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

1r  Flyleaf

1v  Blank

2r-2v  Extract from sale catalogue

3r-4r  The Archbishopp of yorke lettre to my Lord Cranborne
       Salutem in Christo

4r-6r  My Lord Cranbornes Aunswr to the Lord Archbishopp
       Maye it please you Grace

7r-7v  O yes, o yes, o yes
       To all honourable men at armes

7v-8r  Amor Quid
       To late I finde that loue is nought

8r-8v  The Poore Soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree

8v-9r  One time oh happy time for euer blest

9r  The Counsell of a frend hearinge a purpose of marriage by another
    In choice of wifepreferr yf modest chaste

9v-10r  Souldio are like yf Armour yf they weare

10r  Tho tyme hath byn my purse well lyn’d

10r  The moone doth change yet not so strange

10v-11v  The poore mans Peticion to the Kinge
         Good Kinge let there be an uniformity in true Religion

12r-17r  Aduertisment of a loyall subiect to his Soueraigne
         It is said that youf maieshe will not continue the protection of the Low
         Countries

17v-18r  The lettfe of Sf Walter Rawleigh to the kinge after his Arraignmenf
         The life whic I had moste mighty prince

18v-20r  Loue no man but thy selfe [The Maxims]

20v  Because that worde & faiethe
21r-21v The happie life is that whi th all desire
22r-22v Fie fye desire why seekst thou to intice
22r-23r Why art thou prowde, thou Peacock of y th plumes?
23r in praise of Peace wi th y e Spaine
O Lord of hostes thou God of Peace
24r-25r Ballade .1.
While as a stately fleetinge Castell faire
25r A Dreame .2.
While as the scilent shady night
25r-26r A Ballad .3.
Now doth disdainfull saturne Sadd and old
26r A Gentlewoman y th married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whereuppon
she tooke hir needle in whi th she was excelent & worked vpon hir Sampler
thus
Comme giue me needle, stitch cloth, silke & chaire
[Continuation of A Dreame 2]
26r-30r And by the hand of Mistres lead
31r-31v A Ballade .4.
O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde
31r-33v Passionado .5.
If mourninge mighte amend my hard unhappe case
33r-34r A Sonnett
My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant
34r .2.
Suppose madam I ought not to refuse
34r .3.
But what madam, and shall I then denie
34r-35r .4.
O cruell Cupid what a ruthles rage
35r .5.
Comme fruitfull thoughts, y th fertill euer flowes
35r-35v .6.
As man, a man am I composed all of brethren fowre
Although y' crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie

O womans witt y' wavers wth th winde

If he who takes y' sight of both his eies

O thou prodigious monster moste accurst

I y' once liu'd in Englands glorious Court

The Courtier.1.
Longe haue I serud in Court

the Diuine .2.
My callinge is diuine

the Souldior .3.
My occupation is the noble trade of kings

the Phisition .4.
I studye to vphold the slippery life of man

the Lawyer .5.
My practise is the lawe, my robe my tongue, my pen

the Merchaut .6.
My trade doth every thinge

the Country Gentleman .7.
Though straunge outlandish spirits, praise Townes & Country scorne

the Batchelour .8.
Howe manie thinges as yet are deare a like to me

the married man .9.
I only am the man, amongst all married men

the wyfe .10.
The first of all our sex

the widowe .11.
My dyninge husband knew

the Mayde .12.
I marriage would forsweare

Things hard to winn wth ease
A proper new Ballad of ye Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or promoter of Loue amongst the Augustine nunnnes Translated out of Cornish or Devonshire into true Suffolk And is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Loue, or Vptales all, as you can deuide.

Gramercies watt mets mesters & ye rest

A lottery proposed before supper at ye Lord Chief Justice his house in ye first entrance: to his Majestie, Ladies, Gentlewomen & Straungers fortune must now no more in Triumph ride

To you faire Dames whose fauoyd doth now flourish

S. R. in Defence of loue. Suche as are skillless in all skill or art

Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall

I flatter not when you ye sonne I call

I feare not death, feare is more paine

I will not soare aloft the skye

Councell whith afterward is soughte

Tho loues and would his suite should prove

When as a fearfull Horsman backs

Soare I will not, in flighte the grounde ile see

If all the Earthe were paper white

England men say of late is bankrupte grownne

When doome of death by iudgment force appoincted

To all malcontents giue this in ye Deuils stable

Concerninge his suit & attendance at ye Courte Moste miserable man, whomme wretched fate hath brought to Court

The thundrine God whose all embracinge power

Wilye watt, wilie wat

Water thy plaints wth grace divin

Watt I wot well thy ouerweenng wtt
A Dialogue betwene the Mayde, the Wife, & the Widow for the
defence of their Estates

Widow well mett whither go you to day

To A. Vaua.

Manie desire but few or none deserue

Constant wiues are comforts to mens liues

Where words are weake & foes incounter stronge

Nowe is y° time that pleasure buildes hir bower

I neede not reede my passions shew my paine

The harmles lambe y° crafty foxe devoureth

Comme sweete thoughte returne againe

Faine wi° a looke y° lock my hart in mirthe

Pleas’d wi° a kiss, a kiss did please me

In thought not sight though eies long time had watched

Cease thy plaints since she doth cease

Hearinge songs of sorrowes monings

Driuen to extremes I thought my selfe accurst

The sweetest kiss y° ever creature gained

Late it was & lately done

Is it a life daily to be tormented

Amidst my thoughts I thought on times were past

Mountaines let slide their stormes & showes taken

Do not leave of thy comely daunce

The lofty trees whose branches make sweete shades

If y° I liue I cannot liue but love

Nowe at last leave of lamentinge

Tell me now or tell me not

Pallas hath sett a Crowne on Prudence head
Pleasure is gone from rare conceyt of Prudence
My loue is full of pleasure
Blessed soule why art thou sad
More sweete contentmen' haue I had wi' th thee
Tell me wherein I do slack
Can you spend my' time to muse
O fy desire why dost thou still intise
Oh sweete desire y' sweetly dost intice
The fresh grene bay y' never loose hir coollo'  
Like to y' Ivory straunngge now thou beholdest
What luck had we to meete so well togethe'
I sate & thought vpom my best belou'd
And beinge fild wi' th pleasant Oyle
Where Saphire signes runs round about
A Dirge
The daye is comme & yet the night appeare
A funerall Dirge vpon the death of Bard flow'edew
The common sorte are made of common claye
Sonetta prima vpon the death of one Maste' Skeuington of Leiceste'shi'
who died in the flow' of his Age
Yee brimfull Cesternes of my read swolne eies
Sonnetta Secunda
In anncient times whosoever were disconntent
Sonetta Tertia
Soule rake to th death y' sonne of Erebus
Sonetta 4
Ill tutor' d thou y' railes on cruell death
A vale to vanity & y' pleasu're of this worlde
Deceytfull world I bidd y' now farewell
O monstrous worlde to see thy fickle course
A minde that's free is worth a myne of golde

Strange newes now harke y' world begins to burne

Oh deer harte where hast thou bene

Grone no more oh heauy hart

Why art thou sad my soule

In my body rest my harte

All alone my loue was playinge

I haue I know not what it was

A ringle through my hart is rily fastned

no no but no & euer no

Jane Fustian is a prety gentle lininge

O loue moste great & wondrous is thy mighte

My loue is faire and chearly

Discriptio Amoris

What thinge is loue? a Tirant of y' minde

O Loue great wonders & sundry victories

Now what is loue I pray thee tell

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

O Loue whose powe & might
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
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 Speachhes, 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 thyselfe, or if any man do it, for thyselfe; ditto, 4 pages, beginning with - the happie Life is that we all desire; ditto, 2 pages, beginning with – Why art thou proude 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, whereupon 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 Devonshire, into true Suffolk, and is to be Sung 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 soar 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 prove, 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.
The Archbishops of Yorkes Lettre | to my Lo.rd Cranborne

Salutem in Christo: I haue receiued lettres from you Lordshipp: & others of his maies^tes moste honorable privie Counsell conteyninge .2. pointes: firste | that ye Puritans be proceeded against, acoordinge vnto ye lawe, except they conforme them selues etc. Secondlie that good care be had vnto greedi Patrons. that none be admitted in their places but suche as are conforrmable & 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^s to haue a speciall Care of this service, and therein haue sent Copies of you^s honours lettres, and will take present order in mine owne diocese. 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 procede againste | Papistes & Recusants who of late, partlie By this rounde dealinge against the Puritans, and | partlie by somme extraordinarie favou they are | growne mightilie in number courage & insolence. | The Puritans (whose phantasticall zeale I mis | mislike) though they differ in Ceremones & accidents, 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, 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, & | papishe Religion to be established: I assure you^s honou it is high tyme to looke vnto them. | Verie manie are gone from all places to London | and somme are come downe to ye^s Countrie in | greate iollitie, almoste tryumphantlie. | But his maies^tie as he hath byn brought vp in | the Gospell & vnderstandeth Religion exicellent well, so he will (no doubt) pro | tecte, maintayne & advance it euuen 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^s worthie father was a | worthie instrument to banishe supersticion, & | to advance the Gospell, yimitate him | in this service especiallie: As for other | matters things (as I confesse I am not to |deale in state matters, yet as one yo^s honoureth & loveth his excellent maies^tie with all | my harte) I wishe lesse wastinge of Treasure of the Realme, and more moderation | in the lawefull exercise of huntinge: bothe | that poore mens corne maie be ye^s lesse spoiled, & other^s his maies^tie subiectes more spared. | The Papistes giue it forthe, that ye^s Ecclesiasticall Commission shall not be renewed anie more. Indeede | it stayeth verie longe albeit there is greate | wante of it. I praye you^s honou further it.| Sy^s Jo.hn Bennett will attende you^s Lordshipp: Thus | beseechinge God to blesse you^s Lordshipp: with his mani | fold graces, that yo^u maie as longe serue | his moste excellent maies^tie as you^s moste wise | father did serue moste worthie Queene Elizabeth. | I bidd yo^u moste hartlie farewell: from | Bishop: Thorpe the 18 of December. 1604.

You^s good honou^s in christ moste assured

Mathew Ebor.
My Lord Cranborne's Answer to the Lord Archbishop

Maye it please you' Grace: although you' lettre latelie written vnto me contayneth rather an ac knowledgment of you' receipt of my Lordshipp of the Counsells lettres then anie other subiecte, requir ringe present aunswere from my selfe, yet when I considered the seuerall partes of the same, I re solved no longer to adventure you' lordships censure of my silence. Firste because you' place & yeares deserue too greate & respecte & reverence to be forgotten by my fathers sonne, whomme I haue | hearde so often speake of you' zealouz care & industrie to free the Churche of God from

← supersticion$^1$ ← suspicion & idolatry, even in times of greatest | difficultie to effeecte so religious a worke of which although I have rather cause to speake by former tradition then by anie late particular knowledge because the greatest harvestes of you' labours were in a manner inned before my springe time: yet it is comfortable to me, fuisset natum Evangelio renato, and shalbe grievous for me to enioye anie state of life which I should 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 you' zealouz & constant resolucion for the preservacion of true Religion; or the serious cares of my lordshipp of his privie Counsell to haue his godlie and iust lawes duley executed. For you' lordships opinion concerning the differences in ou' churche, I do subscribe Ex animo to you' graue and learned iudgmen' in that & all thinges els of y' nature, havinge alwaies helde it for a certaine rule (since I had anie knowledge) that the Papist was with superstitious blindenes; that the Puritan (as you' lordship termes them) was transported on ye righte with vnaduised zeale & outre uidante. The firste punishable for matters essentiaell, the second necessarie to be corrected for disobedance to y' lawefull Ceremonies of y' Churche; wherein although manie religious men of moderate spirites might be borne with, yet suche are the turbulent humoy's of somme y' nature, havinge nothings but of a new Hierarchy (directlie opposite to y' state of a monarchy) as the disputacion with suche men were highwaie to breake all bondes of nativity to nou[r]se Schisme in y' Churche, and finallie to destroye both Churche & comon wealth. It is well said of a learned man, that there are schismes in habite aswell as in opinion. Et non seruatur unitas in credendo nisi ad sit in colendo, and therefore where youre lordship seems to speake fearefullie as if in labour to reforme the one, there were somme purpose to tolerate the other. I must craue pardon of you' lordship to replie thus much till I heare yo' touche particulars. That it is not a sure foundacion to builde vppon bruite; 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 observed in that place I haue helde, within the compass whereof some more than vulgar bruities do fall) but y' whosoeuer shall beholde the Papistes suche spectacle, or the Puritan Papisticall shall see no other certeintye then the multi plication of false ymages. Besides my Lordship if y' should be true whi$b$ you' lordship

reporte (whi$b$ God forbidd) that Popery and Papistes should increase in those quarters geue me leave to tell you' lordship that y' must provide to defende you' owne challenge a gainst you' selfe, & blame you' owne subor dinates if

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$^1$ 'Supersticion' is written in the same hand as the rest of the text.
they have dispensed, or else I make knowne who they are which geue im|pedimen to your untimelie worke of reformacion | for which you are so well authorized by our | religious Soveraigne. And therein (my lord) as I doute not but your lordship shall al waies finde a discrete & diligent Condi|tutor of the Lord President (a nobleman of whomme his majestie & the state haue | reason to expecte all good & religious ende|vours) So let me take the boldnes to | assure thus much, that your lordship shall never | want anie further ampliation of your authoritie. | whensoeuer you shall desire it of his maies|tie or his privie Counsell for anie matter tendinge to | the suppression of the Romishe supersticion, | 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 execution discoug well feares, | and forre there be cause of doubte. And now for that whiche concerns my selfe, to | whom ye your lordship hath geuen a frendlie caveat | under the title of a greate counsellor not to procure or yeilde to anie tolleracion, | a matter

6th I well knewe no creature livinge dare | propounde to oure religious Soveraigne; 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 nothinge at all before | I shalbe an instrument of suche a miserable | changne. For the rest whiche is the morall parte of your laste lettre, | wherein yo observe somme extraordinarie | proportion of his maies ties guiftes & expenses | I acknowledge that memorall to be worthie in | your lordships yeres & experience, and yet I must saie that Bountye is a kinges | qualitie, that I it hath ever byn helde Regium Ditare, et non ditescere, that all | greate Princes at their firste Entries are tyed partlie for their owne humours, | partlie out of merritte, and often in ye true rules of policie to be lesse | sparinge of liberalitie. In Prinis auspi ciis quam in imperio firmato, wherein as | his maies tie doth dailie vse convenient mo|deracion accordinge to ye change of times | & occasion: so hath he lefte a monument | beyond all example of his naturall care and | princely providence by passinge latelie an intail of 100 thousand markes sterl|inge per annum, wherein he hath absolutelie conclud|ed him selfe from all pow2e of anie | after seperation from his royall issue.

For the laste pointe of your laste lettre concerninge hun ting seinge I perceive yo have so vsne create Clarkes as they are like to make my lettres as common as | they haue made you owne | my ende beinge nowe in serious things to shewe | yo in priuate what I am to yo aswell as | to my selfe. I thinke it impertinent to spende | anie time in discourse of yo, least men that | see the passages beeweene vs maie thinke yo | I do bothe of vs forgett oue accomptes | for other tallentes whiche we haue in keepinge. | Onelie this shalbe my conclusion, that as I it was a praise in the good Empero Traian | to be disposed to suche manlike & actiue recreations; so ought it to be a ioye vn| to vs to beholde oue kings of so hable a | constitucion, promissinge so longe life and | blessed with so plentiful a posteritie | as hath freed oue minds from all those feares which did besiege this potent monachie, | for lacke of publike declaracion of his lineall & lawefull succession to the same | whilst it pleased God to continue to the fulnes of dayes | of famous memorie. And so at this time I committ you etc.

2 One who works with or helps another; an assistant or, in this context, one appointed to assist a Bishop or other ecclesiastic.
To all honourable men at arms and knightes adventurers | of hereditarie note
and exemplarie noblenes that | for moste maintenable actions, do either wilde |
sword or launce in the gist of glorie, righte | braue & chivalrouse whereoseovg |
through y' worlde | we .A. knightes errant denominated of y' fortunat | Island
servantes of y' destinies, awakinge the slee | ping courage wi' martiaall |
greetings: | Knowe yo' that ou' souegraigne Lady and miss'es mother | of the
fates & empress of great atchieuen'es, | revolving of late the adamantine
leaves of hir | eternall volumes, and findinge in them that the | triumphall times
are now at hande, wherein y' | marvelous aduentures of y' lucent piller should |
be revealed to the wonde' of times & men, as | merlin, Secretorie to hir moste
inwarde dissignes | did longe sithens presage, hath therefore most | deepelie
weighinge wi' hir self howe necessarie | it is that sounde opinions shuld prepare
y' waic | 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 .A. vn|disputable
proposicions
.1. That in the service of Ladies knightes | haue no free will.
.2. That it is Bwty that maintaines the | worlde in valou'.
.3. That no faire Lady was euer false.
.4. That none can be perfecty wise but Louers.

Against whi', or anie of them, if anie of yo' shall | dare to aunswg' at point of
Launce or Sworde | in honourable listes before rarest bewties & best judgmens |
then knowe ye, that we the .A. assured Cham | pions shall by the high suffereance
of heaven & | vertue of ou' knightlie valou', be readie in the | vale of My
refleure, constantlie to aunswe' | & make perfecte ou' imposed vndertakinge a |
gainst all suche of yo' as shall wi'hin 40 | daies afte' the first intimacion of this
ou' vni | uersall challenge arriye, to attend y' glori | ous issue of the famous
aduentures of the | Lucent Piller. In the which the prizes are re | serued &
ordeyned by the fate of ou' Countrye | & Crowne the .3. seuerall succeedinge
daies of | Triumphhe. The firste at Tylte, the second | at Turney, the third at
Barryers.

