

The Manuscript Miscellany in Early Stuart England:
A Study of British Library Manuscript Additional 22601 and Related Texts

In two volumes

Volume Two

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Appendix A

British Library Manuscript Additional 22601

Contents

Title where given and first line in italics

1 ^r	Flyleaf
1 ^v	Blank
2 ^r -2 ^v	Extract from sale catalogue
3 ^r -4 ^r	The Archbishopp of yorkes <u>lett</u> re to my Lord <u>Cranborne</u> <i>Salutem in Christo</i>
4 ^r -6 ^v	My Lord <u>Cranbornes</u> Aunsw ^{er} to the Lord <u>Archbishopp</u> <i>Maye it please you^r Grace</i>
7 ^r -7 ^v	O yes, o yes, o yes <i>To all <u>honourable</u> men at armes</i>
7 ^v -8 ^r	Amor Quid <i>To late I finde that loue is nought</i>
8 ^r -8 ^v	<i>The Poore Soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree</i>
8 ^v -9 ^r	One time oh happy time for euer blest
9 ^r	The Counsell of a frend hearinge a purpose of marriage by another <i>In choice of wife preferr y^e modest chaste</i>
9 ^v -10 ^r	<i>Souldio^{rs} are like y^e Armou^r y^t they weare</i>
10 ^r	<i>Tho tyme hath byn my purse well lyn'd</i>
10 ^r	<i>The moone doth change yet not so strange</i>
10 ^v -11 ^v	The poore mans Peticion to the Kinge <i>Good Kinge let there be an uniformity in true Religion</i>
12 ^r -17 ^r	Aduertismen ^{ts} of a loyall subiect to his Soueraigne <i>It is said that you^r maies^{tie} will not continue the protection of the Low Countries</i>
17 ^v -18 ^r	The <u>lett</u> ^{re} of S ^r Walter Rawleigh to the kinge after his Arraignmen ^t <i>The life whi^{ch} I had moste mighty prince</i>
18 ^v -20 ^r	<i>Loue no man but thy selfe [The Maxims]</i>
20 ^v	<i>Because that worde & faithe</i>

- 21^r-21^v *The happie life is that whi^{ch} all desire*
- 22^r-22^v *Fie fye desire why seekst thou to intice*
- 22^v-23^r *Why art thou prowde, thou Peacock of yⁱ plumes?*
- 23^v *in praise of Peace with y^e Spaine*
O Lord of hostes thou God of Peace
- 24^r-25^r *Ballade .1.*
While as a stately fleetinge Castell faire
- 25^r *A Dreame .2.*
While as the scilent shady night
- 25^v-26^r *A Ballad .3.*
Now doth disdainfull saturne Sadd and old
- 26^r *A Gentlewoman y^t married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whereuppon*
she tooke hir needle in whi^{ch} she was excelent & worked vpon hir Sampler
thus
Comme giue me needle, stitch cloth, silke & chaire
- 26^v-30^v *[Continuation of A Dreame 2]*
And by the hand of Mistres lead
- 31^r-31^v *A Ballade .4.*
O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde
- 31^v-33^v *Passionado .5.*
If mourninge mighte amend my hard vnhappie case
- 33^v-34^r *A Sonnett*
My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant
- 34^r *.2.*
Suppose madam I ought not to refuse
- 34^v *.3.*
But what madam, and shall I then denie
- 34^v-35^r *.4.*
O cruell Cupid what a ruthles rage
- 35^r *.5.*
Comme fruitfull thoughts, y^t fertill euer flowes
- 35^r-35^v *.6.*
As man, a man am I composed all of brethren fowre

- 35^v-36^r .7.
Although y' crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie
- 36^r .8.
O womans witt y' wavers with the winde
- 36^r-36^v .9.
If he who lakes y^e sight of both his eies
- 37^r-39^r *O thou prodigious monster moste accurst*
- 39^r-40^r *I y' once liu'd in Englands glorious Court*
- 40^r The Courtier.1.
Longe haue I serud in Court
- 40^r-40^v the Diuine .2.
My callinge is diuine
- 40^v the Souldior .3.
My occupation is the noble trade of kinges
- 40^v-41^r the Phisition .4.
I studie to vphold the slippery life of man
- 41^r the Lawyer .5.
My practise is the lawe, my robe my tongue, my pen
- 41^r-41^v the Merchaunt .6.
My trade doth euery thinge
- 41^v the Country Gentleman .7.
Though straunge outlandish spirits, praise Townes & Country scorne
- 41^v-42^r the Batchelour .8.
Howe manie thinges as yet are deare a like to me
- 42^r the married man .9.
I only am the man, amongst all married men
- 42^v the wyfe .10.
The first of all our sex
- 42^v-43^r the widowe .11.
My dyinge husband knew
- 43^r the Mayde .12.
I marriage would forswear
- 43^r *Thinges hard to winn with ease*

- 43^v-48^v A proper new Ballad of y^e Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or promoter of Loue amonge the Augustine nunnes Translated out of Cornish or Deuonshire into true Suffolk And is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Loue, or Vptailles all, as you can deuide.
Gramercies watt mets mesters & y^e rest
- 49^r-51^r A lottery proposed before supper at y^e Lord Chief Justice his house in y^e first entrance: to hir Maiestie, Ladies, Gentlewomen & Straungers
fortune must now no more in Triumph ride
- 51^v-52^r *To you faire Dames whose fauou^r doth now flourish*
- 52^v S. R. in Defence of loue.
Suche as are skilless in all skill or art
- 52^v-54^r *Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall*
- 54^r-55^v *I flatter not when you y^e sonne I call*
- 55^v *I feare not death, feare is more paine*
- 56^r *I will not soare aloft the skye*
- 56^r *Councell whi^{ch} afterward is soughte*
- 56^v-59^r *Tho loues and would his suite should proue*
- 59^v *When as a fearfull Horsman backs*
- 60^r *Soare I will not, in flighte the grounde ile see*
- 60^r *If all the Earthe were paper white*
- 60^v *England men say of late is bankrupte grownne*
- 60^v-61^r *When doome of death by iudgmen^{ts} force appoin^{ted}*
- 61^r To all malcontents giue this in y^e Deuils stable
Ye Babes of Barum
- 61^v Concerninge his suit & attendance at y^e Courte
Moste miserable man, whomme wretched fate hath brought to Court
- 62^r-62^v *The thundringe God whose all embracinge power*
- 63^r *Wilye watt, wilie wat*
- 63^v *Water thy plaints with grace diuine*
- 64^r-65^v *Watt I wot well thy ouerweenninge witt*

- 66^r-70^v A Dialogue betwene the Mayde, the Wife, & the Widow for the
defence of their Estates
Widow well mett whither go you to day
- 71^r To A. Vaua.
Manie desire but few or none deserue
- 71^r *Constant wiues are comforts to mens liues*
- 71^v *Where words are weake & foes incounter stronge*
- 72^r *Nowe is y^e time that pleasure buildes hir bower*
- 72^r-72^v *I neede not reede my passions shew my paine*
- 72^v-73^r *The harmles lambe y^e crafty foxe deuoureth*
- 73^r-73^v *Comme sweete thoughte returne againe*
- 73^v-74^r *Faine with a looke y^l lock my hart in mirthe*
- 74^r-74^v *Pleas'd with a kiss, a kiss did please me*
- 75^r *In thought not sight though eies long time had watched*
- 75^v-76^r *Cease thy plaints since she doth cease*
- 76^r-76^v *Hearinge songs of sorrowes monings*
- 76^v-77^r *Driuen to extremes I thought my selfe accurst*
- 77^r-77^v *The sweetest kiss y^l euer creature gained*
- 77^v-78^v *Late it was & lately done*
- 78^v *Is it a life daily to be tormented*
- 79^r *Amidst my thoughts I thought on times were past*
- 79^r-79^v *Mountaines let slide their stormes & showe^{rs} taken*
- 79^v *Do not leaue of thy comely daunce*
- 79^v-80^r *The lofty trees whose brannches make sweete shades*
- 80^r *If y^l I liue I cannot liue but loue*
- 80^r-80^v *Nowe at last leaue of lamentinge*
- 80^v-81^r *Tell me now or tell me not*
- 81^v *Pallas hath sett a Crowne on Prudence head*

- 81^v-82^r *Pleasure is gone from rare conceyt of Prudence*
- 82^r-82^v *My loue is full of pleasure*
- 82^v-84^r *Blessed soule why art thou sad*
- 84^r-85^r *More sweete contentmen^t haue I had with thee*
- 85^r-85^v *Tell me wherein I do slack*
- 85^v-86^v *Can you spend my^t time to muse*
- 86^v *O fy desire why dost thou still intise*
- 86^v-87^r *Oh sweete desire y^t sweetly dost intice*
- 87^r-87^v *The fresh grene bay y^t neuer loose hir coollo^r*
- 87^v *Like to y^e Iuory straunnge now thou beholdest*
- 87^v-88^r *What luck had we to meete so well togethe^r*
- 88^r-88^v *I sate & thought vponn my best belou'd*
- 88^v-89^r *And beinge fild with pleasant Oyle*
- 89^r-89^v *Where Saphire signes runs round about*
- 90^r *A Dirge*
The daye is comme & yet the night appeare
- 90^r-90^v *A funerall Dirge vpon the death of Bard flowe^rdew*
The common sorte are made of common claye
- 91^r *Sonetta prima vpon the death of one Maste^r Skeuington of Leiceste^rshi^{re}*
who died in the flowe^r of his Age
Yee brimfull Cesternes of my read swolne eies
- 91^v *Sonnetta Secunda*
In ann^cient times whosoeuer were disconⁿtent
- 91^v-92^r *Sonetta Tertia*
Soule rake to th death y^e sonne of Erebus
- 92^r-92^v *Sonetta 4*
Ill tutor'd thou y^t railes on cruell death
- 93^r-93^v *A vae to vanity & y^e pleasu^{res} of this worlde*
Deceytfull world I bidd y^{ee} now farewell
- 93^v-94^r *O monstrous worlde to see thy fickle course*

- 94^r-94^v *A minde that's free is worth a myne of golde*
- 94^v-95^r *Strange newes now harke y^e world begins to burne*
- 95^r-96^r *Oh deer harte where hast thou bene*
- 96^r *Grone no more oh heauy hart*
- 96^v-97^r *Why art thou sad my soule*
- 97^r-97^v *In my body rest my harte*
- 98^r-99^r *All alone my loue was playinge*
- 99^v *I haue I know not what it was*
- 100^r-100^v *A ringle through my hart is rily fastned*
- 100^v-101^v *no no but no & euer no*
- 101^v *Jane Fustian is a prety gentle lininge*
- 102^r *O loue moste great & wondrous is thy mighte*
- 102^r-102^v *My loue is faire and chearly*
- 102^v *Discriptio Amoris*
What thinge is loue? a Tirant of y^e minde
- 103^r-104^r *O Loue great wonders & sundry victories*
- 104^r-106^r *Now what is loue I pray thee tell*
- 106^r-107^v *Experience & examples dailie proue that my man can be well aduised &*
loue
O Loue whose powe^r & might

Appendix B

2^r T, BRISTOL

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 MANUSCRIPTS

57. A catalogue of pictures at Bishops Caundle, Dorset, 4to, morocco gilt leaves, 8s 6d No date

57* A curious Manuscript, in folio, containing upwards of 560 pages, plainly written by Wm. Spurrel, Philomathematicus and Astrologer of Bath, and dated 1753, most beautifully written, and containing many very fine drawings, including a map of Bath, and ditto of Bristol, very curious; numerous Songs and Ballads, fine drawing of King Charles's Death-Warrant; List of the Nobility in England, Ireland, and Scotland; a Satyr by one Lady upon another, very curious; the Speech of Miss Polly Baker, before the Court of Judicature at Connecticut, near Boston, New England, where she was prosecuted the fifth time for having a Bastard Child, which influenced the Court to dispense with her Punishment, and induced one of her judges to marry her the next day, by whom she had fifteen children; a young Lady's advice to one lately married, a Poem; a Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Don Saltero's Coffee-House in Chelsea; Epigrams, 4 pages; the Great Bell at Moscow, with a drawing of the Bell; an Epigram on the Mayor of Bath; the Manner how the whole Earth was peopled by Noah and his descendants, from the Flood, with a curious large drawing of the Ark and the genealogical Tree; a drawing map of the Holy Land; drawing of the magnificent Lighthouse called Pharos, built by Ptolomy King of Egypt; Heraldry, with numerous drawings; drawings of the colours of all Nations; Critical Remarks on the Covent Garden Tragedy and the old Debauchees; a Draught of a stone Altar dug up in sinking a Foundation of a House in the City of Bath, in 1753, with several hundred of other drawings, relating to Astrology, Perspective, Anatomy, Astronomy, History, Sculpture, Painting, Musick & C. & C. with a Catalogue of the Author's Library of Books, among which this Manuscript is mentioned. — This important and valuable Manuscript was purchased by W. A. at the late Mr Moody's Sale of Books at Cheltenham, by whom it was highly prized; £4. 14S. 6d.

58. Ancient Manuscript Poems, Ballads, Letters, Plays and Sonnetts, in English, mostly dated 1603, containing the Archbishop of Yorke's Letter to my Lord Cranborne, dated at Bishop Thorpe, December 1604, concerning the papists and puritans, with Lord Cranborne's answer, 8 closely written pages; Oyes, Oyes, Oyes, to all ye men at Armes and Knights Adventurers, 2 pages, concluding with the Names of Arundel, Pembroke, and Montgomery; a Ballad in

- 2^v 23 lines, entitled Amor Quid, a Ballad 26 lines, first line thus – One time, oh happy time, for ever blest; the Counsell of a Friend, hearinge a Purpose of Marriage, by another, 6 lines; Souldiers are like Arms; the Courtly Gallant; the Tyme hath byn my Purse, - the Moone doth change, - the poor Man's Petition to the Kinge, dated May, 1603, 4 pages; Advertismt of a Loyall Subject to his Souraigne, drawne from an Observation of the People's Speeches, dated Sept. 1603, 10 pages; ensueth the Lettr of Sir Walter Rawleigh to the Kinge, after his Arraignment, 2 pages; a Poem on 4 pages, commencing, Love no man but thyselve, or if any man do it, for thyselve; ditto, 4 pages, beginning with - the happie Life is that we all desire; ditto, 2 pages; beginning with – Why art thou prowde thou Peacock of ye plumes; ditto, in praise of Peace with Spaine; Ballades, No. 1, 2 pages, commencing – White as a stately fleeting Castell Fawne; ditto, No. 2, a Dreame, 1 page; ditto, No. 3, How doth disdainfull Saturne, Sadd and old, 2 pages; a Gentlewoman ye married a yonge Gent, who after forsooke, whereuppon she tooke the needle, in which she was excelet, and worked upon the Sampler thus, 10 pages; ditto, No. 4, O hapless hap, O luckless fortune, blinde, 2 pages; ditto, No. 5, Passiodiado, 5 pages; a Sonnett, My Muse hath made a wilfull lye, 8 pages; Sir Thomas Areskme, of Gogar, Knighte, a most curious Ballad, commencing – O thou prodigious monster, most accurst; the Courtier, the Divine, the Souldier, the Phisition, the Lawyer, the Country Gentleman, the Batchelour, the Married Man, the Wyfe, the Widowe, the Mayde, 7 pages; a proper new Ballad of ye Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or Promoter of Love among the Augustine Nuns, translated out of Cornish or Deuonshire, into true Suffolk, and is to be Sunge to the tune of Light of Loue, or optailes, all as you can diuide, 11 pages; a Lottery proposed before Supper, at ye Lo Chief Justice his house, at ye first entrauce, a Play, dated 1602, 7 pages; S.R. in defence of Love, a Poem, 8 pages; a Song, I will not soare aloft the skyes; ditto, a woman doth guide her witt, 4 pages; ditto, in woman's mouthes, in case of love, no, no negative will proue, 3 pages; ditto, England, men say of late, is bankrupte growne; ditto, to all malcontents give this, in ye Devil's Stable; ditto, concerning Suit and Attendance at ye Courte; a Dialogue betwene the Mayde, the Wyfe and the Widowe, for the defence of their estates, 12 pages; 13 various Ballads and Songs, on 20 pages, Sonnets, 5 pages, and various other songs, Sonnets, and Ballads, in 1 vol. 12mo. Calf neat, £6. 6s.

3^rThe Archbishopp of yorkes Lettre | to my Lo.rd Cranborne

Salutem in Christo: I haue received lettres from | you^f Lordshipp: & others of his maies^{tes} moste honorable | privie Counsell conteyninge .2. pointes: firste | that y^c Puritans be proceeded against, acor|dinge vnto y^c lawe, except they conforme | them selues etc. Secondlie that good care be | had vnto greedie Patrons. that none be ad|mitted in their places but suche as are confor|mable & otherwise worthie for their vertue | & learninge. I haue written vnto the .3. | BB^s [bishops] of this province and in their absense to | their Chauncello^{rs} to haue a speciall Care of | this service, and therein haue sent Copies of | you^f honou^rs lettres, and will take present order in | mine owne diocesse. I wishe withall mine | harte, that the like order were geuen not | onelie to all BB^s [bishops] but to all magistrates and | Justice of peace etc. to proceede againste | Papistes & Recusants who of late, partlie By | this rounde dealinge against the Puritans, and | partlie by somme extraordinarie favou^r they are | growne mightilie in number courage & insolence. | The Puritans (whose phantasticall zeale I mis | mislike) though they differ in Ceremones & aci|dentes, yet they agree with vs in substance of | Religion, and I thinke all or the moste of | them love his maiestie and the present state,

3^v and I hope will yelde to conformitie But the | Papistes are opposite & contrarie in verie | manie substanciall pointes of Religion, and | can not but wishe the Popes authoritie, & | popishe Religion to be established: I assure | you^f honou^r it is high tyme to looke vnto them. | Verie manie are gonne from all places to London | and somme are comme downe to y^c Countrie in | greate iollitie, almoste tryumphantlie. | But his maies^{tie} as he hath byn brought vp in | the Gospell & vnderstandeth Religion excellent well, so he will (no doubt) pro | tecte, maintayne & advance it euen vnto | the ende. So that if the Gospell shall quaile | & Popery prevaile, it will be imputed to | your greate Counsellors who either procure | or yelde to graunte tolleracion to somme etc. | Good my Lo.rd Cranborne, let me put you in | minde, that yo^u were borne & brought vp in | true Religion, you^f worthie father was a | worthie instrument to banishe supersticion, & | to advancke the Gospell, ymitate him | in this service especiallie: As for other | matters thinges (as I confesse I am not to |deale in state matters, yet as one y^f honou^reth & loveth his excellent ma.ies^{tie} with all | my harte) I wishe lesse wastinge of Treas|ure of the Realme, and more moderacion | in the lawefull exercise of huntin|nge: bothe | that poore mens corne maie be y^c lesse

4^r spoiled, & othe^r his maies^{ties} subiectes more spared. | The Papistes giue it forthe, that y^c Ecclicia|sticall Com|mission shall not be renewed anie more. Indeede | it stayeth verie longe albeit there is greate | wante of it. I praye you^f honou^r further it. | Sy^f Jo.hn Bennett will attende you^f Lordshipp: Thus | beseechinge God to blesse you^f Lordshipp: with his mani | fold graces, that yo^u maie as longe serue | his moste excellent maies^{tie} as you^f moste wise | father did serue moste worthie Queene Elizabeth. | I bidd yo^u moste hartilie farewell: from | Buishop: Thorpe the 18 of December. 1604.

You^f good honou^{rs} in christ moste assured

Mathew Ebor.

4^rMy Lo:rd Cranbornes Aunsw^{er} to the Lo:rd Archbishopp

Maye it please you^r Grace: although you^r lette | latelie written vnto me
 contayneth rather an ac | knowledgmen^t of you^r receipt of my Lordshipp of the |
 Counsell lettres then anie other subiecte, requi | ringe present aunswere from
 my selfe, yet when | I considered the seuerall partes of the same, I re | solued no
 longer to adventure you^r lordships censure | of my silence. Firste because you^r
 place & yeares | deserue too greate [^] ^a [^] respecte & reverence to be | forgotten by
 my fathers sonne, whomme I haue | hearde so often speake of you^r zealous care
 & | industrie to free the Church of G^od from

4^v

← supersticion¹ ← suspicijon & idolatrie, euen in times of greatest | difficultie
 to effecte so religious a worke of | whi^{ch} although I haue rather cause to speake
 by | former tradition then by anie late particular | knowledge because the greatest
 harvestes of you^r | labours were in a manner inned before my | springe time: yet
 it is comfortable to me, *fuisse* | *natum Euangelio renato*, and shalbe grievous |
 for me to enioye anie state of life whi^{ch} I shoulde | be vnwillinge to laye downe
 for the same. | Secondlie I would be lothe suche | a darknes (through wante of
 better informacion) | as mighte obscure to yo^u, either his maies^{ties} owne | cleare,
 zealous & constant resolucijon for the | preservacion of true Religion; or the
 serious | cares of my lordshipp of his privie Counsell to | haue his godlie and iust
 lawes duly executed. | For you^r lordships opinion concerninge the differences |
 in ou^r church, I do subscribe Ex animo to | you^r graue and learned iudgmen^t in
 that & all | thinges els of y^r nature, havinge alwaies | helde it for a certaine rule
 (since I had | anie knowledge) that the Papist was | carried on the lefte hande
 with superstitious | blindenes; that the Puritan (as you^r lordship | termes them)
 was transported on y^e righte | with vnaduised zeale & / outre uidante / | The firste
 punishable for matters essentiall, | the second necessarie to be corrected for

5^r

disobedance to y^e lawefull Ceremonies of y^e | Church; wherein although manie
 religious | men of moderate spirites might be borne with , | yet suche are the
 turbulent humou^rs of somme y^t | dreame of nothings but of a new Hierarchie |
 (directlie opposite to y^e state of a monarchy) | as the disputacion with suche men
 were y^e highwaie to breake all bondes of vnitie to nou | rishe Schisme in y^e
 Church, and finallie to | destroye both Church & comon wealth. It is well
 said of a learned man, that there | are schismes in habite aswell as in opinion. | *Et*
non seruat^{ur} unitas in credendo nisi ad | *sit in colendo*, and therefore where
 youre lordship | seemes to speake fearefullie as if in labour | ringe to reforme the
 one, there were somme | purpose to tolerate the other. I must craue | pardon of
 you^r lordship to replie thus much till I | heare yo^u touche particulars. That it is
 not a | sure foundacion to builde vpon brutes; *Nam* | *Linguæ magister populus*,
 and all theis phrases | (so they saye) are the comon mother & nurses | of slander:
 neither can I be perswaded other | wise (forasmuche as I saw obserued in that |
 place I haue helde, within the compasse whereof | somme more than vulgar
 brutes do fall) but y^f | whoso^{er} shall beholde the Papistes with Puritans |
 spectacles, or the Puritan with Papisticall | shall see no other certaintye then the
 multi | plicacion of false ymages. Besides | my Lo:rdship if y^t should be true
whi^{ch} you^r lordship

5^v

reporte (whi^{ch} G^od forbidd) that Popery and | Papistes should increase in those
 quarters | geue me leave to tell you^r lordship that yo^u must | provide to defende
 you^r owne challenge a | gainst you^r selfe, & blame you^r owne subor | dinates if

¹ 'Supersticion' is written in the same hand as the rest of the text.

they haue dispensed, orelse | make knowne who they are whi^{ch} geue im |
 pedimen^t to y^t vntimelie worke of reformatiō | for whi^{ch} you are so well
 authorized by our | religious Soueraigne. And therein (my | lo.rd) as I doubte not
 but you^r lordship shall al | waies finde a discreete & diligent Cond|iator² of the
 Lord President (a nobleman | of whomme his maiestie & the state haue | reason
 to expecte all good & religious ende|vours) So let me take the boldnes to | assure
 thus much, that you^r lordship shall never | want anie further ampliatiō of you^r
 authoritie. | whensoeue^r yo^u shall desire it of his maies^{tie} or his | privie Counsell
 for anie matter tendinge to | the suppression of the Romishe supersticiō, | and
 yet my Lord will it be harde for them | (though they had the eies of Argus) to
 worke | anie greate effectes in anie place where | the handes of executiō
 discoue^r well feares, be | forre there be cause of doubte. | And now for that whi^{ch}
 concernes my selfe, to | whome you^r lordship hath geuen a frendlie caveat |
 under the title of a greate counsellor not to | procure or yelde to anie tolleraciō,
 a matter

6^r whi^{ch} I well knewe no creature lyvinge dare | propounde to ou^r religious
 Soueraigne; although | I am farre from the vanitie to esteeme my | fortune
 worthie the stile of greatnes; yet dare | I confidentlie professe, that I wilbe
 muche | lesse then I am, or rather nothings at all before | I shalbe an instrumen^t
 of suche a miserable | change. | For the rest whi^{ch} is the mōrrall parte of you^r |
 lettre, wherein yo^u obserue somme extraordinarie | proportion of his maies^{ties}
 guiftes & expenses | I acknowledge that memoriall to be worthie in | you^r
 lordships yeres & experience, and yet I must | saie that Bountye is a kinges
 qualitie, that | it hathe ever byn helde *Regium Ditare, et | non ditescere*, that all
 greate Princes at their | firste Entryes are tyed partlie for their | owne humou^rs,
 partlie out of merritte, and | often in y^e true rules of policie to be lesse | sparinge
 of liberalitie. *In Primis auspi | ciis quam in imperio firmato*, wherein as | his
 maies^{tie} doth dailie vse convenient mo | deraciō accordinge to y^e change of
 times | & occasion: so hath he lefte a monument | beyonde example of his
 naturall care and | princely providence by passinge latelie an | intaile of 100
 thousand markes sterlinge | per annum, wherein he hath absolutelie conn|cluded
 him selfe from all powe^r of anie | after seperation from his royall issue.

6^v For the last pointe of you^r lett^{re} concerninge hun | tinge seinge I perceiue yo^u
 haue so vnse|create Clarkes as they are like to make my | lettres as common as
 they haue made you^r owne | my ende beinge nowe in serious thinges to shewe |
 yo^u in priuate what I am to yo^u aswell as | to my selfe. I thinke it impertinent to
 spende | anie time in discourse of y^t, least men that | see the passages betweene
 vs maie thinke y^t | yo^u & I do bothe of vs forgett ou^r accomptes | for other
 tallentes whi^{ch} we haue in keepinge. | Onelie this shalbe my conclusion, that as |
 it was a praise in the good Empero^r Traian | to be disposed to suche manlike &
 actiue | recreations; so ought it to be a ioye vn| to vs to beholde ou^r kinge of so
 hable a | constituciō, promisinge so longe life and | blessed with so plentifull a
 posteritie | as hath freed ou^r mindes from all those feares | whi^{ch} did besiege this
 potent monarchie, | for lacke of publique declaraciō of his | lineall & lawfull
 succession to the same | whilst it pleased G^od to continue to the fulnes of dayes
 ou^r late Soueraigne of | famous memorie. And so at this time | I committ you^r
 etc.

² One who works with or helps another; an assistant or, in this context, one appointed to assist a Bishop or other ecclesiastic.

O yes, o yes, o yes

(Challenge of the knights errant – entertainment at Greenwich for the visit of the King of Denmark, 6 June 1606).

To all honourable men at armes and knightes aduenturers | of hereditarie note and exemplarie noblenes that | for moste maintainable actions, do either wilde | sworde or launce in the gist of glorie, righte | braue & chivalrouse wheresoev^r through y^e worlde | we .4. knightes errant denominat of y^e fortunat | Island servantes of y^e destinies, awakinge the slee | ping courage with martiall greetinges: | Knowe yo^u that ou^r soueraignne Lady and mist^{res} mother | of the fates & empresse of great atchieuemen^{tes}, | revolving of late the adamantine³ leaves of hir | eternall volumes, and findinge in them that the | tryumphall times are now at hande, wherein y^e | marveilous aduentures of y^e lucent piller should | be revealed to the wonde^r of times & men, as | merlin, Secretorie to hir moste inwarde disseignes | did longe sithens⁴ presage, hath therefore most | deepe lie weighinge with hir self howe necessarie | it is that sounde opinions shuld prepare y^e waie | to worthie Celebracion of so vnherd of misteries | byn pleased to command vs her voluntarie yet ever | humble votaries to publishe & mainteinne by all the | allowed waies of knightlie arguing theis .4. vn|disputable propositions

.1. That in the service of Ladies knightes | haue no free will.

.2. That it is Bewty that maintaines the | worlde in valou^r.

.3. That no faire Lady was euer false.

7^v .4. That none can be perfectly wise but Louers.

Against whi^{ch}, or anie of them, if anie of yo^u shall | dare to aunsw^r at point of Launce or Sworde | in honourable listes before rarest bewties & best judgmen^{tes} | then knowe ye, that we the .4. assured Cham | pions shall by the high sufferance of heaven & | vertue of ou^r knightlie valou^r, be readie in the | vale of My refleure, constantlie to aunsw^r | & make perfecte ou^r imposed vndertakinge a | gainst all suche of yo^u as shall within 40 | daies afte^r the first intimacion of this ou^r vni | uersall challenge arriyve, to attend y^e glori | ous issue of the famous aduentures of the | Lucent Piller. In the which the prises are re | serued & ordeyned by the fate of ou^r Countrie | & Crowne the .3. seuerall succeedinge daies of | Triumphe. The firste at Tylte, the second | at Turney, the third at Barryers.

