The manuscript miscellany in early Stuart England: a study of British Library Manuscript Additional 22601 and related texts
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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 Archbishop of yorkes lettre to my Lord Cranborne
       Salutem in Christo
4r-6v  My Lord Cranbornes Aunswr to the Lord Archbishop
       Maye it please you Grace
7r-7v  O yes, o yes, o yes
       To all honourable men at armes
7r-8r  Amor Quid
       To late I finde that loue is nought
8r-8v  The Poore Soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree
8r-9v  One time oh happy time for euer blest
9r  The Counsell of a frend hearinge a purpose of marriage by another
    In choice of wife preferr yf modest chaste
9r-10r  Souldio are like yf Armour yf they weare
10r  Tho tyme hath byn my purse well lyn’d
10v  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  Advertismen of a loyall subiect to his Soueraigne
       It is said that youf maies will not continue the protection of the Low
       Countries
17r-18r  The lett of Sf Walter Rawleigh to the kinge after his Arraignmenf
       The life whch I had moste mighty prince
18r-20r  Loue no man but thy selfe [The Maxims]
20v  Because that worde & faithe
The happy life is that which all desire

Fie, why seekest thou to intice?

Why art thou proud, thou Peacock of thy plumes?

in praise of Peace with Spain

O Lord of hosts thou God of Peace

Ballade 1.

While as a stately fleetinge Castell faire

A Dreame 2.

While as the scintillant shady night

A Ballad 3.

Now doth disdainfull Saturne sad and old

A Gentlewoman y' married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whereupon she tooke hir needle in which she was excellent and worked upon hir Sampler thus

Comme giue me needle, stitch cloth, silke & chaire

[Continuation of A Dreame 2]

And by the hand of Mistres lead

A Ballade 4.

O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde

Passionado 5.

If mourninge mighte amend my hard vnhappy case

A Sonnett

My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant

Suppose madam I ought not to refuse

But what madam, and shall I then deny

O cruel Cupid what a ruthless rage

Comme fruitfull thoughts, y' fertill ever flowes

As man, a man am I composed all of brethren fowre
Although y' crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie

O womans witt y' wavers w1th the 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 kinges

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 Merchaunt .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 dyinge husband knew

the Mayde .12.
I marriage would forswear

Things hard to winn w1th ease
43'-48' 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 nunnes Translated out of Cornish or Devonshire into true Suffolk And is to be sung to the tune of Lighte of Loue, or Vptailles all, as you can devise.

Gramercies wott mets mesters & ye rest

49'-51' A lottery proposed before supper at ye Lord Chief Justice his house in ye first entrance: to hir Majestie, Ladies, Gentlewomen & Straungers fortune must now no more in Triumph ride

51'-52' To you faire Dames whose favoy'd doth now flourish

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

52'-54' Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall

54'-55' I flatter not when you ye sonne I call

55' I feare not death, feare is more paine

56' I will not soare aloft the skye

56' Counsell whethr afterward is soughte

56'-59' Tho loues and would his suite should prove

59' When as a fearfull Horsman backs

60' Soare I will not, in flighte the grounde ile see

60' If all the Earthe were paper white

60' England men say of late is bankrupte grownne

60'-61' When doome of death by iudgment is force appointed

61' To all malcontents giue this in ye Deuils stable

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

62'-62' The thundringe God whose all embracinge power

63' Wilye watt, wilie wat

63' Water thy plaints wth grace diuine

64'-65' Watt I wot well thy overweeninge witt
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 deuoureth

Comme sweete thoughte returne againe

Faine wi th a looke y' lock my hart in mirthe

Pleas'd wi th 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 & showers taken

Do not leue of thy comely daunce

The lofty trees whose branches make sweete shades

If y' I liue I cannot liue but love

Nowe at last leue 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 wth 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' neuer loose hir coollo'
Like to y' Iuory straunnge now thou beholdest
What luck had we to meete so well togeth'
I sate & thought vpom my best belou'd
And beinge fild wth 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 flowe'dew
The common sorte are made of common claye
Sonetta prima vpon the death of one Maste' Skeuington of Leicestg'shi'
who died in the flowe' of his Age
Yee brimfull Cesternes of my read swolne eies
Sonnetta Secunda
In anncient times whosoeuer 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 ye world begins to burne
Oh deer harte where hast thou bene
Grone no more oh heavy 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 pretie gentle lininge
O loue moste great & wondrous is thy mighte
My loue is faire and chearly
Discriptio Amoris
What thing is loue? a Tirant of ye 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 pow' & 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, heareinge 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; Advertisment of a Loyall Subject to his Souraigne, drawne from an Observation of the People’s Speaches, 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 prowde thou Peacock of ye plumes; ditto, in praise of Peace with Spaine; Ballades, No. 1, 2 pages, commencing – White as a stately fleeting Castell Fawne; ditto, No. 2, a Dreame, 1 page; ditto, No. 3, How doth disdainfull Saturne, Sadd and old, 2 pages; a Gentlewoman ye married a yonge Gent, who after forsooke, 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 Sunge to the tune of Light of Loue, or optailes, all as you can diuide, 11 pages; a Lottery proposed before Supper, at ye Lo Chief Justice his house, at ye first entrauce, a Play, dated 1602, 7 pages; S.R. in defence of Love, a Poem, 8 pages; a Song, I will not soare aloft the skyes; ditto, a woman doth guide her witt, 4 pages; ditto, in woman’s mouthes, in case of love, no, no negative will proue, 3 pages; ditto, England, men say of late, is bankrupte growne; ditto, to all malcontents give this, in ye Devil’s Stable; ditto, concerning Suit and Attendance at ye Courte; a Dialogue betwene the Mayde, the Wyfe and the Widowe, for the defence of their estates, 12 pages; 13 various Ballads and Songs, on 20 pages, Sonnets, 5 pages, and various other songs, Sonnets, and Ballads, in 1 vol. 12mo. Calf neat, £6. 6s.
Salutem in Christo: I haue receiued lettres from you Lordshipp: & others of his maies moste honorable privie Counsell conteyninge. 2. pointes: firste I that ye Puritans be proceeded against, acor|dinge vnto ye lawe, except they conforme them selues etc. Secondlie that good care be had vnto greedie Patrons. that none be admittted in their places but suche as are confor|mable & otherwise worthie for their vertue & learninge. I haue written vnto the .3. BB [bishops] of this province and in their absense to their Chauncello to have a speciall Care of this service, and therein haue sent Copies of you honou|s lettres, and will take present order in mine owne diocesse. I wishe withall mine harte, that the like order were geuen not onelie to all BB [bishops] but to all magistrates and Justice of peace etc. to proceede againste Papistes & Recusants who of late, partlie By this rounde dealinge against the Puritans, and partlie by somme extraordinarie favou they are grown mightilie in number courage & insolence. The Puritans (whose phantasticall zeale I mis I mislike) though they differ in Ceremones & acildentes, 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, & popishe Religion to be established: I assure you 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 Countrie in greate iollitie, almoste tryumphantlie. But his maies as he hath byn brought vp in | the Gospell & vnderstandeth Religion exc|ellent well, so he will (no doubt) pro | tecte, maintayne & advance it cuen vnto the ende. So that if the Gospell shall quaille & Popery prevale, 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 were borne & brought vp in true Religion, you worthie father was a worthie instrument to banishe supersticion, & to advance the Gospell, ymitate 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 honoureth & loveth his excellent maies wth all | my harte) I wishe lesse wastinge of Treasures of the Realme, and more moderacion in the lawefull exercise of huntinge: bothe | that poore mens corne maie be lesse spoiled, & otho his maies subjectes more spared. The Papistes giue it forthe, that ye Eccliciasticall Com|mission shall not be renewed anie more. Indeede it stayeth verie longe albeit there is greate | wante of it. I praye you honour further it.| Syr Jo. hn Bennett will attende you Lordshipp: Thus I beseechinge God to blesse you Lordshipp: with his mani | fold graces, that yo maie as longe serue | his moste excellent maies as you moste wise | father did serue moste worthie Queene Elizabeth. I bidd yo moste hartlie farewell: from Buishop: Thorpe the 18 of December. 1604.