Linnis
Arrundel
Pembrooke
Mongomery.

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3 Made of or having the magnetic qualities of adamant; incapable of being broken, dissolved or
penetrated; immovable.
4 Obsolete word meaning since.
To late I finde that loue is nought | but folly & an idle thoughte. | A restles
passion of the minde | a laborinth of errors blinde.

A bitter sweete a pleasant sowre | got in a yeare lost in an howre | A sugred
poyson mixt wi th 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 dearely bought | Regardinge neither in right nor
wronge | for short delight repentance longe | A sighinge sorrow mixt wi th
gladnes | feare wi th hope & hope wi th madness | A chillinge colde a wondrous
passion | Exceedinge mans imagination | whi ch none can tell, in whole ne part |
but only he y t feele y t smart | Erro rs in time may be redrest | the shortest follies
are y t best | The difference is twixt thue & mee | y t he is blinde & I can see.
The Poore Soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree | wi\textsuperscript{th} 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 / wi\textsuperscript{th} salt water furrowes he drownes his face. | The sweete birds sate by him, made tame by \^\textsuperscript{his} mones | his true teares fell from him, & softened the stone | Let loue no more boast him in pallar nor bower | It biddles but it blasteth, before it be flowre | If faire & moste false one I dye wi\textsuperscript{th} the wound | then hast lost y\textsuperscript{e} truest louer y\textsuperscript{i} goes on the ground

Then saidst y\textsuperscript{ou} didst loue me & couldst loue \textsuperscript{me} still | thy promise was good, thy performance was ill | comme all yo\textsuperscript{u} for saken & mourne out wi\textsuperscript{th} me | who speakes of a false loue, loue mine falser 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\textsuperscript{e} greene willow shalbe my garlande.
One time oh happy time for euer blest | I heard the musick of hir angells voyice | 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 stoode when I saw hir appeare | what wouldst thou haue y\(t\) in y\(e\) cloude of night | w\(th\) scilent stepps my window comst so neare. | All humbly prostrate on my bended knee | I craued pardon for my great offence | and she so gratious, pardon gaue to me | & thus to hir I did my suite commence | fire though represt 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.

Call me thy seruant, binde me w\(th\) y\(t\) twine | of dutifull alleageance to those e\(y\)es. | She kindly smiling gratiously thus spake | I do accept thy seruice sweete good night | me thinkes I beare some stir if y\(t\) should wak~ | I should be sent and thou debard my sight. | what could I wish for more but this alone | to reape y\(e\) fruite of loue so newly sowne
The Counsell of a frend hearinge a purpose of marriage by another

In choice of wife preferr ye modest chaste | Lillies are faire in shew but foule in smell | The sweetest face by age is soone disgraest | then choose thy wife by witt & lyuinge well. | Who brings thee weat & many faultes wth all | presents thee hony mixt wth 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
Souldio are like ye Armouf they weare all gay at firste faire & well furbushed | But after stormes & showe & blowes ye beare are altogether disarmd & hargabushed | Somme throwne by somme bang'd against ye walls | thus after warres souldio to ruines falls.

The Courtly gallant for his mistris gloue | dares breake a bulrush gainst anothers 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 ye Ladds ye liues & haue rewardes.

But ye braue minded worse & contrym man | that with a tree encounters dares a tree | who goes amongst ye bruts of bulletts now & than | treadinge the grounde where valiant ventures be | and ives in Trenches with ye shott & pikes | theis be ye Ladds ye die & starue in dikes.

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

Well tyme may comme ye Souldio may be kings | Kings in conceite I meane, not otherwise | To aspire to Crownes we know it dange bringes | to be inspir'd with Crownes may well suffise | of this we mist & friendless Souldio are | moste least regarded sith we go so bare.

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5 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.
Tho tyme hath byn my purse well lyn’d wîthin | I payd for all, then frends did swarne 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 with hollowe soundinge voyce | Too late I do bewaile y’ want of form’er time | since y’ my fall doth make my foes rejoyce | Somme singe somme weepe, some laugh to see me sadd | They riche I pore, they haue & I haue had.
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].
The poore mans Peticion to the Kinge

1. Good Kinge let there be an uniformity in true Religion without disturbance of Papist or Puritan
2. Good Kinge let good Preachers be well provid'd for, and without any bribery comming to their livinges.
3. Good Kinge let poore soldiers be payd their wages while they be imploied and well provid'd for when they are maimed.
4. Good Kinge let there not be suche great delays and craftie proceedinges in lawe and let Lawyers haue moderate fees. A pox take the proude | Couetous Attorney and merciless | Lawyer.
5. Good Kinge let poore Suiitoes be hearde quickly, and with speede dispatch'd fawourablie.
6. Good Kinge let no man haue more offi[ces then one, espetiallie in ye Court or touchinge the Lawes.

7. Good Kinge cutt of theis paltry licenses | and all monopolies: fye vpon a close bitinge knauerie
8. Good Kinge suffer no great ordenaunce | to be carried out of ye Realme to thy | Enemies as it hath byn. A plague | vpon all couetous bitinge Treasoro's.
9. Good Kinge let ordinarie causes be determinded in thy ordinarie Courts, and let | not ye Chancerie be made a common | shiflinge place to prolonge causes for priuative gaines.
10. Good Kinge looke to thy Takers & Officers | of thy house and to their exceedinge | fees, that pull and gelde from thy | princely allowaunce.
11. Good Kinge let not vs be oppressed wi' so many impositions, pawlinges | and payments.
12. Remember thy Infants Court who in | warde do euer remaine with Ideats; | & neediotes, 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.
13. Looke to thy Exchequor where Subjectes be al | cheaked by Osborne and Fanshaw, thy | Tellers & Auditor's. Also whose Dames | are not contented with mistres | but Ladilike | do goe, wee dare not speake their treaso's | 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 | Custommes they be opprest. I meane | not y Serious what callinge so euer | be he, let him within thy Realme haue | little rest.
16. Good Kinge let make not Lord of good Linne Duke of | Shorditch for he is & etc.
17. Good Kinge make not Si' W R Erle of Pan | cridge for he is a & etc.

Good Kinge loue vs & we will loue thee, and will spend ou're harts bloods | for thee.
1. It is said that your maies will not continue the protection of the Low Countries, they be your only yokefellows (as it were) of your Religion, and although doubts your maies high wisedomme will forsee all inconuences, yet your simple Gospellers mourns for your resolution: for if your Spaniard preuaile against their poore forsaken men, his forces by Sea are more then trebled; peace will quickly enrich him, wealth will add to his pride; his pride will increase his hatred to your Religion & people; and the Pope even your fire-brand of sedition even when your are dispoiled of your aydsman by sea in your worlde will discover his wonted malice against vs. The pretended title of the Infantha is not unknowne to your majestie: shall you want your Antichristian furthelrance: the Spaniard is his dearest childe: your Kingdomme shalbe by his vnhoity holiness giuen fortiori. Alas they shall haue works at home it will be but sport for them to warre upon you. Principiis obsta sero | medicina paratur.

2. It is sayd y if your maies discontinue your league with your States, the Frenche are ready to entertaine your bargain: There is certaine Antipathy betwenee them and us and it is hard to judge whither the Spaniarde or the Frenche will proue worse neighbours unto you; your true Subjects therefore pray you to keepe them both at the shaftes ende.

3. It is sayd that your maies doth receive infinite number of Peticions; and the poore foolishe people think your Kinge hath leisure to attend every poore mans buisines. Rid you handes be times of suche importunacies, and except your majestie see great cause to your contrarie, refer them to your ordi Courts of justice ordened for the endinge of all differences. But if any complayne truly against your chief Officers of what place or dignity so euer he be heare him your selfe (gratious Soue raigne) make but one or 2 examples of justice and we shall finde a gol den chaunge soodanily; but yet the Lawe Talionis must be put in vse, your vniust accuser be seuerely punished. Least the magistrate be broughte into contempt.

4. It's sayd your maies giueth muche, li] berality in a Prince is a necessarie vertue, but your coffers are not sayd to be so full as they neede emptyinge, nor your Estate in so great securitie, as y it may endure a leane treasurie, after 2 or 3 yeares triall of your neighbour confederates & their affections, and the better vnderstandinge of you owne fortunes & occasions, your majestie shall better discerne 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 doubt the Commons are poore needy and in debt. They desire somme ease they wonder that your Highnes doth not re mitt your remainder of the taxes & sub sidies yet behinde. they say it hath byn the Customme of Kingses at your fir first entraunce to your Crowne so to do and their hope in your case is deceitu.
5. They pray you not to follow the opinion of Rehoboams young Counsellor, nor to suffer ye longe vse of taxes & subsidies to turne to a habite: for they vowe in defence of you majestie your Gospel and the state, they wilbe prodigall of their liues and liuenges.

6. They say that some be advanced to places of justice altogether vnfit for them in that they are ignorant of our lawes & customs. Our advancement of those of ye Gowne | were wont to be as of those of the field from an old soule to a lieutenent from a Lieutenent to a Captayne, and so orderly to every place in ye campe though indeed in ye danger there is some difference, for an vnskilfull General can seldom offend, but suche a magistrate may peradventure through 2000 ignorances enrique himselfe and wrong an infinite number of poore people.

7. It's sayd that the office of ye Master of ye Rolles shalbe executed by a deputy; the patenti is helde for a wisel and hono.urable Gentleman, but ye 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 chief place of justice to be performed or rather abused by a Deputy, or the Patentie should make sale of you majestie free guifte. The place was in a manner executed by Deputies before. Suche were ye judges which pro tempore were Commissioners but the due vse of the afternoone which the master of the Rolles, did usuallly spend to hear & many causes, was a chief whereof the client complained. Which course it is sayd the master nowe being cannot follow by reason of his more neere and necessary employment about you majestie.

8. It's said the respect at the Coure of ye Scott by all the attendant officers there is so partial as the Englishe finde themselves much disgraced, the meanest of ye 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 majestie it is ye foolish gross clawinge of some of the Englishe. But you majestie must provide that this indiscretion breedeth not a discreet emulation betwixt us who ought as we now profess but one God and one Kinge, so to haue but one hart and you English subjects not to be disgraced: for it must be confessed (Right noble Kinge) that ye Kingdom and people of England made you great: many offices have been taken from ye Englishe, and, giuen to ye Scott, and some ye serued the state with good commendation which now you majestie must esteme donne to you self remaie vnthought of, and vnrewarded.

9. It is sayd that your majestie purposeth to alter the manner of our Government; and fault is founde at oure common lawes & customs of England and spetially our triall by ye oathes of 12 men which is without doubt the best and equallest course, & in it selfe least capable of corruption. Every alteration euoen in a private family muche more in a Kingdome breedeth hurly burly. Doubtless there be abuses in the Courts of Westminster, and chiefly in the Arbitrarie Courts but if you majestie had but once purified a fewe of the chiefest officers, howe soodainly would you majestie owne expe|rience giue
allowance to our Common Lawes and statutes which be even fittinge to the 
occurrents and natures of the People and Kingdomme.

10. It’s said that your majestie of an ingentious & Royall nature not 
delightinge in popular salutations doth 

15° pass by great troupes of ye commons with a kinde of kingly negligence, neither 
speaking nor looking upon them. The poorer sort of people are bold with 
your majestie, they prate of ye name of their late Queene when she was scence 
publiquely abroade would often speake kindly to ye multitude discovering 
hir Royall acceptance of their joyfull acclarnations, many times also sayinge 
that hir subjects hungry eyes might haue their fill in beholdinge their 
soueraigne. Your majestie must in somme sorte therefore satisfy their jealous 
affections, or else the poore Rascalls so farre as they dare wilbe angrie with you.

11. It is sayd that your majesties followers as well English as Scotts proclaime 
open sale of ye moste ancienct and noble Order of 

16° Knighthoode, whereby somme contrary to your Highnes intent of vnworthy 
condition for bribes haue byn vnworthily made knightes to the 
dishonour of your Royall pallace, and ye disgrace of other noble & vertuous 
knightes.

12. Fax plebis I wott not what to call them, but somme there be who moste 
vnaturally and vnreuerently by egregious lies woulde the honorf and good 
fame of our deceassed Soueraigne not only taxinge hir good gouernmen but 
hir Person with sundrie manifest vrntruthes, and ye foolish indigesta moles you 
Commons of London. (I should say somme of them for doublets all are not so 
lewd) haue put out hir name, where it was engrauen & painted vnnder the armes 
of ye kingdome. And it is said they are about to alter certaine monuments 
once dedicated to hir, as beinge lothe belike to be at any new cost with your 

16° majesties. Surely theis slaunders be the deceives of ye Palpistes, arguinge thereby 
at the defamation of the gospell, it will I proue therefore your majesties 
magnaminous to prouide for ye preservation of hir famous memorie by all 
means.

13. It is said many ancient and poore officers at Court be displaced and ye 
place giuen to your Countrymen the Scottishe, indeede to say true it is 
meeteth that your majesties knowne servaunts should be for your majesties 
nearest employement, nor is it any dishonour to the English nation that your good 
servants be preferred so that your majestie 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 I 
loueth and reuerenceth you majestie. Let therefore ye admirable manger of your 

17° majesties cominge to so opulent a Kingdomme be euer before you cies. God 
is chiefly to be honored, true Religion to bee more & more advaued, the 
common wealth to be cherished which consisteth chiefly of home-borne men. It were I 
good we could forgett all difference of nations, and repaire almoste decayed name of great Britayne. Doubtless 
vnto so wise a Prince a wise man is inough and therefore poore. I, who haue 
alwaies in my priuate conference mainteyned your majesties iust Title so far as 
I durst will here ende. Blessinge my God that I see the happy daye, wherein 
the Kingdomes soe longe diisioyned be nowe united in one Royall
person whose posterity I hope will so obey God as they may continue Kings of this Lande vntill ye dissolution of ye universall.

Ensue th lettre of Sir Walter Rawleight to the Kinge after his Arraignmen't
The life which I had most mighty prince | the lawe hath taken from me, and I | am nowe but the same earth & duste, | of whiche I was made: yf my offence | had any quantity with you' maies ties vnmeasurable goodnes, I mighte hope; but yet | you' great maies tie 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 06 | in a bodie of iron whiche moueth towards the| Loadestone of death, and cannest be withth-held from touchinge it, except your maies ties mercy turne the point towards | me which expelleth it. Lost | I am for| heareinge a vaine man, for heareinge | only, and neuer believing or acceptinge | and so little accompt I made of that| speache of his which | was my condemnation, | as the liuinge God doth truly witnes | I neuer remembred any | suche thinge | vntill it was at my triall objected against me: so did he repaye my | care| who cared to make him good, whiche I see| no care of man can effect. But | for | my offence to him which layed this heauy | burthen on me miserable and vnfortunate wretch which I am, but not for

Louinge you my Soueraigne hath God | layed this sorrowe on me. For God | knoweth with whomme I may not | dissemble that I honored you' maies tie | by fame, and loued & admired you' maies tie | 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 0 Prince) vouchesaue to, | ascribe it to y\textsuperscript{e} Counsell of a dead hart | which sorrow hath broken: but y\textsuperscript{e} more my | miserie is, the more is your maies ties great | mercy, if you please to behold it; and | y\textsuperscript{e} less I can deserue the more liberall is} y| guifte: God only, your maies y | 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 great| louse which the same great goodnes shall pleas-| to bestowe it. This | beinge the first letter\textsuperscript{e} which euer you' maies y | received from a dead | man I | humbly submit my selfe to the | will of my supreame Lorde and shall | willingly & paciently suffer what so euer shall please you' maies y | to laye on | me.

\textsuperscript{6} There is a stain on the page which has also marked fols 15\textsuperscript{v}, 16\textsuperscript{iv}, 17\textsuperscript{v}, 18\textsuperscript{iv}, and 19\textsuperscript{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 deceived.
3. Be riche in promise to all, though in performance to fewe.
4. Make no difference betwene an h-o-nest servaunnt & vn honest, but make both serue thy turne
5. Aboe all thinges make not thy servaunnt 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 vnto vnkindeness
7. Thank fulness take it for a vertue, not beseeminge a great man, for it is as muche as an obligation of debte.
8. Dissemble w\textsuperscript{th} every body, but be not seen to dissemble
9. Wynne the seruice of many to you it is no matter for their hartes.
10. Though you gett nothinge yet be still

(if you can) in y\textsuperscript{e} Princes eare, it will be in stead of a Reuenuous vnto you.
11. Whatsoever you\textsuperscript{e} Aduersary saith; howe true so euer it be, oppose it because he said it
12. You must be as carefull to breake his faction as to strengthen you\textsuperscript{e} owne to breake it diuide it.
13. With y\textsuperscript{e} heade of the contrary faction neither haue freindshipp nor see me to haue emmitie.
14. What soever yo\textsuperscript{o} do against him, pre\textsuperscript{t}ende the Princes good & common\textsuperscript{c}wealth by this slie course you shall sooner cutt his throate.
15. Those y\textsuperscript{e} depend vpon him, crosse them in their suites, disgrace them with wordes, w\textsuperscript{th} loakes, kindle emulacion betweene them. If they be of the same profession, breede discontentmen\textsuperscript{t} to shake the knott of them a sunder.
16. If any man will haue iustice at your handes, lett him buye it, serue not the common wealth for noughte.
17. By no meanes take bribes you\textsuperscript{e} selxe 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\textsuperscript{h}able harvest
18. Be not ouerfonde of vertue it hath hurte many of hir doatinge louers, onely carry an opinion of it
19. But aboue all thinges be not too religious. At y\textsuperscript{e} rocke many haue byn made shipwracke: If it will serue thy turne heare the Protestant for the Puritane, and y\textsuperscript{e} Puritan for y\textsuperscript{e} Papiste. This art hath euer byn gainefull, beinge rightly vsed.
20. In times of action gather vnto you men of y\textsuperscript{e} sworde, vse them as phi|sitions when you neede them: Giue them their fees but when yo\textsuperscript{u} vse y\textsuperscript{em}\n
22. The Preachers heare them, it is a good customme, it is time well spent, makke profitt of their deuision
22. The Schollers, lett them haue in their colleages to breathe & liue but no more vse them as wardes, as yet in their nonage, imploeye none of them; the greatest Clarkes are not y\textsuperscript{e} wisest men Amonge all their lectures, there is wantinge the chiefest, the lecture of good discretion.