Linnis
Arrundel
Pembrooke
Mongomery.

³ Made of or having the magnetic qualities of adamant; incapable of being broken, dissolved or penetrated; immovable.

⁴ Obsolete word meaning since.

7^v

Amor Quid

To late I finde that loue is nought | but folly & an idle thoughte. | A restles
passion of the minde | a laborinth of errors blinde.

8^r

A bitter sweete a pleasant sowre | got in a yeare lost in an howre | A sugred
poyson mixt with gall | a thraldome free, a freedom thrall | whose longe pursuit
brings little gaine | vncertaine pleasure certaine paine | A very sicknes of the
thought | conceyt of pleasure deerely bought | Regardinge neither in right nor
wronge | for short delight repentance longe | A sighinge sorrow mixt with
gladnes | feare with hope & hope with madnes | A chillinge colde a wondrous
passion | Exceedinge mans imagination | whi^{ch} none can tell, in whole ne part |
but only he y^t feeles y^e smart | Erro^{rs} in time may be redrest | the shortest follies
are y^e best | The difference is twixt thue & mee | y^t he is blinde & I can see.

- 8^r The Poore Soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree | with his hand in his
bosomme his head on his knee | he sighs in his singinge and after whiche grone |
I am dead to all ioyes, my time loue is gone | The cold streames ran by him his
eies wept a /pane /| with salt water furrowes he drownes his face. | The sweete
birdes sate by him, made tame by ^{his} mones | his true teares fell from him, &
softned the stone | Let loue no more boast him in pallar nor bower | It biddes but
it blasteth, before it be flowre | If faire & moste false one I dye with the wound |
then hast lost y^e truest louer y^t goes on the ground
- 8^v Then saidst y^{ou} didst loue me & couldst loue ^{me} still |thy promise was good, thy
performance was ill | comme all yo^u for saken & mourne out with me | who
speakes of a false loue, ^{loue} mine falsen than shee | let no bodie chide hir, hir
scornes I approue | she was borne to be false, I to dye for hir loue | Ay me y^e
greene willow shalbe my garlande.

8^v One time oh happy time for euer blest | I heard the musick of hir angells voyce |
 forth from hir window goinge to hir rest | whose sweete remembrance makes me
 yet reioyce | whi^{ch} to me said to me vnworthy wight | y^t doubtfull stode when I
 saw hir appeare | what wouldst thou haue y^t in y^e cloude of night | with scilent
 stepps my window comst so neare. | All humbly prostrate on my bended knee | I
 craued pardon for my great offence | and she so gracious, pardon gaue to me | &
 thus to hir I did my suite commence | fire though repress at length will gett in
 flame | flouds y^t are stopt at length will breake their boundes | Loue though
 conceald in y^e end it selfe will name | though daunger & dislike thereby I
 redoundes. | I haue my self vow'd to be only thine | yea euen my self at thy
 commaundment lyes.

9^r Call me thy seruant, binde me with y^t twine | of dutifull alleageance to those
 eiyes. | She kindly smiling graciously thus spake | I do accept thy seruice sweete
 good night | me thinkes I beare some stir if y^ei should wak~ | I should be sent and
 thou debarde my sight. | what could I wish for more but this alone | to reape y^e
 fruite of loue so newly sowne

9^r **The Counsell of a frend hearinge a purpose of marriage by another**

In choice of wife preferr y^e modest chaste | Lillies are faire in shew but foule in
smell | The sweetest face by age is soone disgracst | then choose thy wife by witt
& lyuinge well. | Who bringes thee wea[l]th & many faultes with all | presents
thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

my choice is made

Bewty in bodie, vertu's in hir minde | and well descended of gentility | constant
of faith & alwaies to me kinde | few are hir yeares, greate hir ability | such is my
loue: on hir is my delighte | my candle wasts now I must bid good night

Giles Codrinton

9^v Souldio^{rs} are like y^e Armou^r y^t they weare |all gay at firste faire & well
furbushed | But after stormes & showe^{rs} & blowes y^{ei} beare |are altogether
disarmd & hargabushed^s | Somme throwne by somme bang'd against y^e walls |
thus after warres souldio^{rs} to ruines falls.

The Courtly gallant for his mistris gloue | dares breake a bulrush gainst anothe^r
straw |And bandie balls for Lucre or for Loue | and daunce a galliard none he
better sawe. | And sett a battell with a paire of cardes | Theis be y^e Ladds y^t liues
& haue rewardes.

But y^e braue minded worne & contrym man | that with a tree incounters dares a
tree | who goes amongst y^e br^outs of bulletts now & than | treadinge the grounde
where valiant ventures be |and lyes in Trenches with y^{eir} shott & pikes | theis be
y^e Ladds y^t die & starue in dikes.

Courageous Caesar made his Campes his Courtes | his Captaines kings, inferio^r
Leaders Lordes | To gaine a Country was his huntinge shores | And as the
Huntsman to his houndes afordes | the Intrales of the beast y^t he hath slaine. | &
what he gained rewarded Souldio^{rs} paine.

10^r Well tyme may comme y^t Souldio^{rs} may be kinges |Kinges in conceite I meane,
not otherwise | To aspire to Crownes we know it dange^r bringes |to be inspir'd
with Crownes may well suffise |of this we mist & frendless Souldio^{rs} are | moste
least regarded sith we go so bare.

^s Obsolete word derived from French. C16 form (h)arquebuse, early type of portable gun varying in size from that of a small canon to musket supported by a tripod. It became the generic name for a firearm in C16.

10^r Tho tyme hath byn my purse well lyn'd within | I payd for all, then frends did
 swarme like bees. | But at this tyme my purse is growne so thin | that frends &
 Coyne together I do leeve.

With tricklinge teares now flowing from mine eine | I do lamen^t with hollowe
 soundinge voyce | Too late I ~~de~~ bewaile y^e want of form^{er} time | since y^t my fall
 doth make my foes reioyce | Somme singe somme weepe, some laugh to see me
 sadd | They riche I pore, they haue & I haue had.

10^r The moone doth change yet not so strange | the tyme is knowne full well| But
womens mindes, change as the windes | the time can no man tell.

[Faint inscription and unclear initials at the foot of the page].

10^v 7 Maiy
1603

The poore mans Peticion to the Kinge

1. Good Kinge let there be an unifor|mity in true Religion without | disturbance of Papist or Puritan
 2. Good K:inge let good Preachers be well | prouided for, and without any bri|bery comme to their liuinges.
 3. Good K:inge let poore souldio^{rs} be payd | their wages while they be imployed | and well prouided for when they | are maihmed.
 4. Good K:inge let there not be suche great | deleys and craftie proceedinges in | lawe and let Lawyers haue mode|rate fees. A pox take the proude | Couetous Attorney and merciless | Lawyer.
 5. Good K:inge let poore Suito^{rs} be hearde | quickly, and with speede dispat|ched fauourable.
 6. Good K:inge let no man haue more offi|ces then one, espeticillie in y^e Court | or touchinge the Lawes.
- 11^r
7. Good K:inge cutt of theis paltry licenses | and all monopolies: fye vpon a | close bitinge knauerie
 8. Good K:inge suffer no great ordenaunce | to be carried out of y^e Realme to thy | Enimies as it hath byn. A plague | vpon all couetous bitinge Treasoro^{rs}.
 9. Good K:inge let ordinarie causes be deter|mined in thy ordinarie Courts, and let | not y^e Chancerie be made a common | shiftinge place to prolonge causes for | priuvate gaines.
 10. Good K:inge looke to thy Takers & Officers | of thy house and to their exceedinge | fees, that pull and gelde from thy | princely allowaunce.
 11. Good K:inge let not vs be oppressed with | so many impositions, pawlinges | and payments.
 12. Remember thy Infants Court who in | warde do euer remaine with Ideats | & nediotes, so longe as they haue | either wooll or lead: Their trees are | not windshaken and yet downe they | are fallen: a Guifte for a Prince more fitt, then for Crookback who would haue all.
- 11^v
13. Looke to thy Exchequo^r where Subiects be all | cheaked by Osborne and Fanshaw, thy | Tellers & Audito^{rs}. Also whose Dames | are not contented with mist^{res} but Ladilike | do goe, wee dare not speake their treaso^r | is so great, but weale & lament, and | vnder the burthen of Milles & Roper | offices do daylie groane.
 14. Looke vnto thy houses Parkes & forrests | howe downe and bare they bee. | And then what Courtier keeps them | maye you easily see.
 15. Forgett not thy marchannts howe with | Custommes they be opprest. I meane | not y^e vsurer what callinge so euer | he be, let him within thy Realme haue | little rest.
 16. Good K:inge let^{make} not Lo:rd of good Linne^x Duke of | Shorditche for he is & etc.
 17. Good K:inge make not Si^r W R Erle of Pan | cridge for he is a & etc.

Good Kinge loue vs & we will loue | thee, and will spend ou^r harts bloods | for thee.

12^r 1603. Sept.

**Aduertismen^{ts} of a loyall subiect to his Soueraigne drawne from an
obseruation of the peoples speaches.**

1. It is said that you^r maies^{tie} will not continue | the protection of the Low Countries, they | be y^e only yokefellows (as it were) of you^r | Religion, and although doubtles you^r maies^{ties} | high wisdomme will forsee all inconue | niences, yet y^e simple Gospellers mourns | for you^r resolution: for if y^e Spaniard | preuaile against theis poore forsaken | men, his forces by Sea are more then | trebled; peace will quickly enriche him, | wealth will add to his pride; his pride | will increase his hatred to you^r Religion | & people; and the Pope euen y^e fire | brand of ^{dissention} sedition euen when yo^u are | dispoiled of you^r ^{best} aydsman by sea in y^e | worlde will discouer his wonted | malice against vs | The pretended title of the Infantha is | not unknowne to you^r maiestie: y^t shall | not want y^e Antichristian furthe|rance : the Spaniard is his dearest | childe: your Kingdome shall be by his

12^v vnholly holiness giuen fortiori. Alas | they shall haue ^{no} worke at home it | will be but sport for them to warre | vpon you. Principiis obsta sero | medicina paratur.

2. It is sayd y^t if you^r maies^{tie} discontinue | y^e league with y^e States, the Frenche | are ready to entertayne y^e bargaine. | There is certaine Antipathy be|twene them and vs and it is hard | to iudge whither y^e Spaniarde or | the Frenche will proue worse neigh | bours unto you; your true Subiects | therefore pray you to keepe them | both at the shaftes ende.

3. It is sayd that you^r maies^{tie} doth receiue | infinite number of Petitions; and the | poore foolishe people think y^e Kinge | hath leisure to ⁱⁿattend euey poore | mans buisines. Rid you^r handes be | times of suche importunacies, and | except you^r maiestie see great cause to | y^e contrarie, referr them to y^e ordi | nary Courts of iustice ordeyned for

13^r the endinge of all differences. But | if any complayne truly against y^e chiefe| Officers of what place or dignity so euer | he be heare him you^r selfe (gratious Soue | raigne) make but one or 2 examples | of justice and we shall finde a gol | den change soodanily; but yet the | Lawe Talionis must be put in vse, y^t | y^e vniust accuser be seuerely punished. | Least the magistrate be broughte into | contempt.

4. It's sayd you^r maies^{tie} giueth muche, li| berality in a Prince is a necessarie | vertue, but you^r coffers are not sayd to | be so full as y^t they neede emptyinge, | nor you^r Estate in so great securitie, | as y^t it may endure a leane trea|surie, after 2 or 3 yeares triall | of you^r neighbou^r confederates & their| affections, and the better vnderstan| dinge of you^r owne fortunes & occasions, | your maiestie shall better discern | out | of what plenty, in what manner, and | to whomme to giue. Your subiectes | haue byn of late yeares troubled with | many subsidies, and without

13^v doubt the Commons are poore needy and | in debt. They desire somme ease they | wonder that you^r Highnes doth not re | mitt y^e remainder of the taxes & sub | sidies yet behinde. they say it hath | byn the Customme of Kinges at y^eir first | entraunce to y^e Crowne so to do and | their hope in y^t case is deceiued.

5. They pray you not to follow the opinion | of Rehoboams yonge Counsellor^{ts}, nor to | suffer y^e longe vse of taxes & subsi|dies to turne to a habite: for they| vowe in defence of you^r maiestie y^e Gos|pell and the state, they wilbe prodi|gall of their liues and liuinges.

6. They say that somme be aduanced to| places of justice altogether vnfit| for them in that they are ignorant |of our lawes & customes.| Our aduancemen^{ts} of those of y^e Gowne | were wont to be as of those of the| fielde from an old souldio^r to a lieute|naut, from a Lieut.enant to a Capteyn,| and so orderly to eue^ry place in y^el campe though indeede in y^e daunger

14^r there is somme difference, for an vnskillfull Generall can seldomme offende| more then once and then his life & | all pay for it, but suche a magistrat may |peradventure through 2000 ignorances |enritche himselfe and wronge an in|finite number of poore people.

7. It's sayd that the office of y^e Maste^rshipp |of y^e Rolles shalbe executed by a depu|tye; the patentie is helde for a wise| and hono.orable Gentleman, but y^e Deputy| now spoken of is of no honest fame,| and God forbidd that so good a Kinge | should make so badd a president as | to suffer a chiefe place of justice to| be performed or rather abused by a| Deputy, or the Patentie should make| sale of you^r mais^{ties} free guifte. The| place was in a manner executed by | Deputies ^abefore. Suche were y^e iudges| whi^{ch} pro tempore were Commis|sioners| but the due vse of the afternoone whi^{ch} | the maste^r of the Rolles, did vsually spend |to hear & ^{end} many causes, was a chiefe |want whereof the client complained. | Which course it is sayd the maste^r nowe

14^v beinge cannot follow by reason of his | more neere and necessary employmen^{ts} | about you^r maiestie.

8. It's said the respect at the Courte | of y^e Scott by all the attendant officers | there is so partiall as the Englishe | finde themselues muche disgraced, the | meanest of y^t Country may enter the | Presence, and where not without | controlment. But the English very | vnseasonable (I wish) are kept out | the fault is not said to be in you^r maies^{ties} | it is y^e foolish gross clawinge of somme | of the Englishe. But you^r maies^{ties} must | prouide that this indiscretion breede | not a discrete emulation betwixt vs | who ought as we nowe profess but one | God and one Kinge, so to haue | but one hart and you^r English sub|jects not to be disgraced: for it | must be confessed (Right noble Kinge) |that y^e Kingdome and people of Eng|land made you great: many offices | have byn taken from y^e Englishe, and, | giuen to y^e Scott, and some y^t serued | the state with good commendation (whi^{ch}

15^r now you^r maies^{ties} must esteeme donne to you^r | self) remaine vnthought of, and | vnrewarded.

9. It is sayd that your maies^{ties} purposeth to alter | the manner of our Gouernmen^t; and fault | is founde at ou^r common lawes & customes | of England and spetially our triall by | the oathes of 12 men whi^{ch} is without |doubt the best and equallest course, & | in it selfe least capable of corruption. | Eue^ry alteration euen in a priuate | family muche more in a Kingdome | breedeth hurlie burly. Doubtless there | be abuses in the Courts of Westminster, | and chiefly in the Arbitrarie Courts | but if you^r maies^{ties} had but once purified | a fewe of the chiefest officers, howe | soodainly would you^r maies^{ties} owne expe|rience giue

allowannce to our Common | Lawes and statutes whi^{ch} be euen fit|tinge to the
occurrents and natures | of the People and Kingdome.

10. It's said that you^r maies^{tie} of an ingenios & Royall nature not
deligh|tinge in popular salutacions doth
15^v pass by great troupes of y^e commons | with a kinde of kingly negligence, nei|ther
speakinge nor looking vpon | them. The poorer sort of people are | bold with
you^r maies^{tie}, they prate of y^e | name of their late Queene when she | was seene
publicly abroade would | often speake kindly to y^e multitude | discoveringe
hir Royall acceptance | of their ioyfull acclamations, many | times also sayinge
that hir subiects | hungry eies might haue their fill in | beholdinge their
soueraigne. Your | maies^{tie} must in somme sorte therefore | satisfy their iealous
affections, or|els the poore Rascalls so farre as | they dare wilbe angrie with you.

11. It is sayd that you^r maies^{ties} followers as | well Englishe as Scotts proclaime |
open sale of y^e moste anncient and | noble Order of
Knighthoode, whereby | somme contrary to you^r Highnes intent | of vnworthy
condition for bribes haue | byn vnworthily made knightes to the
16^r dishonou^r of you^r Royall pallace, and y^e | disgrace of other noble & vertuous |
knightes.

12. Fax plebis I wott not what to call | them, but somme there be who moste |
vnnaturally and vnreuerently by | egregious lyes woulde the honou^r and | good
fame of our deceassed Soueraigne | not only taxinge hir good gouernmen^t | but
hir Person with sundrie mani|fest vntruthes, and y^e foolish indi|gesta moles you^r
Commons of London. | (I should say somme of them for doubt|les all are not so
lewd) haue put | out hir name, where it was engra|uen & painted vnder the armes
of | y^e kingdome. And it is said they | are about to alter certaine monu|ments
once dedicated to hir, as beinge | lothe belike to be at any new cost | with you^r
maies^{tie}. Surely theis | slaunders be the deuises of y^e Pa|pistes, arguinge thereby
at the de|famation of the gospell, it will | proue therefore your maies^{tie} trulie
16^v magnaminous to prouide for y^e preser|uation of hir famous memorie by all
meanes.

13. It is said y^t many ancient and poore | officers at Court be displaced and y^e
|place giuen to your Countrymen the | Scottishe, indeede to say true it is |
meete that you^r maies^{ties} knowne seruants | should be for you^r maies^{ties} nearest
imploy|ment, nor is it any dishonou^r to the | English nation that you^r good
seruants | be preferred so that you^r maies^{tie} leaue | not the well deseruinge
disgraced. | The people are rightly termed a | Beaste of many heads; so many
men | so manie mindes; yet which is the | worke of God I heare euery man |
loueth and reuerenceth you^r maies^{tie}. | Let therefore y^e admirable manner of you^r
| maies^{ties} cominge to so opulent a Kingdome | be euer before you^r eies. God
is chiefly | to be honored, true Religion to bee | more & more aduanced, the
common | wealth to be cherished whi^{ch} consisteth
17^r chiefly of home-borne men. It were | good we could forgett all difference | of
nations, and repaire [^] ^{the} [^] almoste de|cayed name of great Britayne. | Doubtless
vnto so wise a Prince a | worde is inough and therefore poore | I, who haue
alwaies in my priuate | conference mainteyned you^r maies^{ties} iust | Title so farr as
I durst will here ende. | Blessinge my God that I see the happy | daye, wherein
the Kingdomes soe | longe disioyned be nowe vnited in | one Royall

person whose posterity| I hope will so obey God as they may| continue Kinges of
this Lande vn|till y^e dissolution of y^e vniuersall.

**Ensueth the lette of Si^r
Walter Rawleigh to the
Kinge after his Arraignmen^t**

(The lett^{re} of S^r Walter Rawleigh to the kinge after his Arraignmen^t)

17^v The life whi^{ch} I had moste mighty prince | the lawe hath taken from me, and I | am nowe but the same earth & duste, | of whiche I was made: y^f my offence | had any quantity with you^r maies^{ties} vnmeasurab^{le} goodnes, I mighte hope; but yet | you^r great maies^{ties} must judge both & not I. | Anie bloud, gentility, birth or estate I | haue none, no not so muche as a beinge, | no not so muche as Vita plantes: I | haue only a penitent soule Ø⁶ in a bodie | of Iron whiche moueth towards the Loadstone of death, and cannest be with-held from touchinge it, except your maies^{ties} mercy turne the point towards me whi^{ch} expelleth it. Lost I am for hearinge a vaine man, for hearinge only, and neuer belieuing or acceptinge and so little accompt I made of that speache of his whi^{ch} was my condemnation, as the liuinge God doth truly witnes y^t | I neuer remembred any suche thinge | vntill it was at my triall obiected against me: so did he repaye my care | who cared to make him good, whi^{ch} I see | no care of man can effect. But for | my offence to him y^t layed this heauy | burthen on me miserable and vnfortunate wretch y^t I am, but not for

18^r louinge you my Soueraigne hath God | layed this sorrowe on me. For God | knoweth with whomme I may not | dissemble that I honored you^r maies^{ties} | by fame, and loued & admired you^r maies^{ties} by knowledge; so as whither I | dy or liue your maies^{ties} true and louinge | seruaunt I will die or liue. If I | nowe write what doth not become me! |(moste mercifull Ø Prince) vouchesaue to | ascribe it to y^e Counsell of a dead hart | whi^{ch} sorrow hath broken: but y^e more my | miserie is, the more is your maies^{ties} great | mercy, if you please to behold it; and y^e | less I can deserue the more liberall is | you^r guifte: God only, your maies^{ties} shall | immitate herein both in giuinge freely to | suche a one from whomme there can be no | retribution, but only a desire to paie | againe a lent life with the same greate | loue whi^{ch} the same greate goodnes shall pleas~ | to bestowe it. This beinge the first lett^{re}, whi^{ch} euer you^r maies^{ties} receiued from a dead | man I humbly submitt my selfe to the | will of my supream Lorde and shall | willingly & patiently suffer what so | euer shall please you^r maies^{ties} to laye on | me.

⁶ There is a stain on the page which has also marked fols 15^v, 16^{r/v}, 17^r, 18^{r/v}, and 19^f.

- 18^v 1. Loue no man but thy selfe, or if any | man, do it for thy selfe.
 2. Trust no man, so shalt thou neuer | be deceiued.
 3. Be riche in promise to all, though | in performannce to fewe.
 4. Make no difference betwene an ho|nest seruannt & vn|honest, but | make both serue thy turne
 5. About all thinges make not thy ser|uant too riche, for then you shall | want him when you neede him. | Let him neither sincke nor swimme.
 6. If any be grieued at it, giue him | good wordes, but be not moued with | vnkindeness
 7. Thank fullness take it for a vertue, | not beseeminge a great man, for it is | as muche as an obligation of debte.
 8. Dissemble with euery body, but be not | seene to dissemble
 9. Wynne the seruice of many to you | it is no matter for their hartes.
 10. Though you gett nothings yet be still
 19^r (if you can) in y^e Princes eare, it will | be in steade of a Reuenue vnto you.
 11. Whatsoeuer you^r Aduersary saith; | howe true so euer it be, oppose it be|cause he said it
 12. You must be as carefull to breake his | faction as to strengthen you^r owne | to breake it diuide it.
 13. With y^e heade of the contrary faction | neither haue freindshipp nor seeme | to haue enmitie.
 14. What soeuer yo^u do against him, pre|tende the Princes good & common|wealth by this slie course you shall | sooner cutt his throate.
 15. Those y^t depend vpon him, crosse them | in their suites, disgrace them with | wordes, with loakes, kindle emulacion | betweene them. If they be of the | same profession, breede discontentmen^t~ | to shake the knott of them a sunder~ | Discouer the plotts of the chiefe | and either by crushing them, or | disgracing them, make them quite | for saken. When you thus haue
 19^v topte the braunches one after another | then wathe at the time to strike | at the roote.
 16. If any man will haue iustice at | you^r handes, lett him buye it, serue | not the common wealth for noughte.
 17. By no meanes take bribes you^r selfe | let that be donne by somme | trustie |man. The Offices of the Crowne | of the wardes, of the Lawe, & of | the Churche, will bringe in a reason|nable haruest
 18. Be not ouerfonde of vertue it hath | hurte many of hir doatinge louers, | onely carry an opinion of it
 19. But about all thinges be not too re|ligious. At y^t rocke many haue byn | made shipwracke: If it will | serue thy turne heare the Protestant | for the Puritane, and y^e Puritan | for y^e Papiste. This art hath euer | byn gainefull, beinge rightly vsed.
 20. In times of action gather vnto you | men of y^e sworde, vse them as phi|sitions when you neede them: Giue
 20^r them their fees but when yo^u vse y^{em}
 22.⁷ The Preachers heare them, it is a good~ | customme, it is time well spent, macke | profitt of their deuision
 22. The Schollers, lett them haue in their | colledges to breathe & liue ^{^but^} no more | vse them as wardes, as yet in their | nonage, imploye none of them; the | greatest Clarkes are not y^e wisest men | Amonge all their lectures, there is | wantinge the chiefest, the lecture | of good discretion.

⁷ Scribal error – ‘22’ has been copied twice.

23. The marchaunts handle as sponges, | when they are full wringe them| |To be able to do this, there be ma|nie artes required

24. If any man be very forward & valiant suppress him. This time | may not beare a stirring spirite. | A body crazed with y^e Goute, it is | dangerous to haue it ruled with a | quicke siluered spurre.

subditorum virtutes regibus formidolosae

20^v Because that worde & faithe | in no degree doth stande. |Therefore the wise man saith | take writinge of their hand.

Duodecim destructiones

Rex sine sapientiae
 Episcopus sine Doctrinae
 Dominus sine Consillo
 Populus sine Lege
 Judex sine Justicia
 Dives sine Elimosina
 Religiosus sine Castitate
 Adolescens sine Obedientia
 Seruus sine Timore
 Miles sine Probitate
 Pauper a Superbus
 Senex Luxuriosus

Culpa conscius reprehenditur pallet | Studit ac tacet.

The Conscience beinge accused of a fault | waxeth pale, doth studie & like wise | holdeth his peace

21^r The happie life is that whi^{ch} all desire | but yet the same is vnto all unknowne | Somme thinke it is in them y^t may aspire | to y^t they wishe whi^{ch} is not of their owne | But I suppose, the happie life to rest | in scorninge all whi^{ch} is esteemed best.

For worldly pompe commaunds & Kingdomms large | and Treasures all that earth & seas can yeld | The more receiud y^e more accompt in charge | hard to obtaine, moste harde from loss to shield | By theft, debate, warr, treason & their traine | eche seekes the same with greedines to gaine.

For Bewty, strength & praise of finest witt | brute Beasts, excell therein in euery kinde. | And from the same we are prouided fitt | of Chiefe effects whi^{ch} we by nature finde. | faire bewty, strength the finest witt & all | do often proue the owners greater fall.

Yett bewty strength & witt, if wisdomme guide | are things of pride & do excell in deede. | All other thinges, by sight of eye descrie | but secreat lyes y^t happy life doth breede | And harbour'd is in worthines of minde | wherein one may a stately kingdomme finde.

21^v The Dyademe is liberty of minde | the Scepter powe^r to yeld to eche his due | The sword is force by Vertue powe^r deuin'd | to cutt of vice & vertue to ensue. | The Counsell graue y^t do support y^e state | is feare of God whi^{ch} sinn & vice doth hate

The subiects are th'affections of y^e minde | whi^{ch} will rebell if they be not restrain'd. | Whi^{ch} who so rules, a gouernmen^t shall finde | of state commaund & not with ease attain'd | The meane to keepe theis subiects still in awe | is reason pure, the ground & life of lawe.

For mightiest Kinges & monarchs of y^e earth | & men of state, y^t beare the greatest sway | Euen ouer them such rule affection bearth | that to y^e same as subiects they obay | So he whi^{ch} his affections subiects bringes | doth rule the same, y^t ^{ouer} ruleth Kinges.

The Treasure great y^t doth maintayne y^e state | Contentmen^t is, with that whi^{ch} may suffise | Aboundance breedes contention & debate | but one content is happy riche & wise | So he y^t liste a happie life to finde | must seeke the same, in vertues of y^e minde.

22^r Fie fye desire why seekst thou to intice | my yeares of youth with baites of sundry blis. | Moste faire in shew, wherein vertue seemes a vice | and vice in vertues place usurped is | The taste is sweete but swallow bitter gall | freedome in sighte, indeede moste deadly thrall

Fie fancy fie, why feedst thou my delight | Delight (goo^d I) nay doatinge follie meere | What meanst thou fancy thus to dym my sight | with likinge mistes to deeme contrary cleere. | That lust is loue whi^{ch} no such happ doth senc | but bitter sow^re repentance in the end.

Unhappie loue whi^{ch} lothinge breedes at length | oh fonde Desire whose fruite affords but loss | Oh feeble force in shewes of surest strength | thrall to assaults, o Gold no gold but dross. | O fonde effect, a pleasure mixt with paine | mournfull rewarde for melancholy gaine

Leaue of Desire such Treason to attempt | against y^e hart whose faith is voide of guile | And lett my guiltless purpose be exempt | for suche delightes as purest thoughts defile | And frame yⁱ suite in vertues Court to dwell | fancy adue & dotinge daies farewell.

Farewell Delight, the bane of youthfull yeares | adue sweete ioyes y^e cause of endless mone

22^v Farewell y^e Crocodile with fained teares | whi^{ch} are but snares to stay the silly one | Such false & fraile yⁱ proffers euill proue | fancy farewell I learne another loue.

Hensforth Desire direct thy course to runn | in wisedomes pathes where rashnes beare no sway | And feede thy fill in presence of y^e Sunn | & not in dennis asham'd to see the day. | This Course is good, the end renues y^e gaine | with pleasant salue for pange of secreat paine.