You good honou in christ moste assured

Mathew Ebor.
Maye it please you Grace: although you lettre latelie written vnto me contayneth rather an ac knowledge of you receipt of my Lordshipp of the Counsell letters then anie other subiecte, requi | ringe present ansure from my selfe, yet when | I considered the seurall partes of the same, I re | solu no longer to adventure you lordships censure | of my silence. Firste because you place & yeares deserve too greate a respecte & reverence to be | forgotten by my fathers sonne, whomme I haue | hearde so often speake of you zealou care | & industrie to free the Churche of God from

← supersticion\(^1\) ← suspicjon & idolatry, even in times of greatest | difficulty to effecte so religious a worke of | which although I haue 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, fuisse | natum Evangeli renato, and shalbe grievous | for me to enjoye anie state of life which I shoulde | be vnwillinge to laye downe for the same. | Secondlie I would be lothe suche a | darkness (through wante of | better informacion) | as mighte obscure to yo\(^e\), either his majestie owne | owne cleare, zealou & 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 dulie executed. | For you lordships opinion concerninge the differences | in ou\(^e\) churche, I do subscribe Ex animo to | you graue and learned | judgmen in that & all | thinges els of y\(^e\) nature, havinge alwaies | helde it for a certaine rule (since I had anie knowledge) that the Papist was | carried on the lefte hande with superstitious | blindenes; that the Puritan (as you \(^e\) lordship | termes them) was transported on y\(^e\) righte | vnaduised zeale &/ outre uidante / The firste punishable for matters essentiel, | the second necessarie to be corrected for disobedance to y\(^e\) lawefull Ceremonies of y\(^e\) Churche; wherein although manie religious | men of moderate spirtues might be borne with | yet suche are the turbulent humoys of somme y\(^e\) | dreame of nothinge but of a new Hierarchy | (directlie opposite to y\(^e\) state of a monarchy) | as the disputacion whic\(^h\) suche men were y\(^e\) high\(\text{waie to breake all bondes of vnitie to nou}\ [rishe Schisme in y\(^e\) 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 | ringe 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 you touche particulars. That it is not a | sure foundation to bulde vppon bruites; Nam | Lingue magister populus, and all theis phrases | (so they saye) are the comon mother & nurses of | slander: neither can I be persuaswed other | wise (forasmuche as I saw observed in that | place I haue helde, within the compasse whereof | somme more than vulgar bruiues do fall) but y\(^e\) whosoeuer\(^a\) shall beholde the Papistes | Puritans | espectacles, or the Puritan\(^a\) Papisticall | shall see no other certeintye then the multi | plication of false ymages. Besides | my Lordship if y\(^e\) should be true whic\(^h\) you\(^e\) lordship

reporte (whic\(^h\) God forbidd) that Popery and | Papistes should increase in those quarters | geue me leave to tell you lordship that yo\(^o\) must | provide to defende you owne challenge a | gainst you\(^e\) selfe, & blame you\(^e\) owne subor | dinates if

\(^1\) 'Supersticion' is written in the same hand as the rest of the text.
they haue dispensed, orelse I make knowne who they are which geue im | pedimen' to y' untimelie worke of reformacion | for whi' you are so well authorized by our | religious Soveraigne. And therein (my lo.rd) as I doubte not but you' lordship shall al | waies finde a discrete & diligent Condijutor2 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 you' lordship shall never | want anie further ampliation of you' authoritie. | whensoever yo'' 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, be | forre there be cause of doubte.] And now for that whi' concerns my selfe, to | whome you' lordship hath geuen a frendlie caveat | under the title of a greate counsellor' not to | procure or yelde to anie tolleracion, a matter

6r whi' I well knewe no creature lyvinge dare | propounde to ou' religious Soueraigne; although | I am farre from the vanitie to esteeme my | fortune worthie the stile of greatnes; yet dare | I confidentlie profess, that I wilbe muche | lesse then I am, or rather nothinge at all before | Ishalbe an instrumen't of suche a miserable | channge. | For the rest whi' is the morrall parte of you' | lettre, wherein yo'' observe some extraordinary | proportion of his maies'ties guiftes & expenses | I acknowledge that memoraill to be worthie in | you' lordships yeres & experience, and yet I must | saie that Bountye is a kinges qualitie, that | it hathe ever byn helde Regium Ditare, et | non ditescere, that all greate Princes at their | firste Entries are tyed partlie for their | owne humoy's, partlie out of merritte, and | often in y' true rules of policie to be lesse | sparringe of liberalitie. In Primis auspil ciis quam in imperio firmato, wherein as | his maies'tie doth dailie vse convenient mo | deracion accordinge to y' change of times | & occasion: so hath he lefte a monument | beyonde example of his | naturall care and | princely providence by passinge latelie an | intaile of 100 thousand markes sterlinge | per annum, wherein he hath absolutilie concluded | him selfe from all powe of anie | after seperation from his royall issue.

6v For the last pointe of you' lettre concerninge hun | tinge seinge I perciue yo'' haue so vns|create Clarkes as they are like to make my | lettres as common as | 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 y', least men that | see the passages betweene vs maie thinke y' | yo'' & I do bothe of vs forgett ou' accomptes | for other tallentes whi' we haue in keepinge. | Onelie this shalbe my conclusion, that as | it was a praise in the good Emperor Traian | to be disposed to suche manlike & | actiue | recreations; so ought it to be a loye vn| to vs to beholde ou' kinge of so hable a | constitucion, promissinge so longe life and | blessed whi' so plentifull a posteritie | as hath freed ou' mindes from all those feares | whi' did besiege this potent monarchie, | for lacke of publique declaracion of his | lineall & lawefull succession to the same | whilst it pleased G'sod to continue to the fulnes of dayes | ou' late Soveraigne of | famous memorie. And so at this time | I committ you' etc.

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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 armes and knightes adventurers | of hereditarie note and exemplarie noblenes that | for moste maintenable actions, do either wilde | sworde or launce in the gist of glorie, righte | braue & chivalrous wheresoever through ye worlde | we .4. knightes errant denominated of ye fortunat | Island servantes of ye destinies, awakinge the slee | ping courage with martaill greetings: | Knowe yo\textsuperscript{u} that ou\textsuperscript{u} souveraigne Lady and mist\textsuperscript{es} mother | of the fates & empress of great atchieuemen\textsuperscript{es}, | revolving of late the adamantine leaves of hir | eternall volumes, and findinge in them that the | triumphall times are now at hande, wherein ye marvelous adventures of ye lucent piller should | be revealed to the wonde\textsuperscript{r} of times & men, as | merlin, Secretorie to hir moste inwarde disignes | did longe sithens presage, hath therefore most | deepely weighinge with hir selfe howe necessarie | it is that sounde opinions shuld prepare ye\textsuperscript{r} waye | to worthie Celebracion of so vnherd of misteries | byn pleased to command vs her voluntarie yet ever | humble votaries to publishe & mainteinne by all the | allowed waies of knightlie arguing theis .4. vn|disputable proposicions.
\begin{itemize}
  \item[1.] That in the service of Ladies knightes | haue no free will.
  \item[2.] That it is Bety that maintaines the | worlde in valou\textsuperscript{r}.
  \item[3.] That no faire Lady was euer false.
  \item[4.] That none can be perfectly wise but Louers.
\end{itemize}
Against which, or anie of them, if anie of yo\textsuperscript{u} shall | dare to aunswg at point of Launce or Sworde | in honourable listes before rarest bewties & best judgment\textsuperscript{es} | then knowe ye, that we the .4. assured Cham | pions shall by the high sufference of heaven & | vertue of ou\textsuperscript{u} knightlie valou\textsuperscript{r}, be readie in the | vale of My refleure, constantlie to aunsw\textsuperscript{e} | & make perfecte ou\textsuperscript{r} imposed undertakinge a | gainst all suche of yo\textsuperscript{u} as shall wi\textsuperscript{th}hin 40 | daies afte\textsuperscript{r} the first intimation of this ou\textsuperscript{r} vn | uersall challenge arriyve, to attend ye\textsuperscript{r} glori | ous issue of the famous adventures of the | Lucent Piller. In the which the prises are re | serued & ordeyned by the fate of ou\textsuperscript{r} Countrye | & Crowne the .3. seuerall succeedinge daies of | Triumphe. The firste at Tylte, the second | at Turney, the third at Barryers.

Linnis
Arrundel
Pembrooke
Mongomery.

\textsuperscript{3} Made of or having the magnetic qualities of adamant; incapable of being broken, dissolved or penetrated; immovable.
\textsuperscript{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 labourinth of errors blinde.

A bitter sweete a pleasant sowre | got in a yeare lost in an howre | A sugred
poysone mixt w1th gall | a thraldome free, a freedom thrall | whose longe pursiut
brings little gaine | vncertaine pleasure certaine paine | A very sicknes of the
thought | conceyvt of pleasure deerely bought | Regardinge neither in right nor
wronge | for short delight repentance longe | A sighinge sorrow mixt w1th
gladnes | feare w1th hope & hope w1th madness | A chillinge colde a wondrous
passion | Exceedinge mans imagination | whi ch none can tell, in whole ne part |
but only he yf feeleth yf smart | Erroes in time may be redrest | the shortest follies
are yf best | The difference is twixt thue & mee | yf 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 birdes sate by him, made tame by \textsuperscript{\textasciitilde}his\textasciitilde 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{\textasciitilde}me\textasciitilde still | thy promise was good, thy performance was ill | comme al yo\textsuperscript{u} for saken \& mourn out wi\textsuperscript{th} me | who speaks of a false loue, loue mine falser than shee | let no bodie chide hir, hir scornes I approve | 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 ever blest | I heard the musick of hir angells voiyce | forth from hir window going to hir rest | whose sweete remembrance makes me yet reioyce | whi[ch] to me said to me vnworthy wight | y' doubtfull stoode when I saw hir appeare | what wouldst thou haue y' in y' cloude of night | w[i]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 | fclouds y' are stopt at length will breake their boundes | Love though conceald in y' end it selfe will name | though daunger & dislike thereby I redoundes. | I haue my self vow'd to be only thine | yea even my self at thy commaundment lyes.