\textsuperscript{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 forwarde & valiannt suppress him. Theis time | may not beare a stirringe spirite. | A body crazed wi|th y^c Goute, it is | dangerous to haue it ruled with a | quicke siluered spurre.

subditori\textit{um} virtutes regibus formidolosae
Because that word & faythe | 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
Diues sine Elimosina
Religiosus sine Castitate
Adolecens sine Obedientia
Seruus sine Timore
Miles sine Probitate
Pauper a Superbus
Senex Luxuriosus

Culpa conscius reprehenditur pallet | Studit ac tacet.

The Conscience being accused of a fault | waxeth pale, doth studie & like wise | holdeth his peace
The happiest life is that which all desire; but yet the same is unto all unknowne. Some think it is in them they may aspire; to which they desire which is not of their own. But I suppose, the happiest life to rest in scorning all which is esteemed best.

For worldly pomps commands & Kingdoms large, and Treasures all that earth & seas can yield. The more receiv'd, the more account in charge; hard to obtain, most hard from loss to shield. By theft, debate, war, treason & their traine, each seeks the same with greediness to gaine.

For beauty, strength & praise of finest wit, brute Beasts, excel therein in every kind. And from the same we are provided fit of Chief effects which we by nature find. faire beauty, strength the finest wit & all, do often prove the owners greater fall.

Yet beauty strength & wit, if wisdom guide, are things of pride & do excell in deed. All other things, by sight of eye describe but secret lies your happy life doth breed & And harbored is in worthiness of mind wherein one may a stately kingdom finde.

The Dyademe is liberty of mind, the Scepter pow'r to yield to each his due, the sword is force by Vertue pow'r to cutt of vice & vertue to ensue. The Counsell great you do support your state is fear of God which sinn & vice doth hate.

The subjects are the affections of your mind which will rebel if they be not restrained. Who so rules, a government shall not be easily obtained. The mean to keep his subjects still in awe is reason pure, the ground & life of law.

For mightiest Kings & monarchs of your earth & men of state, you beare the greatest sway; even over them such rule affection beareth; that to your same as subjects they obey. So he whose affections subjects bringes doth rule the same, your rulers ruleth Kings.

The Treasure great y doth mainayne your state Contentmen is, which may suffice. Aboundance breeds contention & debate; but one content is happy riche & wise. So he your lista a happie life to finde must seek the same, in vertues of your minde.
Fie fye desire why seekst thou to intice my yeares of youth with baies of sundry bliss. 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 (good) nay doatinge follie meere. What meanst thou fancy thus to dym my sight with likinge mistes to deeme contrary cleere. That lust is loue with no such happ doth senc but bitter sow\textsuperscript{e} repentance in the end.

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

Leave of Desire such Treason to attempt against your hart whose faith is void of guile. And lett my guiltless purpose be exempt for suche delightes as purest thoughts defile. And frame your suite in vertues Court to dwell fancy adue and dotinge daies farewell.

Farewell Delight, the bane of youthfull yeares adue sweete ioyes cause of endless mone

Farewell your Crocodile with fained teares which are but snares to stay the silly one. Such false and fraile your proffers euill prowe fancy farewell I learn another loue.

Hensforth Desire direct thy course to runn in wisedomes pathes where rashnes beare no sway. And feede thy fill in presence of your Sunn & not in dennis asham'd to see the day. This Course is good, the end renues your gaine with pleasant salue for pange of secreat paine.
22 Why art thou prowde, thou Peacock of thy plumes? of beauties blaze, or fauou' of thy face. Whose needless cost, like smoke & dust consumes when crooked age arrests wi\textsuperscript{th} crazed mace: when golden locks are growne to grisled hue, bid beauty then thy looking glass adue

Thy smoothest cheeks somm'tyme sweetly smil'd both Care & tyme shall thereon furry deepe Thy christall eyes whose glaunce hath ofte beguild shall waxe both read & dym & droope & weepe. And palenes rest where rosie coollo' grewe byd then betimes thy looking glass adue.

Thy pleasant tongue whose talke did oft delight shall tripp & faulter in thy feeble chappes Thy teeth y' stooode like pearle or luory white

23 wi\textsuperscript{th} yellow scales shall breake in lothsom gapp. Thy breath shall stinke & cherry lips wax blew bid then in tyme thy looking glass adue.

When gallant once thou grisled art becom & feelst thy bones ybrooke & bruis'd paine Thy sinnowes shrunke nimble ioynts benumd then wilt thou feel thy fleetinge beauty vaine And singe farewell to follies flatteringe crue & bidd thy pleasure & y' pelfe\textsuperscript{8} adue.

Adue the time I in dotinge spent adue delight y' madst me gaze amis farwell fond gaze y' caus'd my hart consent to deeme of beauty better then it is: Vaine loye farwell I concei'ed by view beauty farwell thy gloss & glass adue.

Adue y' glass wherein thou sawst y' gloss of beauties blushe 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 beauty then thy lookinge glass adue.

But if thou needes wilt haue a glass to prie what pimpled spotts thy fauou' ouer spreads Looke in Gods glass for y' will truly trie what things deform'd vpon beauty breeds And tell y' cause & teache thee medicines true to cleanse y' heart, & cleare thine outward hue.

\textsuperscript{8} Obsolete word meaning frippery, trumpery or money, riches or possessions.
in praise of Peace wi th y e Spaine

O Lord of hostes thou God of Peace whom workes are scene 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 rejoynce.

Where hatred Battell, sword & warre | in former Raigne bare swinge & sway | our peacefull Kinge to end y' iarr | by league hath taine the same away |Lonege 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 Queene for Prince, for peace| let Prayers euermore be made | that subject's loue may neuer cease |So shall we liue in quiet rest | & Kinge &Subjects both be blest.

Sound organs cornetts & etc.
Ballade .1.
While as a stately fleetinge Castell faire | on smooth and glassy salt doth softly slide | wi° 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° foolish Pilgrim of the seas | inflam'd fortunes flowinge fickle bayt | esteeme them selues to be at suche an ease | as who but they into their owne conceyt | and every man cheres vp his fellow mate | As Citissens of Thetis slippery 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° 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° roe.

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

And drumly cloudes wi° rumbling thunders reard | do threaten ← a mixinge° ← heauen wi° sea and eard.

O miserable wretches would they crie | that setled trusts on so vnsetled ground | who would all other elements defie | for y° wh° onely we uncertaine found | now were we happy, now into a stound.° Are we or-laden wi° a hell of fraies | but ware y° rocks: soone cast hir in y° staises.

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

The like, o not y° 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 alluring grace | whose absence makes vs lak our light, alace.

The Court as garland, lakes hir chifest flowre | the Court a chatton° toome, y° 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 chiefest only one!

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

But hope begins to hoise me on hir winges | even hope y° presence absence shall amend. | But what, my muse, howe pertly thus y°° singes | who rather ought Solsequium like attend | wi° Lukened leaues, till weary night take end! | Haste golden Titan, thy so longed retourn | to cleere y° 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.
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"d. | 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 without our 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".
A Ballad 3.

Now doth disdainfull Sadd and old icy breath enjoy his frozen reign: His hairie heares and snowy mantle cold ore-couer hills, & eu'ry pleasant plain whilst dasht frost, whiles drounde with rappinge raine Do beastes and birdes bewaile their woall case. Wi' th 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 ye trees and plants their spirits of life must hide them at ye hart where through their kindely courage daily scants till mountinge Phoebus make them to reuart.

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 colde it doth contend: | the more it burns the more restrain'd it be | no winters frost nor sommers heate can end | or stay the course of constant loue in me.
A Gentlewoman yt married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whereupon she tooke hir needle in whi[ch she was excelent & wo'ked vpon hir Sampler thus\(^\text{13}\)

Comme giue me needle, stitch cloth, silke & chaire | y\(^t\) I may sitt and sigh and sow & singe | Fom perfect coollo's 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 \(^a\)ll\(^a\) 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\(^c\).
And by the hand of Mistres lead, | lo here she is, quoth hee | This strange and substill 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 begins to fade. | so tramped by thee still:) | Lo, here she is who makes ye drinke | the siluer cristall springe. | Of flyinge horse and ridinge foule | as auncient Poets singe. | Lo here ye subject and the winges | of thy high flyinge verse | that O\textsuperscript{15} aboue ye\textsuperscript{e} flamie vautes\textsuperscript{16} | and to ye\textsuperscript{e} heauen doth perse.\textsuperscript{17} | With this me thought she bow'd hir downe | and ioynd hir Rubies sine, | that hide hir iuorie ranks & smell of nectar vnto mine. | Sine wi\textsuperscript{th} hir hand soft and silke hir wayes | But lo my mind so passiond was | and hart so stird withall

with ioye extreame as made them sone | my sences to recall. | And looke howe soone from sluggishe sleepe| I perfectly awoke | 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 dreams | had rauishd byn my thought. | Then either of the humou\textsuperscript{r} fowre | the chiefe that did abonde | By simpathie wi\textsuperscript{th} 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 bloudy iarres | in springe time, and againe | If choler raigned wi\textsuperscript{th} 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.

When frozen Saturne rules wi\textsuperscript{th} 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 thing I dream'd indeede | For I confess 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 guilt | and sent me from aboue, | I O\textsuperscript{18} 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 Amethyst | their secreates for to trie. | Thou Lician. Lord ye Deitie, | whom Delphos did adore | whose shininge coache do saphires blew | and Rubies read decore. | The sacred sisters monarch great | the spirit that did inspire.

with oracles the sibills sage, | inflam'd with heauenly fire| O thou that misteries can reuaile | 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 yppon my part. | And as the coolors of this stone| are purple mixt with gray; | so flames my loue of earthly parts |

\textsuperscript{14} A finger is pointing from the left margin to the continuation of this verse from fol. 25'.
\textsuperscript{15} Damage to the page has obscured one word.
\textsuperscript{16} This could be a scribal error for 'vaults' or a variant of 'faut' or 'vaut', which means fault.
\textsuperscript{17} Obsolete form of 'pierce'.
\textsuperscript{18} A scrape runs down the whole page, one word missing.
consume me day by day. The secret virtues are hidd into this precious stone; endue me with meete qualities for seruinge suche a one; for as this stone by secret can soueraignly remead; Theis dazeled braines, whome Bacchus strength orecomes as they were dead; And can preserue vs from the harme of the invenom’d stinge of poisoned cuppps, that to our tombe vntimely doth vs bringe. so hope I still to be preseru’d by vertue from aboue,

From staggeringe like a drunken man, or waueringe 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 my conqueringe 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’ be Of O19 and iarres I happen in O20 the same to see; I shall not from the enimies, in O21 way remoue vntimely once in honoUr of My mistress and my loue for only not be 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, In end to catche his pray (ye fruite of all his trauiales made.) So, as I am a prentice past into that Princely game whose houndes & horns through woods & rocks, make echo 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 tume 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 whith by the fire is fin’d Hir chastnes pure doth represent in body both and minde The cralinge scores of amelinghe blaks that on the golde are wroughte The diuers passions represent, that watter in hir thoughte One of ye 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 as senseless 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 grievous 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 ye 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 self for them that by your vertue singes.

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 substill firy shafte. for pearcinge of the same. But that hir hand doth hold hir hart I take it for to bee. That willingly
she lets hir hart | be shott into for mee. | The other on the inner side | All emptie
doth remain | which (if my guess deceiue me not) is ordaind to contain. | The art
of some Apelles fine. | the porroict of hir face | To glue 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
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
sahide. | Then am I glad of suche a guess | but if I be deceaued | and in the
opening 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\footnote{This line has been crossed through and re-written three lines later.} | my dreame
reioyc'd me; so my guess | in gladnes doth me keepe. | now may ye see, o Titan
mine | no distaunce far 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.
(A Ballade .4.)

O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde | where secret sympathies 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 vow. | In meetinge w\(^th\) 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
to pluck it once w\(^th\) my vnhappy hand.

This life is worse then death | except that she | restore to me | my former lively breath | since fore\'d by golden dart | to hir my minde | is whole inclinde | the harbrow of my hart
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 conceuy'd regrets | the earth and aire to fill | my carefull cries and grones | should make the Rocks rebound | The mountaine riue and all y^e earth | w^i^th ecchoes to resound. | No Orpheus charminge notes | for his departed wife | nor raginge Roland for his loue | that lead so madd a life;

No, not the world in one | compar'd should euer be | unto the mone y^f | I should make| should passions martir me | But what can that availe, | 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 pitty 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, | If bewty, as it ought | with bounty coupled were, | Then surely she would pitty take | on my consuminge care | O if she were but false | and lackinge Venus grace | Then would I not haue bryn abus'd | by hir inchauntinge face.

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 into men! | My state can neuer change | my griefes are but begunn | Thus casten is my luckles lott | that wofiall 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 dolors 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.

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 dwein before I end | yet if the endless smart,| and sorrowes I sustain | were suffered for some worthy wight | I happie would remain| I would me happie thinke, | if thus I martir'd ware | for somme sweete saint, in sacrificze | that both were good and faire.| But oh alace my paine | and restless griefe 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^f will not change | nor for no chaunce remoue | All women are in howres | in vertue somme excel;} and somme in vice may ouermatch | the greatest Diuell in hell.

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 | (Wh^i^ch is the only happy chaunce | 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.
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.

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\textsuperscript{t} I neuer proued | what should ye do y\textsuperscript{t} haue for hapless hire | the luckles lott of loue and not be loued | you\textsuperscript{r} plaints I think should moue y\textsuperscript{e} starry skies | & dent the Gods w\textsuperscript{th} shrill & carefull cries
Suppose madam I ought not to refuse what ye request, or pleases to desire yet may I iustly make my owne excuse in y' whi\textsuperscript{ch} last it pleased yo\textsuperscript{a} to require.

Longe since forsooth my muse begun to tire through daily fashery\textsuperscript{25} of my owne affaires whi\textsuperscript{ch} quencht in me y' heauenly furious fire in place whereof came sad & thornie cares.

Whi\textsuperscript{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'\textsuperscript{is} time of yeare ye see

\textsuperscript{25} Fashery: annoyance, worry or vexation or something that causes worry.
But what madam, and shall I then deny your just demand, and disobey the same! No ye, even ye shall carry to the skies my barren verse, and shall my muse inflame me. Not only your enchanting name who on her wings aloft did carry me from native soil to follow on your name and eagle-like on Thetis' hue to fly where she commanded Neptune to be my princely guard and Triton to attend. On artificial flying towers of trees wherein I resting ran to journeys end. Then since your fame hath made me fly before well may your name my verses now decorate.
O cruel Cupid what a ruthless rage | what hatefull wrath thou vters vpon me? |
no medicine my sicknes may aswage: | no cataplasme\(^{26}\) can cure my wound I see

Through dead shott alie I daily die | I frye in flames of y\(^{4}\) invenimd dart, | whi\(^{ch}\) shott me sicker in at either eie, ||I'm festned\(^{27}\) fast in my tormented hart.

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\(^{4}\) she might weet, what sorrow I sustaine.

\(^{26}\) A poultice or plaster.
\(^{27}\) Festenace: confinement or durance.
Comme fruitfull thoughts, yt fertill euer growes, and shew what sorrowes smite my heauy hart. The more I muse, my griefe yt greater growes & painfull panges of passions play their part.

My euill it is incurable by arte, and keepes an contrare course to natu're cleene: my minde delightes to pause vpon hir smart, and feede on flames, though secret & vnseeene.

But as my breast a Butt full longe hath bynj of sightles shotts: so on the other side, O ye my harts allurer by my eyn respect with ruth yt bale I daily bide.

Then since we both like sorrow do sustaine, both press to turne in pleasure all ou't paine.
As man, a man am I composed all of brethren four, did the world compose yet such a chance doth unto me befall as I of mankind all am he alone, who of the four possess only one.

my flames of love to fiery heaven be past; my air in sighs euanished is, and gone: my wakenes into tears distilling fast.

Now only earth remains with me at last that I am denuded of the other three. Then cruel Dame, since unto such a cast thou only love thus compelled me Send as my earth with earth for to remaine, or else restore me to myself again.
Although ye crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie an vnder ashes cold (as oft we see) |
As senseless dead, while by his heate he drie | the greene and fizinge fagotts, 
made of tree

Yet will that little sponke,\textsuperscript{28} & flaminge eie | blaze brauely forth & sparklinge 
all abreede| wj\textsuperscript{th} wandlinge vp (a wondrous sight to see)\| kith\textsuperscript{29} cleerely shine & 
on ye\textsuperscript{e} fagotts feede.