22^v Why art thou prowde, thou Peacock of yⁱ plumes? | of bewties blaze, or faou^r of thy face | Whose needless cost, like smoke & dust con^usumes | when crooked age arrests wⁱth crazed mace: | when golden locks are growne to grisled hue, | bid bewty then thy looking glass adue

Thy smoothest cheekes yⁱ som^mtyme sweetly smil'd | both Care & tyme shall thereon furry deepe | Thy christall eies whose glaunce hath ofte beguild | shall waxe both read & dym & droope & weepe. | And palenes rest where rosie coollo^r grewe | byd then betimes thy lookinge glass adue.

23^r Thy pleasant tongue whose talke did oft delight | shall tripp & faulter in thy feeble chappes | Thy teeth yⁱ stoode like pearle or Iuory white wⁱth yellow scales shall breake in lothsom^m gapp. | Thy breath shall stinck & cherry lips wax blew | bid then in tyme thy lookinge glass adue.

When gallant once thou grisled art becom | & feelst thy bones ybrooke & bruis'd wⁱth paine | Thy sinnowes shrunke yⁱ nimble ioynts benumd | then wilt thou feele thy fleetinge bewty vaine | And singe farewell to follies flattringe crue | & bidd thy pleasure & yⁱ pelfe⁸ adue.

Adue the time yⁱ I in dotinge spent | adue delight yⁱ madst me gaze amis | farwell fond gaze yⁱ caus'd my hart con^sent | to deeme of bewty better then it is: | Vaine loye farwell whi^{ch} I conceiu'd by view | bewty farwell thy gloss & glass adu.

Adue y^e glass wherein thou sawst yⁱ gloss | of bewties blushe whi^{ch} in a glimpse is gone. | To keepe tis care, to loose it is a loss | thy glass & gloss, loe in effect are one: | Glass fleetes, gloss falls whose forme can none renue | bid bewty then thy lookinge glass adue.

But if thou needes wilt haue a glass to prie | what pimped spotts thy faou^r ouer spreads | Looke in Gods glass for yⁱ will truly trie | what things deform'd vpon yⁱ bewty breedes | And tell yⁱ cause & teache thee medicines true | to cleanse yⁱ hart, & cleare thine outward hue.

⁸ Obsolete word meaning frippery, trumpery or money, riches or possessions.

23^vin praise of Peace with y^e Spaine

O Lord of hostes thou God of Peace| whose workes are seene in eu'ry thinge |
Thy blessinges daily do increase | vpon our Realmes & on our kinge. |All glorie
to that maiesty | that makes this league of vnity

Sound organs cornets cherefull voice | for happy Peace lett all reioyce.

Where hatred Battell, sword & warre | in former Raigne bare swinge & sway |
our peacefull Kinge to end y^t iarr | by league hath taine the same away |Longe
may this league continue sure | shall our loue for ay endure -

Sound organs cornets & etc.

Let songes of praise & thankes be had | for Kinge for Quene for Prince, for
peace| let Prayers euermore be made | that subiects loue may neuer cease |So
shall we liue in quiet rest | & Kinge & Subiects both be blest.

Sound organs cornetts & etc.

24^r

Ballade .1.

While as a stately fleetinge Castell faire | on smooth and glassy salt doth softly slide |
 with snowy sheetes all flashinge here and there | so deckt and trim'd as she were
 Neptunes bride | and no waies troubled with contrarious tide. | That shininge Titan from
 his fiery cart | smiles seinge nature triumpht of by art.

And while y^e foolish Pilgrim of the seas | inflamd with fortunes flowinge fickle bayt |
 esteeme them selues to be at suche an ease | as who but they into their owne conceyt |
 and euery man cheres vp his fellow mate | As Cittisens of Thetis slippry ground | &
 forms to Phoebus lightner of this round.

Thus while they think their fortune frames at will | the sonne his beames abundantly
 bestowes. | Vpon y^e skies to make them cleare and still | the sea to calme as scarcely
 ebbs & flowes | no messenger of prison'd eol blowes | Except a gale with breathinge to
 & froe | to stopp the sailes from rashing on y^e roe.

Then if a cloude the sonne of vapou^{rs} gross | eclips the sonne from their astonisht sight |
 Their cause of ioye becommes their cause of loss | for looke how soone they lak y^e
 former light | in place of Phoebus commes a darkned night.

24^v And drumly cloudes with rumbling thunders reard | do threaten ← [^] mixinge⁹ ← heauen
 with sea and eard.

O miserable wretches would they crie | that settled trusts on so vnsetled ground | who
 would all other elements defie | for y^t whi^{ch} onely we vncertaine found | now were we
 happy, now into a stound¹⁰ | Are we or-laden with a hell of fraies | but ware y^e rocks:
 soone cast hir in y^e staies.

O heauenly lampe. Apollo bright & cleare | what crime hath so incens'd y^e heauenly ire!
 | for as thy presence made vs heauenly here | our light our ioye, ou^r comfortable fire
 | now lothe we that whi^{ch} moste we did desire. | since by thy absence heauen in hell is
 changed | and we as Deuills in Plutoes Court are ranged.

The like, o not y^e like, but like & more | do we not one, but all in Court sustaine | since
 she who did our princely court decore | is absent, absent doth alas remaine | whose
 comely bewty stain'd our princely traine | whose modest mirth exprest alluringe grace |
 whose absence makes vs lak our light, alace.

The Court as garland, lakes hir chifest flowre | the Court a chatton¹¹ toome, y^t lakes hir
 stone | The court is like a voliere at this howre | where out of is hir sweetest siren gone |
 then shall we lake our chifest only one!

25^r no pull not from vs cruell cloud we pray | our light, ou^r Rose, ou^r gemm, ou^r bird away.

But hope begins to hoise me on hir winges | euen hope y^t presence absence shall amend.
 | But what, my muse, howe pertly thus y^{ou} singes | who rather ought Solsequium like
 attend | with lokened leaues, till weary night take end! | Haste golden Titan, thy so
 longed retourn | to cleere y^e skies, where now we darkned mourn.

⁹ Omission marks indicate that 'mixinge' has been missed from the line and written in the margin.

¹⁰ Obsolete word: sharp pain, shock or a time of trial or pain.

¹¹ The broadest part of a ring in which a stone is set upon or device is engraved.

A Dreame .2.

While as the scilent shady night | did with hir curteins blak | ore-couer Rheas
 fruitfull face | and beinge cold and wake. | By simpathy with mortall braines | our
 members make of lead | And stealinge all our shadowes sences, | make vs lye a
 while as de^ad. | Then while I was in this estate | the God with golden winges |
 who entringe at the Ports of horne. | so manie monsters bringes. | And chaunging
 into sundry shapes | by straunge and subtile sleight | doth make vs heare with out
 ou^r eares | and see but eies or lighte.¹²

¹² Alongside this line is a hand with the first finger pointing off the right side of the page. This poem continues on fol. 26^v.

25^v

A Ballad .3.

Now doth disdainfull ^{^saturne} [^] Sadd and old | with icy breath enioy his frozen
 r^aign: | His hairie heares and snowy mantle cold | ore-couer hills, & eu'ry
 pleasant plain | whilst dasht with frost, whiles drounde with rappinge raine | Do
 beastes and birdes bewaile their wofull case. | With longsom lookes in hope to
 see againe | sweete sauor'd Flora shew hir ameld face.

And looke howe longe they are in this estate | this dolent season so their
 courage daunts | that now no Cupid with his golden baite | dare make their harts
 his harbrowe where he hauntes. | But rather dead as are y^e trees and plants | their
 spirits of life must hide them at y^e hart | where through their kindely courage
 daily scants | till mountinge Phoebus make them to reuart.

26^r

And shall I there like bird or beast forgett | for anie stormes that threatninge
 heauen can send. | That obiect sweet whereon my hart is sett | whomme for to
 serue my senses all I bend. | my inward flame with colde it doth contend: | the
 more it burnes the more restrain'd it be | no winters frost nor sommers heate can
 end | or stay the course of constant loue in me.

26^r A Gentlewoman y^t married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whercuppon she tooke hir needle in whi^{ch} she was excelent & wo^rked vpon hir Sampler thus¹³

Comme giue me needle, stitch cloth, silke & chaire | y^t I may sitt and sigh and sow & singe | Fom perfect coollo^rs to discribe y^e arre | a subtile persinge changinge constant thinge.

no false stitch will I make my hart is true | plaine stitche my Sampler is for to complaine | How men haue tongues of hony, harts of rue | true tongues & harts are one men makes y^m twain

Giue me black silk y^t sable suites my hart | & yet som white though while words do deceiue | no greene at all for youth & I must part | Purple & blew fast loue & faith to weaue | mayden no more sleepeless ile goe to bedd | take ^{all} away, y^e work works in my bedd.

¹³ This poem is not part of the sequence of verse attributed to King James. It appears to have been squeezed onto the half page remaining underneath 'A Ballad 3' to fill the space so that 'A Dreame 2' could be continued on the next full page, fol. 26^v.

(Continuation of A Dreame)¹⁴

- 26^v And by the hand of Mistres lead, | lo here she is, quoth hee | This strange and
subtill God I say | that late appeard to mee | (sayinge) whose presence breedes
as many ioyes | as absence breedes the woes | Lo, here the harbrowe of thy hart, |
Lo, here thy onely chois | Lo here she is whom for thou treads | the stately
forked hill | (whose pleasant grace beginns to fade. | so tramped by thee still:) |
Lo, here she is who makes y^e drinke | the siluer cristall springe. | Of flyinge
horse and ridinge foule | as auncient Poets singe. | Lo here y^e subiect and the
winges | of thy high flyinge verse | that Ø¹⁵ aboue y^e flamie vautes¹⁶ | and to y^e
heauen doth perse.¹⁷ | With this me thought she bow'd hir downe | and ioyn'd y^e
Rubies sine, | that hide hir iuorie ranks & smell of | nectar vnto mine. | Sine with
hir hand soft and silke hand | about my neck she layes | A Tablet, and an
Amethyst, | and scilent slipps hir wayes | But lo my mind so passiond was | and
hart so stird withall
- 27^r with ioye extreame as made them sone | my sences to recall. | And looke howe
soone from sluggish sleepe | I perfectly awooke | Euen as the first (o miracle) |
into my hand I tooke | Theis tokens hoonge about my neck | as I had dreamd
before | what Deity (quoth I amaz'd) | for this shall I adore? | Somme God or
Angell surely hath | this present to me brought | For if on any naturall dreames |
had rauishd byn my thought. | Then either of the humou^{rs} fowre | the chiefe that
did abounde | By simpatheie with brethren fowre | whereof was form'd this
rounde. | And with the seasons of the yeare | would vexed haue my braine | If
bloud domin'd with bloody iarres | in springe time, and againe | If choler raign'd
with raueninge fires | in sommers parchinge heate | If Fleagme did with
drowninge flouds | when Hiades hold their seate | if Melancholy, earth and
nighte | with heauy thinges & blake.
- 27^v When frozen Saturne rules with snowe. | the place would surely take | Orels the
thinges I last had thought, | had don or wisht to be. | They had although
imperfectly, | in Dreame appear'd to me. | And so by nature had I dream'd | the
thinge I dream'd indeede | For I confest that idee oft | my rauisht minde doth
feede. | But then howe soone I had awakt | and Morphe flowne away: | no token
had he left behind | as nowe this wedd it lay. | Then countinge it somme
heauenly guift | and sent me from aboue, | I Ø¹⁸ me narrowly to guess | what
could the meaninge proue; | And so begun both vp & downe | to toss to uiewe to
spie | the Tablet and the Amatheist | their secretes for to trie. | Thou Lician.
Lord y^t Deitie, | whome Delphos did adore | whose shininge coche do sapphires
blew | and Rubies read decore. | The sacred sisters monarch great | the spirit that
did inspire.
- 28^r with oracles the sibills sage, | inflam'd with heauenly fire | O thou that misteries
can reueale | and future thinges foresees, | Assist my seekinge out of this | and
open cleare mine eies. | The Amethyst in forme of hart | doth signifie the hart |
And constant loue vnchangeable | that is vppon my part. | And as the collors of
this stone | are purple mixt with gray; | so flames my loue of earthly parts |

¹⁴ A finger is pointing from the left margin to the continuation of this verse from fol. 25^r.

¹⁵ Damage to the page has obscured one word.

¹⁶ This could be a scribal error for 'vaults' or a variant of 'faut' or 'vaut', which means fault.

¹⁷ Obsolete form of 'pierce'.

¹⁸ A scrape runs down the whole page, one word missing.

consume me day by day. | The secreat vertues y^t are hidd | into this pretious
stone | endue me with meete qualities | for seruinge suche a one | for as this stone
by secreat | can soueraignly remead | Theis dazeled braines, whome Bacchus
strength | ore-comes as they were dead; | And can preserue vs from the harme |
of the inuenom'd stinge | of poisoned cupps, that to our tombe | vntimely doth vs
bringe. | so hope I still to be preseru'd | by vertue from aboue,

- 28^v From staggering like a dronken man, | or wauering into loue. | But by the
soueraigne Antidote of hir | whomme still I serue | In spite of all the poisoned
lookes | of Dames, I shall not swerue | And furthermore with courage bolde | this
stone can furnishe mee | That with my conquering hand I may | enforce my foes
to flee. | For sure he canott worthy be | to be accounted deare, | By any dame, that
in his breast | a womans hart doth beare. | And therefore for my part I vowe | if,
as the rumou^{rs} be | Of Ø¹⁹ and iarres I happen in | Ø²⁰ the same to see; | I shall not
from the enimies, | in Ø²¹ way remoue | vnthinkinge once in honou^r of | my
mistress and my loue | for only not I conquerd were be, | and only will I yeeld |
To Cupids shott whose firy dartes, | resist might neuer shield | And lastly as this
stone hath force | a hunter for to aide,
- 29^f In end to catche his pray (y^e fruite | of all his trauailes made.) | So, as I am a
prentice past | into that Princely game | whose houndes & hornes through woods
& | rocks, make eccho answer thame | I trust by vertue of this stone | to winn and
hold the pray | That prays on me, and is of all | my passion'd thoughts the stay. |
But lo I longe to turne me to | the Tablett made of gold, | And all within, and out
the same | at length for to beholde. | Of purest gold this table made | whi^{ch} by the
fire is fin'd | Hir chastnes pure doth represent | in body both and minde | The
cralinge scores of amelinge blaks | that on the golde are wroughte | The diuers
passions represent, | that watter in hir thoughte | One of y^e leaues on outer side | a
naked man doth beare | whomme Phoebus rosts without reflex | and stinginge
flyes do teare. | yet sittinge in the forrests greene
- 29^v as senceless of his harme | By harmony of vyols sweete | he neuer irkes to
charme. | The rauisht fowles and beasts about; | accomptinge so their ioy | As
makes him quite for to forgett | his grieuous sore annoy. | This man not only
represents | hir siren voice diuine | (whose charminge notes make hardest |
hartes, & dullest eares incline.) | But as his ditty saith: The please | the rest he
suffers paine | so she hir Princess serues of loue | without respect of gaine. | The
other on the outer side | the sonne hath shininge bright | Into the middes with
starres about, | but dazeled by his light. | And as y^t Ditty saies. As sunn | amongs
the starres doth shine. | so she hir sex surpasseth farr | in vertues moste diuine. |
That sunn, whom of I sang before | whose absence made me flee, | Aboue the
skies, o sunn to seeke | hir shadowe into thee. | But if into theise former verse | I
soard with eagles winges | then, mistres thank you^r self for them | that by your
vertue singes.
- 30^f But greatest comfort is to me | to view the inner part: | whereas a hand doth hold
me think | my onely mistress hart; | while Cupid with his bended bow | and
golden arrowe aime | To shoot his subtill firy shaft. | for pearcinge of the
same. | But that hir hand doth hold hir hart | I take it for to bee. | That willingly

¹⁹ One word missing.

²⁰ One word missing.

²¹ One word missing.

she letts hir hart | be shott into for mee. | The other on the inner side | All emptie doth remain | whi^{ch} (if my guess deceiue me not) | is ordaind to contain. | The art of somme Apelles fine. | the portraict of hir face | To giue vnto the workman shipp | of all the rest a grace | for as the rest doth represent | hir qualities moste rare: | so should hir self though viuely no, | yet best it can, be thare. | And sure the Gods aboue they haue | decreed (as seemes to me) | That as the Tablett & the stone | both knitt together be.

30^v Euen by a stringe, the Tablett like | to hir, To me the stone | So shall our harts while Atrope cutt | the thredd, be knitt in one. | Thus haue I read my dreame ye see | with wise Apollos aide | And if this be the very truth | that I herein haue saide. | Then am I glad of suche a guess | but if I be deceaued | and in the openinge vp a dreame | haue either dream'd or reaued | yet welcomme be a good deceit, | for as into my sleepe | ~~now may ye see, o Titan mine~~²² | my dreame reioyc'd me; so my guess | in gladnes doth me keepe. | now may ye see, o Titan mine | no distaunce farr of place | nor other thoughts can out of me | the thoughte of you deface | In absence are ye present still | and euer so in sighte | no wonder is what monarch may | resist a womans mighte!

A Ballade .4.

²² This line has been crossed through and re-written three lines later.

(A Ballade .4.)

31^r O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde | where secreat simpathies from meetinge
are restraind | For in dame natures precepts we do finde, | y^t Adamants from
kissinge from can hardly be refraind | The woodbinde from imbracinge Bacchus
may | perforce be stayd but sore against his will | The straw will start, to meete
y^e Amber ay | and mercure after Golde will followe still

The louinge Turtle dow | Doth euer preass | but neuer cease | for to
performe his wow. | In meetinge with his make | whose daily plight |
without hir sight | is mourning for hir sake.

Thus nature workes by simpathy, we see | whi^{ch} none, except of marble harts
would ment to hold a backe | But rebell fortune doth refuse to me | that ioy with
mettalls, stones & plants, and ~|birdes haue leaue to take | Like Tantalus suche is
my wofull case | the Apple in mine ey doth euer stand | And yet my reache
cannot attaine allace

31^v to pluck it once with my vnhappy hand.

This life is worse then death | except that she | restore to me | my former
liuely breath | since forc'd by golden dart | to hir my minde | is whole
inclinde | the harbrow of my hart

31^v

Passionado .5.

If mourninge mighte amend | my hard vnhappy case|or if complayninge could appease | Dame fortunes frowninge face. | Then should I neuer cease | by songes and sonnetts still | which my too iust conceyu'd regreets | the earth and aire to fill | my carefull cries and grones | should make the Rocks rebound | The mountaine riue and all y^e earth | with ecchoes to resound. | No Orpheus charminge notes | for his departed wife | nor raginge Roland for his loue | that lead so madd a life;

32^r

No, not the world in one | compar'd should euer be | unto the mone y^t I should make| should passions martir me | But what can that auaille, | except for to renewe | my old, and deeply rooted griefes | that els to gladly grew! | To ranckle vp the sore, | that lurks into my hart; | And as a canker make it spread | abrode in euery part.| What wrath haue all y^e Gods | conceiu'd at me alace | That make me loue where hatred dwells | and pittie hath no place !| O if she were but faire; | or if she were but false; | But faire and false torments me thus, and holdes me by the halse,²³ | If bewty, as it ought | with bounty coupled were, | Then surely she would pittie take | on my consuminge care | O if she were but false | and lackinge Venus grace | Then would I not haue byn abus'd | by hir inchauntinge face.

32^v

Thus am I tortured still| I mourne without remeede | my languor lakes a graine of hope | to mix with daily deede, | my teares gett no regard | my sighes can haue no eare. | And in one howre is quite forgott | my seruice many a yeare! | What hope can rest behinde!| what may I looke for then | But be a butt to heauenly plagues | a monster vnto men! | My state can neuer change | my griefes are but begunn | Thus casten is my luckles lott | that wofull wordes haue spunn.| Away with comfort then: | and welcomme colde dispaire. | And since I can take no delighte, |let me delight in care | my mirthe in mourninge be | my ioyes in dolours deepe | I will with sadd and sorry sighes | my selfe from languor keepe | And for my chiefest sportes, | to minde then will I bringe | As in a roll my whole mishapps | sine like a swann then singe.

33^r

my hope is whole transform'd | in black and cold dispaire | Except I only hope for death | to ende continuall care | no, death I must not haue: | my mischiefes would be mend | It best becommes my miseries | to dwein²⁴ before I end | yet if the endless smart,) and sorrowes I sustain | were suffered for somme worthy wight | I happie would remain| I would mehappie thinke, | if thus I martir'd weare | for somme sweete saint, in sacrificize | that both were good and faire.| But oh alace my paine | and restless grieffe it growes | for hir, who neuer once on me | a louinge thought bestowes | yet let not this dishart | no happie man in loue |who findes a make y^t will not change | nor for no chauce remoue | All women are in howres | in vertue somme excel:| and somme in vice may ouermatch | the greatest Diuell in hell.

33^v

The blessedst Creatures made | by God the Angells were | The cursedst Creatures in y^e world | the fallen Angells are. | For me I onely craue | a spectacle to bee| wherein as in a mass confus'd| all miseries men may see | And when my happ shalbe | to goe to wished graue | (Whi^{ch} is the only happy chauce | I euer wisht to haue) | that then the passenger |may reade in goinge by | For true & honest constant loue | this pacient here doth ly.

²³ Neck, throat or gullet.

²⁴ Dwine: to waste or pine away or to decline in vigour, to fade or wither.

33^v

A Sonnett

My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant | I sange of sorrowes neuer felt by me | I
haue as great occasion for to vant | my loue begunn my blissing for to be.

34^r

Howe can I then excuse so lowde a lye | o yes I did it euen at hir desire
who made me suche success in loue to see | howe soone hir loue had sett my hart
on fire

Since for hir sake I press for to aspire | to preache of passions y^t I neuer proued |
what should ye do y^t haue for hapless hire | the luckles lott of loue and not be
loued | you^r plaints I think should moue y^e starry skies | & dent the Gods with
shrill & carefull cries

34^r

.2.

Suppose madam I ought not to refuse | what ye request, or pleases to desire| yet
may I iustly make my owne excuse| in y^t whi^{ch} last it pleased yo^u to require.

Longe since forsooth my muse begun to tire| through daily faschery²⁵ of my
owne affaires| whi^{ch} quencht in me y^t heauenly furious fire| in place whereof
came sad & thornie cares.

Whi^{ch} restlesly no time, nor season spares| to spoile me of my former pleasures
quite| who wont before to vse somme other wares| or excercis'd some other
workes to write| Now are Castalias flouds dried vp in mee| Like sodaine showres
y^{is} time of yeare ye see

.3.

²⁵ Faschery: annoyance, worry or vexation or something that causes worry.

(.3.)

34^v But what madam, and shall I then denie| you^f iust demaund, and disobey the
 same!|no ye, euen ye shall carry to the skie| my barren verse, & shall my muse
 inflame| was ^{it} not onely your inchantinge fame| who on hir winges aloft did
 carry me| From natiue soyle to follow on you^f name| and Eagle like on Thetis
 hue to flie| where she commaunded Neptune for to be| my princely guard and
 Triton to attend | On artificiall flyinge towres of tree| wherein I restinge ran to
 iourneys end. | Then since you^f fame hath made me fly before|well may you^f
 name my verses now decore

34^v

.4.

O cruell Cupid what a ruthles rage | what hatefull wrath thou vtters vpon me? |
no medicine my sicknes may aswage: | no cataplasme²⁶ can cure my wound I see

Through dead shott aliue I daily die | I frye in flames of y^t invenimd dart, | whi^{ch}
shott me sicker in at either eie, | I'm festned²⁷ fast in my tormented hart.

35^r

The feuer hath infected euery part | my bones are dried, their marrow melts away
my sinnowes feeble through my soaking smart | and all my bloud, as in a pan
doth play

I onely wish for ease of all my paine | y^t she might weet, what sorrow I sustaine.

²⁶ A poultice or plaster.

²⁷ Festenance: confinement or durance.

35^r

.5.

Comme fruitfull thoughts, y^t fertill euer flowes,|and shew what sorrowes smite
my heauy hart |The more I muse, my grieffe y^e greater growes | & painfull panges
of passions play their part

My euill it is incurable by arte| and keepes an contrare course to natu^r cleene| my
minde delightes to pause vpon hir smart| and feede on flames, though secreat &
vnseene

But as my breast a Butt full longe hath byn| of sightles shotts: so on the other
side| O ye my harts allurer by my eyn| respect with ruth y^e bale I daily bide

Then since we both like sorrow do sustaine |both press to turne in pleasure all
ou^r paine

35^r

.6.

As man, a man am I composed all | of brethren fowre, y^t did y^e world compone|
 yet suche a chaunce doth vnto me befall| as I of mankinde all am he alone,| who
 of the fowre posseses onely one.

35^v

my flames of loue to firy heauen be past:| my aire in sighes euanish'd is, and
 gone: |my wakenes into teares distillinge fast.

Now onely earth remaines with me at last| that I am denuded of the other three.|
 Then cruell Dame, since vnto suche a cast | you^r onely loue ^{hath} thus compelled
 me | Send als my earth with earth for to remaine,| or els restore me to my selfe
 againe.

35^v

.7.

Although y^t crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie |an vnder ashes cold (as oft we see) |
As senceless dead, while by his heate he drie | the greene and fizinge fagotts,
made of tree

Yet will that little sponke,²⁸ & flaminge eie | blaze brauely forth & sparklinge
all abreede| with wandlinge vp (a wondrous sight to see)| kith²⁹ cleerely shine &
on y^e fagotts feede.

So am I forced to confess indeede:| my sponke of loue smorde³⁰ vnde^r coles of
shame| By bewties force the fostrer of y^t seede, |now buds & bursts in an
appearinge flame

36^r

But since you^r bewty, hath y^{is} wonder wrought | I hope, madam, it shall not be
for nought.



²⁸ With the quality of fire or light or spirit, mettle pluck or courage.

²⁹ Knowledge of or acquaintance with something, persons or places that are familiar.

³⁰ Smoor: to smother or suffocate.

36^r

.8.

O womans witt y^t wavers with the winde:| whom none so well may wauy now, as
I | As weather cock thy stableness, I finde |and as the sea, that still can neuer lie

But since y^t time y^e truth hath made me try | that in inconstance thou art constant
still;| my courage sayes, on Cupid cease to crye,| that art rewarded thus for thy
goodwill.

For though madam, I fail'd not to fulfill | all sort of seruice to a mistress dew.|
Yet absence, though but for a space, did spill| the thankes deseru'd of all my
seruice trews| what shall I say! I neuer thought to see.|y^t out of sight should out
of languo^r bee.

36^r

.9.

36^v

If he who lakes y^e sight of both his eies | may iustly mourne his miserable case
 As one whome to all worldly pleasure dies: | when dreary darknes comms in
 Phoebus place:

Howe muche y^e more may I lament alace | y^e absence of my onely lampe of
 Lighte; |since lizardlike, I feede vpon hir face, | and suck my satisfaction from
 hir sighte!

now more may I, then marigold by night | beare blossoms when no sight of
 somme I haue | for ye madam, haue by you^r bewties sight ←might←³¹ | bereft &
 broke my hart, your humble slaue

How^e may a man, a flowe^r, a corps in smart | see blossomme breath but eies, but
 some, but hart?

Finnis

Sr Thomas Areskine

Of Gogar Knighte

³¹ 'Sight' is crossed through neatly and 'might' is written in the margin in the same hand.

37^r O thou prodigious monster moste accurst| what makes thou here in mens societie
|Back to those desarts where y^{ou} hast byn nurst | by bruitish Beastes of rudest
qualitie | And yet in wildest desart Beasts are borne| whoe natures do yⁱ beastlike
natu^r scorne.

And they (I thinke) together haue conspir'd | to hunt thee out of y^t their
habitation | Because they fear'd, thou wouldst haue y^m requir~ |to harken to thy
hatefull education | If so, they much deseru'd to be commended | who from yⁱ
selfe, haue so themselues defende~

But if of beastes y^{ou} hast byn thus reiected | why shouldst thou hope of men to
b'intertaine~ | O thou dost know mens thoughts are all infected | & some whose
natures (worse then beasts) are stain~ |whi^{ch} stained natures certaine hope doth
gaine y^{ee} | though beasts reiect y^{ee}, men will intertaine the~

And sure I see thou hast not misconceiued | for thou hast found such as y^{ou}
thoughtst to finde | who beare y^e forme of men, but are bereau'd | of all good
properties of humane kinde.

37^v Thus hast y^{ou} thought moste fitt to beare you^r name| whi^{ch} is ingratitude
reprochfull shame.

Vild bold fac'd Beast, why shamst y^{ou} not to dwell | in this our Region of the
vpper earth | Auaunt for shame, post downe to deepest hell | whi^{ch} is y^e place of
thy vnhappy birthe | There foule obliuion (as he doth confess | begatt thee, no y^t
hagg vnthankfulness.

Thou maist reply, that I haue y^{ee} misus'd | by taxinge thee, before y^{ou} giust me
cause.| I must confess thou hast not me abus'd |but thou hast violat'd those
sacred lawes| of humane nature, due obedience | & therefore would I driue y^{ee}
downe from hence

If thou couldst haue containd yⁱ wretched wrong | in compass of y^e vulgar sorte
of men!| I had not searcht into y^t thrustinge throng | thus to detest thee with my
rurall pen.| But thou dost deale more perfidiously | in wronging hir whose fault
shall neu^er dy

Dread sacred lady my late soueraigne Quene, | tis yⁱ great worth y^{is} worthles
wretch would blott

38^r whose like was neuer, nor shall ere be seene| great shame therefore y^{ou} art so
soone forgott | yet shalt thou neuer be forgot of mee | though such forgett y^{ee}, as
were rais'd by thee.