Call me thy seruant, binde me w[i]th y' twine | of dutifull alleageance to those eiyes. | She kindly smiling gratiously thus spake | I do accept thy seruice sweete good night | me thinkes I beare some stir if y' should wak~ | I should be sent and thou debard my sight. | what could I wish for more but this alone | to reape y' 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 & luyinge well. | Who brings thee wea[1]th & many faultes wi|th all | presents thee hony mixt wi|th 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\textsuperscript{rs} are like ye\textsuperscript{e} Armo\textsuperscript{i} y\textsuperscript{i} they weare | all gay at firste faire & well furbushed | But after storms & show\textsuperscript{e} & blowes y\textsuperscript{e} beare | are altogether disarmd & hargabushed\textsuperscript{5} | Somme throwne by somme bang'd against ye\textsuperscript{e} walls | thus after warres souldio\textsuperscript{r} 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 w\textsuperscript{i}th a paire of cardes | Theis be ye\textsuperscript{e} Ladds y\textsuperscript{i} liues & haue rewardes.

But ye\textsuperscript{e} braue minded worne & contrym man | that w\textsuperscript{i}th a tree encounters dares a tree | who goes amongst ye\textsuperscript{e} brouts of bulletts now & than | treadinge the grounde where valiant ventures be | and Iyees in Trenches w\textsuperscript{i}th ye\textsuperscript{e}ir shott & pikes | theis be ye\textsuperscript{e} Ladds y\textsuperscript{i} die & starue in dikes.

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

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

\textsuperscript{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 wi' th

in | I payd for all, then frends did

swarme like bees. But at this tyme my purse is growne so thin | that frends &

Coyne together I do leeve.

With tricklinge teares now flowing from mine eine | I do lamen with hollowe

soundinge voyce | Too late I do bewaile y' want of form' time | since y' my fall
doeth make my foes rejoyce | Somne 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 Peticon 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 for, and without any bribery come to their livings.
3. Good Kinge let poore soldiers be paid their wages while they be employed and well provided 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 | Courteous Attorney and merciless | Lawyer.
5. Good Kinge let poore Suito be hearde quickly, and with speede dispatched fauourable.
6. Good Kinge let no man haue more offices then one, especiallie 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 | Enimies as it hath byn. A plague vpon all courteous bitinge Treasoro.
9. Good Kinge let ordinarie causes be deter|mined in thy ordinarie Courts, and let | not ye Chancerie be made a common | shiftinge place to prolonge causes for priuatie gains.
10. Good Kinge looke to thy Takers & Officers | of thy house and to their exceedinge fees, that pull and gelde from thy | princke allowance.
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 wi' Ideats | 
13. Looke to thy Exchequo where Subjectts be all | cheaked by Osborne and Fanshaw, thy | Tellers & Audito. Also whose Dames | are not contented with mistres but Ladilike do goe, wee dare not speake their treaso | 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 keepes them | maye you easily see.
15. Forgett not thy marchannts howe wi | Custommes they be opprest. I meane | not y vsurer what callinge so euer | he be, let him within thy Realme haue | little rest.
16. Good Kinge let make not Lo:rd of good Linne Duke of | Shorditche for he is & etc.
17. Good Kinge make not Si W R Erle of Pan | criddle for he is a & etc.

Good Kinge loue vs & we will loue thee, and will spend ou' harts bloods | for thee.
Advertisment of a loyall subject to his Soueraigne drawne from an observation of the peoples speaches.

1. It is said that your maiesie will not continue the protection of the Low Countries, they be ye only yokefellows (as it were) of you Religion, and although doubts your maiesies high wisedomme will forsee all inconueniences, yet ye simple Gospellers mourns for you resolution: for if ye Spaniard preuaile against theis poore forsaken men, his forces by Sea are more then trebled; peace will quickly enriche him, wealth will add to his pride; his pride will increase his hatred to you Religion & people; and the Pope euin ye fire brand of sedition euen when ye are dispoiled of ye aydsman by sea in ye worlde will discouer his wonted malice against vs. The pretended title of the Infantha is not unknowne to your Majesty: I shall not want ye Antichristian furthelrance: the Spaniard is his dearest childe: your Kingdom shall be by his vnholys| holiness giuen fortiori. Alas they shall haue worke at home it will be but sport for them to warre vpon you. Principiis obsta sero | medicina paratur.

2. It is sayd ye if your maiesie discontinue ye league with ye States, the Frenche are ready to entertayne ye bargaine. There is certaine Antipathy betweene them and vs and it is hard to judge whither ye Spaniard or the Frenche will proue worse neighbours unto you; your true Subiects therefore pray you to keepe them both at the shaftes ende.

3. It is sayd that you doth receiue infinite number of Peticions; and the poore foolish peiple think ye Kinge hath leisure to attend every poore mans buisines. Rid you handes be times of suche importunacies, and except you majestie see great cause to contrarie, refer them to ordinary Courts of justice ordyned for the endinge of all differences. But if any complayne truly against ye chief Officers of what place or dignity so ever he be heare him youselfe (gratious Soue rainge) make but one or 2 examples of justice and we shall finde a gol| den chaunge soodanilly; but yet the Lawe Talionis must be put in vse, ye contrarie, refer them to ye ordi nary Courts of justice ordyned for.

4. It's sayd your maiesie giueth muche, li| berality in a Prince is a necessarie vertue, but you coffers are not sayd to be so full as ye they neede emptyinge, nor you Estate in so great securitie, as ye it may endure a leane treasurie, after 2 or 3 yeares triall of you neighbour confederates & their affections, and the better vnderstan| dinge of you owne fortunes & occasions, | your majestie shall better diserne out of what plenty, in what manner, and to whomme to giue. Your subiectes haue byn of late yeares troubled wth many subsidies, and without doubt the Commons are poore needy and in debt. They desire somme ease they wonder that you Highnes doth not re mitt ye remainder of the taxes & sub sidies yet behinde. they say it hath byn the Customme of Kingses at ye first entrace to ye Crowne so to do and their hope in ye case is deceiued.
5. They pray you not to follow the opinion of Rehoboams yonge Counsellor, nor to suffer ye longe vse of taxes & subsidies to turne to a habite: for they vowe in defence of you\' majestie ye Gospell and the state, they wilbe prodigall of their liues and liuinges.

6. They say that somme be aduanced to| places of justice altogether vnfitte for them in that they are ignorant [of our lawes & customs.] Our aduancement of those of ye Gowne | were wont to be as of those of the fielde from an old souldier to a lieutenaunt, from a Lieutenant to a Captayn, and so orderly to every place in ye campe though indeede in ye daunger there is somme difference, for an vnskilfull Generall can seldomme offendel more then once and then his life & | all pay for it, but suche a magistrat may peraduenture through 2000 ignorances |enriche himselfe and wronge an infinite number of poore people.

7. It\'s sayd that the office of ye Mastre\'s ship of ye Rolles shalbe executed by a deputy|; the patentie 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 chiefe place of justice to be performed or rather abused by a Deputy, or the Patentie should make| sale of you\' majestie\'s free guifte. The place was in a manner executed by | Deputies before. Suche were ye judges whic\' pro tempore were Commissioners| but the due vse of the afternoone whic\' the mastre\' of the Rolles, did usuallly spend |to hear & many causes, was a chiefe want whereof the client complained. | Which course it is sayd the mastre nowe beinge cannot follow by reason of his | more neere and necessary employme| about you\' majestie.

8. It\'s said the respect at the Courte of ye Scott by all the attendant officers | there is so partiall as the Englishe finde themselues muche 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 yo\' majestie\'s | it is ye foolish gross clayinge of somme | of the Englishe. But yo\' majestie must | prouide that this indiscretion breede not a discrete emulation betwixt vs | who ought as we nowe profess but one | God and one Kinge, so to have | but one hart and yo\' English subjects not to be disgraced: for it | must be confessed (Right noble Kinge) |that ye Kingdomme and people of England made you great: many offices | have byn taken from ye Englishe, and, | giuen to ye Scott, and some ye\'served | the state with good commendation (whic\')

9. It is sayd that your majestie\'s purposett to alter | the manner of our Gouernmen|; and fault | is founde at our\' common lawes & customes | of England and spetially our triall by | the othes of 12 men whic| is without doubt the best and equalles course, & | in it selfe least capable of corruption. | Every alteration euen in a private | family muche more in a Kingdomme | breedeth hurlie burly. Doubtless there | be abuses in the Courts of Westminster, | and chiefly in the Arbitrarie Courts | but if yo\' majestie had but once purified | a fewe of the chiefest officers, howe | soodainily would yo\' majestie\'s 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 you're majesties of an ingenuious & Royall nature not delightinge in popular salutacions doth pass by great troups of ye commons with a kinde of kingly negligence, neither speaking nor looking vpon them. The poorer sort of people are bold with you're majesties, they prate of ye name of their late Queene when she was seene publiquely abroade would often speake kindely to ye multitude discovering hir Royall acceptance of their ioyfull acclarnations, many times also sayinge that hir subiects hungry eies might haue their fill in beholdinge their soueraigne. Your majesties must in somme sorte therefore satisfy their jealous affections, or eles the poore Rascalls so farre as they dare wilbe angrie with you.