So am I forced to confess indeede:| my sponke of loue smorde\textsuperscript{30} vnde\textsuperscript{r} coles of 
shame| By bewtis force the fostrer of ye\textsuperscript{r} seede, |now buds & bursts in an 
appearinge flame

\textsuperscript{36} But since you\textsuperscript{r} bewty, hath ye\textsuperscript{r} wonder wrought | I hope, madam, it shall not be 
for nought.

\textsuperscript{28} With the quality of fire or light or spirit, mettle pluck or courage. 
\textsuperscript{29} Knowledge of or acquaintance with something, persons or places that are familiar. 
\textsuperscript{30} Smoor: to smother or suffocate.
O womans witt y' wavers wth winde: whom none so well may waue now, as
I | As weather cock thy stableness, I finde | and as the sea, that still can neuer lie

But since y' time y' 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' out of sight should out
of languo' bee.
If he who takes your sight of both his eyes may justly mourn his miserable case

As one whom to all worldly pleasure dies; when dreary darkness comms in Phoebus place:

How much more may I lament alace, your absence of my only lamp of Light; since lizardlike, I feede upon hir face, and suck my satisfaction from hir sighte!

now more may I, then marigold by night bear blossoms when no sight of some I have, for ye madam, have by your beauty's sight bereft & broke my hart, your humble slave

How may a man, a flower, a corpse in smart see blossoms bear breath but eyes, but some, but hart?

Finnis

Sr Thomas Areskine

Of Gogar Knighte

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31 'Sight' is crossed through neatly and 'might' is written in the margin in the same hand.
O thou prodigious monster moste accurst| what makes thou here in mens societie
|Back to those desarts where ye hast byn nurst | by bruitish Beastes of rudest qualitie | And yet in wildest desart Beasts are borne| whose natures do ye beastlike naty scorne.

And they (I thinke) together haue conspir’d | to hunt thee out of ye their habitacion | Because they fear’d, thou wouldst haue ye requir-| to harken to thy hatefull education | If so, they much deseru’d to be commended | who from ye selfe, haue so themselues defende-~

But if of beasts ye hast byn thus reiecte | why shouldst thou hope of men to b’interlaine-| 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 ye | though beasts reiect ye, men will intertaine the~

And sure I see thou hast not misconceiued | for thou hast found such as ye thoughtst to finde | who beare ye forme of men, but are bereau’d | of all good properties of humane kinde.

Thus hast ye thought moste fitt to beare youf name| whi ch is ingratitude reprochefull shame.

Vild bold fac’d Beast, why shamst thou not to dwell | in this our Region of the vpper earth | Auaunt for shame, post downe to deepest hell | whi ch is ye place of thy vnhappy birthre | There foule obliuion (as he doth confess | begatt thee, no ye hagg vnthankfulness.

Thou maist reply, that I haue ye misus’d | by taxinge thee, before ye 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 ye downe from hence

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

Dread sacred lady my late soueraigne Quene, | tis ye great worth ye is worthles wretch would blott

whose like was neuer, nor shall ere be seene| great shame therefore ye art so soone forgott | yet shalt thou neuer be forgot of mee | though such forgett ye as were rais’d by thee.

Though suche forget ye, as were rais’d by thee | yet will thy vertues rare themselues p’eserue.| And those ye can discerne what vertues bee | will giue thee truly ye thou didst deserue | But suche as seri’d for nought but priuate gaine~| did shew ye mindes, when ye didst cease to raigne

They serued ye, but to serue themselues by thee, | yet when thou didst suruiue they did adore ye| But since thou didst decease, I can nott see| ye any of them, now daignes to deplore thee| Such misery on Princes lyues attend | ye whilst they liue ye cannot know their frend
And thou great Princess hadst of theis thy share | els had thy glory passed Cintheas Lighte | For in thy minde were placed vertues rare | yet ill advise did sometimes dym you sighte | This proffe therefore vpon thy life depend | that flatterers cannot be Princes frend.

If this be granted, then infer we may | the number of thy frends was very small | Though numbers did attend thee day by day | thou hardly hadst a frend amongst them all | for as they fed thee then w' th flattery | they now forgett thee moste vngratefully

Yet one there is on thee did attend | whose minde immaculate doth well retain | The Duties both of Seruannt & of frend she profess'd, when you here didst reign | That beast ingratitude cannot infect hir | for true religious zeal doth safe protect hir.

Thrice honored Theana thou art she | whose modesty hath wonne immortal fame | Thou honorest deceased soveraigntie | and therefore dost deserve an honor'd name | for when she liu'd, you chastly didst attend hir | & being dead, you chastely didst defend hir.

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

for thy

19. 8 9 8 3 5 (8 4 7 6 7) s 5
Sr T1 2 3 1 1 7 e k 5

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

And if Eliza, had byn furnished 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 you succeedes may well peruse hir | and free himselfe of suche as did abuse hir

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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.
I y' 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 & prayers & faithless mens vntruth | with vowes & sighes & teares betray’d my youth

Those fainned 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

what life so chaste, or who is she wjth standes | when likinge conquers, and where loue commandes.

In vaine we striue gainst loues powe’ to resist | once intertain’d, it Conquers where it list | wjth many othes he vow’d his faith to me | & sweare y’s fault vpon his soule should be | whil’st made me bold quickly to giue consent | mine be y’s fault and his the punishmen’t.

But neuer had such faith so ill regarde | nor constant loue wjth 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 some torture worse then paines of hell | Wherein his Soule perpetually may dwell.

And pretious Time y’s righter of all wrongs | and Truth y’s knowes to falshood what belongs. | I conjure you vpon you’ faith & worthe his Periury to all the world lay forthe. | That none may blush to reade his foule amis | that hath betray’d poore Innocenty this.

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

Let there be time to worke his overthowe | 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°

The Courtier. 1.

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

the Diuine. 2.

My callinge is diuine | one cure doth me content.

40° I will no chop-church be, | nor paye my Patron rent | nor yeld to sacrilege, | but like ye kind 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 donge.

the Phisition. 4.

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 Pothecaries 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 Merchaut. 6.

My trade doth euery thinge, | to euery land supply | Discouer vunknowne worldes, | straunge Countries doth ally. | I neuer did forstall, | 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.
To engrosss is to buy an entire stock.

Usury.

This series of numbers is written upside down in this format at the foot of fol. 42'.
the wyfe 10.

The first of all our sex I came from the side of man | I thither am retournd, | whence first our sex began. | I do not visite muche. | 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 conforte and relie me | Though I no more will loue, | I moste not loue disdaine | Penelope hir selfe, | did suitors intertaine. | And yet to drawe on such | as are of best esteeme.

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

the Mayde 12.

I marriage would forsweare | 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.

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42 Proverbial fate for a spinster.
Things hard to winn w\textsuperscript{th} case makes love incited | and fauou\textsuperscript{es} wonn w\textsuperscript{th} ease are hardly quited
A proper new Ballad of ye Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or promoter of Loue amoung the Augustine nunes Translated out of Cornish or Devonshire 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 & ye rest | his smock staind Dames will ha a game at chest | And swear to me ye knights be not turned knaues | thy Rookes turne flesh Crowes or devouing slaues. | Birdes of ye night ye haunt where Carion lies, | and comme to it like magotts or like flies | wast not inough you 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. | Ify willin' fy, mats Ballad is no bible | nor doth thy pockett yeld the truthe | though ne'r without a bible. | Dauy dare do and Docto' wrights |what thou darst not gaine saye, | for they dar comme vpon the stage | where thou darst not to play.

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 strang | hir Belly now doth swell. | She doth confess although she wishe a scabby knigthe in hell. | It will not serue you to say | twas donne in pulp-age | for euyn you' songe 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 you will lapp with twaine | And per acquittance pleade a truce | your maximme to mainayne. | But say the worthy wife will not, | whomme no man e're suspected, | Thine owne lawe doth condemne y' 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.

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 ye' 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 lo'd to piddle. | Should keepe hir minnikin to ye' first | the fittest stick to fiddle. | But Suffolk musick loueth notes | of discord and of change | Whi though it pleaseth wanton eares | the wiser thinke it strange. |And now I comme to speake of flesh | nor bak't nor rost nor sodden | But nearest stuen of the rest | because it was Crowe trodden. | What a groue of pretty birdes | were gotten all together | Somme of the day, somme of ye' night | and none of selfe same fether. | When birdes wi' wrablinge voice would | singe when euer she did whistle. | And neuer giue ouer quauer notes | without the thorne or thistle.

And night Crow on press on hir | in compass of a foote. | As scant you could discerne ye' 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 ye' all might play | and neuer one sitt out | In selfe same roone & none giue aime | when cache man hitt the cloute. | The Clout said I! The spell I trow | for so I should haue sayd | The game was donge eche wonn a shott, | and so they were vnlay'd. | Nunnes call you theis ye' keepe their Cell, | within the
Austyn friers I where anie that desired it I had fuell for their fiers. I Such open houses then was kept I so great was the deuotion | That any might haue entrance there | vpon 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.

45v

The Sister Pandress then did rule | the Parlog & the hall |Although she could not rule y^w Coche | that caused hir showe all. | Me thinks 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^w Lady is | I neuer saw the like | I ought haue seene farr fatter flesh | lay in a durtie dike. | Yf she had byn belou'd at home | they would haue hidd hir shame | But she y^w 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 songs | and Ballads in his tyme. | Upon three Erles & diuers more | in very scurrile sort | Others will raile aswell as he | and make y^w Readers sport. | His frends are all atrafe of him | his kinred is not free. | This Lande is often taxt wi^l his base scurrilitie.

46r

He is a trunke for to conuey vnto somme persons eare | That whi^t ch if they believe, they may | his fawninge justly feare | for he likewise to fiorraine parts | suche secreats doth bewray | As by his Deuillish practises | he may this land betray. | His head is full of libellinge | his hart of false religion | And yet he commes with Olieue leafe | like vnto noahs pigeon | He famme would make y^w world belieue | his Sister is no whore | And yet he knows tother Sister | often kept the dore. | But y^w all one the E_rle did twice | acknowledge hir his wife | Twoe Docto^w swore, that therefore y^w is true vpon thy life | Thou liest the Docto^w swore | constantly one thinge | And y^w 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.

46v

And though thereby or any man | can proue she was the more | his wife be that he and she | that neuer mett before | His Servuants call hir mistres | and he doth call hir wife. | And did you neuer heare like | in Court in all you^w life. | Looke into one of those same others | if you have any sence | And you shall finde y^w he doth not | with periury dispence. | But plainly say what haue you gott | a wife on the Court fashion | Or Mist^wes as the manner is | and this will moue you^w passion. | And suche a letter John might beare | or chiefe man in the house | All will not proue ought for yo^w | whi^w th wilbe worth a louse | Nor Ringes nor lett^wes make y^w matche | but wordes in presence bind | Praye me by lawfull witnes y^w | whi^w 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.

47r

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43 Punishment for verse libellers.
hold | whych goe from all away. | Do we not say that women are | as soone as they are borne | Pis kitchins for they cannot hold | yth | thinge which thou dost scorne. | But both you Sisters and you child | prouided well for this | Their tubbs can neuer leake | because the stopple | Pollard will catche you by yth poule | and brother by the horne.

47' And though he haue no horneys to butt | you villany will scorne. | You touche him whomme you newe knew | nor neuer so offended | As in your base and rascall ryme | moste lewdly is pretended. | And you whith do so vaunt you'selues | of loue unto 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 | do profess | the Doctrine of the Pope | that least we haue what yo possesses | his pardon ther's no scope | And this is it whith armeth you to every bold aduenter | Hopinge that in another age | his holynes will enter. | And so your hollowness a time | may haue a couerture | But if as it begins to appeare | it will not longe endure. | And tell whither to yth state | are true you or wee. | You whith the sentence do condemne, | or we, which do agree | you whith after manie yeres both | Prince and Judges blame. | Or we whith both hir Justice and | judgments do maintaine A 44

48' In one thinge you haue gaind of vs | in you'tenn howres worke | That ours whith after 20 months talk | surmised is to lurke. | Hir fathers man did once behold | the makinge of apparrell | for weserine bride, about whose banns | 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 yth skippers tale | and hearb wiues courtesie | To him yth left leade-- his Sisters mayde | about the Countrie | Tellinge him yth Oisters wiues | and suche as singe potaties | Shall teache him howe to cleare his | pipes, through pockfied wiues | 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' You see the weserine 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 yth quittance.

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

fire newe and yth first mintage

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

hir majestie wheeles fortune must now no more in Triumph ride | you's are y' wheeles that did hir Chariot guide.

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

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

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

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

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

Lady Kildare a Girdle By fortunes girdle happy may yo' bee | yet they y' are less happie are moste free.

Lady Dorothy a Bodkin Euen by this Bodkin you may liue vnharmed | you' Bewty is wi' vertue so well armed.

Lady Howard of Effingham a pair of writinge tables Theis Tables may containe you' thoughts in part | but write not all is written in you' 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 Gieue hir y' lace y' louses to be straite laced | so fortunes laced ←litle -- guifte is aptly placed.

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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 chalenge 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[e]
steps then shee.

Mistres Bridges
Pointes
You are in euery point a louer true | & therefore fortune giues theis points to
youe.

Mistres Thrime
a Fanne
You loue to see and yet to be vnseene | take you a fann to be you[e] bewties
screeene.

Mistres Wharton
a Chaine
Because you scorne loues Captiue to remaine | fortune hath sworne to leade yo[u]
in a chaine.

Mistres Neuill
a neck lace
Fortune giues you[f] faire neck y[is] lace to weare | God graunt a heauier burden ←
Yoke "← it neuer beare.

Mistres Southwell
a plaine Ringe
Fortune hath sent you happ it well or ill | a plaine gold Ringe to wedd you to
you[e] will.

Mistres Anslow
a Cushionet
To hir y[is] 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.

Mistres Drury
a Blank
You faine would haue, but what you cannot tell! | if fortune giue you nothing she
dothe well.

Lady Walsingham
a stomacher
This stomacher is full of windowes wrought | yet none through y[is] can looke into
you[e] 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" bee | it giues a glass y^t you yo" selfe may see.

Lady Newton a sizer case
This sizer doth you^r huswifry bewray | you loue to work though yo" 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 & Croscloth 49
Frowne in good earnest or be sick in iest | this Coyfe & Croscloth will become yo" best

Mother of y^e maides a Scarfe
Take you y^tscarfe binde Cupid hand & foote | ←she← So loue shall yo" leaue before he shoote

Mist^res Vauasou^r a handkerchiefe
Whither yo" seeme to weepe or weepe indeede | this handkerchief will stand yo" 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 things | an Apron is you^r lott whic^th hath no stringes.

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

no name a blanke
nothinge is you^r lott y^t's more y^en can be told | for nothinge is more worth y^en preitious 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 pitty such a hand should draw in vaine | though it giues nought, yet shall it pitty 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.
Mistres Hastings
You are so dainty to be pleas'd god wot | chaunce knowes not what to giue yo'
for you' lott.

no name
This Diall's you's watch time least it be lost | yet they moste lose their time y'
watch it most.

no name
for all thy witt, fortune might faou' thee | for God forbidd all fooles should
happy bee.
To you faire Dames whose fauour doth now florish | To yo\(^a\) whose dainty dayes in ioyes are spent | To yo\(^a\) whose Corps dame nature yet doth polish | To yo\(^a\) I writ with hart and good intent | whi\(^ch\) hopes on bewties blossomes of content | That yo\(^a\) may note by y\(^i\) whi\(^ch\) I do saye | howe natures gifts soone weare & wastes away

Your loftie lookes the time will pluck full lowe | you\(^f\) stately stepps age eke will alter quight | no one thinge now y\(^i\) doth giue plesant show | but time cuts of and forth do take y\(^e\) 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 becomme | or Cressed eke whom Troilus long time serued | where be the decked dainty Dames of Rome | That in Aurelius time so fairly flourished | Even as all theis & many mo are banished | So shall you\(^f\) youth you\(^f\) fauou\(^f\) & you\(^f\) grace | when nothing els, but vertu may haue place.

To vertue therefore do you\(^f\) selues apply | call Cressids life vnto you\(^f\) youthly minde

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 puf\(^th\) plagues full lothsomly did lay | Hir azur\(^d\) vaines, hir Christall eies so white | whi\(^th\) 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\(^e\) end of wanton wicked life | lo here y\(^e\) fruit y\(^i\) sinn both sowes & reapes | loe here y\(^e\) 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\(^a\) you\(^f\) youths do spend | for vice brings plagues, and vertue happie end.

Richard Pixley\(^50\)

\(^{50}\) This name is written upside down at the foot of fol. 52\(^f\)
S. R. in Defence of loue.

Suche as are skilless in all skill or art
To teache yᵉ skifull shew yᵉir wites braine
Except such of wounds haue felt yᵉ smart
Proof doth vs teache none rightly knows yᵉ paine
He yᵗ was neuef knowne who would against exclaine
Euen so he yᵗ neʳ louᵈ folly great doth showe
Not skilᵈ to blame a thinge he doth not knowe.

Right so, he yᵗ hath louᵈ as now I doe
And yet still must, should fauouʳ show, for why
Deserue he did yᵉ censure I now do
For once he was a foole aswell as I
Orels my loue I well may jestifie
Regard thou that whᶜḥ age may disallowe
Do think yᵗ thou wert yong as I am now.
Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall I a warrio' of you' Campe by force & slighte | me prisoner tooke & holdes me still in thrall | vnder you' coolors yet did I comme to fighte | you' witt & bewty, forces stronge & sure | were giuen yo' not xth, kill but for to cure.

