse,
 To whose eyes all Shepherds yeelde,
 All the fairest of the fielde.
 Faire *Aglaiia* in whose face,
 Liues the Shepheard's highest Grace :
 In whose worthy wonder praise,
 See what her true Shepheard saies.
 Shee is neither proude nor fine,
 But in spirit more diuine :
 Shee can neither lower nor leere,
 But a sweeter smiling cheere :
 She had neuer painted face,
 But a sweeter smiling grace :
 Shee can neuer loue dissemble,
 Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,
 That where wisdome guides her will,
 Shee is kind and constant still,
 All in summe she is that creature,
 Of that truest comfortes Nature,
 That doth shewe (but in exceedinges)
 How their praises had their breedings :

Let then poetts faine their pleasure,
 In their fictions of loue's treasure :
 Proud high spirits seeke their graces,
 In their Idoll painted faces :
 My loue's spirit's lowlnesse,
 In affections humblenesse,
 Vander heau'n no happines
 Seekes but in this Shepheardesse.
 For whose sake I say and swaere,
 By the passions that I beare,
 Had I got a Kinglie grace,
 I would leaue my Kinglie place.
 And in heart be truelie glad :
 To become a Country Lad.
 Hard to lie, and goe full bare,
 And to feede on hungry fare :
 So I might but liue to bee,
 Where I might but sit to see,
 Once a day, or all day long,
 The sweet subject of my song :
 In *Aglaias*' onely eyes,
 All my worldly paradise.

A Solemne long enduring

Passion.

Past. 4.

WEarie thoughts doe waite vpon me
 Griefe hath to much ouer gone me
 Time doth howerly ouer-toyle me,
 While deepe sorrowes seeke to spoile me
 Wit and sences all amazéd,
 In their Graces ouer gazéd :
 In exceeding torments tell me,
 Neuer such a death befell mee.
 Loue, oh life of more tormenting,
 Then the world hath inuenting.
 Neuer ceisd vpon a creature,
 In a truer killing nature.
 Not with *Venus* idle itching,
 Nor with vaine affectes bewitching :
 But with wit and reason's seeing,
 Nature's beauties sweetest being :
 Time and truth on earth declaring,
 Excellence hath no comparing.
 Not a Haire but hath in holding,
 Honors hart, in loues beholding :
 Not an eye, but in her glaunces,
 Graceth reason in Loues traunces,
 Not a looke but hath in louing,
 Faith too fast for euery moouing.
 Not a worde, but in commaunding,
 Daunteth folly from demaunding.
 Not a lippe, but makes the Cherrie,
 Onely held a prettie Berrie :
 Not a breath that softly blowes,
 But perfumeth where it goes :

Not a truth-but doth display,
 All the Chesse in bataille ray :
 Where the princely eye may see :
 How they all in order bee.
 King and Queene, Knight, Bishop, Rooke :
 And the Pawne his place hath tooke.
 Blesséd cheeke, the sweetest chaine,
 Of affections sweetest vaine.
 What can sweetest iudgements say,
 But thou cariest sweete away ?
 Prettie cheeke, in whose sweet pit,
 Loue would liue and die to sit.
 Let mee thinke no more on thee,
 Thou hast too much wounded me :
 And that skarre vpon thy throate,
 No such starre on *Stellas* coate.
 Let me chide, yet with that stay,
 That did weare the skinne away :
 But alas shall I goe lower,
 In sweet similies to showe her ?
 When to touch her praises tittle,
 Nature's sweetnes is to little :
 Where each Sinow, Limme and ioynt,
 Perfect shape in euery point,
 From corruptions eye concealed,
 But to vertue loue reuealed,
 Binde my thoughts to silence speaking.
 While my hart must lye a breaking.
Petrarche, in his thoughts diuine,
Tasso in his highest line.
Ariosto's best inuention.
Dante's best obscur'd intention.
Ouid in his sweetest vaine :
Pastor Fidos purest straine.
 With the finest Poet's wit,
 That of wonders euer writ :
 Were they all but now aliué,
 And would for the Garland striue,
 In the gracious praise of loue,
 Heere they might their passions prooue.
 On such excellences grownded ;
 That their wittes would be confounded.
 And in enuie at my grace,
 To beholde this blesséd face :
 Finding all their wittes too weake,
 Of her wonder worth to speake,
 In a fretting humor'd vaine,
 Runne into their graues againe.
 But aye me ! what inward wound,
 Laies my comforts all a ground ?
 Absence, oh that word of woe,
 That too neere the heart doth goe :
 When the eye cannot beholde,
 That the spirit hath in holde.
 Loue must liue and looke a farre,
 In a dreame vpon a starre :
 But indeed beholde no light :
 In darke absence onely night :
 But what haue I said? aye me !

In the darkest night I see :
 Sight of absence such a presence
 Of *Minervas* excellence.
 In loue's liuing memorie,
 That the light can neuer die.
 No, first die all Poetts' loue,
 Ere faith such a fiction prooue.
 In obliuous light to place,
 Such a blessed starre of grace :
 As in bright *Aglaias*' eyes,
 Shewes an earthly paradise.
 If my Suite be not too great,
 Thus much let thy swaine entreate :
 Where no colde suspect can harme thee,
 Looke into my hearte and warme thee,
 Turne my Musicke to thy minde,
 Let it know no other kinde.
 Breake my pipe if that it play,
 Other then the rounddelay.
 Cut my throate if that I sing,
 But vnto thy fauour's string.
 Neuer grace my louely flocke,
 But vpon the blessed rocke,
 Where thy Grace may giue them feeding,
 And thy blessing all their breeding.
 I haue neither Plummies nor Cherries,
 Nuttes, nor Aples, nor Straw-berries ;
 Pinnes nor Laces, Pointes nor gloues,
 Nor a payre of painted Doues :
 Shuttle-Cocke nor trundle ball,
 To present thy loue with all :
 But a heart as true and kinde,
 As an honest faithfull minde
 Can deuice for to inuent,
 To thy patience I present :
 At thy fairest feete it lies :
 Blesse it with thy blessed eyes :
 Take it vp into thy handes,
 At whose onely grace it standes,
 To be comforted for euer,
 Or to looke for comfort neuer :
 Oh it is a strange affecte,
 That my fancie doth effect.
 I am caught and can not start,
 Wit and reason, eye and heart :
 All are witnesses to mee,
 Loue hath sworne me slaue to thee,
 Let me then be but thy slaue,
 And no further fauour craue :
 Send mee forth to tende thy flocke,
 On the highest Mountaine rocke.
 Or commaund me but to goe,
 To the valley grownd belowe :
 All shall be a like to me,
 Where it please thee I shall bee.
 Let my face be what thou wilt :
 Saue my life, or see it spilt.
 Keepe fasting on thy Mountaine :
 Charge me not come neere thy Fountaine.

In the stormes and bitter blastes,
 Where the skie all ouercasts.
 In the coldest frost and snowe,
 That the earth did euer knowe :
 Let me sit and bite my thumbes,
 Where I see no comfort comes.
 All the sorrowes I can prooue,
 Cannot put me from my loue.
 Tell me that thou art content,
 To beholde me passion rente,
 That thou know'st I deerely loue thee,
 Yet withall it cannot mooue thee.
 That thy pride doth growe so great,
 Nothing can thy grace intreate,
 That thou wilt so cruell bee,
 As to kill my loue and mee :
 That thou wilt no foode reserue,
 But my flockes and I shall sterue.
 Be thy rage yet nere so great,
 When my little Lambes doe bleate,
 To beholde their Shepheard die :
 Then will truth her passion trie.
 How a Hart it selfe hath spent,
 With concealing of content.

Past. 5.

Now witts prooue what yee can doe,
 I haue worke to set yee to :
 That will trie the Quintessence
 Of your humor's excellence.
 Tis no dreadfull Tragoedy,
 Nor no pleasant Comcedie,
 Tis no fiction of a fancy,
 Nor a furie of a franzie,
 But a subject of that worth,
 That must bring strange wonders fourth.
 Yet take heede to flye to high,
 Least you lose your winges thereby.
 Keepe your compasse in that care,
 That doth onely truth declare.
 Where in safety of conceite,
 Yee may winne your honor's height.
 There if ye haue power to finde,
 Prayses in their purest kinde :
 In *Aglaias* blessed name,
 Worke to winne your worthy fame.
 Seeke not out for Similes,
 Least yee doe your labour leese.
 And for figures neuer take them,
 Least shее doe but Ciphers make them,
 And for substance truly founded,
 Loue will in her Grace be grounded.
 But if in heigh Contemplation
 Of your sence's Admiration,
 Yee do finde in strange coniecture,
 Reasons wonders Architecture :
 In a frame of such a fashion,
 As doth plundge the hart in passion,

In conceauing cares beholding,
 How to fall vpon vnfolding,
 Then in silence set it downe,
 Of the blessed Lawrell crowne :
 Let *Aglaiā* take the grace,
 Where the graces haue their place.
 And in fine let this suffice yee,
 That I kindly doe aduise yee,
 How so ere yee are conceited,
 Thus let all your Cares be straited.
 Moouē not from her, nor yet moouē her,
 Loue but doe not say yee loue her :
 So that passions sweetly wittie,
 May in patience best haue pittie :
 So liue happie to attend her,
 But if needes yee must commend her,
 To this counte your prayes call :
 In her selfe, her selfe is all.

Sundry sweet Sonnets and Passio-
nated Poems.

A farewell to the world and the
pleasures thereof.

Sonet 1.

NOW for the last farewell I meane to make,
 To all the troubles, of my tired thought :
 This leaue at last, and this last leaue I take,
 Of some and all that haue my sorrowe sought.

First youth farewell the fore Runner of wit,
 A time more staide, hath taught me better stages,
 Then where repentance doth with sorrowe sit,
 To shew the ruines of vnbridled Ages.

Next farewell Beautie, thou bewitching glasse,
 That blind'st the eye, of all unseason'd seeing :
 Mine eye now sees, wherein my blindnesse was,
 I could not see my blindnesse in thy being.

Friendship farewell, where faith doth finde no trust,
 For men are Monsters, and then what are women ?
 Experience now prooues Iudgement was vniust,
 Where wit was folly, that made slaues of free-men.

And loue farewell, the Laborinthe of time,
 Which kills the spirits with continuall care,
 I now haue found the Snailē out by his slime,
 And will not come, where such slye creepers are.

And power farewell, the perill of conceite,
 Where pride is hellish in impatience :
 Strong is my weakenes, that now bids me waite,
 But on the blessing of obedience.

And hope farewell, the weakest holde of wit,
 That euer help't, the heart to happinesse :

For wisdom's care, that well hath sounded it,
 Findes it a flatterer but of idlenes.

And farewell fortune, the moste idle fiction,
 That euer fancy laide her labour on :
 Truth, against whome there is no contradiction,
 Showes one of force, but fortune there is none.

And arte farewell, the onely woe of wit,
 That beates the Anuile of a busy braine,
 With simple skill I now had rather sit
 Then work for grace, and other get the gaine.

And farewell time, that neuer giuest rest,
 Vnto the body or the spirits paine :
 Eternal blisse, hath so my spirite blest,
 I will not harken vnto time againe.

And farewell all that may be bid farewell,
 Within this world of wretchednes and woe :
 My spirit seekes but only there to dwell,
 Where puer truth doth no corruption knowe.

A Gowne of Veluet and a chaine of pearle,
 Shall now bewitche mine eyes with folly gazes
 When vnderneath, an idle headed girle,
 May feede the minde, but with dishonor's mazes.

The seate of power too neere the Sin of pride,
 Shall with Ambition, not infect my minde :
 A ioyfull peace, within my soule hath tride,
 The sweetest life is in the meane to finde.

The filed tongue of fayning eloquence :
 Shall now no more abuse my simple trust :
 In yea and nay, I finde that excellence,
 Where perfect Iudgements cannot prooue vniust.

The sound of warre shal not inchaunt mine ear
 With honour's musicke, to abuse my heart :
 The blessed peace, that patient spirits beare,
 In heavenly consortes haue no bloody parte.

The long delaying studdie of the lawe,
 Shall beate no hammers in my wearie braine,
 Nor loose my Corne in striuing for a strawe,
 But keepe my right, & hate a wrongfull gaine.

The greedie labours, of the grumbling Chuffe,
 I will not followe, for a rusty wealth :
 But in discretion thinke that worke enough,
 That clothes the flesh, and keeps the soule in health.

And I wil leaue Court, Cittie, towne and fieldē,
 Warres, Lawe and traffique, pollycie and paine :
 And see what life the country loue will yelde,
 Where Shepheards keepe the flockes vpon the plaine.

There will I sit and in the sacred sence,
 Of heauenly vertues high instructions :
 Learne in *Aglaias* nature's excellence,
 Of Loue's conceites, to make the best constructions.
 Where God alone shall in my soule be loued,
 And faith's affection in true fancy proued.

Which done, my heart shall lie vpon my brest,
That truth shall shewe the secret of my thought :
Where patience prooues the spirit onely blest,
That lookes at heauen and sets the world at nought.

Thus will I sit, and set my pipe in tune,
And plaie as merry as the day is long :
And as in Aprill, so againe in Iune,
Fit both my spring, and haruest with a song.

My Pipe shall bee but of a dainty reede,
That growes within the Riuer of delight :
Where euerie stop shall stand my heart in steed,
To guide the spirrit of my musicke right.

And for my ditties, they shall be diuine :
When time shall onely on *Aglaia* rest,
While fancy so shall euerie note refine,
That euerie passion shall be well exprest.

And when the Musicke of my pipe is done,
Then what is needefull to my flocke goe see :
And from the plant that prospers in the Sunne,
Cut of the succors least they spoyle the tree.

And then goe looke vnto the worme and flie,
That may annoy my Lambkins, or their Dambes,
And to each griefe such presente helpe apply,
As may preserue the smallest of my Lambes.

And if I see the Wolfe, the Brocke, the Foxe,
Or any varmin stealing downe a furrowe :
To make a praye among my prettie flocke,
Send out my Dog, and beate him to his borough.

And when I heare the Nightingale recorde,
The Musicke, wherein Nature pleaseth Arte :
To trie how loue can with her tune accorde,
To sound the passions of a painting hearte :

And when that shee her warbling Tunnes doth ease,
And shades her selfe from parching sommer's heate,
Then learne of her, how I may holde my peace,
While lesser Birdes, the idle ayre doe beate :

And when I sit vpon that sweetest mountaine,
Where growes the grasse, that feedes my fairest flockes,
And there beholde, that Christall cleerest fountaine,
That sendes her streames distilling through the Rockes.

And seeing there the heartes-ease growing by it,
The onely flower of fancie's best affection :
And thinke how Nature in her pride doth die it :
To put downe painting in her Arte's perfection.

Then lift mine eye vnto that hande on high,
That worketh all things by his holy will :
And giue all glory to this Maiestie :
Whose onely wisdom shewes all wonder skill.

Then on the earth fall humbly on my face,
And pray to him that made both day and night :
First to inspire me with his holy grace,
And then to blesse me in *Aglaia's* light.

And when I see the Trees beginne to Bud,
And euerye grasse, put fourth his fairest greene,
And euerie kidde begin to chew the Cudde,
And *Flora* haunt it like a Medowe Queene.

And all the Muses, dresse vp all their bowers,
And set their Consorts in so high a Key :
As if they met in Musicke's sweetest powers,
To play and sing some Princely Roundelay.

Then still againe vnto my God on high,
Giue all due prayse, who in his grace hath prooued,
Aglaia blessed in his gracious eye :
That so doth liue of Creatures all beloued.

The description and praise of his fairest

Loue.

Sonet. 2.

Vpon the Hill of happinesse,
In beautie's Gracious blessednes :
Bonerto's fairest Shepheardesse,
In wisdom's honors worthinesse :
Aglaia liues, long may shee liue,
The worth that doth this wonder giue.

An Eye in which faire beautie's light,
Hath none of *Phabus'* killing sight :
But of a farre more heauenly Grace,
To warme the heart, not burne the face :
A fore-head that faire fronte of blisse,
That shewes where beautie gracéd is.

A Haire that holdes the heart's affections,
Euen by the eye of lawe's directions :
Which waung finely in the ayre,
Describes the pride of Beauties faire,
While loue beholdes with vertue's eye,
There doth not lye a hayre awrie.

A cheeke the chaine of loue's best chauce,
That pleaseth passion in his Traunce :
A lippe to loue, more kindly sweete,
Then Hiues where Hony-Bees do meete.
A breath that so the ayre perfumes,
As all corruptious sence consumes.

And for her teeth, no Granam studdes,
Nor like the Knagges of Blacke-thorne buddes :
But where conceites, are kindly met,
Like *Orient* Pearles, in Rubies set.
And for a Toung in reason's sence,
The Trumpet of true eloquence.

And for a wit in wisdom's will,
So governéd with gracious skill :
That Admiration best can tell,
Where excellence doth truly dwell.
And for a spirite to that wit :
The world too weake to iudge of it.

I speake not of inferiour partes,
Nor of their prayes due desartes :
I rather loue my thoughts to raise,
To blessed spirits and their prayse.
And where the best is set before :
But name *Aglaia* and no more.

But if I had the painter's Arte,
To set a glasse on euery parte,
Her necke should seeme a piller fit,
For to vpholde the state of wit.
Whose smoothnesse would amase his sight :
When he should sit to paint the white.

Her Brestes should be those Balles of blisse,
That loue and beautie neuer misse,
But if a stroke doe chauce to fall :
The heart should answer for the ball.
While honor's eye should iudge the set,
What loue may loose, and vertue get.

Her armes should be those Angell bowes,
That blessed wisdome onely knowes :
Her fingers, shaftes ; that where they light,
Doe kill the eyes of idle sight :
While honor so guides Nature's eye :
There can no feather flye awry.

Her belly should that mountaine be,
That may put downe *Parnassus* hill :
Where Pallas might reioyce to see,
The subiects of her sweetest skill,
While all her Muses might deuise,
To iudge of Nature's paradise.

But for that Marke of Modesty,
That swears the silence of conceite :
While that discretion's carefull eye,
Is caried but to honor's height.
A Moone Eclipséd should descrie,
The daunger of a wickéd Eye.

Now for the nexte adioyning Limmes,
Where strength and straightnes both agree,
To shoue how nature sweetely trimmes,
All partes wherein her prayes be :
Should *Sampson's* pillers figure plaine,
How all *Philistians* should be slaine.

Now for her legges, her knees and feete,
Which so euen carry euerie parte :
That beautie, loue, and honor meete.
To show the pride of Nature's arte :
I would but as I saide before,
But make her picture and no more.

But painting is too poore a skill,
Where colours can but shadowe shoue
The Poet's wit too weake for will :
To speake of that he doth not knowe,
While onely Admiration
Must make her declaration.

And how shall I then silly swaine,
Once looke at such a pure aspect ?
As but vertues gracious vaine,
My rudenes neuer would respect,
But rather leaue the lonely spring,
Then stay to heare the Shepheard sing.

Alas I know not, this is all,
I hope but from a hill of grace :
When heavenly fates will fauour fall,
A gracious heart, a gathering place.
Where I some little crum shall finde.
That may refresh a woeful minde.

Till when, and then, and euermore,
I will be but her Shepheard swaine ;
And for my seruice seeke no more :
But on *Pethard's* Mountaine plaine,
I may one leaue my flocke to keepe,
And folde my Lambes, and feede my sheepe.

At Shearing time she shall commaund,
The finest fleece of all my wooll :
And if her pleasure but demaund,
The fattest from the leane to cull.
She shall be mistresse of my store :
Let mee alone to worke for more.

My cloake shall lie vpon the ground,
From wet and dust to keepe her feete :
My pipe with his best measure's sound,
Shall welcome her with musicke sweete.
And in my skrippe, some cates at least :
Shall bid her to a Shepheard's feast.

My staffe shall stay her, in her walke,
My dog shall at her heeles attend her :
And I will holde her with such talke,
As I doe hope shall not offend her,
My Eawes shall bleate, my Lambes shall play,
To shew her all the sport they may.

Why I will tell her twentie thinges,
That I haue heard my mother tell :
Of plucking of the Buzzard's winges,
For killing of her Cockerell,
And hunting Rainard to his denne,
For frighting of her sitting Hen.

How shee would say, when shee was young,
That Louers were ashamde to lie :
And truth was so on euerie tongue,
That Loue ment naught but honestie.
And Sirra (quoth shee) then to me
Let euer this thy lesson be.

Looke when thou louest, loue but one,
And let her worthy be thy loue :
Then loue her in thy heart alone,
And let her in thy passions prooue,
Aglaia all that in thy minde,
Within thy heart her loue shall finde.

And as shee bad, I haue obeyed,
I loue in heart but one alone :
Whose worthines my wits dismaid,
In finding such a worthy one.
As in *Aglaia* all doth prooue,
All under heauen my only loue.

And in that loue to liue and die,
And die, but in that loue to liue :
And loue that cannot liue to lie,
Shall for my truth this warrant giue :
My life or death, to saue or lose,
Shall in her loue be to dispose.

Her eyes shall be my Sunne to guide me,
Her hand shall holde me by the hearte,
Her censure onely shall decide me :
What I protest in euerie parte.
In heart to serue and loue her so,
As vnder heauen to loue no moe.

And if all this will not suffice,
To make her knowe an honest care,
Then shall shee see before her eyes,
Of what true forces passions are.
When silence discontent shall prooue,
How death shall make an ende of loue.

And yet before that finall houre,
Where passions play their latest parte,
When sweetes are seuer'd, from their sower,
While onely life is in the heart :
The last effect of loue to trie,
I will but make my will and die.

And I will tell her such fine tales,
As for the nonce, I will devise :
Of Lapwinges and of Nightingales :
And how the Swallow feedes on flies.
And of the Hare, the Fox, the Hound,
The Pastor and the Medow ground.

And of the springes, and of the wood,
And of the Forrestes and the Deere,
And of the riuers and the floods,
And of the mirth and merrie cheere,
And of the lookes and of the glaunces,
Of Maides and young men in their daunces :

Of clapping handes, and drawing gloues,
And of the tokens of loue's truth,
And of the pretty Turtle Doues,
That teach the billinge trickes of youth.
And how they kindly ought to wooe,
Before the tother thing they doe.

Sonet. 3.

Foolish loue is onely folly,
Wanton Loue is too vnholly :
Greedy loue is couetous,
Idle loue is friuolous,

But the gracious loue is it :
That doth prooue the worth of wit.

Beautie but deceiues the eye,
Flatterie leades the eare awrye :
Welth doth but inchaunt the wit,
Waait the ouerthrowe of it.
While in wisdomes worthy Grace,
Vertue sees the sweetest face.

There hath loue found out his life,
Peace without all thought of strife :
Kindenes in discretion's care,
Truth that clearly doth declare.
Faith doth in true fancy prooue,
Lust the excrement of loue.

Then in faith my fancie see,
How my loue may construed bee,
How it growes, and what it seekes,
How it liues, and what it likes.
So in highest grace regarde it,
Or in lowest scorne discarde it.

Sonet. 4.

Tell mee, tell mee pretty Muse,
Canst thou neither will nor chuse,
But be busie with my braine,
Still to put my wits to paine ?
Shall my heart within my brest,
Neuer haue an hower of Rest ?

Idle humor what doth ayle thee ?
Not a thought that can auayle thee :
Be thou neere so woe begon thee,
Beautie will not looke vpon thee,
Fortune wholly hath forlorne thee,
And for loue, it hath forsworne thee.

But if vertue haue procurd thee,
And that honour haue coniu'r'd thee.
In affection's royalty,
To discharge loue's loyaltie,
That the Eye of truth may see,
Then doe what thou wilt for me.

Worke my wit vnto thy will,
Keepe thy hammers working still :
Vse thine arte in euery thought,
With such temper to be wrought,
That *Aglaia* may aprooue,
Vertue's skill in framing Loue.

But if any labour lacke,
Or if either flawe or cracke
Make the mettall not so fine,
That the worke be not deuine,
And well fit for honour's store,
Neuer come at me no more.

Sonet. 5.

I care not what I say nor doe,
 My thoughts are spent :
 Since no conceite can bring me to
 My heart's content :
 I cannot speake and if I coulde,
 It were in vaine :
 And yet if that I could, I would
 Reueale my payne.
 But since it is to great to showe,
 And I must bide it.
 I leaue it to remorse to knowe,
 How care doth hide it.
 And sue but to those inward eyes
 That see my heart,
 To looke on patience how she dies :
 In passion's smart.
 And say what in themselues they see,
 Where truth excelles :
 I know the heart that honours mee
 And loues none else.

Sonet. 6.

Fooles cannot know what fancie is, ✓
 Where wisdom findes true wit :
 And who can euer ayme at blisse,
 That hath no thought of it.
 A shallow braine can neuer iudge,
 The sweet or sower betweene :
 For *Vulcan* was but held a drudge,
 While *Venus* was a Queene.
 A muddie spirite dwells in drosse,
 While pure affection's fire,
 Enflames the heart that feelles no crosse
 To compasse his desire.
 And sweetly doth conseale his grieve :
 Who rather dies then begges reliefe.

Sonet. 7.

P*Etharco*, I protest,
 I will proclaime thy pride,
 And what it is.
 By that faire *Phanix* nest,
 Thy little hill doth hide,
 In honor's blisse.
 Enuie shall hate the place,
 Where thou beholdest alone,
 Loue's Paradise :
 Vnworthy of the grace,
 To see that worthy one,
 Of Angelles eyes.
 And I will raise againe,
 The Poetes that are dead,
 To raile on thee :

Because thou doste contriue,
 The spirit that hath bred,
 This death in me.

MY best fancy, flye a franzye
 Keepe desiring in admiring,
 Beautie's nature in a creature :

Looue and honor looke vpon her,
 Bid the graces, in their places,
 To her beautie doe their duetie.

Thinke not vainely, but all plainly :
 Say and sweare it, who shall heare it,
 She is wholly, her selfe soly.

Nature's Iewell, reason's fuell,
 Honor's treasure, Grace's pleasure,
 Passions spelling, thoughts excelling.

Declaration,
Admiration.

Sonet. 8.

POets die all : in loue's triall,
 Truth hath found yee,
 Wonders feeding, on exceeding,
 Doth confound yee.
 Weake wittes perish, what can cherrish
 Heart sicke fancy ?
 Wisdome seeing, in loue's being,
 Reason's franzye
 All Intentions, and inuentions
 Of witte's wonder :
 See the creature, in worthe's nature,
 Keepe yee vnder.
 To the *Phanix*, beautie's *Radix*,
 Would compare her.
 Leaue your writing, no enditing,
 And declare her.
 Muses' silence, to loue's essence,
 Doth resigne her,
 Loue not daring in comparing
 To define her.

Sonet. 9.

FAire faces are eyes' witches,
 That but inchaunt the minde :
 Fond humors reason's itches,
 That but affection blinde.
 While loue is but a mockery,
 To cheate the world with foolerie.
 Youth but a blaze of time,
 Whome Age to ashes brings :
 Time but a weary chime,
 That death to sorrowe ringes :
 While wealth the weight of care doth prooue,
 The world hath little what to loue.

Beautie is sildome wise,
Nor wit hath fortune friend,
And loue in Argus eyes
Findes Iealouzie a fiend.
While truth doth gaine so little grace,
As makes the world a woefull place.

And vertue is so poore,
Shee liues by pittie most :
While pride doth ope her doore,
But onely vnto cost.
And power is growne so daungerous,
As makes discretion timorous.

And fancie is so fickle,
That faith is in mistrust :
And friendship is so tickle,
That judgements prooues vniust.
While nature's blot in Reason's blame,
Doth shew the world a wicked frame.

Woordes are but blastes of breath,
Thoughts but the witte's illusion :
Deedes but desartes of death,
All but the worlde's confusion.
Where wordes and thoughts, and deedes doe trie,
The worlde wrapt vp in miserie.

What then on earth remaineth
That reason can discover?
But that the heart disdaineth,
Which is the spirit's louer.
Sauer that which wisdome findes in wit,
Is in the worlde but none of it.

For which conceal'd content,
In honor's carefull chest,
Wherein the spirit spent,
Is onely truely blest.
I will subscribe to reason's will,
To liue in purgatory still.

For such the worlde I finde,
A place where eyes may see,
What moste may glad the minde,
Yet neere the better be,
Because the world hath smallest parte,
Of that which moste doth please the hearte.

Then heauen's protest for me,
In spight of worldly spight :
Aglaia all shall be,
Where loue in honour's light,
In judgements of discretion's eyes :
Doth make the world a Paradise.

For were it not thrise good,
In Nature, wit, and grace :

Where truth hath vnderstood,
The cleerenes of my Case,
My loue on earth should neuer dwell,
But hate the world as halfe a hell.

Then wherein goodnes showes,
The grace of fancie's blisse :
Which no Corruption knowes,
Nor earth come where it is :
Let me this true conclusion prooue,
I hate the world, but for thy loue.

Sonet. 10.

Faire eye spill me not,
Be of a better nature :
Sweet woordes kill me not,
But comforte a poore creature.

But if yee needes will spill me,
Let it bee with loue's blindnesse :
And if yee needes will kill me,
Let it bee with loue's kindnesse.

Then shall your worth be prououéd,
In prayse's high perfection :
And in that prayse belouéd,
In fancie's deere affection.

And looue in honor's residence,
Shall write but of your excellence.

Sonet. 11.

Pretty twinkling starry eyes,
How did Nature first deuise,
Such a sparkling in your sight,
As to giue loue such delight,
As to make him like a flye,
Play with lookes vntill he die?

Sure yee were not made at first,
For such mischief to be curst :
As to kill affection's care,
That doth onely truth declare.
Where worthe's wonders neuer wither,
Loue, and Beautie liue together.

Blesséd eyes then giue your blessing,
That in passion's best expressing :
Loue that onely liues to grace yee,
May not suffer pride deface yee.
But in gentle thoughte's directions,
Shew the praise of your perfections.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY—Page 4, l. 1, 'Bonerto' = Breton, with an 'o' over: ll. 1, 2, 'Aglaiā' = ἀγλαία = beauty, splendour: l. 5, 'Bayleafe' = the poet's 'garland'—a pathetic autobiographic allusion to the poverty of poets: l. 6, 'pyening' = pining: l. 7, 'drooping' = drooping: l. 9, 'letting of the blood in the head vaine'—not impossibly a tacit reference to Rowlands' 'The letting of humours blood in the head-vaine' &c. (1600).

Poems: Page 5, 'Pastor Primus,' col. 1, l. 2, 'Moun-taine plaines' = table-lands: l. 10, 'wealth'—misprinted 'weath' in the original: l. 25, 'paragon' = model: col. 2, l. 8, 'grace'—misprinted 'graces' in the original.

'Past. 2,' l. 12, 'leese' = lose: so p. 8, col. 2, l. 22 of Past. 5.

.. Page 6, col. 1, l. 16, 'Pallas'—misprinted without capital in the original: l. 46, 'base' = base, or in full, 'Prison-base,' i.e. prison-bars—a rural game. So in Cymbeline v. 3.

'Past. 3,' col. 2, l. 3, 'balke' = ridge of greensward left by the plough—a bank.

.. Page 7, 'A Solemne, &c., Past. 4,' col. 1, l. 3, 'ouer-toyle'—misprinted 'ouert-oyle' in the original: l. 26, 'Dauu'teth'—misprinted 'Duanteth' in the original: col. 2, l. 2, 'ray' = array: l. 11, 'pit' = dimple: ll. 15, 16—some personal peculiarity linked on to Sidney's 'Stella.'

Poems: Page 8, col. 1, l. 28, 'Pointes' = tagged laces: l. 44, 'start' = separate? l. 58, 'Moun-taine'—misprinted 'Mounnaine' in the original.

.. Page 9, 'Sundry sweet Sonnets,' &c., Sonet. 1, col. 1, l. 18, 'continwall'—misprinted 'contiuall' in the original: col. 2, l. 6, 'fortune'—misprinted 'furniture' in original: l. 22, 'May'—without capital 'M' in the original, and in line 20 'm' of 'mine' upside down: l. 26, 'to finde'—misprinted in the original 'to to finde': l. 36, 'hammers in my wearie brain.' See Memorial-Introduction on this: l. 39, 'Chuffe' = miserly fellow.

.. Page 10, col. 1, l. 20, 'succors' = shoots: l. 25, 'Brocke' = badger: l. 28, 'borough' = burrow: l. 32, 'painting' = panting: *ibid.* 'hearte'—misprinted 'hearts' in the original.

.. Page 11, Sonet. 2, col. 2, ll. 25-6—a reminiscence of the 'great Queen' (Elizabeth) in the well-known anecdote of Raleigh.

.. Page 12, col. 1, l. 15, 'censure' = judgment, verdict: l. 36, 'Pastor' = ~~shepherd~~: l. 37, 'springes' = traps: col. 2, Sonet. 4, l. 5, misprinted 'within in' in the original.

= for Shepherd

.. Page 13, Sonet. 8, l. 13, 'beautie's'—misprinted 'beauities' in the original.

.. Page 14, col. 1, l. 16, 'judgments proones' = a collective plural—on which and elsewhere see our Memorial-Introduction: 'Sonet. 10,' col. 2,—misprinted '9' in the original.—G.

*. * Another misprint of the original, which was intended to be corrected, has been inadvertently retained—let the Reader correct, p. 7, col. 2, line 1, 'truth' by 'tooth.'—G.



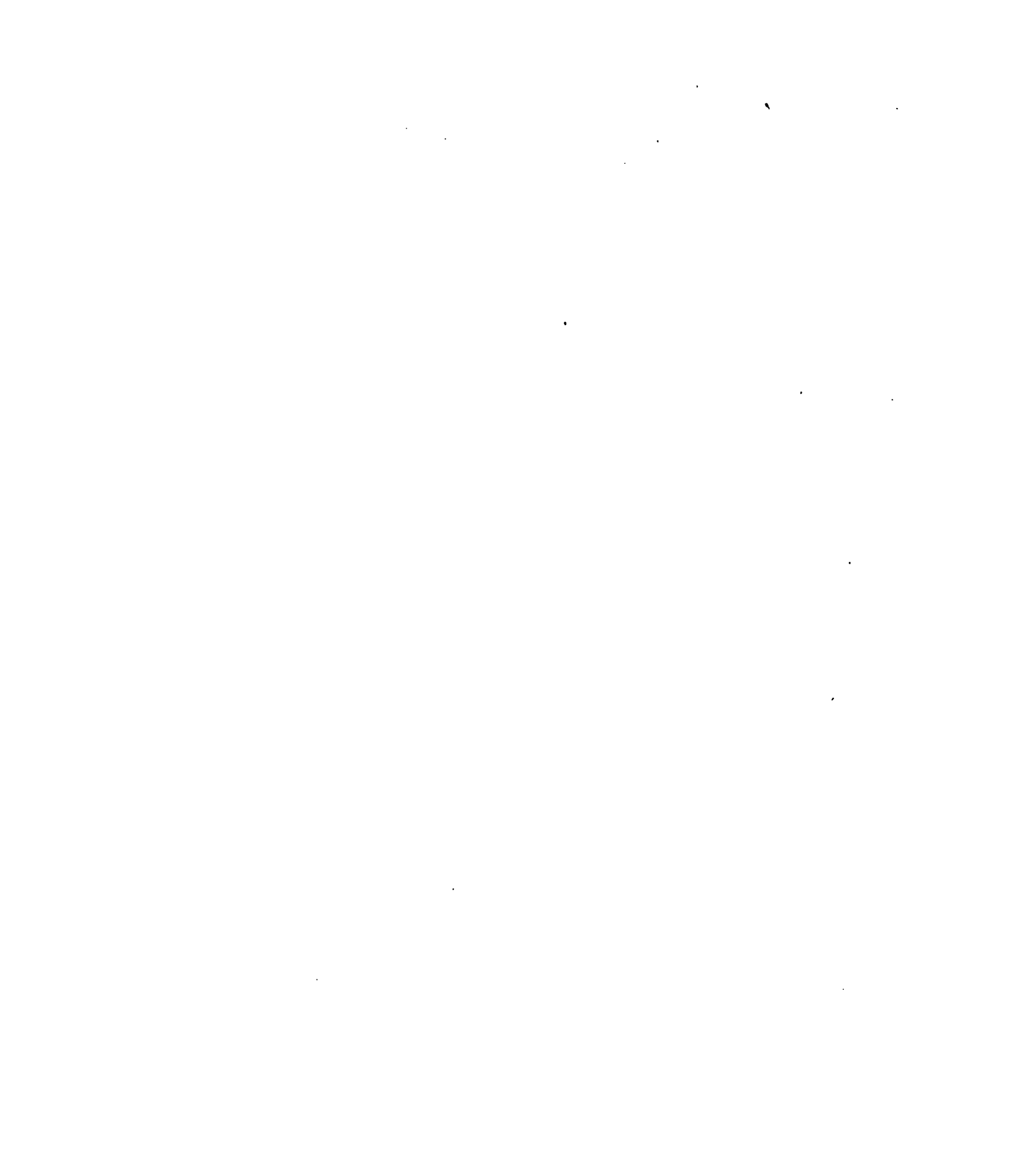
The Soule's Immortall Crowne.

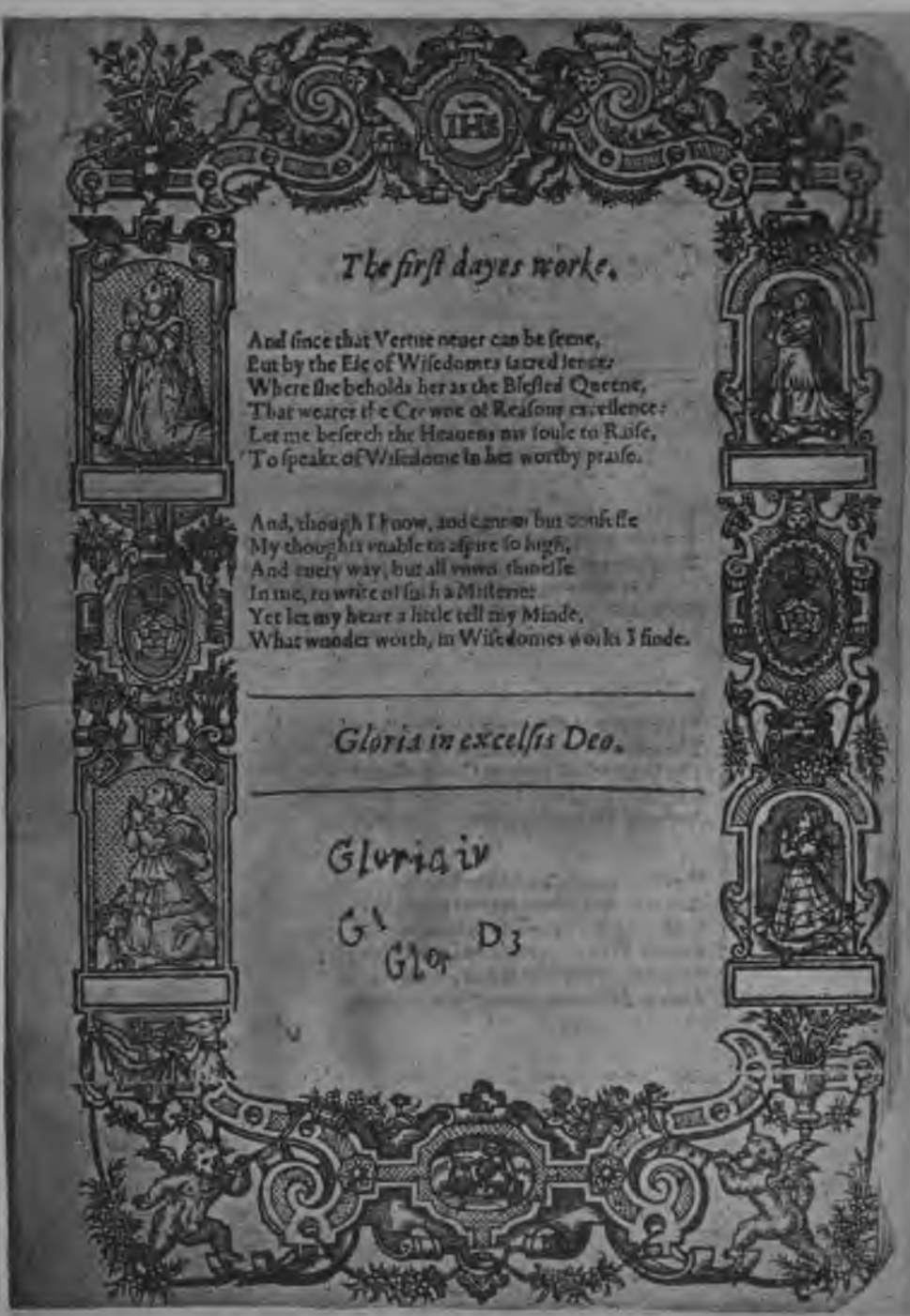
1605.