11. It is sayd that you're majesties' followers as well Englishe as Scotts proclaime open sale of ye moste amnest and noble Order of Knighthoode, whereby somme contrary to you're Highnes intent of vnworthy condition for bribes haue vnworthily made knightes to the dishonou' of you' Royall pallass, 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 lyes woulde the honou' and good fame of our deceassed Soueraigne not only taxinge hir good gouemmen but hir Person with sundrie mani|fest vntruthes, and ye foolish indi|gesta moles you' Commons of London. | (I should say somme of them for dout|les all are not so lewd) haue put out hir name, where it was engraluen & painted vnder the armes of ye kingdomme. And it is said they are about to alter certaine monulments once dedicated to hir, as beinge lothe belike to be at any new cost with you're majesties. Surely theis slaunders be the deuises of ye Palpistes, arguenge thereby at the de|famation of the gospell, it will| prove therefore your majesties' trulie magnaminious to prouide for ye preserjuation of hir famous memorie by all meanes.

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 meeete that you're majesties knowne seruants should be for you're majesties nearest employ|ment, nor is it any dishonou' to the English nation that you're good seruants be preferred so that you're majesties' leaue not the well deseruinge disgraced. | The people are rightly termed a Beaste of many heads; so many men so manie mindes; yet which is the worke of God I heare euery man loueth and reuereceth you stie. Let therefore ye admirable m er of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' admirable mer of you' maie I Let therefore y' adm
person whose posterity I hope will so obey God as they may continue Kings of this Lande vntil ye dissolution of ye universall.

Ensueth the lettre of Sir Walter Rawleigh to the Kinge after his Arraignmen"
The life which I had moste mighty prince | the lawe hath taken from me, and I | am nowe but the same earth & duste, | of whiche I was made: yt my offence | had any quantity with you | maies ties vnmeasurable goodnes, I mighte hope; but | yet | you | great maies ties must judge both & not I. | Anie bloud, gentility, birth or estate I | haue none, no not so muche as a beinge, | no not so muche as Vita plantes: I | haue only a penitent soule O in a bodie | of Iron whiche moueth towards the | Loadestone of death, and cannot be with | held from touchinge it, except your | maies ties mercy turne the point towards | me which expelleth it. Lost | I am for | hearinge a vaine man, for hearinge | only, and neuer belieuing or | acceptinge and so little accompt I made of that | speache of his 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, which I see | no care of man can effect. But | for | my offence to him yt layed this heavy | burthen on me miserable and | vnfortunat wretch | 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 ties | by fame, and loued & admired you | maies ties | by knowledge; so as whither | dy or liue your maies ties true and louinge | seruanent I will die or liue. If I | nowe write | what doth not become me! | (moste mercifull O Prince) vouchesaue to | ascribe it to y | Counsell of a dead hart | which sorrow hath broken: but y | more my | miserie is, the more is your maies ties great | mercy, if you please to behold it; and | y | less I can deserue the more liberall | y | guifte: God only, your maies y | shall | immite herein both in giuinge freely to | suche a one from whomme | there can be no | retribution, but only a desire to pai the same greate | loue which the same greate goodnes shall pleas | to bestowe it. This | beinge the first letter | which euer you | maies y | received from a dead | man I | humbly submitte 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.

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6 There is a stain on the page which has also marked fols 15v, 16v, 17v, 18v, and 19v.
18.  1. Loue no man but thy selfe, or if any man, do it for thy selfe.
   2. Trust no man, so shalt thou neuer be deceiued.
   3. Be riche in promise to all, though in performance to fewe.
   4. Make no difference betwene an hon'est seruannt & vn'honest, but make both serue thy turne.
   5. Above all things make not thy seruannt 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 w'th vnkindeness.
   7. Thank fullness take it for a vertue, not be'eseeminge a great man, for it is as muche as an obligation of debte.
   8. Dissemble w'th euery 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.

19.  (if you can) in y' Princes eare, it will be in steade of a Reueneue vnto you.

11. Whatsoeuer you Adversary 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 owne to breake it diuide it.
   13. With y's head of the contrary faction neither haue freindshipp nor scene to haue enmitie.
   14. What soever yo do against him, prepare the Princes good & common wealth by this slie course you shall sooner cutt his throate.
   15. Those y's depend vpon him, crosse them in their suites, disgrace them with wordes, w'th loakes, kindle emulacion betweene them. If they be of the same profession, breede discontentmen~ to shake the knot of them a sunder~ to Discover the plots of the chiefe and either by crushinge them, or disgracinge them, make them quite for saken. When you thus haue

19~ topte the braunches one after another then watche at the time to strike at the roote.
   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 selfe let that be done by somme trustie man. The Offices of the Crowne of the wardes, of the Lawe, & of the Churche, will bringe in a reasonnable 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 things be not too religious. At y's rocke many haue byn made shipwracke: If it will serue thy turne heare the Protestant for the Puritane, and y's Puritan for y's Papiste. This art hath euer byn gainefull, beinge rightly vsed.
   20. In times of action gather vnto you men of y's sworde, vse them as philisitions when you neede them: Giue them their fees but when yo vse y'em

20~  22. The Preachers heare them, it is a good~ customme, it is time well spent, macke profit of their deuision.
   22. The Schollers, lett them haue in their colledges to breathe & liue no more vse them as wardes, as yet in their nonage, imployne none of them; the greatest Clarkes are not y's wisest men. Amonge all their lectures, there is wantinge the chiefest, the lecture of good discretion.

7 Scribal error - '22' has been copied twice.
23. The marchaunts handle as sponges, when they are full wringe them. To be able to do this, there be many artes required.

24. If any man be very forwarde & valiant suppress him. This time may not beare a stirringle spirite. A body crazed with the Goute, it is dangerous to haue it ruled with a quicke siluered spurre.

subditorum virtutes regibus formidolosae
Because that worde & faithe | in no degree doth stonde. | 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  
Adolescens sine Obedientia  
Seruus sine Timore  
Miles sine Probitate  
Pauper a Superbus  
Senex Luxuriosus

Culpa conscius reprehenditur pallet | Studit ac tacet.

The Conscience beinge accused of a fault | waxeth pale, doth studie & like wise | holdeth his peace
The happie life is that which all desire but yet the same is vnto all unknowne. Somme thinke it is in them y\textsuperscript{th}
may aspire to y\textsuperscript{th} they wishe whi\textsuperscript{ch} is not of their owne. But I suppose, the happie life to rest in scorninge all whi\textsuperscript{ch} is esteemed best.

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

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

Yett bewty strength & witt, if wisedomme guide are things of pride & do excell in deede. All other things, by sight of eye descrive but secreat lyes y\textsuperscript{e} happy life doth breede And harbour\textsuperscript{d} is in worthines of minde wherein one may a stately kingdomme finde.

The Dyademe is liberty of minde the Scepter powg\textsuperscript{e} to yeld to eche his due. The sword is force by Vertue powe\textsuperscript{e} deuin\textsuperscript{d} to cutt of vice & vertue to ensue. The Counsell graue y\textsuperscript{d} do support y\textsuperscript{e} state is feare of God whi\textsuperscript{ch} sinn & vice doth hate

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

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

The Treasure great y\textsuperscript{d} doth maintayne y\textsuperscript{e} state Contentmen\textsuperscript{t} is, wi\textsuperscript{th} that whi\textsuperscript{ch} may suffise Aboundance breeds contention & debate but one content is happy riche & wise So he y\textsuperscript{t} liste a happie life to finde must seeke the same, in vertues of y\textsuperscript{e} minde.
Fie fye desire why seekst thou to intice my yeares of youth with baites of sundry blis. Moste faire in shew, wherein vertue seemes a vice and vice in vertues place usurped is. The taste is sweete but swallow bitter gall. Freedome in sighte, indeede moste deadly thrall

Fie fancy fie, why feedst thou my delight? Nay doatinge follie meere. What meanst thou fancy thus to dym my sight? That lust is love whose fruite affords but loss. Oh feeble force in shewes of surest strength, thrall to assaults, o Gold no gold but dross. O fonde effect, a pleasure mixt with paine, mournfull rewarde for melancholy gaine

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

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

Farewell y' Crocodile whose fained teares are but snares to stay the silly one. Such false & fraile proffers euill prowe fancy farewell I leame 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 densus asham'd to see the day. This Course is good, the end renues y' gaine pleasant salue for pange of secreat paine.
22° Why art thou prowde, thou Peacock of thy plumes? of beauties blaze, or fauor of thy face: Whose needless cost, like smoke & dust consumes when crooked age arrests thy crazed mace: when golden locks are growne to grisled hue, bid beauty then thy looking glass adue

Thy smoothest cheekes somtyme sweetly smil’d both Care & tyme shall thereon furry deepe Thy christall eies whose glaunce hath ofte beguild shall waxe both read & dym & droope & wepe. 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’s tooode like pearle or luory white

When gallant once thou grisled art becom & feelst thy bones ybrooke & bruised thy paine Thy sinnowes shrunke nimble ioynts benum’d then wilt thou feel thy fleetinge beauty vaine And singe farewell to follies flattringe crue & bidd thy pleasure & thyself adue.