If you for loue you thus do hate extend | what merites hate? Wheresto would yo' yo' moue? | who angrie is for yo' one is his frend! | or is offended because one doth him loue? | Or how can you be angrie or at strife | wth 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 worms 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 yo' offence was made | and in another sort although yo' may: | As for a blowe not seeke yo' lawes defence, | but for a blowe a blow to recompence.

All my offence was loue & loue moste true | wth loue (by right) then must you chasten me. | And by yo' lawes yo' 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 never had oppressed byn with loue

but that in you for to be lou'd I see | faultles is loue for soaringe vp on hie, | sith bewty giues it wings to mount & flie.

You be yo' 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 yo' shadow only is. | The shadow on the body doth attend | so loue must waite on bewty to yo' end.

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

So think of me: for as yo' little strawe | cannot resist yo' vertue of pure iett: | So I can not contrary bewties lawe | but yeld thereto being charged by loues thret | As yo' 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 yo' matchles bewty bright | You' golden locks, yo' lock me in theis chaines | you likewise should haue locked from my sight | foolo yo' I am you' Orient bewties braue | would shew yo' might & shine from darkest Cave.

Thus may you see you' bewties gaue yo' wounde | release my thoughts from theis encaged bands | wth graceful graunts let my great griefs be bounde. | with pitty view yo' workes of your owne hands | wth sweete consent now balme my grieued minde | so you content, and I full ease shall finde.
I flatter not when you ye sonne I call | sith I do know ye Sonne was neuer suche. | But when the Sonn I you compar'd wi th all | doubtless ye Sonne I flattered too muche | for ye I know himselfe will neuer dare | in any sort wi th you for to compare.

When you are absent and ye Sonn doth shine | he peepeth forth to see you bwtie bright | If then his face from brightnes doth decline | he frownes for that you comne not in his sight | Orelz because all other worthles bee | he scornes ye should his brightnes view or see.

If you be present, and he then looke brighte | it is to kiss & view you matchless face: | If Cloudes then hide the he shames to be in sight | because you bwties stain him wi th disgrace. | Or he cannot display his beames to sight | as he ye mooones, you bwties dims his light.

The Sonne no doubt is farr wi th you in loue | to gaze on you he standeth at a stay. | At least none can perceiue him for to moue | You brightnes makes him to forgett his way | The winde, ye raine, & all things els y are | cannot but loue you matchles bwtie rare.

If you be absent and ye winde do blowe | he sighes for sorrow he cannot to you comne | Orelz he scornes all others faire I knowe | & therefore hisseth at them all & sonne. | If he blowe not to touche them he disdaines | or to displease them his presence he refraines.

If ye on you he blowe, it is to play wi th you sweete locks, to kiss & touch the same | If ye he do absent himself away | he feares least ye p'esence yo would blame. | Orelz his eies behold you bwtie so | that he forgetts to open his mouth to blow.

You do surpass ye Sonne in all respects | aswell in vertues as in shew I finde | Only in sundry things diuers effects | ye 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 presence can ( if thereto you agree | quicklie harden & make soft againe | That you can harden experience doth me show | ye you can soften by triall I wish to know.

To heate and coole ye Gods such guifis yo gaue | you eye can make the coldest hart to flame. | Vnder a hill a fountaine faire you haue | which water hath can quickly coole the same. | O happy he might bathe him in ye well | his pleasures great no pen nor tongue could tell.

For vertues twoe ye Sonne is excellent | for light & heate (whereby we all do liue | Throne for his glory great praises we inuent | th'other for increase all laude we also giue | You are my Sonn, you bwtie is my day | you loue ye warmith, maintains my life always~
Your beames more cleare are then ye Sonn is bright | you\textsuperscript{t} 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\textsuperscript{t} warmth likewise ye Sunns heate doth surpass | to giue increase, & also make things growe. | The Sunne is longe in bringinge yo\textsuperscript{t} to pass | yo\textsuperscript{u} soone can make twoe handfulls long & moe | Exhale vp water, distill eke downe in shower\textsuperscript{s} | from you\textsuperscript{t} hidd cloudes to moisten suche faire flowres.

If yo\textsuperscript{u} would haue me praise yo\textsuperscript{u} more (deare she | when night doth com still wi\textsuperscript{th} me yo\textsuperscript{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 | ye\textsuperscript{e} heauenly beames of you\textsuperscript{t} diuinitye.
I fear not death, fear is more pain than death itself to courage true: In youth who dies otherwise is slain, pays nature but a debt due. Who youngest dies he doth pay a debt (he owes) before the day.

And such a debt longer to have doth nothing profit men at all. Death is a debt nature doth crave and must be paid by great and small. I loathe not war, nor long for strife I fear not death, nor hate not life.
I will not soare aloft the skye | with Icarus so farr from ground | Least that ye Sunn my winges Ø \(^{52}\) | and fallinge downe w\(^{1}\) 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 ye he striue to shoote so hie | his Bowe about his eares shall flie.

Lowe shrubbs ye silly beasts do cropp | high trees great tempests do them crack. | The meane growe tree w\(^{1}\) slend topp | is free from beasts & tempests wrack. | Neither base nor treble will I singe | the meane is still ye sweetest stringe.

\(^{52}\) One/ two words missing.
Which afterward is soughte | is like vntimely showres | Distillinge from
the duskie cloudes | when heate hath parcht y§ flowres.
Tho loues and would his suite should proue | O\(^53\) winn his mistress to his will | O\(^54\) she likes he must seeme to loue | O\(^55\) and what she loues commend it still. | Then at fitt time preferr you\(^1\) 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\(^e\) 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 overcomme.

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\(^1\) can speake | feares to the best his loue to breake.

The brauer mart the better matche | and willingly of all is sought | And willinge sute doth euer catche | foule Vulcan so faire Venus ought | 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 | w\(^4\)thstand the force of Cannon shott.

I argue not of hir estate | but all my rest I sett on this | That opportunity will mate | and winn the coyest she y\(^1\) is. | for to be Courted they desire | to further pleasure to aspire.

The towne whi\(^th\) will to parly comme | will yeld to peace (though hye in state. | And those no doubt will soone be wonne | y\(^f\) courtinge loue which none do hate. | If bloudy warres they ment to yse | perswations milde they would refuse.

Although they seeme to scorne loues beck | and in all shew thesame to hate | And though at first they giue y\(^f\) 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 stroope to lure | and guiftes reclaimes them to the fist | And with y\(^f\) bridle and saddle sure. | You may well ride them where yo\(^u\) list | In such cariers they run on still | y\(^1\) 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 bewtiful a Lady be | with praises great you must hir moue: | If witty then be wvth fine conceites the art of loue. | If coye she be wvth prayers sue, | if proude then guifts must pleade for xyoue

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

... but all the fault on bewtie lay. | And in one instant also vse | some rare delight wvth a just excuse.

Sayinge thus: you' 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' 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 disdaine.

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

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

... And she ý neuer like him coulde | for seruice and for reuernce | 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 overcomme. | Though they full angrie seeme to be | well pleas'd they are when well tis donne. | They would not striue nor yet denye | but y' 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 | kindely 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 wvth out 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 displeased bee.

... 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' Prouerbe true I finde | what hart doth thinke, y' tongue doth say | They like y' 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 endeare.
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 disdaine | 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' grounde | If that ye forte she fold out longe | the next assaults then make more stronge.
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' Hounde we deeme | which giues y' chase of at first fault | So of
such men they not esteeme | for one repulse which leaues th'assault | That loue is
weakely built they knowe | which one denyall downe doth blowe.

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

The Souldio's faint whih standeth still | in battell, fearinge Enemies sight | Is
sooner slaine then he y' will | the brauest onsett giue in fighte | Then if you loue
to be not a fraide, | to beard the best as I haue saide.
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'ei" 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.
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.
England men say of late is bankrupte grownne | the’ffects do manifest ye cause vnknowne | Riche Treasures it hath & wary keepers | graue judges Counsello's in gaine no sleepers | Collecto's Auditors Receyuo's it hath many | Searchers Customers all for ye penny. | As for the Churchmen they both pray & paye, | Soluat Ecclesia, so the writers saye.

Mighte somme new Officer mende old disorder | yes, ou're good Steward may sett all in order.
When doome of death by iudgment force appoin'ted | strayinge y' lawe beyonde all reache of reason | Had vnto death condemned a queene annointed | and founde (a straunge) with out alleageance treason:

The Axe y' should haue done y' execution | shund to cutt of a head that had byn Crownd. | The Hangman lost his wonted resolution | to quitt a queene of noblness so renown'd.

There was remorce in hangman & in steele | when Peeres & Judges no remorce could feele.

Graunt Lord that in this noble Ile a queene | without a head may never more be seene.

Finis
To all malcontents giue this in ye 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 ye 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 pensiue 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 fret thy soule with crosses & cares to
eat thy hart with comfortless dispaires. To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to bide,
to run: To spend, to giue, to want to be vndon Unhappy wighte, borne to
disastrous end: That doth his life, in so longe tendannce spend.

Pereunt nil pariunt Anni Vertes
The thundringe God whose all embracinge power | Circles ye modell of this spatious rounde | when first he fram'd old Adams earthly bowre | ordain'd all things th' Emperiall vaile doth bound | Should lend their aide to others mutuallie | but all combinde serue man continuallie.

So heau'n w1th heate, the dankish aire w1th dew | this solid element of earth reuiue | with gentle warmth & robes of verdant hew | on whi1ch ye1 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 w1th out controule | Saue onely what Jehouah had forbde | the carefull Soueraigne of his simple soule. | This was ye1 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 contemptes of fate to fecle | Leads hir as Captiue, mate to poorest sorte | Yet Patience promis'd liberty distrest | should reape for paine, a gayne for vnrest, rest

Whi1ch Prophesy of hirs indeede mighte serue | for a perswation that my seruice done | would at ye1 length enfranchisemen1 deserue | w1th aunswe1 to mine expectation. | But when I thinke twas Patience ye1 spoke | the golden vessell of my hope is broke.

For she's a Sainte & scorninge vniust earth | is fled to heau'n. All vertues are ingras'd | In Gods owne hand, tis ye1 whi1ch breedes ye1 deearth | of due rewardes, & makes my labour lost | Or at ye1 moste repaies my louinge minde | w1th large delayes, vaine wordes & somme vnkinde.

Since then ye1 first worlde cannot be recal'd | nor this our rusty Iron age refinde | Since Patience is in starry heau'n instald | Let euer Seruitour beare this in minde | That how soueu'r he serue, observer, deserue | if nought but Aire he purchase he may starue.

Sarrire quam seruire satius.
Wilye watt, wilie wat | wot's thou not & know thou what | Looke to thy forme and quat | in towne & Citty

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 wilie.

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

For thy skaunce\textsuperscript{56} and pride | thy bludy 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.

\textsuperscript{56} Obsolete word for jest.
Water thy plaints with grace divine, and trust in God for aye | And to thy saviour Christ incline, in him make stedfast staye.

Rawe is the reason that doth lye within an Atheists head | Which saith the soule of man doth dye, when that the boddies dead.
Watt I wot well thy ouerweeninge witt | lettd by ambitious humours wrought thy fall | Like Phaeton y' did presume to sitt | in Phoebus chaire to guide y' golden ball | Whom ouertorn'd did sett y' worlde on fire | & burnt himselfe in prime of his desire.

So thou y' 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' thee sonne doth turne away his face | from thee y' pale-facd moone doth take his flight | From thee y' stars do fall away a pace | from thee thy friends are fled & shun thy sight | All fly from thee exceptinge only hope | Which 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 leave, dread soueraine Lord to pitty | 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.

I pitty that y' Sommers nightingale | Immortall Cinthia sometime deare delighte, | that vs'd to singe so sweete a madrigale | should like an owle go wandre' in y' nighte | Hated of all, but pittied of none, | though swan-like now he makes his dyinge mone.

Hadst thou continued loyall to y' kinge | as to the Quene thou euermore was true | My muse thy praise might uncontrolled singe, | Which now is forest thy dismall happ to rue. | And in this sable caracters to wrighte | the downfall of a sommetime worthy knighte.

Ah where is Cinthia now whose golden thred | mighte leade thee from this laborinth of errore's. | She to hir soliar celestiall back is fled | & nothinge lefte for y' but shame and terrore's. | Thy candle is put out, thy glasse is ronne, | the graue must be thy Tombe when all is donn.

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

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

Renowned Essex as he past the streets | would vaile his Bonnet to an Oyster wife, | And with a kinde of humble congie greete | the vulger sorte y' 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 w' th 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'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' Prologue to the playe, | whi[ch thou didst penn in an unluckie daye.

Herein y'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' 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 deprivued.| 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 wisedommes quintessence | recouer to thy selfe thy Soueraignes loue. | But little hope remaines when faith is fled | & when thy handes seeke bloud beware y'head.

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

.
Wat I wot wel thy overweening witt

Wat I wot wel thy overweening 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 affairs 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 thread of life is spunn
from thee the sunn doth turne away his face
from thee the pale-fac’d moone did take his 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 Cynthia 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 fore’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
prowd 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 Cynthia’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 greete
the vulgar sort that did admore his life
and now sith he hath spent his living breath

Line 60 thy will not cease yet to lament his death.
buthoulikeMidasstill 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
disdaine 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 unlucky 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 maieast 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 behould
the wondrous architectures of the skys
wilt thou not thinke a king thercin doth dwell
that by his power doth rule, heaven, earth, and hell.
Is there a King amongst the little Bees
doeth 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?
doeth 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
Looe 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
and th'earth on which thou tread'st is but thy tombe.
O Gracious heavens preserve our sovaignes 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.

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 solemnne off'ringe
goe | You know it is Astraees holy daye | the Saint to whom 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' selfs
aduaunce| we know ou' place & if we haue ou' rightes | to all the parishe we
must leade y^e daunce | But soft what means this bold presumptious maid- | to
go before without respect of vs | You' forwardnes proude girle must be staide |
where learnt yo" to neglect you' betters thus

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

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 reuereuce.

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^3 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' fault y' you haue maidens byn | and were not constant to continue
soe | The fall of Angells did increase their synn | in y' they did so pure a state
forgoe | But wife & widow if you' witts can make | you' states & persons of
more worth y^m 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

Maide
But maidenhead y' 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 mistres of mine owne Desires am I when yo" rule others wills but not you 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 vntil | beares cropps of natures vertues in hir brest.

Wife
Onely the wife enioyes y° vertues pleasure

Wid. ow
The widdow can abstaine from pleasure known.

M. aid
But the incorrupted maide doth keepe such meane | that beinge by pleasure woo'd she cares for none.

Wife
Wifes are as Apples seru'd in golden dishes

Widow
Widowes good wine whch time makes bette' muche

Maid.
67° 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° 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 scene | whose loue neuer enjoied 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 wifes but woodbines whi\textsuperscript{th} decay, the staliesth 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
But maides are Temples where y\textsuperscript{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\textsuperscript{e} forest ringe.

Ma.id
But maides are Birdes amid\textsuperscript{th} y\textsuperscript{e} woods secure, whi\textsuperscript{th} newe\textsuperscript{e} hands could touche nor nett could take, nor whistle could deceiue nor bayte allure, but free unto 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\textsuperscript{e} wife, wed lock alone doth make y\textsuperscript{e} virgin free.

M.aid
Marriage indeede hath ofte compared byn, to Comunion feasts where meets a publick O\textsuperscript{57}, where they y\textsuperscript{f} are wi\textsuperscript{th} out would faine goe in, & they y\textsuperscript{f} are wi\textsuperscript{th} in would faine goe out. Or like this flowe\textsuperscript{e} whi\textsuperscript{th} this vertue had, that men were mad till it y\textsuperscript{f} might obtaine, But when they had it they were twice as mad, till they were dispossest of it againe

\textsuperscript{57} One word missing.
Wife
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 ye northe are bred, | when Africa breeds monsters as black
as hell.

Wife
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 ye mother then | As pearle is better then ye mother of
perle | maydes lose their value when ye match with men.

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

Maid
But I do scorne the man you praise so muche
for maides are matchles & no mate can beare
Hence commes it ye Virgin neuer loues | Because hir like she findes not any
where | for euer likenes more affection moues | therefore ye mayde hath neither
loue nor care

Wife
The wife is as the Turtle whith 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 yε widdow but now stands alone | for beinge growne she needes not to
incline

M.aid
Maydes like yε earth supported are of none

Wife
Ther's many maides yI 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 neueI wife was pleased with hir state, lott

Wife
nor widdow but was clad in mourninge weeds.

M.aid
Do what you will marry'd or marry not, | both this estate & yI repentanncce
breedes.

Wife
But she yI this Estate & yI haue seene | doth find great ods betwixt a wife & girle

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

Wife
The wife withall hir beames is bewtified | Like to high noone yε glory of the
daye

Widow
The widdow like a mild sweete euentide.
M:aid
My coo(lo) is white & no hew but this | I meane to take no mixture shal it staine

Wife
But I haue chang'd my coo(lo) & it is | an honorable purple died in grayne.

Wid.ow
But it hath byn my fortune to renue | my coo(lo) 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' bacon fleche | go gentle maydes & leade you' 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 nothinge doth posses

Wife & M:aid
Alas poore widow Charity doth say | pitty y' widdow & the fatherles.

Wid.ow
But happy widdowes haue y' world at will.