NOTE.

The original and only edition of 'The Soule's Immortall Crowne' is a very daintily printed book, each page being within a wood-cut ornamental border, as shown in our facsimile photo-lithograph. Oddly enough on C 2 on left side, the figures and ornaments are turned upside down (in some copies). Usually the dedication to the King is signed 'Ber N,' and so also the Epistle to the Reader. But in the Bodleian (Malone) copy the name appears in full 'Nicholas Breton.' Besides this, among the Royal MSS. of the British Museum (18 A LVII.) which the Bibliographers (including Mr. Hazlitt) have gone on describing as a separate 'Poem in the praise of Vertue' is a beautifully written MS. of 'The Soule's Immortall Crowne' with the Author's autograph to the Epistle-dedicatory, and at the close 'Gloria in excelsis Deo Nicholas Breton.' (39 folios). Could the 'Ber N' possibly be a tacit naming of himself *Scotticè* a 'bern' = bairn or child of the Scottish king? The very rare volume of 1605 extends to pp. 68, 4to. On the biographical and other interest of the present Poem see our Memorial-Introduction. In the Notes and Illustrations at close are recorded a few various readings from the MS.—G.





The first dayes worke.

And since that Vertue neuer can be seene,
But by the Eye of Wisdomes sacred Ierons:
Where she beholds her as the Blessed Queene,
That wears the Crowne of Reason's excellencie:
Let me beseech the Heavens my soule to Raise,
To speake of Wisdome in her worthy praise.

And, though I know, and cannot but confesse
My thought vnable to aspire so high,
And every way, but all vnus'd to see
In me, to write of such a Mistere:
Yet let my heart a little tell my Minde,
What wonder worth, in Wisdomes works I finde.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in

G¹ Glor D³



THE
Soules immortall crowne con-
sisting of seauen glorious
graces.


1. Vertue. 2. Wifedome. 3. Loue.
4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Hu-
militie. 7. Infinitenes.

DEVIDED INTO SEAVEN
dayes Workes.

AND
Dedicated to the Kings most ex-
cellent Maiestie.

AT LONDON
Printed by H. LOWNES,
and are to be sold by I. C. and F. B.
1605.

To the High and mightie Prince, IAMES by the grace of God,
King of Great Brittain, France and Ireland, defendour of
the faith, etc.

 O whom shall I dedicate the praise of Vertue, but to him whō Vertue praiseth, which in your Maiestie being made good, to the eies of those vnderstanding spirits, that can iudge of the heauenly notes of heroicall natures (I hope) hauing Truth for my warrant, to escape the scandall of fawning Eloquence : vouchsafe therefore my gracious Soueraigne, in this plaine Poem, to peruse the labour of my hearts loue, which with the seruice of true loyaltie, I humbly lay at the feet of your Royall Maiestie, beseeching the vertue of all grace, and grace of all vertue, so to blesse you with his infinite blessings, that as vertue vnder heauē putteth her praise vnder your Patronage, so the Patrone of all vertue will so Royallize your praise in the Heauens, that to your gracious Crowne on earth, you may receiue a Crowne of Eternall glory.

Your Maiesties most humble and loyall in all seruice.

BER. N. Gent.



To the Reader.

You that haue a heart to lift your eies about your head, and haue not buried your soule in the sinke of sinne, take a little time to reade ouer this little Tract, where if vertue may inuite you, wisdome may woe you, loue may draw you, constancie may content you, patience may perswade you, or humility may entreate you, you shall not passe without your paiment, and make a profit of your expence : the villaine cannot taste it, the foole vnderstand it, the hatefull not loue it, nor the inconstant commend it, the impatient endure it, nor the proud regard it : but I hope the best will alow it, and to thē I only leaue it, who can best iudge of it, will iudiciously peruse it, and accordingly esteeme it ; there is no state taxed in it, no person abused by it, none

that reade it but may haue good of it, and for the good of all men I haue done it. The youthfull may learne, and the aged consider what is most necessarie for the soules comfort, the rich may finde treasure about their wealth, and the poore, reliefe in their miserie : in sume, to auoid tediousnes, I hope you shall see Vertue truly honoured, Wisdome truly praised, Loue truly described, Constancie truly commended, Patience truly proued, and God in all, truly glorified : to the tuition of whose grace, in hearty praier for your happines, that you may seeke it only in his goodnes : I leaue you for this time, and for euer till I better know you.

Your friend as I finde cause

BER. N. Gent.

The Argument.

Vertue is Wisdomes light, Wisdome her loue,
And Constancie her only lifes delight :
Which Patience in Humility doth proue,
Humility the eye of Vertues sight :
That sees the Graces branches of the Tree,
Which figures God, in whom their Glories be.



A Poem vpon the praise of vertue.

(* *)

The first dayes worke.



My deere *Muse*, that neuer could'st endure
The wicked courses of a wretched minde :
Nor euer learn'st by cunning to procure
The hatefull comforts of a hellish kinde :
But, euer hast the loue of vertue neere thee,
Speak in her praise, that all the world may heare thee.

Goe, tell the greatest Monarch (where thou goest)
She is a Queene to fit his Maiestie :
And, tell the wisest Counsellour thou knowest,
By her, his wit hath greatest dignitie :
And, tell the fairest, in her fairest grace,
Foule is her faire, except she blush her face.

Tell the Diuine, she giues a glorious light,
Vnto the truth of the eternall word :
Tell Valour, she makes but a bloody fight,
Except she guide the hand that holds the sword :
Tell all the Artes, their studies are but idle,
Except she hold the sences in a bridle.

Tell Honour that her Title's but a tittle,
Except she build the steps of her estate :
Tell Riches, all her Greatnes is but little,
Except she hold her Reckonings at a rate :
Tell Loue, alas, his treasure's but a toy,
Except she be the substance of the Ioy.

Goe, tell the world more then the world can tell,
All is as nought, where she's not all in all :
Tell Excellence, she neuer doth excell,
But, when her Grace, doth to her Glory fall :
Tell Truth her selfe, that in her trumpe of Fame,
Her highest Note is only in her name.

Oh, were she seene within the sacred fence
Of her high fauour alwaies with the highest ;
Where Angels Grace, and Graces excellence,
Keeps her deere Loue vnto themselues the highest ;
Then would the world all humbly fall before her,
And, next to God, in harts and soules adore her,

Oh, could a King but note her Queene-like Nature,
What Maiestie is in an humble minde ;
How, on the earth she makes a heauenly Creature,
In being louing, patient, true and kinde :
And in her sweetnes, sweetly so perceiue her,
No King on earth would for his Kingdom leaue her.

And, could a Queene behold her Glorious Grace,
How her true Loue doth truly louely make her :
And what a Sunne she sets vpon her face,
That makes the Godly for a Goddess take her :
She would so truly and so deerey loue her,
That, no conceite should from her Court remoue her.

And did the grauest wisest Counsellour,
But sound the depth of her diuine conceite,
Where perfect Truth is Reasons Paramour :
When Wisedomes care doth cut off all deceite :
While sacred Iudgement in true Iustice sits,
Her will should be the Rule of all their Wits.

And, could the neatest Courtier once behold
How comly she is with a little cost :
How farre she is from euery pleating fold,
Where, fond expences are in folly lost :
They all would leaue their Antike Loues deaire,
And, take their patternes from her plaine attire.

And, did the fairest Nymph, or Noblest Maide
Behold her Beauty in her glorious Brightnes,
Pure in it selfe, vnspotted, not beraide :
Nor, idely caried with a looke of Lightnes ;
They would so farre her excellence preferre,
As, all would leaue themselues to follow her.

And, did the most experienc't Officer,
But note her cariage, in her seruice' care :
Where Conscience is the true examiner
Of all the thoughts, where Honours courses are :
While gracious spirits dwell in earthly Natures :
The Court would be a place of heauenly Creatures.

Did the Diuine see her Diuinitie,
 And what a spouse vnto the soule she is :
 Who, with the world hath no affinitie,
 But, in the heauens hath her eternall blisse.
 He would his life, vnto her loue referre ;
 And, leaue the world, for only Loue of her.

And, did the Lawyer looke into her lawes ;
 Where Truth and Loue doe trie the case of life ;
 And wicked Craft can neuer make a clause,
 To feed Ambition with the fruite of strife :
 But, euery plea, in pitties conscience proue :
 All Law should onely liue, but in her loue.

And, did the Souldiour, in the points of Warre,
 See how she sets the honour of the fight :
 How from offences, she doth keepe afarre,
 Yet, in the quarrell, doth maintaine the right :
 And, saues the lyues, that doe to Mercy yeeld :
 She should be high Commaunder of the field.

She is not lockt vp in the Misers Chest,
 Nor, lapt vp in the lines of lewd conceite :
 Her life is more in liberty faire blest,
 Then, on the wills of wicked wit to waite :
 No, no, it is too much against her nature,
 To haue to doe with any wicked creature.

When she alone doth in her Closet sit,
 Heauens open her the windowes of their light :
 And Wisedomes spirit doth inspire her wit,
 While holy Grace, doth guide her spirit right :
 Saints teares, her Inke ; her penne of Angels wings,
 While, to the Glory of her God she sings.

Her Paper is a pure, vnspotted hart,
 Where thoughts are words, writ in the lines of loue :
 Where Patience points at sorrowes inward smart,
 While ruthfull passions doe Repentance proue :
 And, Truth records, that Graces eyes may reade,
 How soules are heal'd while sinfull harts doe bleede.

There, all the Angels, in their turnes attend ;
 To doe their seruice, in their purest sence ;
 While Wit and Reason, doe their Natures bend ;
 Vnto the life of Loues obedience :
 And gathering so all gracious thoughts together ;
 She wears the Garland, that can neuer wither.

There, doth she put the Poets to their pensions,
 Whose Wits are worne with too much worldly study,
 And cannot reach the height of heauens Inuentions,
 But, plod in pooles where plashes are too muddy :
 And takes a Muse for Gracious Pleasures play,
 To set her Musique in a heauenly Key.

There, doth she sing, how sweet a thing it is,
 To see the heauens all blessed thoughts embrace :
 How Beauty sees the highest of her Blisse,
 But in the feature of an Angels face :
 While, Time and Truth doe in their triall proue,
 There is no life but in the eternall Loue.

The fading pleasures of Affections play,
 The partiall working of imperfect will :
 The feeble state of fickle fancies stay,
 The carelesse compasse of vnkindly skill :
 The curséd humour of Inconstancie :
 These hatefull humours she doth all defie.

No, where she loues, it ends but with her life,
 And whē she speakes, her Iudgements shewes her wit :
 And, when she writes, her Concordis know no strife,
 What choise conceite shall chiefe in honour sit :
 But speake, and write, and looke, and like, and loue,
 All haue their blessings in the heauens aboute.

She giues the King a high Supremacie,
 And, to his Queene, a Gracious Maiestie :
 And, to his Court she giues a Decencie,
 And to his State she giues an Vnitie :
 And, to the Rich a superfluity,
 And, to the poore, a bounteous charity.

She giues the Scholler Vnderstanding sence,
 And, to the Souldiour, Resolution :
 And, to the Iudge an vpright Conscience,
 And the Repentant, Absolution :
 The Trades-man, care, to keepe his family,
 The Labourer, patience, and Humility.

She leades a King into his Cabinet,
 And, shewes him there the burthen of his Crowne,
 Before his eyes she doth his Kingdom set,
 And to his God his duty doth set downe :
 She shewes him there the fall of idle pride,
 And, how his person doth in safety bide.

She shewes him there the honour of her oue,
 The ground of Grace in the eternall good :
 She shewes the blessing of the soules behoue,
 Vpon the breeding of a Royall brood :
 And, that Religion is the Rule of Grace,
 That keepe the kingdome in a happy case.

She shewes him there, the benefit of peace,
 The hurt of Warre, the hate of Tyrannie :
 The Ioy of Loue, the happinesse encrease :
 Where Wisedomes cares are Honours companie :
 And, sound aduise in sacred veritie,
 Maintaines a Monarch in his Maiestie.

She shewes him there how flattery folly feedes,
 While Reason sees the ruine of selfe-will :
 She shewes the difference, twixt the herbs and weedes,
 Wicked illusion, and discretions skill :
 She shewes him all, that she thinks fit to show him,
 To strength his State, that nothing ouerthrow him.

She shewes him there the sweet contentiue life
 Is not still caried in varieties ;
 Nor faithfull Care doth feare the fatal knife,
 That is not subject to Impieties :
 But he alone, is all, and onely Blest,
 Who, all in Mercy, hath his spirits Rest.

She makes him see, that he could neuer see,
 But, through her sight, the brightnes of all Seeing ;
 She makes him be, that he could neuer be,
 But in the blessing of her blessed Being :
 Thus, all in summe, she makes him see, and be
 That without her, he could not be, nor see.

She gains him all his Greatnes in her Grace,
 His Countries loue, the honour of his Court :
 She keeps him safely in his kingly place,
 And, to the world she doth his fame report ;
 And, when frō earth Death must his Crowne disseuer,
 She makes him raigne a King in heauen for euer.

She takes a Queene vnto her selfe a-side,
 And, shewes her all the Glory of her Grace :
 How, she alone doth make the blessed Bride,
 And, how she keeps her in her highest place :
 She makes the King in glorious Robes attire her,
 And, all the Court, loue, honour, and admire her.

Then doth she bring her humbly on her knees,
 And, sets before her the faire booke of Blisse,
 Bids her there finde that she can neuer leese,
 The care of life, where eury comfort is :
 When lifting vp her heart with humble eie,
 She sees a Beautie brighter then the skie.

There she beholds in Mercies Maiestie,
 Her Sauour sitting on a glorious Throne :
 Where, in the Essence of Eternitie,
 He rules all powers in himselfe, alone :
 When, seeing her thus humbly fall before him,
 He blesseth her that doth so much adore him.

Then, doth she see the Angels exercise,
 Who, with the Saints and Virgins sit and sing :
 While humble spirits make their Sacrifice,
 Vnto the Glory of their Gracious King :
 While, all the Hoast of all the heauen reioyces,
 To heare the Musique of the heauenly voyces.

Then, doth she set the Consort of the Quier,
 Where eury Note doth keepe his Tune and Time :
 The ditty only speaking of Desire,
 Where, loue doth only vnto Mercy clime :
 Where eury Close doth in such comfort meete,
 That all the Heauens are rauisht with the sweets.

She takes the Virgine to her Morning taske,
 And sets her downe a forme of faithfull praler :
 But, couers not her Beauty with a Maske,
 When she hath made her truly heauenly faire :
 But, brings her forth with such a Blessed Grace,
 As, makes him happy that may see her face.

She shewes her in a Glasse of Beauties Truth,
 How, Art doth Nature too much iniurie ;
 That feebled Age in forcèd tricks of Youth,
 In true Conceite is Reasons Mockerie ;
 The idle thoughts that spoile the inward eies,
 Where Loue should liue, but in dishonour dies.

She shewes her there the Maiden-blush complection,
 Betwixt the cherrie Red, and snowie White :
 And, reades her then the precepts of perfection,
 Within the circle of *Dianas* sight.
 She shewes her all the Titles of desart,
 And, that true honour liues but in the hart.

She neuer taught the Eye to leere nor lowre,
 Tongue, idle talke ; nor minde, vngratious thought :
 She neuer set a countenance sharpe and sowre,
 Nor, fetch't a sigh vpon a thing of nought :
 But, shewes her Iudgement of so iust a Measure,
 As, proues her Wisedome worth a world of Treasure.

She shewes her then, how Fancie like a Flea,
 Can skip about a skittish humour'd hart :
 And, how that sorrow like the Ocean Sea,
 Can drowne the spirit in a deadly smart :
 While Melancholy doth oppresse the Minde,
 Where better humours haue no place to finde.

Then, doth she take the Counsaillour alone,
 And, shewes him all the secrets of his hart,
 Bids him behold the Mournfull Widowes moane,
 The Orphanes teares, the grieued Sutors smart :
 Loue, feare, and serue, first God, and then his King,
 And, doe no worke that may his Conscience wring.

She tells him then, the beau'nly Consistorie
 Doth only sit vpon the spirits good :
 Where, in the sight of sacred Wisedomes eie,
 Cannot a clawse amisse be vnderstood :
 While, Truth it selfe, that pleads the poore mans case,
 From Mercies Iustice hath impartiall Grace.

Then, doth she take aside the Courtier,
 And, shewes him all the fruites of idlenes ;
 That, fancie is but follies Treasurer,
 While Wit is thrall vnto vnthrifines :
 While Pride presuming on deceiuing Hope,
 Griefe doth the Gate but to Repentance ope.

She tells him there she neuer taught the eye
 To feede the spirit with an idle Gaze :
 She neuer taught the tongue to walke awrie,
 Nor, brought the minde into a wilfull Maze :
 She neuer taught the fashion, nor the cost,
 Where, Wisedome sees time, and expence but lost.

She neuer teacheth to play fast and loose,
 Nor, iuggle with a false conceiued Ioy :
 Nor, let the Foxe be taken by a Goose,
 Nor, euer sold a treasure for a toy :
 She neuer taught him to misspend his time,
 Nor higher state then his desert to clime.

She neuer taught him how to crouch, nor creepe,
 Nor scorne, nor scoffe, nor hang the head a-side :
 Nor sigh, nor sob, nor wipe the eye, and weepe,
 Nor hatefull thoughts in louing lookes to hide :
 No, no, she is of a more heauenly Nature,
 Then, with such by-wit to abuse a Creature.

Then, doth she call for euery Officer,
And bids him strictly looke into his Oath,
That, Conscience may be true deliuerer
Of an vnspotted, simple faith, and troth :
That seruice loue by duties care discharged,
In Honours eye make due Reward enlarged.

Then, doth she take account of his accounts,
How, all the summes doe with the parcels gree :
And, how much cunning Conscience surmounts,
And, what in fine, the finall summe will be :
And, tells him that a counting day will come,
When he shall make account for all and some.

Thus, when she hath the Courtiers all reade ouer,
She calls the Lawyer to a conscience case,
And, tells him, Truth is Learnings only Louer,
Who, neuer puts the poore Man out of place :
But, holds the hand of Iustice weight so euen,
As if the Ballance had the Beame in Heauen.

She neuer takes a Bribe to make a Motion,
Nor, soothes a client in a false Conceite ;
She neuer seekes an vnderer'd promotion,
Nor sells her Beauty vnto the poore by weight ;
No, she is true, and iust, and wise, and kinde,
And as she thinks, will euer speake her minde.

Then doth she take the Souldiour in his Tent,
And shewes him there the hideous sight of blood :
That, Mercy euer with true valour went,
To spoile the wicked, but to spare the good :
That, Conquest neuer is in true perfection,
But when a Man can Maister his Affection.

She teacheth not a wicked Stratagem,
Nor, how for Coine to buy and sell a Towne :
Nor to vsurpe a princely Diadem,
Nor raise the vile, nor put the vertuous downe :
No, when she once begins to leuie Armes,
The good haue Grace, the only wicked harmes.

She neuer praï'd vpon the poore Man's purse,
Nor tyraniz'd vpon the Prisoner :
She neuer reap't the Mournfull Widowes Curse,
Nor of an Infant was a Murtherer :
She neuer was by Sea nor Land a Thiefe,
But had Compassion on the poore Mans griefe.

Thus hauing shew'd the Souldiour what she knowes,
Becomes the cariage of a Noble Minde :
She calls the Merchant, and to him she showes,
That, Conscience care is of a heauenly kinde :
While no corruption can the soule infect,
That to the spirit hath a due respect.

She shewes him there, there is no ware, nor weight,
But the all-Seeing-Eye in secret sees,
And, that no cunning can excuse deceite,
Which gaining drosse, doth better siluer leese :
She tells him plaine it is ill gotten gaine,
For fading pleasure gets eternall paine.

She tells him, that the aduenture on the Sea,
Is not all blest to enrich the couetous :
Nor to maintaine the Epicure his Ease,
The proud, the bad, nor the vitious :
But, to prouide for neede, and to relieue
The needy hart, whom griping want doth grieue.

In some, she shewes him that the spirits wealth,
Is free from all vnconscionable ill :
And, howsoeuer, Wit doth worke by stealth,
There is no Wisedome but the Gratiuous will :
Where carefull Loue, where Comfort neuer wasteth,
Laies vp the Treasure that for euer lasteth.

Then, doth she call on euery Trade and Art,
And, still cries out, haue care of Conscience :
Bids euery eye, looke well into the hart,
And, not be caried with a wicked sence :
For, in the day of the eternall Doome,
Plainenes in heauen will haue a princely Roome.

What, though sometime her habite be but poore,
Her lodging hard, her diet spare and thinne :
She stand disgrac'd at the rich mans doore,
And fast without, while other feast within :
Yet, is she better with her Crosse contented,
Then, sport with sinnes, to haue her soule tormented.

And, though sometime she sit and hold her peace,
While, idle heads doe vse their tongues at large :
And, grieue to see true Learnings worth decrease,
When that a Dunce doth take a Doctors charge ;
Yet, may the world in all her courses know,
'Tis not her will, God knowes, it shall be so.

And, though sometime she be in fetters tied,
While wicked spirits walke at liberty,
And, be enforc'd her fairest thoughts to hide,
While hatefull thoughts are had in Dignitie :
Yet hath she patience to endure her crosses,
While heau'nly gaine doth counteruaile her losses.

Oh, could the world discerne her worthines,
In all true honour, in all honours truth :
How she doth only giue a happines
Vnto the grauest Age, and greenest Youth :
Euen from the King, vnto the poorest Creature,
She would be honour'd in a heau'nly Nature.

But, let the world esteeme her as it will,
She shall be worth more then the world is worth :
And, when the world shall blush to see her ill,
Then shall she bring her heauenly Beauty forth :
And make them all confesse vnto their faces,
Her Glory puts them all vnto disgraces.

She neuer speakes but Truth, nor doth but well,
Her thoughts all pure, and grounded on perfection :
She doth among the holy Muses dwell,
And guides the Graces, all by her direction :
She is the Bodies Grace, the spirits Queene,
In whom all Graces haue their Glory scene.

Oh, that I could describe her in her height,
As God and her good Grace might giue me leaue :
How all the Saints, and all the Angels waite,
But on her will, and from the same receiue
The highest substance of their heau'nly Blisse,
In whom alone all heau'nly Blessing is.

Then should the world be all asham'd to see,
How basely they her glorious Grace regarded :
And grieue in soules to thinke that euer she
Should for her seruice be so ill rewarded :
That few or none, wise, fond, nor rich, nor poore,
But ready are to thrust her out of doore.

Then should the Courts of Princes flock vnto her,
And Lords and Ladies sue to her for Grace :
And happy soules that best can seruice doe her,
And seeke their life but in her louely face :
And then her Grace, such should a glory beare,
That there should be no world but where she were.

But since her worth is to the world vnknowne,
And only Heauen doth her deere Loue embrace :
Her worth is more then can in words be showne,
While Grace it selfe can only shew her Grace :
Let me but leaue her in all Admiration,
To Virgins, Saints, and Angels Adoration.

And let me say but what in soule I finde :
She is the essence of all Excellence :
The Eie, the Heart, the Body, and the Minde,
Where holy Rules haue all their Residence :
Of all good Motions the first only Mouer,
The prooffe of loue, and of Loue's prooffe the Louer.

The strength of Truth, th' assurance of all Trust,
The Concordance of all contentiue care :
The Iudgement of the Wisedome of the Iust,
The sacred shop of the Celestiall ware :
The Iemme for which no price can be too great,
Th' Eternall Manna for the spirits Meate.

The Eie of light, where Loue hath all his life,
The tong of Truth, where Wisdom hath her words :
The heart of peace, where patience knowes no strife,
The hand of Bounty that all Grace affords :
The face of Beauty where all Brightnes shineth,
The soule of wonder that all words defineth.

The soile wherein all sweetnes euer groweth,
The Fountaine where all Wisedome euer springeth :
The winde that neuer but all blessing bloweth,
The Aire that all comfort euer bringeth :

The fire that euer life with Loue enflameth,
The figure that all true perfection frameth.

The study of the soules Intelligence,
The Art of Wisedomes high Inuention :
The Rule of Reasons best Experience,
The worke of Mercies Glorious Mention :
The ground of Honour, and discretions Grace,
Place's perfection, and perfection's place.

All this, and more then I can speak or write,
In Vertue liues, and to her loue belongs :
And, though the world doe barre her of her right,
Yet heauen will one day right her of her wrong.
And make the world to know her gracious Nature,
And, how she only makes the Glorious Creature.

And, since that day will one day come vnwares,
When she will call a Court of all her Teanures,
And, see the fruite of all her seruants wares,
And, take an order for all Misdemeanures :
Let all the world be fearefull to offend her,
And thinke them happy that can best attend her.

Let every Creature seeke and sue to serue her,
And every King, and Lord, and Lady loue her :
And every heart endeouour to deserue her,
And every Minde for some good Motion moue her :
And every tongue in true perfection praise her,
And every soule to endlesse Glory raise her.

And let me aske a pardon of heau'ns Grace,
For my poore spirits mounting vp so high :
Who, for my sinnes doth bid me hide my face,
And not to heau'n to dare to lift mine eie :
And say no more, but end as I began,
She is a Queene of Queenes, and I haue done.

And since that Vertue neuer can be seene,
But by the Eie of Wisedomes sacred sence :
Where she beholds her as the Blessed Queene,
That weares the Crowne of Reasons excellence :
Let me beseech the Heauens my soule to Raise,
To speake of Wisedome in her worthy praise.

And, though I know, and cannot but confesse
My thoughts vnable to aspire so high,
And every way but all vnworthinesse
In me, to write of such a Misterie :
Yet let my heart a little tell my Minde,
What wonder worth, in Wisedomes works I finde.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.



Vpon the praise of Wise- dome.

The second daies worke.

(* *)



From the vaine humours of vnseason'd Wit,
Whose heedlesse wil breeds nothing els but
woe :
Among the seats where sacred spirits sit,
The holy pleasures of the heauens to know :
My humble Muse learne what perfection saies,
In Glorious Wisedomes neuer ending praise.
She is the spirit of the highest power,
The Essence of all purenes' Excellence :
The compasse of the euerlasting hower,
The Vertue of all purenes' Quintessence :
The knowledge that all knowledge only giueth,
And only life, in which, life only liueth.
She sits in counsaile with the Trinitie,
And is th' Almightyes secret Secretarie :
She keeps the Graces in an Vnitie
And doth the charge of all their seruice carie :
Before Creation she did make Election,
And for the Action she did giue direction.
She calls the Angels each one by their names,
And sets the Saints and Martirs in their places :
Their Himnes and Songs vnto their Lord she frames,
And to their Musique giues especiall Graces :
The Seraphins she makes to clap their wings,
While all the heauens their Halleluiahs sing.
Amid the skie she set the Sunne and Moone,
And made diuision twixt the day and night :
She made the morning and the after noone,
And set each planet in his place aright :
She prickt the Starres vpon the Firmament,
And gaue a life to euery Element.
She made the times and seasons of the yeare,
The change of Natures, and the notes of choise :
She made perfection euery way appeare,
And in her labours made her Loue reioyce :
So by desert the highest did her call
High Officer, and workeMistris of all.
She made the Earth in compasse like a Ball,
Betwixt the water and the skie depending :
Yet hangs so fast, that it can neuer fall,
Vntill all earthly things must haue an ending :
And hauing fram'd it as she thought it meete
Made it a footstool for her Master's feete.

She made the Seas, the Brooks, the Fountaine springs :
The Trees, the Fruites, the Herbs, and euery Flower :
The Fish, the Beast, and euery Bird that sings :
The Yeere, the Month, the Week, the day, the hower :
The outward shape, and euery inward sence,
And euery Starre a sundry influence.

She fram'd Man, the last of euery Creature,
But yet the best, and to her loue the necest :
She gaue his hart a kind of heau'nly nature,
And held his life vnto her loue the decest :
She made him all things by their names to call,
And vnder God, Lord Gouvernour of all,

She taught him only how to know the good,
But neuer taught him how to know the euill :
She fed his spirit with a wholesome food,
Till Pride did bring him poyson from the Deuill :
She made him then his folly to confesse,
And then his faith in Mercy finde redresse.

She gaue his soule a Minde about his Hart,
His Hart, a feeling of his spirits Nature :
His Nature, Reason ; and his Reason, Art ;
His Art, a knowledge of his earthly Creature :
His Knowledge, Honour, and his Honour, Grace,
His Grace a fauour, in a Glorious place.

She read him all the Rules of Learnings Loue,
The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine :
She show'd the Blessing of the soules behoue,
That doth not wholly to the earth decline :
She shewes the way vnto eternall Blisse,
And, for the world, how base a thing it is.

Yet when she made the world for her best Grace,
She sets a Course, and Rule for euery thing :
For Nature, Reason, Action, Time, and Place,
How best proportion might perfection bring :
And, how in all might all things so agree,
That in their Concordes, might no discord be.

In scale and feather, haire, and skinne, and hue,
In substance, sence, in colour, shape, and feature :
How they were first begot, and how they grew,
And how each one should differ in their Nature :
Yet, differing so, they might together liue,
That none might other hurt or hinderance giue.

But vnto Man, she only gaue a minde,
To looke into the life of euery Nature :
And giue them names, and vse them in their kinde,
And take commandement of each kind of Creature :
And by her will to walke among them so,
That euery one should him their seruice owe.

She made each haire, each Artir, and each vaine,
The flesh, the bones, the sinnowes, and the skinne :
The heart, the lytes, the liuer, and the braine ;
The outward Beauty, and the strength within :
And to his soule did giue that heau'nly Nature,
That made in all the admirable Creature.

She gaue him wings to mount aboue the winde,
And inward Eies to see aboue the Sunne :
And by her Rules did make his Reason finde,
How Sun, and Moone, and Starres their courses runne :
How Sea-men by the pole their courses guide,
And by the Moone the turne of euery Tide.

She makes him finde the Heauens operations,
Vpon the Bodies of the earth below :
She makes him by his spirits contemplations
Vpon the earth, things aboue Earth to know :
And to his knowledge doth that Vertue giue,
As learns him only to his God to liue.

She makes a difference in the Mindes of Men,
She crownes the Prince, and entituleth Honor :
She writes their Stories with a perfect Pen,
And doth aduance them that doe tend vpon her :
She makes them Blest that doe in patience proue her,
And liue for euer that doe truly loue her.

She doth instruct the King in all his care,
Where Mercies Iustice beares a blessed sword :
She shewes the Peeres when they in counsaile are,
What fauour heau'ns the faithfull hearts afoord :
She shewes the people the due loyaltie,
That Subjects owe vnto their Soueraigntie.

She makes the Courtier not mispend his time,
She bids the Souldiour spare the Innocent ;
And the Diuine beware the Conscience crime,
And makes the Lawyer a good Student :
She makes the Merchant honest with his wealth,
And, labour keepe the labouring Man in health.

She teacheth euery Science, and each Art,
And shewes the Truth of euery Argument :
And makes distinctions vpon euery part,
And is of all the only Ornament :
She shewes the Student in Diuinitie,
Heauen with the world hath no Affinitie.

She feedes no fancie with an idle fashion,
Yet fashions all things in a comly frame :
She neuer knew Repentance wofull passion,
Nor euer fear'd the blot of wicked blame :
But euen and true whatever she intended,
Wrought all so well, that none could be amended.

She neuer whirles about an idle Wit,
Nor taketh pleasure in a wanton Ele :
Nor in the seate of pride did euer sit,
Nor from the poore did turne her hand awrie :
Nor maintain'd wealth with wretched Miserie,
Nor sought for honour by Indignitie.

No, no, that Man that would his Mistris make her,
That Woman that doeth choose her for her Louer :
That Man or Woman that doth only take her
For their best Loue, and in their hearts doe loue her :
In rauisht sweetnes of her Beauties Blissess,
Will dwell vpon her lips in louely Kisses.

She neuer yet did harme to any liuing,
Nor was there any good but that she doeth :
To euery soule she is her Comfort giuing ;
And with her sweetnes so Affection woeth,
That they who could in Loues perfection proue her,
Would hate them selues, and if they did not loue her.

She laies the lines of life in Vertues loue,
Imploies the Minde in holy Meditations :
The hart in study of the soules behouue,
The spirit, in Loues Contemplations :
The tongue, in speaking truth on euery part,
The soule, in prayer, for a faithfull hart.

She neuer was acquainted with Corruption,
Nor came within the Aire of all Infection :
Her purpose neuer had an Interruption,
Nor euer was she crost in her direction :
But sound and sure she carries so her skill,
That in all good, there can be found no ill.

She is the fairest of all Beauties Fame,
She is the sweetest of all Reasons sence :
She is the Noblest of all Honours name,
She is the strongest of all Loues defence :
She is the richest of all earthly Treasure,
And purest substance of the Spirits pleasure.

Oh what can there be more? that she should be?
Or, how should she be more than that she is?
That all may see, and more then all may see,
The Blessed Being of all Being Blisse :
All Infinite, in all perfectiones waies,
And Infinite, in all perfectiones praise.

And, being then in goodnes all so Good ;
As, being best, a better cannot be :
Which, in her selfe is only vnderstood,
And in her selfe, her selfe can only see :
What life of Grace? but would in loue admire her,
Or Gracious loue could liue, and not desire her?

But since that loue is the true life indeede,
Of which she is, by which she only liueth :
From which she hath her only happy spide,
To which she oweth all the good she giueth ;
Let me the purest of my passion proue,
To see her Glory in the Grace of loue.



THE PRAISE OF

Loue.

The third daies worke.



Loue that liuest in that only light,
Which giues all seeing to all gracious Eies :
But keapest thy sence frō that vngodly
sight,

That in the darknes of Illusion dies :
Lighten my soule that it may cleerely see,
How thou in Wisedome, Wisedome liues in thee.

The Angels can in their Attonements tell,
How kindly thou do'st make them liue together :
And where the Saints and holy Martirs dwell,
The holy Muses bring their Musique thither :
And while the Hoast of all the Heauens reioyce,
Thou tun'st the heart strings of the highest voice.

Loue is the Essence of Eternitie,
That workes the course of Wisedomes cariage :
Where the high counsaile of the Deitie,
Twixt Heauen and Earth doe make a Mariage :
While in the life of Holines alone,
The Lord of Heauen, and his true Church are one.

It layes the plot, and draws the lines of pleasure,
Within the ground of Graces Paradise :
It works the Truth, that is the spirits Treasure,
And builds the height of Honours Dignities :
It bends the Eies of Graces Royaltie,
And knits the hearts of Vertues Loyaltie.

It is no Obiect for an earthly Eie,
Nor any Muse for any worldly minde :
Although the world in true effects may trie,
It is a spirit of a powerfull kinde ;
And such a power, as all powers doe submit,
To the Inuincible power of it.

It maketh Will doe only what it list,
While Wisedome guides the Axill Tree of wit :
And neuer feares the hurt of had I wist,
That sees a Crosse, and is content with it :
While patience findes the only faire perfection,
Of Fancies faith, in fauours true Affection.

It is a substance that admits no figure
For in it selfe it breedes but of exceedings

While in the Notes of pleasures truest Nature,
The fruites of Faith are Fancies only feedings :
While in conceite those high Contentments meete,
That happy soules are rauisht with the sweete.

To comprehend, it passeth Comprehension,
And to define, 'tis vndefinable :
And to describe, it doth exceede Inuention,
And to conceiue, 'tis vnconceiuable :
Yet by the Vertue that our sence it giues,
Our Reason findes that in our soules it liues.

It is a fire that kindleth in the Eie,
It is an Aire that cooleth Furies heate :
It is a water that is neuer drie,
A Paradise, where growes the spirits meate ;
Thus it partakes of euery Element,
Yet liues about the highest Firmament.

It is a thought begotten by a sight,
And 'tis a sight that liueth in the thought :
It is a life that breedeth in delight,
And a delight that life hath only wrought :
It is a word that by true spirits spoken,
Doth knit a knot that neuer can be broken.

Oh how it doth a blessed Nature nourish,
And how it doth a humble spirit cherish :
And how it makes a faithfull heart to flourish,
And suffers not a Gracious soule to perish :
Witness those hearts whose perfect spirits proue,
How loue in Wisedome, Wisedome liues in loue.

Fortune can neuer haue a force to foile it,
Nor feare to fright, nor enuie to anoy it ;
Nor passion to hurt, impatience to spoile it,
Nor Death to kill, nor Deuill to destroy it :
But where all pleasures spring and perish neuer,
Heere, or in Heau'n it hath a life for euer.

From the faire Brightnes of a Beautious Eie,
It carries honour to an humble hart :
And from the heart of Truthes Humilitie,
It gaines the comfort of a kinde desart :
And in true kindnes that content alone,
That of two Bodies make the Minde but one.

It brought downe Heau'n to Earth, brings Earth to Heau'n,

It walks about the circle of the Sunne :
It makes the Planets keepe their orders eu'n,
And Nature kindly all her courses runne :
It sits vpon the holy seate of Grace,

And with the highest, hath the highest place.
It keeps all Order, Measure, Rule, and Right,
In Nature, Reason, Wisedome, Wit, and Sence :
In word and deede, and thought, by day and night,
In time and place, in Case, and Moode, and Tense :
Where all proportions are in such perfection,
As shewes the depth of the diuine direction.

It makes the husband kinde vnto his wife,
The spouse obedient to her faithfull pheere :
And in that kindnes that contentiue life,
That only doth but in that life appeare :
The Children gracious, and the Parents kinde,
And each in other what they wished to finde.