Though suche forget y^{ee}, as were rais'd by thee |yet will thy vertues rare
themselues p^reserue, | And those y^t can discern what vertues bee | will giue thee
truly y^t thou didst deserue | But suche as seru'd for nought but priuate gaine~ |
did shew y^{er} mindes, when y^{ou} didst cease to raigne

They serued y^{ee}, but to serue themselues by thee, | yet when thou didst suruiue
they did adore y^{ee} | But since thou didst deceass, I can nott see| y^t any of them,
now daignes to deplore thee |Suche misery on Princes lyues attend | y^t whilst
they liue y^{er} cannot know their friend

And thou great Princess hadst of theis yⁱ share | els had thy glory passed
Cintheas Lighte | For in yⁱ minde were placed vertues rare | yet ill aduise did
sometimes dym you^f sighte | This prooffe therefore vpon thy life depend | that
flatterers cannott be Princes frend.

38^v If this be graunted, then inferr we may | the number of thy frends was very small
| Though numbers did attend y^{ee} day by day | thou hardly hadst a frend amongst
y^m all | for as they fedd thee then with flattery | they now forgett y^{ee} moste
vngratefully

Yet one there is whi^{ch} on thee did attend | whose minde immaculate doth well
retaine | The Duties both of Seruannt & of frend³² | whi^{ch} she professed, when y^{ou}
here didst raigne | That beast ingratitude canot infect hir | for true religious zeale
doth safe protect hir.

Thrice honored Theana thou art she | whose modesty hath wonne immortall
fame | Thou honorest deceassed soueraigntie | and therefore dost deserue an
honor'd name | for when she liu'd, y^{ou} chastly didst attend hir | & being dead, y^{ou}
chastely didst defend hir.

Thy noble name, of right should be inrold | in lines of euerlastinge memorie

for thy³³

19. 8 9 8 3 5 (8 4 7 6 7) s 5
Sr T1 2 3 11 7 c k 5³⁴

39^f For thy pure minde doth well it selfe vnfold | that it discende from true nobilitie |
True noble mindes do yeld true noble deede | but base bred thoughts, nought els
but basenes breedes

And if Eliza, had byn finished | with none but suche attendants as thy selfe:| Hir
fame then had not byn diminished | by suche as did attend for nought but pelfe |
God graunt he y^t succeedes may well peruse hir~ | and free himselfe of suche as
did abuse hir

³² A finger points from the left margin to this line

³³ The only place in which a catchword is used in the miscellany

³⁴ A finger points to a series of numbers written at the foot of the folio.

39^r I y^t once liu'd in Englands glorious Court | Lou'd & obseru'd by men of greatest
sort | my life was pure, my thoughts were voide from sin | this happie state longe
time I liued in | Till othes & praye^{rs} & faithless mens vntruth | with vowes &
sighes & teares betray'd my youth

Those fained showes those false seducinge euills | seeminge like Gods, in profe
farr worse then deuills | Banisht suspect & then my loue grew suche | him before
all I honor'd more then muche. | saintlike

39^v what life so chaste, or who is she with standes | when likinge conquers, and where
loue commandes.

In vaine we striue gainst loues powe^r to resist | once intertain'd, it Conquers
where it list | with many othes he vow'd his faith to me | & sweare y^e fault vpon
his soule should be | whi^{ch} made me bold quickly to giue consent | mine be y^e
fault and his the punishmen^t.

But neuer had such faith so ill regarde | nor constant loue with falshood suche
rewarde. | now sweete reuenge, if euer womans teares | whose sad lamen^{ts} whose
life in sorrow weares | Could euer moue thee iust reuenge to take | Then heare my
wronges, my griefs, & for my sake | Deuise somme torture worse then paines of
hell | Wherein his Soule perpetually may dwell.

And pretious Time y^e righter of all wrongs | and Truth y^t knowes to falshood
what belongs. | I coniure you vpon you^r faith & worthe | his Periury to all the
world lay forthe. | That none may blush to reade his foule amis | that hath betraid
poore Innocenty this.

Let there be tyme to turne his mirth to woe | let there be time to make his frend
his foe

40^r Let there be time to worke his ouerthrowe | Let there be tyme y^t none his name
may know | Then truth & time shall liue an end to see | of him and his that hath
dishonor'd mee.

(Twelve Trenchers)

40^r The Courtier .1.

Longe haue I serud in Court | yet learnd not all this while | To sell poore suito³⁵
smoke³⁵ | nor where I hate I smile. | Superiors to adore | inferiors to dispise | To
fly from them that fall | to followe them y^t rise. | To cloake a poore desire | vnder
my riche araye | nor to aspire by vice | though twere the quicker waye.

the Diuine .2.

40^v My callinge is diuine | one cure doth me content.
I will no chop-churche³⁶ be, | nor paye my Patron rent | nor yeld to sacrilege, |
but like y^e kinde true mother. | Rather loose all the child, | then part it with
another. | nor followe Princes Courtes | nor worldly maisters serue | So to growe
riche and fatt | while my poore flock doth starue.

the Souldior .3.

My occupation is | the noble trade of kinges | The tryall that decides, | the
highest right of thinges | Though mars my master be, | I do not venus loue | nor
honor Bacchus oft, | nor often sweare by Joue. | Of talkinge of my selfe | I all
occasions shame | And rather loue to doe, | then bragge what I haue donne.

the Phisition .4.

41^r I studye to vphold | the slippery life of man | which dyes when we haue don | the
best, and all we can | from practise and from bookes | I drawe my learned skill |
not from the knowne receipts | or Potheccaries bill | The Earth my faultes doth
hide, | the world my cures doth see | What youth & time effects | is ofte ascrib'd
to mee.

the Lawyer .5.

My practise is the lawe, | my robe, my tongue, my pen | wealth and opinion
gaine, | and make me judge of men. | The knowne dishonest cause | I neuer did
defende | nor spunn out suites at length | but wisht & sought an ende | nor
counsell did bewray, | whereof both parties, take | nor euer kept I fee, | for which
I neuer spake.

the Merchaunt .6.

41^v My trade doth euery thinge, | to euery land supply³⁷ | Discouer vnknowne
worldes, | straunge Countries doth ally. | I neuer did forstall,³⁸ | I neuer did

³⁵ To cheat with false promises

³⁶ One who makes a profit by selling benefices.

³⁷ Ways of monopolizing goods in order to gain a higher price.

³⁸ To forstall is to prevent sales at the open market by selling the goods in advance or by buying them before they reach the market.

engross³⁹ | nor Customme did withdrawe | though I retourn'd with loss | I thriue
by faire exchange, | by sellinge and by buyinge | And not by Jewishe vse⁴⁰ |
reprisall fraude or lyinge.

the Country Gentleman .7.

Though straunge outlandish spirits, | praise Townes & Country scorne. | The
country is my home, | I dwell where I was borne. | There profitt and comaunde |
with pleasure I partake, | Yet do not Hawkes nor Doggs, | my sole companions
make, | I rule but not oppress | end quarrells and mayntaine, | See Townes, but
dwell not there | t'abrigde my charge or traine.

the Batchelour .8.

42^r Howe manie thinges as yet | are deare a like to me. | The Horse the dogge, the
field, | Loue, armes, or libertie | As yet I haue no wife, | whomme I may call mine
owne | I haue no Children yet, | that by my name are knowne | Yet if I married
were | I would not wish to thriue | If that I could not rule, | the veriest shrewe
aliue.

the married man .9.

I only am the man, | amongst all married men | That would not seeke y^c Priest |
to be vnlinkt agen. | And though my shoo did wringe, | I would not make my
moane, | nor thinke my neighbours chaunce, | more happie then mine owne. | Yet
court I not my wife | but yeld obseruance due, | Beinge neither fonde nor
cross | not jealous nor untrue.

974 873

40 80

50 70

46 27

1070 20

870⁴¹

³⁹ To engross is to buy an entire stock.

⁴⁰ Usury.

⁴¹ This series of numbers is written upside down in this format at the foot of fol. 42^r.

42^v**the wyfe .10.**

The first of all our sex | came from the side of man | I thither am retournd, |
 whence first our sex began. | I do not visite much. | nor many when I doe | I tell
 my minde to fewe | and that in Counsell too | I seeme not sick in health, | nor
 sulleyn but in sorrowe | I care for sommewhat els, | then what to weare to
 morrowe.

the widowe .11.

My dyinge husband knew | howe much his death would griue me, | And
 therefore lefte me wealth | to comforte and relieue me | Though I no more will
 loue, I moste not loue disdain | Penelope hir selfe, | did suitors intertaine. | And
 yet to drawe on such | as are of best esteeme.

43^r

nor richer then I am, | nor yonger then I seeme.

the Mayde .12.

I marriage would forswear | but that I heare men tell | That shee that dyes a
 maide | must leade an Ape in hell⁴², | Therefore if fortune comme | I will not
 mocke and play | nor driue the bargaine on | while it be driuen away. | Titles and
 landes I like, | yet rather fancie can | A man that wanteth golde, | then gold that
 wants a man.

⁴² Proverbial fate for a spinster.

43^r Things hard to winn with ^Λ ease ^Λ makes loue incited | and fauou^{rs} wonn with ease
are hardly quited

- 43^v A proper new Ballad of y^e Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or promoter of Loue amonge the Augustine nunnes Translated out of Cornish or Deuonshire into true Suffolk And is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Loue, or Vptailles all, as you can deuide.
- Gramercies watt mets mesters & y^e rest | his smock staine Dames will ha a game at chest | And sweare to me yⁱ knights be not turned knaues | thy Rookes turne flesh Crowes or devouring slaues. | Birdes of y^e night yⁱ haunt where Carion lies, | and comme to it like magotts or like flies | wast not inough you^r Sister was sent downe | a whore confest, but she must come to towne | Like to a Countess, though none tooke hir so | but stopt their noses & still cried fo. | Because hir Carcase was not yet made clere | of Southwells bocher Basterd buried at Poplere. | Fy willin' fy, matts Ballad is no bible | nor doth thy pockett yeld the truthe | though ne'r without a libe. | Daue dare do and Docto^r wrights | what thou darst not gaine saye, | for they dar comme vpon the stage | where thou darst not to play.
- 44^r And yet you act it prately | but chiefly in the darke. | The Curtaines spread & Candles out, | and no dogge left to barke. | You knowe your hostes maide in stramn | hir Belly now doth swell. | She doth confess although she wishe | a scabby knighte in hell. | It will not serue you^r turne to say | twas donne in pupleage | for euen you^r sonne if he had liu'd | had nowe byn past a page. | But tell me faith, when wilt thou sue | the liuery of this sonne. | When this new gotten Babe doth beare | the hore haires on his chinne. | Marriage admitts no twinnes you say | yet yow will lapp with twaine | And per acquittance pleade a truce | your maximme to maintaine. | But say the worthy wife will not, | whomme no man e're suspected, | Thine owne lawe doth condemne yⁱ selfe | for thou art clere detected. | Then may she well be ridd of thee | for rydinge of another | But if she hold thee still thou'lt hope | one bawdie tricke to smother. | Thy skill is suche, that there is none of any witt so swifte.
- 44^v But thou canst couer villany | but with as vild a shifte | Let all the starres be brought into | the compass of one chamber | Thou'lt teach them all a rule or twaine | they n'er sawe in their Grammer. | The Piper shall stand at y^e dore | and keepe him there twer best | Orels all hell alamire thee | with flatt notes of incest. | Then tell me had it not byn well | that she whi^{ch} lou'd to piddle. | Should keepe hir minnikin to y^e first | the fittest stick to fiddle. | But Suffolk musick loueth notes | of discord and of change | Whi^{ch} though it pleaseth wanton eares | the wiser thinke it strannge. | And now I comme to speake of flesh | nor bak't nor rost nor sodden | But nearest stueng of the rest | because it was Crowe trodden. | What a groue of pretty birdes | were gotten all together | Somme of the day, somme of y^e night | and none of selfe same fether. | When birdes with wrablinge voice would | singe when euer she did whistle. | And neuer giue ouer quauer notes | without the thorne or thistle.
- 45^r And night Crow on press on hir | in compass of a foote. | As scant you could discerne y^e Crow | fromm watry bald fleetwote. | Nay that was pretty when the | maide in the vpper bed | The mistres on the pallett lay | the Bawde accompaned, | Eache with his mate yⁱ all might play | and neuer one sitt out | In selfe same roone & none giue aime | when eache man hitt the cloute. | The Clout said I! The spell I trow | for so I should haue sayd | The game was donne eche wonn a shott, | and so they were vnlay'd. | Nunnes call you theis yⁱ keepe their Cell, | within the

Austyn friers | where anie that desired it | had fuell for their fiers. | Such open houses then was kept | so great was the deuotion | That any might haue entrance there | vppon the smallest motion. | Suche questionless to retaine | alyed was Countess would be | for she would still be Tenaunt in taile | to any one she could be.

45^v The Sister Pandress then did rule | the Parlou^r & the hall | Although she could not rule y^e Coche | that caused hir showe all. | Me thinkes I do remember yet | I see the Dutchmans wife | who said did euer any see | suche Buttocks in his life. | Good Lord howe leane y^e Lady is | I neuer saw the like | I ought haue seene farr fatter flesh | lay in a durty dike. | Yf she had byn belou'd at home | they would haue hidd hir shame | But she y^t railes of other folkes | doth seldomme keepe good name. | If thou wilt be mat singleton | and raile in rascall ryme. | As he hath done in sundry songes | and Ballads in his tyme. | Upon three Erles & diuers more | in very scurrile sort | Others will raile aswell as he | and make y^e Readers sport. | His frends are all afraide of him | his kinred is not free. | This Lande is often taxt with | his base scurrilitie.

46^r He is a trunke for to conuey | vnto somme persons eare | That whi^{ch} if they belieue, they may | his fawninge iustly feare | for he likewise to fforaine parts | suche secreats doth bewray | As by his Deuilish practises | he may this land betray. | His head is full of libellinge | his hart of false religion | And yet he commes with Oliue leafe | like vnto noahs pigion | He famme would make y^e world belieue | his Sister is no whore | And yet he knows thother Sister | often kept the dore. | But y^{ts} all one the E. rle did twice | acknowledge hir his wife | Twoe Docto^{rs} swears, that therefore y^{is} | is true vppon thy life | Thou liest the Docto^{rs} swere | constantly one thinge | And y^t is only sworne the Erle did | did speake to them in iestinge | Their questions were in pleasant sorte, | the aunswers were vnto it. | So pleasant, that the self same thinge | both he and they may do it.

46^v And though thereby or any man | can proue she was the more | his wife be that he and she | that neuer mett before | His Seruants call hir mistres | and he doth call hir wife. | And did you neuer heare like | in Court in all you^r life. | Looke into one of those same others | if you haue any sence | And you shall finde y^t he doth not | with periury dispence. | But plainly say what haue you gott | a wife on the Court fashion | Or Mist^{res} as the manner is | and this will moue you^r passion. | And suche a letter John might beare | or chiefe man in the house | All will not proue ought for yo^u | whi^{ch} wilbe worth a louse | Nor Ringes nor lett^{res} make y^e matche | but wordes in presence bind | Proue me by lawfull wittnes y^t | whi^{ch} I no where can finde. | And therefore lett the Ringe alone | ringe pans in all the house | She Southwell Crow & Bird hath borne | which of them was the mouse. | The mouse a titty mouse was no doubt

47^r a birde and generation | That may appeare yet more at large | by oughten gene propagation. | But let that pass & let vs come | to Singleton his scandall | And tell him twas not good for him | this matter so to handle. | Tell him he is both knaue & foole | to talke of suche a Rider | whose mentjon happily may make | his hearinge sommewhat wider. | He will haue his eares or nostrills cut | for cuttinge in his ballett⁴³ | Orels his mouthe must seared be | for lumpus in the pallett. | It is great honou^r vnto hir | the worst that thou canst say | wast she hir water could not

⁴³ Punishment for verse libellers.

hold | whi^{ch} goe from all away. | Do we not say that women are | as soone as they
are borne | Pis kitchins for they cannott hold | y^e thinge which thou dost scorne. |
But both you^f Sisters and you^f child | prouided well for this | Their tubbs can
neuer leake | because the stopple | Pollard will catche you by y^e poule | and
brother by the horne.

47^v And though he haue no hornes to butt | you^f villany will scorne. | You touche
him whomme you neue^f knew | nor neuer so offended | As in your base and
rascall ryme | moste lewdly is pretended. | And you whi^{ch} do so vaunt you^fselues
| of loue vnto the state. | Shew not the same in wrangling thus | for a medlinge
mate. | A medlinge said I! A medler | so often hath she bynne. | As for an honest
man to thinke | of hir tis sinne | And you know well y^t do profess | the Doctrine
of the Pope | that least we haue what yo^u posses | his pardon ther's no scope |
And this is it whi^{ch} armeth you | to euery bold aduenter | Hopinge that in another
age | his holynes will enter. | And so your hollownes a time | may haue a
couerture | But if as it begins to appeare | it will not longe endure. | And tell
whither to y^e state | are true you or wee. | You whi^{ch} the sentence do condemne, |
or we, which do agree | you whi^{ch} after manie yeres both | Prince and Judges
blame. | Or we whi^{ch} both hir Justice and | ←^Λ iudgments do maintaine ^Λ ←⁴⁴

48^r In one thinge you haue gaine of vs | in you^f tenn howres worke | That ours whi^{ch}
after 20 months talk | surmised is to lurke. | Hir fathers man did once behold | the
makinge of apparrell | for westerne bride, about whose banss | so foolishly you
quarrell. | What though such post cannot ride post | twixt Exceter and this. | In 2
months space yet careless they | those 20 whole months to mis. | Watt doth
retourne y^e skippers tale | and hearb wiues courtesie | To him y^t left ←^{leade}←
his Sisters mayde | about the Countrie | Tellinge him y^t Oisters wiues | and suche
as singe potaties | Shall teache him howe to cleare his | pipes, through pockfied
wifes | And now my ballad like to matt | is sick of fallinge sickness | It doth
begin to sinck good watt | through want of raylinge weakness. | Coach hir no
more but Cart hir now | prouide the Cookinge stoole | And if she scold better
then I | Lett me be thoughte a foole.

48^v You see the westerne ladds haue termes | to call you gully missells | And thinke
not we wilbe afraide | of any Suffolk weessells. | Write when you dare weel
write a | gaine, and write aswell as youe. | And so good Singleton go hang | if
thou wilt not adue.

By me Shake Singleton.

And dare to be sold at the signe of
The shipp called y^e quittance.

O let not pass one less shame
vnto the first beginner
for she hath byn and she wilbe
a fallinge pleasant sinner.

fire newe and y^e first mintage

⁴⁴ There was no room at the end of the folio for this line. It is written in the same hand vertically along the left of the text.

49^r A lottery proposed before supper at y^e Lord Chief Justice his house
1602 in y^e first entrance: to hir Maiestie, Ladies, Gentlewomen & Straungers.

hir maiestie wheeles
fortune must now no more in Triumph ride | you^{rs} are y^e wheeles that did
hir Chariot guide.

Lady Darby dowager A purse
You thriue or would or may, you^r Lot's a purse | fill it with gold and you are
n'er the worse.

Lady Darby the yonger A ringe with a posy
Your hand by fortune on this Ringe doth lighte | and yet y^e word doth fitt
you^r humou^r righte.

Lady Worcester a nutmegge
This nutmegg hath a blank but chance doth hide it | write yo^u you^r wish, and
fortune will prouide it.

Lady Cumberland a fallinge band
Fortune would haue yo^u rise, yet guides you^r hand | from other lotts to take a
fallinge bande.

Lady Warwick a Snufkin⁴⁵
Tis Sommer yet a Snufkin is you^r lot | but twilbe winter one day doubt you not.

49^v Lady Kildare a Girdle
By fortunes girdle happy may yo^u bee | yet they y^t are less happie are moste free.

Lady Dorothy a Bodkin⁴⁶
Euen by this Bodkin you may liue vnharmed | you^r Bewty is with vertue so well
armed.

Lady Howard of Effingham a pair of writinge tables
Theis Tables may containe you^r thoughts in part | but write not all is written in
you^r harte.

Lady Susan Vere a Blanke
Wote you why fortune giues to you no prise | good faith she saw you not she
wants hir eies.

Lady Ann Clifford a lace
Giue hir y^e lace y^t loues to be strait laced | so fortunes laced ← litle⁴⁷ ← guifte is
aptly placed.

⁴⁵ A snufkin is an obsolete word for muff.

⁴⁶ A small pointed instrument of bone or ivory used for piercing holes in cloth or a long pin or ornament used by women to fasten their hair.

⁴⁷ 'laced' and 'litle' are underlined, 'litle' is written in the margin in the same hand.

Lady Southwell a paire of Gloues
 Fortune theis gloues to yo^u in double challenge sends | for yo^u hate fooles &
 flatterers hir best frends.

Lady Scroope a Maske
 Want you a maske! Here fortune giues yo^u one | yet nature giues y^e rose & lilly
 none.

Lady Pagett. Garters
 Though you haue fortunes Garters, you will bee | more stayd & constant in you^r
 steps then shee.

50^r Mist^{res} Bridges Pointes
 You are in euery point a loue true | & therefore fortune giues theis points to
 youe.

Mist^{res} Thyme a Fanne
 You loue to see and yet to be vnseene | take you a fann to be you^r bewties
 screene.

Mist^{res} Wharton a Chaine
 Because you scorne loues Captiue to remaine | fortune hath sworne to leade yo^u
 in a chaine.

Mist^{res} Neuill a neck lace
 Fortune giues you^r faire neck y^{is} lace to weare | God graunt a heauier burden ←
Yoke⁴⁸ ← it neuer beare.

Mist^{res} Southwell a plaine Ringe
 Fortune hath sent you happ it well or ill | a plaine gold Ringe to wedd you to
 you^r will.

Mist^{res} Anslow a Cushionet
 To hir y^t little cares what lott she winnes | chaunce giues hir y^{is} Cushionett for
 hir pinns.

Lady Digby a prayer booke
 Your fortune will proue good another day | in y^e meane time take you y^{is} booke
 to pray.

Mist^{res} Drury a Blank
 You faine would haue, but what you cannot tell! |if fortune giue you nothing she
 doth well.

50^v Lady Walsingham a stomacher
 This stomacher is full of windowes wrought | yet none through y^m can looke into
 you^r thought.

⁴⁸ 'burden' and 'yoke' are underlined, 'yoke' is written in the margin in the same hand

Lady Kneuitt a Glass
 Blinde fortune doth not see howe faire yo^u bee | it giues a glass y^t you you^r selfe
 may see.

Lady Newton a sizer case
 This sizer doth you^r huswifry bewray | you loue to work though yo^u be borne to
 play

Mist^{res} Hide a pair of kniues
 Fortune doth giue theis paire of kniues to you | to cutt y^e thred of loue if't be not
 true.

Mist^{res} Strangeuidge a Coyfe & Croscloth⁴⁹
 Frowne in good earnest or be sick in iest | this Coyfe & Croscloth will become
 yo^u best

Mother of y^e maides a Scarfe
 Take you y^{is} scarfe binde Cupid hand & foote | ←she← So loue shall yo^u leaue
 before he shoote

Mist^{res} Vauasou^r a handkerchiefe
 Whither yo^u seeme to weepe or weepe indeede | this handkerchief will stand yo^u
 well in steede

a Country wenche a pair of Sheres
 You whisper many tales in many eares | to clipp you^r tongue you^r lot's a paire of
 sheares

51^r a Country wenche an Apron
 You loue to make excuses for all thinges | an Apron is you^r lott whi^{ch} hath no
 stringes.

a Country wench a Reelee
 You are high in y^e instepp short in y^e heele | your head is gidddy, you^r lott is a
 reele.

no name a blanke
 nothings is you^r lott y^t's more y^{en} can be told | for nothings is more worth y^{en}
 pretious gold

no name a blank
 fortune is bountifull and from hir store | giues you asmuche as you were worth
 before

no name a blank
 Tis pittie such a hand should draw in vaine | though it giues nought, yet shall it
 pittie gaine

⁴⁹ Coyfe: a close fitting cap, often worn by surgeons or lawyers as a mark of their profession. Applied by Wycliff to the headgear worn by Jewish priests. Applied to head coverings of women in foreign countries. Croscloth: a linen worn across the forehead or ecclesiastical hanging.

Mist^{res} Hastings

a blank

You are so dainty to be pleas'd god wot | chaunce knowes not what to giue yo^u
for you^f lott.

no name

a Diall

This Diall's you^{rs} watch time least it be lost | yet they moste lose their time y^t
watch it most.

no name

a blanke

for all thy witt, fortune might fauou^r thee | for God forbidd all fooles should
happy bee.

51^v To you faire Dames whose fauou^r doth now flourish | To yo^u whose dainty dayes
in ioyes are spent | To yo^u whose Corps dame nature yet doth polish | To yo^u I
writ with hart and good intent | whi^{ch} hopes on bewties blossomes of content |
That yo^u may note by y^t whi^{ch} I do saye | howe natures guifts soone weare &
wasts away

Your loftie lookes the time will pluck full lowe | you^r stately stepps age eke will
alter quight | no one thinge now y^t doth giue plesant show | but time cuts of and
forth do take y^c flight | Saue vertu sole in whome who doth delight | When
wealth when pomp, when bewty shall y^m leaue, | vertue alone to such will stick &
cleaue.

Where is faire Helens bewty now becommē | or Cressed eke whom Troilus long
time serued | where be the decked dainty Dames of Rome. | That in Aurelius
time so fairly flourished. | Euen as all theis & many mo are banished. | So shall
you^r youth you^r fauou^r & you^r grace | when nothing els, but vertu may haue
place.

To vertue therefore do you^r selues apply | call Cressids life vnto you^r youthly
minde

52^r Who past hir time in Troy most pleasantly | till fallinge faith to vice she had
inclinde | for whi^{ch} such grieuous plagues were to hir signd | That she hir life in
Lazers love was ended | whi^{ch} wonted was moste choisly to be tended.

Hir commely Corps whom Troilus did delighte | all puft with plagues full
lothsomly did lay | Hir azur'd vaines, hir Christall eies so white | with purple
spotts was falne in great decay | whose wrinkled face (once faire) doth fade
away. | Thus she stood plagu'd in midst of all hir youth | as for to begg for
breakinge of the truthe.

Loe here y^c end of wanton wicked life, | lo here y^c fruit y^t sinn both sowes &
reapes | loe here y^t vice, the right reward & knife | That cuts of cleane &
tumbleth downe on heaps | all suche as treadeth Cressids cursed stepps. | Take
heede therefore howe yo^u you^r youths do spend | for vice brings plagues, and
vertue happie end.

Richard Pixley⁵⁰

⁵⁰ This name is written upside down at the foot of fol. 52^r

52^v

S. R. in Defence of loue.

Suche as are skilless in all skill or art
 To teache y^e skilfull shew y^eir witles braine
 Except such of wounds haue felt y^e smart
 Proof doth vs teache none rightly knows y^e paine
 He y^t was neuer knowne who would against exclaime
 Euen so he y^t ne'r lou'd folly great doth showe
 Not skil'd to blame a thinge he doth not knowe.

Right so, he y^t hath lou'd as now I doe
 And yet still must, should fauour show, for why
 Deserue he did y^e censure I now do
 For once he was a foole aswell as I
 Orels my loue I well may iustifie
 Regard thou that whi^{ch} age may disallowe
 Do think y^t thou wert yong as I am now.

52^v Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall | a warrio^f of you^f Campe by force & slighte
| me prisoner tooke & holdes me still in thrall | vnder you^f coolors yet did I com^{me} to
fichte | you^f witt & bewty, forces stronge & sure | were giuen yo^u not [^]^ kill but for to
cure.

53^r If y^t for loue you thus do hate extend | what merites hate? Whereto would y^t yo^u moue? |
who angrie is for y^t one is his frend! | or is offended because one doth him loue? | Or
how can you be angrie or at strife | with me for louinge you better then my life!

Displea'd you are, displeasure will reuenge | but on poore me will you reuenge extend? |
Can you or will you natures lawes infringe! | to a wormes loss shall such high planetts
tend. | Angry you are, and anger doth you whett | & to reuenge on you sharp edge doth
sett.

And to reuenge who do themselues perswade | would be reueng'd without all lett or
stay | In selfe same kinde as y^e offence was made | and in another sort although y^{ei} may:
| As for a blowe not seeke y^e lawes defence, | but for a blowe a blow to recompence.

All my offence was loue & loue moste true | with loue (by right) then must you chasten
me. | And by y^e lawes y^t to reuenge is due | in measure more, if more then mine may be |
As blow for blow reuenge doth bidd vs laye | so loue with loue it willeth vs to paye.

If that loue be a fault then will it proue; | more fault in you so louely for to bee. | I neuer
had oppressed byn with loue
53^v but that in you for to be lou'd I see | faultles is loue for soaringe vp on hie, | sith bewty
giues it winges to mount & flie.