Wife
But happie'wifes whose ioyes are eue'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' maide becomes Sweete Pleasure guest | for mayden head is a continuall fast | and marriage is a continuall feast

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

Wid.ow
But when the earth ye' Sonns great heate hath borne | she then at last puts on a widdowes tyer | yet then she moste enjoies hir fruite & corne | & though y' Sonn be gone she wants no feer.

Mayd.
Yet would y' Sonn be farr more bright & pure | but y't suche vapour's from y' earth doth springe | whi'ch Darketh 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 flow're y'd on Earths bosome spring | the pearle vnbought whose price no prince can pay | The Cristall glass y'd will no vrine 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'd Soueraigne borne | The Soueraigne spirit y'd wilbe thrall to none | the princely Eagle wh' th still flyes alone

Wife
I haue my Husbands honou' & 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 I to cropp ye fruite of thy moste constant will | wherefore take heede let fancy neuer swerue | but to the wight whic| 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 ye flowe fall | wherefore take heede let fancy neuer | but to ye wight whIch will take leaues | for this be sure the flowe once pluck away | farewell ye rest thy happie daies decay.

Many desire but few or none derserue | to cutt ye grass not subiect to the sickle | wherefore take heede, let fancy neueI swerue | but stedfast stand for moye' mindes are fickle | for this be sure the Cropp beinge once attain'd | farewell ye 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'
Constant wiues are comforts to mens liues | drawinge a happy yoke without debate. | A play fellow, y' farr of all griefe driues | a steward, early y' prouides & late. | faithfull & chaste, sober milde louinge, trustie | nurse to weak age, and pleasure to y' lustie.
Where words are weake & foes incounter stronge | where mightier doth assault
and do defend |The febler part puts vp inforced wronge | & silent sees y\textsuperscript{t} speache
could not ammend. |Yet highe\textsuperscript{r} powres must think though y\textsuperscript{e} repine 61 | O\textsuperscript{62}
Sonne is sett y\textsuperscript{e} little starrs will shine.

While Pike doth rauge y\textsuperscript{e} sily Tenche doth flye | & crouche in secreat holes w\textsuperscript{th}
smaller fish | yet Pikes are caught while little fish go by | they O\textsuperscript{63} aflote while
those do fill y\textsuperscript{e} dishe. | There is a time eueng for y\textsuperscript{e} wormes to creepe | & suck y\textsuperscript{e}
dew while all y\textsuperscript{eir} foes do sleepe.

The marlyn\textsuperscript{64} cannot alwaies sore on hye | O\textsuperscript{65} [nor greddie] Greyhound still
pursue y\textsuperscript{e} chace | O\textsuperscript{66} [The tender larke] will find a time to flye | O\textsuperscript{67} [and
fearefull hare] to rune a quiet race |O\textsuperscript{68} [he that high ] growth on Cedars did
bestowe |O\textsuperscript{69} [gave also ]lowly mushromes leaue to growe.

The Sea of fortune doth not euer flowe | she drawes hir fauou\textsuperscript{r} to y\textsuperscript{e} lowest ebb | Hir Tides hath equall tyme to comme & go | O\textsuperscript{70} [her loome] Loome doth weaue
y\textsuperscript{e} course & finest webb. | No joy so great but runneth to an end | no happ so
hard but may *71 [in] fine amende.

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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.
Nowe is ye time that pleasure buildes hir bower | Hir bowe she buildes with in a true loues harte | where sweetly growes ye fairest sweetest flowre | ye euer Earth brought forthe by natures art | Heauens bless this flowe ye please my ioyous eye | pleas'd to enioy, but if depriu'd I dye.

Joye in thy loue oh happie blessed loue | Juno enricht him with hir richest treasure | Palla gaue witt & Venus sought to proue | to fauor 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 never change my mynde | nor idle thoughts take harbord in my brest | I will not shake every 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 | & witness well ye if depriu'd I dye.
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
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 makes the hart to leape | paineth 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 please before ye’i kill | vaine hopes sweete baities y’i neue’i haue their fill.
The harmles lambe y\textsuperscript{e} crafty foxe deuoureth | The trusty Turtle loueth but hir mate | The pleasant bloome y\textsuperscript{t} fresh & fairely flowreth | w\textsuperscript{i}th one softe winde hath chang'd hir forme\textsuperscript{'s} state. | I see the world & yet no stay I feele | w\textsuperscript{i}th eu'ry winde, fond fortune turnes y\textsuperscript{e} wheele.

The Crocadile hath teares of deadly hate | the Traito\textsuperscript{r} shifte is euer thought vpon | fooles saye repentanncce neue\textsuperscript{e} comes too late | but too to late commes oft to many one. | But yet for all if so thou liste to proue me | thou maist alleage y\textsuperscript{t} dearely I did loue the--

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

What though she scornes y\textsuperscript{t} sometime she imbraced | though hir faire lookes were shewes of deep\textsuperscript{e} sence | when frown\textsuperscript{e}s w\textsuperscript{i}th smiles were smoothly interlaced | thou deemdst none ill y\textsuperscript{t} knewest not hir p\textsuperscript{r}etence | And yet hir shewes were int\textsuperscript{e}mixt w\textsuperscript{i}th kindenes | but oh no more, thy sence was wrapt in blindenes.
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.

And it sighes for thee sweete thought | longinge still while it haue found thee labouringe daily duly sought | y'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 mistres thies.
Faine wilt a looke y' 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'er may part | But when I think y' loue is rul'd by madnes | madnes doth make me shake of forme' | gladnes.

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

Loue alas farewell thy darts be not seasoned | bendinge y' ipearse not, so breake y' hurt not | Cruelty sinck not, nor no reason is reasoned | hitt with y' strongest, yet y' hart start not | vse no more weapons except y' do smith men | vse no more dartinge, if Darts do not kill men.

Sorrow make harbord in my balefull harte | Griefe goe & be sad sorrows neighbor' euer | Anguish come scourge me wilt thine endless smart | Torture let paine & torment part me never. | Cru'lv kind 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 torture still molesteth: | My louinge hart y' neu' lou'd but one receiues his death by none but hir alone.

Pacience for pains wilt paine must be contented | and quietnes shall alwaies now be weeping | mones will be still though mourninges be repented | Griefe paine & smart can neu' more be sleeping | Pleasure & ioye are dead & almoste rotten | Solace & rest be gonn & all forgotten.
Pleas'd with a kiss, a kiss did please me | Deare kiss a sweet sweete kiss, from fairest sweetest faire | fairest dearest & sweetest case 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' bendage bough.

Hark first, first word, y' feare still nameth | when my sweet misi[tes] & my selfe were playinge | At eu'ry noise she hir voice frameth | to cry still hark, hark what y' now are sayinge | Hark now do you not heare I pray awaye | she thrust me forth so thrustinge ends ou' play.

What's next alas, my mistres doth chide | if so I chance a little to be fingeringe | She feares my play may be discride | & bidds me goe & leave 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 nothinge scene y' may procure hir mone | Looke you where she sitts weepinge out hir eies | & now for griefe she swears y' now she dies.

How now should griefe 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' aire | what's next, hark now, my mist[tes] is more faire.
In thought not sight though eies long time had watched | in sight not thought, though thoughts provoke y'e sight | strange sights what thoughts & wond'res have you hatched | or thoughts what sights are dreamt on in y'e night | Sight first wrought though thought thirsted after sight | sight longd to touche, & touchinge wrought y'e sight.

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

The burthen great howe can it thus endure | the Time but small, the winter winds do nipe | The flowe's blowne er while were fresh & pure | but now transform'd to fruite that's daily ripe. | Autume ended a moneth before y'springe,72 | & winter ripe y'summer forth did dringe.

Long labou' last yet labou' soone was ended | growne vp compass wth y'length containeth | a worke well wrought y'cannot 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
Cease thy plaints since she doth cease | to ease thy hart y' 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 sore.

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

Those proude eies discernd thy griefe | those bard eares heard y' lamentacion | y' cruell hard would no reliefe | y' cursed tongue wrought thy venation.

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

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

Fire detract thy kindely fire | Aire wi'th draw this breathinge from me.

Earth take earth y' earth desire | Sea receiue thy moisture to thee.

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

Farewell all now welcomme death | Oh I dy, what stopps my breath.
Hearing songs of sorrowes monings I where deepe sadnes wrought w1th gronings I Patience all alone was sleepinge I and pitty sigh'd w1th bitter weeping. I Loue & vertues eies were bleedinge I hope a heauy happ was reeding I And amongst them all discouered | y' whith cannot be recoveryed | Nature wailed oh Death haue moued | Death hath slayne hir best beloued | Virgins mourne w1th endless measure I hauinge lost their chieuest treasure. I Come sweet muses leaue you' singinge | let you' hands, you' hands be wringinge | Teare you' haires of golden wyers | sith yo' lost you' whole desires.

Leaue you' dauncinge w1th you' playinge I hope & ioye is now decayinge. I Nymphes leaue of you' wonted places | pleasures will be you' disgraces | Sporte no more w1th rounds returninge | lett your bowes be sett on burninge | With you' teares then quench y' fires | loue & pittye this requires | Then make cries, crie w1th heauines | and lett plaints be on readines | Dole & dolour with you' anguishe | shew y' cause of my sad languishe | And lett griefe w1th endless smartinge | tribute pay for his departinge.
Driuen to extremes I thought my selfe accurst | and none lyuinge as liues so miserable. | So that my life of all ye liue ye worst | neuer stayed, but euer variable. | Hopeless haples, vnhappy I remaine | labou' quited with euerlasting paine

The wretched wight ye is distrest wth loss | do hope at last ye gaine will end his griefe | And who ye dies vpon ye dyinge cross | hopes for a heau’n although in part a thiefe |But who so feeles his minde wth feares tormented | feede still his death & death will be preuented.

Forsaken first & so am desolate | desolate oft I lay me downe to languishe | And torne wth 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 sways my minde.

Nature in thy framinge is vnaturall | to worke course clouds in suche a shape & mould | As wth ye chiefe (not ruines but mindes equall | torture plagues me I cannot as I would. | Blowne full wth feares, a lamentable life | wofull in hart when hart is bound in strife.
The sweetest kiss ye euer creature gained | was lately wonn from hir, by hir ye loud hir. | The ioye was suche ye pleasure hath remained | pleas'd wth content when ioy & pleas'u' prou'd hir. | But yet she wondred how I durst approche | to press so nye & kiss hir in the coche.

The mother & ye Daughte' both together | both Ladies borne by honorable birthe | my deare betwene ye smilde & markt how either | on either side were seuored from ou' mirthe. |And for ye'traine ye followed were neglected | they nought perceiu'd nor nought by vs suspected.

Who would not trie to gett so sweete a kiss and feede his hart wth such a heau'nly diett. | who would not ioy in euerlasting bliss | sith by such ioy increas'd my Soules sweet quiet. | Uertu' did wynn ye feare would haue escaped | but fy faint hart ye sy' faire lady neug' iaped.
Late it was & lately done | Yet in time & timely taken | work was neuer bett
begun | sad despair & feare forsaken.

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

Downe I kneeleed by hir bed | 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\textsuperscript{ch} I pretended | y\textsuperscript{th} to touche whi\textsuperscript{th} I espide.

When I saw y\textsuperscript{i} all was still | and hir eies had sleepe retayned | Hart & soule,
Desire & will | eche in either, either gayned.

Softly then hir lipps I kist

Lothe to haue my Goddess waked | yet anon lipps were dismist | & 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 yields vnnoudered.

Oh no breasts hath euer byne | sweld so round w1\textsuperscript{th} sugred flesh | Corall Tetts and
azure scene | runn in vaines pure, cleare & fresh.

Now fair ladies hide you\textsuperscript{f} fauou\textsuperscript{r} | you that see this lovelie feature | Bewty, shape
& pretious sauou\textsuperscript{r} | not all rest pleas'd in this creature.

And anon when she had spoken | all ar in order shew aright | Orient pearle when
Rubies open | neuer 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\textsuperscript{r} hue.

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

And since coolo\textsuperscript{r} 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 ye\textsuperscript{c} parts y\textsuperscript{i} be vnnamed | Scilence, modesty
excuse | though in secret not be blamed.
Is it a life daily to be tormented | and do I liue y' drawes a weary breath | It is a
death to liue thus discontented | a life to me euen tenn times worse y'' 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's neug' like to cease | & am I forst alwaies so to remaine | Yet
will I cease to weepe & to lament | & curse y' harts y' will no way relent.

I curse y' hart y' giues me bitter lookes | in steade of y', sweet smiles I should
receive | I rue the tyme that I was catch'd in hookes | by therr false meanes y'
would my life bereaue. | What shall I say but y' it is too late | for with my teares
my hart is like to breake.
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 utterly 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 pitty 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 whom 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.
Mountaines let slide their stormes & showe\textsuperscript{rs} taken | Valleys receiue of force what they reiect | waters belowe imbrace y\textsuperscript{i} was forsaken | Valleys & streames what hills contemne accept | If loue or might y\textsuperscript{j} cause this kinde acceptance | no loue nor right, but only rights resistance

Sweete streaminge waues though you haue wronge yet \textsuperscript{griec} not \textsuperscript{a} moorne in scilence, but openly repine. | And let y\textsuperscript{e} world although y\textsuperscript{e} worlde relieue not | discerne y\textsuperscript{e} cause & say the griefe is mine. | Then will I shew what wat\textsuperscript{ry} plaints hath don | & weare y\textsuperscript{e} palme in hope the price haue wonn.
Do not leave of thy comely daunce | nor do not tread thy foote awrye | Thy sprite
my sences do aduaunce | lyuinge in thee through y'cli yer beye dye | Giue me thy
garland Let me weare | y' commes from thee to y' was neare.

Hide not thy face thy bewtious face | leave of thy vaile y'd hides thy pride |
Disrobe y' weede y' robbys y' grace | disgrace y' doth thy bewty hide | Oh sweet
lipps oh lipps of sweetest sauou' | bless me wi' th a kiss oh heau'nly fauou'.
The lofty trees whose branches make sweete shades | whose armes in springe are richely lighte wth flowes | without y^e roote their glory quickly fades | & all in vaine commes pleasant Aprill showe | no loue can be at all without y^e hart | nor musick made except the Basse beares parte

The princely towe^rs whose pride exceedes if ther foundations be not stronge & sounde | Are subject to y^e smallest windes y^e blowe | & highest toppes are brought to lowest ground | no fielede is sweete when all is scortchd drowte | nor musick good when so y^e base is out.
If ye I liue I cannot liue but loue | if ye I loue I cannot loue but liue | If liue in loue
I cannot liue but proue | if dyinge now what pitty loue would giue | Yf ye 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 ye I desire to
winne | Loue liue obscure & neuer pitty shows | loue killeth life when any loue
beginn | Then farewell loue sith louers farre so ill | I will not loue if lyuinge
louers kill.
Nowe at last leave of lamentinge | ouer longe thy care hath lasted | Ouermuche thy hart tormentinge | ouersoone thy ioyes are wasted.

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 discerne | y' 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.
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 believe my othe blameless I am of the crime do no more suspect y's trothe for my faith can well excuse me that I neuer did abuse thee.

What though false surmise hath blown base conceyte where good should be Loue in kindness would haue shoune how I wrong'd & injured thee for this slande touch'd me nearly 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' lost Let affection /Maste'/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' in contendinge here is all I ask but this if you tell me there it is.

Si bene vene
Sin male vale
Pallas hath sett a Crowne on Prudence's head | Regard & fame upholdes her dignity | Venus is stayn'd in bewtious white & reid | Diana match'd in chaste virginity. | Eies ye beholde admires so rare perfection | nature growes prowde to view her work so precious | Cupid himselfe liues in subjection | enrag'd to heare his mother not so bewtious.

Bewty hath nam'd faire Prudence fairest flow'r | Vertue invailes hir glory wonn so dere | Loue in hir brest hath built his snowe sweet bow'r | meaninge to part hir lilly bosome neuer. | Enuy to heare & see this Saint thus armed | repines with grieves yet lyinge tongues are charmed.
Pleasure is gone from rare conceyt of Prudence | Reuenge hath charmd sweet
tongus of sha'pest witts | Vertue & faith are weake in truths defence | desire
inflam'd consumes loues pleasing fitts.

Enuy y' woundes with slaunde's 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

Virginity 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 | Rejoyce to heare Sweet Prudence lamentacion
My love 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 Ivory chinne | faire lookes most fairest skin. | Hir Breasts firme ripe & round | where nectar should abound | If I might haue y° pressinge | I would craue no othe° blessinge | Hir belly lillyes staynes | and moued it fills y° vaines | full of ioye & rarenes | to see (oh see) hir barenes | Hir Thighes are sleeke & tender | hir waste is straight & slender | Those parts adjoyninge next y° backe | no faire proportion lacks.

Which bare out large & swellinge | for natures chiefe 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 | w° oyle & pretious ointmen°.

Oh there I leaue to speake | no witt is but too weake | for who can feele y° wonder | Iyes hidden richely vnder.
Blessed soule why art thou sad | sithe deare Comfort may be had | now the stormy Clowdes are gone | fogge nor tempest here is none | Leave thy sharpe & bitter anguish | do not give thy selfe to languish | Bury mourning in ye dust & no more for sorrow lust | Let thy pleasures be enlarged | be no more wihth griefe surcharged | See the Sunn how bright it shineth & to thee his beames declineth.'

Take thou comfort of his glorie | he declines to see thee sorie | Soone refresh thee wihth his heate | loue & pitty both intreate | They do mourne to see thee vexed & they stand as twoe perplexed | They would daunce to see ye smile | here they waited all this while. | Thinkinge wisedomme 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 & have free scope & possess the place at will | till we haue ou' pleasures fill. | Those delightes she kept in store | we shall haue what can we more | Come my Deare: and lett vs share | equall ioyes & banish care | Draw not backward from this feast | we will banquett of the best.