Brethren and sisters liue in Vntie,
And Neighbours liue in friendly Neighbourhood :
And friends continue in true Amitie,
And strangers vnto strangers to doe good :
Princes in Peace, and Subjects liue in Grace
And so the earth to proue a heau'nly place.

Oh, how it fights against infamous thought,
And kills the Nature of an ill coniecture :
How true it hath the life of Vertue taught,
And builds the height of Honours Architecture :
How little it regards all earthly toyes,
And surely leads the soule to endlesse ioyes.

How sweetly on the Nurses lips it lies,
While she is bussing of her little Baby :
And how it twinkles in the Infants eies,
In learning of his Christes Crosse, and his A. B :
How cherry-red it dies a snowie white,
Where Maiden blushes make a blessed sight.

Loue makes the Triumphes of the truest ioyes
And sounds the trumpet of the sweetest sound :
Loue speakes in hearts, and makes no idle noise,
But is in some of euery Grace the ground :
It is a Riddle about Reasons sence,
And of exceeding all the excellence.

It makes the thought, the word and deede all one,
It bindes the eye, the hand, and heart together :
It is in truth the only Tree alone,
Which keeps his greene where not a leafe can wither :
It is the Bird that only sings in May,
And makes the holy spirits holy day.

It takes away the tediousnes from time,
The paine from patience, in desire delaies :
The feare from care, the hearts content to clime,
The sloath from labour in his hardest waies :
The frailty from the Nature of Affection,
And folly from the passion of perfection.

It is a Vertue of that sacred sence,
In working wonders in the spirits power :
As in the height of Reasons Excellence,
Vpon the top of Truths eternall Tower :
Doth stand with such a Grace of heau'nly Glory,
As may be call'd the state of Wisedomes story.

And since it is so infinite in worth,
As doth exceede the penne of Reasons praise :
Who from the soule of Wisedome issues forth,
As from the Sunne his brightest shining Raies :
Let me heere cease, and all in Admiration,
Set it to Wisedomes only declaration.

And since it doth in nothing more appeare,
Then in the Nature of true Constancie :
Which is a Vertue to the soule so deere,
As keeps the soule from Errors Extasie ;
Let me a little speake of that sweet Nature,
Of Constancie that makes the blessed Creature.



THE PRAISE OF Constancie.



The fourth daies worke.



Constancie, thou only kingly thought,
That keeps the spirit in her purest kinde :
And hast against all idle frailty fought,
And like a Mountaine setlest fast the Minde :
Let me conceiue some part of thy content,
Where pleasures spirit is most sweetly spent.

And though I cannot reach that Royall height,
Wherein thy sacred Maiestie doth sit :
Yet as a Seruant let me humbly waite,
To see thine honour, and to speake of it ;
And so to speake, that all the world may see
Wisedome, Loue, Honor only liues in thee.

The constant Eie hath neuer wandering sight,
 The constant Eare hath no vnkindly hearing :
 The constant Tongue doth euer speake aright,
 The constant Heart hath euer happy chearing :
 The constant Minde the fairest thoughts vnfold thee,
 The constant Soule on earth and heauen behold thee.
 It neuer hath a thought of iealousie,
 Nor stands vpon Opinions Paradox :
 Nor runnes a fury into frenzie,
 Nor feares the Wolfe, nor ioyneth with the Fox :
 But like the Phoenix in a sunnie fire,
 Findes lifes delight in ashes of desire.
 It loues no change, and breeds the ioy of choise,
 It feares no fortune, nor it serues no folly :
 It keeps the rule where Reason doth reioice,
 And is the substance of contentment wholly :
 It is a stay that strengtheneth the Minde,
 And knits the sences in a sacred Kinde.
 It is the true foundation of all strength
 Which while it holds, the frame can neuer fall :
 It is the line that drawes the longest length,
 And euer is, that sees the end of all :
 It keeps the Rules of heu'ns reuolution.
 And doth confirme all Reasons resolution.
 It is the locke vpon the heart of loue,
 A Chest that keepez the treasure of the Minde :
 Within the soule a Rocke that cannot moue
 A Band, that doth the thoughts together binde.
 A light where Wisedome Vertues honour seeth
 And life where only Grace with loue agreeth.
 It keeps the Sunne in his continuall brightnes,
 The ayre in coolenes, and the earth in drynesse :
 Water in moisture, and the winde in lightnesse
 The fire in hotnes, and the flame in highnesse :
 The good in goodnes, and the kinde in kindnes,
 The minde from madnes, and the eye from blindnes :
 It was the mouer first of mariage,
 And made the first continuance of content :
 It set the course of Wisedomes cariage,
 And neuer further then affection went :

It is the state of all perfections stay,
 And Times all euerlasting holy day.
 It is the Crowne of Patience kingly care,
 The seate where Mercy sits in Malestie :
 The Law wherein all blessed precepts are,
 The fame of Loue and League of Amitle :
 The learning of the wisest wits instruction,
 And sence of the most sweetest thoughts construction.

Above the Heauens it liueth with the highest,
 And in the Heauens it dwelleth with the purest :
 And to the Nature of the best the nighest,
 And in the sence of all conceits the surest :
 And in the Action of all Art the strongest,
 And in the length of Time, and Truth the longest.

It keeps the center of the earth from mouing
 The swelling Sea from passing of his Bounds :
 The Rules of true perfection from Reprouing.
 The health of Wisedome from all follies Wounds :
 The circle of the World in such a frame,
 That Admiration may commend the same.

Oh, how it writes the worthinesse of those
 That stroue for honour to the stroke of death :
 And how without comparison it showes,
 The mouth of Wisedome blessed in her breath :
 And how it makes the fame of them to flourish
 That with their Bounty vertuous spirits nourish.

It is the Mirror of all Martirdome,
 And in the faithfull makes a Glorious fight :
 And in the day of the Eternall doome,
 It will be Gracious in all Glorious sight :
 Where hopes continuance in all kindnes care,
 Brings humble faith to endlesse happy fare.

And since it is so infinite a Grace,
 As may deserue as infinite a praise :
 And is the fulnesse of the fairest place,
 In all the walke of Wit, and Reasons waies :
 Where patience proues the best experience,
 Let me a little sing of Patience.



THE PRAISE OF Patience.

The fifth daies worke.

Sweete Patience thou soueraigne of perfection,
 Of Gracious thoughts the only Gouvernesse :
 Who by the Rules of thy diuine direction,
 Do'st bring the heart to highest Happinesse :
 My humble soule with thy sweete loue enflame,
 That I may sing in honour of thy name.

The purest thoughts that euer heart possessed
 The clearest Obiect of the carefull'st Eie,
 The present Medicine of the Minde distressed,
 The only ease in euery Miserie :
 In all the proofe of Wits Experience
 In heart, and minde, and soule, is patience.

It puts off feare of Fortunes forwardnes,
 And only rests on Resolution :
 It wrestles with the worlds vntowardnes,
 And holds the state of Reasons Constitution :
 It conquers Will, and so doth carrie Wit,
 That both are happy only but in it.

It breedes no wrath, nor moueth Enuies ill,
 It breakes no concord, nor discention sturres :
 It learnes the spirit an especiall skill,
 Where Reasons care Repentance not incurres :
 And if Repentance, folly doe enforce
 It is a meane vnto a sweete remorse.

It beareth want as if it were no woe,
 And suffers wrong as if it had no sence :
 It swallowes sorrow as it were not so,
 And taketh Death for lifes Ingredience :
 It neither feedes of fortune, feare nor fate,
 But alwaies is all one in euery state.

In time it keeps the compasse of the hower,
 In action, order, measure, point, and place :
 In thought, the temper of the spirits power,
 In Wit and Reason all the Rules of Grace :
 In Grace the ground of that perfections story,
 That goeth neere the heighth of Vertues Glory.

It makes the entrance into euery Action,
 Continues the proceedings, makes the end :
 It kills the Nature of vnquiet Faction,
 And of a foe sometime doth make a friend :
 It doth conceale the hearts calamitie,
 And makes a Vertue of Necessitie.

By Patience we doe our soules possesse,
 And tread the path to our soules Paradise :
 While the impatient in their soules distresse,
 Headlong fall into their soules Miseries ;
 It is a salue that healeth the soules grieve,
 Sorrowes rankt poison, and the soules reliefe.

Patience doth try the Truth of euery thing
 Distills the spirits of the purest Natures :
 Teacheth the Muse her Musique Notes to sing,
 And findes the difference of all kindes of Creatures :
 Gives bodies health, and makes the spirits diet,
 And brings the soule vnto Eternall quiet.

She keepes the Husband chaste vntill he marrie,
 The Wife obedient to her Band of loue :
 It makes the Mother for her Childe to tarrie,
 And Seruants waite for their Rewards behouue :
 It makes the Sea-man tarie for a winde,
 And poore men waite till richer men haue dinde.

It makes the wounded Man endure his dressing,
 The sicke Man see the loosing of his blood :
 The poore Man beare the paine of his oppressing,
 The good Man against euill to doe good :
 The wise Man study for the state of Blisse,
 The holy Man finde where all blessing is.

It keeps the King from thoughts of Crueltie,
 The Noble Peere from Prides Ambition :
 The Counsaillour from all Impietie,
 The Courtier from all ill condition :
 The Church-man from the error of selfe-will,
 The Lay-man from the exercise of ill.

By patience *David* had a princely fame,
 And *Iob* his patience hath a worthy praise :
 But Christ his patience hath the Glorious name,
 That euer liues to neuer ending daies :
 Since then in God and Man it is so glorious,
 Let it be held a Vertue all victorious.

In God it doth a worke of Mercy show,
 In Mercy Comfort, and in Comfort Grace :
 In Grace that loue from which that life doth flow,
 That shewes where Patience hath a happy place :
 Oh blessed Patience that in Man doth proue,
 Gods Mercies comfort in his Gracious loue.

It brings the heart to Loues Humilitie,
 Humility to Truthes simplicitie :
 And simple Truth to Cares Tranquillitie,
 And quiet Care to faith's felicitie :
 And happy Faith vnto that fairest Blisse,
 In which the fairest of all Blessing is.

And since that in Humility I finde
 True Patience hath her purest Residence :
 And brings the heart, the spirit, and the minde
 Vnto the height of Reasons Excellence :
 Let me a little shew what Vertue saies,
 In setting down Humilities due praise.



THE PRAISE OF Humilitie.

The sixth daies worke.

SH the sweet sence of lowes Humilitie,
Which feares displeasure in a dearest friend :
The only note of true Nobilitie,
Whose worthy Grace is grao'd without end :

While faithfull loue in humble Truth approued,
Doth euer liue of God and Man beloued.

Her Grace is Gracious in the sight of God,
Makes men as Saints, and women Angels seeme :
Makes sinne forgotten, Mercy vse no Rod,
And constant Faith to grow to great esteeme :
And is in some a Blessing of the Highest,
And to the Nature of himselfe the Nighest.

It maketh Beauty like the Sunne to shine,
As if on earth there were a hea'nly light :
It maketh Wit in Wisedome so diuine,
As if the Eie had a Celestiall sight :
It is a Guide vnto that Hauen of Rest,
Where Blessed soules doe liue for euer blest.

In Christ it is a Grace of worthy Glory,
In Man from God, a gift of special Grace :
While in the state of Vertues honours story,
Wisdomes doth finde it in perfections place :
And plac't so high in the Almightyes loue,
As nothing more can Mercies comfort proue.

It makes the eye looke downe into the heart
The heart obedient vnto wit and sence :
And euery limbe to play a Seruants part,
Vnto the will of Wits preheminece :
It brings the Minde vnto the Body so,
That one the other cannot ouergoe.

It is the death of pride and patience loue,
Passions Phisitian, Reasons Counsaillour :
Religions Darling, Labours Turtle Doue,
Learnings Instructer, Graces Register :
Times best Attendant, and Truthes best Explainer,
Vertues best Louer, and Loues truest Gainer.

It is the Princes Grace, the Subjects duty,
The Schollers lesson, and the Souldiours line :
The Courtiers credite, and the Ladies Beauty,
The Lawyers vertue, and the loue diuine :
That makes all sences Gracious in his sight,
Where all true Graces haue their Glorious light.

It makes the heart fit for all good Impression,
It doth prepare the spirit for perfection :
It brings the soule vnto her sinnes confession,
It helpes to cleare the body from infection :
It is the meane to bring the minde to rest,
Where heart, soule, body, minde, and all are blest.

It made the Mother of the Sonne of God,
Gracious in him who made her full of Grace :
And on her Sonne it blessedly abode,
In bearing all the filthy worlds deface :
And in his Seruants for their Maisters loue
Did Faiths affections in their passions proue.

It saued *Abrahams* Sonne from Sacrifice,
When *Isaaks* death was quitted by the Ramme ;
It saued *Noah* and his Progenies,
Where on the earth destructions Deluge came ;
It saued *Lot* from hurt of *Sodomes* fire,
And *Israel* from cruell *Pharaoks* ire.

It wrought in *Dauid* Gracious penitence,
In *Niminte* a sweet submission :
In *Iob* a famous blessed patience,
In *Paule* assurance of his sinnes Remission,
In *Iohn* the habite of a holy loue,
In Christ the Grace that did all Glory proue.

It euer holds the hand of faithfulness,
And euer keeps the Minde of Godlines,
And euer brings the heart to quietnes,
And euer leades the soule to happines :
And is a Vertue of that Blessednes,
That merits praise in highest worthines.

Oh how it gains the Childe the Parents loue,
The wife her husband, and the seruants maisters :
Where humble faith in happy hopes behouue,
Findes patience care, discomforts healing plaisters :
And truest course of cares Tranquillity,
Only to rest but in Humility.

And since that in the life of humble loue,
I see the way vnto the well of Blisse :
Where Patience doth in all perfection proue,
Where the high Blessing of all Blessings is :
Let my soule pray that I may humbly sing,
The hea'nly praises of my holy King.



*Of the infinite praise to the
infinite glory of the infinite good-
nes of the infinite God.*

The seuenth daies worke.



Glorious God, and God of only Glory,
Essence and substance of all excellence :
The ground, the grace, the state, and al the
story,

Of Vertues, Wisedoms, Graces Residence :
Inspire my soule with those pure thoughts perfection,
That shew some sparkle of thy loues affection.

And let me not presume a looke too high,
Least thou abridge the Blessing of thy loue :
Nor yet so low, let me embrace mine eyes,
As thy faire praises may vnfitly proue :
But so thy goodnes euery where to know,
That euery where I may thy Glory show.

As though my soule polluted all with sinne,
Vnworthy be of the least thought of Grace :
Yet let thy Grace a Glorious worke begin,
Thy holy spirit in my heart to place :
That to the date of neuer ending daies,
My soule may sing thine euerlasting praise.

Before there was a light, there was a light,
Which saw the world, the world could neuer see :
From which, the world receiues her brightest sight,
And brightnes more then in the world may be :
Oh heauenly light aboue all earthly seeing,
Where only Vertue hath her only being.

From the faire Brightnes of this Beauteous light,
Hath Wisedomes eye an only power to see :
The line of life that leades her spirit right,
Vnto the place where all perfections be :
Which in the worke of wonder doe approue,
The Gracious labour of a Glorious loue.

There Vertue doth in all her brightnes liue,
Spredde abroad the braunches of her Blisse :
As doth the Sonne his beames of brightnes giue,
While in himselfe the only brightnes is :
O blessed light where such a life remaineth,
As giues all light, and yet all light containeth.

There doth she sit, and sweetly looke about her,
Beholding in the eye of Vertues light :
Purenes within, perfection all without her,
While in a brightnes farre aboue her sight ;
There liues a power her spirits loue inspiring,
To frame a worke for wit and sence admiring.

There from a Chaos or Confusions Map,
She takes the matter of her curious frame :
While in the limits of faire Vertues lap,
She draws the course and compasse of the same :
Where hauing laid the groundworke of her Grace,
She made the world vp in a little space.

Six only dayes was for her worke ordained,
The seuenth to rest, the labour of her loue :
Her time she kept, and in her care retained,
Such forme and measure as did truly proue ;
Her Maister taught her euery rule so right,
That all was good and pleasing in his sight.

Her first daies worke was in the Heauens on high,
When she deuided darknes from the light :
Wherein all pleasing the all seeing Eie,
The light she callèd day, the darknes night :
When hauing heauen and earth of nothing framed,
The Morne and Euening she the first day named.

The second day vpon the waters, she
Did fall to worke, and made a Firmament :
By which, the waters should deuided be,
That were in this confusèd continent :
Where euery one within their bounds should stay,
So, Euen and Morne she made her second day.

Then from the earth the waters she deuided,
And gath'ed all together, call'd then Seas :
And by her skill so carefully prouided,
That in her worke she did her Maister please
Then made the earth, and callèd it dry land,
Thus did the labour of her third daies hand.

In which she made the earth to fructifie,
In leafe, and fruit, Tree, bud and hearbe, and seede :
In which she did her Maister glorifie,
Who, seeing all, said all was good in deede :
So in her worke thus worthily commended,
In morne and euening was her third day ended.

Thus in the heau'ns the shining lights she framed,
That should diuide betwixt the day and night :
The greater lights, the Sunne and Moone she named,
Which should giue Rules to times and seasons right :
The lesser starres to whom she gaue a light,
To twinkle like the Candels of the Night.

And in this worke she kept her course so well,
And still the state of Grace so vnderstood :
As he in whom all Graces only dwell,
In sight of goodnes saw that all was good :
So where no praise her worth diminished,
The Euen and Morne her fourth day finished.

Then to the waters she her worke applies,
And made each mouing and each creeping thing :
And in the Heauen each feathered fowle that flies,
And euery Creature that doth carie wing :
When all seem'd good in her great Maisters eie,
Who had them all encrease and multiplie.

Thus hauing wrought with infinite conceite,
The sundry forme and shape of euery Creature :
With such inuention as exceeds the height
Of Wit and Reasons praises highest Nature.
While high perfection each proportion framed,
The Euen and Morning was her fift day named.

Thus when that her weekes worke was almost done,
She hath her choisest worke to take in hand :
For which before the Modell be begun,
She must vpon her Maisters counsaile stand :
How she may shape his loue, his liuely picture,
To haue his patience pleased in his Creature.

When hauing fauour in his high perfection,
With humble care a lump of clay she takes :
Of which, by Rules of his Diuine direction
Vnto his Image perfect man she makes :
Who so in loue did to his liking fall,
That vnder Heau'n he made him Lord of all.

Thus hauing made vp all her workmanship,
Within the limits of her fairest loue :
Where constant Truth could neuer take a trip,
While carefull Patience did perfection proue :
When all was good, in goodnes all enstalled,
The Euen and Morning she the sixth day called.

And seeking now her sacred thoughts to rest,
Vpon the Grace of the Eternall good :
She findes the Sabaoth by her Maister blest,
Who giues her spirits that especial food :
That after all the labour of her daies,
Doth make her sing his euerlasting praise.

Which, as I finde, in her faire Musique sounding,
Although it be a Note about my reach :
Yet on the Grace of Vertue only grounding,
As her sweet spirits doth my spirit teach :
My humble soule shall straine my heart to Sing,
The Gracious praises of my Glorious King.

O holy Essence of all holines,
Grace of all Glory, Glory of all Grace :
Perfections Vertue, Vertues perfectnes,
Place of all Beauty, Beauty of all place :
Truths only Triall, Times Eternitie,
Incomprehensible in thy Deitie.

Wisdomes deuiser, Father of her loue,
Constancies prooue, and life of patience :
Humilities Essence, Faiths true Turtle Doue,
Mercies Almighty Glorious Residence :
Sweet Iesus Christ, mine humble soule enflame,
To sing the glory of thy holy Name.

Before what was, but that which euer is,
The Godhead all Incomprehensible :
Sweet Iesus Christ, the Essence of all Blisse,
But in his Manhood only sensible :
My Sauour was, and in himselfe alone,
Containing all things, but contain'd in none.

The Nature of all Vertues in his Nature
Had all their Essence of their only Being :
When in Creation of each kinde of Creature,
Wisdomes in him had only all her seeing :
Whose loue in him such constant patience found,
That of her Grace and Glory was the ground.

His spotlesse Vertue all his life did proue,
In doing good to all, and ill to none :
His Wisdomes did the Doctors wonder moue,
His loue the Touchstone of all Truth alone :
His Constancie euen to his dying hower,
Did shew his patience, had a heau'nly power.

And for the Note of his Humility,
His crosse bare witnes in his life and death :
Who bare all basenes Inciuility,
Yet neuer breath'd the smallest angry breath :
O Glorious King that came from Heauen on high,
Vpon the earth for Beggars so to die.

His vertue in his will, his word doth show
His Wisdomes in Election and Creation :
His loue, his Louers by his death doe know,
His Constancie, his patience confirmation :
His patience his humility did proue,
And all in some his Glory from aboute.

Whose Vertue such, as his that could not sinne ?
Whose Wisdomes such, as worketh Vertues will ?
Whose loue is such, as Wisdomes liueth in ?
Whose Constancie doth shew such Kindnes still ?
Whose patience such, as did his passion show ?
Or who so high, and euer brought so low ?

What Vertue doth, his Wisedome doth expresse,
 What Wisedome doth, his loue doth manifest :
 What loue doth, doth his constancie confesse,
 What Constancie doth, in his patience blest :
 What Patience doth, Humility doth tell,
 In him alone they all and only dwell.

Then let the vertuous for all vertue loue him,
 And let the wise in Wisedomes loue admire him :
 And let the constant in all kindnes proue him,
 And let the patient patiently desire him :
 And let the humble humbly fall before him,
 And all together all in all adore him.

Oh that the world could see his vertues Beauty,
 Or wit of man his Wisedomes Maestie :
 Or Loue could looke into his Constancie,
 Or patience into his humility :
 Then vice, nor folly, fralty, rage, nor pride,
 Should in the mindes of men so much abide.

His Vertue made the first perfections Nature,
 His Wisedome made the forme of all perfection :
 His loue did giue the life to euery Creature,
 His Constancie the cares of Loues direction :
 His patience Medicine for all Miseries,
 His humblenes the way to Paradise.

Would'st thou be perfect ? in his vertue know it,
 Would'st thou be vertuous ? in his wisedome learne it :
 Would'st thou be wise ? in his loue only shew it,
 Would'st thou be louing ? in his life discerne it :
 Would'st thou be constant ? in his care conceiue it,
 Would'st thou be patient ? in his death perceiue it.

Would'st thou be humble ? in his lowlines
 Learne to submit thy selfe to higher powers :
 Would'st thou be blessed in his Blessednes ?
 Learne to bestow the labour of thine howers :
 Would'st thou be holy, and liue happy euer ?
 Liue in his loue, and thou shalt liue for euer.

The infinite good thoughts his vertue giueth,
 The infinite good works his will perfecteth :
 The infinite good life in his loue liueth,
 The infinite loue his constancie effecteth :
 Th' infinite constancie his patience proueth,
 Doe humbly shew what infinitenes loueth.

Since Vertues (then) good thoughts are infinite,
 And infinite is Vertue in good thought ;
 And infinite is Wisedome in good wit,
 And infinite is loue by Wisedome wrought ;
 And infinite is constancie in loue,
 Which infinitely patience doth proue.

In infinite Humility of hart,
 Vnto the height of all Infinitie :
 In infinite perfection of each part,
 That makes the infinite Diuinitie :
 The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost all three,
 In one, one God, all infinite Glory bee.

And since no hart is able to attaine,
 Vnto his holy and eternall praise :
 To whom doth duly appertaine,
 The date of Glories neuer ending dayes :
 When Angels in their Haleluiah dwell,
 Let me but sing Amen, and I am well.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.



T O A L L L E A R
ned and Vertuous Schollers,
and gracious Students, honour
and happiness.

Gentlemen, I feare, this my mistermed piece of Poetry, in your true iudgements, will be subject to the reproofe of errour ; what is amisse, I humbly leaue to your correction, and what is otherwise, to your fauourable acceptation : and so, loath to be tedious in ceremonies, I rest affectionately to all good learning,

A friend auowed

BER. N. Gent.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, IAMES = James VI. of Scotland, I. of England. Signature 'Ber N.' see Note, p. 2, on this.

TO THE READER: col. 1, l. 14, 'taxed' = accused, with satire implied: col. 2, l. 9, 'tutition' = guardianship.

Page 5, col. 1, l. 23, 'toy' = trifle: col. 2, l. 19, 'neatest' = best dressed: l. 20, 'pleating' = plaiting: l. 22, 'fond' = foolish: l. 24, 'antike' = youthful. So Samuel Nicholson in *Acolastus*

'My anticke-age was freely lent
To the committing of accurbed evill'

See my edn. (1876, 4to.) p. ix.: l. 28, 'beraide' = betrayed. So in our English Bible, St. Matthew xxvi. 73, and Isaiah xvi. 3.

P. 6, col. 2, l. 7, 'ends'—misprinted 'tends,' the 't' caught from 'it.'

P. 7, col. 1, l. 21, 'leese' = lose, so p. 8, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom: l. 38, 'Tune and Time'—misprinted 'Time and Tune:' see l. 40, where perhaps 'clime' ought to be 'chime': col. 2, l. 24, 'wring' = torture: l. 48, 'clime' = claim (by stress of rhyme).

P. 8, col. 1, l. 8, 'summes . . . parcels' = the sum-total with the particulars: *ib.* 'gree' = agree: l. 12, 'all and some' = the whole and each: l. 36, 'the only wicked' = the wicked alone: l. 52, 'leese:' see on p. 7, col. 1, l. 21: col. 2, l. 7, 'In some' = in sum.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 11, 'fond' = foolish, as before: l. 34, 'ware'—misprinted 'warre': col. 2, l. 26, 'raise' = praise, exalt.

P. 11, col. 1, l. 7, 'arter' = artery: l. 9, 'bytes' = lungs: so *Scottic's* still: l. 13, 'She' misprinted 'He': col. 2, l. 18, 'and if,' etc.,—note the peculiar construction: l. 51, 'spide' = speed.

P. 12, col. 1, l. 7, 'attonements' = at-one-ments, agreement: l. 33, 'had I wist' = too late repentance.

P. 13, col. 1, l. 14, 'pheere' = husband: l. 32, 'bussing' = kissing: col. 2, l. 30, 'Set'—misprinted 'Let,' caught from line before: *Constancie*, col. 2, l. 6, 'Wisdomes, Loue, Honor,'—misprinted 'Wisdomes Loues Honor':

P. 17, col. 1, l. 9, 'embrace'—query, misprint for 'embase' = cast downe?

Throughout 'then' is = than.

In the MS. (see Note, p. 2) the Epistle-dedicatory is signed 'Your Majesties most Loyall Subiect Nicholas Breton.' The address 'To the Reader' is not in the MS. Page 7, col. 1, l. 7, in MS. reads 'giues' for 'gaines': p. 8, col. 2, l. 7, 'somme' is spelled 'summe': at end 'Gloria in excelsis Deo' is not in the MS. Other variations are merely orthographical, *e.g.*, ad daie 'yet' is 'yitt' and the like. The MS. is a very beautiful one, and is the same with the other Breton MS. in the Royal Collection.—G.





A True Description
of Vnthankfulnesse.

1602.



NOTE.

The only copy of the 'True Description' that has been found is that among the Tanner books in the Bodleian. 8 leaves 4°. The few Notes and Illustrations follow :—

P. 4, EPISTLE-DEDICATORY—MISTRESS MARY GATE. This was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Gate of Seamer, co. York, and she appears to have died unmarried. Sir Henry was brother of Sir John Gate, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He married first, Lucy, d. of Charles Knevet, Esq., and secondly, Catherine Watkin of Bradwarden. His children were all by his first wife. He purchased the manor of Kilburn, in Hampstead, co. Middlesex, and described himself in his will as of Kilburn. He died 7th April 1589.

Ibid., The Poem—col. 1, l. 10, 'had I twists.' See Glossarial Index, s. v.

P. 5, col. 1, ll. 19-20. Cf. *ibid.* ll. 49-50,—a myth found in old Natural History books: col. 2, ll. 13 onward—the old classical legend of Androchus and the lion, as related by Aulus Gellius (v. 14): l. 52, 'tamnesse,' *sic*, the spelling of 'tameness': l. 54, 'As' is misprinted 'And.'

P. 6, col. 1, l. 8, 'Whereas' = whereat, *i.e.* as where: col. 2, l. 24, 'trompt' = trump-card.—G.



A T R V E
D E S C R I P T I O N
of vnthankful
nesse.

Or anemie to Ingratitude.

*Compiled by Nicholas Bre-
ton Gent.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *Thomas Este.*

1602.

M.


M *MORE* worth then vertue can no creature know,
 A *A Phanix in the world there is but one:*
 R *Rare is the Bird, and though there be no mo,*
 Y *Yet you may finde hir when you are alone.*

G.

G *REAT is the Grace that in the spirit liueth.*
 A *And such a life is worthy honors loue:*
 T *The perfect good that heau'nly mercie giueth,*
 E *Elected Virgins in the heau'ns above.*

To the Right Worship
full, Vertuous, and Noble minded

Gentlewoman, Mistris *Mary Gate*, Daughter to
 that true worthie Knight of Honorable remem-
 brance, Sir *Henry Gate* of *Semer. N. B.*
 wisheth all happinesse on Earth
 and Heauen heere-
 after.

 *Vertuous minde* can not bee without hir
 honor, nor, an vngratefull spirit without a
 burthen of Conscience: the first in your
 selfe is made manifest to many, the second,
 in my selfe, I wish not to lue to bee touched with, but yet,
 not able to requite those your Honourable fanours that
 I haue receiued yet vnderued, giue mee leaue in this
 little fruit of my Labour, to present you with this token
 of my thanckfulnesse, wherein treating onely of the
 vile Nature of Ingratitude, I hope not to bee found
 guiltie in that offence. And so, wishing you your

desert of Honour, of the best mindes, and the vngrate-
 full, the plague of an vnquiet Conscience, or amendement
 of their euill conditions, in continuall prayer for your
 harts euer Contentment, I rest,

Yours bounden to command

Nicholas Breton.


To the Reader.

HEE that is vnthankfull for a good turne, sheweth
 the venime of a vile Nature, and hee that is
 kindly gratefull, is worthie to bee beeloued: if you bee
 of the last condition, I commend you, if of the first,
 God amend you: What you are I know not, but I hope
 the best, the worst I desire not to heare off. And
 therefore, in briefe, the Treatise being short, I will not
 trouble you to long, but as I finde your kindnesse, will
 rest in thankfulnessse.

Your friend

NICHOLAS BRETON.

INGRATIS SERUIRE NEFAS.

 **C**all the sinnes that euer rain'd,
 Since wickednesse hir world began:
 That Nature beautie most hath stain'd,
 Within the wretched hart of Man:

And nearest doth to hell allude,
 Is that of fowle Ingratitude.

It kilts the Eie of Reasons sight,
 With fowle obliuions foggy mists:
 And make the spirit to delight,
 But in the harmes of had I wists:
 And mires the soule in sinnes fowle flud,
 While lack of grace, can see no good.

It studies onely to destroie,
 A gentle spirit with despiht:
 And knows no part of Heauenly ioy,
 That pleads so in the Diuels right:
 It is a hagge, that heauens doe hate,
 And dwels, but with the Reprobate.

It bringeth forth such shameful Euill,
 Out of the shamelesse wicked minde:
 As by suggestion of the Diuell,
 Makes Nature goe against hir kinde:
 When Men that should bee Vertues friends,
 Become but Machaulian fiends.

There is no thought can bee so vile,
 Nor word can sound so ill a worth:
 Nor cursèd state, so ill a stile,
 As can Ingratitude set forth:
 Which was the curse of Adams seede,
 And neuer since did better deede.

Where it doth once infect the hart,
 The Sonne doth wish the Fathers death:
 The Wife doth seeke the Husbands smart,
 The Brother stops the Sisters breath:
 The Neighbour, and the nearest friend,
 Will plot each others speedy end.

It makes the Seruant to forget,
His duty to his Maisters loue :
The subject all his wits to set,
Rebellion to his Prince to prooue :
The Villaine for a Comfort lent,
For to beetraie the Innocent.

It maketh Man forget his God,
In whom alone hee hath his being :
His Comfort and his Mercies Rod,
Whereof his Soule can haue no seeing :
Vntill to late in hell he findes,
How God doth hate vngratefull mindes.

Oh what it doth, or doth it not ?
That may agrieue an honest minde :
To see the power that Sinne hath got
Vpon the curse of humane kinde :
While Comfort, Kindnesse, Care, and Cost
Vpon vnthankfulnesse are lost.

Oh Hellish Worme, that eats the wombe,
Wherein it lay, to looke abroade :
And plots the Meane to make his Tombe,
Whose house had bene his chiefe abode :
While faithlesse friends make hellish fiends,
God send all Iudasses such ends.

A King that on a time ordain'd,
A punishment for euery vice :
Was ask'd, why hee did refraine
On this to set down his deuiſe :
It is quod hee, beyond my wit,
I leaue to God to punish it.

As who should say, the sinne were such,
As did all other so exceede :
That were the torment nere so much,
It were no more then it did neede :
That all the world might warning winne,
To flie the thought of such a sinne.

Oh, how much worse then any Beast,
It makes the shape of Man to proue ?
For shape is most and Man is least,
That so doth swarue from Natures loue :
And in the hate of honours Nature,
Becomes the worst of any creature.

Fie, fie, vpon Ingratitude,
The Sinne of Sinnes that euer was :
That doth the soule to much delude,
And brings the world to such a passe :
That lack of loues Gratuitie,
Hath almost worne out Charitie.

Of Wormes, the Viper is the worst,
That eats the Bowells that did breed him
Of Birds, the Cuckoe most accurst
That kils the Sparrow that did feed him :
And is not man more halfe a Diuell ?
That so requiteth good with Euill ?

A poore Man going to a wood,
Within the Snow an Adder found :
When, wishing how to doe it good,
Did take it vp, from off the ground :
And fearing of no future harme,
Did in his bosome keepe it warme.

But comming home vnto the fire,
No sooner hee had loosde his Coate :
But, to requite his kinde desire,
The Adder bit him by the throate :
Now whereto doth this tale alude ?
But onely to Ingratitude.

There was a Lyon as I reade,
Who had a Thorne got in his foote :
Which in his trauaile sore did bleede,
While to his hart the payne did shoote :
With which, vnto his Denne hee came
And fell to licking of the same.

When, as he stooode hee spied a Man,
Who had bene thether fled for feare :
And in his hart, with griefe beegan,
To mourne his haplesse being there :
Yet, seeing how the Lyon stooode,
Aduentured to doe him good.

And feeling softly where it stucke,
So cunningly did beate about :
As with his mouth first fell to sucke
Then, with his Teeth, did get it out :
And after did such help apply,
That hee was eas'd by and by.

And when the Lyon felt such ease,
Hee reacht him out a Princely Pawe ;
As who should say to such as please,
I carry comfort in my Clawe :
And to requite his kindnesse then
Hee led him forth out of his Den.

And brought him through a wilderness,
Into a high way, neere a towne :
When in a Princely gentlenesse,
Before his face, hee sat him downe :
And with his Pawe as Poets tell,
Did giue a Kingly kinde farewell.

Now shortly after it befell,
This Lyon was by hunters caught :
And as the story seemes to tell,
Vnto an Emperour was brought :
And with great Ioy and Iolitie
Presented to his Maiestie.

Which Lyon kept, as others are,
That so are caught, and so are brought :
To feede vpon such hungry fare,
As, tamnesse had his stomacke taught :
Did liue such Trayterous harts to teare :
As to such death condempn'd weere.

Where Long this Lyon had not beene,
But that the Man that heal'd his wound :
Whose Eie had neuer Treason scene,
Nor Spirit such a thought had found :
Iniuriously was apprehended,
And vnto such a death condemn'd.

Who being brought vnto the Den,
Whereas the Lyon fiercely stood :
To teare in peeces, those ill men,
That fed him with their poisoned blood :
Before his face did kindlie stand,
And pawde and lickt him on the hand.

The lookers on amaz'd to see,
The Lyon thus the Man entreate :
Did wonder what the cause should bee,
His loue to him should bee so great :
And to the Emperour did tell,
What all before their Eies beeffell.

Who comming thether to behold,
The truth of that hee thus had heard :
And seeing still the prisoner hold,
His place with him : a great reward
Did promise him, the cause to show,
That made the Lyon vse him so.

When, of the Lyon, taking leaue,
With kissing of his Kingly foote :
To make his Maestie conceiue,
The truth of all euen from the roote :
Hee ript vp all that hee had done,
Whereby this Lyons loue beegunne.

The Emperour well pleas'd to heare,
How euery point and part did grow :
Before his presence made appeere,
The wretches that had wrong'd him so :
And threw them in his wrathfull power,
Vnto the Lyon to deuower.

Who spar'd none but slew them all :
The Man was Royally rewarded :
The Note to this effect did fall,
That thankfulness was much regarded :
The Lyon still remained his friend,
And so the story made an end.

Oh Lord that euer Man should liue
In hate of loues forgetfulness,
And that a Lions loue should giue,
Such notes of Noble thankfulness :
Which all in one doe but conclude,
The Princely grace of Gratitude.

Then shew no Vipers venom vile,
To gnaw the bowells, that did breed thee :
Nor Cucko like, doe loue beguile,
To kill the Sparrow that did feede thee :
But Lionlike doe thankfull proue,
To him that hath deseru'd thy loue.

Remember what thou hast Recen'd,
Of whom, why, how, and what, and where :
And, let it bee, as well perceu'd,
Thou doste retourne thy kindnesse there :
That perfect thankfulness may proue,
The Nature of the Lions loue.

If that thou finde, thy Mistresse kinde,
Dishonor not hir qualitie :
If that a noble friend thou finde,
Skoffe not his liberalitie :
If meane men bule thy companie,
Requit them not with villanie.

If that thy Father doe commend thee,
Be thou not had to shew his blindness :
And if thy friend a saddell lend thee,
Steale not his Horse to quite his kindnesse :
But chiefly doe not seeke his blood,
Whose loue hath liu'd to doe thee good.

Forget not God, that gaue thee life,
Defame not him that is thy friend :
Bee not vnfaithfull to thy wife,
And hold on honest to the end :
For when the Knaues bee all discarded,
A poore small tromp may be regarded.

Doe not with Connies vndermine,
The Castle where thy Captaine liues :
Nor Counterfet with a Druine,
To cheate the Charitie hee giues :
Least when the world doth see thy shame,
Both God and Man doe hate thy name.

Leaue not a Man to seeke a beast,
A Monster is nor flesh, nor fish,
And where thou hast receu'd a feast,
Returne not home a poisoned dish :
Lest they that find thy hellish Nature,
Doe hold thee for a hatefull Creature.

In summe, for all let this suffice,
To warne thee from Ingratitude :
Beehold it with your inward Eies,
And let it not your soule delude :
For Truth doth write that Time may reade,
It is a graft of Gracelesse seede.

Which growes but in a wicked ground,
And beares no fruit but Infamie :
And many times is blasted round,
With hellish breath of Blasphemie :
Yet with ill humours moystned so,
As makes it wickedlie to grow.