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

Adue y glass wherein thou sawst thy gloss of beauties blushe which 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 fauor ouer spreads Looke in Gods glass for will truly trie what things deform’d vpon beauty breedes And tell cause & teache thee medicines true to cleanse thy hart, & cleare thine outward hue.
23° in praise of Peace with ye Spaine

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

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

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

Sound organs cornets & etc.

Let songs of praise & thankes be had | for Kinge for Quene for Prince, for peace|
let Prayers euermore be made | that subjects 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\(^th\) snowy sheetes all flashinge here and there | so deckt and trim'd as she were
Neptunes bride | and no waies troubled with contrarious tide. |That shininge Titan from
his fiery cart | smiles seinge nature triumpht of by art.

And while y\(^e\) foolish Pilgrim of the seas | inflamd wi\(^th\) fortunes flowinge fickle bayt |
esteeeme them seluies to be at suche an ease | as who but they into their owne conceyt |
and evey man cheres vp his fellow mate | As Cittizens 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\(^e\) skies to make them cleare and still | the sea to calme as scarcely
ebbs & flowes | no messenger of prison'd eol blowes | Except a gale with breathinge to |
& froe | to stopp the sailes from rashing on y\(^e\) roe.

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

And drumly cloudes wi\(^th\) rumbling thunders reard | do threaten ← mixinge ← heauen
wi\(^th\) sea and eard.

O miserable wretches would they crie | that setled trusts on so vnsetled ground | who
would all other elements defie | for y\(^e\) whi\(^th\) onely we vn certaine found | now were we
happy, now into a stound\(^10\) | Are we or-laden wi\(^th\) a hell of fraies | but ware y\(^e\) rocks:
soone cast hir in y\(^e\) staies.

O heauenly lampe. Apollo bright & cleare | what crime hath so incens'd y\(^e\) heauenly ire!
| for as thy presence made vs heauenly here | our light our ioye, ou' comfortable fire
|now lothe we that whi\(^th\) 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\(^e\) like, but like & more | do we not one, but all in Court sustaine | since
she who did our princely court decor | is absent, absent doth alas remaine | whose
comely bewty stain'd our princely traine | whose modest mirth exprest alluringe grace |
whose absence makes vs lak our light, alace.

The Court as garland, lakes hir chifest flowre | the Court a chatton\(^11\) toome, y\(^e\) 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\(^e\) presence absence shall amend. |
But what, my muse, howe pertly thus y\(^ou\)\(^e\) singses | who rather ought Solsequium like
attend | wi\(^th\) lukened leaues, till weary night take end! | Haste golden Titan, thy so
longed retourn | to cleere y\(^e\) skies, where now we darkned mourn.

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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 w1th out ouf' eares | and see but cies 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. 26r.
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 wofull case. Whi longsorn 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 trees and plants their spirits of life must hide them at 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 summers heate can end or stay the course of constant loue in me.
26r  A Gentlewoman yt married a yonge Gent who after forsooke whereupon she tooke hir needle in whicth she was excelent & wo'ked vpon hir Sampler thus

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

\[\text{\textsuperscript{13}}\] 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".
(Continuation of A Drearne) 14

And by the hand of Mistres lead, lo here she is, quoth hee | This strange and subtil God I say that late appeard to mee (sayinge) whose presence breedes as many ioyes as absence breedes the woes | Lo, here the harbrowe of thy hart, | Lo, here thy onely chois | Lo here she is whom for thou treads the stately forked hill | (whose pleasant grace beginns to fade. so tramped by thee still:) | Lo, here she is who makes ye drinke the siluer cristall springe. | Of flyinge horse and ridinge foule | as auncient Poets singe. | Lo here y'subiect and the winges of thy high flyinge verse | that O 15 aboue y'sflamie vautes 16 and to y'sheauen doth perse. 17 With this me thought she bow'd hir downe and ioynd y'sine with hir hand soft and silke hand about my neck she layes | A Tablet, and an Amethyst, and scilent slipps hir wayes | But lo my mind so passiond was and hart so stir'd withall

27r with ioye extreame as made them sone | my sences to recall. | And looke howe soone from sluggish sleepe I perfectly awooke | Euen as the first (o miracle) into my hand I tooke | Theis tokens hoonge about my neck as I had dreamd before | what Deity (quoth I amaz'd) for this shall I adore?] Somme God or Angell surely hath this present to me brought For if on any naturall dreames had rauishd byn my thought. Then either of the humou' fowre the chiefe that did abounde | By simpathie wjth 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 raing' wjth 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.

27v When frozen Saturne rules wjth 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 confest that idee oft my rauisht minde doth feede. But then howe soon I had awakt | and Morphe flowne away: no token had he left behind | as nowe this wedd it lay. Then countinge it somne heauenly guift | and sent me from aboue, I O 18 me narrowly to guess what could the meaninge prowe; | And so begun both vp & downe | to toss to uiewe to spie | the Tablet and the Amatheist their secreates for to trie. Thou Lician. Lord y Depart, whose Delphos did adore | whose shininge coache do saphires blew | and Rubies read decore. The sacred sisters monarch great | the spirit that did inspire.

28r with oracles the sibills sage, [inflam'd with heauenly fire] O thou that misteries can reuale and future thinges foresees, | Assist my seekinge out of this and open cleare mine eies. | The Amethyst in forme of hart doth signifie the hart and constant loue vnchangeable that is vppon my part. | And as the coollors of this stone are purple mixt with gray; so flames my loue of earthly parts |
consume me day by day. | The secret virtues y'are hidd | into this preitious stone | endue me with meete qualities | for seruigne suche a one | for as this stone by secret | can soveraignly remead | Theis dazed braines, whome Bacchus strength | ore-comes as they were dead; | And can preserue vs from the harme | of the invenom'd stinge | of poisoned cupps, that to our tombe | vntimely doth vs bringe. | so hope I still to be preseru'd | by vertue from aboue,

28r 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 w1th courage bolde | this stone can furnishe mee | That w1th 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 | vntinkinginge once in honory of | my mistress and my loue | for only not I conquerd were be, | and only will I yeeld | To Cupids shott whose firy dartes, | might neuer shield | And lastly as this stone hath force | a hunter for to aide,

29r In end to catche his pray (ýe fruite | of all his travailes made.) | So, as I am a prentice past | into that Princely game | whose houndes & hornes 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 turne me to | the Tablett made of gold, | And all within, and out the same| at length for to beholde. | Of purest gold this table made| whith by the fire is fin'd | Hir chastnes pure doth represent | in body both and minde | The cralinge scores of amelinge blaks | that on the golde are wroughte | The diuers passions represent, | that watter in hir thoughte |One of ýe 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

29r as senseless of his harme | By harmony of vyols sweete | he neuer irkes to | charme. | The rauisht fowles and beasts about; | accompteinge 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 serves 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 ý Ditty saies. As sunn |amongs the starres doth shine. | so she hir sex surpasseth farrl 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.

30r 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 subtilf firy shafte. | for pearcinge of the same. | But that hir hand doth hold hir hart| I take it for to bee. | That willingly

19 One word missing.
20 One word missing.
21 One word missing.
she letts hir hart | be shott into for mee. | The other on the inner side | All emptie
dothing remain | which (if my guess deceiue me not) | is ordaind to contain. | The art
of somme Apelles fine. | the portrait 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
saide, | Then am I glad of suche a guess | but if I be deceaued | and in the
openinge vp a dreame | haue either dream'd or reaued | yet welcomme be a good
deceit, | for as into my sleepe | now may ye see, o Titan mine | 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.

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22 This line has been crossed through and re-written three lines later.
O haples hap, o luckless fortune blinde | where secreat sympathies from meetinge
are restraind | For in dame natures precepts we do finde, | y^\textsuperscript{e} 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
\textsuperscript{e} Amber ay | and mercure after Golde will followe still

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

Thus nature workes by sympathy, we see | which 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 ~\textsuperscript{e} birds 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 with my unhappy hand.