There shall want no pretiouse wine | neither nectar that's diuine | musick at ou' feast shall be | and all kinde of melodie. | With sweet Instrumenwth & voyces | that ye dyinge hart rejoyces | Boyes like Angells crownd wihth Roses | shall accorde with heau'nly closes | Theis their soft voyce lowdly straying | sommetyme ringinge sommtyme fayninge | still obseruinge equall measure | gies ye hearers double pleasure. | And when they leaue play & singing | all ye bells shall fall a ringing. | Louers mirtles, Bayes & Burche | shalbe gathered for the Churche | Sweete perfumes & burninge sweetes | shalbe flamine in the streetes | Pleasure will not leaue vs thus | but she wilbe still with vs. | Come my Deare: no longer staye | we must meete & kindly playe | All ou' meetinge meete it is | we should first beginn to kis... | Suche as may the sence confound | whith by practise we haue found. | But though In in writinge show it

one of Thowsand cannot know it | Tender knowledge taught vs art | how to fasten hart to hart | By whith vertue ioy we finde | interchaunginge minde to minde. | Come my Deare: & make no stay | tyme & pleasure calls away | All ye Graces are agreed | ye our pleasures shall exceede | Care & wisedome are attendinge | till ou' 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 ye sonne | but no more my speeche is donne.
More sweete contentment haue I had with thee then in a thousand others companie Thy pleasure was not ordinary sport but perfect excellent in every sort Thy modest daliance & thy fearfull play exceeded pleasure eu'ry kinde of way man should not terme it by so slignt a name

as pleasure, when all ioyes are in ye same. | The vulgat people know not what it is | to act ye furious sport is all their blis | They know not what to daliance pertaineth | nor feele ye what ye band of kindens gaineth | Embracemen'th full of pleasure, full of secreat ioy what kills all sorrow & ill griefs destroy. | It makes ou're spirits quick wi'th in ye flesh | & eu'ry membe' stirringe light & freshe. | The eies do fill themselves wi'th happy seeinge | the hart is full wi'th their haps happie beinge. | And where ye hart hath naked parts conceived | the basest membe' will not be deceiued | The ey not seeinge sees ye secreat part what by ye same is carried to ye hart. | The fingers touche must haue experiment | for ye to further matters it is bent. | The pleasure wi'th a naked friend is sweete where .2. kinde friends in kindly friendship meete. | Oh who can tell what sweetnes rests behinde when pleasur'e stopps ye passage of ye minde. | And when ye tongue is tyed wi'th feare & loue what secreat nature can such feare remoue. | Sweete is ye feare ye meets in secreat frends | & sweetest loue when loue on feare depends. | But where suche loue is wi'th discretion tyed they play where secreat sports are not espied | And when a Care is heedfully regarded

care is happily rewarded | Thou knowst deare hart, ye meaninge of my song that tends to solace not to do the wrong.
Tell me wherein I do slack | Duty you to love pertained | What in me did ever lack
you by friendship might be gained. | Search and see in every cause | wherein
break friendships laws.

What I said I did defend | and your truth can well maintain it | Thou mistook thy
careful friend | this no show you can contain it | What though I do careless seem |
must a by-word cause misdeeme.

Oh you women had your sense | to discern of things discreetly | Or would hear a
just defence | and reason there on sweetly | And with patience hear both parts
this would quiet both your hearts.

But so much they stand on will | you they think themselves disgraced | If they do
not reason still | though all reason be displaced | But I say not all I see | this
enough for thee and me.

I will leave repeating words | of the comfort no way taken | See how truth with
time accords | and how roughly love was shaken | Rashly spoken soon forgot |
for thou saidst thou knowst not what.
Can you spend my time to muse | how to bite me with you thwartinge | Shall a sad thought take excuse | y' whi caus'd the poore harts Smartinge | whi of purpose thou hast don | vsinge smiles when I was gonne.

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

I can be as careless nowe | as before I haue byn louinge | If I err it is through youe | y' are alwaies fondly prouinge | But where doubts suspition hide | there no frendshipp can abide.

Thou to me hast byn moste kinde | thou in me were placed nerely | nere my hart & inward minde | for I hold thy frendshipp 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' buisnes of importe | y' in speeche 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 frendships endinge | geue no way or not devise | fashion whi true harts dispise.

So farewell I write but this | whi perchannce will some what moue y' | Take it from him as it is | who in kindeness de'rely loue thee. | When another hath my roome | ioye befall you her's my doome.
O fy desire why dost thou still intise | the loue of hir whom doth y° still disdaine |
what will no warninge nor aduise | make thee to feare nor yet y° to refraine

But needs thou must in folly shew y° skill | & sett thy pleasinge toyes to pearse
hir hart | whom hath already felt y° 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° sort yo°
show
86r Oh sweete desire y' sweetly dost intice | y' hart to loue that neuer \( \text{will} \) disdayne thee

87r thou liust in me & I by thine advise | in me still liue if so y'ou wilt not paine \( \text{me} \)

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

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

But what it was she swore I should not know | vnles more loue in greater sort I show
The fresh green bay ye' never lose hir coollo' | I now may well compare to ye' loue |
or like you to ye' little pretty //--// | ye' sitts aloft & seekes to be aboue | Euen so on' loue already for to goe | vntill I h[e]ard my Lady crampt you' toe
I never 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 you' thoughtst on me | And if you' didst then will I thee requite | ye' for thy sake doth sleepe ne day nor nighte.

Yet wish I thee euermore quiet rest | then for to be so discontent in minde.

Yet do I know what doth tormen' my brest | and to desire ye' nature yelds by kinde |
I do not doubt but to haue it in time | although I lose my pleasant bloominge prime
Like to y'th Ivory straunget now thou beholdest | y't change no hew with stormy winds or weathe' |
Lik those deare thought y'you y'self involdest | y' be not mou'd like eury woodcocks feath'rs |
So is my hart such is my sacred care | deare truth true faith my harts known badges 

My heauy hart had layd it self to rest | and took no ioy with those y'stay'd behind |
| my saint was fled y'all my spirits blest | & saw me sad & heauy in my mind |
what should I do my harts delight was gonne | & left me solitarie all alone. 

Yet still I liue & liue in secreat trust | whi'ch I haue vowed to vnde'take for thee |
So true to thee as God to man is iust | & will remaine freshe as y's lawrell tree. |
And so adue let nothinge grieue thy minde | nature will yeld, y'thou desirst by kinde.
What luck had we to meete so well togethe'ly one knews not of anothers comminge yet glad I am y' we had such faire weathe'ly to meete by chance when y' ou' minds were raining

I haue not h[ec]ard of any suche mere chance | the mistres so hir servuant to aduannce

As I did thee to teache y's soft to kiss | and suche a kiss as could content my minde | Because I know thou couldst not do amiss | in any thinge y'I might comfort finde. | And if thou lou'st me then continue still | for you 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 you shouldst so vow to me amis | then shalt you find the Proverbe now you saith | If I loue you, & you loue not againe | then haue I spent my time & loue in vaine.
I sate & thought vpoun my best belou'd | my best belou'd excells all other flowres | In pleasant sent my sence hath often prou'd | she liues ye' dies, ye' growes in garden bowres | I kiss this sweete, oh heaunly sweete hir breath | where she doth breath, it cleares ye' aire of death.

I sate I saw ye' portress of hir minde | I ioy'd to see ye' 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 ye' way to please | wi' me sweet kiss she found the way to ease.

The sweetest Creature kis$e$ creature had | this faire sweet Creatu$e$ gaue when I was dyinge | The dying hart wi$e$ kissings she made glad | ye' full of paine by hir deare side was lyinge | What rests I loue $\lambda$ the$\lambda$ as thy hart loues aire | & of thy loue will neuer more dispaire.
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 chambre | ivory bright & sweete as amber | Like may white flowre is my bud rushe | that blooms & buds in freshest bushe | my rushes topp is lighte & furnished with threads 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' talenes stately rais'd | She sent exceld all other flowres | grew below or clad on bowres | not by the Sonn but by the lighte | of y' sweet rushe | so righte | Suche Rushes birds dare newe' take | where they do their houses make.

But if my will were filled thus | to couche my self with in a rushe | I durst well sweare y' rushe should seede | orels my sides for sorrow bleede. | That many might whereon is all | grow by y' seede | still doth fall. | But rushes made in sweetest poesies | would dull y' sent of damask roses. | The sighte is faire, y' sent is Sweete | to cleanse the eye & senses meete | nothinge like thee from common kinde | of Common rushes | we finde. | It were no wonde' for one to weare | a louely rushe y' neuer feare. | Suche strawes deserve a golden bedd | unfit for shoee & feete to tread. | This brightnes heu'nly rushe such brightnes shows | it giues a shadow where it growes | The mountinge lark ye risinge Singes | deserves the shadow of y' winge.
Where Saphire signes runs round about | though close within yet scene with out. |
The mettall is so cleare & thinn | y' shewes without what's hidd with in |
Riche Rubies then are fastned fast | vpon y' topp most fitly plaste.

So that ye read y' blew & white | in garde' plac'd with heau'nly sighte. |
The taste so sweete, y' touche so strange | 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' one an earthquake is. |
Wh' since the first sight of y' hill | it hath byn seene & shalbe still. |
The sight whereof no feare doth bringe | for y' it is no fearfull thinge. |
Great pleasure it doth shew to me | when I this earhquake may but see. |
So y' 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 tow' made of christall glass |
stood stately plac'd y' glad was I | when as this Tow' 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° sway. | The skye is thick y° 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° circuite of his race | and in y° earth instal’d his iudgment place

A message from y° Gods was sent in post | that death forth w°th, w°th justice should proceed | To sent his soule vnto y° holy ghost | Death must obey what God on man decreed | Cease therefore plaints though mourninge weeds be on | y° Earth hath lost, but highest heau’ns hath won.
The common sort are made of common claye | the gentry of the purest earth
created | This peerless wight while bare a swaye | was neither of the
first nor second mated.

For Titan dayning him a better mould | 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 soueraigne Prince in
eu'rty thinge. | Whose prudent carriage all world admir'd | & happy raigne wi's
instant prayse's desir'd

This soueraigne Queene's Soule remoued is | & keepes hir Court at none suche
nera y's throne | of the Almighty one for she is his | maide of honou' second vnto
none. | Princes oft change their Courts till be air'd | & then returne, so she
when hirs prepar'd

O how y's heau'ns do ioye y'si haue y's owne | gracing hir presence wi' an
Angelike quire | The Earth is glad she hath hir tresure gone | enrich wi'th she
chiefly did desire. | Why then should men in spite of this be sad | & cross y's
heau'ns & earth y's are so glad.

Sonetta prima vpon the death
of one Master Skeuington of
Leiceste's who died in the
flowe' of his Age.
(Sonetta prima vpon the death
of one Maste" Skeuington of
Leiceste' shi'' who died in the
flowe' of his Age.)

Yee brimfull Cesternes of my read swolne eies | how downe you' 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 wepe no more.

Yee must ringe sighes which thus for passage striue | with in y's secret closure of
my breast | Like misty vapour which Earth bowells rie | disdayninge to be
smoth'ed in vnrest | Ye's deepe fetcht sighs true heralds of my griefe | proclaines y't treason bred by natures thiefe.

Yee faunes & satires voterists to Pann | thou old Siluanus with high triplinge
nimphes | weep for the death of this once vertuous man | the happy father of
now hapless imphes | 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 murmur forth ou't case | whose gentle fall do
yeelde a pleasinge noyse | Thus will we carroll forthe ou't discontent | and let no
meane be sunge in ou't Lament.

Sonnetta Secunda

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73 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.
91v  In anncient times whosoeuer were discontent | would carue his sorrowes on somme beacon tree | or woulde ye tende irinde of somme yonge plant | That passers by with a relentinge eie | might reade the Iliades of his miserie. | Barkes wO77 yeir bookes to registre their woe | whi still increased as ye tree did groe.

Should I vnfolde my griefe to mossie trees | or story forth my loss to Senceles things. | The Cipress should not tell theis obsequies | for why ye Cipress slende comforth 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 ye his vertues did surpass | who whilomme lyuinge did posses this place | needes must our 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 Poets faine can neuer growe olde | shall heare our Cares to after ages tolde | & in his forehead beare his fame inrolde.

77 A mark on the page has obscured the rest of this word.
Soule rake to th death ye sonne of Erebus | thou meager leane ilfaufred wrinkled elfe

Lett Caron waste thee ouf swift Cocitus | or wijth thy Ebon Dart, soone splitt ye selfe. | Oh hadst thou still in hells deepe dungeon binne | then neuw had thy Raw bone face byn seene

Or thou art partiall or thou sure art blinde | ye crops ye lilly let’s ye hemlocks stande | vnskilfull Gardiner to leaue weedes behinde | & pluck ye Rose with thy remorseless hande | Let worthles nettles sooner blunt thy sithe | then a fresh flowe ye scarcely toucht yet dies.

Who reapes ye Corne, when yet ye blade is greene | or gathers fruite from a new blossomme tree | Both wronged Coeres harvest chiefest Queene | & wedds Pomona to base pouertie | Tis enuious death nipps flowe but newly sprunge | and often kills ye fruite wijthin ye wombe.

Winter as yet had neuer snowne on his head | nor cold Decembre seizd on any limbe | nor in his face deaths Callenders were read | vntill his wax fulls Tapers gan wax dim | untimely death, duio’st from him his sighte | & turne his day to dismall glomy nightes.
Sonnet 4

Ill tutor'd thou y'railes on cruell death | since by his meanes y'selfe must loose y'breath. | Both Gods & nature all hath thus assign'd | Death shalbe headsman to all lyuinge kinde.

Ø78 subiects Ø79 tirant kinge | he dates y'daies of eu'ry breathinge thinge | know witless worldlinge whi:th doth prize this life | the earth y'bead, the graue shalbe y'wife. | What is this life we should so much esteerne | a word, a tale, or else an idle dreame. | Muche like a booke defast w1th many blotts | of Panthers skinns y'always staynd w1th spotts. | A pilgrimage, a journey full of woe | each man a pack horse toylinge to & froe. | Our life is like a Comick Tragedye | the worlde ou' stage & we y'Acto78 be. | For nature giues to eu'ry man a verse | whose scene once donne they rest y'em on y'eir hearse | And Death doth play the sad Catastrophe | when all is done he giues y'plaudite | This life is as a Prison full of cares | Death's be y'bails vs from all shiueringe feares | who then is wise will reckon death his frend | that to all Crosses brings a speedy end. | Though cloudy Cares eclips ou'smooth fac'd ioye | and mirthe be periodd by dire annoy. | 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'fathers vertues in y'Sonnne suruie.
A vale to vanity & ye pleasures of this world.

Deceytfull world I bidd ye now farewell I for in thy trust doth nought but treason dwell | In thy smooth face lye lurkinge deepe deceyts | thou hidest hookes within y sugred baytes.

Thy fonde delights are now no mates for mee | faire are their words false are yeir deeds 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 ye Sirens songe | & pray on those ye listen to them longe.

/Disu/ Mine eies shall neug looke hir in ye face | nor view ye place where vanity doth passe | Hir cherefull looks yeld but disdainfull sorrones | hir pleasant paths are strow’d with prickinge tho’nes.

Olfact Ile hold mine nose from smelinge hir perfume | the morre him stopp if ye do presume | for though ye Rose she seme pass for faire | the very breath of hir infects ye airre.

Gustus My tongue I charge ye taste not of hir papp

Let body starue before thou feede on that. | For though it tooth somme 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 ye balefull shert | stout Herc’les wore which poisoned handes & harte.

On God therefore wt 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 fauour in regarde | shall reape teares, sorrowes, sadnes for reward | 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 soow brings.

More sub soles vanitas
mul ta latent quae non patent
93r  O monstrous worlde to see thy fickle course | ofte art thou milde & shewinge
much remorse | Ofte thou dost smile, & seeyme to flatter men | but when thou
smilst thou art a Siren then.

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

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

Orels my minde to do as others doe | dissemble, weepe, incroche as thy y' wooe.
| This worldes vaine loue wth many do obtaine | but newe holde without a mask
of paine.

To please mens mindes whith are of humou' full | To laugh wth them, & /lowe/
when y' are dull | To watch y' times, to take them in y' 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 mounder vnto y' heau'ns aboue | & follow them whith
euermore do proue.

My minde shall moue to see more worldes then one | and try if chaunce do
happen well to none | Fortune ile seeke may happ som fortune finde | fix on y' base & vile incroachinge minde.
A minde that's free is worth a myne of golde | a minde y't free doth make a man
a Œ

A minde y't free is euer stout & bolde | a minde y't free feares neuer any thinge |
A golden Kinge y' 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 neuer shall suche
grudginge brooke | For hart & minde y't still content luyes free | Cargth for no
haughty lookes y'st stern like bee.
Strange newes now harke ye world begins to burne | the dismall trumpe awakes
ye heauy soules | proude Phaeton the golden Chariott turne | that heau'ny sphere
together downward 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
comes to light | His porter chain'd he draws with triple head | olde Cerberus
the watchman day & nighte. | And now he sees ye world thus sore distrest | he
ouer runns the weake & poore opprest

Looke to ye heau'ns ye Sonne is now declined | Etna dissolu'd inflames ye
neighbou'rs mountaines | The sea enrag'd the bankes now vndermined
no runninge streams of ryuers brooks or fountaines | Wake from you' sleepe you
longe consumed bones | & shake ye earth with you' affrighted grones.
Oh deer harte where hast thou bene | thee so longe from me estraunged | my
dear loue I haue not seene | Since ou'hartes were first exchaunged | ever since
my thoughtes haue raunged.