But from this wicked Hellish thing,
That so infects the minde of Man :
And with a most infernall sting,
The wofull state of Life beegan :
And doth abuse good Creatures thus,
Good Lord of such deliuer vs.

FINIS.



The Honovr of Valovr.

1605.



NOTE.

I AM indebted to HENRY HUTH, Esq., London, for the use of his *unique* exemplar of 'The Honovr of Valovr'—8 leaves, sm. 4to. In the centre of the title-page is a weeping eye, and sword-like beams all round, like contemporary woodcuts of the sun: for legend, 'Honi. Soit. Qvi. Mal. Y. Pense.' No other copy of this booklet besides Mr. Huth's is known or recorded. A former owner's autograph, 'William Neile,' is on the title-page, and another, 'Jo. Ne,' cut through.—G.



THE HONOUR OF
VALOUR.


By Nicholas Breton Gent :



L'occhio nel sopra vede il Mondo.

AT LONDON,
Printed for CHRISTOPHER PVRSSET, and are to bee
solde at the *Mary Magdalens* head in *Holborne*,
neere Staple Inne. 1605.

To the Right Honorable, CHARLES, EARLE
 OF DEVON, LORD MOUNTIOY, LIEVTENANT
 Generall, and Gouvernour of Ireland, Master of his
 Maiesties Ordinance of England, Captaine of *Portsmouth*,
 one of his Maiesties most Honorable priuie Counsell,
 and Knight of the most Noble order of the Garter :
Nicholas Breton wisheth a long and health-
 full life, with increase of Honour on
 earth, and the Ioyes of Heauen,
 in Heauen.


OBLE Earle, to present your Honour with a Pamphlet, may giue suspition either of too little wit, or too great presumption ; the first with sorrow I confesse, for the second I humbly craue pardon ; and yet since a Larke is worth a Kite, if your Honour can away with small birds, I hope you will not distaste this little Tittle : but least my figure may seeme better then my substance, leauing the labour of my loue, to the honour of your good fauor, I take my leaue in all humblenesse.

Your Honours deuoted to be commaunded

Nicholas Breton.



TO THE READER.

LL yee that loue Armes, and haue hearts to maintaine Armes, and vse not only your feete, to run away with Armes, Reade what I haue written in the Honour of Armes : If you haue no spleene, I knowe not what to say to you, but if you vnderstand English, you may spell and put together, I meane Valour and Honour, for one cannot bee spared from the other : for a Title without desert, is like a tittle without sence : What shall I say? If you be wise, you will like that may please you ; but if you will be out of order, you are not for my rancke. In briefe, Valour with Wisdome is worthy Honour, and furie without reason, is the next neighbour to folly : but a figure without substance may stand for a Cipher : and therefore reade this little tract, and as your heart will giue you leaue, put it in prooffe. I meane to deserue Honour by Valour ; or els if your stomack will not serue you, fall to such dyet as will fit you : but I feare I am too tedeous, and therefore I thus conclude : wishing Honour to Valour, and aduancement to all true Honour : I rest.

Your friend as I finde cause,

Nicholas Breton.



The Honor of Valour.

HIGH flying mindes, cannot embase their eyes,
Vpon the objects of vnworthy sence,
The stately Eagle gapes not after flies,
Ambition reedes no rules of Patience ;

While onely Honour aymes at Excellence :
And Valour sencelesse of the thought of feare,
Lookes at the Sunne, & loues no lower Spheare.

Kings loue no equals, *Phabus* shines alone,
The Ocean sea disdaines the little brooke,
All gems are glasse vnto the Diamond stone,
A Kingdome, to the world, is but a nooke,
Bloud is the Inke that writes the warlike booke,
Where truth deliuers to the trompe of Fame,
The terniz'd Honour of a worthy name.

The trampling Steede treads out the way of terror,
While Thundring Canon shootes no tennis Bals,
And truth disdaineth to subscribe to error,
To bring the spirit to the fleshes cals ;
No, the true Souldier scales the Castle wals,
Entreth the Fortes, and makes the Forces yeeld,
Ruines the Campe, and ouerruns the field.

No, no, it is a high Astronomy
That findes the starlight of a minde of State,
Who in his strength will rather striue to die,
Then hold his reckonings at a lower rate,
Then that high loue that hath the world in hate ;
Where dauntlesse valour duely doth aduance
Deserning spirits, in despite of chaunce.

The Lyons eyes doe sparkle all like Fire,
The *Phoenix* dies and liues but in the Sunne,
Aspiring spirits cannot but aspire,
And when they die, then all their world is done :
Yet after death a better life begunne :
Where loftie fame to longest memory,
Doth sound the Honour that can neuer die.

The mole-like mindes that digge but vnder drosse,
Haue curs'd eyes that cannot see the light ;
And Soules that worship but the golden Crosse,
In mortal warre make but a Coward fight :
The face of man was made to looke vp right.
Strong harted mindes had rather burst then bend,
Blest be the life brings honour in the end.

When fire and smoke do all bedimme the ayre,
And bloudied earth is with deade bodies paued,
And valiant courage sits in conquests chaire,
To heare the cries of mercy humbly craued,
And harmlesse people by true pitie saued ;
Then feels the heart the height of pleasures power,
To haue the hap to liue to such an houre.

To take a Cock-boat in a Riuer Crooke,
Or breake a Bulrush on a coate of Steele ;
To fish for honour with a siluer hooke,
Or kill a Coward running, in the heele,
Or worke for threed but with a spinning wheele ;
These haps may hit, but when that all is done,
They are but all as Moates in honours Sunne.

The chamber musique that inchaunts the eare,
Giues sodaine silence to the Trumpets sound ;
And crying, *Cupid* doth but willow weare,
While worthy *Mars* is with the Lawrell cround ;
The man of warre the Merchant runs aground,
And Resolution cannot quench his fire,
Till he haue either death or his desire.

Ease hath no part in Passions happinesse,
Nor, safety luls the watchfull eye a sleepe,
And working spirits loues no idlenesse,
Which haue the Key of Honours care to keepe,
The noble minde can neuer learne to creepe ;
No, Princely Honour is the royall Prize,
For which, true valour either liues or dies.

The slimy Snailles that slide along the ground,
And hide their heads with feare to shew their horns ;
The heauenly thought of honour neuer found,
But are, indeed, the Noble Spirits scornes :
No, Vertue so the valiant minde adornes,
And on his countenance sets so faire a grace,
As makes the world reioyce to see his face.

Oh when a valiant heart holds vp the hand,
And chargeth on the vangard of a troope ;
Sets both the foote and horsemen at a stand,
Mazeth the Gallant, makes his feather stoupe,
And puts his spirits vp into a Coope ;
Then what a ioy the victor doth receiue,
Base mindes nor doe, nor will, nor can conceiue.

When Drum, and Fife, and the report of shot,
 Makes Musique for the eares of noble hearts,
 The thought of feare is vtterly forgot,
 When mortal wounds doe shew but flea-bite smarts,
 While Death keepes racket vpon either parts :
 Then see how Valour fights in Honours field,
 Spirits leaue bodies, ere true hearts can yeeld.

He that can bargaine for a bag of golde,
 Or shuffle cards to shift a cunning tricke,
 Or plaie the Wolfe within a Sheepeheards foold,
 Or catch an Oyster and deuour him quick,
 Or hit a pinne vpon a twelue-score prick ;
 These may be men of shape, but for the minde,
 Where Honour goes, they euer staie behinde.

He that dare fight and see his finger bleede,
 And can outsoolde a begger in her brawle,
 He that can scoure the Country for a neede,
 And put perhaps the weake vnto the wall ;
 And clymyng Crowes neasts, venter for a fall :
 These may, perhaps, be men and handsome men ;
 But neuer written, with a noble Pen.

Hee that can sooth a lye, or tell a tale,
 And sweetely fall into the sinke of sinne ;
 He that can rob the Parke and breake the Pale,
 Or tickle a great fish vnder the finne,
 And like a huswife learne to card and spinne :
 These may perhaps, haue pretty apish graces ;
 But Honour truely neuer saw their faces.

Hee that can whistle at a Plowe and Cart,
 And catch a Weezle in a Cony hole ;
 Hee that can eate vp a whole aple tarte,
 And ouerleape a blinde mare and her fole,
 Or strike a football strongly through a goale ;
 These may be too, a kind of men, and so,
 But no such men as euer honour knowe.

No, the base mindes of begger thoughts are bard
 From the concept of Honours kingly blisse ;
 A Coward motion neuer can be heard,
 Where Resolution knowes what Honour is :
 Fortune and Feare can neuer kindly kisse.
 Forward and firme and faithfull to the death,
 Proues Honours loue, vnto the latest breath.

The hate of wronge and the defence of right,
 The sparing dyet, the true patience,
 The burning lampe of Honours blessed light,
 The pleasing toyle of hopes experience,
 The royall seate of Honours residence ;
 These are the lines that lead the loftie minde,
 To looke at heauen and leaue the world behinde.

The puffing fat that shewes the Pesants feede,
 Proues *lack a Lent* was neuer Gentleman ;
 The noble Spirit hath no power to reede,
 The raking Precepts of the Dripping pan ;
 A Hoppy horse best fits maid *Marian*,
 And Chanteclere if it be rightly bred,
 With one true blowe will strike the dunghil dead.

The Copy-wit doth no true wisdome holde,
 Babes will be frighted with a buzzing Flie,
 True Honours title is not bought and sould,
 None sees the Sun but with an Eagles eye,
 Base is his life that is afraid to die ;
 While conscience cleare of villanous conceipt,
 Holds Honours hopes at a most glorious height.

The silly hearts of simple witted heads,
 That spend their spirits in a poore deuotion
 Who lye and read old ballads in their beds,
 Where plainnesse makes the way vnto promotion,
 While Folly poysons Reason with a potion :
 These two may seem a kinde of humane creatures
 But haue no name in notes of Honours natures.

The straining wits that stretch their braines so hie,
 As if their spirits spake by inspiration,
 Or with the wings of *Phaeton* will fly,
 To see the state of *Phabus* Constellation,
 And onely worke for words of admiration ;
 These may be men, and in their humours rare,
 But truely, Honour knowes not what they are.

Arte is but idle in a worke of ease,
 Time but mispent in middle humord thought ;
 Reason abus'd, that barely seekes to please,
 Learning but lost, in wit inclinde to nought,
 Wit but a Foole, that is so dearely bought ;
 Nature a Spirit, vnto nothing spent,
 Till Valour compasse Honours continent.

That royall fancie that is voide of feare,
 That Princely spirit, that doth Fortune spight,
 That heauenly eye that seeth euery where,
 That happie soule, that hath so sweete a sight,
 Proue in the Lamp of the eternal light,
 How Valours truth in Vertues quarrell proued,
 Doth make a minde, of God and man beloued.

Yea, the true bloud that tickles at the heart,
 Strengthens the stomack, nourisheth the braine,
 Reuiues the spirit, runnes through euery part,
 Feedes euery muscle, swels in euery vaine,
 Finde death a medecine rather than a paine,
 Will make the minde where Honour liues indeed
 Leaue works of worth, for all the world to reede.

Oh the poore hearts of pitifull complaining,
 That onely liue, and eate, and drinke, and die :
 Honour, hath bene a Grace of Vertue gaining,
 When fooles knewe nothing of the mysterie,
 How Valour first began a Monarchie ;
 But, Wisdom knowes, whose Laurel cannot wither,
 Valour, and Honour, euer liue together.

The golden God, giues but an outward grace,
 Where bodies are but babies in attire ;
 But Spirits liue in a more glorious place,
 Whose substance is of a celestial fire,
 The light of Angels in a heauenly Quire :
 Where *Phabus* shewes, the vertue is diuine,
 Where Valors actions do in Honour shine.

Oh that bright shining euer blessed Sunne,
Which in his Circle cannot hide a moate,
But in the course which he hath euer runne,
Gane *Mars* his Acts, to *Mercury* to note,
Where Honours fame might neuer be forgot,
Blest be that light that shews where Vertue liues,
Honour true Valor, Valor Honour giues.

And by the beames of that faire sunny light,
Oh would the world did finde out honours way,
That foggy mysts might not offend the sight
Of those cleere eyes where valours comforts stay ;
But giue the night the night, the day the day :
The Eagle wings to mount the loftie skye,
And on the Dunghill let the Buzzard die.

Then should not honour fall vpon a word,
Few be by fauor, none by Fortune graced,
While trewest Honour groweth by the sword.
Where trew dishonour iustly is defaced,
While Vertue is so high by Valour placed,

The earth may see how heauens the hearts aduãce
Where Valour seekes the swords inheritance.

But let it not be in vsurping mindes :
For treason hath no place in honours truth,
Ambition oft so much affection blinds,
As bringeth reason but to ruins ru'th ;
Repentance euer rashnes so ensuth
That valour must but fight in honors right,
Or but receiue dishonor in the fight.

Let Vertue then a valiant spirit leade
Against thy Gods, thy Kinges, and Contryes foes :
That Loue in life, and Fame when thou art dead,
May sound the noates, that Noble Vertue knowes,
In Honors truth that time can neuer lose :
So liue, so die, so die, and euer liue,
While Vertue, Grace, Valour doth Honor giue.

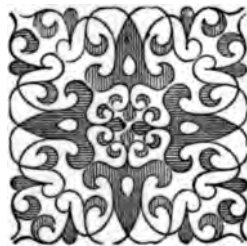
Finis.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

NOTES.

Page 4, EPISTLE-DEDICATORY : see Memorial-Intro-
duction on this nobleman : remarkable in himself, he
yet is now mainly remembered as the husband of Sir
Philip Sidney's 'Stella.' l. 4, 'Tittle' = tiling, *i.e.*
hedge-sparrow : a small thing.

Page 6, col. 1, l. 13, 'Or hit a pinne,' &c. : see Glos-
sarial Index under 'prick : ' l. 3 (from bottom), 'Hoppy'
= capering : last line, 'dunghill,' *i.e.* the common
cock as opposed to the 'game' one.—G.



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An Invective Against Treason.

1616.



NOTE.

It is our privilege to print the 'Hate of Treason' from the Author's own holograph MS. (17, c. xxxiv.) among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. Of the printed edition (1616), entitled 'The Hate of Treason, with a Touch of the Late Treason' (pp. 22), I have not been so fortunate as to see a copy. In the Memorial-Introduction I hope to be able to give an account of it, as an exemplar is believed to exist. Prefixed to the MS. is the following Epistle-dedicatory :—

'To the highe, and moste Noble Lorde :
the Duke of Lineux : helthe, honor, and eternall
Happines :'

Right Honorable,

The faithfull Love to his Ma^{tie} w^{ch} yo^r iuste hatred to all his enemies, hath made me out of my bounden Duty to yo^r Grace, to present the same, wth these fewe Invective lines, againste the vile name of Treason, and Traitors : wherein, naminge no person offendinge, and, wishing there had never been suche offence, leavinge the Tract to the perusinge of yo^r discreete patience, wth my better service to yo^r Gracious Employment, I humbly reste :

Yo^r Graces divoted to be

Cōmaunded

Nich: Breton.

A facsimile of this letter, showing Breton's handwriting, accompanies our reproduction.—G.

To the highe, and moste Noble Lorde
the Duke of Lincolne:
heltie, honor, and eternall
Happines.

Right Honorable, the faultfull losse to god ma^{tie} ^{to} ^{you} ^{into} ^{gained} ^{to}
all god enemies, hath made me out of my bounden duty to you. Excuse
to present the same, ^{with} ^{the} ^{best} ^{force} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{world} ^{against} ^{the} ^{evil}
names of Treason, and Treachery. ^{wherein} ^{naminge} ^{no} ^{person} ^{offending}
and, ^{nothing} ^{there} ^{god} ^{never} ^{has} ^{since} ^{offence}; ^{leavinge} ^{the} ^{care}
to the prouidence of god, discontinue ^{with} ^{my} ^{former} ^{service}
of ^{your} ^{Orator} ^{Employment}, I ^{embrace} ^{with} ^{me}.

Yr. Excuse directed to be
Comanded:

Nich. Breton

THE HISTORY OF THE

of the

The first part of the history is divided into three volumes. The first volume contains the history of the reign of King Henry the First, from the year 1100 to the year 1135. The second volume contains the history of the reign of King Stephen, from the year 1135 to the year 1155. The third volume contains the history of the reign of King Matilda, from the year 1141 to the year 1141.

The second part of the history is divided into three volumes. The first volume contains the history of the reign of King Henry the Second, from the year 1155 to the year 1189. The second volume contains the history of the reign of King Richard the First, from the year 1189 to the year 1199. The third volume contains the history of the reign of King John, from the year 1199 to the year 1216.

1



An Invective against Treason :



H what a wicked, wretched worlde is this ?
so little fayth in Sowles, or love in Hartes ;
so many Mindes, minde nothing but amiss?
thus, on the Earth, can Devills playe theyr

partes?
to poyson Sowles, wth such Infernall Dartes?
can nothing flow, but wealth and wickednes?
to drown the World in all vngodlines?

What Mischiefe walkes among y^e minds of Men?
will nothing serve theyr discontented Wills?
must they needs runne into y^e Devills denne?
are theese y^e Scopes of Machivilian skills?
that all y^e Worlde, with his Infection fills?
Oh God, what Devill, could in ill goe further?
then Pride, in malice, practise hellish Murther?

To kill at all, is an vnkinde desire :
to kill a Foe, is but a bloudie fact :
to kill a Friend, a heate of hellish fire :
to kill a Neighbour, an vngratious act :
to kill a Brother, Horrors fowle Abstract :
to kill a Father, too vnnaturall :
to kill a King, y^e wicked'st deede of all.

For, Father, Brother, Neighbour, Friend or Foe,
in each of theese, but fewe to Ruine runne ;
but, in a King, or Princes overthrowe,
how many thowsand Thowsands are vndonne?
woe woorth y^e hand, y^t such ill threed hath spunne :
as, by y^e woork of Sathans wickednes
a Worlde of Christians should endure Distress.

But, altogether, King, Queene, Prince, and Peere ;
the Byshoppe, Judge, y^e Lorde, the Magistrate ;
when they should all in Parliament appeere :
for the establishing of a blessed State :
even then to shew the horror of theyr hate :
by force of Fire, devisèd for the nonce ;
to teare y^e howse, and blow them vp at once.

What Eare can heere, whose spiritt doth not tremble?
to thinck vpon the horror of this Act?
if all y^e Devills did in Hell assemble ;
among themselves, to make a fowle Compact :
how could they finish, a more heynous fact?
then so to seeke the Ruine of a State :
and leave so faire a Land so desolate.

But, God on High, that from his Seate beholdeth,
Heaven, Earth, Sea, Hell, & what each one con-
tayneth ;

and, every thought, of every harte vnfoldeth ;
and, for his service, all and som̄ retayneth :
hating y^e pride, his powrefull hand disdayneth ;
hath broke y^e Force of all theyr wicked frame ;
and made theyr woork, vnto y^e world a shame.

But this good God, that gave vs our good King :
and made the sorrowes of our harts to cease,
reveales all Tractes, y^t doe of Treason spring ;
blesseth our Land, preserves itt in his peace,
and doth our sowles, from sinnefull feares release :
how can his name, inough be prays'd of us?
that shew's his care, his love, and mercy thus :

But, oh y^e grieffe of griefs, in gratious thought,
to see a Villayne, on a vertuous King,
by secrett malice, to have Murther sought :
Murther on him, and of his after-spring,
what Eare hath heard of a more Hellish thing?
then, for a little gayne of Prides Content,
to practice Murther on the Innocent.

Our gratious King, on whome y^e King of Grace,
hath rayn'd a shewre of his aeternall graces ;
and over vs, hathe given the Kingly place,
of high Coffiaund, Coffaund, y^e King of places ;
ordeyn'd for him, and for his Royall Races ;
this godly King, that God himself hathe sent vs,
What doe wee ayle? that hee cannott content vs?

To whome is hee a foe? but to our foes?
A Neighbour borne, and ever found a friend ;
in love a brother, and his care who knowes,
might as a soonne, a Fathers Love commend :
and for a King, lett itt be wisely ween'd,
and Reasons Eies, will see that Royalty,
that will coniure a Christians Loyalty.

Whose proved love, hathe he left vnregarded?
whome, but y^e wicked, hathe he ever hated?
whose vertuous Acts, hathe he left vnrewarded?
whose power, but Prides, hathe ever he abated?
whose humble Suits, hathe he left disalated?
whose true affect, but hee in favour Graceth?
whose Vertuous tyfe? but, hee in love embraceth?

Whose virgins, hathe, his wanton love deflowred?
 whose worthy honour, hathe his skorne disgraced?
 whose wealth hathe he with Avarice devoured?
 whose love despised? or whose fame defaced?
 or vertuous person, from his place displaced?
 what provéd grace, but in his grace approved?
 of gracious harts, to make his Grace beloved:

Learnings advauncer, and Religions love;
 Wisdoms Affecter, Reasons Student;
 Valours Mayntayner, Vertues Turtle Dove;
 Graces Companion, Honors Continent;
 of Malestie Earth's Royall president;
 Heavens gracious blessing, & worlds worthy wonder
 live our king James, to bring Earths kingdome vnder.

Amen good God, and, Devill lett him bee,
 who, to this Prayer, will nott say Amen:
 blinde be his Eies, and, lett him neuer see;
 that hydes himself, in vtter Darcknes Denne;
 and, pinnes his thoughts, vp in Impatience penne:
 Where, by y^e Traynes, of Treasons fowle Illusion,
 hee brings both Sowle, and body, to Confusion.

When God in Mercy, sends a Gracious King;
 a King, in Grace gives token of his love;
 a loving King, is such a heav'nly thing;
 as, only, Grace, doth give from God above:
 to such a king, who doth a Traytour prove,
 to God, and Man, doth fall out so vngratefull;
 as, both to God, and Man, must needs be hatefull:

Fie on y^e worlde, that ever wickednes,
 should roote it self so, in the hart of Man:
 while graceles thoughts, in all vngodlines;
 doe only tincke, vpon y^e goulden panne;
 and, make theyr bread, of an vnkindly Branne;
 which seeming Wheate, is but a Hellish weede,
 sown by the Devill, in a wicked seede.

The buisle braynes, that in theyr high Concepts:
 beginne to build strange Castles in the Ayer;
 will finde theyr humours fall out but deceipts:
 where lacke of witt, doth prove butt Follies heire:
 while Patience passion, sits in sorrowes chayre,
 to see Repentance probe the best event;
 that can fall out of Rashnes discontent.

Prowd Lucifer, an Angell was of light,
 till hee presum'd, to mount a steppe to high;
 but see what grew, of this vngratious fight;
 from Heaven to Hell, he gatt his fall therby;
 a lust rewarde, of wicked Treacherie:
 where losse of Grace, and gayne of endless grieffe,
 payes home y^e prowde, y^e Traytor, and the Thiefe.

For Pride first layes the wicked plott of Treason;
 Treason steales in, to the Ambitious breast:
 Ambition robbs, both witt and sence of Reason,
 the hart, of truthe, the spiritte of his rest;
 and makes it curséd, that might ells be blest;
 Oh hellish Pride, the Essence of all Euill;
 and only liue, to leade Man to the Devill.

Why, Pride, doth blinde y^e Eie, Infects y^e Minde,
 vennums y^e harte, and gives the Sowle a sting;
 and in all vileness, of so vile a kinde;
 none can describe itt, 'tis so vile a thing:
 itt doth ill humours, to such Issue bring;
 that pittie 'twere, but such a plague approved,
 from Christian harts, should ever be removed.

O the sweete sence of Loves Humilitie,
 which feares displeasure, in a deerest friend;
 the only note of truth's Nobilitie,
 whose woorthy grace, is gracéd without end,
 for who wants Fayth, wants little of a Friend;
 while Faythfull love, in humble truth approved,
 doth ever live, of God, and Man beloved.

Alas, y^e little time of Natures leave,
 to runne the Course of her allotted Care;
 where idle shadowes, doe y^e Eie deceive,
 that only hunteth, after Fortunes Share
 and, had, must leave itt e're it be aware;
 looke, looke att Heaven, and lett y^e world goe by,
 better to die to live, then live to die.

Oh 'tis a Woe, to thinck vpon the thought,
 that entreth into a defiled harte,
 and, with what speede, y^e witt is overwrought,
 that once is led, to learne the Devills Arte,
 who will have all, if once he gett a parte,
 while, still, one sinne, he heapes vpon another,
 till he the Sowle, in vtter darckness smother.

Hee makes a King, esteem'd belowe his state;
 Murther, a Plott, where Pollicie may plodde;
 Pride, a brave humor, Wealth, a Magistrate;
 Content, a Kingdome, and a King, a God;
 butt, in these humors, Heaven an[d] Hell are odde:
 For good mistaken, prove's in fine so evill,
 as farre from God, doth make him prove a Devill;

What can be thought, to be y^e fruit of Treason?
 feare in the thoughts, before it be effected;
 a lacke of Grace, and, an abuse of Reason:
 where heedless witt, is all by will directed,
 till bothe, by wisdom, ruin'd and reiected:
 while hope of honor, runnes on Fortunes wheeles,
 find's Death, and Hell, to followe att theyr heeles.

Who can have pittie on so vile a sowle?
 as Murther seekes, on such a gracious King?
 his name is surely in the Devills Rowle;
 whose hart hath thought, of such a Hellish thing:
 for, butt from Hell, doe all such horrors spring:
 Where, lett vs see, how wicked witts doe woorecke,
 and, how y^e Devill, in theyr wills doth lurcke.

When Craft hath gotten Wealth, and Riches ease,
 and Ease, bredd Pride; and Pride, Ambition;
 Ambition seekes, but itt owne self to please;
 and lack of pleasure breeds Sedition;
 there, if a wicked Sowles condition;
 beginne to build the Tower of Babilon,
 who would not laugh att his Confusion?

Who hathe enough, and yett will seeke for more,
lett him remember Midas choaking Gould ;
and such a Steward for y^e Devills store,
only, in Hell doth his high Office hold ;
who hathe for Coyne, his Sowle and Conscience solde :
A Traytor proves in such a high degree,
as meritts hanging on y^e highest Tree.

Oh, when a Crue of idle headdes witts,
yt thinck they have a world within theyr braynes,
to Counsaile fall in theyr fantastick fitts,
by lacke of Grace, to all vngratious Traynes ;
see, how they make theyr profit of theyr paynes :
Sorrow, and shame, Despaire, Death, & Damnation,
the story writes, of Judas Consternation.

Oh glorious God, since Man was first created,
was ever hard so great a Villanie ?
or ever Men deserv'd so to be hated ?
as this accus'd hellish Company ?
that, in theyr Sowles could hyde such Treacherie ?
lett all y^e World, through all the Worlde goe seeke,
what Age hathe scene, or Eare hathe hard y^e like.

Butt our good God, y^t with his glorious Eie,
beholds his Children in his chary love ;
and, in y^e greatnes of his Maiestie,
y^e seely weakenes of our Sowles doth prooue ;
from his great Mercy, in the Heavens above ;
Even when wee most, his Mercy have offended,
still, from destruction, hath our state defended.

Oh blessed Bryttayne, more then greatly blessed,
in God, thy King, his Counsaile, and thy state :
how can his glory, be enough expressed ?
which to y^e worlde, thy wonder may relate,
where, nott by force of Fortune, nor of Fate,
butt, by his Grace, thy King and Counsailes Care,
this thy deliverance, iustly may declare.

Oh heathen, hatefull, and most hellish sowles,
voyde of all thought of God, or of his Grace ;
y^t so could make, y^e throates, such blouddie bowles,
and such a poyson, in theyr spiritts place,
y^e roote of Honor, from y^e land to race :
oh y^t such beasts, as such a shame doe beare,
could be forgott, as if they never weare.

Surely in Hell, this plott, had first a breeding,
from thence, in lowe places talk't vpon ;
low in a Sellar, had itt then proceeding ;
to seeke a Kingdomes whole Confusion,
by a most horrible destruction ;
thus, low in hell, & Earth, by wicked fiends,
wicked beginnings, make as wicked eends.

But, truly, lowly, had those spiritts bene,
they had nott sett, theyr haughty minds so high ;
nor, had theyr Eies, wth shame and sorrowe scene,
the hatefull fructes of Hellish Treachery :
butt Pryde, the plotter of all Villany,
in curs'd thoughts, where all confusions dwell,
wrought low on Earth, to bring them down to Hell.

For, Gallowes mindes, not gallant mindes indeede,
that make Rebellion, but a Rule of witt,
doe seeldome better with theyr Treason speede ;
then iustly is, for such Offences fitt ;
for, God himself, that ever hateth itt,
howe're y^e Devill blinde theyr damnd eies,
will plague them, with a world of Miseries.

Fooles, more then madd wth straffe Imaginations,
aspiring higher, then the hope of Grace,
doe headlong runne theyr sowles into damnation,
careles to note, the nature of theyr race,
while Beggars seeke, both lorde and King to place ;
and, woorke such wonders, as were never knowne,
till all theyr wicked thoughts be overthrowne.

For, when King, Prince, & lord, & knight were gone,
then Beggars would beginne a government :
and Lords, and Princes, should be every one,
within y^e Compasse of the Continent,
of this rebellious beastly Rablement ;
but of this Dreame, see what awake doth fall,
the Hangman cuffs, and makes an end of all.

For, was there ever such an idle Dreame ?
to overthrowe a Kingdome with a Blast ?
did ever witt so worke against y^e Streame ?
all care of Conscience, from y^e Sowle to cast ?
and with theyr Sowles, to runne to hell so fast ?
itt can nott be, but thatt y^e Men were madd,
that in theyr braynes, such wicked humours hadd.

Doe wee not see itt every hower effected ?
Treason still hatefull, both to God and Man ?
and traytrous harts, from heavenly truth relected ;
and, Hell y^e place, where first y^e Plott began ;
when first the Devill sought y^e spoyle of Man ;
where Evahs pryde, and Judas avarice,
doe shew y^e substafice of theyr deep device.

Oh Pride, betrayer of vntempered thought,
and avarice the enimie of Grace ;
w^{ch} brings the happs of all theyr hopes to nought ;
that in theyr sowles doe suffer them a place ;
most filthy sinnes, that doe all fame deface ;
God bless all Brittaines and all Brittany,
from all the vennum of such Villany.

And, sweete Lords, y^t you doe playnely see,
how God doth plague this hellish sinne of pride ;
and what y^e ends of all such Traytours bee,
that in theyr harts doe such a vennum hide ;
Oh, lett itt never, neere your harts abide,
but, thinck, the note of truthes Nobilltie,
all in the vertue of Humillitie.

Which grace is gracious in the sight of God,
makes Men, as Saincts, and Women Angells seeme ;
makes sinne forgotten ; Mercy vse no rodd,
and constant fayth, to growe in greate esteeme ;
where Wisedomes care, can never truthe misdeeme
and is, in summe, a blessing of y^e Highest,
and to y^e Nature of himself the nighest.

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An Invective Against Treason.

1616.



NOTE.

The only copy known apparently of 'I would and / would not' is in The Bodleian. In the original title-page there is a curious printer's device of a Bee as large as nature. 4to. pp. 24. On this and the reversal of the Author's name B. N. for N. B. see the Memorial-Introduction.—G.



I
W O V L D
A N D
w o u l d n o t.



LONDON
Printed by *Tho. C. for Tho. Bushell.*
1614.

TO THE READER.



On that reade, what you would be, I know not; what you would not be, you know your selfe: But what you should be, God knowes: But for my selfe, I have founde what is best to be, and so wishe other, except they neither knowe what they should be; nor well what they would, or would not be: Scorne it not, because it is in verse, or rime, for if you will reade it, you maie perhaps finde more pleasure and profit in it, then a worse piece of prose: not to perswade you to any thing, further then your liking; I leaue the censure of it, to your discretion, and my better Labours as they fall out, to your further content. And so, loath to make you beleecue more, then perhaps you shall finde, hoping, that no man will be angry with his owne shadowe, nor saie (meaning me) when hee comes to a foole point: But take the best and leaue the worst, and break none of the pale; as kinde hearts doe in the Country: I rest, as you may see in my Discourse, what I would, and would not bee: and without would not, would be as I should be.

Your friend and well-willer.

B. N.



I W O V L D, *And would not.*



1
Would I had, as much as might be had,
Of wealthy wishes, to the worldes content :
That I might liue, all like a lusty Ladde,
And scorne the world, and care not how it went :
But eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and sing, and play,
And so in pleasures, passe my time away.

2
And yet I would not : for too wealthy then,
I should be troubled with a world of toys :
Kinred, Companions, Troups of Seruing-men ;
Fashion-Deuisers, Fooles, and Guirles, and Boyes :
Fidlers, and Iesters, Monkeys, Apes, Babounes,
Drunkards, and Swaggerers, and such trouble-townes.

3
Besides I should forget to finde the way,
That leades the Soule to her Eternall blisse ;
And then my state were at a wofull stay,
No, I would wish, a better world then this.
And in Afflictions, here on Earth to dwell,
Rather then seeke my Heau'n on earth, and run to hell.

4
I would I were a man of such deepe wit,
As might discerne the depth of euery cause :
That whersoere I did in Iudgement sit,
I might be held a Note-booke, in the Lawes.
My braine might seeme a kinde of miracle :
And euery word I spake, an Oracle.

5
And yet I would not : for then, woe were me,
I should be troubled with a world of Cases :
Both rich and poore, would then my Clients be,
Some, with their pleasing, some with piteous faces :
And when the Rich had left their briberie,
I should not rest for *Forma pauperis*.

6
I would I were a man of greatest power,
That swaies a Scepter, on this worlds great Masse.
That I might sit on Toppe of pleasures Tower,
And make my will, my way, where ere I passe.
That Lawe might haue her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frowne a death.

7
And yet I would not : for then, doe I feare,
Enuy or Malice would betray my trust :
And some vile spirit, though against the haire,
Would seeke to lay mine honor in the dust.
Treason, or Murther, would beset me so :
I should not knowe, who were my friend, or foe.

8
No, I do rather wish the Lowe estate,
And be an honest Man, of meane degree :
Be lou'd for good, and giue no cause of hate,
And clime no higher, then a Haw-thorne tree :
Pay euery man his owne, giue Reason, right :
And worke all day, and take my rest at night.

9
For sure in Courtes, are worlds of costly Cares,
That comber Reason, in his course of rest :
Let me but learne, how thrift both spends and spares,
And make enough as good as any feast.
And fast, and pray, my daies may haue good end,
And welcome all, that pleaseth God to send.

10
I would I were the fairest sweetest Creature,
That could be painted with the purest Art :
That Arte might wonder at the worke of Nature,
How so perfection made vp euery part.
That euery Eye that saw mee, might admire mee,
And euery heart, heard of me, might desire me.

11

And yet I would not : for then, out alas,
I should be troubled with a world of fooles :
When many a simple Idle headed Asse,
Would put his wits vnto some Poets schooles,
To learne to make a verse to flatter mee :
As there were no such louing foole as hee.

12

No, I doe rather wish the louely Browne,
Where vertues Beauty makes the Inward faire :
Then be the gallant gazer of the towne,
And make mine honor, but a Barbers Chaire :
When none that had, with losse of treasure tride me,
Once finding my foule Inside would abide me.

13

I would I were an Innocent, a foole,
That can do nothing else but laugh or crie :
And eate fat-meate and neuer go to schoole ;
And be in loue, but with an Apple-pie :
Weare a pide-Coate, a Cockes-Combe, and a Bell,
And thinke it did become me passing well.

14

And yet I would not : for then should I not
Discerne the difference, twixt the good and bad :
Nor how the gaine of all the world is got,
Nor who are sober, wise, nor who are mad.
Nor in the Truth of follies sence to see :
Who's the foole now? ther's no such foole as hee?

15

I would I were a Fidler, and could play,
A thousand quauers in a minutes space :
And at a Bridale, brauely leade the way,
Before the Bride, and giue the Groome, a Grace,
That I might shake the head, and stare, and gape,
And make a thousand faces like an Ape.

16

And yet I would not : for ten to one
My fiddle or my fingers should not rest :
But euery Iacke a Lute would call vpon,
Such Moris daunces as doe like him best :
And euery wagtaile with a wanton Eye,
Would hang vpon me for a Heidegy.

17

I would I were a Cuckolde Wittall Asse,
And car'de not who did mount my Hackney Saddle,
Yet thinke I haue as true a louing Lasse
As ere lay in Swadling Clouts or Cradle :
And manerly goe to the Church before her,
And would not heare, how many did bewhore her.

18

And yet I would not : for then doe I feare,
My hornes would be so hard, I could not bide them

And when their weight were more then I could beare
Alas I know not what to doe to hide them.
But euery one would say in bitter scornes,
Looke yonder goes a gallant paire of hornes.

19

I would I were the arranst Cuckolde maker,
That euer answerde for his Aperne sport :
There should not scape a wench, but I would take her
And set her to her worke in such a sort
That all the world should know, while I had health
I would not see an Idle Common-wealth.

20

And yet I would not : for then doe I doubt,
Bride-well and I, should wrestle for the Whippe :
And once got in, I hardly should get out,
Till I had soundly pay'd for Trully-Trippe :
When all the Beggers in the streets would whoo me,
And do me all the shame, that they could do me.

21

I would I were a most notorious Thiefe
That might affright all true men, where I goe :
And when I made demaund, they might be briefe,
That in their Budgets doe my busines knowe.
And such as trauaile, with concealed treasure,
Should be but Stewards, to maintain my pleasure.

22

And yet I would not : for then out of doubt,
Some dogge, or duell, would for *Coyne* betray me :
Some priuy search, would surely finde me out,
Or Watch, or Warrant, some way, would way-lay me.
And being caught with Bills, and Clubbes, and stauces,
Bee guarded, with a crue of beastly Slaues.

23

Then to the Iustice, brought with such a Ioy,
As if some Campe or Castle were surprisde :
Who knowing how such Stragglers doe destroy,
A world of wealth, hath presently deuisde,
Vnto the laylers keeping to commend me :
Where I must stay, vntill the gallowes end me.

25

No, I had rather leade a quiet life,
And feare to looke no true man in the face :
Keepe a poore house, maintaine an honest wife,
Trauell no further then the Market-place.
On Sundayes goe to Church, and home againe,
And with my neighbors drinke a pot, or twaine.

26

I would I were a Iuggler, and could play
A thousand pranks vpon a Pepper-corne :
And draw the wittes of Wyzardes, so away,
They all might wonder at a Bullockes-horne.
And with their purses runne and follow mee,
To make them think they see they doe not see.

27

And yet I would not : for then well I know,
Some Eye, or other, would my sleights descrye :
And to the world reueale my cunning so,
I could not answere for my Knauery.
But some Curst-queane, would either cracke my crown,
Or Constable, would course me out of town.

28

I would I were a *Myller*, and could grinde
A hundred thousand bushells in an houre :
And ere my Master and my Dame had dinde,
Be closely filching of a bagge of Floure.
And send it to my Sweet-hart, for to make,
A Pudding-pie, a Pastey or a Cake.

29

And yet I would not : least my Thumbs should be
Held all too great vpon my towling-dish :
And such as did my secret cunning see,
Might curse, and wish mee many a bitter wish :
And say, when they before the Mill-dore-stand,
The Millers-thumb's as broad as halfe a hand.