You be y^e cause I lou'd and still do so | who blames a shadow or of it thinks amis | for
that it with a body still doth goe! | Since by a body y^e shadow only is. | The shadow on
the body doth attend | so loue must waite on bewty to y^e end.

Blame not y^e strawe for leapinge to y^e iett | sith in the iett, y^e whole cause doth depend |
The straw compel'd cannot his vertue lett | but drawne by force must vnto it ascend |
Impute y^e cause of this my loue & care | not to my boldnes, but t'you^f bewty rare.

So think of me: for as y^e little strawe | cannot resist y^e vertue of pure iett: | So I can not
contrary bewties lawe | but yeld thereto beinge charged by loues thret | As y^e Adamant
drawes Iron, so I finde | bewty drawes loue & loue draws all mankind.

If loue you hated as moste deathfull paines | you should haue hidd you^f matchles bewty
bright | You^f golden locks, y^t lock me in theis chaines | you likewise should haue locked
from my sight | foole y^t I am you^f Orient bewties braue | would shew y^{em} might & shine
from darkest Cave.

54^r Thus may you see you^f bewties gae y^e wounde | release my thoughts from theis
encaged bands | with gracious graunts let my great griefs be bounde. | with pittie view y^e
workes of your owne hands | with sweete consent now balme my griued minde | so you
content, and I full ease shall finde.

54^r I flatter not when you y^e sonne I call | sith I do know y^e Sonn was neuer suche. |
But when the Sonn I you compar'd with all | doubtless y^e Sonne I flattered too
muche | for y^t I know himselfe will neuer dare | in any sort with you for to
compare.

When you are absent and y^e Sonn doth shine | he peepeth forth to see you^f
bewtie bright | If then his face from brightnes doth decline | he frownes for that
you comme not in his sight | Orels because all other worthles bee | he scornes y^{ci}
should his brighnes view or see.

If you be present, and he then looke brighte | it is to kiss & view you^f matchless
face: | If Cloudes then hide the ← him⁵¹ ← he shames to be in sight | because
you^f bewties staine him with disgrace. | Or he cannot display his beames to sight |
as he y^e moonnes, you^f bewties dims his light.

54^v The Sonne no doubt is farr with yo^u in loue | to gaze on you he standeth at a stay.
| At least none can perceiue him for to moue | You^f brightnes makes him to
forgett his way | The winde, y^e raine, & all things els y^t are | cannot but loue you^f
matchles bewty rare.

If yo^u be absent and y^e winde do blowe | he sighes for sorrow he cannot to you
comme | Orels he scornes all others faire I knowe | & therefore hisseth at them
all & somme. | If he blowe not to touche them he disdaines | or to displease them
his presence he refraines.

If y^t on you he blowe, it is to play | with you^f sweete locks, to kiss & touch the
same | If y^t he do absent himself away | he feares least y^t his p^resence yo^u would
blame. | Orels his eies behold you^f bewty so | that he forgetts to open his mouth
to blow.

You do surpass y^e Sonne in all respects | aswell in vertues as in shew I finde |
Only in sundry thinges diuers effects | y^e sonn doth worke accordinge to his
kinde. | As harden durte & soften wax, we see | his presence cannot cause heate
& colde to bee.

Vppon one subiect you can cause to be | contrary effects (not therein taking
paine | you^f presence can (if thereto you agree
55^r quicklie harden & make soft againe | That you can harden experience doth me
show | y^t you can soften by triall I wish to know.

To heate and coole y^e Gods such guifts yo^u gaue | you^f eye can make the coldest
hart to flame. | Vnder a hill a fountaine faire you haue | whi^{ch} water hath can
quickly coole the same. | O happy he might bathe him in y^t well | his pleasures
great no pen nor tongue could tell.

For vertues twoe y^e Sonne is excellent | for light & heate (whereby we all do liue
| Th^rone for his glory great praises we inuent | th'other for increase all laude we
also giue | You are my Sonn, you^f bewty is my day | you^f loue y^e warmth,
maintaines my life always~

⁵¹ 'him' is written in the margin in the same hand as the text.

Your beames more cleare are then y^e Sonn is bright | you^r presence lightens more then doth his rayes | In darkest night I would not wish more light | for to indite & write my minde alwaye: | for profe whereof let Candles be put out | & we shall soone put matters out of doubt.

You^r warmth likewise y^e Sunns heate doth surpass | to giue increase, & also make things growe. | The Sunne is longe in bringinge y^t to pass | yo^u soone can make twoe handfulls long & moe | Exhale vp water, distill eke downe in showr^s | from you^r hidd cloudes to moisten suche faire flowres.

55^v If yo^u would haue me praise yo^u more (deare she | when night doth com still with me yo^u must stay | Time is so shorte bewties so many be | as I haue neede to see them night & day. | That by continuall view I plainly might descrye | y^e heauenly beames of you^r diuinitye.

55^v I feare not death, feare is more paine | then death it selfe to courage true: | In
youth who dies orelse is slaine | paies nature but a debt y^{ts} due. | Who yongest
dies he doth paye | a debt (he owes) before the daye

And such a debte longer to haue | doth nothings profite men at all | Death is a
debt nature doth craue | and must be pay'd by great & small. | I lothe not warres,
nor longe for strife | I feare not death, nor hate not life.

56^r I will not soare aloft the skye | with Icarus so farr from ground | Least that y^e
Sunn my winges Ø⁵² | and fallinge downe with him be dround | The middle
Region will I keepe | when others wake secure to sleepe.

And as high flights ile not attempt | so neither will I fly so lowe | to be a marke
for base contempt | to shoote and hitt me with his Bowe. | If y^e he striue to shoote
so hie | his Bowe about his eares shall flie.

Lowe shrubbs y^e silly beastes do cropp | high trees great tempests do them crack.
| The meane growe tree with slend topp | is free from beastes & tempests wrack. |
Neither base nor treble will I singe | the meane is still y^e sweetest stringe.

⁵² One/ two words missing.

56^r Councell whi^{ch} afterward is soughte | is like vntimely showres | Distillinge from
the duskie cloudes | when heate hath parcht y^e flowres.

56^v Tho loues and would his suite should proue | Ø⁵³ winn his mistress to his will |
 Ø⁵⁴ she likes he must seeme to loue | Ø⁵⁵ and what she loues commend it still. |
 Then at fitt time preferr you^f sute | let not sharpe answers strike yo^u mute.

Their Castells on such ground are sett | as vndermyninge may them take | The
 walls so weake no strength can lett | shott soone therein a breache will make |
 Their forces are so weake within | small powe^r serues their forts to win.

If men haue tongues to craue & pray | aswell as women to deny | no stronger is
 their no or nay | then force of wisemens yes or I | for mens perswations stronger
 are | then womens noes are much by farr.

Their no is weake & blunt also | such weapons weakely do defend | mens yea so
 sharpe will pierce their no | and conquer them if they contend. | Then feare not
 force, where force is none | least feare you^f force do ouercomme.

57^r There sex withstands not place if fitt | no speache, for be she base or hie
 A womans ey doth guide hir witt | hir witt doth neuer guide hir eye | Then
 senseles is he y^t can speake | feares to the best his loue to breake.

The brauer mart the better matche | and willinger of all is sought | And willinge
 sute doth euer catche | foule Vulcan so faire Venus cought | were she a Quene
 she would be wonn | if cunningly you^f race you runne.

He that can rubb hir gamesom vaine | and also temper toyes with art | makes
 loue swim at hir eies amaine | and so to diue into hir hart | Their sex are weake,
 weake forts cannott | withstand the force of Cannon shott.

I argue not of hir estate | but all my rest I sett on this | That oportunity will mate |
 and winn the coyest she y^t is. | for to be Courted they desire | to further pleasure
 to aspire.

The towne whi^{ch} will to parly comme | will yeld to peace (though hie in state. |
 And those no doubt will soone be wonne | y^t courtinge loue which none do hate.
 | If bloody warres they ment to vse | perswations milde they would refuse.

57^v Although they seeme to scorne loues beck | and in all shew thesame to hate |
 And though at first they giue y^c check | at last they gladly take the mate. | for
 pleasure they to play beginn | in sport they lose in sport they winn

In words & lookes theis Ladies braue | haue coye disdaine voide of loues fire |
 But in their mindes & harts they haue | a feruent and a hote desire. | Reiecting
 words mens suits deny | alluringe iestures do say yea.

Courtinge makes them stoope to lure | and guiftes reclaimes them to the fist |
 And with y^t bridle and saddle sure. | You may well ride them where yo^u list | In
 such cariers they run on still | y^t yo^u may breake you^f Launce at will

⁵³ One/two words missing.

⁵⁴ One/two words missing.

⁵⁵ One/two words missing.

If bewtifull a Lady be | with praises great you must hir moue: | If witty then be
wonn will she | with fine conceites the art of loue. | If coye she be with prayers
sue, | if proude then guifts must pleade for ^{youe}

If Couetous she be indeede | with promises you must assay: | If wayward then
with force proceede.

58^r but all the fault on bewtie lay. | And in one instant also vse | some rare delight
with a iust excuse.

Sayinge thus: you^r bewty doth me drawe | and eke compell me this to doe | no
fault in me for as the strawe | drawne by pure Iett must leape thereto | So I beinge
forc'd deserue no blame | Sith that you^r bewty forc'd the same.

When you haue don no doubt but she | the better like and loue you will | faire
Helen may example be | howe Menelaus she hated still | His softnes made him
woo in vaine | she did his humblenes disdain.

Enforcinge Paris she did loue | and like for forcinge hir so well | That greatest
dangers she would proue | with him for to remaine & dwell. | Yet she confest as
it was righte | the Gretian was the better knight.

But Menelaus takes hart, and soe | by force recouers hir again. | By force makes
hir with him to goe | By force enioyes hir not in vaine | for when he manlike
Deedes did vse | to yeld to him she could not chuse.

58^v And she y^t neuer like him coulde | for seruice and for reuerence | Did euer after
deare him holde | and loue him eke for violence | Tis modesty they not refraine |
what they refuse they would haue faine

Though women striue & disagree | they meane not for to ouercomme. | Though
they full angrie seeme to be | well pleas'd they are when well tis done. | They
would not striue nor yet denye | but y^t mens forces they would trye

The modestie of men I finde | they like not, yet it praises lend | They hate the
fearefull dasterd minde | that offers not for feare t'offend | Then feare not for to
beard the best | kindly they kindenes will digest.

If that she do dislike before | you do attempt hir for to win, | Then she can do at
last no more | howe euer you hir vse therein. | With lyinge still no forte is gott |
nor Castell battered without shott.

And women thinke there is no fire | where they no sparks of furie see | for to be
courted they desire | though they in shew displeas'd bee.

59^r In womens mouthes in case of loue | no, no negatiue will proue.

A womans hart and tongue, by kinde | should not be Relatiues alwaye | neither is
y^t Prouerbe true I finde | what hart doth thinke, y^e tongue doth say | They like y^e
Lapwinge off do flye. | and farthest from their nests do crye.

They vse denials & sharpe quippes | not for because they do not loue | But partly
for to shew their witts | and eke mens constancie to proue. | Though they refuse
it will appeare | tis but th'obtayninge to endeaure.

If women were not frendly foes | beinge hable for to ouercomme | They would
not softly strike with noes | nor yet vnto a parley comme. |Or if mens suites they
did disdain | to answer them they would refraine.

Take heede do not at first shott yelde | their tongues will once the battell sounde |
At last you sure shall winn the field | if that you well, will keepe you^r grounde |
If that y^e forte she fold out longe | the next assaults then make more stronge.

59^v When as a fearfull Horsman backs | a ready horse the horse will bounde. | And
for to leape he neuer slacks | till he hath throwne him to the grounde | But if a
horsman good he finde | will sitt him close he yeldes by kinde.

Unworthy life y^t Hounde we deeme | whi^{ch} giues y^e chase of at first fault | So of
such men they not esteeme | for one repulse whi^{ch} leaues th'assault | That loue is
weakely built they knowe | whi^{ch} one denyall downe doth blowe.

If y^t in chase so ill you holde | as for one faulte to leaue the same | They will
suppose you^r suite is colde | and thinke you care not for y^e game | for women this
account do make | they will say no and yet will take.

The Souldio^r. faint whi^{ch} standeth still | in battell, fearinge Enemies sight | Is
sooner slaine then he y^t will | the brauest onsett giue in fighte | Then if you loue
to be not a fraide, | to beard the best as I haue saide.

60^r Soare I will not, in flighte the grounde ile see
 The careles minde scornes fortunes angrie frowne.
 Either life or death indifferent is to mee
 Preferr I do content before a crowne:
 High thoughts I clipp, no stoutenes throwes me dow~
 Euen loftiest lookes in small regard I burie
 Not feare their force, nor force not of y^{er} furie.

Riche in content, my wealth is health & ease
 A conscience cleare my chiefe & sure defence
 Disdaine I do by flatt'ringe meanes to please
 For by deserts I will not giue offence
 Only a wronge reuenge shall recompence:
 Rest muse, I feare no foe, nor frowne on frend
 Dispise not life, nor yet I dreade not end.

60^r If all the Earthe were paper white | and all the sea were incke. |
Twere not inough for me to write | as my poore hart doth thinke.

60^v England men say of late is bankrupte grownne | the'ffects do manifest y^e cause
 vnknowne | Riche Treasures it hath & wary keepers | graue judges Counsellors^{rs} in
 gaine no sleepers | Collectors^{rs} Auditors Receyvers^{rs} it hath many | Searchers
 Customers all for y^e penny. | As for the Churchmen they both pray & paye, |
 Soluat Ecclesia, so the writers saye.

Mighte some new Officer mende old disorder | yes, ou^r good Steward may sett
 all in order.

60^v When doome of death by iudgmen^{ts} force appoin^{ted} | strayinge y^e lawe beyonde
all reache of reason | Had vnto death condemned a queene anno^{inted} | and
founde (a straunge) without alleageance treason:

The Axe y^t should haue done y^e execution | shund to cutt of a head that had byn
Crownd. | The Hangman lost his wonted resolution | to quitt a queene of
nobl^{ness} so renown'd.

61^r There was remorse in hangman & in steele | when Peeres & Judges no remorse
could feele.

Graunt Lord that in this noble Ile a queene | without a head may neuer more be
seene.

Finis

61^r**To all malcontents giue this in y^e Deuils stable**

Ye Babes of Barum | weepe ye no more, | Your mother the Churche | hath milke
in store. | If Children well nurst | will not be still, | Birche and greene willowe |
must master their will.

Concerninge his suit & attendance at y^e Courte

Moste miserable man, whomme wretched fate | hath brought to Court, to sue for
 Had I wist | that few haue found, & many one haue mist. | Full little knowest
 thou, that hast not tride | what Hell it is, in suinge longe to bide. | To loose good
 dayes, that mighte be better spent, | to waste longe nightes in pensiuē discontent.
 |To speed to day, & be put back to morrowe | now fedd with hope, now crost with
 wailfull sorrow | To haue thy Princes grace, yet want hir Peeres | to haue thy
 askinge, yet waite many yeres | To frett thy soule with crosses & with cares | to
 eat thy hart with comfortless dispaire. | To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to bide,
 to run: | To spend, to giue, to want to be vndon | Vnhappy wighte, borne to
 disastrous end: | That doth his life, in so longe tendannce spend.

Pereunt nil pariunt Anni Vertes

62^r The thundring God whose all embracing power | Circles y^e modell of this
spacious rounde | when first he fram'd old Adams earthly bowre | ordain'd all
thinges th'Emperiall vaile doth bound | Should lend their aide to others mutuallie
| but all combinde serue man continuallie.

So heau'n with heate, the dankish aire with dew | this solid element of earth
reuiue | with gentle warmth & robes of verdant hew | on whi^{ch} y^e horned kyne &
sheepe do liue | And as those bodies ministred their good | so they againe do
turne to humane foode.

Man seru'd of all seru'd none of all but God | but mighte his pleasures take
without controule | Saue onely what Jehouah had forbed | the carefull Soueraigne
of his simple soule. | This was y^e age wise Poets term'd of gold | for liberty in
dearest prize they holde.

But theis succeedinge seasons arm'd in steele | Tramples hir downe & in
tryumphant sorte | not fearinge like contempts of fate to feele | Leads hir as
Captiue, mate to poorest sorte | Yet Patience promis'd liberty distrest | should
reape for paine, a gayne for vnrest, rest

62^v Whi^{ch} Prophecy of hers indeede mighte serue | for a perswation that my seruice
donne | would at y^e length enfranchisemen^t deserue | with aunswe^r to mine
expectation. | But when I thinke twas Patience y^t spoke | the golden vessell of
my hope is broke.

For she's a Sainte & scorninge vniust earth | is fledd to heau'n. All vertues are
ingras'd | In Gods owne hand, tis y^t whi^{ch} breedes y^e dearth | of due rewardes, &
makes my labour lost | Or at y^e moste repaies my louinge minde | with large
delays, vaine wordes & somme vnkinde.

Since then y^e first worlde cannot be recal'd | nor this our rusty Iron age refinde |
Since Patience is in starry heau'n instald | Let euery Seruitour beare this in
minde | That how soeu'r he serue, obserue, deserue | if nought but Aire he
purchase he may starue.

Sarrire quam seruire satius.

63^r Wilye watt, wylie wat | wot's thou not & know thou what | Looke to thy forme
and quat | in towne & Citie

Fresh Houndes are on thy taile | that will pull downe thy saile | and make thy
hart & quaile | Lord for the pittie.

Lordshipp is flagg'd and fled | Captain shipp newly sped | Dried is the
Hogsheads hed | wily watt wylie.

Make the best of thy plea | least the rest goe awaie | and thou brought for to saie |
wily beguile

For thy skaunce⁵⁶ and pride | thy bloody minde beside | and thy mouth gaping
wide | mischieuous machiauell

Essex for vengeance cries | his bloud vpon thee lies | mountinge aboue the skies
| damnable fiend of hell | mischieuous matchiuell .

⁵⁶ Obsolete word for jest.

(Water thy plaints with grace diuine)
(MS 22601)

63^v Water thy plaints with grace diuine | and trust in God for aye | And to thy sauio^r
Christ incline | in him make stedfast staye.

Rawe is the reason y^t doth lie | with in thy treacherous head | To say the soule of
man doth die | when that y^c Corpse is dead.

Now may yo^u see y^c soodaine fall | of him y^t thought to clime full hie. | A man
well knowne vnto you all | whose state you see doth stand Rawlie.

Time did he take when time did serue, | now is his time ne^are spent, | Euen for
himselpe he craued still | and neuer would relent.

For he hath run a retchless race | whi^{ch} now hath brought him to disgrace | you
that do see his soodaine fall | a warninge be it to you all.

Water thy plants with grace diuine

(From Bodleian MS Ashmole 781, p. 163)

Water thy plants with grace devine, and hope to live for aye | Then to thy
saviour Christe incline, in him make stedfast stay |

Rawe is the reason that doth lye within an Atheists head | Which saith the soule
of man doth dye, when that the boddies dead.

64^r Watt I wot well thy ouerweenninge witt | lettd by ambitious humou^{rs} wrought
thy fall | Like Phaeton y^t did presume to sitt | in Phoebus chaire to guide y^e
golden ball | Whi^{ch} ouerturn'd did sett y^e worlde on fire | & burnt himselfe in
prime of his desire.

So thou y^t didst in thought aspire so hie | to manage the affaires for Englands
Crowne | And didst like Icarus attempt to flie | beyonde thy limitts, now art
tumbling downe | Thy waxen winges are melted by the sunne | & in thy fall the
thred of life is spunn.

From y^e thee sonne doth turne away his face | from thee y^e pale-facd moone doth
take hir flight | From thee y^e starres do fall away a pace | from thee thy friends
are fled & shun thy sight | All fly from thee exceptinge only hope | whi^{ch} yet to
breathe sad accents giue thee scope.

Thou hast byn counted passinge wise and wittie | Hadst thou hast grace high
treason to avoyed | Then giue me leaue, dread soueraigne Lord to pittie | so rare
a witt should be so ill imployed. | Yea suche a witt as I could praise in reason |
for any point exceptinge only treason.

64^v I pittie that y^e Sommers nightingale | Immortall Cinthia sommetime deare
delighte, | that vs'd to singe so sweete a madrigale | should like an owle go
wande^r in y^e nighte | Hated of all, but pittied of none, | though swan-like now he
makes his dyinge mone.

Hadst thou continued loyall to y^e kinge | as to the Quene thou euermore was true
| My muse thy praise might vncontrolled singe, | whi^{ch} now is forst thy dismall
happ to rue. | And in this sable characters to wrighte | the downfall of a
sommetime worthy knighte.

Ah where is Cinthia now whose golden thred | mighte leade thee from this
laborinth of erro^{rs}, | She to hir soliar celestiall back is fled | & nothings lefte for
y^e but shame and terro^{rs}. | Thy candle is put out, thy glasse is ronne, | the graue
must be thy Tombe when all is donn.

Proude Gaueston & both y^e Spencers fell | yet theis were sommetime fauorites
of a Kinge. | But thou against thy soueraigne didst rebell | whi^{ch} to thy
conscience needes must be a stinge | Ill was their happ farr worse is thy estate |
whom both y^e Prince doth scorne & People hate.

65^r Humilitie in statesmen is a praise | yet to imbrace this vertue thou didst scorne,
supposinge y^t faire Cinthias golden daies | should still on earth this iron age
adorne. | The common people y^t did hate thy pride | in change of State thy
follies do deride.

Renowned Essex as he past the streets | would vaile his Bonnett to an Oyster
wife, | And with a kinde of humble congie greette | the vulger sorte y^t did admire
his life | And now sith he hath spent his liuinge breath, | they will not cease yet
to lament his death

But thou like Midas, surfettinge with golde | those gentle salutacions didst reiect |
And when thou wast in greatest pompe extolde | not poore mens loue but feare

thou didst effect. | This makes those men whom thou didst lately scorne, |
Disdaine thee now, & laugh while thou dost moorne

Perhapps likewise y^t Essex angrie spirite | pursues thy life & for reuenge doth
crie | And so the Heauens accordinge to thy merite | in his behalfe do acte this
Tragedie. | Essex was made y^e Prologue to the playe, | whi^{ch} thou didst penn in
an unluckie daye.

65^v Herein y^e kinge should play a tragique parte, | Graye as a Champion stoutly
should have fought, | Rawleigh should play the Diuell by his Arte,
Cobham should play the foole as he was taught | Lame Brooke should holde
y^e booke and sitt him still | to prompt if any mist or Acted ill.

This Tragedy was plotted but not acted, | herein was treason cunningly
contriued. | By thee o Rawlye was the same compacted | for whi^{ch} of worldly
ioye thou art depriued. | They life, thy wealth thy liberty & lande | only at mercy
of the kinge doth stande.

If please the kinge to pardon thy offence, | no doubt thou maist a faithfull subiect
proue, | And by thy witt and wisdommes quintessence | recouer to thy selfe thy
Soueraignes loue. | But little hope remaines when faith is fled | & when thy
handes seeke bloud beware yⁱ head.

God y^t foresaw thy treason did reueale it, | and blest the kinge in crossinge thy
intent | In vaine could man by policie conceale it | when Heauen against yⁱ
purposes is bent. | And man y^t vnto worldlinges seemeth wise | is but a foole to
him y^t rules the skies.

Wat I wot wel thy overweaning witt

Wat I wot wel thy overweaning witt,
 led by ambitious humours, wrought thy fall
 like Phæton thou didst presume to sitt
 in Phoebus chaire to guide the goulden ball
 which overturn'd did sett the world on fire
 and burn'd the world in prime of his desire
 Soe thou that didst in thought aspire soe high
 to mannage the affaires of Englands Crowne
 and didst like Icarus attempte to fly
 beyond thy Limits, now art tumbled downe
 thy waxen wings are melted by the sunn
 and in thy fall thy threed of life is spunn
 from thee the sunn doth turne away his face
 from thee the pale-fac'd moone did take hir flight
 from thee the starres doth fall away apace
 from thee thy frends are fled, and shunne thy sight
 all fly from thee excepting only hope
 who breathing forth sad accents gives thee scope
 I pittie that the summers Nightingale

Line 20 Immortall Cynthias sometimes deare delight
 that us'd to singe soe sweet a Madrigall
 should like an owle goe wander in the night
 hated of all, and pittied of none
 though swan-like nowe hee make his dyeinge moane
 thou hast beene counted passing wise and wittie
 hadst thou had grace thy Reason to avoyd
 then give me leave (dread soveraigne Lord) to pittye
 soe rare a witt should bee soe ill imployd
 yea such a witt as I would wish in reason
 In any point excepting only Treason.
 hadst thou continued loyall to thy Kinge
 as to the Queene thou evermore wast true
 my muse thy praise might uncontroled singe
 which now is forc'd thy dismall happp to rue
 and in the sable Characters to write
 the downefall of sometimes a worthy Knight
 where is fare Cynthia now whose goulden threed
 might lead thee from a Laborynth of errors
 shee to her spheare celestial back is fledd
Line 40 and nothing left for thee but shame and terrors
 thy candle is putt out, thy glasse is runne
 the grave must bee thy bedd when all is done
 prowde Gavestone and both the Spencers fell
 yett these were sometimes favorites of a King.
 but thou against thy Soveraigne didst rebel
 which to thy conscience needes must be a sting
 ill was their happe, farre worser is thy state
 whome bothe the prince doth scorne and people hate
 humilitie in statesmen is a praise

yet to imbrace this vertue thou didst scorne
 supposeinge that faire Cynthis's goulden dayes
 should still on earth this Iron age adorne
 the common people that did hate thy pride
 in change of state thy follie doe deride
 Renowned Essex as hee pas'd the street
 would vaile his Bonnet to an oyster wife
 and with a kind of humble congey greeete
 the vulgar sort that did admire his life
 and now sith he hath spent his living breath

Line 60 thy will not cease yet to lament his death.
 but thou like Midas still surfettinge with gould
 these gentle salutations didst reject
 and when thou wast with greates pome extol'd
 not poore mens love but feare thou did'st affect
 this makes these men whome thou didst lately scorne
 disdain thee now, and laugh whilst thou dost mourne
 perhaps likewise that Essex angrie spirit
 pursues thy life, and for revenge doth cry
 and sow the Heavens according to thy merit
 in his behalfe doe act the Tragedie.

Essex was made the prologue to the play
 which thou did'st penne in an unluckey daie
 herein the king should play a Tragicke part
 Gray as a Champion stout should have fought
 Rawley should play the Divell by his Art
 Cobham should play the foole as hee was taught
 lame Brooke should hould the booke, and sit him still
 to prompte, if any mist or acted ill.

This Tragedie was plotted but not acted

Line 80 Herein was Treason cunningly contrived
 by thee (o Rawley) was the same compacted
 for which of worldly joy thou art deprived
 thy life, thy welth, thy libertie and land
 only at the mercy of the king doth stand.
 If it please the king to pardon thine offence
 noe doubt thou maiest a loyall subiect prove
 and by thy witt, and wisdoms quintessence
 recover to thy selfe thy sovraignes love.
 but little hope remaines when faith is fledd
 and when thy Hands seek blood, beware thy Head
 God that foresawe thy treason did reveale it
 and blesst the king in crossinge thine intent
 in vaine could man by policy concele it
 when Heavens against thy purposes were bent
 and man that unto worldlings seemeth wise

Line 96 is but a foole to him that rules the skies
 When thou dost see a pallace dekt with gould
 thou wilt suppose a Kinge therein doth ly
 and when thou dost with mortall eyes behold
 the wondrous architectures of the skys
 wilt thou not thinke a king therein doth dwell

that by his power doth rule, heaven, earth, and hell.
 Is there a King amongst the little Bees
 doth th'earth to man Rulers and kings afford
 and moveing up from lowe to high degrees
 then, is there not in heaven a sovraigne lord?
 doth th'earth alone in Cirkles compast stand
 or is't supported by th'almighties hand
 upon the earth the plants, and trees doe grow
 not of themselves but god on them doth shine
 the seas conteyn'd in bounds, doth ebbe and flowe
 not of themselves, but by the power divine
 the spheares doe move each one in proper place
 not of themselves, but by the coelestiall grace
 Loe at length confesse there is a God
 that powers downe vengeance on thy wicked pate
 and scurgeth thee with his sonnes chasteninge Rodde
 that shall thy soule and body seperate
 then know that thou shalt dy by heavens just doome
Line 120 and th'earth on which thou tread'st is but thy tombe.
 O Gracious heavens preserve our sovraignes life
 rayne goulden showres of glorie on his throne
 that neither forraigne warres, nor civill strife
 may shake the state of our new Solomon
 that hee may live in plenty and in peace
 and as his dayes, soe may his blisse increase.

[From Rudick, *The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh*, p 182].

66^r A Dialogue betwene the Mayde, the Wife, & the Widow for the
defence of their Estates.

Wife

Widow well mett whither go you to day | will you not to the solemne off'ringe
goe | You know it is Astraeas holy daye | the Saint to whome all harts deuotion
owe~

Widdowe

Marry what els? I purpose so to doe | mark you how all the wifes are fine | And
how they haue their presents ready to | to make the offeringe at Astreas shrine, |
Then see y^e lampes & Tapers burninge bright | comme therefore let vs first ou^r
selfs aduaunce | we know ou^r place & if we haue ou^r rightes | to all the parishe we
must leade y^e daunce | But soft what meanes this bold p^resumptuous maid~ | to
go before without respect of vs | You^r forwardnes proude girle must be staide |
where learnd yo^u to neglect you^r betters thus

Mayde

Elder you are but not my better here | this place a priuiledge doth giue | The
Goddess being a maide holds maidens deare | and yeldes to them hir owne
prerogatiue.