Is it sighte y' ioyes me thus | or Desire y' 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.

Be not strangge of this imbrasinge

neither check my high aspires | Let me heare y' sweete vnlasinge | pitty 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' game | Sweetest
loue y' eu'r was kist | keepe thy pretious limbes in frame | hono' commes to
know you' name.

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

But alas the keeper comme | Comme sweete loue & let vs flie | I would y' wretch
were blinde & dumme | that he might not vs discrie | here togeth' priuillie.

Oh my loue & dearest iewell | farewell till wee meeete againe | if to me thou wilt
be cruel | I shall soone w'th 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.
Grone no more oh heavy hart | make no cloudes of smoky sighes | Let thy burninge gaspes depart | waile no more with agonies.

Heavy head desines thy care | and refresh thy sickly braine | Humou's dry that Darren dare | hurt thy sence wi' th flowinge paine

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

Be not fond of strange reports | listeninge eares y' all confounded | Be now Castles & stronge forts | creadit y' that truth hath grounded
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 mistres in hir mouinge | now refesh y

bloundless face | made so pale by to muche lounge.

And y hart y out of measure | sigh for loue be more released | Let thine eyes

now take yeer pleasur | y in one alone wert pleased

And y thoughts y in deuininge | of thy heau'ly mistres fauou | now counts

other starres as shinninge | she made darke by high behauio'

All hir pride is in disdayninge | loue & pitty cleare excluded | faire in show but

inward fayninge | neuer man was so deluded

She estemes y greater greater glory | to be counted faire then true | Ioyinge to

see so many sory | & she sorrow neuer knew

But what honou can she gett | to deceiue him y belieueth | All hir minde in hate

is sett,

pleased moste when moste she grieueth

Farr she differs from hir birth | gentle though hir best beseemeth | Others

tormen are hir mirthe | she most merry mischiefe deemeth.

But alas what haue I donne | only rage this erro breedes | She moste perfect

vnde 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 | wi th uniust of-reports of slannder | I shall blush to

heare hir named | y so awry my tongue did wander
In my body rest my harte | in my hart a desart caue | Where alas my restles haue smart | cannot any comfort haue

Ah sweete soule what bitter griefe | boile ye hart w1th hartles bloud | no release can giue reliefe | nor reliefe do any good.

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

When ye hart had caught a wound | then he formd an hearbe to cure it | There he lyes him on the ground | where ye 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 ye 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 ye I make | all this mone where dead I lye | Ah now I dye since true it proue | Death is life to dye for loue.
All alone my love was playing | where ye little lambs were leaping. And
Apollo was decayinge | when ye birds were singinge sleepinge.

Lively conyes lightly springinge | from ye boroughs downe ye mountaines |
Phillis all alone went singinge | singinge walkinge to ye fountaines

At the bottom of ye mount | a thinn streame ran brawlinge out | Phillis was comme nere this fount | bubbles risinge round about

She vntyd her waste of golde | sittinge down vpon ye banke | her smooth flanks 
ya glad seat hold | whose pride pow'd to giue a thinke

In her Coate her petticoates | vp she stooode & all vnlac'd | Breathinge still her 
wanton note | till her body was vnbrac'd

All let lose and all vnbaste | downe she lett ye Scarlet fall | All was naked to the 
waste | & anon all naked all

In she went & out she skippes | springs were cold when sunn was sett | Yet she 
waded to the hipps | but no dropps hir body mett

Till small handes ye water sprinkled | on a body stayninge snowe | That hir body 
is bedrinkled | w1th ye dropps hir hand bestowe.

Cristall springes murmou'rs softly | and ye cleare streams sight all bubled |
flashinge vp risinge softly | nought but water water troubled

So hir lilly breasts seene bare | bare right downe, downe to ye 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 
begann to breake | when mine eies were so be daz'd.

But my finger in mine eie | raised vp ye heavy lidd | then each part each light 
did spie | when all parts were laid vnhidid.

Phaebus tun'd his siluer lute | playinge in a lawrell shade | Phillis charme was 
nothing mute | heau'nyly musick either made.

But Apollo soone had ended | and alone he left faire Phillis | Whose tunes might 
not be amended | whose light dimmd ye fairest lillys.

Vp I start & to ye springe | stealleing stepps conuey'd me thither | where my feete 
mine eies did bringe | to a sight ye clear'd ye wether.

Downe I kneeld & kiss hir bare | hir bay hand I blusht w1th ye kiss. | Then I rose 
with heedefull care | ye nought might be done 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' is most willinge.

But hir hart y' sighes was sendinge | forc'd to end what was begunn | in the middle was ye endinge | yet no end when all was donn.
I haue I know not what it was | I know nor where | It liues I know not howe | it standeth with out feare | It went I know not when | & yet tis somewhat nere | it liueth with out meane | & yet it giueth foode | It dies in that y' giues it life | & liues to do y' good | It stands so stronge yt it is strannge | for why it hath no feede | it fall full soone y' 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 chiest worth | of that which is within | Liuinge dyinge at last | I say it doth reuie | On sorrow sodaine dead | on sodaine soone aliue.
A ringe through my hart is rily fastned | of firme effect y' fancy quickly
hastened | And ayrie chaine adjoyninge fast be fixed | to hale my hart in flouds
of sorrowes mixed | I run y' way I my selfe would leaue | but drawne by force
y' cannot ought perceau | I lea a loft and see my legs be free | I stretch mine
armes & yet no lett I see. | But when I comme & looke where y' remainest |
remayninge see y' seest y' thou disdainest | Drowne in griefs waues draw'n
against my will | to renew loue when loue is hated still. | Alas I sigh to see thy
scornfull looks | ah looks ingrav'n intitled vengeannce bookes | for well I wot
thou holdest hard y' raines | wi' cruell bitts directed chiefe by chaine's | oh now
& then and ofte I do relate | but vain to striue & strainne wi' such a mate | The
ringle more hart then steele | steels my hart | y' chaine more stronge y' steele y'
made by art | Hir hart rejoyce to see my hart in sadnes |
my hart still glad to see hir ioye in gladnes | not y' I grieue when so I see hir glad |
but y' 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

Penns of steele printe deepest letters | Incke of bloud shews perfect writinge |
sealed fast wi' fleche of harts inditinge | A faire face in dearest fleshe is carued |
and only that place alone deserued | Oh my loue is growne to be conteined |
she hir selfe my selfe & loue condemned | Pride in me too proude to was a wonder |
where y' Graces sport & neuer sunder | Folly in me more fonde to like to loue |
an earthly Sainte discended from aboue. | Oh she is called bewty the worlds
brightnes | Oh neuer none hath euer 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 on hie | abate their pride when more y' white is nie |
The Sonn do slide & in y' cloudes is couered | when brightnes shines from
maskine vales discouered
no no but no & euer no | O\textsuperscript{81} poore silly man | Hir aunsio' is where I loue best | so handle me she can

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

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

no tells me no, oh c'uell 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'\textsuperscript{ts} noe | if no may stand in steede | W\textsuperscript{th} no she strikes a cruell bloe | but worse is their deede.

When to hir shrine I paid my vowes | and decke y'\textsuperscript{e} aulters rounde | W\textsuperscript{th} holy fumes & mirtle bowe, | & sighinge ecchos hounde.

When midst my sighes & heauy mones | mones weltred till in woe | I called no w\textsuperscript{th} mournefull grones | yet nought she sent but noe.

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

But cursed be y' cursed no | yet blessed she y' sent thee | And blessed be but where she goe | if she no harme hath ment me

I wute you changne you' I to no to I | or I to neuer woe | And thinke vpon my louinge crie | y' makes a lowde eccho.

now yeld at last & what you win | will hold for euer soe | now changne you'\textsuperscript{t} tune & thus begin | say I & cease your noe

Yet discords oft w\textsuperscript{th} 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'\textsuperscript{e} mark they wish to finde | yet answe' it with no.

\textsuperscript{81} One/two words missing.
Jane Fustian is a pretie gentle lininge | such eue'lastinge linings few haue wore | It were a heau'n immixt lyninge. | a cloude to heaun to be vntorne | Health it is to me to think on such linnin | sweete y⁶ outward sweet is y⁶ inin
O loue moste great & wondrous is thy mighte | whose victories enrolled are in fame |
Where Poets all haue prais’d y’ sweete delight | & men doth know thou raignt as kinge by name |
Ditties recordes thou triumphst victo’ lieke | that all on earth glad do thy favou’ rs seeke.

Trees haue their loue, & so long as y’ ar louinge | their loues inbrace their leaues ech othe’ rs kiss |
They hugginge O 82 whi ch they themselues are quitinge | whilst they are yonge doth shew what Cupid is |
kissinge in youth in springe while y’ are greene |
But in their fall nor they nor loue is seene

What is it then y’ men so magnifie | fadinge as doth faire flora’s ornamen1. | What is his might y’ we him deifie. |
And fixe hir beinge in y’ firmamen1 | As though his powe’ on earth could not be all |
| but he must haue y’ heau’ns & Angells thrall.

Great is his powe’ and muche his paishannce | he weildeth Scepters & directeth Kinges |
| His glitteringe coollo15 | if he once aduancc | mona’cchs he into subiection brings |
Whose Scepter swaies & rules in eu’ry thinge | Beasts birds fishes trees, men of it do singe.

82 One word missing.
102' My loue is faire and chearly | hir loue I hold moste dearly | Hir eies are pleasant
sharp & brighte | Like starres in frosty nighte.
102' Hir forhead smooth as cristall | hir lipps as read as Corrall | where pleasur swells
in sweetest pride | neuer see man suche a tide.

Hir Cheekes like Roses red | wth lawne vaile euer spred | Downe a longe was
rould | Curled locks of beaten gould. | Hir head wth sweete deuices | hur breath
like Indian spices | in all parts neu’r such one framed | pen’s to rude hir to haue
named.
What thinge is loue? a Tirant of ye minde | Begott by zeale of youth brought forth by slothe. | nursd with vaine thoughtes & changinge as ye winde | a deepe dissembler voide of faith & trothe | fraught with fond errors doubtes dispite disdaine in all ye plagues y' earth & hell containe.

Amantis & amentis discriminens

Twixt lunacie & loue these othes appeare | that one dotes monthlie, th'othes all the yeare.

Alteri in Seruiens

The Preacher pure is like ye torche by nighte | which wastes it in geuinge othes lighte.
O Loue great wonders & sundry victories | how are thy actes eternized of men. |
Stalkt in their harts grau’n in yᵉʳ memories | sealed in their papers firm’d wᵗʰ yᵉ penn |
Sounded of all wᵗʰ the trompe of praise | praised in songes & catolled in Lai’es.

Thy trapees⁸³, triumphs & thy conqueringes | are registred mongst worthy warriors |
Thy force thy powᵉ & thy menacinges | inrolled are in yᵉ harts of paramors |
Beasts know thy powᵉ & yell it forth wᵗʰ gronings | Turtles talk of loue & murmży in their monings.

Bowes do imbrace & leaues for loue Æα kissinge | yᵉ winds doth woo &
whistlinge greets yᵉ blossomme. | The tendᵉ twigge (wherein yᵉ Serpent
hissinge | doth often couche) doth hugg him in hir bosome | Bowes kiss yᵉ winde &
leauey yᵉ winde Æα kissinge | so there is nothinge can of loue be missinge.

Then gentle loue for loue is gentle euer | although his powᵉ be much
magnipotent | whᵗʰ powᵉ is wont from mercy thinges to seuer | thinges y¹ to
mercy are more pertinent | Then fauou⁷ me for y¹ thy force is mighty | to blason
forth thy vertue in this ditty.

Thou sittest in the pride of glorious throne | eche place is yᵉ place of thy high
abidinge | mens harts the ground for thee to gallopp on | and those thou tearest in
y¹ fiercest ridinge.

Their thoughts yᵉ winges where wᵗʰ yᵐ cutst yᵉ aire | Their soules themselues &
all are but y¹ chaire,

Mens soules men-soules & all are but loues chaire | his habitacle & his place of
rest | Where stately sittinge beholdes yᵉ faire | whᵗʰ hauinge view’d bequeaths it
in mans brest | Then man becommes partake⁶ 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
doeth play a doubles parte | Somtime he plaies yᵉ part of loue respected | somtime
he plaies yᵉ part of loue reiected.

Respected loue it is the heau’ns of blisse | wherein combined are huge heapes of
treasure | of him y¹ loues it is that paradise | wherein are found, yᵉ flowinge
springs of pleasure. | Vapouringe forth Nectar & Ambrosia stilling | & all yᵉ
ground wᵗʰ wondrous sweetnes fillinge.

Reiected loue it is a hell of horroʳ | wherein congealed is a mass of cares | Of him
y¹ loues is an endles terroʳ | from whence doth springe a flowing streame of y care⁷
⋆ It is a chaos made of meere calamity | whᵗʰ dissolue doth belch out nought but
misery.

Loue y¹ is fauor’d eury man doth know him | a dainty Cockney dandled on yᵉ
knee | or hugg on breast as pleaseth hir bestow him | at whose good pleurar⁸ he

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⁸³ Possibly a variation or misspelling of 'Troumpe'; 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.
Now what is loue I pray thee tell | it is a fountaine and a well | where pleasure & repentance dwell | ← y² little⁸⁴ ← It is perhapps y⁵ same sance tell | that rings all into heauen or hell | and this is loue as I heare tell.

Now what is loue I pray y⁶ saye | it is a worke on a holy daye | It is december matcht w¹th 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 y⁶ showe | it is a tree of bliss & woe |A fruite of all y⁶ fruite I knoe | in shortest time will sonest grow | It standeth neither high nor lowe | but betwene both as all do knowe.

Now what is loue but do not faine | a coollof tis y¹ 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 say be not strannge | it is a prety dogg ? rannge | and like a filthy rotten mannge | It is a Coffer of exchanng | where for dress fair coigne do channge | & what is loue a thinge so strannge.

Now what is loue I pray y⁶ saine | it is a pleasinge pinchinge paine | it is a sonne shine MiXt Wilh raine | a flowe'ý dies & springes againe |lt is a no ý would 085 faine 1 086 is loue as I heare saine.

Now what is loue I pray y⁶ singe | it is a fin er in a ringe | It is a moppinge toothles thinge | it is a flesh yt smells like OF-1.1 It is a morsell for a kinge | and this is loue as I heare singe

Now what is loue I pray ye note | tis lininge for a pettycote | tis armed but for pistoll shote lit is a semi quauer note | within booke fidled & by rote | and this is loue whereon men dote

Now what is loue declare I may | it is a spiders webb I say | that weaueth in & out alwaye | to catche y⁶ silly fly y¹ playe | swellinge wi¹th 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 owle שחerà muche like a pinke | A thinge y' 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' can not be alone | A thinge loues flesh wi' th out a bone | a thinge y' subject to y' 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' neu' r doth yore | A thinge no rubbing can make sore | a nickinge tally for to score | An easy timber for to bore 106r and this is loue I say no more.

Now what is loue I pray y'ee shoe | a thinge y' weepes if it can not goe | A toye y' 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' knoe.

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

Now to conclude say what loue is | a thinge of woe a thinge of bliss | a thinge wonn & lost wi' th a kiss | a firly watry thinge is this | A thinge y' burnes & neu'r cries hiss | and this is loue orels I miss.
Experience & examples dailie proue
that my man can be well aduised & loue

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

Sole mistres of my rest | lett me thus farre presume, | To make this bold request | a black patche for y'e resume.

You f tresses whi are wrought | like to a golden snare | my louinge hart hath caught | as moss did catche his mare.

You f eies twoe starres diuine | me thinkes renues this arrant | in silent speeche to mine | a buttock or a warrant

O women will you euer | 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 else I die | Loue so my hart be witches | it makes me howle & crie | O how my Elbowe itches.

Cupid is blinde men say | and yet my hart he saith seeth

Withe he did wounde to daye | a turde in Cupids teeth.

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

My mistres 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 Ellian ile frownce you

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

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

But since y'd all reliefe | & conforte doth forsake me | Ile kill my selfe with griefe | nay then y'e diuell all take mee.

Your letters I receiued | bedeckt with flourishinge quarters | So women are deceiued | go hange you in you' garters.
My bewty which is none | yet faire as you protest | Doth make you sighe & grone
| fy, fy, you do but ies.

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

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

To merite well delight | no labou' shall you leese | you' 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
come home & kiss me | where I did sitt on sonday.
Appendix C

Downing College, Cambridge, MS Wickstede Thesaurus

28^c The poore mans petition to the Kings highnes

1. Good Kinge let there be an vniformitie in true religion wi^th out anie disturbance of papiste or puritane.
2. Good Kinge lett good preachers be well prouided for, and wi^th out anie simonie^t or briborie to come to there liveinges.
3. Good Kinge, let poore solldiers 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 delays & craftie proceedinges | in lawe, And lett lawyers haue moderate fees, god amend the | coveteous Attorney & all merciles lawyers.
5. Good Kinge, let poore suto^5 be heard quicklie, and wi^th speede | dispatched favorable.
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 gains.
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 your graces poore commalitie. Fie | vpon all close bytinge knaverie.
10. Good Kinge, let not vs thy faithfull servantes & ledgemen, be | oppressed wi^th soe manie imposiciOns parlinges & paymen^a.
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^ Water Rawley, Earle of | Pancredge for he is a &co.

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