30

No, I had rather fairely buye my bread,
And spend it as I get it honestly :
Then scarcely sleepe in quiet in my Bed,
When I but thinke vpon my subtilty ;
To lay the wench along vpon the Sacke,
And steale her meale, ere she had turn'd her back.

31

I would I were a Taylor, and could cut,
A thousand yardes of Veluet out in shreads :
And in my purse the money closely put,
While simple hearts were beating of their heads,
With labours toyle to keepe a poore estate,
Like honest *Cutberd* and his bony-*Kate*.

32

And yet I would not : least by falshoods trade,
I should be call'd a stealer, that's a thiefe :
No, in no wise, by such meanes to be made
A Master-workman, were too great a grieffe.
No, Let me rather be an honest youth,
That neuer stoole a yarde of stufte in truth.

33

I would I were a Keeper of a Parke,
To walke with my bent Crosse-bow, and my hound,
To know my Game, and closely in the darke,
To lay a barren-Doe vpon the ground.
And by my *Venison*, more then by my *Fees*,
To feede on better meate then bread and cheese.

34

And yet I would not : least if I be spide,
I might be turned quite out of my walke ;

And afterwards more punishment abide,
Then longs vnto a little angry talke.
And cause more mischief after all, come to me,
Then all the good the Does did euer doe me.

35

No, I would rather bee an honest Keeper,
To walke my Parke, and looke vnto my Pales ;
And not to play the sluggard and the sleeper,
And holde my Land-lord vp with idle tales.
Take but my Fees, be merry with my Dame.
And so to gaine, and keepe an honest name.

36

I would I were a Collyer, might sell Coles,
And fill my sackes a quarter full of dust :
And hauing emptied them in some darke holes,
Swear out my measure to be full, and iust.
Then laugh to thinke when I were gotten home,
How I had couzen'd a kinde-hearted *Mome*.

37

And yet I would not : least by my black face,
I might be held a Diuell then in deed :
And so to doe my fellowes all disgrace
When many a one the worse for me should speed.
No, God forbid, let me be true and iust,
While other hide, the Diuell in the dust.

38

I would I were a Gardiner, and had skill,
To digge and rake, and plant, and sowe, and slippe :
The *Caterpillar*, and the *Mowle* to kill,
To proune my Trees, and all my stalks to strippe.
And when to plucke my fruite, and sowe my seeds,
And how to keep my Gardein cleane from weeds.

39

And yet I would not : for then should I feare,
The *Thiefe*, the *Mowle*, the *Worm*, and *blasting*
windes :
I should not looke about me any where,
But I should finde some crosses in their kinds.
My Plants would wither, or my seedes would rot,
Or loose in one yeare, more then ere I got.

40

No, I would rather take the Markets happe,
And pay my Coyne, and keepe my minde in quiet :
And what I bought, to bring home in my lappe,
And when I come home, dresse it for my Dyet.
Then in my garden watch a *Mowle* or *Mouse*,
And haue another planting in my house.

41

I would I were a painter of such Art,
As like *Appeller*, might abuse the Eye :
And to the life so set out euery part,
That straunge conceits might bee deceiu'd thereby.
And I might vse my pensill in such sort
As all the world should neuer make report.

42

And yet I would not : for then doe I feare,
My heart might fall vpon Idolatry :
For while my hand were drawing of a haire,
I might be rapt into a thought too high.
When thinking to behold an Angels face,
Forget the diuell in another place.

43

No, I had rather onely learne to knowe,
The difference of my Colours in their kindes :
And haue a care, to set my shadowes so,
That may not be a hurt to blessed mindes.
And vse my pensill, on my cloath, and boord,
And for what price I might my paines afford.

44

I would I were a Merchant of all wares,
That I might furnish all both Rich and poore :
And what should fall vnto the Beggars shares,
I might haue plenty, alwaies at my doore.
My shoppe might be a Market of such state,
As all the world may stand and wonder at.

45

And yet I would not : for then doe I feare,
I should finde many a Begger in my booke :
And when I could my mony not forbear
I might goe hang my credit on a booke.
When if both Towne, and Country came vnto me.
In one, or both, some debtors would vndo me.

46

No, I would rather be of meane estate,
Haue mony alwaies ready in my chest :
Be sure to buy my wares at the best rate,
And sell good stuffe, and serue my friends the best,
And cosen no man, with false weight nor measure,
But with true dealing make a poore mans treasure.

47

I would I were a practiser in Phisicke,
To know my Simples, Compounds, and my waters,
To heale the Rume, the Tooth-ach and the *Tisicke*.
The Coughe, olde Aches, and such other matters,
That I might by my skill in generall,
Be held the Maister of the Vrinall.

48

And yet I would not : for then day nor night,
I should haue quiet scarcely in my bed :
And in my Conscience haue full many a fright,
To heare my Patient suddenly were dead :
When by a Vomit, I had burst his heart
Or pur'gde his guttes out through the nether part.

49

No, I had rather bee an Herbalist,
To know the Vertue both of Hearbs and Rootes.

Then be the bold and desperate Alchymist ;
That ofte his weight and measure ouer-shootes,
And so, by either want of Care or skill,
In steede of *Curing*, giue a killing-Pill.

50

I would I were a high *Astronomer*,
That I might make my walke among the starres :
And by my insight might fore-see a farre
What were to come, and talke of peace and warres,
Of liues and deaths, and wonders to ensue,
Although perhaps, but fewe doe fall out true.

51

And yet I would not : for then doe I doubt,
With too-much study, I should grow stark mad :
When one Conceit would put another out,
While giddy braines beyond themselues would gad.
And seeking for the man within the Moone,
Mistake a morning, for an after-noone.

52

No, I would rather learne no more to knowe ;
Then of the times and seasons of the yeare :
What dayes the Fayres are kept, and how to goe
From towne to towne, and euery Sheer, to Sheere.
That *Tearmers* may not their day-note-books slack,
And so to make an honest *Almanacke*.

53

I would I were a rare and sound *Ciuillian*.
And had the Lawes of honest loue by heart :
Would not corrupt my conscience for a million,
Nor euer pleade, but on the honest part.
Examine strictly, and consider duely,
And so giue sentence to the matter truly.

54

And yet I would not : for then might I heare,
How *Truth* gets hatred, for her honest minde :
And simple-Fees, doe make but sory cheare,
While true Plain-dealing hath but barely dinde.
When such as know the world, and how to vse it,
Seeing a Fee come faire, will not refuse it.

55

I would I were a Scriuener, and could pen,
All kinde of writings, write all kinde of hands ;
Be well acquainted with great Monyed-men,
And closely deale for all their goods and Lands.
And being furnisht fully, to my pleasure,
Play them a trick, to make them loose their *Treasure*.

56

And yet I would not : for then I am sure,
My Conscience would receiue a *Mortall-wound* :
And such a wound as neuer *Arts* could Cure,
By all the feates that euer *Scriuener* found.
When if I scap't mine cares for *Forgery*,
My soule should goe to hell for *Vsurry*.

57

No, I had rather in a Copy booke
Write a good sentence for a Schollers reading :
Whereon the parents may be glad to looke,
And say, God send their hands a happy speeding.
And take my mony on the Saturday
For all the weeke, then bid my Boyes goe play.

58

I would I were a Trades man, and could sell
My wares by weight, and measure as I list :
And had such trickes to make my market well,
That I might send home fooles with Had-I-wist.
That while poore soules did sit with losses crying,
I might growe Rich, with swearing, and with lying.

59

And yet I would not : for my Conscience then,
Would make me feele the smart of falshoods woe :
When I beheld the ends of faithles men,
With what a horror to their Hell they goe.
While true plaine-dealing hearts in quiet die,
And faithfull loue doth liue Eternally.

60

I would I were a Broker, and for Coyne
Tooke any Pawnes, and care not what I tooke
For interest, nor how I did pourloyne,
So I might get it with the Siluer hooke :
Who were the Thiefe, so I might buye the wares,
Nor who did shift, so I did get the shares.

61

And yet I would not : for then doe I doubt,
Some priuate Eyes, would closely prie into me :
And some odde Ladde or Landresse finde me out,
And for receiuing stolne goods would vndo me.
When with the losse of all my goods, scarce hope,
To be so happy, as to scape the Rope.

62

No, I had rather trie a better trade,
Whereby to make some honest kinde of gaine :
Whereby some better reckoning may be made,
Then buy Repentance with so great a paine.
Now fie vpon them Brokers, Bawdes, and Theeues,
Make poore men weare their Ierkins without sleeues.

63

I would I were a close promoting Mate,
To picke a hole in each offenders Coat :
And make a shew of seruice to the State,
When I would purse vp many a priuy groat :
But in great Summes follow my Information,
Till I were well paid for a Reformation.

64

And yet I would not : for then euery knaue
Would single me out, for a secret friend :

And teach me how to play the cunning slaue,
To bring my busines to a wretched ende.
While hellish Craft with Cloke of heresie,
Might hide a world of foule iniquitie.

65

No, I would rather learne my selfe t'amend
What is amisse, and so my friends aduise :
Then when I see an other man offend,
In secret seeke his ruine to deuise.
And making shew to seeke the good of all,
Set vp my selfe, with many thousands fall.

66

I would I were a Tapster, fill my pot
Halfe vp with froth, and make my gaine of drinke :
And make no care, how I my mony got,
So I might heare my gold and siluer chinke.
Make more of Drunkardes then of better men,
By putting off bad licour now and then.

67

And yet I would not : for then should I be,
At Call and Checke of euery Lacke and Gill :
And many a Lobcocke would looke into me,
What drinke I drew, how I my pot did fill :
And sometime trust so farre vpon the score,
I scarce should put my head out of the doore.

68

No, I had rather runne another Race,
Though for lesse profit, yet for more content :
That both with God and man, might be in Grace,
Wherein my time might be more happily spent.
And rather pay, my penny for my pot,
Then cosen twenty people for a groat.

69

I would I were as tall, and stout a man,
As euer drewe a sword out of a sheath :
That I might see, who durst come neere my Canne,
Or speake a word, where I but seeme to breath.
Or fortune durst, but crosse me with her wheelles,
For feare to see, her braines about her heeles.

70

And yet I would not : for then where should I
Bestowe my selfe ? why euery man would fie me :
I should be sure to haue no company,
Where none that loue themselues, that will come nigh
me,
And fortune would be sure to fit me so,
That she wold some way seeke mine ouerthrow.

71

I would I were a Trauellor, to passe
The Roughest Seas, and card'e for winde and weather :
And might arriue, where neuer Creature was,
But Beasts, and Birds, that liue and feede together :
And tell at home what I abroad haue scene,
Where neuer man yet but my selfe had beene.

72

And yet I would not : for I feare that fewe
 Would trust my stories, were they nere so true :
 Words are but winde, and winde is but a Dewe,
 Farre Trauellers may say the blacke is Blewe.
 Although perhaps some simple soules may say,
 Surely this man hath trauailde a great way ;

73

No, I will rather trye my Fortunes heere,
 And to my best aduantage vse my wittes :
 Then runne abroad, and buye *Repentance* deere,
 Knowing how ofte, vnhappy *Fortune* hittes.
 When Weather-beaten Sailes, with winde, and raine,
 Scarce make a Sauiug-*Voyage* home againe.

74

I would I were a Player, and could act
 As many partes as came vpon a Stage :
 And in my braine, could make a full Compact,
 Of all that passeth betwixt Youth and Age ;
 That I might haue five-shares in every Play
 And let them laugh, that beare the *Bell*-away.

75

And yet I would not : For then doe I feare,
 If I should gall some *Goss-caps* with my speech :
 That he would freat and fume, and chafe, and sweare,
 As if some Flea had bit him by the Breech.
 And in some passion, or strange *Agonie*
 Disturbe both mee, and all the Companie.

76

I would I were a *Poet*, and could write,
 The passages of this Paltry world in rime :
 And talke of Warres, and many a valiant fight,
 And how the *Captaines* did to Honor clime.
 Of Wise, and Faire, of Gracious, Vertuous, kinde,
 And of the bounty of a noble minde.

77

But speake but little of the life of *Loue*,
 Because it is a thing so harde to finde :
 And touch but little at the Turtle-Doue,
 Seeing there are but fewe Byrdes of that kinde.
 And Libell against leawde and wicked harts,
 That on the earth, doe play the Diuels-parts.

78

And yet I would not : for then would my braines,
 Be with a world of toys Intoxicate :
 And I should fall vpon a thousand vaines,
 Of this and that, and well I know not what.
 When some would say, that saw my Frantick fittes,
 Surely the *Poet* is beside his wittes.

79

I would I were an honest Country-Wench,
 That only could make Curtsey, smoile, and blush.

And sit me downe vpon a good-Ale bench,
 And answere wanton *Tomkin*, with a Tush.
 And well, Go-too, and How-now? Pary-away,
 And for a *Tansey*, goe to *Stools-Ball*-play.

80

And yet I would not : For then doe I feare,
 My louers would be out of loue with mee :
 If I would not belieue them when they sweare,
 That I am shee, and I am onely shee,
 Of all the Maydes, before the Church-house dore ;
 That hath their harts ; and what can I haue more ?

81

No, I had rather be an honest wife,
 And loue my husband, and looke to my house :
 And with my Neighbours leade a quiet life,
 And keepe a Cat, to driue away the Mouse.
 Hatch vp my Chickins, pen vp my clocke-Henne,
 And haue nothing to doe with naughtie men.

82

I would I were the gallant Courtizan,
 That euer put a foure-Ear'de Asse to schoole :
 That I might cleane put downe Maide Marian,
 And neuer be without my dainty foole.
 And make my mony Baggs come tumbling to me,
 And glad to see what seruice they can doe me.

83

And yet I would not : for then doe I doubt,
 Some Cunstable, or Beade of Bridewell :
 By some olde Bawde, would surely find me out,
 When for his silence, I should pay full well.
 Or Cart it to the place of youthes Correction,
 Where chopping Chalke, would quite spoile my Complexion.

84

No, I had rather be an honest Maide,
 That neuer knewe any [of] loues delight :
 And of a man, almost to be afraide,
 Then seeme to set my Maidenhead so light.
 As for a wicked choise, to change my name,
 To fit me onely, with a fie for shame.

85

I would I were a Bruer, and could make
 My water pay the charges of my Malt :
 And for small Beere, the price of strong beere take,
 And helpe a musty Barrell with bay salt.
 Keepe leaking vessells, stoppe them vp with Clay :
 The drinke may runne out, when the Earth's away.

86

And yet I would not : for then I should thinke,
 If I should take good mony for ill Beere :
 My Customers would curse me for my drinke,
 And say I solde both that was naught, and deere.
 And one so driue an other daily fro me,
 That in the ende they would quite ouerthrow me.

87

No, I had rather truly pay my penny
 For my full pot of either Ale or Beere :
 Then seeke the hurt or spoiling of a many,
 Or to vndoe the poore in a deere yeere.
 Or make them say, whose trust I doe abuse,
 O wicked Bruer, looke what drinke he brues.

88

I would I were an excellent Diuine,
 That had the Bible at my fingers ends :
 The world might heare out of this mouth of mine,
 How God did make his enemies his friends.
 I were so follow'de, as if none but I,
 Could plainly speake of true Diuinity.

89

And yet I would not : for then ten to one,
 I should be call'd but a Precizian :
 Or Formalist, and might goe preach alone,
 Vnto my holy brother Puritan.
 And so be flouted for my zealous loue
 In taking paines for other mens behoue.

90

No, I had rather reade, and vnderstand
 The Rules of Grace, that haue the learnèd led :
 To know the power of the Almighty hand,
 And with what foode, the blessed flocke are fed.
 Rather then with a thundring and long praier,
 To leade into presumption, or dispaire.

91

I would I were a man of warlike might,
 And had the Title of a Generall :
 To point the Captaines euery one their fight,
 Where should the Vanguard, and the Rereward fall :
 Who should be leaders of the forlorne hope,
 And who the Entrance to the Army ope.

92

And yet I would not : for then I might see,
 How discontent might cause a Mutinie :
 Whereby the Army might in danger be,
 To be surprized by the Enemy.
 Or by the losse of men, for honors gaine,
 To wound my Conscience with a bloody paine.

93

No, I had rather praise the Courtes of peace,
 And study how to helpe to holde the same :
 And how soone quarrells ill begun may cease,
 And how to keepe accord in quiet frame.
 That olde and young may liue contented so,
 That to their grates, all may in quiet goe.

94

I would I were the Miserablest wretch
 That euer Crambde vp mony in his Chest :

That I might learne, but like a dogge to fetch
 Lambes from the Folde, and Duckelings from the nest.
 And when I tooke the paines to plucke and pull,
 Know how to gaine, by Feathers, and by wooll.

95

And yet I would not : least while I did liue,
 I should scarce trust my selfe with that I haue :
 I should not heare the word of Lend, nor giue,
 But only studie, how to get and saue.
 And when I die, haue written on my doore,
 The Dogge is Dambn'de, that preyde vpon the poore.

96

I would I were the strangest Prodigall,
 That euer strew'de his mony in the street :
 That I might make the Beggers merry all,
 When they but sawe the shadowe of my feet.
 And Churles might chafe, to see me so to throw
 Away the wealth, that they did scrape for so.

97

And yet I would not : least when all were gone,
 My Stocke, my goods, my Leases, and my Lands :
 It sure would breake my heart to looke vpon,
 My whole estate to be in others hands.
 And then to hide me in some secret place,
 Or grieue to death, to thinke of my disgrace.

98

I would I were so neate and Spruse a Noddy,
 As all in print, might speake, and looke, and walke :
 And so become for euery idle body,
 A kinde of Table, or a Stable-talke.
 And say to see me, tripping on the Toe,
 The Fool's so prowde, he knows not how to goe.

99

And yet I would not : least some Wood-cock-asse,
 To equall me in my *Ciuilitie* :
 Might paint, and princke himselfe vp in a glasse,
 And studie counterfeit *Gentilitie*.
 And so perhaps put mee into some passion,
 To see my fashion, growe so out of fashion.

100

No, I will rather wisely looke about me,
 And weare both what and how might fit my state :
 And haue a care within, what were without me,
 I might not be an Owle, to wonder at.
 But I might passe through all the Pide-coat-throng.
 And bee no *Taber* for an idle-toong.

101

I would I were a Beastly-*Epicure*,
 That car'de for nothing but to eate and drinke :
 And talke of nought but *Natures-Nouriture*,
 And filling vp my Flagons to the brinke.
 Of lusty swallowes, and of pleasing taste,
 And make no care how much got meat I waste.

102

And yet I would not : least the world should say,
 Looks, yonder goes a barrell full of Beere :
 Who gulls in more good victuals in one day,
 Then might suffice an honest man a yeere.
 And ere he dye, it will (no doubt) be found,
 The Beast did burst, and stunck about the ground.

103

No, I had rather keepe a better Dyet,
 And liue with Bread and water all my life :
 Then in my *Guttis* to keepe so great a Ryot,
 And in my Stomacke haue so sore a strife.
 That I should puffe, and blow, and swell, and sweat,
 And be halfe-dead, ere I digest my meat.

104

I would I were a man of all mens mindes,
 My *Wit* were drawne into all kinde of passions :
 And my Conceyts were all of sundry kindes,
 My Cloathes made after all-Country-fashions.
 I knew the secret of all *Natures-sence*,
 And so of *Earth*, and all her Excellence.

105

And yet I would not : for then sure should I,
 Be all too gaz'd at wheresoere I goe :
 And like the poore bare-feather'd *Aesops-Pye*,
 When euery Byrd did her owne-feather knowe.
 Be follow'd with many a flowing-lacke,
 Or *Rauens* feathers all pull'd from my backe.

106

No, I had rather weare but home-spun-thread,
 And haue my Cloathes close vpon my Breach :
 And by my Labours-toyle to get my bread,
 And vse no other but my Country-speech.
 And rather haue a Foole thinke mee a foole,
 Then craftie work-men know me by my Toole.

107

I would I were the truest-hearted woman,
 That euer spake with a most pleasing Toung :
 And neuer meane to giue offence to no man,
 Nor neuer thrust into an idle throng.
 But so haue care of all my Cariage,
 It may be helpe vnto my Mariage.

108

And yet I would not : for then euery Maide,
 Within our towne, would stand and laugh at me :
 And call me Foole, and say I were afraide,
 To know what in an honest man might be.
 For shee that will not looke ere shee did leape,
 Might curse the *Trades-man*, though his Ware were
 cheape.

109

No, I had rather be a reasonable,
 True, Honest, Witty, merry-*Bony-Kate*,

That would not feare the Constable,
 To see him looke in at our window-Grate.
 As many *Wencher* will be now and then,
 That haue bene meddling with too-many men.

110

I would I were the rarest *Politicians*,
 That euer plotted for preheminance :
 And of the Doggedst disposition,
 That euer was in *Natures* residence.
 And car'd not how the worlde to Ruine went,
 So I might onely purchase my *Content*.

111

And yet I would not : For then doe I feare,
 Some sudden-flash from Hea'n would fall vpon me :
 And all the world reioyce to see and heare,
 In helples griefe, how I am woe begon me.
 When I of force should bid the world *Fare-well*,
 And *Death* were sent to summon mee to *Hell*.

112

No, I had rather keepe the plaine High-way,
 That leads the soule to her Eternall rest :
 Then by *Illusion*, seeke out a wry-way,
 To hatche my Egges vp, in the *Disells-nest*.
 And with the *Worlds*, when I had made an ende ;
 To finde in Hea'n an *Euerlasting-Friende*.

113

I would I were, and yet I would not too,
 Because I know not, that's I know not what :
 And when I would doe, then I cannot doe,
 When that would put out this, this put out that.
 And such strange Fancies would my spirit feede,
 That in the ende, I should grow mad indeede.

114

Then let me see if I at least can see,
 What may be seene, that worthie to be seene :
 Wherein might be, and onely there might bee,
 That alwayes hath bene, and hath onely beene.
 In true *Conceit*, in state of Comforts store,
 Where I would be, and say, would not no more.

115

Yea, that were such a thing indeed to finde,
 As one might seeke vntill his Eyes were out :
 With all the strength both of his heart and minde,
 And trauell ouer all the Earth about.
 And noting *Natures* workes, and worth in all,
 Finde all as nothing, or to nothing fall.

116

Yet there is something wheresoere it is,
 And it is some-where, and no-where, but there :
 Where all is well, and nothing is amisse,
 But yonder, here and there, and euery-where.
 Where the bright-Eyes of *Blessed-Soules* may see,
 Where all the *Loyes of Hearts and Soules* may bee.

117

But wher is this same, where? that wold be known,
 And where is this same knowledge to be found?
 And where is such a seede of Science sowne?
 And where is such a blessed piece of ground?
 And where is such a *Blessing* to be sought,
 That for that worth, sets all the world at nought.

118

Where all the pride of Beawtie is put downe,
 While *Natures* Reason must subscribe to *Grace* :
 And Wit and Will, may wander vp and downe,
 And *Vertue* onely keepes a Glorious place,
 Where shee alone vnto her Seruants shoves,
 Where all the comfort of the spirit goes.

119

Yea, there alone the heart and soule may finde,
 The sacred Summe of their *Eternall-Sweete* :
 Which gladdes the soule, the spirit, and the minde,
 Where all the *Graces* do together meete.
 And altogether, doe agree in one,
 To sing in Glorie to their GOD alone.

120

What? neither great, nor wise, nor Rich, nor faire?
 What would I be then? might I as I would :
 I would not be a *Mooate* amidst the Ayre,
 Nor yet a *Mowle*, to digge within the ground.
 Nor Byrd, nor Beast, that can but eate, and sleepe,
 Nor like a Baby, can but laugh and weepe.

121

Nor like a Bowby, without wit or sence,
 Nor like a Baboune, for a Bearardes whippe :
 Nor like a Lowse, in Beggars Residence,
 Nor like a Flea, that can but leepe and skippe.
 Nor like a worme, but to be troden on,
 Nor like a Gue-Gaw, to be gaz'de vpon.

122

Nor would I be a Byrd within a Cage,
 Nor Dogge in Kennell, nor a Bore in Sty :
 Nor Crab-Treo-staffe, to leane vpon for Age,
 Nor wicked Liue, to leade a Youth awrye.
 Nor like a Flook, that floates but with the Fludde,
 Nor like an Eele, that liues but in the mudde.

123

Nor would I haue the Crane picke out mine Eyes,
 Nor Pyes, nor Parats, teach me how to prate :
 Nor fill my Pawnche too-full of Wood-cock-pyes,
 Nor haue *Madge-Howlet* make me watch *too-late*.
 Nor let the *Cuckoo* learne me how to sing,
 Nor with a *Bussarde*, make too Lowe a wing.

124

Nor would I be a *Cat*, to hunt a *Mouss*,
 Nor yet a *Ferret*, to goe hunt a *Comy* :

Nor yet an *Ape*, to stand and looke a Lowse,
 Nor yet a *Sheepes-head* to be solde for money.
 Nor yet a Hawke, to seize vpon a Ducke,
 Nor yet a *Nurse*, to giue a *Baby* sucke.

125

Nor would I write vpon the death of Dogges,
 And say here lyes a good olde-stinking Curre :
 Cut lusty faces out of rotten Logges,
 Nor of an Owles-skinne, make an Ape a Furre.
 Nor teach a Byrde to whistle in a Cage,
 Nor be a Ministrell at a Marriage.

126

Nor teach a Cat, to hunt a Mowse drye-foote,
 Nor a young Squyrell how to clime a Reede :
 A Skarre-crow in a Garden how to shoote,
 Nor a blinde-Harper, how a Song to reade.
 Nor how a Flea may scape the Fingers endes,
 Nor how a Lowse may liue among her Friends.

127

Nor would I be a golden *Alchymist*,
 To studie the *Phylsophers* faire stone :
 And feede a sight of Fooles, with *Had-I-wist*,
 To weepe for Siluer, when theyr Golde is gone,
 Poepe noddy, neuer was there such an other,
 To make a Cousen of a simple Brother.

128

Nor would I bee a Foole when all is done,
 To weare Pyed Coats, Turn-spit, and eat fat-meat :
 Follow my master, dandle his young Sonne,
 And tell my Mistris, who the Foole did beat.
 That she might chide her Wenches euery one,
 For medling with her Foole, when she was gone.

129

Nor sing new Ballads, nor make Countrey-games,
 Nor set vp sights, were neuer seene before :
 Nor walke among my crue of *Cursed-Dames*,
 And bee a Pander to a *Paltry-Whore* :
 No, Pandarisme is so poore a Trade,
 That none but Beggars, bargaine for a Iade.

130

No, I would not bee any one of these,
 Nor any of this wretched worlds delight :
 I would not so my spirits comforts leese,
 To haue mine Eyes bewitcht from heavenly light.
 No, I would haue an other World then this,
 Where I would seeke for my *Eternal-Blisse*.

131

And till I come vnto that Glorious place,
 Where all *Contents* doe overcome the heart :
 And loue doth liue in *Euerlasting-Grace*,
 While Greatest *Joy* doth feele no smallest smart.
 But GOD is all in all, to his beloued,
 The *Sweet of soules*, that sweetest soules haue proued.

132

To tell you truly, what I wish to bee,
 And neuer would be other, if I could :
 But in comfort of the Heau'ns Decree,
 In soule and bodie, that I euer should.
 Though in the world, not to the world to liue,
 But to my GOD, my seruice wholly giue.

133

This would I be, and would none other be,
 But a Religious seruant of my God :
 And knowe there is none other God but he,
 And willingly to suffer mercies Rod.
 Ioy in his Grace, and liue but in his Loue,
 And seeke my blisse but in the heauen aboue.

134

And I would frame a kinde of faithfull praier,
 For all estates within the state of Grace :
 That carefull loue might neuer know despaire,
 No[r] seruile feare might faithfull loue deface.
 And this would I both day and night deuise,
 To make my humble Spirits Exercise.

135

And I would reade the rules of sacred Life,
 Perswade the troubled soule to patience :
 The husband, Care, and Comfort to the wife,
 To Childe and seruant, due obedience.
 Faith to the friend, and to the Neighbour peace,
 That loue might liue, and quarrels all may cease.

136

Pray for the health of all that are deceased,
 Confession vnto all that are Conuicted :
 And patience vnto all, that are displeased,
 And comfort vnto all, that are afflicted.
 And mercy vnto all, that haue offended,
 And Grace to all, that all may he amended.

137

Pray for the King, the Queene, and Countries health,
 Their Royall issue, and Peeres of Estate :
 The Counsaile, Clergy, and the Common-wealth,
 That no misfortune may their blisse abate.
 But that, th' Almighty so his Church will cherish,
 That not a member of his Loue may perish.

138

Wish [euery] King, to haue King *Dauids* heart,
 And euery Queene, the Queene of *Shebaes* wit :
 And euery Councell *Salomons* best part,
 Of vnderstanding, for a Kingdome fit.
 And euery Lady, faire *Rebeccaes* face,
 And euery Virgin, the wise Virgins Grace.

139

And euery Souldiour, *Iosuaes* true spirit,
 And euery Scholler, *Aarons* eloquence :

And euery Miser, wicked *Dives* merits,
 And euery poore man, *Iobs* true patience.
 And euery Lawyer, *Maries* beau'nly minde,
 And euery Merchant, of *Zachaus* kinde.

140

Doe not with *Esaw*, hunt for venison,
 And sell thy birthright for a messe of pottage :
 Lest *Jacob* steale away thy benison,
 When *Isaack* falls vpon the yeeres of dotage.
 But be a *Joseph* in the time of neede,
 To good olde *Jacob*, and his blessed seede.

141

Be *Abraham* in obedient sacrifice,
 And follow *Lot* in his loues holines :
 Like *Salomon*, be in thy Iudgement, wise,
 And *Jonathan* in friendships faithfulness,
 Like *Henock* make thy Ioy of heauenly loue
 And with *Eliah* liue in Heau'n aboue.

142

And diet not with *Holofernes* drinke,
 But follow *Iudith*, in her ioyfull strength :
 Let *Dalila*, not make stout *Sampson* winke :
 Lest the Philistines fall on thee at length.
 Nor *Salmon* be led with *Pharaohs* Childe,
 Lest by the flesh, the spirit be beguilde.

143

Be both a Priest, a Prophet, and a King.
 A Priest to make thy selfe a Sacrifice :
 A Prophet, to declare the way to bring
 The blessed Spirit, vnto Paradise.
 A King to rule thy selfe, with such direction,
 Thy Soule may keepe thy body in subiection.

144

Know what, and how, and where, and when to speake.
 Be fearefull, how thou doest thy God offend :
 A vertuous vow, take heed thou doest not breake,
 And mercies pleasure willingly attend.
 Holde backe thy Hand from all vnlawfull Action
 And weane thy Spirit, from vngodly Faction.

145

Flatter not folly, with an idle faith.
 Nor let earth stand vpon her owne desert :
 But shew what wisdom in the Scripture saith.
 The fruitfull hand, doth shew the faithfull hart.
 Beleeue the word, and thereto bend thy will,
 And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

146

Chide sinners, as the father doth his childe,
 And keepe them in the Awe of louing feare :
 Make sinne most hatefull, but in words be milde :
 That humble patience may the better heare :
 And wounded conscience may receiue reliefe,
 When true repentance pleades the sinners grieffe.

147

Yet flatter not the foule delight of sinne,
 But make it loathsome in the Eie of Loue :
 And seeke the hart with holy thoughts to winne,
 Vnto the best way to the soules beboue.
 So teach, so liue, that both in word and deede,
 The world may Ioy thy heau'nly rules to reade.

148

Heale the infect of sinne, with oile of Grace,
 And wash the Soule, with true Contritions teares :
 And when Confession shewes her heauy Case,
 Deliuer faith from all Infernall feares.
 That when high Iustice threatens sinne with death,
 Mercy againe may giue Repentance breath.

149

Sit not with Sathan, on the Horse of pride,
 But see sweet Iesus sitting on an Asse :
 Better on foote, then fowly so to ride,
 As with the Diuell into hell to passe.
 There is no meane, but either heau'n or hell,
 For on this Earth must no man euer dwell.

150

Time hath a course, which nature cannot stay,
 For youth must die, or come to doting Age :
 What is our life on Earth? but as a play,
 Where many a part doth come vpon the Stage.
 Rich, poore, wise, fond, faire, fowle, and great and smal
 And olde, and young, death makes an ende of al.

151

Where he that makes his life a Comedy,
 To laugh, and sing, and talke away the time :
 May finde it in the ende a Tragedy,
 When mournfull Bells doe make no merry chime.
 When sad despaire shall feare Infernall euill,
 While Sinne and death, are Agents for the diuel.

152

But doe not Raue, nor Raile, nor stampe, nor stare,
 As if thy care would goe to cuffed with sinne :
 But shew how mercy doth Repentance spare,
 While working faith, doth heau'nly fauour winne.
 And loues obedience to the law doth proue,
 The chosen Soule, that God doth chiefly loue.

153

Thus would I spend in seruice of my God,
 The lingring howres of these fewe daies of mine,
 To shew how sinne and death are ouertrod,
 But by the vertue of the power diuine.
 Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust.
 And onely Christ, for our Eternall trust.

154

This would I be, and say, would not, no more,
 But onely not, be otherwise then this :
 All in effect, but as I said before,
 The life in that life's kingdomes loue of his.
 My glorious God, whose grace all comfort giues.
 Then be on Earth, the greatest man that liues.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO THE READER.—See Memorial-Introduction on this thoroughly Bretonese 'Epistle' and his reversed initials : l. 6, 'censure' = judgment : l. 9, misprinted in original, 'nor saie (meaning me) when hee comes to a foole point : l. 10, 'pale' = enclosure.

Stanza 1, l. 2, 'woldes : ' misprinted 'woldes.'

St. 2, l. 4, 'Gwirles' (sic), but probably the 'i' was a correction and 'n' inadvertently left in the MS.

St. 3, l. 3, 'stay' = stop.

St. 9, l. 2, 'comber' = cumber or encumber.

St. 13, l. 5, 'pide-Coate' = parti-coloured : 'Cokes-Combe' = the Fool's symbol. See Glossarial-Index on 'cox-comb.'

St. 16, l. 4, 'Moris-daunces' = Moorish.

St. 16, l. 6, 'Heidagy.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 17, l. 1, 'Wittall' = Wittol.

St. 19, l. 2, 'Aperne.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.

St. 20, l. 4, 'Trully-Trippe'—from 'trull' : l. 5, 'whoo' = hollo after.

St. 26, l. 6, 'they see they' = they see [that which] they.

St. 28, l. 4, 'filching' = filching.

St. 29, l. 2, 'tawling-dish.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v., and under 'Thumbes.'

St. 32, l. 6, 'stoole' = stole.

St. 34, l. 4, 'longs' = belongs.

St. 35, l. 2, 'Pales' = palings, enclosure-fences.

St. 36, l. 6, 'Mome' = Momus or simpleton.

St. 38, l. 2, 'slippe' = gruff.

St. 38, l. 4, 'proyne' = prune.

St. 41, l. 2, 'abuse' = deceive—as in the old myth of birds pecking at (painted) cherries, etc.

St. 49, l. 3, '*the*:' misprinted 'too.'
 St. 52, l. 4, '*Tearmers*' = keepers of 'terms.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 55, l. 6, '*loose*' = lose: misprinted 'look.'

St. 58, l. 4, '*Had-I-wist*'—a favourite phrase in Breton. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 62, l. 6, '*were*:' misprinted 'were.' Cf. st. 100, l. 2.

St. 67, l. 3, '*Lobcocke*.' See Glossarial Index,—a common word in Breton.

St. 70, l. 2, '*wy*:' misprinted 'by.'

St. 74, l. 5, '*ſue shares*.' See Memorial-Introduction on this; also on next stanza and the '*Goos-cappe*,' and st. 77, l. 3, on the 'Turtle-Douc.'

St. 79, l. 6, '*Tansey, goe to Stools-Ball*.' See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

St. 81. The catch-word is '81. I' and the register is continuous, C, D, etc., yet is the stanza succeeding st. 80 marked 101, and the mistake goes on to the close. The context shews that it is a mere inadvertence.

St. 81, l. 5, '*cloche-Henne*' = clocking-hen (*Scotice*), *i.e.* a hen brooding on its eggs or with young ones in its care,—an equivoque perhaps.

St. 83, l. 6, '*chopping Chalke*' = gaol work. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 85, l. 4, '*bay salt*:' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 98, l. 1, '*Noddy*' = noodle—another common word in Breton. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

St. 99, l. 1, '*Wood-cock*'—still another Breton word. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and also under '*princke*' (l. 3).

St. 101, l. 6, '*got*' = obtained: but query misprint for 'good'?

St. 102, l. 3, '*gulls*' = guzzles?

St. 121, l. 2, '*Bearward*' = bear-ward or keeper.

St. 125, ll. 1-6. See Memorial-Introduction on these strange allusions.

St. 127, l. 3, '*Had-I-wist*:' see on st. 58, l. 4: l. 5, '*Poofe noddy*:' see on st. 98, l. 1.

St. 137, l. 2, a 'their' mis-inserted before '*Pcees*' removed.

St. 138, l. 1, '*every*' filled in, and l. 2, '*Shebaes*' misprinted 'Shelatus.'

St. 142, l. 5, '*Salmon*' = Solomon: the reference is to his foreign and heathen wives.

St. 148, l. 2, '*Contritions*:' misprinted 'Contribious.'

St. 150-1. See Memorial-Introduction on these stanzas. Also for the biographical interest of st. 153.

'Then' is throughout = than.—G.





Daffodils and Primroses.

Part 1st :

P O E M S

from

‘Phoenix Nest’ and ‘England’s Helicon.’

1593-1600.



NOTE.

The following are the title-pages of the two extremely rare Collections from which the Poems of this portion have been drawn:—

(a) PHENIX NEST: 1593.

THE
P H O E N I X
N E S T.

Built vp with the most rare and refined workes of
Noble men, woorthy Knights, gallant
Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and
brave Schollers.

full of varietie, excellent inuention, and
singular delight.

Neuer before this time published.

Set foorth by R. S.
of the Inner Temple Gentleman.

Imprinted at London by
Iohn Iackson

1593.

[4to]

(Bodleian.)

(b) ENGLAND'S HELICON: 1600.

E N G L A N D S
H E L I C O N.

Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fontis aquam.

[Wood-cut device: *Mottos—Nosce te ipsum: Ne quid nimis: Love and Lyve.*]

AT LONDON

Printed by I. R. for *Iohn Flasket*, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
(British Museum.) of the Beare. 1600. [4to.]

See Introductory Note to Part II. for account of a MS. of Poems by Breton in possession of
F. W. Cosens, Esq., London,—whence Part II. is derived.—G.



I.—From 'The Phoenix Nest : ' 1593.

The Preamble to N. B. His Garden Plot.