66^v Besides on all true virgins at their birthe | nature hath sett a Crowne of
excellence | That all y^e wifes & widowes on y^e earth | should giue them place &
do y^m reuerence.

Wife

If to be borne a maide was such a grace | so was I borne & grac'd by nature to |
But seekinge more perfection to imbrace | I did becomme a wife as others do.

Widdow

And if the maide & wife such honou^{rs} haue | I haue byn both & hold a third
degree | moste maids are wards & eu'ry wife a slaue | I haue my liuery sued and
I am free.

Maid

That is you^r fault y^t you haue maidens byn | and were not constant to continue
soe | The fall of Angells did increase their synn | in y^t they did so pure a state
forgoe | But wife & widow if you^r witts can make | you^r states & persons of
more worth y^{en} mine. | Aduantage of this place I will not take | I will both place
& priuiledge resigne.

Wife

Marriage is an honorable state

Wid.ow

And widowhoode a reuerend degree

67^r Maide

But maidenhead y^t will admitt no mate | Like maiestie hir selfe must sacred be.

Wife

The wife is mistres of hir familie.

Wid.ow

Muche more ye widow for she rules alone.

Maide

But mist^{res} of mine owne Desires am I | when yo^u rule others wills but not you^f
owne

Wife

The wife is like t'a faire manured field

Wid.ow

The widdow once was such but now doth rest

M.aid

The maide like paradise vndrest vntild | beares cropps of natures vertues in hir
brest.

Wife

Onely the wife enioyes y^e vertues pleasure

Wid.ow

The widdow can abstaine from pleasure known.

M.aid

But the incorrupted maide doth keepe such mea^{sure} | that beinge by pleasure
woo'd she cares for none.

Wife

Wifes are as Apples seru'd in golden dishes

Widow

Widowes good wine whi^{ch} time makes bette^r muche

Maid.

67^v But maides are grapes desired by many wishes | but yet they grow so high as
none can touche.

Wife

The wife doth loue & is belou'd againe

Widow

The widdow is awak'd out of y^t dreame

M.aid

The maides white minde hath neuer such a staine | no passion troubles hir cleare
vertues streame | yet if I would belou'd lou'd would I be. | Loue to a wife fades
with sacietie. | As she whose bewty in the Baye is seene | whose loue neuer
enjoyed is euer greene.

Wife

Then what's a mayden but a fruitles Baye, | and what's a widdow but a roseles bryer.

Wid.ow & M.aid

And what are wives but woodbines whi^{ch} decay | the staliedst yoke where by them selues aspire.

Wid.ow

And what is marriage but a takers yoke | and what is virginity but sweet self loue.

Wife & M.aid

And what is widdowhood but an Apple broke | whose one part failinge neither part can moue.

Wife

Wifes are faire houses kept & furnisht well.

Wid.ow

Widowes old Castells voide but full of state

M.aid

68^r But maides are Temples where y^e Gods do dwell
to whomme alone themselues they dedicate.

Wife

Wifes are as Birds in golden Cages kept | but in those Cages cherefully they singe

Wid.ow

Widowes are Birdes out of their Cages leapt | whose ioyfull notes make all y^e forest ringe.

Ma.id

But maides are Birdes amidst y^e woods secure | whi^{ch} neue^r hands could touche nor nett could take | nor whistle could deceiue nor bayte allure | but free vnto themselues do musick make. | But marriage is a prison duringe life | where one way out but many entries be.

Wife

The maide is kept in Closett not y^e wife | wed lock alone doth make y^e virgin free.

M.aid

Marriage indeede hath ofte compared byn | to Comunion feasts where meets a publick Ø⁵⁷ | where they y^t are without would faine goe in | & they y^t are within would faine goe out. | Or like this flowe^r whi^{ch} this vertue had | that men were mad till it y^e might obtaine | But when they had it they were twice as mad | till they were dispossesst of it againe

⁵⁷ One word missing.

Wife

68^v Maides cannott iudge because they can not tell
what pleasures & what ioyes in marriage be.

M.aid

yes, yes, though blessed spirits in heauen dwells | they do them selues in
purgatorie see.

Wife

Wifes are warme climates well inhabited | but maides are frozen soules where
none do dwell

M.aid

But fairest people in y^e northe are bred, | when Africa breeds monsters as black
as hell.

Wif.e

But wifes haue children what a ioye is this

Widow

Widowes haue children to but maides haue none

Maid

no more haue Angells, yet they haue more blis | then euer yet to mortall wight
was known.

Wife

I haue a Daughter equall you my girle

M.aid

The Daughter doth exceed y^e mother then | As pearle is better then y^e mother of
perle | maydes lose their value when y^ei match with men.

Wid:ow

The man with whom I matcht his worth was such | that I do scorne a maide
should be my pheere⁵⁸

Maid

69^r But I do scorne the man yo^u praise so mucche
for maides are matchles & no mate can beare
Hence commes it y^t y^e Virgin neuer loues | Because hir like she findes not any
where | for euer likenes more affection moues | therefore y^e mayde hath neithe^r
loue nor care

Wife

The wife is as the Turtle with hir mate

⁵⁸ Variant of 'fere'; an obsolete word for companion or mate.

Widow

The widdow as the widdow Doue alone | whose truth shines moste in hir forsaken state.

M.aid

The mayde a Phoenix & is still but one

Wife

The wife is as a faire supported vine

Wid.ow

So was y^e widdow but now stands alone | for beinge growne she needes not to incline

M.aid

Maydes like y^e earth supported are of none

Wife

Ther's many maides y^t married wifes would be

Wid:ow

And many wifes would be a widdow faine

M.aid

There is no widdow but desires to see | if so she may hir maidenhead againe.

Wido:w

Ther's neue^r wife was pleased with hir state, lott

69^vWife

nor widdow but was clad in mourninge weedes.

M.aid

Do what you will marry'd or marry not, | both this estate & y^t repentance breedes.

Wife

But she y^t this Estate & y^t haue seene | doth find great ods betwixt a wife & girle

Maid

Indeede she hath as muche as is betweene | the meltinge hailestone & y^e solid pearle. | The maide is like to a faire morne in maye.

Wife

The wife withall hir beames is bewtified | Like to high noone y^e glory of the daye

Widow

The widdow like a mild sweete euentide.

M:aid

My coolo^f is white & no hew but this | I meane to take no mixture shal it staine

Wife

But I haue chang'd my coollo^f & it is | an honorable purple died in grayne.

Wid.ow

70^r But it hath byn my fortune to renue | my coollo^f twice from y^t it was before | But
now my black will take no other hue
and therefore now I meane to change no more | Go wife to Damme for you^f
bacon fleche | go gentle maydes & leade you^f Apes in hell.

Wife & M.aid

Goe widdow make some yonger Brother riche | and then take thought & dye and
all is well

Wid:ow

Alas poore maide y^t hath no help nor stay | Alas poore wife whi^{ch} nothings doth
posses

Wife & M.aid

Alas poore widow Charity doth say | pitty y^e widdow & the fatherles.

Wid.ow

But happy widdowes haue y^e world at will.

Wife

But happie^f wifes whose ioyes are eue^f double.

M.aid

But happiest maides whose harts are calme & still | whomme hope nor feare nor
loue nor hate doth trouble | For when they wed their merry daies are past

Wife

nay then y^e maide becomes Sweete Pleasure guest | for mayden head is a
continuall fast | and marriage is a continuall feast

Wife

Is not y^e Sonne the worlds great hart & ey, | a Bridegrome to y^e earth the earth
his bride | whi^{ch} makes hir flourish & to fructifie | whi^{ch} causeth both hir plenty
& hir pride.

70^v

Wid.ow

But when the ^{earth ye} Sonns great heate hath borne | she then at last putts on a
widowes tyer | yet then she moste enioyes hir fruite & come | & though y^e Sonn
be gone she wants no feer.

Mayd.

Yet would y^e Sonn be farr more bright & pure | but y^t suche vapou^{rs} from y^e
earth doth springe | whi^{ch} Darkneth hir light & hir beames obscure | suche is the
Dowre yea gentle wifes do bringe | The maydes pure minde a faire white table is
| the perfectest of all created thinge. | The purest gold that suffers no allay | the

sweetest flowe^r y^t on Earths bosome spring | the pearle vn bought whose price no
 prince can pay | The Cristall glass y^t will no vaine hold | the Booke where in
 Angells loue doth looke | Dianas bathinge fountaine cleare & colde | Bewties
 fresh Rose, & bewties louinge looke | Of loue & fortune both y^e Soueraigne
 borne | The Soueraigne spirit y^t wilbe thrall to none | the princely Eagle whi^{ch}
 still flyes alone

Wife

I haue my Husbands honou^r & his place

Widow

My husbands fortunes all suruiue to me

Mayd

The wife doth borrow light, you borrow grace | when maydes by their owne
 vertues graced bee.

Manie desire but few or none deserue | to cropp y^e fruite of thy moste constant
will | wherefore take heede let fancy neuer swerue | but to the wight whi^{ch} will
defend thee still. | For this be sure the forte of fame once won | farewell the rest
thy happie daies are don.

Many desire but few or none deserue | to breake the branche & let y^e flowe^{rs} fall
| wherefore take heede let fancy neuer Ø⁵⁹ | but to y^e wight whi^{ch} will take leaues
Ø⁶⁰ . | for this be sure the flowe^{rs} once pluck away | farewell y^e rest thy happie
daies decay.

Many desire but few or none derserue | to cutt y^e grass not subiect to the sickle |
wherefore take heede, let fancy neuē^r swerue | but stedfast stand for mowe^{rs}
mindes are fickle | for this be sure the Cropp beinge once attain'd | farewell y^e
rest thy soyle wilbe disdain'd.

⁵⁹ A mark on the page is obscuring one word, possibly 'swerue'.

⁶⁰ A mark on the page is obscuring one word, possibly 'all'

71^r Constant wiues are comforts to mens liues | drawinge a happy yoke without
debate. | A play fellow, y^t farr of all grieue driues | a steward, early y^t prouides
& late. | faithfull & chaste, sober milde louinge, trustie | nurse to weak age, and
pleasure to y^e lustie.

71^v Where words are weake & foes incounter stronge | where mightier doth assault
and do defend | The febler part puts vp inforced wronge | & silent sees y^t speache
could not ammend. | Yet highe^r powres must think though y^{ei} repine ⁶¹ | Ø⁶²
Sonne is sett y^e little starrs will shine.

While Pike doth rauge y^e sily Tenche doth flye | & crouche in secreat holes with
smaller fish | yet Pikes are caught while little fish go by | they Ø⁶³ aflote while
those do fill y^e dishe. | There is a time euen for y^e wormes to creepe | & suck y^e
dew while all y^{ei}r foes do sleepe.

The marlyn⁶⁴ cannot alwaies sore on hye | Ø⁶⁵ [nor greedie] Greyhound still
pursue y^e chace | Ø⁶⁶ [The tender larke] will find a time to flye | Ø⁶⁷ [and
fearefull hare] to rune a quiet race | Ø⁶⁸ [he that high] growth on Cedars did
bestowe | Ø⁶⁹ [gave also] lowly mushromes leaue to growe.

The Sea of fortune doth not euer flowe | she drawes hir fauou^r to y^e lowest ebb |
Hir Tides hath equall tyme to comme & go | Ø⁷⁰ [her loome] Loomer doth weaue
y^e course & finest webb. | No joy so great but runneth to an end | no happ so
hard but may *⁷¹ [in] fine amende.

⁶¹ The phrase 'highest powers' is from Romans 13.1: 'let every soul be subject to higher powers',

⁶² One word missing.

⁶³ One word missing.

⁶⁴ 'marlyn' = 'merlin', a species of falcon.

⁶⁵ Two words missing.

⁶⁶ Several words missing.

⁶⁷ Several words missing.

⁶⁸ Two words missing.

⁶⁹ Two words missing.

⁷⁰ One word missing.

⁷¹ One word missing.

72^r Nowe is y^e time that pleasure buildes hir [^]bowe[^] | Hir bowe^r she buildes with in a true loues harte | where sweetly growes y^e fairest sweetest flowre | y^t euer Earth brought forthe by natures art | Heauens bless this flowe^r y^t please my ioyous eye | pleas'd to enioy, but if depriu'd I dye.

Joye in thy loue oh happie blessed loue | Juno enrich him with hir richest treasure | Palla gaue witt & Venus sought to proue | to fauou^r him on whome hir self takes pleasure | But if fonde fortune chaunce to looke awrie. | Death is my life for if depriu'd to die.

Yet fortune frownes shall neuer change [^]my[^] mynde | nor idle thoughts take harbou^r in my brest | I will not shake with euery puffinge winde | nor spoile my thoughts where ioye & gladnes [^]rest[^] | I liue I loue, & liue in loue to trye | loue to enioye but if depriu'd I dye | Thus then for all true loue my faith shall trye | & witnes well y^t if depriu'd I dye.

- 72^r I neede not reede my passions shew ^{my} paine | I cannot shew what sweete
 desire do craue | my silly wishe desires but all in vaine
 72^v in vaine desires where wishes nothing haue | my cares be paines, my paines arise
 through care | my sweete desires by wishes hopeless are.

Pleasinge desires y^t makes the hart to leape | paineth y^e hart when wishes are not
 had | Wishes but seeldome hopefull comfort reape | seeldom or ne'r vaine hopes
 harts louinge glad | Sweete baites vaine hopes y^t please before y^{ei} kill | vaine
 hopes sweete baites y^t neue haue their fill.

72^v The harmles lambe y^e crafty foxe deuoueth | The trusty Turtle loueth but hir mate | The pleasant bloome y^t fresh & fairely flowreth | with one softe winde hath chang'd hir forme^r state. | I see the world & yet no stay I feele | with eu'ry winde, fond fortune turnes y^e wheele.

The Crocadile hath teares of deadly hate | the Traito^{rs} shifte is euer thought vppon | fooles saye repentance neu^er comes too late | but too to late comes oft to many one. | But yet for all if so thou liste to proue me | thou maist alleage y^t dearely I did loue the~

73^r Oh channginge heau'ns where is you^r true direction | you^r influence is out of kindly course | now you haue brought my spirits to subiection | fancy is dead, conceyte growes worse & worse. | Yet go poore Verse & say to do hir good | y^t I am prest to spend my dearest blood.

What though she scornes y^t sometime she imbraced | though hir faire lookes were shewes of deepe^r sence | when frownes with smiles were smoothly interlaced | thou deemdst none ill y^t knewest not hir p^retence | And yet hir shewes were inte^rmixt with kindenes | but oh no more, thy sence was wrapt in blindenes.

73^r Comme sweete thoughte returne againe | lett me lodge thee in my brest | for thy
flyinge brought me paine | and thine absence mine vnrest.

Cease thy wandringe all vnknowne | rest thee where thou art desired | Carefull
dreames so thick were growne | that my hart was deadly tired.

73^v And it sighes for thee sweete thought | longinge still while it haue found thee
labouringe daily duly sought | y^t my cares had almoste dround me.

Yet my griefe is well abated | now my thoughts beginn to rise | Reasons soone
shalbe dilated | laid late betwixt my mist^{res} thies.

73^v Faine with a looke y^t lock my hart in mirthe | merry in thought when mirth is
shutt in hart | Shutt vp sweete thought in such a liuely birth | as may bringe forth
such ioyes as ne^uer may part | But when I think y^t loue is rul'd by madnes |
madnes doth make me shake of forme^r gladnes.

Glad with a sigh that turneth into teares | torne with sharp drops y^t my flesh &
bones teareth | Bowed to y^c ground, bound with a thousand feares | clamo^{rs} &
cryes my wofull eres still heareth. | Hart y^t still panteth looke for no more
casinge | breath y^t drawes shortnes let death appea^r pleasing.

Loue alas farewell thy darts be not seasoned | bendinge y^{ei} pearse not, so breake
y^t y^{ei} hurt not | Cruelty sinck not, nor no reason is reasoned | hitt with y^c
strongest, yet y^c hart start not | vse no more weapons except y^c do smith men |
vse no more dartinge, if Darts do not kill men

74^r Sorrow make harbou^r in my balefull harte | Griefe goe & be sad sorrows
neighbou^{rs} euer | Anguish come scourge me with thine endless smart | Torture lett
paine & tormen^{ts} part me neuer. | Cru'l vnkind whose /slayne/ hath made me
cursed | shame to thy life sith shame thy selfe hath nursed.

Pleasure depart where sorrow now remaineth | Joy fly away, & comme not
where griefe resteth | Solace must die since anguish daily paineth | Rest leaue
thy rest sith tortu^r still molesteth: | My louinge hart y^t neue^r lou'd but one |
receiues his death by none but hir alone.

Pacience for paines with paine must be contented | and quietnes shall alwaies
now be weepinge | mones will be still though mourninges be repented | Griefe
paine & smart can neue^r more be sleeping | Pleasure & ioye are dead & almoste
rotten | Solace & rest be gonn & all forgotten.

74^r Pleas'd with a kiss, a kiss did please me | Deare kiss [^] ^{sweet} [^] sweete kiss, from
 fairest sweetest faire | fairest dearest & sweetest ease me | harke what I wishe &
 grannt my wished praire. | Harke first what's next looke now & see my though~
 | how now I liue mine erro^r bendage bough.

74^v Hark first, first word, y^t feare still nameth | when my sweet mist^{res} & my selfe
 were playinge | At eu'ry noise she hir voice frameth | to cry still hark, hark what
 y^e now are sayinge | Hark now do you not heare I pray awaye | she thrust me
 forth so thrustinge ends ou^r play.

What's next alas, my mistres doth chide | if so I channce a little to be fingeringe |
 She feares my play may be discride | & bidde me goe & leaue my idle
 lingeringe. | What's next for me I pray hir be contented | for if she frownes my
 playe shalbe repented.

Looke you & see where jelousie | sitts watchinge when we .2. are mett alone |
 And euer ready so to discrie | but nothings seene y^t may procure hir mone |
 Looke you where she sitts weepinge out hir eies | & now for grieve she swears y^t
 now she dies.

How now should grieve make longer stay | when jealousy for sorrow sake is
 slaine | must I leaue of, when she saies nay | & murther ioyes oh hellish spitefull
 paine | How now, looke ye the Sonn shines in y^e aire | what's next, hark now, my
 mist^{res} is more faire.

75^r In thought not sight though eies long time ^{had} watched | in sight not thought,
 though thoughts prouoke y^e sight | strange sights what thoughts & wonde^{rs} haue
 you hatched | or thoughts what sights are dreamt on in y^e night | Sight first
 wrought though thought thirsted afte^r sight | sight longd to touche, & touchinge
 wrought y^e sight.

Blowes bborne betwixt y^e tende^r thighes pearse deepe | festrige in ly yet seeme
 not at the first | Till triall was hidd longe^r could not keepe. | Sweet Swellings rise
 with y^t whi^{ch} must be nurst | And then the tunes foretellers of somme songe | with
 grone do worke & thinke their labou^{rs} longe.

The burthen great howe can it thus endure | the Time but small, the winter winds
 do nipe | The flowe^{rs} blowne er while were fresh & pure | but now transform'd to
 fruite that's daily ripe. | Autume ended a moneth before y^e springe,⁷² | & winter
 ripe y^t Sommer forth did bringe.

Long labou^r last yet labou^r soone was ended | growne vp compass with y^t length
 containeth | a worke well wrought y^t cannott be amended | deserues his due &
 many praises go ineth | Deedes don in post but patchd not clerkly wrought | were
 deerely sold, when botcher bodkins boughte.

Autume January
 Februarie May⁷³

⁷² A finger points to this line from the left margin

⁷³ The months are written in this formation and a finger points to them from the left margin.

75^v Cease thy plaints since she doth cease | to ease thy hart y^t is distressed | All thy
paine do nought appease | hir cruell hart, hate hath suppressed.

She doth smile to see thee grone | disdainfull sighes is hir chiefe glory | Scorne
hir pride & cease thy mone | reuiue thy selfe & be not sorie.

Hir faire eies bewitchd thine eies | hir Sirens breath bred my vndoinge | hir
dumbe eares would heare no cries | a louers hart was kild with wooinge.

Those proude eies discerned thy grieffe | those bard eares heard y^t lamentacion | y^t
cruell hard would no reliefe | y^t cursed tongue wrought thy venation.

Hir mind nought but malice minde | and dire reuenge is y^t she desire. | For my
faith I treason finde | when I hir loue my loue require

Bleede hart bleede when bloodles rest | breake hart strings with continuall
swellinge | Beate thy Soule out of my brest | thy Carcas make y^e Earthwormes
dwelling

76^r Fire detract thy kindly fire | Aire with draw this breathinge from me.
Earth take earth y^t earth desire | Sea receiue thy moisture to thee.

Beinge dead she shall not knowe | y^t hir coyness caus'd my lifes endinge | Still
my grieffe his sorrow showe | Death hir Dart I now see sendinge.

Farewell all now welcomme deathe | Oh I dy, what stopps my breath.

- 76^r Hearinge songs of sorrowes monings | where deepe sadnes wrought with
 gronings | Patience all alone was sleeping | and pittie sigh'd with bitter
 weeping. | Loue & vertues eies were bleeding | hope a heauy happ was reeding
 | And amongst them all discovered | y^t whi^{ch} cannot be recouered | Nature wailed
 oh Death haue moued | Death hath slayne hir best beloued | Virgins mourne with
 endless measure | hauinge lost their chiefest treasure. | Come sweet muses leaue
 you^r singinge | let you^r hands, you^r hands be wringing | Teare you^r haire of
 golden wyers | sith yo^u lost you^r whole desires.
- 76^v Leaue you^r dauncinge with you^r playinge | hope & ioye is now decayinge. |
 Nimphes leaue of you^r wonted places | pleasures will be you^r disgraces | Spote
 no more with rounds returninge | lett your bowe^{rs} be sett on burninge | With you^r
 teares then quench y^e fires | loue & pittye this requires | Then make cries, crie
 with heauines | and lett plaints be on readines | Dole & dolou^r with you^r anguishe
 | shew y^e cause of my sad languishe | And lett grieffe with endless smartinge |
 tribute pay for his departinge.

76^v Driuen to extremes I thought my selfe accurst | and none lyuinge as liues so miserable. | So that my life of all y^t liue y^e worst | neuer stayed, but euer variable. | Hopeless haples, vnhappy I remaine | labou^r quited with euerlasting paine

The wretched wight y^t is distrest wⁱth loss | do hope at last y^t gaine will end his grieffe | And who y^t dies vpon y^e dyinge cross | hopes for a heau'n although in part a thiefe | But who so feeles his minde wⁱth feares tormented | feede still his death & death will be preuented.

77^r Forsaken first & so am desolate | desolate oft I lay me downe to languishe | And torne wⁱth care when hopes makes me frustrate | heauines rules & then I rest in anguishe. | Thus hope decayes because I was vnkinde | bereau'd of bliss when sorrow swayes my minde.

Nature in thy framinge is vnnaturall | to worke course clouds in suche a shape & mould | As wⁱth y^e chiefe (not ruines but mindes equall | torture plagues me I cannot as I would. | Blowne full wⁱth feares, a lamentable life | wofull in hart when hart is bound in strife.

77^r The sweetest kiss y^t euer creature gained | was lately wonn from hir, by hir y^t
 loud hir. | The ioye was suche y^t pleasure hath remained | pleas'd with content
 when ioy & pleasu^{re} prou'd hir. | But yet she wondred how I durst approche | to
 press so nye & kiss hir in the coche.

The mother & y^e Daughte^r both together | both Ladies borne by honorable birthe
 | my deare betwene y^m smilde & markt how either | on either side were seoured
 from ou^r mirthe. | And for y^e traine y^t followed were neglected | they nought
 perceiu'd nor nought by vs suspected.

Who would not trie to gett so sweete a kiss
 77^v and feede his hart with such a heau'nly diett. | who would not ioy in euerlasting
 bliss | sith by such ioy increas'd my Soules sweet quiet. | Uertu^e did wynn y^t
 feare would haue escaped | but fy faint hart y^{ei} say faire lady neu^e iaped.

77^v Late it was & lately done | Yet in time & timely taken | work was neuer bett
begunn | sad dispaire & feare forsaken.

Sittinge by an earthly saint | hart strings playinge on delight | Banisht cares y^e
springs of plaint | chiefe companions to y^e night.

Downe I kneeled by hir bedd | softe I play'd a slombringe songe | fancies fitts
were finely fedd | but alas they last not longe.

Soone my songe was plaid & ended | and I lay'd my lute aside | this was all whi^{ch}
I pretended | y^t to touche whi^{ch} I espide.

When I saw y^t all was still | and hir eies had sleepe retayned | Hart & soule,
Desire & will | eche in either, either gayned.

78^r Softly then hir lipps I kist
Lothe to haue my Goddess waked | yet anon lipps were dismiss | & I touch'd hir
breasts bare naked.

But no man did euer kiss | lipps so white & Ruby red | no such sweete in spices
is | as hir breast yelds vnncouered.

Oh no breasts hath euer byne | sweld so round with sugred flesh | Corall Tetts and
azure seene | runn in vaines pure, cleare & fresh.

Now fair ladies hide you^r fauou^{rs} | you that see this louely feature | Bewty, shape
& pretious sauou^{rs} | not all rest pleasd in this creature.

And anon when she had spoken | all æ in order shew aright | Orient pearle when
Rubies open | neu^er teeth were seene more white.

But Apollo can nott giue | eu'ry part his perfect due | Painters say while she do
liue | art wants arte & coolo^{rs} hue.

Yet I can not cease to praise | hir in whomme all vertues growes | neither will I
make delayes | till the worlde hir glorie knows.

78^v And since coollo^{rs} canot show | hir sweete picture wrought by art | euer shall hir
bewty grow | chastly springinge in my hart

But I leaue you all to muse | of y^e parts y^t be vnname'd | Scilence, modesty
excuse | though in secreat not be blamed.

78^y Is it a life daily to be tormented | and do I liue y^t drawes a weary breath | It is a death to liue thus discontented | a life to me euen tenn times worse y^{cn} death | What shall I do now all delightes is gone | but weepe & cry and make a grieuous mone.

I see my griefes do daily still increase | what shall I do to gett my ioyes againe. | I see my tormen^{ts} neu^e like to cease | & am I forst alwaies so to remaine | Yet will I cease to weepe & to lament | & curse y^e harts y^t will no way relent.

I curse y^e hart y^t giues me bitter lookes | in steade of y^t, sweet smiles I should receiue | I rue the tyme that I was catch'd in hookes | by therr false meanes y^t would my life bereaue. | What shall I say but y^t it is too late | for with my teares my hart is like to breake.

79^r Amidst my thoughts I thought on times ^{were} past | & grieu'd to think how soone
Sweet daies were gon | I sighd to see howe sorrowes still do last | & all my ioyes
were vtterly vndonne | I cried to loue for mercie once againe | but no release she
graunted to my paine

When loue deny'd to ease me of my smart | & gaue neglect to all my mournfull
cries | When scaldinge sighes sent from a burninge hart | & sulphure grones
breath'd midst mine agonie | When theis new hope, to pittie could not moue | I
laid me downe, & dyinge layd for loue.

Not longe I lay'd but growinge to my death | & yeldinge all to earth of whome I
was | my dying soule lab'ringe hard his lifes breath | and as my life was ready
now to pas | Loue in a Cloude to ease me of my paine | discended downe & gaue
me life againe.

- 79^r Mountaines let slide their stormes & showe^{rs} taken | Valleys receiue of force what they reiect | waters belowe imbrace y^t was forsaken | Valleys & streames what hills con^utemne accept | If loue or might y^t cause this kinde acceptance | no loue nor right, but only rights resistance
- 79^v Sweete streaming waues though you haue wronge yet ^{griue not} | moorne in scilence, but openly repine. | And let y^e world although y^e worlde relieue not | discern y^e cause & say the griefe is mine. | Then will I shew what wat'ry plaints hath don | & weare y^e palme in hope the price haue wonn.

79^v Do not leaue of thy comely daunce | nor do not tread thy foote awrye | Thy sprite
 my sences do aduaunce | lyuinge in thee through y^{ei} ^ y^t bey ^ dye | Giue me thy
 garland Let me weare | y^t commes from thee to y^{ee} was neare.

Hide not thy face thy bewtious face | leaue of thy vaile y^t hides thy pride |
 Disrobe y^t weede y^t robbs yⁱ grace | disgrace y^t doth thy bewty hide | Oh sweet
 lipps oh lipps of sweetest sauou^r | bless me with a kiss oh heau'nly fauou^r.

- 79^v The lofty trees whose branches make sweete shades | whose armes in springe
are richely lighte with flowe^{rs} | without y^e roote their glory quickly fades | & all
in vaine commes pleasant Aprill showe^{rs} | no loue can be at all without y^e hart |
nor musick made excep the Basse beares parte
- 80^r The princely tow^{rs} whose pride exceeds [^] show [^] | if ther foundations be not
stronge & sounde | Are subiect to y^e smallest windes y^e blowe | & highest toppes
are brought to lowest ground | no fielde is sweete when all is scortchd with
drowte | nor musick good when so y^e base is out.