This life is worse then death | except that she | restore to me | my former
liuely breath | since fore'd by golden dart | to hir my minde | is whole
inclinde | the harbrow of my hart
If mourninge mighte amend | my hard vn happie case| or if complayninge could appease | Dame fortunes frowninge face. | Then should I neuer cease | by sones and sonnetts still | which my too iust conceyu'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 | wjth 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^e I should make| should passions martir me | But what can that ausaile, | 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 byn abus'd | by hir inchauntinge face.

Thus am I tortur'd 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 forgot | my servise many a yeare! | What hope can rest behindes! | 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 wjth 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 sad 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 mishappes | 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 somme worthy wight | I happie would remain| I would me happie thinke, | if thus I martir'd were | for somme sweete saint, in sacrificize | that both were good and faire.| But oh alace my paine | and restless grieue 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^e 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 | (Wjch is the only happy chaunce | I euery 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' I neuer proued | what should ye do y' haue for hapless hire | the luckles lott of loue and not be loued | you' plaints I think should moue y' starry skies | & dent the Gods wi'th shrill & carefull cries
Suppose madam I ought not to refuse what ye request, or pleases to desire yet may I justly make my owne excuse in y's whch last it pleased yo's to require.

Longe since forsooth my muse begun to tire through daily fashery\(^{25}\) of my owne affaires whch quencht in me y's heavenly furious fire in place whereof came sad & thornie cares.

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

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\(^{25}\) Fashery: annoyance, worry or vexation or something that causes worry.
But what madam, and shall I then deny you'r just demand, and disobey the same! No ye, even ye shall carry to the skie my barren verse, & shall my muse inflame was not onely your enchanting name who on hir winges aloft did carry me From native soyle to follow on you'r name & Eagle like on Thetis hue to fly where she commaund'd Neptune for to be my princely guard and Triton to attend On artificial flyinge towres of tree wherein I restinge ran to iourneys end. Then since you'r fame hath made me fly before well may you'r name my verses now docore
O cruel Cupid what a ruthless rage | what hateful wrath thou vters vpon me? |
no medicine my sickness may aswage: | no cataplasme\textsuperscript{26} can cure my wound I see

Through dead shot alive I daily die | I frye in flames of y\textsuperscript{i} invenimd dart, | whic\textsuperscript{h} 
shot me sicker in at either eie, |l'm festned\textsuperscript{27} fast in my tormented heart.

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
dothe play

I onely wish for ease of all my paine | y\textsuperscript{i} she might weet, what sorrow I sustaine.

\textsuperscript{26} A poultice or plaster.
\textsuperscript{27} Festenace: confinement or durance.
Comme fruitfull thoughts, y° tertiill euer flowes, and shew what sorrowes smite
my heauy hart [The more I muse, my grievfe y° greater growes ] & painfull panges
of passions play their part

My euill it is incurable by arte] and keepes an contrare course to naty° cleene[ my
minde delightes to pause vpon hir smar{| and feede on flames, though secreat &
vnseen

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 y° bale I daily bide

Then since we both like sorrow do sustaine }both press to turne in pleasure all
ou° paine
As man, a man am I composed all of brethren four, ye did ye world compose, yet suche a chance doth unto me befall as I of mankind all am he alone, who of the four posses only one.

my flames of love to fiery heaven be past: my aire in sighes euansh'd is, and gone: my wakens into teares distillinge fast.

Now onely earth remaines with me at last; that I am denuded of the other three.
Then cruel Dame, since unto suche a cast you onely love hath thus compelled me: Send als my earth with earth for to remaine, or els restore me to myself againe.
Although ý crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie | an vnder ashes cold (as oft we see) |
As senceless dead, while by his heate he drie | the greene and fizinge fagotts, 
made of tree

Yet will that little sponke,\textsuperscript{28} & flaminge eie | blaze brauely forth & sparklinge 
all abreede| with wandlinge vp (a wondrous sight to see)| kith\textsuperscript{29} cleereely shine & 
on ý fagotts feeede.

So am I forced to confess indeede; my sponke of loue smorde\textsuperscript{30} vnde' coles of 
shame. By bewties force the fosterer of ý seede, [now buds & bursts in an 
appearinge flame

\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't wavers with the winde; whom none so well may wary now, as I | As weather cock thy stableness, I finde | and as the sea, that still can neuer lie

But since y't time y's truth hath made me try | that in inconstance thou art constant still; | my courage says, on Cupid cease to crye, | that art rewarded thus for thy goodwill.

For though madam, I fail'd not to fulfill | all sort of service to a mistress dew. | Yet absence, though but for a space, did spill | the thankes deseru'd of all my service trews | what shall I say! I neuer thought to see | y's out of sight should out of languo' bee.
If he who lacks ye sight of both his eies | may justly mourne his miserable case
As one whome to all worldly pleasure dies: | when dreary darknes comms in
Phoebus place:

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

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

Howe may a man, a flowre, a corps in smart | see blossomme breath but eies, but
some, but hart?

Finnis

Sr Thomas Areskine
Of Gogar Knighte
O thou prodigious monster moste accurst! what makes thou here in mens societie
|Back to those desarts where y'ou hast byn nurst | by bruitish Beastes of rudest
qualitie | And yet in wildest desart Beasts are borne| whose natures do y' beastlike
naty' scorne.

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

But if of beastes y'ou hast byn thus reiect ed | why shouldst thou hope of men to
b'intertaine~ | O thou dost know mens thoughts are all infected | & some whose
natures (worse then beasts) are stain~ | whoe natures do y' beastlike
natu' scome.

And they (I thinke) together haue conspir'd | to hunt thee out of y' their
habitacion | Because they fear'd, thou wouldst haue y'm requir~ | to harken to thy
hatefull education | If so, they much deseru'd to be commended | who from y'
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b'intertaine~ | O thou dost know mens thoughts are all infected | & some whose
natures (worse then beasts) are stain~ | whoe natures do y' beastlike
natu' scome.

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

Thus hast y'ou thought moste fitt to beare you' name| which is ingratitude
reprochefull shame.

Vild bold fac'd Beast, why shamst you not to dwell | in this our Region of the
upper earth | Avaint for shame, post downe to deepest hell | which is y' place of
thy vnhappy birthe | There foule obliuion (as he doth confess | begatt thee, no y'
hagg vnthankfulness.

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

If thou couldst haue containd y' wretched wrong | in compass of y' 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 neu'e dy

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

whose like was neuer, nor shall ere be see| great shame therefore y'ou art so
soone forgott | yet shalt thou never be forgot of mee | though such forgett y'ee | as
were rais'd by thee.

Though suche forget y'ee, as were rais'd by thee | yet will thy vertues rare
themselves p'esserue, | And those y' can discerne what vertues bee | will giue thee
truly y' thou didst deserue | But suche as seru'd for nought but priuate gaine~ | did shew y'ir mindes, when y'ou didst cease to raigne

They serued y'ee, but to serue themselues by thee, | yet when thou didst suruiue
they did adore y'ee | But since thou didst decease, I can nott see| y' any of them,
now daignes to deploro thee | Suche misery on Princes luyes attend | y' whilst
they liue y'el cannot know their frend
And thou great Princess hadst of these your share; else had thy glory passed
Cinthia's light. For in your mind were placed virtues rare; yet ill advise did
sometimes dim your sight. This proof therefore upon your life depend; that
flatterers cannot be Princes' friends.

38° If this be granted, then infer we may; the number of your friends was very small;
Though numbers did attend your day by day; thou hardly hadst a friend amongst
your all; for as they fed thee then with flattery; they now forget your most ungratefully.

Yet one there is which on thee did attend; whose mind immaculate doth well
retain; The Duties both of Servant and of friend; she professed, when your
here didst reign; That beast ingratitude cannot infect her; for true religious zeal
doth safely protect her.

Thrice honored Theana thou art she; whose modesty hath won immortal
fame; Thou honorsst deceased sovereignty; and therefore dost deserve an
honored name; for when she lived, your chastely didst attend her; & being dead, your
chastely didst defend her.

Thy noble name, of right should be inrolled; in lines of everlastinge memorie

for thy³³

19. 8 9 8 3 5 (8 4 7 6 7) s 5
Sr. Tl 2 3 1 7 c k ³⁴

39° For thy pure mind doth well itself unfold; that it descends from true nobility;
True noble minds do yield true noble deeds; but basebred thoughts, nought else
but baseness breeds.

And if Eliza, had been furnished; with none but such attendants as thy self; her
fame then had not been diminished; by such as did attend for nought but pelf;
God grant he your succeeds may well peruse her; and free himself of such as
did abuse her.
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 & pray'rs & 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 wi'thstandes | when likinge conquers, and where
loue commandes.

In vaine we striue against loues pow'r to resist [once intertain'd, it Conquers
where it list | wi'th many othes he vow'd his faith to me | & sweare y's fault vpon
his soule should be [whi'ch made me bold quickly to giue consent | mine be y's
fault and his the punishment'.