Sweete fellow whom I sware, such sure affected loue,
As neither weale, nor woe, nor want, can from my minde
remoue.
To thee, my fellow sweete, this wofull tale I tell,
To let thee see the darke distresse, wherein my minde
doth dwel.
On loathéd bed I lay, my lustlesse lims to rest,
Where still I tumble to and fro, to seeke which side were
best :
At last I catch a place, where long I cannot lie,
But strange conceits from quiet sleepes, do keep awake
mine eie.
The time of yeere me seemes, doth bid me (slouen) rise,
And not from shew of sweete delight, to shut my sleepe
cies :
But sorrow by and by, doth bid me, slauie, lie still,
And slug amongst the wretchéd souls, whom care doth
seek to kil.
For sorow is my spring, which brings forth bitter teares,
The fruits of friendship all forlorne, as feeble fancie
feares.

(D 3. p. 21.)

A Strange Description of a Rare Garden Plot. Written by N. B. Gent.

My garden ground of grieffe ; where selfewills seeds are
sowne,
Whereof comes vp the weedes of wo, that loles haue
ouergrown :
With patience paléd round, to keep in secret spright ;
And quickset round about with care, to keepe out all
delight.
Foure quarters squaréd out, I finde in sundrie sort ;
Whereof according to their kinde, I meane to make
report :
The first, the knot of loue, drawne euen by desier,
Like as it were two harts in one, and yet both would be
nier.
The herbe is calde Isop, the iuice of such a taste,
As with the sowre, makes sweete conceits to fle away too
fast :

The borders round about, are set with priule sweete,
Where neuer bird but nightingale, presume to set hir
feete.

From this I stept aside, vnto the knot of care,
Which so was crost with strange cōceits, as tong can-
not declare :

The herbe was calléd Time, which set out all that knot.
And like a Maze me thought it was, when in the crookes
I got.

The borders round about, are Sauerie vasweete :
An herbe not much, in my conceit, for such a knot
vnmeete :

From this to friendships knot, I stept and tooke the view,
How it was drawne, and then againe, in order how it
grew.

The course was not vnlike, a kinde of hand in hand :
But many fingers were away, that there should seeme to
stand :

The herbe that set the knot, was Pennie Riall round :
And as me seem'd, it grew full close, and nere vnto the
ground.

And parchéd heere and there, so that it seeméd not
Full as it should haue been in deed, a perfect friendship
knot :

Heer at I pawd awhile, and tooke a little view
Of an od quarter drawne in beds, where herbs and
flowers grew.

The flowres were buttons fine, for batchelors to beare,
And by those flowres ther grew an herb, was calléd
maiden hear.

Amid this garden ground, a Condit strange I found,
Which water fetcht from sorows spring, to water al
the ground :

To this my heaufe house, the dungeon of distresse,
Where fainting hart lies panting still, despairing of
redresse.

Where from this window loe, this sad prospect I haue,
A piece of ground whereon to gaze, would bring one to
his graue :

Lo thus the welcome spring, that others landes delight,
Doth make me die, to thinke I lie, thus drownéd in
despight.

That vp I cannot rise, and come abroad to thee,
My fellow sweet, with whom God knowes, how oft I wish
to bee :

And thus in haste, adieu, my hart is growne so sore ;
And care so crookes my fingers ends, that I can write no
more.

(D 3-4. pp. 21-3.)

**An Excellent Dreame of Ladies and
their Riddles : By N. B. Gent.**

In Orchard grounds, where store of fruit trees grow,
Me thought a Saint was walking all alone,
Of euerie tree, she seemd to take hir view,

But in the end, she plucked but of one :
This fruit quoth she, doth like my fancie best :
Sweetings are fruit, but let that apple rest.

Such fruit (quoth I) shall fancie chiefly feede :
Indeede tis faire, God grant it prove as good,
But take good heed, lest all to late it breede
Ill humors, such as may infect your blood :
Yet take, and taste, but looke you know the tree :
Peace, foote quoth she, and so awak'd mee.

What was this ground, wherein this dame did walke ?
And what was she, that romd to and fro ?
And what ment I, to use such kinde of talke ?

And what ment she, to cheeke and snib me so ?
But what meane I? alas, I was asleepe :
Awake I sweare, I will more silence keepe.

Well thus I wakke and fell asleepe againe :
And then I fell into another vaine.

Great wars me thought grew late by strange mishap,
Desire had stolne out of Dianes traine,
Her darling deere, and laid on Venus lap,

Who, Cupid sware should neuer backe againe.
Ere he would so loose all his harts delight,
He vow'd to die, wherewith began a fight.

Diana shot, and Cupid shot againe :
Fame sounded out hir trumpe with heavenly cheare :
Hope was ill hurt, despite was onely alaine :
Diana forst in fine for to retire.

Cupid caught fame, and brought hir to his frend.
The trumpet ceast, and so my dreame did end.

Thus scarce awake, I fell asleepe againe,
And then I was within a garden ground,
Beset with flowres, the allies euen and plaine :
And all the banks beset with roses round,
And sundrie flowres so super sweete of smell,
As there me thought it was a heauen to dwell.

Where walking long, anon I gan espie
Sweete pretie soules, that pluckt ech one a flowre :
When from their sight I hid me by and by,
Behinde a banke within a brier bowre.
Where after walke, I saw them where they sat :
Beheld their hues, and heard their pretie chat :

Sister quoth one, how shall we spend this day ?
Denise (quoth she) some pretie merle leat :

Content quoth one, bestrow them that any may :

Some purposes or riddles I thinke best :
Riddles cried all, and so the sport begun :
Forset a filop, she that first hath done.

Loe thus awhile was curtesy to propound ;
Yet in the end this order did they take,
By two and two, they should sit close and round ;
And one begin, another answers make :
Where ridling sports in order as I can,
I will recte ; and thus the first began.

The First Riddle.

Within a gallant plot of ground,
There growes a flowre that hath no name,
The like whereof was neuer found,
And none but one can plucke the same :
Now whom this ground or flowre doth growe,
Or who that one, tis hard to knowe.

The Answer.

Sister (quoth she) if thou wouldst knowe,
This ground, this flowre, and happie man,
Walks in this garden to and fro :
Here you shall see them now and then :
Which when you finde to your delight,
Then thinke I hit your riddle right.

The Second Riddle.

Within a field there growes a flowre,
That decks the ground where as it growes,
It springs and falls, both in an howre,
And but at certaine times it shoves :
It neuer dies, and seldom eene,
And tis a Nosegay for a Quene.

The Answer.

This field is fauor, Grace the ground,
Whence springs the flowre of curtesie,
Soone growne and gone, though sometime found,
Not dead, but hid, from flatterers eie,
That pickthanks may not plucke the same :
Thus haue I red your riddle Dame.

The Third Riddle.

Within a flowre a seede there growes,
Which sometime falls, but seldom springs,
And if it spring, it seldom blowes,
And if it blowe, no sweete it brings,
And therefore counted but a weede :
Now gesse the flowre, and what the seede.

The Answer.

In fancies flowre is sorrowes seede,
Which somtimes fall, but springs but seeld,
And if it spring, tis but a weede,
Which doth no sweete, nor sauer yeild ;
And yet the flowre, both faire and sweete,
And for a Princes garden meete.

The Fourth Riddle.

Within a seede doth poison lurke,
Which onely Spiders feede vpon,

And yet the Bee can wisely worke,
To sucke out honie, poison gone :
Which honie, poison, Spider, Bee,
Are hard to gesse, yet eath to see.

The Answers.

In sorrowes seede is secret paine,
Which spite, the Spider, onely sucks,
Which poison gone, then wittie braine
The willie Bee, hir honie plucks,
And beares it to hir hiue vnhurt,
When spider trod, dies in the durt.

Gramercie, wench (quoth she) that first begoon,
Each one me seemes hath quit hir selfe right well,
And now since that our riddles all are doon,
Let vs go sing the flowre of sweetest smell :
Well may it fare, wherewith each tooke a part,
And thus they soong, all with a merie hart.
Blest be the ground that first brought forth the flowre,
Whose name vntolde, but vertues not vnknowne :
Happie the hand, whom God shall giue the powre,
To plucke this flowre, and take it for his owne :
Oh heauenly stalke, that staines all where it growes :
From whom more sweet, than sweetest hony flowes.
Oh sweete of sweetes, the sweetest sweete that is :
Oh flowre of flowres, that yeelds so sweete a sent :
Oh sent so sweete, as when the head shall misse :
Oh heauens what hart but that will sore lament :
God let thee spring, and flourish so each howre,
As that our sweetes may neuer turne to sowre.
For we with sweetes doe feede our fancies so,
With sweetes of sight, and sweetnes of conceit,
That we may wish that it may cuer groe,
Amid delights where we desire to wait,
Vpon the flowre that pleaseth euerle ele,
And glads each hart ; God let it neuer die.
Wherewith me thought alowd I cride, Amen :
And therewithall I started out of sleepe :
Now what became of these faire Ladies then,
I cannot tell, in minde I onely keepe
These ridding toles which heere I do recte :
He tell ye more perhaps another night.

(D 3—E 2, pp. 237.)

The Chesse Play. Very aptly deuised
By N. B. Gent.

A Secret many yeeres vnseene,
In play at Chesse, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerle Pawne I will descric,
The nature with the qualitie.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie Care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,

And when he seeth how they fare,
He steps among them now and then,
Whom when his foe presumes to checke,
His seruants stand, to giue the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is quaint, and quicke Conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke hir treason, ere she wist :
Hir force is such, against hir foes,
That whom she meetes, she ouerthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his Princes enimies,
He neuer makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in willie wise,
To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
Might sillie seeke their ouerthrowe.

The Bishop.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth Crossest pathes to pace,
And euermore he pries with paine,
To see who seekes him most disgrace :
Such straglers when he findes astrale,
He takes them vp, and throwes awale.

The Rookes.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to worke their will,
To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
Might mischief meane to King or Queene.

The Pawns.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise, the Queenes, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall vpon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the Knight, is perill plast,
Which he, by skipping ouergoes,
And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
To ouerthrow his greatest foes ;
The Bishops, prudence, prieng still,
Which way to worke his masters will.

The Rookes poore Pawns, are sillie swaines,
Which seeldome serue, except by hap,
And yet those Pawns, can lay their traines,
To catch a great man, in a trap :
So that I see, sometime a groome
May not be sparbd from his roome.

The Nature of the Chesse men.

The King is stately, looking hie ;
The Queene, doth beare like maiestie :

The Knight, is hardie, valiant, wise :
 The Bishop, prudent and precise :
 The Rokes, no raungers out of rale,
 The Pawnes, the pages in the plaie.

Leuoy.

Then rule with care, and quicke conceit,
 And fight with knowledge, as with force ;
 So beare a braine, to dash deceit,
 And worke with reason and remorse :
 Forgiue a fault, when yoong men plaie,
 So giue a mate, and go your way.

And when you plaie beware of Checke,
 Know how to saue and giue a necke :
 And with a Checke, beware of Mate ;
 But cheefe, ware had I wist too late :
 Loose not the Queene, for ten to one,
 If she be lost, the game is gone.

(E 2 verso—E 3 verso, pp. 28-31.)

A Most Excellent Passion. Set Downe
 By N. B. Gent.

Com yonglings com, that seem to make such mone,
 About a thing of nothing God he knowes :
 With sighes and sobs, and many a greeuous groone,
 And trickling teares, that secret sorow shewes,
 Leane, leane to faine, and here behold indeed,
 The onely man, may make your harts to bleed.

Whose state to tell ; no, neuer toong can tell :
 Whose woes are such ; oh no, there are none such :
 Whose hap so hard ; nay rather halfe a hell :
 Whose grieffe so much : yea God he knowes too much :
 Whose wofull state, and greeuous hap (alas),
 The world may see, is such as neuer was.

Good nature weepes to see hir selfe abused ;
 Ill fortune shewes hir furie in hir face :
 Poore reason pines to see hir selfe refused :
 And dutie dies, to see his sore disgrace.
 Hope hangs the head, to see dispaire so neere ;
 And what but death can end this heaue cheere ?

O cursèd cares, that neuer can be knowne :
 Dole, worse than death, when neuer tong can tell it :

The hurt is hid, although the sorow showne,
 Such is my paine, no pleasure can expell it.

In summe, I see I am ordainèd I :
 To liue in dole, and so in sorow die.

Behold each teare, no token of a toy :
 But torments such, as teare my hart asunder :
 Each sobbing sigh, a signe of steeh annoy,
 That how I liue, beleue mee tis a wonder.
 Each grone, a gripe, that makes me gaspe for breath :
 And euerie straine, a bitter pang of death.

Loe thus I liue, but looking still to die :
 And still I looke, but still I see in vaine :
 And still in vaine, alas, I lie and crie :
 And still I crie, but haue no ease of paine.
 So still in paine, I liue, looke, lie, and crie :
 When hope would helpe, or death would let me die.

Sometime I sleepe, a slumber, not a sleepe :
 And then I dreame (God knowes) of no delight,
 But of such woes, as makes me lie and weepe
 Vntill I wake, in such a pitious plight ;
 As who beheld me sleeping or awaking,
 Would say my heart were in a heaue taking.

Looke as the dew doth lie vpon the ground,
 So sits the sweate of sorrow on my face :
 Oh deadly dart, that strooke so deepe a wound,
 Oh hatefull hap, to hit in such a place :
 The hart is hurt, and bleedes the bodie ouer :
 Yet cannot die, nor euer health recover.

Then he or she, that hath a happie hand,
 To helpe a hart, that hath no hope to liue ;
 Come, come with speede, and do not staying stand :
 But if no one, can any comfort giue,
 Run to the Church, and bid the Sexton toyle
 A solemne knell, yet for a sille soule.

Harke how it sounds, that sorrow lasteth long :
 Long, long : long long : long long, and longer yet :
 Oh cruell Death ; thou doost me double wrong,
 To let me lie so long in such a fit :
 Yet when I die, write neighbors where I lie ;
 Long was I dead, ere death would let me die.

(I 4—K, pp. 63-5)

II.—From 'England's Helicon:' 1600.

¶ Phillida and Coridon.

IN the merry moneth of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,
 Foorth I walkèd by the Wood side,
 Whenas May was in his pride :
 There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
 Much a-doo there was, God wot,
 He would loue, and she would not.
 She sayd neuer man was true,
 He sayd, none was false to you.
 He sayd, he had lou'd her long,
 She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
 She said, Maides must kisse no men,
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the Sheeheard call
 All the heauens to witness truth :
 Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly Sheehearths vse,
 When they will not Loue abuse ;
 Loue, which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweete concluded.
 And *Phillida* with garlands gay :
 Was made the Lady of the May.

N. Breton.

(D 3 and verso.)

¶ A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

On a hill there growes a flower,
 faire befall the dainty sweete :
 By that flower there is a Bower,
 where the heauenly Muses meete.
 In that Bower there is a chaire,
 fringed all about with gold :
 Where dooth sit the fairest faire,
 that euer eye did yet behold.
 It is *Phillis*, faire and bright,
 shee that is the Sheehearths loy :
 Shee that *Venus* did despight,
 and did blind her little boy.
 This is she, the wise, the rich,
 that the world desires to see :

This is *ipsa quæ*, the which,
 there is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
 who would not this Saint adore?
 Who would not this sight desire,
 though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
 one good looke, and I am gone :
 Looke on me, for I am hee,
 thy poore silly *Coridon*.

Thou that art the Sheehearths Queene,
 looke vpon thy silly Swaine :
 By thy comfort haue beene seene
 dead men brought to life againe.

N. Breton.

(E 2 verso and E 3.)

¶ A sweete Pastorall.

Good Muse rock me asleepe,
 with some sweet Harmonie :
 This wearie eye is not to keepe
 thy warie companie.

Sweete Loue be gone a while,
 thou knowest my heauines :
 Beauty is borne but to beguile,
 my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
 that lou'd to feede on hie :
 Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocks,
 and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
 that were so fresh and greene :
 Doo all their dainty colour leese,
 and not a leafe is seene.

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
 that made the woods to ring :
 With all the rest, are now at hush,
 and not a noate they sing.

Sweete *Philomela* the bird,
 that hath the heauenly throate,
 Dooth now alas not one afford
 recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost,
 each hearbe hath lost her sauour :
 And *Phillida* the faire hath lost,
 the comfort of her fauour.
 Now all these carefull sights,
 so kill me in conceite :
 That how to hope vpon delights
 it is but meere deceite.
 And therefore my sweete Muse
 that knowest what helpe is best,
 Doo now thy heauenly cunning vse,
 to set my hart at rest.
 And in a dreame bewray
 what fate shall be my friend :
 Whether my life shall still decay
 or when my sorrow end.

N. Breton.
 (E f, F and verso.)

¶ *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

Faire in a morne, (ô fairest morne)
 was neuer morne so faire :
 There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
 that shineth in the ayre.
 For of the earth, and from the earth,
 (was neuer such a creature :)
 Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
 that carried such a feature.
 Vpon a hill, (ô blessed hill,
 was neuer hill so blessed)
 There stode a man, (was neuer man
 for woman so distressed)
 This man beheld a beauenly view,
 which did such vertue giue :
 As clears the blind, and helps the lame,
 and makes the dead man liue.
 This man had hap, (ô happy man
 more happy none then hee ;)
 For he had hap to see the hap,
 that none had hap to see.
 This silly Swaine, (and silly Swaines
 are men of meanest grace :)
 Had yet the grace, (ô gracious guest)
 to hap on such a face.
 He pittie cryed, and pittie came,
 and pittied so his paine :
 As dying, would not let him die,
 but gaue him life againe.
 For ioy whereof he made such mirth,
 as all the woods did ring :
 And *Pan* with all his Swaines came fouth,
 to heare the Sheeheard sing.
 But such a Song sung neuer was,
 nor shall be sung againe :
 Of *Phillida* the Sheehearde Queene,
 and *Coridon* the Swaine.
 Faire *Phyllis* is the Sheehearde Queene,
 (was neuer such a Queene as she,)

And *Coridon* her onely Swaine,
 (was neuer such a Swaine as he)
 Faire *Phyllis* hath the fairest face,
 that euer eye did yet behold :
 And *Coridon* the constants faith,
 that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
 Sweete *Phyllis* is the sweetest sweete,
 that euer yet the earth did yeeld :
 And *Coridon* the kindest Swaine,
 that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
 Sweete *Phylomell* is *Phyllis* bird,
 though *Coridon* be he that caught her :
 And *Coridon* dooth heare her sing,
 though *Phyllida* be she that taught her.
 Poore *Coridon* dooth keepe the fields,
 though *Phyllida* be she that owes them :
 And *Phyllida* dooth walke the Meades,
 though *Coridon* be he that mowes them.
 The little Lambs are *Phyllis* loue,
 though *Coridon* is he that feedes them :
 The Gardens faire are *Phyllis* ground,
 though *Coridon* be he that weedes them.
 Since then that *Phyllis* onely is,
 the onely Sheehearde onely Queene :
 And *Coridon* the onely Swaine,
 that onely hath her Sheeheard beene.
 Though *Phyllis* keepe her bower of state,
 shall *Coridon* consume away :
 No Sheeheard no, worke out the weeke,
 and Sunday shall be holy-day.

N. Breton.
 (G 4-5 and H.)

¶ *Coridons supplication to Phyllis.*

Sweete *Phyllis*, if a silly Swaine,
 may sue to thee for grace :
 See not thy louing Sheeheard slaine,
 with looking on thy face.
 But thinke what power thou hast got,
 vpon my Flock and mee :
 Thou seest they now regard me not,
 but all doo follow thee.
 And if I haue so farre presum'd,
 with prying in thine eyes :
 Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
 that in thy pittie lyes.
 But as thou art that *Phyllis* faire,
 that Fortune fauour giues :
 So let not Loue dye in despaire,
 that in thy fauour liues.
 The Deere doo brouse vpon the bryer,
 the birds doo pick the cherries :
 And will not Beauty graunt Desire,
 one handfull of her berries ?
 If it be so that thou hast sworne,
 that none shall looke on thee :
 Yet let me know thou dost not scorne,
 to cast a look on mee.

But if thy beauty make thee proude,
 thinke then what is ordain'd :
 The heauens haue neuer yet allow'd,
 that Loue should be disdain'd.
 Then leas't the Fates that fauour loue,
 should curse thee for vnkind :
 Let me report for thy behooue,
 the honour of thy mind.
 Let *Coridon* with full consent,
 set downe what he hath seene :
 That *Phillida* with Loues content,
 is sworne the Shepheards Queene.
N. Breton.
 (H 5 and verso.)

¶ A Shepheards dreame.

A Silly Shepheard lately sate
 among a flock of Sheepe :
 Where musing long on this and that,
 at last he fell asleepe.
 And in the slumber as he lay,
 he gaue a pitteous groane :
 He thought his sheepe were runne away,
 and he was left alone.
 He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
 but not a sheepe came neere him :
 Which made the Shepheard sore appall'd,
 to see that none would heare him.
 But as the Swaine amaz'd stood,
 in this most solemne vaine :
 Came *Phillida* fourth of the wood,
 and stode before the Swaine.
 Whom when the Shepheard did behold,
 he strait began to weepe :
 And at the hart he grew a-cold,
 to thinke vpon his sheepe.
 For well he knew, where came the Queene,
 the Shepheard durst not stay :
 And where that he durst not be seene,
 the sheepe must needs away.
 To aske her if she saw his flock,
 might happen patience mooue :
 And haue an aunswere with a mock,
 that such demaunders prooue.
 Yet for because he saw her come
 alone out of the wood :
 He thought he would not stand as dombe,
 when speach might doo him good.

And therefore falling on his knees,
 to aske but for his sheepe :
 He did awake, and so did leese
 the honour of his sheepe.
N. Breton.
 (K 3 verso and K 4.)

¶ A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a
 Shepheard and his Nymph.

Shall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
 Neuer pipe could euer play
 better Shepheards Roundelay.
 Shall we goe sing the Song? The Song?
 Neuer Loue did euer wrong :
 faire Maides hold hands all a-long.
 Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
 Neuer thought came euer too,
 better deede could better doo.
 Shall we goe learne to kisse? To kisse?
 Neuer hart could euer misse
 comfort, where true meaning is.
 Thus at base they run. They run,
 When the sport was scarce begun :
 but I wakt, and all was doo.
N. Breton.

(B 5 verso.)

¶ Another of the Same.

Say that I should say, I loue ye?
 would you say, tis but a saying?
 But if Loue in prayers mooue ye?
 will you not be moou'd with praying?
 Think I think that Loue should know ye?
 will you thinke, tis but a thinking?
 But if Loue the thought doo show ye,
 will ye loose your eyes with winking?
 Write that I doo write you blessed,
 will you write, tis but a writing?
 But if truth and Loue confesse it :
 will ye doubt the true enditing?
 No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
 write, and thinke, and say your pleasure :
 Loue, and truth, and I endite it,
 you are blessed out of measure.
N. Breton.

(B 5 verso and B 5 a.)

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 3, col. 1, l. 5, 'lustlesse' = without lust—not 'listless': l. 12, 'sing' = to be in bed late: *ibid.* 'amongst' = amongst: l. 2 (from bottom), 'Isop' = hyssop: col. 2, l. 1, 'privie' = privet: l. 7, 'Sauerie' = savory or savory—well known still: l. 13, 'Pennie Riall': a common garden-flower: l. 19, 'buttons' = batchelor's buttons—well-known flower so called—yellow: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, on all these flowers and herbs: l. 21, 'Condit' = conduit.

P. 4, col. 1, l. 12, 'Sweetings' = a kind of sweet apple:

"The sweeting, for whose sake the plowboyes oft make warre:"
Drayton, *Poly.*, song 18.

l. 22, 'snid' = snub, reproach: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for examples: l. 36, 'in fine' = in the finis or end: l. 41, 'allies' = alleys: col. 2, l. 4, 'filop' = jerk with finger nail, a blow (half playfully): l. 27, 'whereas' = where, at which or in which: l. 37, 'pickthanks' = flatterer, fawner: l. 28, 'red' = resolved or solved: l. 38, 'seeld' = seldom.

P. 5, col. 1, l. 4, 'eath' = easy: l. 5 (from bottom), 'descrie' = describe: col. 2, l. 21, 'Crosses'—an equivoque on cross = ill-tempered, and cross = sign of the Church ('Bishop' representing it): l. 28, 'corner houses' = drinking and gambling: cf. Proverbs vii. 8, 12.

P. 6, col. 1, l. 15, 'had I wist': see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for this favourite phrase of Breton: col. 2, l. 5, 'toy' = trifle.

P. 7, col. 1, *Phillida and Coridon*. In the Cosens MS. (mentioned in the Note page 2) the opening thus runs:—

In the merrie moneth of May
In a morne by breake of daie,
With a troope of damsells playinge
Forth the wode forsooth a-Maying:
When anon by the wode side
Where that May was in his pride
I espied all alone, etc.

which is superior to the text of E. H. In l. 10, for 'none' the MS. reads 'neuer,' and in l. 11, 'cold' = could, for 'should': in l. 18, I felt disposed to accept the MS. 'liu'd' for the E. H. 'lou'd': in l. 19, 'Then' for 'Thus': l. 22, 'When they doe not loue abuse': l. 23, 'that' for 'which': the closing couplet is in the MS. :—

And the mayde, with garlandes gaye
Was the Lady of the May.

Ibid., *A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon*. This also is in the Cosens MS.; but the variations are nearly altogether in mere spelling. In st. 2, l. 4, for 'that euer eye did,' the MS. reads 'That did euer:' the MS. also gives this additional closing stanza, which certainly rounds the little poem well:—

Make him liue that dying longe
Neuer durst for comfort seeke;
Thou shalt heare so sweete a songe
Neuer sheperde soung the like.

Ibid., col. 2, *A sweete pastorall*. This too is in the Cosens MS.; but the variations are only orthographical, e.g. 'bird' is spelled 'burde,' 'Philomele' 'Philomee.' In st. 4, l. 3, 'laese' is = lose or miss: in st. 6, l. 4, 'recording' = chatter or practice.

P. 8, col. 1, *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon*. Once more, this is in the Cosens MS. In ll. 3-9 it reads:—

Ther shonne a sunne, ykt not the sunne that shineth in the aire,
For of the earth and from the earth, though not an earthy creature,
Did cunne this face, oh neuer face that caried suche a feature.
Now on a hill, etc.

The 'of'—'of the earth' supplies a lack of E. H. which I adopt: In l. 12, the MS. runs (badly) 'for one man,' and in l. 13, 'oh' for 'a,' and l. 14, 'that doth such vertue giue:' l. 15, 'heales' for 'helps:' then follow these:—

This sillie swaine, and sillie swaines are men of meanest grace,
Had yett the grace, oh gracious guifte, to gaze on suche a face.
This man had happ to see the happ that he had happe to see,
Hee pittie cryde, etc.

Besides the transposition, 'guifte' seems preferable to 'guest' of E. H.: l. 26, 'of' for 'so': l. 30, 'that' for 'as': l. 34, 'will' for 'shall': l. 37, 'Sweete' for 'Faire,' and so onward. *Ibid.* col. 2, l. 4, 'that euer yett did eye' for 'that euer eye did yett': l. 6, 'yet had lambe in folde' for 'yet kept flocke in folde': l. 7, 'Faire' for 'Sweete,' and then:—

"——hath the fairest witt that euer yett the world did breed
And Coridon the truest harte that euer yett ware sheperdes weede
Sweete Phillis is the onlie sweete," etc.

l. 10, 'euer yett dyd kepe the feilde' for 'euer yett kept Lambs in field': l. 11, 'Philomen' for 'Philomell,' and 'yett Choridon was he that caught her' for 'though Coridon be he:' then ll. 15-22 thus read in the MS. :—

The litle lambes are Phillis loue yett Coridon is he that feeds them
And gardens swete are Phillis groundes, yett Coridon is he y
weedes them:
Poore Coridon doth keepe the feilde though Phillida be she
that owes them,
And Phillida doth walke the meades yett Coridon is he that
mowes them:

the last couplet in MS. :—

Noe sheperde, goe worke out thy weeke,
and Sunday will be hollyday.

In col. 2, l. 5, 'constants' = constantest or most constant. *Ibid.*, and p. 9, col. 2, *Coridons supplication to Phillis*: this also is in the Cosens MS. In st. 3, l. 1, the MS. has 'to' = too for 'so,' and in the last st. l. 3, 'consem' for 'content,'—both perhaps preferable.

P. 9, col. 1, *A Shepheards dreame*: this again is in the Cosens MS. In st. 4, l. 36, MS. reads 'oute' for 'foorth': other variations orthographical only.—G.



Daffodils and Primroses.

Part 2d :

P O E M S

from

Hitherto Unprinted MSS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

F. W. COSENS, ESQ., LONDON;

and

From the Tanner MSS., Bodleian, Oxford,

etc.



NOTE.

For the unrestricted use of the Manuscript (or rather Manuscripts) whence this Part Second of Daffodils and Primroses is derived, I am indebted to its cultured possessor and my ever-obliging friend, F. W. COSENS, Esq., Queen's Gate, London. It is a thin quarto, and consists of selected Poems from Print and MSS. of the period. Our Notes to Part First of these Daffodils and Primroses have indicated those of Breton's that appeared in 'England's Helicon.' Similarly a considerable number will fall to be noted—with various readings—as having appeared in the 'Arbor of Amorous Deuices' (1577) in the Notes thereto. Those now given—no fewer than THIRTY-THREE—are placed consecutively along with the already known and admitted poems of Breton in Part First. They have never (it is believed) been before printed; and it is thus our privilege to furnish for the first time some of the most characteristic and daintiest productions of our 'sweet Singer.' Besides these there are early copies of Poems by Sidney and Spenser and others. On all these, and for a minute account of the Manuscript, the Reader is referred to our Memorial-Introduction. Meantime two things date the MS. for us: (a) That there are very evidently contemporary 'Laments' (including 'Amoris Lacrimae') for Sir Philip Sidney, who died October 7th, 1586; (b) These inscriptions on a fly-leaf: 'Anthonie Babingtoun of Warringtonn 1596: Roger Wright me possidet ex dono Henrici fratre meo' [*sic*]. The portion of the MS. whereon Breton's pieces are written is an early Elizabethan hand, and the orthography of an ancient type. Later, there is a noticeable poem on Pym, and 'An Elegie upon the death of my deare sister M. W. who died of a feavour the 7^o of January An. Do. 1653 A^o Aet. 18.' There are at least four handwritings in the MS. Throughout I have adhered to the original in integrity; but (1.) I have commenced each line with a capital, instead of irregular capitals and small letters; (2.) For the nearly no punctuation, I have punctuated so as to bring out the sense in conformity with Breton's usual punctuation; (3.) Scribal mistakes are corrected, and pointed out in relative Notes; (4.) Contractions are extended, and a few words accentuated; (5.) To such as have no headings I have deemed it well to give headings—drawn from the text.

At the close of the poems from Mr. Cosens' MS., I have added others from the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian, Oxford, and one little commendatory piece found prefixed to Taylor the Water-Poet's Sculler (1612).

In Notes and Illustrations a few things are explained.—G.

Poems from hitherto Unprinted MSS.

1. [Elizabeth Regina.]

WHEN nature fell to studie firste to frame a daintie peece
 That might put downe those painted toyes Appelles wrought in Greece ;
 When heavnelie powres were happlie mett, and did in counsell stande
 To finishe vp a peece of wurke that Phisis¹ had in hande ;
 The Sunne withelde his wonnted course, the planettes made a staie,
 The cloudes were gone, the windes were downe, time durst not steale away :
 The Muses tunde their instrumentes, the Nightingale her throate,
 The litle windes amidde the leaves did yeelde a heavnelie note,
 The lambes and Rabbottes ranne at base, the fishes fell to playe,
 Bothe Sainctes and men, beastes, fishe, and fowle, did ioye to see ye daye ;
 The dewes did giue so sweete an aire, the Sunne did shine so bright
 That reason sawe that nature wrought the highest heavnes delight.
 The earthe whereon she shewde her art, was vertues
 E Excellence, L
 L The labour that she layde thereon, was loue with diligence, I
 I The compas of her heade conceite, was Judgment of the wise, Z
 Z Her harte she made of heavnelie zeale, that hath no hollowe eyes :
 A
 A Authoritie she made the marke, to shewe a Princesse face
 B
 B And Beawtie was the heavnelie hue that gave the favor grace ;
 E
 E Entire good will that sawe this wurke whereon highe fancies fedd, T
 T Brought naked Truthe to make the werke vnto this happie hedd. H
 H. Her armes were bothe of Honnors wrought, her handes were Natures Arte,
 Whose fingers like the Spinners threddes will holde the strongest harte.

¹ Physis, i.e. ψυσις.

R E
 RE By reason and Endeueur then did nature drawe a breste
 G That shewde an Angell for her shape, a Goddessse for the rest.
 I Her lower limmes were Justice staies, that shuld dishonor hate, N
 N Her feete were notes of vertues steppes, that doe vpholde her state.
 A
 A When these were all in order plast, and finely putt together,
 The Aungells, and the heavnelie powres on heapes ran pressing thither ;
 And nature when she veiwde her wurke, did stande as in amaze,
 The Sunne, the moone, and all the starres stood euerie one at gaze ;
 But as they stood was harde a voyce from out the loftie skie,
 Bad haste awaie, for higher powres were cuffing by and by ;
 For happie fame through heavne and earth had it so far comended
 That Jove himselfe badd nature leave, itt colde not be amended.
 And therewithall the Sunne and moone shone both at once so faire,
 The starres did shoote, and made alofte such fier wurkes in the Aire,
 The lightninges flashèd to and fro, through heavens was such a thunder
 As if the gods came downe from heaven to see this Earthely wunder ;
 But thunder ceast, I harde a sounde singe Sola sancta cara,
 The name of Natures finest wurke is Excellenza rara.
 Who further seekes in plainer sence this blessed Aungell's name
 The substance wheron nature wrought will easelie shewe the same.
 Thus with a sweete consort at length awaie the Muses goe
 And left the wurke, before my face that did awake me so.

2. [In Sadness.]

The pretie Turtle dove that with no litle moane
 When she hath loste her loving make, sits moorninge all alone ;

The swanne that alwaies singes an howre before her
 death,
 Whose deadlie gryves doe giue the groues that drawe
 awaie [her] breathe ;
 The Pellican that pecks the blud out of her brest
 And by her death doth onlie feede her younge ones
 in the nest ;
 The harte emparked cloase within a plotte of grounde,
 Who dare not ouerlookke the pale for feare of hunters
 hounde ;
 The hounde in kennell tyed that heares the chase goe by,
 And booties wishing foote abroade, in vaine doth
 howle and crye ;
 The tree with witherde topp, that hathe his braunches
 deade,
 And hangeth downe his highest bowes, while other
 houlde vpp heade ;
 Endure not half the death, the sorrowe nor disgrace
 That my poore wretched minde abids, where none can
 waile my case.

For truth hath loste his trust, more dere then turtle doue,
 And what a death to suche a life, that suche a paine
 dothe proue ;
 The Swan for sorrow singes, to see her death so nye,
 I die because I see my death, and yet I can not dye.
 The Pellican doth feede her younge ones with her bludd,
 I blede to death to feede desires yt doe me neuer good ;
 My hart emparked rounde, within the grounde of greif,
 Is so besett with howndes of hate, yt lookes for no
 releaf ;
 And swete desire my dogg is cloggèd so with care,
 He cries and dies to here delightes and come not wher
 they are ;
 My tree of true delight is sokde with sorrow soe,
 As but the heavnes do sooner helpe, wilbe his ouer-
 throwe ;
 In summe, my dole, my death, and my disgrace is suche
 As neuer man that euer lyvde knewe euer halfe so
 muche.

3. [Love Rejected.]

Goe muse vnto the bower, whereas the mistress dwelles,
 And tell her of her seruaunte's loue, but tell her nothing
 ells ;
 And speake but in her eare, that none maie heare but she,
 That if she not the sooner helpe, there is no helpe for
 me.
 Not that I feare to speake, but it is straunge to heare
 That she will neuer looke on him, that howldes her
 loue so deere.
 Perhaps she knows it not, or if she doe, she will not,
 Yet let her kindnes haue a care that thoughte she hurte
 she kill not ;
 And thoughte it be so straunge, yet let her this beleue me
 That dead men lyve, yet I am dead yet liue, if she re-
 leue me.

For yet are not so coulede the coles of kinde desire,
 But in the ashes liues a sparke to kinde love a fyre ;
 Wher fier his fuell hathe but from those fairest eies,
 Where faithe doth burne and fauncie flame, and fauor
 neuer dyes.

4. [My Lady-Love.]

Neuer thinke vpon anoye,
 Where the harte hath suche a Joye.

But head leave akinge,
 Harte is in better takinge ;
 Eies leave your weepinge,
 Loue hath sweete thoughtes in keepinge ;
 Harte howlde thine owne yitt,
 Loue is not ouerthrowne yitt,
 And the heavnes them selues haue sworne,
 Loue shall neuer be forlorne.

See howe she chaunceth,
 That all true loue advaunceth ;
 Sweete be that smile yitt,
 That bydes me liue a-while yitt ;
 Euer be lyvinge
 Those eyes suche comfort givinge ;
 That when loue was almost slaine,
 Made him whole at harte againe.

Oh heavnelie feature,
 Was neuer suche a creature
 Riche in best treasure ;
 Beauties pride, honors pleasure,
 Faire with suche graces
 As putteth downe all faces :
 Oh she is the heavnelie[st] Quene
 That the worlde hathe euer scene.

Quene of suche powre
 As sweeteth euery sowre ;
 Heavnelie perfeccion,
 All perfect loves dyrection ;
 Loue of that offence
 That shoves the only presence
 Of those blessedd angells eyes,
 Where loue lives and neuer dyes.

5. [Breton's Resolution.]

If beawtie did not blinde the eies, it were a blessedd thinge
 to see,
 But when it spoiles the eye sight so, it is no looking
 glasse for me.
 If riches did not fall to rust, then woulde I loue the
 gowlden heape,
 But since that drosse dothe fall to duste I will not sowe
 & other reape.
 If wisdome did not maze the wittes and all the sence of
 reason passe,
 I wolde be wise, but hate the witt to make a wise man
 proue an asse.