80^r If y^t I liue I cannot liue but loue | if y^t I loue I cannot loue but liue | If liue in loue
 I cannot liue but proue | if dyinge now what pittie loue would giue | Y^f y^t I liue &
 louinge can not proue | I will not liue if liuinge cannot loue.

But what do loue & where is loue who knows | and what is loue y^t I desire to
 winne | Loue liue obscure & neuer pittie shows | loue killeth life when any loue
 beginn | Then farewell loue sith louers farre so ill | I will not loue if lyuinge
 louers kill.

80^r Nowe at last leaue of lamentinge | ouer longe thy care hath lasted | Ouermuche
thy hart tormentinge | ouersoone thy ioyes are wasted.

80^v Cease thy haples helpless cryinge | breathe no more thy sighes in vaine. | All in
vaine thy selfe relying | to blinde fortunes welcomme gaine.

Now at length thou maist discernē | y^t at first thou couldst not see | That at first
thou wouldst not lerne | that at last thy death will be. | But I wilbe well contented
| Death shall neuer be lamented.

80^v Tell me now or tell me not | what hath driuen thee to disquiet | my loue can not
be forgot | for I pawnd my hart to buy it. | And no wronge it haue intended |
though vild tonnges haue wrong pretended.

Do no more prolonge the time | I haue sworne belieue my othe | blameless I am
of the crime | do no more suspect y^e trothe | for my faith can well excuse me |
that I neuer did abuse thee.

81^r What though false surmise hath blown | base conceyte where good should be
Loue in kindness would haue showne | how I wrong'd & iniured thee | for this
slande^r touch'd me nearely | if I could not purge me clearely.

And thus muche I wrote before | (when I was vnkindely crost) | So muche nowe
but neuer more | if I finde my labou^r lost. | Let affection /Maste^r/will | vse me not
vnkindely still.

Griefe it is to liue in doubt | and it breedeth many iarres | when the truthe is
sifted out | there's an end of all our warres | for the minde is sett at rest | when it
hath a spotless brest.

Let me wynn my iust desire | so our quarrells shall haue endinge | Let me waste
no more in fire | neither labou^r in contendinge | here is all I ask but this | if you
tell me there it is.

Si bene vene
Sin male vale

81^v Pallas hath sett a Crowne on Prudence ^{head} | Regard & fame vpholdes hir
 dignity | Venus is stayn'd in bewtyous white & reid | Diana match'd in chaste
 virginity. | Eies y^t beholde admires so rare perfection | nature growes prowde to
 view ^{hir} work so precious | Cupid himselfe liues in subiection | enrag'd to heare
 his mother not so bewtious.

Bewty hath nam'd faire Prudence fairest flowe^r | Vertue invailes hir glory wonn
 so dere | Loue in hir brest hath built his snowe ^{sweet} bowe^r | meaninge to part hir
 lilly bosome neuer. | Enuy to heare & see this Saint thus armed | repines with
 griefs y^t lyinge tongues are charmed.

81^v Pleasure is gone from rare conceyt of Prudence | Reuenge hath charmd sweet
 tongus of sha^rpest witts | Vertue & faith are weake in truths defence | desire
 inflam'd consumes loues pleasing fitts.

Enuy y^t woundes with slaunde^{rs} poisoned stinge | nature maks sadd to see hir
 darling spited | Comfort is sick & can no succour bringe | except desert sans
 Prudence wrongs requited

Bewty is now disrobed of heau'nly ioye
 82^r Virginitie hath learn'd a mourninge songe | Loue sitts & weepe to see hir my
 annoy | maskt in sables reedes hir bitter wronge. | Enuy foule nurse of sorrows
 sadd vexation | Reioyce to heare Sweet Prudence lamentacion

82^r My loue is full of pleasure | hir haire is golden treasure | Hir Eies are starrs hir
forehead snow | in hir Temples Saphire growe. | Hir Cheekes are milke & roses |
Lipps Rubies pearles discloses. | A siluer tongue an Iuory chinne | faire lookes
most fairest skinn. | Hir Breasts firme ripe & round | where nectar should abound
| If I might haue y^e pressinge | I would craue no othe^r blessinge | Hir belly lillyes
staynes | and moued it fills y^e vaines | full of ioye & rarenes | to see (oh see) hir
barenes | Hir Thighes are sleeke & tender | hir waste is straight & slender | Those
parts adioyninge next y^e backe | no faire proportion lacks.

82^v whi^{ch} bare out large & swellinge | for natures chiefest dwellinge | is seated nere
& richely made | the entraunce through a shade.

Where luke warme water runn | like golde or morninge sunn | full of sweete
contentment | with oyle & pretious ointmen^t.

Oh there I leaue to speake | no witt is but too weake | for who can feele y^t
wonder | lyes hidden richely vnder.

- 82^v Blessed soule why art thou sad | sithe deare Comfort may be had | now the stormy Clowdes are gone | fogge nor tempest here is none | Leau thy sharpe & bitter anguish | do not giue thy selfe to languish | Bury mourninge in y^e dust | and no more for sorrow lust | Let thy pleasures be enlarged | be no more with grieffe surcharged | See the Sunn how bright it shineth | and to thee his beames declineth.
- 83^r Take thou comfort of his glorie | he declines to see thee sorie | Soone refresh thee with his heate | loue & pittie both intreate | They do mourne to see thee vexed | & they stand as twoe perplexed | They would daunce to see y^{ce} smile | here they waited all this while. | Thinkinge wisdomme had mistrusted | how thy griefs should be deducted | And no more thy minde t'incumber | with so pestilent a number | See how pleasure freely proffers | all the treasures of hir Coffers | All the riches she in closed | are vnlock'd & all vnlosed. | All the gates do stand wide ope~ | we may raunge & haue free scope | and possess the place at will | till we haue ou^r pleasures fill. | Those delightes she kept in store | we shall haue what can we more | Comme my Deare: and lett vs share | equall ioyes & banishe care | Draw not backward from this feast | we will banquet of the best.
- 83^v There shall want no pretious wine | neither nectar that's diuine | musick at ou^r feast shall be | and all kinde of melodie. | With sweet Instrumen^{ts} & voyces | that y^e dying hart reioyces | Boyes like Angells crownd with Roses | shall accorde with heau'nly closes | Theis their soft voyce lowdly straying | sometime ringinge somtyme fayninge | still obseruinge equall measure | giues y^e hearers double pleasure. | And when they leau play & singing | all y^e bells shall fall a ringing. | Louers mirtles, Bayes & Burche | shalbe gathered for the Churche | Sweete perfumes & burninge sweetes | shalbe flaminge in the streetes | Pleasure will not leau vs thus | but she wilbe still with vs. | Comme my Deare: no longer staye | we must meete & kindly playe | All ou^r meetinge meete it is | we should first beginn to kis... | Suche as may the sence confound | whi^{ch} by practise we haue found. | But though ~~h~~ in writinge show it
- 84^r one of Thowsand cannot know it | Tender knowledge taught vs art | how to fasten hart to hart | By whi^{ch} vertue ioy we finde | interchaunginge minde to minde. | Comme my Deare: & make no stay | tyme & pleasure calls away | All y^e Graces are agreed | y^t our pleasures shall exceede | Care & wisdomme are attendinge | till ou^r pleasures shall haue endinge | And since we are made secure | what should want to make vs sure | now sound Trumpetts for I see. | Loue appears in maiestie | Loe, hir comminge glads y^e sonne | but no more my speeche is donne.

- 84^r More sweete contentmen^t haue I had with thee | then in a thousand others
 companie | Thy pleasure was not ordinary sport | but perfect excellent in euery
 sort. | Thy modest daliance & thy fearfull play | exceeded pleasure eu'ry kinde of
 way | man should not terme it by so slighte a name
- 84^v as pleasure, when all ioyes are in y^e same. | The vulga^r people know not what it
 is | to act y^e furious sport is all their blis | They know not what to daliannce
 pertaineth | nor feele y^{ei} what y^e band of kindens gaineth | Embracemen^{ts} full of
 pleasure, full of secreat ioy | whi^{ch} kills all sorrow & ill griefs destroy. | It makes
 ou^r spirits quick with in y^e flesh | & eu'ry membe^r stirringe light & freshe. | The
 eies do fill themselues with happy seeinge | the hart is full with their haps happie
 beinge. | And where y^e hart hath naked parts conceiued | the basest membe^r will
 not be deceiued | The ey not seeinge sees y^e secreat part | whi^{ch} by y^e same is
 carried to y^e hart. | The fingers touche must haue experiment | for y^t to further
 matters it is bent. | The pleasure with a naked friend is sweete | where .2. kinde
 friends in kindly friendship meete. | Oh who can tell what sweetnes rests behinde
 | when pleasu^{re} stopps y^e passage of y^e minde. | And when y^e tongue is tyed with
 feare & loue | what secreat nature can such feare remoue. | Sweete is y^e feare y^t
 meets in secreat frends | & sweetest loue when loue on feare depends. | But
 where suche loue is with discretion tyed | they play where secreat sports are not
 espied | And when a Care is heedfully regarded
- 85^r the greatest care is happily rewarded | Thou knowst deare hart, y^e meaninge of
 my ^{song} | that tends to solace not to do the wrong.

frend⁷⁴

⁷⁴ Written faintly in the right margin

85^r Tell me wherein I do slack | Duty y^t to loue pertained | What in me did euer lack
| y^t by friendship might be gained. | Searche & see in eu'ry cause | wherein
breake I frendshipps lawes

What I said I did defend | and y^e truth can well mainteine it | Thou mistooke thy
carefull frend | tis no shew y^t can containe it | What though I do careless seeme |
must a by-word cause misdeeme.

Oh y^t women had y^e sence | to discerne of thinges discreetly | Or would heare a
iust defence | and to reason there on sweetly | And wiⁱth patience heare both parts
| this would quiet both y^e harts.

85^v But so mucche they stand on will | y^t they think themselues disgraced | If they do
not Reason still | though all Reason be displaced | But I say not all I see | tis
inough for thee & mee.

I will leaue repeatinge words | of the comfort no way taken | See how truth wiⁱth
tyme accords | & how roughly loue was shaken | Rashly spoken soone forgatt |
for thou saidst thou knowst not what

85^v Can you spend myⁱ time to muse | how to bite me with you^f thwartinge | Shall a sad thought take excuse | y^t whi^{ch} caus'd the poore harts Smartinge | whi^{ch} of purpose thou hast don | vsinge smiles when I was gonne.

After many kindenes past | what procures aduantage taking | nought but Enuy at y^e last | tis y^e fruite of discord making | vse it still & try thy witts | cross thy friend with louinge fitts.

86^r I can be as careless nowe | as before I haue byn louinge | If I err it is through youe | yⁱ are alwaies fondly prouinge | But where doubts suspition hide | there no friendship can abide.

Thou to me hast byn moste kinde | thou in me were placed nerely | nere my hart & inward minde | for I hold thy friendship derely | But late writinge now from thee | shewes thy loue was cold to me.

When I came in ciuill sorte | see how carelesly you vs'd me | were you^f buisnes of importe | y^t in speche you should refuse me | Though I haue no ready sighe | I can see the day from nigh.

now when I am gone from thee | settle loue in now befrendinge | Though thou think no more on me | yet regarde thou friendships endinge | geue no way or not deuse | fashion whi^{ch} true harts dispise.

86^v So farewell I write but this | whi^{ch} perchance will some what moue y^{ce} | Take it from him as it is | who in kindness de^arely loue thee. | When another hath my roome | ioye befall you her's my doome.

86^v O fy desire why dost thou still intise | the loue of hir whom doth y^e still disdain
| what will no warninge nor aduise | make thee to feare nor yet y^e to refraine

But needs thou must in folly shew yⁱ skill | & sett thy pleasinge toyes to pearse
hir hart | whom hath already felt y^e wounde so ill | as now I feele to taste againe
thy smart.

But when of late I laid me downe to rest | yet heauy sleepe wuld not once touch
mine eye | vpon a bedd that fancy liked best | whereon slumbring laid & dreamd
a dreame to hy

But what it was as yet you shall not know | vntill more loue in greate^r sort yo^u
show

86^v Oh sweete desire y^t sweetly dost intice | y^t hart to loue that neuer ^{will} disdayne
thee

87^r thou liust in me & I by thine aduise | in me still liue if so y^{ou} wilt not paine ^{me}

She saies y^{ou} shewst yⁱ skill in follies waies | & swears hir hart, is wounded with
yⁱ toyes | I feele no smart, but grow by thy delaies | nor any grief when y^{ou} dost
proffer ioyes.

She felt yⁱ wound, then layd hir downe to rest | & take a napp not thinking to
haue slept | She had a dreame y^t pleasd hir fancy best | & yet scarce pleasd
because too hie it crept.

But what it was she swore I should not know | vnles more loue in greater sort I
show

87^r The fresh grene bay y^t neuer loose hir coollo^r | I now may well compare to yⁱ
loue | or like you to y^c little prety // - // | y^t sitts aloft & seekes to be aboue | Euen
so ou^r loue already for to goe | vntill I h[e]ard my Lady crampt you^r toe

I neuer slept after my comminge home | nor did desire to thinke of none but thee
| But thou to sleepe wert laid y^{en} all alone | but yet in dreames I think y^{ou}
thoughtst on me | And if y^{ou} didst then will I thee requite | y^t for thy sake doth
sleepe ne day nor nighte.

87^v Yet wish I thee euermore quiet rest | then for to be so discontent in minde.
yet do I know what doth tormen^t my brest | and to desire y^t nature yelds by kinde
| I do not doubt but to haue it in time | although I lose my pleasan^t bloominge
prime

87^v Like to y^e luory straunge now thou beholdest | y^t change no hew with stormy
winds or weathe^r | Lik those deare thought y^t y^{ou} yⁱ self infoldest | y^t be not
mou'd like eury woodcocks feathe^{rs} | So is my hart such is my sacred care | deare
truth true faith my harts known badges ^{are.}

My heauy hart had layd it self to rest | and took no ioy with those y^t stay'd behind
| my saint was fledd y^t all my spirits blest | & saw me sad & heauy in my mind |
what should I do my harts delight was gone | & left me solitarie all alone.

Yet still I liue & liue in secreat trust | whi^{ch} I haue vowed to vnde^rtake for thee |
So true to thee as God to man is iust | & will remaine freshe as y^e lawrell tree. |
And so adue let nothinge grieue thy minde | nature will yeld, y^t thou desirst by
kinde.

- 87^v What luck had we to meete so well togethe^r | y^{en} y^t one knews not of anothers
 comminge | yet glad I am y^t we had such faire weathe^r | to meete by chance
 when y^t ou^r minds were raining
- 88^r I haue not h[e]ard of any suche mere chance | the mist^{res} so hir seruant to
 aduance

As I did thee to teache y^e soft to kiss | and suche a kiss as could content my
 minde | Because I know thou couldst not do amiss | in any thinge y^t I might
 comfort finde. | And if thou lou'st me then continue still | for y^{ou} shall haue my
 hart to guide at will

But if thy loue be as thou saist it is | I shall not neede to doubt of thy true faith |
 And if y^{ou} shouldst so vow to me amis | then shalt y^{ou} find the Prouerbe now y^t
 saith | If I loue you, & you loue not againe | then haue I spent my time & loue in
 vaine.

88^r I sate & thought vponn my best belou'd | my best belou'd excells all other
flowres | In pleasant sent my sence hath often prou'd | she liues y^{ei} dies, y^t
growes in garden bowres | I kiss this sweete, oh heaunly sweete hir breath |
where she doth breath, it cleares y^e aire of death.

I sate I saw y^e portress of hir minde | I ioy'd to see y^e pleasant smiling cheare |
The Courtly grace in hir I alwaies finde | reuiues my soule hir grace I hold so
deare | for when she please she know y^e way to please | with me sweet kiss she
found the way to ease.

88^v The sweetest Creature^{kiss} y^t eu^r creature had | this faire sweet Creatu^{re} gaue
when I was dyinge | The dying hart with kissings she made glad | y^t full of paine
by hir deare side was lyinge | What rests I loue ^{thee} as thy hart loues aire | & of
thy loue will neuer more dispaire.

88^v And beinge fild with pleasant Oyle | the kindly fire force it to boyle. | The sides do
 run where fire raigne | soft fire burne with pliant paine | Such rushes seeme for
 Princes chambe^{rs} | iuory bright & sweete as amber | Like may white flowe^{rs} is my
 bud rushe | that bloomes & buds in freshest bushe | my rushes topp is lighte &
 furnished | with threds of gold newly burnished | it doth not grow in filthy spoyle
 | of paradise garden is the soyle: | The rushe for sleightnes alwaies prais'd | and
 slende^r talenes stately rais'd | She sent exceld all other flowres | y^t grew below or
 clad on bowres | not by the Sonn but by the lighte | of y^t sweet rushe y^t growes
 so righte | Suche Rushes birdes dare neu^e take | where with they do their houses
 make.

89^r But if my will were filled thus | to couche my self with in a rushe | I durst well
 sweare y^e rushe should seede | orels my sides for sorrow bleede. | That many
 might whereon is all | grow by y^e seede y^t still doth fall. | But rushes made in
 sweetest poesies | would dull y^e sent of damask roses. | The sighte is faire, y^e
 sent is Sweete | to cleanse the eye & senses meete | nothings like thee from
 common kinde | of Common rushes y^t we finde. | It were no wonde^r for one to
 weare | a louely rushe y^t neuer feare. | Suche strawes deserue a golden bedd |
 vnfit for shooe & feete to tread. | This brightnes heu'nly rushe such brightnes
^{showes} | it giues a shadow where it growes | The mountinge larke y^t risinge
 Singes | deserues the shadow of y^e winge.

- 89^r Where Saphire signes runs round about | though close within yet scene with out. |
The mettall is so cleare & thinn | y^t shewes without what's hidd within | Riche
Rubies then are fastned fast | vpon y^e topp most ffitley plaste.
- 89^v So that y^e read y^e blew & white | in gardeⁿ plac'd with heau'nly sighte. |The taste
so sweete, y^e touche so strannge | would make a constant minde to range | So
rare in shape so farr in hew | none made by art can any shew | But now I muse
what should be this | right vnde^r one an earthquake is. | Whi^{ch} since the first sight
of y^e hill | it hath byn seene & shalbe still. | The sight whereof no feare doth
bringe | for y^t it is no fearfull thinge. | Great pleasure it doth shew to me | when I
this earhquake may but see. | So y^t I my selfe am bound to pray | the earthquake
still contynue may | for when this motion shall but cease | then farewell ioyes
woes will increase | so that I wishe my life end maye | before this motion seeme
to staye | vppon this stirringe life doth stand | no sooner stay'd death is at hand |
But from the stirring I did pass | a towe^r made of christall glass | stood stately
plas'd y^t glad was I | when as this Towe^r I did spie | So tall so straight so richely
sett

A Dirge

The daye is comme & yet the night appeare | the Sonn is raizd, but dark cloudes
 beare y^e sway. | The skye is thick y^t wonted was so cleare | & light is lefte, black
 night is fairest day | Oh life is lost & yet on earth he liueth | Death did bereaue
 but life now breathinge quiet~

Lett turnes be turn'd for happiest day is gott | his course was stay'd whose
 course is brought ^{to} ground | through heau'ns decree & not by blinded lott | the
 earth dispoild hir selfe to close him round | And Death hath stay'd y^e circuite of
 his race | and in y^e earth instald his iudgmen^t place

A message from y^e Gods was sent in post | that death forth with, with justice
 should proceed | To sent his soule vnto y^e holy ghost | Death must obey what
 God on man decreed | Cease therefore plaints though mourninge weeds be on |
 y^e Earth hath lost, but highest heau'ns hath won.

90^r

A funerall Dirge vpon the death of Bard flowe^rdew

The common sorte are made of common claye | the gentry of the purest earth created | This peereless wight whi^{ch} whilomme bare a swaye | was neither of the first nor second mated.

90^v

For Titan dayning him a better moulde | his body fram'd out of a mine of golde.

Within this work was plac'd a glorious guest | a pretious pearle amidst a golden ringe | To rule & gouerne it as she thought best | & be y^e Soueraigne Prince in eu[']ry thinge. | Whose prudent carriage all y^e world admir'd | & happy raigne with instant praye^s desir'd

This Soueraigne Queene y^e Soule remoued is | & keepes hir Court at none suche nere y^e throne | of the Almighty one for she is his | maide of honou^r second vnto none. | Princes oft change their Courts till y^ei be air'd | & then returne, so she when hers prepar'd

O how y^e heau[']ns do ioye y^ei haue y^eci^r owne | gracing hir presence with an Angelike quire | The Earth is glad she hath hir tresure gone | enrich with y^t she chiefly did desire. | Why then should men in spite of this be sad | & cross y^e heau[']ns & earth y^t are so glad.

**Sonetta prima vpon the death
of one Maste^r Skeuington of
Leiceste^rshi^re who died in the
flowe^r of his Age.**

(Sonetta prima vpon the death
of one Maste^r Skeuington of
Leiceste^rshi^{re} who died in the
flowe^r of his Age.)

91^r Yee brimfull Cesternes of my read swolne eies | how downe you^r teares as
saddest signes of care | Drowne theis pale cheekes where pining sorrow lies |
Teares be my drinke, & feares my chiefest fare. | This daily Tribute to olde
neptunes shore | ile duly pay till I can weepe no more.

Yee must ringe sighes whi^{ch} thus for passage striue | with in y^e secreat closure of
my breast | Like misty vapou^{rs} whi^{ch} Earth bowells riue⁷⁵ | disdayninge to be
smoth[']red in vnrest | Ye^e deepe fetcht sighes true heralds of my grieffe |
proclaimes y^e treason bred by natures thiefe.

Yee faunes & satires voterists to Pann | thou old Siluanus with high triplinge
nimphes | weepe for the death of this once vertuous man | the happy father of
now hapless imphe^s | Singe heauy Dirges Trentalls y^t be sad | yet singe not, sigh
theⁿ for our case is bad.

The blustringe windes shall rore a heauy base, | a Diapason⁷⁶ to shrill Echoes
voyce | whiles pleasinge springs do murmu^r forth ou^r case | whose gentle fall do
yeelde a pleasinge noyse | Thus will we carroll forthe ou^r discontent | and let no
meane be sunge in ou^r Lament.

Sonnetta Secunda

⁷⁵ To tear or pull apart.

⁷⁶ An obsolete word for complete harmony or agreement or a part in music that produces such a
consonance; an air or bass sounding in exact concord.

(Sonnetta Secunda)

91^v In anncient times whosoeur were discontent | would carue his sorrowes on
 some beachen tree | or woulde y^c tende^r rinde of some yonge plant | That
 passers by with a relentinge eie | might reade the Iliades of his miserie. | Barkes
 w^Ø⁷⁷ y^{ei}r bookes to regist^re their woe | whi^{ch} still increased as y^c tree did groe.

Should I vnfolde my grieffe to mossie trees | or story forth my loss to Senceles
 thinges. | The Cipress should not tell theis obsequies | for why y^c Cipress slende^r
 comfort bringes | nor moue an Idiote when waspish sorrow stings | The
 bleedinge mirrh shall witnes my lament | for mirrh will bleede when all my
 teares were speⁿt.

Seeinge y^t his vertues did surpass | who whilomme lyuinge did posses this place
 | needes must ou^r loss be cutt in leaues of brass | and grauen deepe on lasting
 marbles face | for Trees wax rotten in a little space. | So Time whi^{ch} Poets faine
 can neuer growe olde | shall heare ou^r Cares to after ages tolde | & in his
 forehead beare his fame inolde.

⁷⁷ A mark on the page has obscured the rest of this word.

91^v

Sonetta Tertia

Soule rake to th death y^e sonne of Erebus | thou meager leane ilfauored wrinkled
elfe

92^r

Lett Caron waste thee ou^r swifte Cocitus | or with thy Ebon Dart, soone splitt yⁱ
selfe. | Oh hadst thou still in hells deepe dungeon binne | then neue^r had thy Raw
bone face byn seene

Or thou art partiall or thou sure art blinde | y^t crops y^e lilly let's y^e hemlocks
stande | vnskilfull Gardiner to leaue weedes behinde | & pluck y^e Rose with thy
remorceless hande | Let worthles nettles sooner blunt thy sithe | then a fresh
flowe^r y^t scarsely toucht yet dies.

Who reapes y^e Corne, when yet y^e blade is greene | or gathers fruite from a new
blossomme tree | Both wronged Coeres haruest chiefest Queene | & wedds
Pomona to base pouertie | Tis enuious death nipps flowe^{rs} ^{but} newly sprunge |
and often kills y^e fruite within y^e wombe.

Winter as yet had neuer snowne on his head | nor cold Decembe^r seizd on any
limbe | nor in his face deaths Callenders were read | vntill his wax fulls Tapers
gan wax dim | untimely death, diuo^rst from him his sighte | & turne his day to
dismall glomy nightes.

92^r

Sonetta 4

Ill tutor'd thou y^t rail's on cruell death | since by his meanes yⁱ selfe must loose
yⁱ breath. | Both Gods & nature all hath thus assign'd | Death shalbe headsman to
all lyuinge kinde.

92^v

Ø⁷⁸ subiects Ø⁷⁹ tirant kinge | he dates y^e daies of eu'ry breathinge thinge | know
witless worldlinge whi^{ch} doth prize this life | the earth yⁱ bead, the graue shalbe yⁱ
wife. | What is this life we should so much esteeme | a word, a tale, or els an idle
dreame. | Muche like a booke defast with many blotts | of Panthers skinns y^t
alwaies staynd with spotts. | A pilgrimage, a iourney full of woe | eache man a
pack horse toylinge to & froe. | Our life is like a Comick Tragedye | the worlde
ou^r stage & we y^e Acto^{rs} be. | For nature giues to eu'ry man a vearse | whose
scene once donne they rest y^{em} on y^{er} hearse | And Death doth play the sad
Catostrophe | when all is donne he giues y^e plaudite | This life is as a Prison full
of cares | Death's be y^t bails vs from all shiueringe feares | who then is wise will
reckon death his frend | that to all Crosses bringes a speedy end. | Though cloudy
Cares eclips^t ou^r smooth fac'd ioye | and mirthe be periodd by dire annoye. | Yet
is not hope quite drowned in dispaire | Since fathers dedd their liues a famous
heire. | Liue happy thou, so may thy fortunes thriue | y^t fathers vertues in y^e
Sonne suruiue.

⁷⁸ Damage to the top left corner of the page. Two words missing.

⁷⁹ One word missing.

93^rA vale to vanity & y^e pleasu^{res} of this worlde.

Deceytfull world I bidd y^{ee} now farewell | for in thy trust doth nought but treason dwell | In thy smooth face lye lurckinge deepe deceyts | thou hidest hookes within yⁱ sugred baytes.

Thy fonde delights are now no mates for mee | faire are their words false are y^{eir} deedes I see. | Thy painted pleasures are but trifelinge toyes | thy hope is vaine & fained ar thy ioyes.

I haue perceiu'd the vizard on thy face | I haue pull'd of the same to thy disgrace | I learned haue at last how to prepare | a sure defence against thine assaults of care.

[^]And to [^] myne Eares shall neuer giue eare to pleasures sound | but dolefull dumps shalbe their musicks ground | Hir luringe tunes are like y^e Sirens songe | & pray on those yⁱ listen to them longe.

/Disuv/

Mine eies shall neu^er looke hir in y^e face | nor view y^e place where vanity doth passe | Hir cherefull looks yeld but disdainfull sornes | hir pleasant paths are strow'd with prickinge tho^rnes.

Olfact

Ile hold mine nose from smellinge hir perfume | the morre him stopp if yⁱ he do presume | for though y^e Rose she seme pass for faire | the very breath of hir infects y^e airre.

Gustus

93^v My tongue I charge y^{ee} taste not of hir papp
Let body starue before thou feede on that. | For though it tooth some seme to be in taste | twill poyson Soule & body both at last.

Tactus

Ile holde my handes from touchinge on hir traine | Lett feelinge cease if they do not refraine | Hir traine once toucht is like y^e balefull shert | stout Herc'les wore whi^{ch} poisoned handes & harte.

On God therefore with hart on knees I call | to keepe mine Eares, Eies, nose, tonge hands & all | That eache of them may shunn to heare, to see, | to smell, to taste, to touche, where pleasures bee.

For whoso holdes hir fauou^{rs} in regarde | shall reape teares, sorrowes, sadnes for rewarde | And if Repentance be nought wrought by those | Heauens perfect pleasure he shall surely Lose.

Once more therefore thou wicked worlde a due | farewell thy false & counterfeyted hue. | Pleasures farewell, farewell all earthly thinges | farewell short sweete, that lastinge so^row bringes.

More sub soles vanitas
multa latent quae non patent

93^v O monstrous worlde to see thy fickle course | ofte art thou milde & shewing
much remorse | Ofte thou dost smile, & seeme to flatter men | but when thou
smilst thou art a Siren then.

94^r Thou giust men words as though y^{ou} woulde do m~ | but when they trie thy
deedes are nothingse suche | Fy on thy base & false deceiuinge waies | howe
weake is he, that on thy frailty staies.