But neuer had such faith so ill regarde | nor constant loue wi'th falshood suche
rewarde. [now sweete reuenge, if euer womans teares | whose sad lament's whose
life in sorrow weares |Could euer moue thee just reuenge to take | Then heare my
wrongs, my griefs, & for my sake | Deuise somme 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 your faith & worthe |his Periury to all the
world lay forthe. | That none may blush to reade his foule amis | that hath betraid
poore Innocenty this.

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

Let there be time to worke his overthowse | Let there be tyme y's 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)

The Courtier .1.

Longe haue I serud in Court | yet learnd not all this while | To sell poore suito\textsuperscript{es} smoke\textsuperscript{35} | 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.

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 Merchaunt .6.

My trade doth euery thinge, | to euery land supply\textsuperscript{37} | Discouer vnknowne worldes, | strangue Countries doth ally. | I neuer did forstall\textsuperscript{38} | I neuer did

\textsuperscript{35} To cheat with false promises
\textsuperscript{36} One who makes a profit by selling benefices.
\textsuperscript{37} Ways of monopolizing goods in order to gain a higher price.
\textsuperscript{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.
engross\textsuperscript{39} nor Customme did withdrawe | though I retourn’d w\textsuperscript{th} loss | I thriue by faire exchaunge, | by sellinge and by buyinge | And not by Jewishe vse\textsuperscript{40} | reprisall fraude or lyinge.

\textbf{the Country Gentleman .7.}

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

\textbf{the Batchelour .8.}

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

\textbf{the married man .9.}

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

\begin{align*}
974 & 873 \\
40 & 80 \\
50 & 70 \\
46 & 27 \\
1070 & 20 \\
870\textsuperscript{41} &
\end{align*}

\textsuperscript{39} To engrosss is to buy an entire stock.
\textsuperscript{40} Usury.
\textsuperscript{41} This series of numbers is written upside down in this format at the foot of fol. 42'.

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

My dyinge husband knew | howe much his death would griue me, | And therefore lefte me wealth | to comforste 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.

I marriage would forsweare | but that I heare men tell | That shee that dyes a maide | must leade an Ape in hell$^{42}$ | Therefore if fortune comme | I will not mocke and play | nor drive the bargain on | while it be drive 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{st} wonn w\textsuperscript{th} ease are hardly quited
A proper new Ballad of yé Countess would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a Pandress or promoter of Loue amonge the Augustine nunnes Translated out of Cornish or Deuonshire into true Suffolk And is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Loue, or Vptaiiles all, as you can deuide.

Gramercies watt mets mesters & yé rest | his smock staind Dames will ha a game at chest | And sweare to me yé knights be not turned knaues | thy Rookes turne flesh Crowes or devouring slaues. | Birdes of yé night yé haunt where Carion lies, | and comm to it like magotts or like flies | wast not inough youé Sister was sent downe | a whore confest, but she must come to towne | Like to a Countess, though none tooke hir so | but stopt their noses & still cried fo. |Because hir Carcase was not yet made clere | of Southwells bocher Basterd buried at Poplere. | Fy willin' fy, mattes Ballad is no bible | nor doth thy pockett yeld the truthe | though ne'r without a liable. | Dauy dare do and Docto' wrights |what thou darst not gaine saye, | for they dar come vpon the stage | where thou darst not to play.

And yet you act it pratly | but chiefly in the darke. | The Curtaines spread & Candles out, | and no dogge left to barke. | You knowe your hostes maide in strann | hir Belly now doth swell. | She doth confess although she wishe |a scabby knighe in hell. | It will not serue youé turne to say | twas donne in puple-age |for euen youé songe if he had liu'd | had howe 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 maintaine. | But say the worthy wife will not, | whomme no man e're suspected, | Thine owne lawe doth condemne yé 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 swift.

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 yé dort | and kepee 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'th lou’d to piddle. | Should keepe hir minnikin to yé first | the fittest stick to fiddle. | But Suffolk musick loueth notes | of discord and of change | Whi’th though it pleaseth wanton eares | the wiser thinke it strangne. | And now I commo to speake of flesh | nor bak’t nor rost nor sodden | But nearest stueng of the rest | because it was Crowe trodden. | What a groue of pretty birdes | were gotten all together | Somme of the day, | somme of yé night | and none of selfe same fether. | When birdes wi’th wrablinge voice would | singe when euer she did whistle. | And neuer giue ouer quauer notes | without the thorne or thistle.
Austyn friers | where anie that desired it | had fuell for their fiers. | Such open
houses then was kept | so great was the deuotion | That any might haue entrance
there | vpon the smallest motion. | Suche questionless to retaine | alayed was
Countess would be | for she would still be Tenaunt in taile | to any one she could
be.

45 The Sister Pandress then did rule | the Parlog⁴ & the hall | Although she could not
rule yᵉ Coche | that caused hir showe all. | Me thinkes I do remember yet | I see
the Dutchmans wife | who said did euer any see | suche Buttocks in his life. | Good Lord howe leane yᵉ Lady is | I neuer saw the like | I ought haue seene farr
tatter flesh | lay in a dutry dike. | Yf she hadbyn belou’d at home | they would
haue hidd hir shame | But she y railes of other folks | doth seldomme kepe
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 yᵉ Readers
sport. | His frends are all afraide of him | his kinred is not free. | This Lande is
often taxt wi⁴ᵗʰ | his base scurrilitie.

46 He is a trunke for to conuey | vnto somme persons eare | That whiᶜʰ 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
comes with Oliue leafe | like vnto noahs pigeon | He famme would make yᵉ
world believe | his Sister is no whore. | And yet he knows thother Sister | often
kept the dore. | But yᵗᵉ all one the E.rle did twice | acknowledge hir his wife | Twoe Doctoᵉ swear, that therefore yᵗᵉ | is true vpon thy life | Thou liest the
Doctoᵉ swear | constantly one thinge | And yᵉ is only sworne the Erle did | did
spake 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.

46⁴ And though thereby or any man | can proue she was the more | his wife be that
he and she | that neuer mett before | His Servants call hir mistres | and he doth
call hir wife. | And did you neuer heare like | in Court in all youᵉ life. | Looke into
one of those same others | if you have any sence | And you shall finde yᵉ he doth
not | with periury dispence. | But plainly say what haue you gott | a wife on the
Court fashion | Or Mistᵉᵗˢ as the manner is | and this will moue youᵉ passion.
| And suche a letter John might beare | or chiefe man in the house | All will not
proue ought for yoᵃ | whiᶜʰ wilbe worth a louse | Nor Ringes nor lettᵉᵗˢ make yᵉ
matche | but wordes in presence bind | Proue me by lawfull witnes y¹ | whiᶜʰ 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

47⁴ a birde and generation | That may appeare yet more at large | by oughten gene
propagation. | But let that pass & let vs come | to Singleton his scandal | And tell
him twas not good for him | this matter so to handle. | Tell him he is both knaue
& foole | to talke of suche a Rider | whose mention happily may make | his
hearinge sommewhat wider. | He will haue his eares or nostrills cut | for cuttinge
in his ballet⁴³ | Orels his mouthe must seared be | for lumpus in the pallett. | It is
great honof⁴ vnto hir | the worst that thou canst say | wast she hir water could not

⁴³ Punishment for verse libellers.
hold | whic goe from all away. | Do we not say that women are | as soone as they are borne | Pis kitchins for they cannott hold | yé 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 yé poule | and brother by the horne.

47' And though he haue no homes to butt | you’ villany will scorne. | You touche him whomme you neue’ knew | nor neuer so offended | As in your base and rascal ryme | moste lewdly is pretended. | And you whic do so vaunt you’selues | of loue vnto the state. | Shew not the same in wranglinge thus | for a medlinge mate. | A medlinge said!! A medler | so often hath she bynne. | As for an honest man to think | of hir tis sinne | And you know well y’ do profess | the Doctrine of the Pope | that least we haue what yo’ posses | his pardon ther’s no scope. | And this is it whic armeth you | to euer bold aduenture | 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 yé state | are true you or wee. | You whic the sentence do condemne, | or we, which do agree | you whic after manie yeres both | Prince and Judges blame. | Or we whic both hir Justice and | judgments do maintaine. 

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

48' You see the westere ladds haue termes | to call you gully missells | And thinke not we wilbe afaide | 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 yé 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 yé first mintage

44 There was no room at the end of the folio for this line. It is written in the same hand vertically along the left of the text.
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're are y's wheeles that did hir Chariot guide.

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

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

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

Lady Cumberland a fallinge band
Fortune would have 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 with 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
Gie hir y' lace y' loues to be straite laced | so fortunes laced 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" in double chalenge sends | for yo" hate fooles & flatterers hir best frends.

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

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

50° Mistres Bridges Pointes
You are in euery point a louer true | & therefore fortune giues theis points to youe.