If grammer were not oute of grace, then wolde I gladlie
goe to schoole,
But when that learning hathe no lucke I see the wise is
but a foole.
Yf honor were not cause of pride, then woulde I wishe
authoritie,
But since that pride is in such hate, I make no haste to
dignitie.
If loue were not the deathe of life, then wolde I learne
the life to love,
But since I finde the passion suche, I doe not care the
paine to proue.
But since that beawtie, loue, welth, witt, bothe learning
and the loftie powre,
And euery thought of euery sweete dothe carrie suche a
secrett sowre ;
I will resolute on this conceite, to sett my hart on none
of these,
But on that heavnlie loue of His that harde misfortune
cannot leese ;
Whose face is fayrer then the sunne, whose brightest
beawtie euer shineth,
And cleeres the eies, and cheeres the harte, that to His
holy will enclineth.
Whose loue is suche a Joye of life, as lets the louer neuer dye,
Who dyed for loue, and liues with loue, wher loue doth
liue eternallie ;
Whose welth is such a worlde of ioyes, as neuer worlde
can comprehend,
And doth in comfort still encrease when all the world
shall have an ende.
Whose wisdom in the waie of truthe, doth so vnite the
wites together,
As leades them to the havne of rest, that ranging were
they know not whether.
Whose learning is the law of love, whose love is all the
lawe of life,
Wher patience dothe by prayre find the happie end of
euerie strife ;
Whose powre is as farre from pride, as heavnlie from
hellishe hate,
Who scorneth none but loueth all, as well the lowe as
highe of state.
This is the Beawtie, loue, welthe, witt, the learninge and
the living powr
That shewes the sowle the secrett sweete that neuer
tasteth of the sowre ;
And blessed be that beawtie sweete, that is no swete
vnto the sight,
But in the harte of highest love is founde the lampe of
heavnlie light,
And ten times honor to that love, wher faithfull hope
dothe euer liue
From whence the sowle receiues the sweete y^e mercie
doth repentaunce giue ;
And euer liue that lovely store, that shewes the treasure
of the minde,
Wher humble faithe doth winne the welthe that worldlie
fortune cannot find,

And worship to that wisdom greate, that is the grace of
highest witt
And shewes the humble sowle the sweete, wher mercie
doth in glorie sitt.
And glory to that heavnlly grace, that giues the rule of
perfect loue,
Which findes the onlie sweete of sweetes that neuer anie
sorrow proue,
And praise vnto that highest powre, wher mercie is y^e
marke of grace
That he that hath no rest on earth in heavne shall haue
a dwelling place.
This beawtie, loue, this welth, this witt, this learning
and this living powre,
This summe of sweete which doth admitt no summe at
all of anie sowre,
The wisdom how to knowe all these and powre to vse
them to the best.
In these desires to liue and die doth Bretons resolucon
rest.

6. [Faith Disdained.]

When fate decreeth,
Fortune agreeth
And fancie seeth.
But faithes distres
Of hart all hopeles,
And hope all hapeles,
The sorrow endles
Can none expresse.
When faithe vnfained
Shalbe disdained,
And fauor gained,
By fancyes treason,
The bitter pacience
That bids the absence
Of wishèd presence,
Is paste all reason.

And he that lyeth
And euer cryeth,
And neuer spyeth
How hope maie liue ;
Must be contented
To be tormented,
Till harte relented
May fauor gyue.
Till when and euer
Revolting neuer,
I will perseuer
Where firste I stood.
Where faithe hath seruèd
To haue deseruèd,
The swete preseruèd
To doe me good.

Finis.

7. [The Rose the Queene.]

The feildes are grene, the springe growes on a-pace,
 And nature's arte begins to take the ayre ;
 Each herb her sent, ech flowre doth shewe her grace,
 And beawtie braggeth of her bravest fayre.
 The lambes and Rabbottes sweetely runne at base,
 The fowles do plume, and fishes fall to playe ;
 The muses all haue chose a settinge-place
 To singe and play the sheppherdes rundeley.
 Poore Choridon the onlie sillye swaine,
 That only liues and doth but onlie liue ;
 Ys now become, to finde the heavnely vaine,
 Where happie hope dothe highest comfort gyve.
 The little wren that neuer sunge a note
 Is peepinge nowe to proue how she can singe ;
 The nightingale hath sett in tune her throte,
 And all the woodes with little Robins ringe.
 Loue is abroade as naked as my nayle,
 And litle byrdes doe flycker from their nestes ;
 Diana sweete hath sett aside her vaile,
 And Phillis shewes the beawtie of her brestes.
 Oh blessed brestes, the beawtie of the Springe !
 Oh blessed Springe that suche a beawtie showes !
 Of highest trees the hollye is the Kinge,
 And of all flowres faire fall the Quene the Rose.

8. [Let Love kill me.]

Oh eies, leave of your weepinge,
 Loue hath the thoughtes in keepinge,
 That maie content yee ;
 Let not this misconceiuinge
 Where comfortes are receyving,
 Causles torment yee.

Clowdes threaten but a showre,
 Hope hath his happie howre
 Thoughe longe in lastinge :
 Time nedes must be attended,
 Loue must not be offended
 With to muche hastinge.

Yitt oh the painefull pleasure,
 Wher loue attendes the leizure
 Of loves wretchednes ;
 Where hope is but illusion,
 And feare but a confusion
 Of louses happines.

Yitt happie hope that seeth
 Howe loue and life agreeth,
 Of life depriue me ;
 Or let me be assurèd,
 When life hath death endurèd
 Loue will revive me.

But if I be that louer
 That neuer shall recouer
 But spight shall spill me,
 Then let thus much suffize me,

That heaves this death deuise me,
 That loue shulde kill me.

Finis.

9. [Mine only Princesse.]

Faire, fairer then the fairest !
 Oh hart how thow dispairest !
 Yitt beawtie is not pitiles
 And therefore be not comfortles.

Oh eies that starres resemble !
 Oh sences, howe ye tremble !
 Yitt neuer feare your blindnes,
 They are but lightes of kindnes.

Oh face of heavnely feature !
 Oh dye not wretched creature !
 The comfort neuer dyeth
 That in her favor lyeth.

Oh gracious heavnely goddesse !
 Evne of thy heavnely goodnesse
 Cast one good looke vpon me,
 That am thus wo begoñ me.

That I may saie and vowe itt,
 And reason may allow itt ;
 If anie helpe the helpeles
 It is mine only Princesse.

Finis.

10. Choridon's Dreame.

Fast by a fountaine sweete and clere
 Within a quechy springe ;
 Mine eyes did see, myne eares did heare,
 A heavnely aungell singe.

Her face to faire was to beholde,
 Yet had I oft a glaunce ;
 But when I sought to be so bould
 I fell into a traunce.

For as vpon the siluer streames
 Hath Phœbus fairest grace ;
 Euen so beholde the sunny beames
 That sitt vpon her face.

And for her voyce, it was no sounde
 That humaine creatures make ;
 For where the echo did rebounde
 Itt makes the earth to shake.

And when she gan for to divide
 The musicke of her thoughte ;
 Then Philomelas note was tride
 To be a thinge of noughte.

Now when I harde the songe so sweete,
 I drewe me somewhat nere her ;
 And close on handes and feete did creepe,
 To sitt where I might heare her.

And secretlie awhile vnseene
Harde by this heavenly springe
I satt, whereas I sawe this Queene,
And harde this Angell singe.

Ah Phillida, poore Phill, quoth shee
This mourning is but vaine;
Thy ioy is so farre gon fro thee
It cannot come againe.

Thy Shepperd dead, thy flocke do feede
Vpon the barren hills:
And thy best herb is but a reede
That all thy garden spillis.

Thy daintie springe is dried away
That dyd thy garden nourishe;
And when thy flowres did all decaye,
How can thy garden flourishe.

No Phillis, now farewell to love
Thy life is dead and gon;
And all the hope of thy behofe,
Is heavne to thinke vpon.

Base is the riche, blinde are the wise,
Vnfortunate the fayre;
And honor in discomfort dyes
When loue is in dispaire.

But to despight dispaire, quoth shee,
Death shalbe yet a frende;
When with a shrike she wakèd me,
And so my dreame did end.

Finis.

11. Sr Ph. Sydney's Epitaph.

Deepe lamenting losse of treasure,
Showed tormentinge without measure;
Wisdome waylinge, honor cryinge,
Vertue weeping and loue dyinge;
All together doe betoken
Greater greife then can be spoken.

Losse of wealth may be reconered,
Deadlie perill soone discouered;
Mortall woundes may be endurèd,
And the deepest may be curèd;
But my hope of helpe is none
For both loue, and life, is gone.

When I lyvèd, then I lovèd,
But my loue from life remouèd;
And dispaire discomfort givinge,
What is this but dyinge lyving?
Dyinge deathe a sorrow suche,
Neuer creature knewe so muche.

Reasons sence and learninges sweetinge
Where the muses had their meetinge
Nature's grace and honors glory,
Of the worlde the wofull storye;

That with bitter teares be redd
Sweete Sr Phillipp Sydney dead.

Dead? oh no, in heavne he liueth
Whom the heavnes suche honor giueth;
That thoughe heere his bodie lye
Yitt his sowe shall neuer dye;
But as fame can perish neuer,
So his faith shall liue for euer.

Finis.

12. [Love Dead.]

Sitting late with sorrow sleepinge,
Where harte bledd and eies were weepinge;
I might see from heavnes descendinge,
Beawtie mourninge for loves endinge;
When with handes most wofull wringinge,
She entombes him with this singinge.

Muses now leave of enditinge,
Poettes all giue ouer writinge;
Nymphes come teare your tender heares,
Shepperdes all come shedde your teares;
Cupid now is but a warlinge,
Death hath wounded honors darling.

Curste death, and all to cruell,
Hast thou stolne mine only Jewell?
Doe the heavnelie fates so spight me
As on earth shall nought delight me?
But of suche a Joye bereave me,
As no loue of life shall leave me!

Goe then flocke, leave of your feedinge,
All your life lyes now a-bleding;
When my Shepperde did attend yow,
Wolf nor Tygre colde offend yow;
But nowe he is dead and gone,
I shall loose yow euerie one.

Sorrowes all come shewe your powres,
Earthe giue ouer bringing flowres;
Neuer trees nowe beare more fruite,
Lett all singinge birdes be mute;
And of loue no more be spoken,
For the harte of loue is broken.

Therewithall as in a Glowde
She did all her shining shrowde;
When sweete Phillis gaue suche groanes
As did pearce the very stones,
That the Earth with sorrowe shakèd
And poore Choridon awakèd.

Finis.

13. [Faithful unto death.]

Wytt whether will you?
Eyes what dothe ayle yee?
Harte what doth kill yowe?
Sences why fayle yee?

spoils

too

Where haste thoue bene man
With thy sweete Phillis?
What hast thoue some man?
Nothings that yll is.

Loue will bebinde thee
If thoue attend him;
And he will ende thee
If thoue offends him.

Riches is the treasure
That the harte loveth;
Loue is the pleasure
That the harte prometh.

Beawtis enchaunteth
But the eies fancy,
But when hart parteth
Ware of a frenzy.

Yf she but eye thee
Comfort may rest gitt
Yf she denye thee
Hope of the best yitt.

Thoughe she disdaine thee
Doe not gine ouer,
Thoughe she hath slayne thee
Dye yitt her louer.

Finis.

14. [Transitorinesa.]

Tyme is but shorte, and shorte the course of tyme,
Pleasures doe pas but as a puffe of wynde,
Care hath accompte to make for every cryme,
And peace abids but with the settled minde.

Of litle paine doth patience great proceede,
And after sickenes helthe is daintie sweete;
A frende is best approued at a neede,
And sweete the thought where care and kindnes meete.

Then thinke what comfort dothe of kyndnes breede,
To knowe thy sycknes sorrowe to thy frende;
And lett thy falthe vpon this favoure feede,
That loue shall liue when death shall haue an ende.

And he that liues assur'd of this loue,
Prayes for thy life, thy health and highest happe;
And hopes to see the hight of thy behoue,
And in the sweete of loutes deare lappe.

Tyll when, take paines to make this pillow softe,
And take a nap for natures better reste;
Hee lyves belowe, that yitt dothe look alofte,
And of a freinde doth not affecte the leste.

Finis.

15. [The Nightingale and Phillis.]

Vpon a deintie hill sumtime,
Did feede a flocke of sheepe;
Where Coridon woulde learne to clyme,
His litle lambes to keepe.

Wher Rouse, with the violettes sweete,
Did growe amonge the bryces;
Wher muses and the nymphes did amuse,
To talke of loue's desire.

There Coridon when corns was ripe
For his sweete Phillis' sake,
Wolds plays vpon his countray pipe
And all his musicke make.

Now when he had but sounded owte
"The begger and the kinge";
The birdes wold all be flockt aboute,
To helpe the Sheppards singe.

And euerie one began to faine
To sett in tune her throte;
The daintie Philomela came
Who hid them with a note.

For she sweete morse, had such a vaine
Within a hawthorne bush;
As made the selfe Sheppards swayne
Hinnable to be at hush.

But as thus Philomela sett
Recordinge of a grownde;
And all the rest did murmure att
The sweetnes of her sownde;

Came Phillis sweete owte of the wood
And in her hand a lute;
Who when she playde but Robin Hood
Strooke Philomela mute.

And when she but began to singe
Of sheppards and their sheepe;
She made the litle woodes so ringe
They wakte me from my sleepe.
Finis.

16. [Heart-Pain.]

At my harte there is a paine,
Neuer paine so pincht my hart;
More then halfe with sorrowe slaine
And the paine will yitt not part.

Oh my harte how it dothe bleede
Into droppes of bitter teares!
While my faithfull loue dothe feede
But on fancies only feares.

Ah poore loue why dost thoue lue?
Thus to see this service loste;
If she will no comferte giue
Make an end, giue vp the ghoste.

That she may at last approue
That shee hardly long beleued;
That the hart will die for loue
That is not in time releued.

Oh that euer I was borne
 Service so to be refusèd ;
 Faithfull loue to be forlorne
 Neuer loue was so abusèd.
 But sweete loue, be still a while
 She that hurte the soone may heale the ;
 Sweete I see within her smile
 More then reason can reveale thee.
 For thoughte shee bee riche and faire
 Yitt is she both wise and kinde ;
 And therefore doe not dispaire
 But thy faithe may favor finde.
 And although shee be a Queene
 That maie suche a make despise ;
 Yitt with silence all vnseene
 Run, and hide thee in her eyes.
 Wher if she will lett the dye
 Yitt at latest gaspe of breathe
 Say that in a ladies eye
 Loue both tooke his lif and deathe.
 Finis.

17. [Olden Love-making.]

In time of yor when Shepperds dwelt
 Vpon the mountaine rockes ;
 And simple people neuer felte
 The paine of louers mockes ;
 But litle birdes would cary tales
 Twixte Susen and her Sweetinge ;
 And all the dainty Nightingals
 Dyd singe at louers meetinge.
 Then might you see what lookes did pas
 Where shepperds dyd assemble ;
 And wher the life of true loue was,
 When hartes could not dissemble.
 Then yea and nay was thought an oathe
 That was not to be dowed ;
 And when it came to faith & troathe
 We were not to be flowted.
 Then did they talke of Curds & creame,
 Of butter cheese and milke :
 There was no speach of sonny beame,
 Nor of the golden silke.
 Then for a guifte a rowe of pinnes,
 A purse, a paire of Knyves ;
 Was all the waie that love begins,
 And so the shepperd wyves.
 But now we haue so muche adoe
 And are so sore agreuèd ;
 That when we goe aboute to woe
 We cannot be beleuèd.
 Such choise of Jewells, ringes & chaines
 That maie but fauor move ;
 And suche Intollerable paines
 Ere one can hitt on love.
 That if I still shall bide this life
 Twixt loue and deadly hate ;

I wyll goe learne the country life
 or leave the louers state. Finis.

18. Quatuor elementa.

The Aire with swete my sences doe delight,
 The earthe with flowres, doth gladd my heaue eye,
 The fier with warmth revives my dying spritt,
 The water cooles that is too hott and drye :
 The aire, the earthe, the water, and the fyre,
 All doe me good ; what can I more desire ?

Oh no, the Aire infected sore I finde,
 The earthe her flowres do wither and decaye,
 The fire so hott, it dothe enflame the minde,
 And water wasteth white, and all awaie :
 The aire, the earth, fier, water, all anioe me :
 How can it be but they must nedes destroye me.

Sweete Aire, do yett awhile thy swetnes holde,
 Earth, lett thy flowres not fall awaie in prime,
 Fire, doe not burne, my hart is not a colde,
 Water, drye vpp vntill another tyme ;
 Or Aire, or earthe, fier, water heer my prayer,
 Or plaine me one, fier, water, earthe, or Aire.

Hark, in the Aire, what deadly thund'rs threateth,
 See, on the earth how euery flower falleth,
 Oh with the fier, how euerie sinow sweateth,
 Ah, how the water, panting hart appalleth :
 The aire, the earth, fier, water, all to greiue me,
 Heavnes shewe yo^r powres, yitt sune way to releiue me.

This is not Aire that euery creature feedeth,
 Nor this the earth, wher euery flower groweth,
 Nor this the fire that cole and baven breedeth,
 Nor this the water, that both ebth and flowthe :
 These elementes are in a world enclosed,
 Wher happie hart hath heaue rest exposed.

19. A Sonett vpon this worde in truth spoken
 by a Lady to her Seruaunte.

In truth is trust, distrust not then my truthe,
 Let vertue liue, I aske no greater love ;
 Of suche regarde, repentance not ensuthe,
 And hope of heavne doth highest hono^r p've.

In truthe, sune time it was a sweete conceite
 To see how loue and life dyd dwell togeth^{er} ;
 But now in truthe there is so muche deceite
 That truth in deede is gone I know not whether.

Yitt liueth truthe and hath her secrett loue,
 And loue in truthe deserves to be regarded ;
 And loves regard in reason doth approue,
 Approuèd Truth can neu^{er} be discarded.

Then trie me first, and if that true yow p've me,
 In truth you wronge me, if you do not love me.

20. Againe vpon the same subiect.

Truthe shewes her selfe is secrett of her truste,
 Wisdome her grace in hono^r of her love ;

In Honour

In Honour

Virtue her life, when love is not vniust,
Loves in his sweetes that dothe no sorrow p'ue.

Truth hath in hate to heere a fained tale,
Wisdoms doth frowne, when follie is in place ;
Honor is gon, where beautie is to sale,
And vertue dies where love is in disgrace.

I leave yo^r truthe to yo^r desired truste,
Yo^r wisdoms to the wounder of the wis ;
Yo^r highest loye to iudgment of the iust,
Wher vertue lives, and honor neuer dyes ;
And hee vouchsafes yow that all truth p'seruethe
What truth of love, and love of truthe deserueth.
Finis.

21. [Despondency.]

Ah poore conceits, pull downe delight, thy pleasant
daies are done,

The shade vales muste be there walkes, that cannot
see the sunne ;
The world I not to witness call, the heavnes my recordes
be,

If euer I was false to love, or lover true to me.
I knowe it now, I knowe it not, but all to late I rue it,
I rue not that I knowe it now, but that I euer knewe it.
My care is not a fonde conceite, that bredes a fained
smarte,

My grieves doe gripe me at the gall, and gnawe me at
the heart ;

My teares are not thos fained dropps, that fall from
fancies eyes,

But bitter streames of strange distres, wherin dis-
comfort lyes.

My sighes are not those heavie haps, that shewe a sickle
breath,

My passions are the p'fect signes, and verie panges of
death.

In some, to make a dolfull eye, I see my deathe so nye,
That sorrow bids me singe my last, and so my sences
dye.

Finis.

22. [Melancholia.]

Some men will saie, there is a kinde of muse,
That helps the minde of each man to endite ;

And some will saie (that many muses vse)
There are but nyne, that eu^r vsde to wryte.

Nowe of thes nyne, if I haue gotten one,
I muse what Muse it is, I hitt vpon.

Some poetes write, there is a certaine hill,
Wher Pallas keepes, and that parnassus hight ;
There muses sitt forsooth, and cutt the quill
That being framde, doth hidden fancyes wryte ;
But all those dames do heavnly causes singe,
And all their pennes, are of a Phcenix winge.

But as for me, I neuer sawe the place,
Except in sleepe I dreamd of suche a thinge ;

I neuer vniwde dame Pallas in the face,
Nor eu^r yet cold haue her muses singe,
Wherby to frame a fannoy in such kinde ;
Oh no my muse is of another mynde.

From hellicon, no, no, from hell she came,
To wryte of woes, and miseries she hight ;
Not Pallas but (alas) her ladies name,
Who neuer calls for ditties of delight ;
Her pen is paine, and all her matter moane,
And paunting hartes, she paines her mynde vpon.

A harte (not harpe) is all her instrument,
Whose weakned stringes all out of tune she strumes ;
And then she strikes a dump of discontent,
Till esery stringe be pluckt a too with paines ;
Loe then in rage, she claps it vp in case,
That none male see her instrumentes disgrace.

Her musinge is (in some) but sorrows songe,
Wher discordes yeld a sounde of small delight ;
The dittle this, of life that lastes to longe,
To see desire so cross'd with daupht ;
No faithe on earth, alas I knowe no friend,
So with a sighe she makes a solemne end.

Who can delight in suche a wofull sounde,
Or loues to here a lay of deepe lament ?
What note is sweete, when greif is all the grounde ?
Discordes can yeld but only discontent ;
The wreat is wronge, that strays eche stringe to farrre,
And stryfes the stoppes that gine eche stroke a Jarre.

Harsh is alas, the harmony, god knowes,
When owte of Tune is almost esery stringe ;
The sounde not sweete that all of sorrowe growes,
And sad the muse that so is forst to singe ;
But some do singe, that but for shame wold crye,
So dothe my muse, and so swears do I.

Good nature weeps to see her selfe abused,
Yll fortune shewes her fury in her face ;
Poore reason pynes to see him selfe refusde,
And dutie dyes to see his sore disgrace ;
Hope hanges the head, to see dispaire so neere,
And what but deathe can end this heavie cheere

Behold each teare, no token of a toye,
But torment suche as teare my hart asunder ;
Each sobbing sighe, a signe of suche anoye
As how I liue, beleue me till a wonder ;
Each groane a grype, that makes me gaspe for breath,
And esery strain a bitter pange of deathe.

Loe thus I liue, but looking still to dye,
And still I looke, but still I see in vayne ;
And still in vaine, alas, I lye and crye
And still I cry but haue no ease of paine ;
So still in paine I liue, looke, lie, and crye
When hope will helpe, or death will let me dye.

Finis.

23. [Aspiration.]

Oh that desire colde leave to liue, that longe hath lookt
to die,
Or sadd conceite might hope to see an end of miserye !
Or that the death of my desire wold thinke of my distres,
Or ells sume happie powre of heavne, wold send my
soule redres ;
But oh I crye, and so I lye, with sorrow torne a sunder,
That how I liue, the lord doth know, it is no litle
wunder ;
For had all pacience but the powre one passion to
appease,
Or cold this feeble fainting harte, but find sume litle
ease,
Or cold the smalest peece of thought, amidd my greatest
greif,
But tell me once but of a hope, how hart might have
releif ;
Then might I liue, now must I die, or suche a deathe
endure
As is the corzy of the care that neuer can haue cure.

But yow that rede this ruifull verse, consider of his care,
Who only knowes the cruell woes, wher comfortes neuer
are ;
And yow that see thes trickling teares, distilling downe
thes eyes
Imagine of the dying life, that living euer dyes ;
And yow that here thes sobbing sighes that from this
hart ascend,
Diuine vpon the pangs of death, wher passions neuer
end ;
But if no reason can conceiue the ruine of my thought,
Nor deepest wisdom will discern what hath my sorrow
wrought,
Nor pittie can p'cure a meane to mittigate my paine,
But sorrow still must soke the hart, and venime euery
vaine,
If nether hope, nor happe, nor heavne, nor fortune,
fate, nor friend,
Will once relieue, release, cutt of, nor cause one sorrow
end :
What then can rest for me, poore wretch, but thus to
lye and crye,
In heavene, in heavne must be my life, for in the world
I dye.

Finis.

[24. Dead Hopes.]

Yf heavne and earthe were bothe not fullie bente
To plauge a wretch with an Infernall payne ;
To robbe the harte of all his hie contente
And leave a wounde that sholde not heale againe.
Yf cruell fortune did not seeke to kill
The carfull spiritt of my kinde affecte ;
And care did not so crucifie me still
That loue had lefte no hope of his effecte.
Yf she whom most my hart hath ouerlovde
Were not vnkind in care of my distres ;

And she by whom my greif might be removde
Did not hold backe the meane of my redres ;
If all these thoughtes and manie thousande moe
To longe to tell, to deadlie to endure ;
Did not consume my hart in sorrowe soe,
That care hath lefte no hope of any cure ;
Then might I yet amidd my greatest greif
Perswade my pacience with some heavnly powre,
That when I most despaire of my releif
My hopeles harte might find some happie howre ;
But since that Fortune so doth frowne vpon me
That care hath thus of comfortes all berefte me ;
Thinke it not straunge to see me woe begone me,
When no good hope of no good happ is left me ;
And since I see all kindnes so vnkinde,
And freindship growne to suche contrary thought ;
And suche a thought the torment of the minde,
That care and sorrow hath consumde to nought ;
I will resolute (thoughe pacience he p'force)
To sitt me downe and thus in secrett crye ;
Dead is my harte, oh earth receiue my corse,
Heavne be my lif for in the worlde I dye.

Finis.

25. [Sweete Penelope.]

When Authors wryte, god knowes what thinge is true ;
Old Homer wrot of fine Vlysses witt,
And Ovid wrote of Venus heavnly hue,
And Ariosto of Orlantos fitt,
One wrote his pleasure of Caliope :
I am to write of swete Penelope.

And where ech one did shewe a secret vaine
And whether that Vlysses were or not ;
And thoughte that Ovid did but only faine,
And Ariosto sett downe manie a blott,
And some wrote lewdly of Caliope :
I write but truth of sweete Penelope.

And if I had Vlysses skilfull skonce,
With Homers penne, and Ovids heavnly vaine ;
I wold sett downe a wounder for the nonce,
To sett them all a new to wurke againe ;
And he that wrote of his Caliope
Shold hushe to heere of this Penelope.

As true as shee that was Vlisses wif,
As faire as she whom some a goddesse faine ;
A saincte of shape and of more vertuous life,
Then she for whom Orlandos knight was slaine ;
In euerie thinge aboute Caliope,
There is none suche as swete Penelope.

And for this time goe looke the world that wyl
For constant faire, for vertue and good grace ;
For euery parte in whom no parte is ill,
For perfecte shape and for a heavnly face ;
Angelica, Venus, Caliope
Are all but blowes vnto Penelope.

[26. Beauty.]

All my senses stand amazèd,
While mine eyes to longe haue gazèd
On a faire and heavnlie creature,
Half an angell for her feature ;
Little Cupids onely darlinge,
All to good for suche a warlinge :
What although a god he bee,
Loue is blind and cannot see.

Blind ! alas it is no wonder,
Beawtie breakes the sight asunder ;
Neuer hart that once dyd eye her,
But was fearfull to come nye her ;
Only Loue a heavny powre,
Thought to trie a happie howre ;
Lookt so longe and starde so sore,
That at laste he sawe no more.

But is beawtie so vnkind then
With her shining beames to blind men ?
Are their eyesights all depriued
That haue Beawties eyes arrivèd ?
If it be so, god preserve her,
Loue himselfe is gladd to serue her !
And lett simple men beware
Howe they doe on beawtye stare.

I of late but as it chauncèd
Stoode but wheras beawtie glauncèd ;
As mine eyes aside I turnèd,
Oh with what a flame they burnèd !
Lett not loue therefore be blamèd
That with beawtie is enflamèd ;
Looke who list [and] loue who dare,
Blinde that doe on beawtie stare.

27. [Love-Rapture.]

All my witte hath will enwrappèd.
All my sence desire entrappèd,
All my faith to fancy fixèd,
All my joye to loue annexèd,
All my loue I offer thee.
Once for all yett looke one me.

Let me see that heavnely feature
Oh heavnes, what a heavnelie creature !
All the powres of heavne preserue thee,
All the powres on earthe do serue thee,
Princesse' will, [and] goddesses' place,
Blessèd be that Angells face.

Looke oh Angell, looke vpon me,
See howe I am woe begone me !
Of both witt and sence depriued,
But of thee to be revivèd ;
Thow that art the shepperdes story
In thy pittie shewe thy eye ;
I can saie no more but this
In this loue my livinge is.

Finis.

28. [Love almost Slaine.]

Will it neuer better be ?
Do the heavnelie fates agree
There shall be no helpe for me ?
Nor these eyes shall euer see
Fruite of my desired tree ?

No, thoughte fortune haue forsworne me
And faire beawtie so do scorne me,
That suche hatefull thoughtes are borne me
As with cruell cares haue torne me ;
Yett hath loue not quite forlorne me.

Love ? how (lord) am I deceyuèd ?
Kindnes all amisse conceiuèd,
Where no comfort is receiuèd
But to plainlie is perceiuèd
Will of witt and reason reavèd.

But what doth this humor move ?
Reason hathe no rule of loue ;
Hee doth liue in heavne above,
Where he wurkes for their behouue,
That with sorrow pleasure proue.

Pleasure all to full of paine,
Swete yet be that heavny vaine,
Wherin doth that hope remaine,
That when love was almost slaine
Made him whole at harte againe,

29. [Phyllis in Sorrow.]

Pawse awhile my prittie muse,
Let me rest for I am werie ;
All the musicke thou canst vse
Cannot make thy master merry ;
For what hart can hold vp head
When the joye of lif is dead ?

See how Phyllis faire and bright,
Beawties pride and Vertues pleasure ;
Halfe depriued of her light
Sittes and sorrows out of measure ;
And when she is woe begon,
Well a waie poore Choridon !

Bid my Phyllis once but cease
Euer mourning, neuer endinge ;
Reason shall my greife release,
Which els, hopes of no amendinge ;
For while shee doth hange the head
Coridon can be but dead.

And therefore let this suffice :
But in vaine thou doest devise.
While thow seest my Phyllis sadd
How my comfort maie be hadd ;
For but in her ioye or greif
Lives my death or my relief ;
In her sorrow is my hell,
Bidd her laughe and I am well.

Finis.

30. [Fascination.]

Looke not to longe vpon thes lookes, that blindes the
 ouerlooker sore,
 And if you speake, speake not to muche, lest speaking
 once thou speak no more ;
 Thinke not, but what it is to thinke, to reach beyond
 the reach of thought,
 And if yow doe do what you can when yow haue done
 yow can do nought ;
 But if yow see against yo^r will, looke but awaie and be
 not slaine,
 And if a word goe vnawares, with care it may be calde
 againe ;
 And for a thought, it is no hurte, except it growe vnto
 a thinge
 But end that hath bene done, is onlie conquest for a
 kinge ;
 But since in the, O sillie wretch, both sight, and speche,
 and thought, and deede,
 By reason of a wronge conceyte, do but thine owne
 confusion breede ;
 Shutt vp thine eies, seale vp thie tongue, locke vp thy
 thoughtes, lay down thy head,
 And let thy mistres see by this how loue hath stroke her
 servant dead ;
 And that but in her heavnlie eye, her word, her thought
 and only will
 Doth rest the deede to kill the quite or ells [to salve
 and] cure this ill.

31. [Of Sir Philip Sidney.]

Perfeccion, peerles vertue without pride,
 Honor and learning linckt with highest loue ;
 For of the thought is trewe discrecon tryde,
 Loue of the lif that highest honors prove ;
 In Angells armes with heavnelly hands imbraced,
 Paradise pleasde, and all the world disgraced.
 Seeke all the world, oh seeke and neuer find
 In earthly mowld the mownte of such a minde ;
 Diuine guiftes that god on man bestoweth,
 No glory suche as of suche glory groweth ;
 End of the joyes that hath all greife begone
 Yitt lett me weepe when all the world hath done.

32. ['Perfection' dead : Sidney.]

Poure downe poore eyes the teares of true distres,
 Heare but oh heavnes, the horror of my crye ;

Iudge of the care that can haue no redres,
 Let mee not liue to see my louer dye ;
 In Sorrowes rules, like sorrow neuer redd,
 Phillip, sweete knight, swete Philip Sydney dead.

Paine more then Arte or Nature can oppres
 Hell to the world to loose a heavnlv frende ;
 Ioy is become but sorrow and distres,
 Lif with my loue, let death and dolor end ;
 In bitter teares hath harte of honor bledd,
 Past hope of healpe, to see perfecon dead.

Finis.

33. [Choridon unhappy.]

Choridon vnhappie swaine,
 Whether doste thou driue thy flocke ?
 Litle foode is on the plaine,
 Full of daunger is the rocke ;
 Wolfes and beares do kepe the woode
 Forrestes full of fures and brakes,
 Meadowes subject to the fudds,
 Moores are full of myry lakes ;
 Then if in nor wood nor hill
 Pasture nor yet meadow ground,
 To content a shepperde wyll,
 Can a feeding place be founde,
 What alas is to be sayde
 Suche a sellie flocke to cherrish ?
 But the shepperde is dismayde
 To behold his cattle perishe ;
 Yett my flocke before yow dye
 Tell my dainty shepperdesse
 In what case the man doth lye
 That she lefte so comfortles ?
 And that in her only face
 Doth remaine that heavnlv foode
 Which is all our hope of grace
 To dispatche or doe vs good ;
 Wher, if you do find preserud
 All your gearing fresh and grene ;
 Say that Phillis hath deservd
 To be cald the shepperdes queene.
 So adewe my sillie flocke
 This is all in charge I leaue yow,
 Kepe the path, and shune the rock
 Lest the Country do receiue yow.

Finis.

Perfection
 Honour
 Learning
 Linckt
 Highest
 Loue
 Angells
 Arms
 Heavnelly
 Hands
 Imbraced
 Paradise
 Pleasde
 All
 The
 World
 Oh
 Seeke
 And
 Never
 Find
 In
 Earthly
 Mowld
 The
 Mownte
 Of
 Such
 A
 Minde
 Diuine
 Guiftes
 That
 God
 On
 Man
 Bestoweth
 No
 Glory
 Suche
 As
 Of
 Suche
 Glory
 Groweth
 End
 Of
 The
 Joyes
 That
 Hath
 All
 Greife
 Begone
 Yitt
 Lett
 Me
 Weepe
 When
 All
 The
 World
 Hath
 Done



From the Tanner MSS., Bodleian, Oxford.

1. Mr. Britton 1st Junii 1616.

Mr. Brittons verses.

twoe to one is oddes : twoe with one makes oddes—twoe
from one breakes oddes.
and 2 alone is no oddes : pauvo paghato in mezzo.

2. [Time present, going, gone.]

Tempus adest, et tempus abest, fugit Amnus, et amnis,
Flumine, vel citius fulmine, tempus abest :
Tempus adest, hodie Referatur Janua vitæ :
Cràs, tibi claudetur Janua, tempus abest :
Tempus adest, hodie, tibi magna est copia curæ ;
Cràs tibi tolletur copia, tempus abest :
Tempus adest, hodie Radios dimittit Appollo :
Cràs stat adumbrato lumine, tempus abest :
Tempus adest, quidnam fuimus nisi fumus et vmbra :
Quid nisi de terra, terrea? tempus abest :
Tempus adest, vixi, quid tum? non vivo, valebam :
Non valeo, fueram, non ero, tempus abest.

Tanner 169, folio 147.

Verse-Translation : by the Reverend
Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rec-
tory, Market-Weighton, author of 'Wood-
Notes and Church-Bells.'

Time comes and goes : stream-like the year glides on ;
More swift than stream, or lightning, Time is gone.
Time comes, to-day Life's gate is open thrown ;
To-morrow 'twill be closed, and Time is flown.
Time comes, and brings great loads of care to-day ;
To-morrow sets thee free, Time flies away.
Time comes, to-day bright shines the cheerful sun ;
To-morrow clouds obscure him, Time is done.
Time comes—a shadow passed, a vapour shone,
Earth-born we are and earthy—Time is gone.
Time comes—I lived, what then? I now am dead ;
I had been,—I shall not be—Time is fled.

3. I and U. 1617, Oct. 17.

A placed alone is but an idle worde.
E parce E, spells nothinge but it selfe ;
I yet alone, maie lovely thoughtes afoorde :

but O, alas, dothe plaie the frowarde elfe :
to prove the Reason of this Riddle truee :
not A, nor E, nor O, but I and yow.

4. My Witche.

Y^{or} eies bewitche my wit, y^r wit bewitche my will,
Thus wth y^{or} eies and wit you doe bewitche me still
And yet you are no witche, whose spirit is not evill,
And yet you are a witche, and yet you are no devill.
Oh witchinge eies, and wit, where wit and eies maie Reade,
A witche, and not a witche, and yet a witche indeede.

Theis 12 verses [=lines] weare made
and geaven me, by Mr. Nic. Bretton
anno et die supradictis.

5. A passionate Sofiett made by the
Kinge of Scots uppon difficulties
ariseing to crosse his proceedinge
in love & marriage with his moste
worthie to be esteemed Queene.

In sunny beames the *skye* dothe shewe her sweete
And with her flowers the *earthe* perfumes the aire
Amid the mountaynes doe the *muses* meete
And in the *fountaines* make the fowle their faire
But all my *skye* with cares is overclouded
And weedes for flowers my blasted *garden* bringes
In mazes are my *muses* ever shrowded
And to my fountaines sorrowes are the Springes
Woe to the darke where Love did loose his seeinge
Bare be the *earthe* that bringes me nought but weedes
Madd be the *muse* where mazes have their beinge
Curste be the Sea that of my sorrowe feedes
But shine sunne, growe flowers, singe muse, and springe
faire fountaines,
Or be no more Sea, Skye, Earthe, muse, nor moun-
taynes.

Geaven me by Mr. Britton who had
beene (as he sayde) in Scotland wth
the Kinges Maiesty, but I rather
thinke they weare made by
him in the person of the
Kinge.



1. From 'The Scoller, Rowing from Tiber to Thames with his Boat laden,' &c., 1612, by John Taylor the Water Poet.

In laudem Authoris.

WIt, Reason, Grace, Religion, Nature, Zeale,
Wrought all together in thy working braine
And to thy worke did set this certaine seale;
Pure is the colour that will take no staine.
What need I praise? the worke it selfe doth praise:
In words, in worth, in forme and matter to.
A world of wits are working many wayes,
But few haue done, what thou dost truly doe:
Was neuer Tailor shapt so fit a Coat,
Vnto the Corps of any earthly creature,
As thou hast made for that foule Romish Goat,

In true description of his diuellish nature.
Besides such matter of judicious wit,
With quaint conceits so fitting euery fancie;
As well may proue, who scornes and spights at it
Shall either shew their folly or their franzie.
Then let the Popes Buls roare, Bell, Booke & Candle
In all the Diuels circuit sound thy curse:
Whilst thou with truth dost euerie tryall handle.
God blesse thy worke, and thou art ne're the worse.
And while hels friends their hateful fo do proue thee,
The Saints on earth, & God in heauen will loue thee.

Thy louing friend *Nicholas Breton.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 13, col. 1, l. 9, 'base' = bace—a rustic game. It is alluded to by Shakespeare:—

"——Lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter."
(*Cymbeline* v. 3.)

So too in Spenser (*F. Q.*, Book V. c. VIII. st. 5):—

"So ran they all as they had been at bace,
They being chasht that did others chace."

Similarly in nearly all contemporary poets. l. 1 (from bottom), 'Spinners' = spiders: col. 2, l. 8, 'at gaze' = sporting term; see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: last line, 'make' = mate. So Scotich still.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 22, 'here' = hear: l. 23, 'sokde'—miswritten 'sobde': l. 28, 'whereas' = whereat or where: col. 2, ll. 6-7: evidently a leaf of the MS. is deficient here, and these two lines the close of a stanza: l. 28, 'graces'—miswritten 'gaces.'

P. 15, col. 1, l. 10, 'leese' = lose.

P. 16, col. 1, l. 1, 'springe'—miswritten 'springes': l. 6, 'lambes,' etc., cf. p. 13, col. 1: l. 9, 'rundeley' = roundelay: l. 12, 'become' = come: col. 2, l. 6 (from bottom), 'tride' = proved.