Muche blest is he y^t knows not of thy change | how fraile thou art how often
thou dost range | Happy the man y^t cann himselfe repose | would God y^t he had
made me one of those.

Orels my minde to do as others doe | dissemble, weepe, incroche as thy y^t woe.
| This worldes vaine loue with many do obtaine | but neu^e holde without a mask
of paine.

To please mens mindes whi^{ch} are of humou^{rs} full | To laugh with them, & /low^{er}/
when y^ei are dull | To watch y^e times, to take them in y^eir vaine | o hellish life and
worthy hellish paine.

Ere I debase my selfe & stoope so lowe | or abiect be to suche base mindes I
trowe | my minde shall moulder vnto y^e heau^{ns} aboue | & follow them whi^{ch}
euermore do proue.

My minde shall moue to see more worldes then one | and try if chaunce do
happen well to none | Fortune ile seeeke may happ som fortune finde | fix on y^e
base & vile incroachinge minde.

94^r A minde that's free is worth a myne of golde | a minde y^{ts} free doth make a man
a Ø⁸⁰

94^v A minde y^{ts} free is euer stout & bolde | a minde y^{ts} free feares neuē^r any thinge |
A golden Kinge y^t fearinge nought is hee | that euer sayes my minde is euer free.

I scorne to stoope yet humble will I be | but neuer bowe vnto a lordly looke |
Why should my minde by any controld be | my stomacke neuē^r shall suche
grudginge brooke | For hart & minde y^{ts} still content liues free | Careth for no
haughty lookes y^t stern like bee.

⁸⁰ One word missing.

94^v Strange newes now harke y^e world begins to burne | the dismall trumpe awakes
 y^e heauy soules | proude Phaeton the golden Chariott turne | that heau'nly sphere
 togethe^r downeward roules | Joue weepes to thinke his Saints shalbe consum'd |
 when heauen & earth with bloud shalbe perfum'd.

Th'infernall Prince bestrides his deadly steede | & from his pallace now he
 commes to light | His porter chain'd he drawes with triple head | olde Cerberus
 the watchman day & nighte. | And now he sees y^e worlde thus sore distrest | he
 ouer runns the weake & poore opprest

95^r Looke to y^e heau'ns y^e Sonne is now declined | Etna dissolu'd inflames y^e
 neighbou^{rs} mountaines | The sea enrag'd the bankes now vndermined
 no runninge streames of ryuers brooks or fountaines | Wake from you^r sleepe you
 longe consumed bones | & shake y^e earth with you^r affrighted grones.

95^r Oh deer harte where hast thou bene | thee so longe from me estraunged | my
deare loue I haue not seene | Since ou^r hartes were first exchaunged | euer since
my thoughtes haue raunged.

Is it sighte y^t ioyes me thus | or Desire y^t thus delights me | Cruell iarres comme
neuer ny vs | Loue & louers all dispite thee | Thou by wronge wouldst ill requite
me.

Giue me now my loue sweete kisses | Kisses kinde like Turtles billinge | Let
desire winne his wishes | Th sweete lippes be you faire willinge | pretious flesh
farre swel'd in lullinge

Oh bright eies whose falinge lookes | make me dye in pleasures brests | Oh
sweete ioyes in written bookes | Cupid calls them Cupids nests | & all other
beasts detests.

95^v Be not strannge of this imbrasinge
neither check my high aspires | Let me heare yⁱ sweete vnlasinge | pittie prayes &
loue requires | sighs perfum'd in holy fires.

Whilst awhile tushe all is well | Jealous eies suspected weepe | fortune with hir
charmed spell | Enuy cast in deadly sleepe | Regard is sett the guard to keepe.

Sweete dere ye weepe make no resist | giue me leaue to ginn y^e game | Sweetest
loue y^t eu'r was kist | keepe thy pretious limbes in frame | honou^r commes to
know you^r name.

Prety leggs be liuely walkinge | you may be disioynd a while | Tongue ly still &
leaue talkinge | here beginns y^e pleasant toile | hart makes ioye & eyes to smile.

But alas the keeper comme | Comme sweete loue & let vs flie | I would y^e wretch
were blinde & dumme | that he might not vs discrie | here togethe^r priuilie.

96^r Oh my loue & dearest iewell | farewell till wee meete againe | if to me thou wilt
be cruell | I shall soone with care be slaine,
& loue after commes in vaine.

Therefore if thou wilt be true | let no fancy true loue seuer | make no tryalls for a
new | other loue I will haue neuer | I am thine in harte for euer.

96^r Grone no more oh heauy hart | make no cloudes of smoky sighes | Let thy
burninge gaspes depart | waile no more with agonies.

Heauy head desines thy care | and refresh thy sickly braine | Humou^{rs} dry that
Darren dare | hurt thy sence with flowinge paine

Light somme eies no more be dazed | let no salt springes ouer run you | sighs
surmisd yⁱ minde amazed | sighs surmisd had ny vndon you.

Be not fond of strannge reports | listeninge eares y^t all confounded | Be now
Castles & stronge forts | creadit yⁱ that truth hath grounded

96^v Why art thou sad my soule | musinge still on heauy thought | What though thy disgrace be foule | sorrow help thy sorrow nought

Sigh no more for thy disgrace | leaue thy mist^{res} in hir mouinge | now refresh yⁱ bloudless face | made so pale by to muche louinge.

And y^e hart y^t out of measure | sigh for loue be more released | Let thine eyes now take y^{er} pleas^{ure} | y^t in one alone wert pleased

And yⁱ thoughts y^t in deuininge | of thy heau'nly mist^{res} fauou^{rs} | now counts other starres as shinninge | she made darke by high behaiou^r

All hir pride is in disdayninge | loue & pittie cleare excluded | faire in show but inward fayninge | neu^{er} man was so deluded

She esteemes y^t greater ~~greater~~ glory | to be counted faire then true | Ioying to see so many sory | & she sorrow neuer knew

But what honou^r can she gett | to deceiue him y^t belieueth | All hir minde in hate is sett,

97^r pleased moste when moste she griueth

Farr she differs from hir birthe | gentle though hir best beseemeth | Others tormen^{ts} are hir mirthe | she most merry mischiefe deemeth.

But alas what haue I donne | only rage this erro^r breedes | She moste perfect vnde^r sonn | heau'ns behold hir in ward bleedes

The Ayre perfumed by hir breath | the Earth is blessed in hir goings | Hir displeasure feareth Death | neuer euill was hir doinges.

Better be of hir denied | though deniall death doth giue | Then belou'd of all beside | & by others loue to liue.

Woe is me I hir defamed | with uniuert reports of slannder | I shall blush to heare hir named | y^t so awry my tongue did wander

97^r In my body rest my harte | in my hart a desart caue | Where alas my restles haue
smart | cannot any comfort haue

97^v Ah sweete soule what bitter griefe | boile y^e hart with hartles bloud | no release
can giue reliefe | nor reliefe do any good.

No I feele my woes in crease | and my wound farr deepe^r growes | now I finde
my life decrease | deadly strokes defend y^e blowe.

When y^e hart had caught a wound | then he formd an hearbe to cure it | There he
lyes him on the ground | where y^e plott a salue assure it.

When my hart his wound had spide | then it sought to haue it healed | But alas
helpe was deni'd | when my hart to hir appealed.

Oh poore hart why art thou sad | since yⁱ death will ende thine anguishe | Sigh no
more but be more glad | since thy end will kill thy languishe.

Yet my hart alas doth ake | and I cannot cease to crye | oh my loue for y^{ee} I make
| all this mone where dead I lye | Ah now I dye since true it proue | Death is life
to dye for loue.

- 98^r All alone my loue was playinge | where y^e little lambes were leapinge. | And
Apollo was decayinge | when y^e birdes were singinge sleepinge.
- Liuely conyes lightly springinge | from y^e boroughs downe y^e mountaines |
Phillis all alone went singinge | singinge walkinge to y^e fountaines
- At the bottom of y^e mount | a thinn streame ran brawlinge out | Phillis was
comme nere this fount | bubbles risinge round about
- She vntyed hir waste of golde | sittinge down vppon y^e banke | hir smooth flanks
y^e glad seat hold | whose pride pow'd to giue a thinke
- In hir Coate hir petticoates | vp she stoode & all vnlac'd | Breathinge still hir
wanton note | till hir body was vnbrac'd
- All let lose and all vnbaste | downe she lett y^e Scarlett fall | All was naked to the
waste | & anon all naked all
- In she went & out she skipps | springs were cold when sunn was sett | Yet she
waded to the hipps | but no dropps hir body mett
- 98^v Till small handes y^e water sprinkled | on a body stayninge snowe | That hir body
is bedrinkled | with y^e dropps hir hand bestowe.
- Cristall springes murmou^{rs} softly | and y^e cleare streames sight all bubled |
flashinge vp risinge softy | nought but water water troubled
- So hir lilly breasts seene bare | bare right downe, downe to y^e thyes | Oh sweete
parts where all sweetes are | where nought els but Sweetnes lyes.
- Ah I know not what to speake | such a sight my sence amaz'd | That my hart
beggan to breake | when mine eies were so be daz'd.
- But my finger in mine eie | raised vp y^e heauy lidd | then eache part eche light
did spie | when all parts were laid vnhid.
- Phaebus tun'd his siluer lute | playinge in a lawrell shade | Phillis charme was
nothinge mute | heau'nly musick either made.
- But Apollo soone had ended | and alone he left faire Phillis | Whose tunes might
not be amended | whose light dimmd y^e fairest lillys.
- 99^r Vp I start & to y^e springe | stealinge stepps conuey'd me thither | where my feete
mine eies did bringe | to a sight y^t clear'd y^e wether.
- Downe I kneeld & kiss hir bare | hir bay hand I blusht with y^e kiss. | Then I rose
with heedfull care | y^t nought might be donne amiss.
- She was sadd & angry seem'd | takinge vp a hide thinge quickly | By hir lookes
all would haue deem'd | all not well hir lookes so sickly.

But at last hir loue was wonn | though at first she faind not pleased |when
heau'ns stood their race had runn | both did kiss for both were eased.

Either sign'd when eche had kiste | maidens blushe when men are billinge | And
away when moste thy liste | showinge moste y^t is most willinge.

But hir hart y^t sighes was sendinge | forc'd to end what was begunn | in the
middle was y^e endinge | yet no end when all was donn.

99^v I haue ^{I know} not what it was | I know nor where | It liues I know not howe | it
 standeth without feare | It went I know not when | & yet tis sommewhat nere | it
 liueth without meane | & yet it giueth foode | It dies in that y^t giues it life | & liues
 to do y^t good | It stands so stronge y^t it is strange | for why it hath no feede | it
 fall full soone y^t was so stronge | yes neuer ground it more | What it is where it
 was | & how it is tell me | What it is where it was | how it is it must be | A
 pearled siluer head | sett on a golden pinn | Tell me the chiefest worth | of that
 whi^{ch} is within | Liuinge dyinge at last | I say it doth reuiue | On sorrow sodaine
 dead | on sodaine soone aliue.

100^r A ringle through my hart is rily fastned | of firme effect y^t fancy quickly
 hastened | And ayrie chaines adioyninge fast be fixed | to hale my hart in flouds
 of sorrowes mixed | I run y^e way y^t I my selfe would leaue | but drawne by force
 y^t cannot ought perceauē | I le^ape a loft and see my leggs be free | I stretch mine
 armes & yet no lett I see. | But when I com^me & looke where y^{ou} remainest |
 remayninge see y^{ou} seest y^t thou disdainest | Drowne in griefs waues drawⁿ
 against my will | to renue loue when loue is hated still. | Alas I sigh to see thy
 scornfull lookes | ah lookes ingrau'n intitl'd vengean^{ce} bookes | for well I wot
 thou holdest hard y^e raines | with cruell bitts directed chiefe by chaines | oh now
 & then and ofte I do relate | but vaine to striue & strainne with such ^a^a mate | The
 ringe more hart then steele y^t steels my hart | y^e chaine more stronge y^{en} steele y^t
 made by art | Hir hart reioyce to see my hart in sadnes | my hart still glad to see
 hir ioye in gladnes | not y^t I grieue when so I see hir glad | but y^t she ioy'd when
 so she seeth me sad | Hart soule & hart lost left & beloued | hart soule & hart
 neuer euer moued | Hart alas cannot endure theis fettors

100^v Penns of steele printe deepest letters | Incke of bloud shews perfect writinge |
 sealed fast with fleshe of harts inditinge | A faire face in dearest fleshe is carued |
 and only ^{that}^a place alone deserued | Oh my loue is growne to be contained | she
 hir selfe my selfe & loue condemned | Pride in me too proude to was a wonder |
 where y^e Graces sport & neuer sunder | Folly in me more fonde to like to loue |
 an earthly Sainte discended from^m aboue. | Oh she is called bewty the worlds
 brightnes | Oh neuer none hath euer ^{scene}^a such whitenes. | When she doth walk
 on Rocks & hills of snow | hills couer'd shamed thus their bewty to show. | The
 snowy mounts whited from^m on hie | abate their pride when more y^{en} white is nie |
 The Sonn do slide & in y^e cloudes is couered | when brightnes shines from^m
 maskine vales discovered

100^v no no but no & euer no | Ø⁸¹ poore silly man | Hir aunsio^f is where I loue best |
so handle me she can

With no to reauē me of my rest | & wrapp me all in woe | With no to put me in
good hope | she loues me & yet no.

101^r Oh what a tune is euer no | no truth in hir I finde | Whose ceasles no works
endless wo | y^t makes a troubled minde.

no tells me no, oh c^ruell no | oh no the worke of wronge | Hir cursed no, my
cruell fo | hath tun'd my dolefull songe.

Still no & no, & nought but no | my hart hath yet receiu'd | Still no & no &
nought but no | hath none but me deceiu'd

What so I ask she answe^{rs} noe | if no may stand in steede | With no she strikes a
cruell bloe | but worse is their deede.

When to hir shrine I paid my vowes | and decke y^e aulters rounde | With holy
fumes & mirtle bowe, | & sighinge ecchos hounde.

When midst my sighes & heauy mones | mones weltred till in woe | I called no
with mournfull grones | yet nought she sent but noe.

Oh cruell hart and Tigris so | oh no the newse of death | oh ruthles no my lieueles
foe | oh no the end of breath.

101^v But cursed be y^e cursed no | yet blessed she y^t sent thee | And blessed be but
where she goe | if she no harme hath ment me

I wute you channge you^f I t̄ no to I | or I to neuer woe | And thinke vpon my
louinge crie | y^t makes a lowde eccho.

now yeld at last & what you win | will hold for euer soe | now channge you^f tune
& thus begin | say I & cease your noe

Yet discords oft with concords mixt | do make the musick sweete | And no & I,
and I & no betwixt | do often fittly meete.

now say at last twas a maydes minde | and wilbe euer soe | To leaue y^e mark they
wish to finde | yet answe^f it with no.

⁸¹ One/two words missing.

101^v Jane Fustian is a prety gentle lininge |such eue^rlastinge linings few haue worne |
It were a heau'n immixt lyninge. | a cloude to heauen to be vntorne | Health it is
to me to think on such linnin | sweete y^e outward sweet is y^e inin

102^r O loue moste great & wondrous is thy mighte | whose victories enrolled are in fame | Where Poets all haue prais'd yⁱ sweete delight | & men doth know thou raignt as kinge by name | Ditties recordes thou triumphst victo^r lieke | that all on earth glad do thy fauou^{rs} seeke.

Trees haue their loue, & so long as y^{ei} ar louinge | their loues inbrace their leaues ech othe^{rs} kiss | They hugginge Ø⁸² whi^{ch} they themselues are quitinge | whilst they are yonge doth shew what Cupid is | kissinge in youth in springe while y^{ei} are greene | But in their fall nor they nor loue is seene

What is it then y^t men so magnifie | fadinge as doth faire flora's ornamen^t. | What is his might y^t we him deifie. | And fixe hir beinge in y^e firmamen^t | As though his powe^r on earth could not be all | but he must haue y^e heau'ns & Angells thrall.

Great is his powe^r and mucche his paishan^{ce} | he weildeth Scepters & directeth Kinges | His glitteringe coollo^{rs} if he once aduan^{ce} | mona^rchs he into subiection bringes | Whose Scepter swaies & rules in eu'ry thinge | Beasts birds fishes trees, men of it do singe.

⁸² One word missing.

- 102^r My loue is faire and chearly | hir loue I hold moste dearly | Hir eies are pleasant
sharp & brighte | Like starres in frosty nighte.
- 102^v Hir forehead smooth as cristall | hir lipps as read as Corral | where pleasur swells
in sweetest pride | neuer see man suche a tide.

Hir Cheekes like Roses red | whi^{ch} lawne vaile euer spred | Downe a longe was
rould | Curled locks of beaten gould. | Hir head with sweete deuices | hur breath
like Indian spices | in all parts neu'r such one framed | pen's to rude hir to haue
named.

Discriptio Amoris

What thinge is loue? a Tirant of y^e minde | Begott by zeale of youth brought
 forth by slothe. | nursd with vaine thoughtes & changinge as y^e winde | a deepe
 dissembler voide of faith & trothe | fraught with fond erro^{rs} doubttes dispite
 disdain | whi^{ch} all y^e plagues y^t earth & hell containe.

Amantis & amentis discriminens

Twixt lunacie & loue these othes appeare | that one dotes monthlie, th'oth^{ers} all
 the yeare.

Alteri in Seruiens

The Preacher pure is like y^e torche by nighte | whi^{ch} wastes it in geuinge othe^r'es
 lighte.

103^r O Loue great wonders & sundry victories | how are thy actes eternized of men. |
Stalkt in their harts grau'n in y^{eir} memories | sealed in their papers firmed with y^e
penn | Sounded of all with the trompe of praise | praised in songes & catolled in
Laies.

Thy traphees⁸³, triumphs & thy conqueringes | are registred mongst worthy
warriors | Thy force thy powe^r & thy menacinges | inrolled are in y^e harts of
paramors | Beasts know thy powe^r & yell it forth with gronings | Turtles talk of
loue & murmu^r in their monings.

Bowes do imbrace & leaues for loue ^{are} kissinge | y^e winds doth woo &
whistlinge greetes y^e blossomme. | The tende^r twigge (wherein y^e Serpent
hissinge | doth often couche) doth hugg him in hir bosome | Bowes kiss y^e winde
& leauey y^e winde ^{is} kissinge | so there is nothings can of loue be missinge.

Then gentle loue for loue is gentle euer | although his powe^r be much
magnipotent | whi^{ch} powe^r is wont from mercy thinges to seuer | thinges yⁱ to
mercy are more pertinent | Then fauou^r me for yⁱ thy force is mighty | to blason
forth thy vertue in this ditty.

Thou sittest in the pride of glorious throne | eche place is y^e place of thy high
abidinge | mens harts the ground for thee to gallopp on | and those thou tearest in
yⁱ fiercest ridinge.

103^v Their thoughts y^e winges where with y^{ou} cutst y^e aire | Their soules themselues &
all are but yⁱ chaire,

Mens soules men-soules & all are but loues chaire | his habitacle & his place of
rest | Where stately sittinge beholdes y^e faire | whi^{ch} hauinge view'd bequeaths it
in mans brest | Then man becommes partake^r of loues essence | & loue by vertue
of loues influence

.1. generalis Amor...

.2. particularis..

Cupid takes winges yet leaueth loue behinde him | likinge & longinge, raginge in
mans hart | whom if we seeke yet straight we cannot finde him | for loue in loue
doth play a doubles parte | Somtime he plaies y^e part of loue respected | sometime
he plaies y^e part of loue reiected.

Respected loue it is the heau'ns of blisse | wherein combined are huge heapes of
treasure | of him yⁱ loues it is that paradise | wherein are found, y^e flowinge
springs of pleasure. | Vapouringe forth Nectar & Ambrosia stilling | & all y^e
ground with wondrous sweetnes fillinge.

Reiected loue it is a hell of horro^r | wherein congealed is a mass of cares | Of him
yⁱ loues is an endles terro^r | from whence doth springe a flowing streame of ^{teares}.
| It is a chaos made of meere calamity | whi^{ch} dissolue doth belch out nought but
misery.

104^r Loue yⁱ is fauor'd eury man doth know him | a dainty Cockney dandled on y^e
knee | or hugg on breast as pleaseth hir bestow him | at whose good pleasur^e he

⁸³ Possibly a variation or misspelling of 'Trompe'; to march to the sound of a trumpet.

would bestowed be. |A smilinge youth & voide of inward greiuance | because
alone he hath his mistress countenance

104^r Now what is loue I pray thee tell | it is a fountaine and a well | where pleasure & repentance dwell | ← y^e little⁸⁴ ← It is perhapps y^e same sance tell | that rings all into heauen or hell | and this is loue as I heare tell.

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} saye | it is a worke on a holy daye | It is december matcht with may | when lusty clouds in freshe aray | Heare .9. months after of their play | and this is loue as I heare say.

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} showe | it is a tree of bliss & woe | A fruite of all y^e fruite I knoe | in shortest time will sonest grow | It standeth neither high nor lowe | but betwene both as all do knowe.

104^v Now what is loue but do not faine | a collo^r tis y^t soone will staine | It is a tooth ache or like paine | a Game it is where none do gaine | The lass saies nay & yet would faine | and this is loue as I heare saine.

Now what is loue I pray y^e say | it is a pleasant shadie way | Aswell found out by night as day | It is an yea it is a nay | a prety kinde of sportinge play | it is a thinge will soone decay | Then tak y^e vantage whilst you may | for this is loue as I heare say...

Now what is loue say be not strannge | it is a prety dogg y^t rannge | and like a filthy rotten manngge | It is a Coffe of exchanngge | where for dress fair coigne do channge | & what is loue a thinge so strannge.

Now what is loue I pray y^e saine | it is a pleasinge pinchinge paine | it is a sonne shine mixt with raine | a flowe^r y^t dies & springes againe | It is a no y^t would Ø⁸⁵ faine | Ø⁸⁶ is loue as I heare saine.

105^r Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} singe | it is a finger in a ringe | It is a moppinge toothles thinge | it is a flesh y^t smells like Ø⁸⁷ | It is a morsell for a kinge | and this is loue as I heare singe

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} speake | it is a luke warme mutton steake | It is a thinge y^t neu'r cries creake | a thinge y^t maketh stronge things weake | A thinge y^t maketh most thinges leake | and this is loue as I heare speake.

Now what is loue I pray thee proue | a thinge beneath & not aboue | It is a stretchinge cheuerall gloue | a thinge y^t holdeth heaue & shoue | A thinge no thrustinge can remoue | & this is loue as I heare proue.

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} note | tis lininge for a pettycote | tis armed but for pistoll shote | it is a semi quauer note | within booke fiddled & by rote | and this is loue whereon men dote

105^v Now what is loue declare I may | it is a spiders webb I say
that weaueth in & out alwaye | to catche y^e silly fly y^t playe | swellinge with feedinge of hir pray | and this is loue well guess I may.

⁸⁴ These words are written in the left margin.

⁸⁵ One word obscured.

⁸⁶ One/two words obscured.

⁸⁷ One word obscured.

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} thinke | it is a flowe^r mucche like a pinke | A thinge y^t stretcheth & will shrinke | a thinge all sweetest still doth stinke | the sight whereof will make men wink | & this is loue as I heare thinke.

Now what is loue say out of doubt | a thinge holds in a thing holds out | It is a mark men shoot about | it is a spill within a clout | It is a bowle holds rubbers out | & this is loue I make no doubt.

Now what is loue say on say on | a thinge y^t can not be alone | A thinge loues flesh without a bone | a thinge y^{ts} subiect to y^e stone | a thinge past .40. waxinge rone | & this is loue or loue ther's none.

Now what is loue say yet once more | an open throte y^t neu'r doth yore | A thinge no rubbing can make sore | a nickinge tally for to score | An easy timber for to bore

106^r and this is loue I say no more.

Now what is loue I pray y^{ee} shoe | a thinge y^t weepes if it can not goe | A toye y^t passeth to & froe | a thinge for one a thinge for moe | A kinde of ioye a kinde of woe | & this is loue say they y^t knoe.

Now what is loue say I intreate | a thinge y^t neuer fish doth eate | A thinge y^t maketh most men sweate | a thinge y^t sucketh of y^e teate | A thinge by suckinge waxeth greate | & this is loue whereof we treat.

Now to conclude say what loue is | a thinge of woe a thinge of bliss | a thinge wonn & lost with a kiss | a firy watry thinge is this | A thinge y^t burnes & neu'r cries hiss | and this is loue or els I miss.

106^r Experience & examples dailie proue
that my man can be well aduised & loue

Nemin da
tur amare
simul et
sapere

O Loue whose powe^r & might | none euer yet with stoude | Tho^u forcest me to
wright | comme turne about Robyn hoode.

106^v Sole mist^{res} of my rest | lett me thus farre presume, | To make this bold request |
a black patche for y^e resume.

You^r tresses whi^{ch} are wrought | like to a golden snare | my louinge hart hath
caught | as moss did catche his mare.

You^r eies twoe starres diuine | me thinkes renues this arrant | in silent speche to
mine | a buttock or a warrant

O women will you ⁿeuer | but thinke men still do flatter | I vow to loue you euer |
but it is no great matter

What if I would not doe | to purchase one sweete smile | Bidd me to China goe |
and ile sitt still y^e while.

Graunt fauou^r else I die | Loue so my hart be witches | it makes me howle & crie
| O how my Elbowe itches.

107^r Cupid is blinde men say | and yet my hart he saith seeth
Whi^{ch} he did wounde to daye | a turde in Cupids teeth.

Teares ouer flow my sight | with waues of daily weepinge | And in y^e restles
night | I take no ease for sleepinge.

My mist^{res} is moste faire | and yet hir late disgraces | haue made me to dispaire |
a poxe of all good faces

Faire Lady since my hart | by no meanes can renounce you | One louinge looke
impart | gewip Iillian ile frownce you

But since my simple merritts | your louinge lookes must lack | comme stopp my
vitall spirits | with Clarrett wyne & sack.

Regard my strannge mishapps | Joue father of the thunder | send downe thy
thunder clapps | and rent hir smock a sunder.

But since y^t all reliefe | & comfote doth forsake me | Ile kill my selfe with grieffe
| nay then y^e diuell all take mee.

107^v Your letters I receiued | bedeckt with flourishinge quarters | So women are
deceiued | go hange you in you^r garters.

My bewty whi^{ch} is none | yet faire as you protest | Doth make you sighe & grone
| fy, fy, you do but iest.

I can not choose but pittie | your restles mourninge teares | Because you^r plaints
are witty | you may go shake you^r eares.

Tis you I faine would see | tis you I on^ly thinke on | my lookes as kinde shalbe |
as y^e Diuells ouer Lincoln.

To merite well delight | no labou^r shall you leese | you^r paines I will requite |
maide cutt him bread & cheese.

If euer I do turne | great Queene of lightninge flashes | Ile send downe fire &
burne | his codpeece into ashes.

Sweete hart I cannot miss thee | but I must haue thee one day | Deare sweete
comme home & kiss me | where I did sitt on sonday.

Appendix C

Downing College, Cambridge, MS Wickstede Thesaurus

28^r

The poore mans peticion to the Kinges highnes

1. Good Kinge let there be an vniformitie in true religion without anie | disturbance of papiste or puritane.
2. Good Kinge lett good preachers be well prouided for, and without anie | simonie¹ or briborie to come to there liveinges.
3. Good Kinge, let poore soldiers be paide there wages truelie while | they be employed: And be well prouided for, when they are maymed.
4. Good Kinge, lett there not be such greate delayes & craftie proceedinges | in lawe, And lett lawyers haue moderate ffees, god amend the | coveteous Attorney & all merciles lawyers.
5. Good Kinge, let poore suto^{ts} be heard quicklie, and with speede | dispatched faverable.
6. Good Kinge, let noe man haue more offices then one, especiallie | in the Courte, or touchinge the lawe.
7. Good Kinge, let ordinarie causes be determined in thy ordinarie | Courtes and let not the Chauncerie be made a common shiftinge | place to prolonge causes for private lucre or gaines.
8. Good Kinge, suffer not greate ordinance to be conveyed out of y^e | Realme to thy enimies; as they haue byn, A plague come | to all coveteous Treasurers.
9. Good Kinge cutt of all those palterie licences & monopolies, god | defend that there shoulde be anie gripeinge close bytinge or | anie other hard misdemeanor vsed by anie of your Royall | offices or ministers, to anie of you^r graces poore cominaltie. Fie | vpon all close bytinge knaverie.
10. Good Kinge, let not vs thy faithfull servantes & ledgemen, be | oppressed with soe manie impositiōs parlings & paymen^{ts}.
11. Good Kinge, looke well to thy takers & officers of thy howse, and | to their exceedinge fees that they doe pill & geld from thy | princelie allowance.
12. Good Kinge love vs & wee will love thee: and will spende our | heartes bloude for the.
13. Good Kinge, make not Lord of good Lincolne, Duke of Shordicke | for he is a &co.
14. Good Kinge, make not Si^r Water Rawley, Earle of | Pancredge for he is a &co.



¹ Simonia: the name of Simon Magus in allusion to his offer of money to the Apostles, Acts viii 18-19. The act or practice of buying or selling ecclesiastical preferments, benefices, or emoluments; traffic in sacres things. *OED* 2nd edn. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989).