P. 17, col. 1, l. 3, 'whereas' = whereat or where: cf. p. 14, col. 1, l. 28: l. 4 (from bottom), 'sweetinge'—affectionate diminutive of 'sweet one': col. 2, l. 19, 'warlinge'—a term of endearment, much as 'warlock' (wizard) is lovingly applied to a bright child.

P. 18, col. 1, l. 4 (from bottom), 'deintie' = dainty: col. 2, l. 10, 'The begger and the kinge'—evidently refrain of a song or ballad: l. 17, 'mowse' = term of endearment = little alert one: l. 22, 'grownde' = a musical term. This is a humble celebration of the contest so grandly and wonderfully translated by Crashaw from Strada and by John Ford and others. See Fuller Worthies' Library edn. of Crashaw (2 vols.).

P. 19, col. 1, l. 14, 'make.' Cf. p. 13, col. 2, last line, *supra*. In the MS. here it is miswritten 'snake': col. 2, l. 30, 'baven' = bavin, a torch.

P. 20, col. 2, l. 7, 'alas' = a lass (pyn): l. 14, 'a too' = in too: l. 41, 'toye' = trifle.

P. 21, col. 1, l. 12, 'corry' = corrosive: l. 5 (from bottom), 'affecte' = affection: col. 2, l. 28, 'Orlantos' = Orlando Furioso: l. 30, 'suele Penelope.'—Query—the radiant Penelope, Lady Rich? See our Memorial-Intro-

duction: l. 37. 'shoes' = skull, head: l. 39. 'for'—
miswritten 'the' (*his*): last line 'Mous,' *i.e.* as fly-
blows.

P. 22, col. 1, l. 7. 'workings.' Cf. p. 17, col. 2, l. 29.
supra: l. 21. 'arrived' = arrived at.

P. 23, col. 1, l. 12. 'locks'—miswritten 'looks': l. 24.
'mould' = mould: l. 29. No. 31. This reads like a
fragment, and is in same metre and rhyme as *Amoris
Lacrimae*. Perhaps it was a rejected bit or a bit of a
rejected attempt.

P. 24. FROM THE TANNER MSS.—For the biographical
importance of the dates, etc., herein, see our Memorial-

Introduction; also the same on the "Passionate Solist."
Throughout I adhere *literatim* to the MSS., save that in
the 2d poem, l. 1, the obvious *leptus* *poeme* of 'annis'
for 'annis' is corrected. On the right and left margin
respectively of "A passionate Solist" in another ink is
written 'the' over-against 'Kings' and 'James.' Then
under the closing inscription 'Parnassus Helicon,' and
below 'Let all things be turned Topsey Tursey.'

P. 25. VERSES TO JOHN TAYLOR, etc.—Hazlitt (*L.A.*)
states that Breton has lines to Taylor prefixed to "Great
Britaine all in Blacke" (1612); but neither in the copy
he cites (Eliot's in British Museum), nor in the folio
Works, are there such. The present taken from the
folio (1630, p. 496).—G.





Amoris Lachrimæ

FOR

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1586.



NOTE.

IT is to be regretted that no copy of 'Britton's Bowre of Delights' (1591) is in the British Museum or the Bodleian, or in any of our public Libraries, or available elsewhere. But it is satisfactory that I am able to reproduce 'Amoris Lachrimæ' from that Manuscript in possession of F. W. Cosens, Esq., London, from which I drew our 'Daffodills and Primroses' (Part II.). Breton, while disavowing in his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise' 'Britton's Bowre of Delights,' acknowledged the 'Amoris Lachrimæ' and some few others; which few others may safely be concluded to be of those reproduced by us from the same MS. In the Bodleian Rawlinson MS., Poet. 85, folio 23, it is assigned to Breton; and hence in our 'Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.,' prepared for the Chetham Society (2 vols 4to, 1873), the non-Dyer authorship was assumed, as earlier in our collection of Sir Edward Dyer's Writings in Fuller Worthies' Miscellanies—on the ground that the Rawlinson MS. (as *supra*) while the great authority for Dyer's productions, and its Writer disposed to add rather than diminish them, nevertheless expressly assigns the 'Amoris' to Breton. I was not aware at the time that this Dr. Farmer MS. so-called 'Epitaph,' was identical with 'Amoris Lachrimæ.' Sooth to say I should with equal willingness have relieved Breton of it, albeit since it is his undoubted Lament, it claims a place among his Works. Moreover poor and bodiless certainly, there are yet a few touches of personal feeling. The poem was also included by Bishop Butler in his 'Sidneiana' (pp. 41-53) anonymously.

The Dr. Farmer and other MSS. offer a few various readings; but scarcely demanding record. On the whole the Cosens MS. gives a superior text; in fact shows the writer of the Dr. Farmer MS. especially, to have misread and dislocated his original—to my misleading in the printing of it. The two closing stanzas are added from the Dr. Farmer MS.: ll. 343-48 and others, are not found in it.—G.



AMORIS LACHRIMÆ:

FOR THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

EMONGE the woes of those vnhappy wightes
That haue sett downe the sorrowes of their
time;

Whos lyves are lefte devoide of all delightes
And passe in greif the pleasure of their prime;
Lett me discourse the secrett of my care
More then conceite or sorrow can declare.

Summe loose their welthe, it is a slender losse,
My lif hath lost the treasure of my trust;
Summe loose their helth, (alas) a common crosse,
My life's delight is buried in the duste; 10
Summe loose their frendes, it is not one man's woe,
I lost a frende, such one there are no moe.

Summe loose their loue, a sorrow nere the harte,
In kinde affect the onlie crosse of crosses;
Summe loose their lives, where sorowes neuer parte,
Summe loose themselves in thinking of their losses;
More then myself is such a frende berefte me
As welth, nor health, nor loue, nor lif hath lefte me.

And shall I tell what kinde of man hee was
Whom thus I lovde, and neuer creature hated? 20
Imagine firste it doth my reason passe
To write of him whom highest powre created
For euey parte that vertue had desired;
Ioye of the heavnes and of the world admired.

Yitt as my hart for greife and sorrow can
I will describe the substance of his state;
In childishe yeeres he was estemde a man
And halfe a man, more halfe a magistrate;
And whom the Artes and Muses so attended
As all in all by all he was commended. 30

Whos wisdom was not spent in wanton toyes
And thoughte no wanton, yett not voyd of witt;
Of worldly jestes hee neuer made his joyes
Although sumtime hee had a tast of itt;
For lett the best that liues do what he can
In summe things yitt he shewes he was a man.

But if on earth there were a man divine
For Nature's guiftes and Vertue's secrette grace;
Then giue me leave to saie this love of mine
Was heere to good to haue a dwelling place; 40
But liues in heavne in some hye angell's office
Wher God Himself doth vse him in His service.

To saie yitt more what in effect he was,
Let this suffice in summe, he was a man
Whose heavnly wisdom found the way to passe
More then the powre of witt or reason can;
In whose attemptes the world thus well dyd know him,
Nothing but death cold euer ouerthrow him.

Comely of shape, and of a manly face,
Noble in birthe, and of a princelie mind; 50
Kinde in affecte, and of a courtly grace,
Curteous to all, and carfull of the kind;
Valure and vertue, learning, beauty, love,
These were the partes that dyd his honor prove.

Whos full perfeccion thus hath wisdom peisèd,
His wordes were euer substance and his deedes divine;
Reason the ground whereon his hope was raisèd,
Labor his life, and learning was his lyne;
Truth was his love, and tryall his intente,
Care his conceite, and honor his contente. 60

Hee spake no word but carede full his weight,
Hee nothing did that euer tooke disgrace;
Hee had no minde to muse vpon deceite,
Hee builte in heavne, his only byding place;
Hee loude the Church, wher saintes do build the steple.
And sought the world where angells are the people.

Hee travaild farre, when hee was neerest home
Where was no earthe, hee colde beholde a land;
Hee sawe a house, without or lyme or lome,
And saild the seas wher ther was neuer sande; 70
Hee sounded depthes without or lyne or leade,
And found out lif where other men were dead.

Hee fearde no foe, nor euer sought a frende,
 Hee knew no want, and made no care of welthe ;
 Hee nought begon but had a care to ende
 And neuer lovde the honor had in stelthe ;
 By fyer and sworde he wonne his worthy fame,
 That hathe advauncde the honor of his name.

In all the skye hee honourde but a starre,
 That was the course of all his kind affecon ; 80
 Whos flame was neere although the fyer afarre
 Gaue him the light of [his true] loue's direchon ;
 Hee was so kinde and constant where he lovde,
 As once resolvde he colde not be removde.

His hand was free to helpe the needie harte,
 His harte was francke to fill the empty hande ;
 His most desire was to reward desarte,
 And hold vp state wher honor colde not stand ;
 His onely joye was honor of the feilde, 90
 To conquer men and make the captaine yelde.

Muche was his care and of his country moste,
 Litle his wantes and in himselfe the leaste ;
 All for his freind did seme but litle cost
 Yitt to himselfe a litle was a feaste ;
 Highe was their happ that might be but aboute him,
 Death is their life that morne to be without him.

Now judge the life in leaving suche a joye
 The deathe, in losse of suche a dainty frende ;
 What may remove the roote of his annoye
 Or how this greif may euer haue an ende ? 100
 And if it be a care incurable,
 Thinke of the death where it is durable.

To liue in death is but a dying life,
 To die in life is but a lyving deathe ;
 Betwixte these two is suche a deadly strife
 As makes me drawe this melancholicke breath ;
 Wherein conceite doth liue so discontented,
 As neuer harte was euer so tormented.

A torment only made but by the mind,
 A minde ordeinde but only to distresse ; 110
 And suche distres as can no comfort find
 But leaves the harte to dy remidydes ;
 And suche a deathe as liueth to beholde
 Ten thowsande tormentes more then can be tolde.

Yitt thoughe my pen can neuer halfe expresse
 The hideous tormentes of my heavy harte ;
 Lett me set downe summe truthe of my distresse
 That some poore soule may helpe to beare a parte ;
 That in extremes when wee are woe begon
 The world maie weepe to sitt and looke vpon. 120

Nature and Arte are gott about his grave,
 And there sitt waylinge of eche other's losse ;
 Hard by the tombe sitts Sorrow in her cave,
 Cutting her hart to think of honor's crosse ;
 And Wisdome weeping wringing of her handes
 To shew the world in what a case it standes.

In this darke hold of death and heavines
 Sitts wofull Beawtie with her blubberd eyes ;
 By her sitts Loue with care all comfortles,
 Recording of his mother's miseryes ; 130
 Emonge the reste that waile the losse of freendes
 Sitts Pacience picking of her finger endes.

From Pittie's face do fall the tricklinge teares
 Of tormentes suche as teare the hart of loue ;
 The Muses sitt and rende their shrivled heares,
 To see the plume that loue and beawtie proue ;
 Emonge them all howe I am torne asunder,
 And yitt do liue : confesse it is a wounder.

I liue, I liue ! alas, I liue in deede,
 But suche a life was neuer suche a deathe ; 140
 While fainting hart is but constrainde to feede
 Vpon the care of a consuming breathe ;
 Oh my sweete Muse, that knowst how I am vexed
 Paincte but one passion, how I am perplexed.

I call for death but yitt she will not beere me,
 I reede my deathe, and rue my destinie ;
 I see my death, but hee will not come nere me,
 I feele my deathe and yitt I cannot dye.
 But where noe death will kill nor grefe be cured,
 Thinke what a death of deathes I haue endured. 150

Yitt while I lyve in all this misery,
 Lett me goe quarrell with this cruell fate ;
 Wher death sholde do so great an iniury
 Vnto the staye of suche a happie state ;
 At lyving thinges to make his levell soe,
 To kill a phoenix where there were no moe.

Oh cruell Death, what lead thy hand awrye
 To take the best and leave the wurste behind ?
 To youthe thou art vntimely destinie,
 Thou mightest haue bene a comfort to the blind ; 160
 And ende the aged of their weary tyme,
 And not a youth in pride of all his prime.

Thou moughtst haue shott at suche a wretched lough
 As had past ouer all his pleasant yeres ;
 And kild the hart that is consumde to nought
 With being tangled in these worldly breres ;
 But Beawtie's loue and Honor's harte to bleed
 Fie on the[e] Death, it is to[o] foule a deed.

But well the world will curse the[e] to thy face,
 Beawtie and Loue will to thy teethe defie thee ; 170
 Honor and Learning drive thee in disgrace,
 Wher no good thought shall euer once come nigh thee ;
 And soe my selfe to shewe that woe begon thee,
 Will praye to God all plagues maie light vpon ye.

For I haue loste the honor of my love,
 My loue hath loste the honor of my life ;
 My life and loue do suche a passion proue,
 As in the world was neuer such a strife ;
 Where secrett death and sorrow are contented
 To [wail in] terror of a harte tormented. 180

Thou camst to[o] soone, but now thou cumst to[o] late,
 Thy force to[o] great but now it is to[o] small ;
 Halfe had in loue but wholly now in hate,
 Desirde of summe but cursed now of all ;
 Oft I confes that I haue quaked before thee,
 But doe thy wurst Death now, I care not for thee.

But dost thou thinke thou canst thy selfe excuse
 To sinn (alas) thou hast but done thy office ;
 Vnhappie hande, whom so the heavnes do vse
 On suche a sainte to execute thy service ; 190
 But since it was the will of God to doe itt,
 His will be done, I can but yeld vnto it.

Yett for the care that Vertue hath conceiued
 For losse of him that was her deerest love ;
 And for the death that Honor hath receiued
 Where pacience dothe the deadly passion prove ;
 I can not chuse althoughe my hart wold hide itt,
 But shew my greif, so great I cannot hide it.

Oh that I had but so diuine a head
 As colde bewray the sorrows of my breast ! 200
 Or from the grave to raise againe the dead
 And not offend my God in my request ;
 Or by a prayre I might the grace obtaine
 To see the face of my desire againe.

But all is vaine, my wishes not auaille,
 My wordes are winde and cary no effecte ;
 And with the greif I feele my sences faile,
 That fortune thus sholde crosse me in effecte,
 As by the losse of our sweete heauynly frend,
 My hart shold dye and yitt not dolor end. 210

Ende? No God wott, there is no end of greif
 Where sad conceite will neuer out of minde ;
 And booteles hope to harpe vpon releif
 Where care maie seeke but neuer comfort find ;
 For in the world I had no joy but one,
 And all but death now see is dead and gone.

Gone is my ioy, alas, and well awaye,
 What shall I doe now all my loue is gone ?
 All my delight is falne into decaye,
 Onlie but heavne I haue to hope vpon : 220
 Oh heauynly powres take pitte of my crye,
 Lett me not liue and see my louer dy.

Oh my loue ! ah, my loue ! all my loue gone
 Out alas sellie wretch, wel-a-day, woe is me !
 Of a freind euer freinde, suche a freind none
 In the world, through the world, may the world see ;
 Holly saintes, higher powres, heavnes looke vpon me
 Pitty me, comfort me, thus woe begon me.

My heauynly loue heavne lovde as well as I,
 Heavne was his care and heavne was his content ; 230
 In heavne he liues, in heavne he cannot dye,
 From heavne he came and to the heavnes he wente ;
 Oh heauynly loue, heavne will I looke for never,
 Till in the heavnes I maie behold the[e] euer.

But what ? methinkes I see a sodeine change
 The worlde doth seme to alter Nature muche ;
 The state of thinges is to my reason straunge
 And sorrowes such as ther was neuer suche :
 Suche lacke of loue, such mourninge for a frend
 Suche worlde of woes as if the world shuld end. 240

Methinkes I see the Queene of kind affecte,
 Sighing and sobbing with such inward greif
 As hee that cold consider the effecte
 Might see a harte lye dead without releif ;
 And in conceite so ouercome with care,
 As killes my harte to see her hevy fare.

Methinkes I see a sight of armed horse,
 Ledd in by boyes as if the men were dead ;
 Methinkes I heere men murmur of a corse,
 And gallant youthes goe hanging of y^e head ; 250
 Methinkes I heere a thunder in the aire
 Bids farewell hope, and looke vpon despaire.

Methinkes I herd the trumpett, drumm and fife,
 Sound all amort as if the worlde were done ;
 Methinkes I see the end of happie life,
 Or second ioy since latter age begone ;
 Methinkes I heere the horror of the cry
 As if the day were cumme y^e all shold dye.

Oh what I heer, oh what I feele and see, 259
 Hold, harke, helpe, heavnes, how can I longer liue ?
 But in the heavnes there is no helpe for me,
 Not all the world can anie comfort giue ;
 When death doth of my deerest loue depriue [me]
 What can remain in comfort to revive me ?

Yitt for the world shall witnes what thou art
 Which in the world didst leave no like behinde ;
 I will sett downe though shorte of thy desarte
 The happy honor of thy heauynly minde ;
 And on this tombe I will wth teares engrave,
 The death of lif that for thy lacke I haue. 270

Looke on the hills, how all the shepperdes sitt
 Heaue to thinke vpon their honest frend ;
 How Phillis sitts, as one besides hir witt
 To see the sorrow of her shepperde's end ;
 Harke how the lambes goe blayning vp and downe,
 To see their shepperde caried to the towne.

Looke how the focke begins to leave there feedinge !
 While cruell beastes breake in among the sheepe ;
 See how the hart of loue doth lye a-bleeding,
 [That] Mars was slaine while Venus was a-sleep ; 280
 See how the earth is bare in euery place
 To see that Death hath [done] the world disgrace.

And Coridon, poore sillie wretched swaine,
 Doth make suche moane as if he wolde go mad ;
 All in despaire to see good daies againe,
 To loose the ioy that on the earth he had ;
 Who since the tyme he harde but of his wound,
 Lyvde like a ghost that goes vpon y^e ground.

And so forlorne abandonde all content
 Kepes in the caves where comfort is vnknowne ; 290
 Borne but to lyue and only to lament
 The dolfull life that by his death hath growne ;
 Who in his life wold lett him know no care,
 But by his death all greifes that euer are.

Pan in a rage, hath broken all his pipes
 Pallas, alas, sits poring on a booke ;
 Her weeping eyes, see how Diana wypes,
 And poore Appollo castes a pittous looke ;
 The Nymphes cumme in with such a wofull cryinge
 As if that Love or Venus laye a-dyinge. 300

The nightingale is stopped in her throate
 [And] shriching owles do make a fearfull noyse ;
 The dolfull ravenes do singe a deadly note,
 And litle wrennes the end of eagles tryes ;
 The phoenix drowpes and falcons beat their winges,
 To heer how swannes of death and sorrow singes.

The trees are blasted and the leaves do wither
 The dainty greene is turned to darke graye ;
 The gallant vines are shruncke and gone together,
 And all the flowres do fade and fall awaie ; 310
 The springes are dride and all y^e fishe scales beaten,
 And all good fruite the earth itself hath eaten.

Oh what a woe it is to see the woes
 Where nought but woe is lefte to looke vpon ;
 A greif to[o] great for reason to disclose
 And in effectes a death to studdy on ;
 Wher man and beaste, birdes, fishes, flowres, trees,
 Do halfe the hope of all their comfote leese.

When on the earth was euer such a night ?
 Hardly the world can such a sorrow haue ; 320
 Neuer did death more cease vpon delight
 Then when this knight was caryed to his grave ;
 Which when I sawe so neere my hart I sett
 As while I liue I neuer can forgett.

First cummes the brother all in mourning blacke,
 Morning indeede in bodie and in minde ;
 Foldinge the armes as if his hart wold cracke,
 Feling the death that Loue and Nature finde ;
 Looking vpon the last of his delight :
 Oh heavnly God, it was a wofull sight ! 330

The schollres cumme with *lachrimis Amoris*,
 As though their hartes were hoples of releif ;
 The soldiers come with *tonitru clamoris*,
 To make the heavnes acquainted with their greif ;

The noble peeres in *ciuitatis portis*
 In hartes ingravne cumme wth *dolor mortis*.

The straungers cumme, oh *che mala sorte*
 The servantes cumme with *morte di la vita* ;
 The secrete frendes with *morte pin che morte*,
 And all with their *felicita finita* ; 340
 Now for my selfe oh *dolor infernale*
De vivere tal et non viner tale.

Now if the greif of all the world be great,
 How great is his that hath the greif of all !
 Who doth in thought more deadly panges repeate
 Then euer dyd to all the world befall ;
 Whose deadly pashions plainlie do approue,
 The only terme, Anatomy of Loue.

But since I see there is no remedye
 What God will haue must neuer be withstood ; 350
 And mal content is but a mallady
 That maie consume but can do litle good ;
 I will to God referre my whole releif
 In heavnly cure of my vnhappy greif.

And on my knees before His holy wyll
 To caste on me those swete and loving eyes
 That heale the hart of euery [hatefull] yll
 And giue the life where comfort neuer dyes ;
 And wher my hart is gone my hope may thither
 That faith and loue may liue in heavne together. 360

But till my soule may see that heavnly sweete,
 Wher vertue doth her deereest loue embrace ;
 Wher comfort, care, and kinde affect may meete
 And share the ioye to see eche other's face ;
 Vpon the tombe I will the sorrowes sett downe
 That all the world maie reede of thy renowne.

Perfection pceeles, vertue wthout pride,
 Honor and learninge linkt wth highest love :
 Ioye of the thought in true direction tryed,
 Life of the love, that highest honor proue ; 370
 In Angells' Armes wth heavnlie handes imbraced,
 Paradise pleased, and all the world disgraced.

Seeke all the world, or seeke and never finde
 In earthlic mould the mount of such a mynde ;
 Devinest gieste that God and man bestoweth,
 In glory such as from such glorye groweth.
 And of the ioyes that haue all greife begonne,
 Yet let me weepe when all the world hath done.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, 'Summe' = some.
 .. 79, 'starre' = Stella, Sidney's deepest love.
 .. 145, 'she' = Death feminine, but it is
 accidental, as in l. 147 it is 'hee.'

Line 163, 'lought' = lowt or lout.
 .. 166, 'breres' = briars.
 .. 321, 'cease' = seize.—G.



GLEANINGS.

HAVING failed to obtain certain of Breton's books, I bring together here such accidentally-quoted pieces from them as offer themselves. I also add others of whose Breton-authorship there can be little doubt. See our Memorial-Introduction on the whole.

I.—From 'The Workes of a young Wyt trust vp with a Fardell of prettie fancies, profitable to young Poetes, prejudicial to no man, and pleasant to euery man to passe away idle time withall. Whereunto is ioined an odde kinde of wooing with a Banquet of Comfittes to make an end withall.' Done by N. B. Gent. 1577 (4^o) in George Ellis's 'Specimens of Early English Poets. (Vol. II., 3d. Edition, 1803, pp. 270-74.)

A FAREWELL TO TOWN.

SINCE secret Spite hath sworn my wo,
And I am driven by Destiny
Against my will, God knows, to go
From Place of gallant company,
And, in the stead of sweet delight,
To reap the fruits of foul despite :

As it hath been a custom long,
To bid farewell when men depart,
So will I sing this solemn song,
Farewell, to some, with all my heart :
But those my friends : but to my foes,
I wish a nettle in their nose.

I wish my friends their hearts' content :
My foes, again, the contrary :
I wish myself, the time were spent
That I must spend in misery :
I wish my deadly foe, no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse.

But, now my wishes thus are done,
I must begin to bid farewell :
With friends and foes I have begun,
And therefore, now I cannot tell
Which first to choose, or ere I part,
To write a farewell from my heart.

First, place of worldly Paradise,
Thou gallant court, to thee farewell !
For froward Fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight !
Untoward Fortune now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight,
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Jill.

Now next, my gallant youths farewell ;
My lads that oft have cheer'd my heart !
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some odd lobeck ass !

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds !
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds ;
I now must leave you all indeed,
And make some music on a reed !

And now you stately stamping steeds
And gallant geldings fair, adieu !
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you :
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit !

And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebus,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus ;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade !

Now: And you farewell, all gallant games,
Primero and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I used, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withall :
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays !

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugar'd wine !
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine !
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese !

And now, all orders due, farewell !
 My table laid when it was noon ;
 My heavy heart it irks to tell
 My dainty dinners all are done :
 With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
 I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
 With jewels rich, of rare device !
 Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
 I must go range in woodman's wise ;
 Clad in a coat of green or grey,
 And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
 To every dra[ch]m of sweet delight,
 In place where pleasure never grew,
 In dungeon deep of foul despite,
 I must, ah me ! wretch, as I may,
 Go sing the song of welaway !

II.—From the Same (*ib.* pp. 274-78.)

NOR long ago, as I at supper sat,
 Whereas indeed I had exceeding cheer,
 In order serv'd, with store of this and that,
 With flaggons fill'd with wine, and ale, and beer,
 I did behold, (that well set out the rest !)
 A troop of dames, in brave attire address.—

Now gan I guess, by outward countenance,
 The disposition of each dainty dame :
 And though, perhaps, I missed some by chance,
 I hit some right, I do not doubt the same.
 But shall I tell of each one what I guest ?
 No, fie ! for why ? fond tattling breeds unrest.

But let them be such as they were ! by chance
 Our banquet done, we had our music by,
 And then, you know, the youth must needs go dance,
 First, *galliards* ; then *larousse* ; and *heidgy* ;
 'Old lusty gallant ;' 'all flow'rs of the bloom ;'
 And then a hall ! for dancers must have room.

And to it then ; with set, and turn about,
 Change sides, and cross, and mince it like a hawk ;
 Backwards and forwards, take hands then, in and out ;
 And, now and then, a little wholesome talk,
 That none could hear, close rownd in the ear ;
 Well ! I say nought : but much good sport was there.

Then might my minion hear her mate at will :
 But, God forgive all such as judge amiss !
 Some men, I know, would soon imagine ill,
 By secret spying of some knavish kiss :

But let them leave such jealousy for shame !
 Dancers must kiss : the law allows the same.

And, when friends meet, some merry sign must pass
 Of welcoming unto each other's sight :
 And for a kiss that 's not so much, alas !
 Dancers, besides, may claim a kiss of right,
 After the dance is ended, and before.
 But some will kiss upon kiss : that goes sore.

But what ? I had almost myself forgot
 To tell you on of this same gentle crew ;
 Some were, alas, with dancing grown so hot,
 As some must sit ; while others danced anew :
 And thus forsooth our dancing held us on
 Till midnight full ; high time for to be gone.

But to behold the graces of each dame !
 How some would dance as though they did but walk ;
 And some would trip, as though one leg were lame ;
 And some would mince it like a sparrow-hawk ;
 And some would dance upright as any bolt ;
 And some would leap and skip like a young colt !

And some would fidge, as though she had the itch ;
 And some would bow half crooked in the joints ;
 And some would have a trick ; and some a twitch ;
 Some shook their arms, as they had hung up points :
 With thousands more that were too long to tell,
 But made me laugh my heart sore, I wot well.

But let them pass : and now 'sir we must part ;
 'I thank you, sir, for my exceeding cheer.'—
 'Welcome' (quoth the good man) 'with all my heart :
 'In faith the market serves but ill to year,
 'When one could not devise more neat to dress.'—
 Jesus ! (thought I) what means this foolishness ?

But let that pass.—Then, parting at the door,
 Believe me now, it was a sport to see
 What stir there was, who should go out before ;
 Such curtsies low, with 'Pray you pardon me'—
 'You shall not choose'—'In faith you are to blame.'—
 Goodsooth ! (thought I) a man would think the same !

Now being forth (with much ado) at last,
 Then part they all ; each one unto their house ;
 And who had mark'd the pretty looks that past
 From privy friend unto his pretty mouse,
 Would say with me, at twelve o'clock at night,
 It was a parting, trust me, worth the sight.

But let them part, and pass in God his name !
 God speed them well, I pray, and me no worse !
 Some are gone home with dancing almost lame ;
 And some go light by means of empty purse :
 And, to be short, home goeth every one,
 And home go I unto my lodge alone.

III.—From the 'Bowre of Delights,' 1597
(Ellis, II. pp. 286-288).

A SWEET CONTENTION BETWEEN LOVE, HIS MISTRESS,
AND BEAUTY.

LOVE and my Mistress were at strife
Who had the greatest power on me ;
Betwixt them both, oh, what a life !
Nay, what a death is this to be !
She said, she did it with her eye ;
He said, he did it with his dart ;
Betwixt them both (a silly wretch !)
'Tis I that have the wounded heart.
She said, she only spake the word
That did enchant my peering sense ;
He said, he only gave the sound
That enter'd heart without defence.

* * * * *
She said, her Beauty was the mark
That did amaze the highest mind ;
He said, he only made the mist
Whereby the senses grew so blind.
She said, that, only for her sake,
The best would venture life and limb :
He said, she was too much deceiv'd ;
They honour'd her, because of him.
Long while, alas, she would not yield,
But it was she that rul'd the roast ;
Until, by proof, she did confess,
If he were gone her joy was lost.
And then she cried, 'Oh, dainty Love,
'I now do find it is for thee
'That I am lov'd and honour'd both,
'And thou hast power to conquer me !'
But, when I heard her yield to Love,
Oh ! how my heart did leap for joy,
That now I had some little hope
To have an end of mine annoy !
For though that Fancy Beauty found
A power all too pitiless,
Yet Love would never haue the heart
To leave his servant comfortless.
But as too soon before the field
The trumpets sound the overthrow,
So all too soon I joy'd too much,
For I awak'd, and nothing so.

IV.—From 'Morley's New Book of Tablature'
(1596) in Collier's Lyrical Poems from
Musical Publications (Percy Society).

This poem is so very markedly Bretonish
that I cannot withhold it :—

THOUGHTS make men sigh, sighes make men sick at
heart,
Sicknes consumes, consumption kills at last :
Death is the end of everie deadlie smart,
And sweete the joy where euery paine is past.

But oh ! the time of death too long delayed,
Where tried patience is too ill apayed !
Hope harpes on heaven but lives in halfe a hell ;
Hart thinkes of love, but findes a deadly hate ;
Eares harke for blis, but heare a dolefull bell ;
Eyes looke for joy, but see a wofull state.
But eyes and eares and hart and hope deceaued,
Tongue tels a truth, how is the mind conceaved.
Conceited thus to thinke but say no more,
To sigh and sob till sorrow haue no end ;
And so to die, till death may life restore,
Or carefull faith may finde a constant friend ;
That patience may yet in her passion prove,
Just at my death I found my life of loue !

[In st. 2d, l. 2, I read 'love' for 'life'—an obvious
correction.]

V.—From 'Dowland's Third Book of
Songs' (1603) in Collier's Lyrical
Poems from Musical Publications (Percy
Society, 1844).

Cf. the following with Wit's Private Wealth
p. 7/2, l. 31. I have little or no hesitation in
claiming this anonymous lyric for Breton :—

WHAT poore astronomers are they
Take women's eyes for stars,
And set their thoughts in battell ray
To fight such idle warres,
When in the end they shall approve
'Tis but a jeast drawne out of loue.
And love itselfe is but a jeast,
Devisde by idle heads
To catch yong fancies in the neast,
And lay it in fooles beds ;
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be fidge ere they be wise.
But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheelles,
While will cannot perswaded be
With that which reason feeles ;
That womens eyes and starres are odde,
And love is but a fained God.
But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight,
But leave them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light ;
Till time too late we make them trie
They study false astronomie.

VI.—From 'Honest Counsaile : A merry
fytte of a poetical furie ; good to read,
better to follow' (1605).

No copy of 'Honest Counsaile' is now
known. I am compelled to content myself

accordingly with the following, given by EDWARD FARR in his 'Select Poetry chiefly sacred of the Reign of King James the First' (1847). Last couplet seems incorrectly copied. I have inserted 'all' and changed 'may' into 'doth'.

A PRAYER.

OH, with Thy grace my heart inspire,
To bring forth fruites of Thy desire.
Gave me thy Peter's penitence,
Paul's faith, and Job his patience,
And Marie's grace, and John his loue,
That in my heart I may approve.
When all these graces meete in mee,
What joy my soule shall have in Thee:
But oh, my God! my heart doth ake,
My soule with trembling fear doth quake,
That sinne hath brought me in such plight
As makes me ouglie in Thy sight;
And I (O wretch!) am one of those
Whom Thou hast reckoned for Thy foes,
And that Thy mercie will not heare mee,
Nor comfort euer shall come near mee;
My prayer turned into sinne,
No gate of grace shall enter in;
But all my thoughts are farre amisse,
Shall banisht be from hope of blisse,
And my poor soule, by sinne's desert,
Condemn'd vnto eternall smart.
And yet again, meethinks, I see
How Thy great mercie lookes on mee,
And tels me faith may be victorious,
While grace will be in mercie glorious,
And what true hartes do truelle proue,
That turne to Thee in teares of loue;
In which vnfaigned faithfull teares,
Wherein the wofull spirit weares,
I humbly fall at Mercie's feete,
Where grace, and loue, and glorie meete;
And in teares of true contrition
Thus makes my wofull soule's petition:
In mercie looke on me, deare God;
Forgive my sinnes, forbear Thy rod;
Behold my griefe and ease my paine,
And take me to Thy grace againe,
That if I may see that bright Sunne shine,
Where glorie neuer can decline;
Where I with Simeon's joy may sing
When I embrace my holy King,
And [all] sinne and sorrowes cease,
As my soule doth rest in peace. (pp. 249/1.)

VII. From 'Eliosto Libidinoso: Described in two Bookes, &c. Written by John Hynd. At London, Printed by Valentine Simmes,' &c. (1606.)

Hynd says of the following poem that it is 'a fancie which that learned author N.

B. hath dignified with respect,' which may or may not be an attribution of it to 'N. B.' i.e. as Sir Egerton Brydges in *Censura Literaria* and Collier in his *Poetical Decameron* interpret, Nicholas Breton. It is to be remembered that being put in the mouth of a character in the novel wherein it occurs, it would not have been in keeping to suppose him acquainted with an English poet's writings. The expression may simply mean that the poem was printed in the 'Bower of Delights,' or 'Arbor of Amorous Devices,' both miscellanies. Till complete exemplars of these two still lacking books (except the imperfect one of the latter as reproduced by us), we cannot speak positively. Meantime it seems expedient to give the little poem taken from *Censura Literaria*:—

AMONG the groves, the woods and thickes,

The bushes, brambles, and the briers,
The shrubbes, the stubbes, the thornes, and prickes,
The ditches, plasbes, lakes and miers.

Where fish nor fowle, nor bird nor beast,

Nor living thing may take delight,
Nor reason's rage may looke for rest,
Till heart be dead of hatefull spight:

Within the case of care unknowne,

Where hope of comfort all decays,
Let me with sorrow sit alone

In dolefull thoughts to end my dayes.

And when I heare the stormes arise,
That troubled ghosts doe leave the grave;
With hellish sounds of horror's cries,
Let me goe look out of my cave.

And when I feel what paines they bide,
That doe the greatest torments prove,
Then let not me the sorrow hide,
That I have suffer'd by my love.

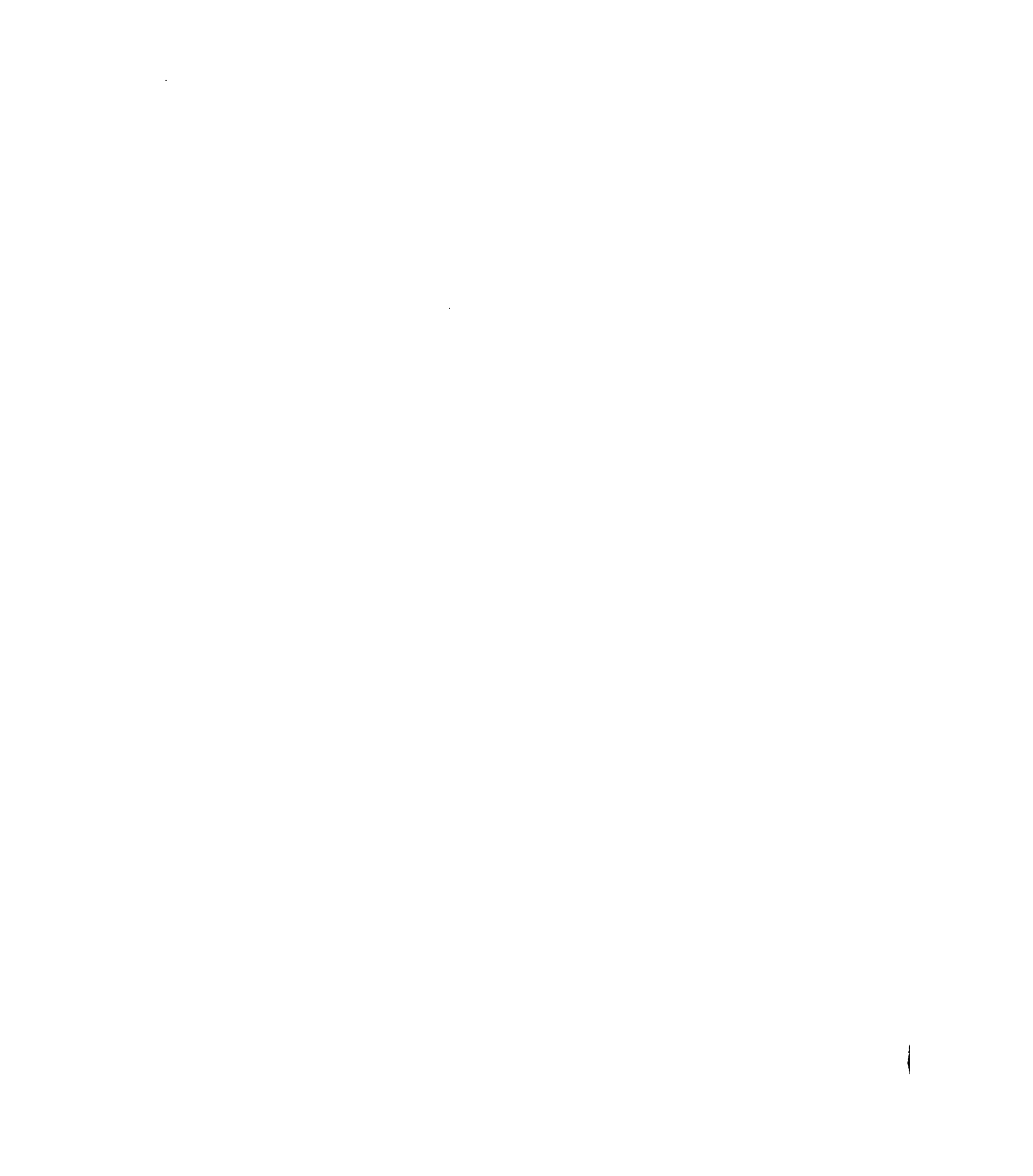
Where losses, crosses, care and griefe,
With ruthfull, spitefull, hatefull hate,
Without all hope of hap's reliefe,
Doe tugge and teare the heart to naught:

But sigh, and say, and sing, and sweare,
It is too much for one to beare.

An anonymous copy of the preceding, wanting the last six lines, was printed in *Excerpta Tudoriana* from MS. Harl. 6910. 'Thickes' occurs in 'Flourish vpon Fancy,' 'plasbes' in 'Strange News.' See our Glossarial Index, 57.

END OF VOL. I. (VERSE.)

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