Mistres Throme a Fanne
You loue to see and yet to be vnseene | take you a fann to be you' bewties screene.

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

Mistres Neuill a neck lace
Fortune giues you' faire neck y° 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' will.

Mistres Anslow a Cushionet
To hir y' little cares what lott she winnes | chaunce giues hir y° Cushionett for hir pinns.

Lady Digby a prayer booke
Your fortune will proue good another day | in y° meane time take you y° booke to pray.

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

50° Lady Walsingham a stomacher
This stomacher is full of windowes wrought | yet none through y° can looke into you' 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 you" selfe may see.

Lady Newton a sizer case
This sizer doth you" 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 & Croscloth49
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"scarfe binde Cupid hand & foote | ←she← So loue shall yo" leaue before he shoote

Mist^res Vauasouf a handkerchief
Whither yo" seeme to weepe or weepeindeede | 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" tongue you" lot's a paire of sheares

51r a Country wenche an Apron
You loue to make excuses for all things | an Apron is you" lott whic^e hath no stringes.

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

no name a blanke
nothinge is you" lott y"s more y"cn can be told | for nothinge is more worth y"cn pretious gold

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

no name a blank
Tis 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 fauou' thee | for God forbidd all fooles should happy bee.
To you faire Dames whose fauou̇r doth now florish | To yȯu whose dainty dayes in ioyes are spent | To yȯu whose Corps dame nature yet doth polish | To yȯu I writ wîth hart and good intent | whîch hopes on bwties blossomes of content | That yȯu may note by whîch I do saye | howe natures guifts soone weare & wastes away

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

Where is faire Helens bwtwy 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. | Euen as all theis & many mo are banished. | So shall you̇ẏ youth you̇ fauou̇r & you̇ grace | when nothing els, but vertu may haue place.

To vertue therefore do you̇selues apply | call Cressids life vnto you̇ youthful minde

Who past hir time in Troy most pleasantly | till fallinge faith to vice she had inclinde | for whîch such grievous plagues were to hir signd | That she hir life in Lazers love was ended | whîch wonted was moste choisly to be tended.

Hir commely Corps whom Troilus did delighte | all puft wîth plagues full lothsomly did lay | Hir azur’d vaines, hir Christall eies so white | wîth 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 ẏ end of wanton wicked life | loe here ẏ fruit ẏ sinn both sowes & reapes | loe here ẏ vice, the right reward & knife | That cuts of cleane & tumbleth downe on heaps | all suche as treadeth Cressids cursed stepps. | Take heede therefore howe yȯu̇ youths do spend | for vice brings plagues, and vertue happie end.

Richard Pixley

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50 This name is written upside down at the foot of fol. 52'
S. R. in Defence of love.

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

Right so, he ye hath lou'd as now I doe
And yet still must, should fauou' 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 justifie
Regard thou that whi'ch age may disallowe
Do think ye thou wert yong as I am now.
Sweet mistres mine bewties chiefe generall I a warrio' of you' Campe by force & slighe
| 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 yo' for loue you thus do hate extend | what merites hate? Whereto 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 | w1th | 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 worsmes loss shall such high planett
| 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 | w1th 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 winges 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'you' 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 beinge 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 you' matchles bewty
| bright | You' golden locks, yo' lock me in theis chains | you likewise should haue locked
| from my sight | foole yo' I am you' Orient bewties braue | would shew yo'm might & shine
| from darkest Cave.

Thus may you see you' bewties gau yo' wounde | release my thoughts from theis
| encaged bands | w1th gratusious graunts let my great griefs be bounde. | with pitty view yo'
| workes of your owne hands | w1th sweeete consent now balme my grieved minde | so you
| content, and I full ease shall finde.
I flatter not when you ye sonne I call | sith I do know ye Sonn 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' bewtie bright | If then his face from brightnes doth decline | he frownes for that you comme not in his sight | Orels because all other worthles bee | he scornes 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' ← him51 ← he shames to be in sight | because you' bewties staine him wi'th disgrace. | Or he cannot display his beames to sight | as he ye' moones, you' bewties 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 ye' are | cannot but loue you' matches bewty rare.

If you' be absent and ye winde do blowe | he sighes for sorrow he cannot to you comme | Orels he scornes all others faire I knowe | & therefore hisseth at them all & 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. | Orels his cies behold you' bewty 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 thinges 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 guifts yo' gaue | you' eye can make the coldest hart to flame. | Vnder a hill a fountaine faire you haue | whil' 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 | Thorne for his glory great praises we inuent | th'other for increase all laude we also giue | You are my Sonn, you' bewty is my day | you' loue ye' warmith, maintains my life always—

51 'him' is written in the margin in the same hand as the text.
Your beames more cleare are then ye Sonn is bright | you're presence lightens more then doth his rayes | In darkest night I would not wish more light | for to indite & write my minde alwayes: | for profe whereof let Candles be put out | & we shall soone put matters out of doubt.

You're warmth likewise ye Sunns heate doth surpass | to giue increase, & also make things grewe. | The Sunne is longe in bringinge ye to pass | ye soone can make twoe handfulls long & moe | Exhale vp water, distill eke downe in showr's | from you're hidd cloudes to moisten suche faire flowres.

If yo' would haue me praise yo' more (deare she | when night cloth com still with me yo' 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 heauenly beames of you're diuinitye.
In youth who dies orelse is slaine, pays nature but a debt it's due. Who yongest
dies he doth paye, a debt (he owes) before the daye

And such a debte longer to haue, doth nothinge profite men at all. Death is a
debt nature doth craue, and must be pay'd by great & small. I lothe not warres,
nor longe for strife. I feare not death, nor hate not life.
I will not soare aloft the skye \ with Icarus so far from ground \ Least that ye Sunn my winges O\ and falling downe with him be dround \ The middle Region will I keepe \ when others wake secure to sleepe.

And as high flights Ile not attempt \ so neither will I fly so lowe \ to be a marke for base contempt \ to shoote and hitt me with his Bowe. \ If ye he strive 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 with 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.
Councell which afterward is soughte | is like vntimely showres | Distillinge from the duskie cloudes | when heate hath parcht y\textsuperscript{e} 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\' sute let not sharpe answers strike yo\' 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 pow\' 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\'s force do ouercomme.

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 willinger of all is sought | And willinge sute doth euer catche | foule Vulcan so faire Venus caught | were she a Quene she would be wonn | if cunningly you\' 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 \( w^{14h} \) stand the force of Cannon shott.

I argue not of hir estate | but all my rest I sett on this | That oportunity will mate | and winn the coyest she \( y^{1} \) 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 | \( y^{1} \) courtinge loue which none do hate. | If bloudy warres they ment to vse | 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 \( y^{6} \) check | at last they gladly take the mate. | for pleasure they to play beginn | in sport they lose in sport they winn

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

Courtinge makes them stoope to lure | and guiftes reclaimes them to the fist | And with \( y^{4} \) bridle and saddle sure. | You may well ride them where yo\' list | In such cariers they run on still | \( y^{1} \) yo\' may breake you\' 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 wonn will she | with fine conceites the art of loue. | If coye she be prayers sue, | if proude then guifts must pleade for yeu.

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

but all the fault on bewtie lay. | And in one instant also vse | some rare delight with 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 forcinge 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 y' neuer like him coulde | for servise and for reuerence | Did euer after deare him holde | and loue him eke for violence | Tis modesty they not refraine | what they refuse they would haue faine

Though women striue & disagree | they meane not for to 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 wi'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 parti 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 wth 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 slackes | 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 | whi[ch] giues y'[e] chase of at first fault | So of
such men they not esteeme | for one repulse whi[ch] leaues th'assault | That loue is
weakely built they knowe | whi[ch] one denyall downe doth blowe.

If y' 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'[e] game | for women this
account do make | they will say no and yet will take.

The Souldio'[e] faint whi[ch] standeth still | in battell, fearinge Enemies sight | Is
sooner slaine then he y'[e] 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 scorneres 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 yer 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 frowné 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'effects do manifest y° cause vnknowne | Riche Treasures it hath & wary keepers | graue judges Counsello's in gaine no sleepers | Collecto's Auditors Receuyo° it hath many | Searchers Customers all for y° penny. | As for the Churchmen they both pray & paye, | Soluat Ecclesia, so the writers saye.

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

The Axe y'should haue done y'e execution shund to cutt of a head that had byn Crownd. | The Hangman lost his wonted resolution | to quitt a queene of 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 wthout a head may neuer more be seen.
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 frett thy soule with crosses & with 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 tendanne spend.

Pereunt nil pariant Anni Vertes
The thundringe God whose all embracinge power | Circles y^e 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 combine serue man continuallie.

So heau'n w1^th heate, the dankish aire w1^th dew | this solid element of earth reuiue | with gentle warmth & robes of verdant hew | on whi^ch y^e horned kyne & sheepe do liue | And as those bodies ministred their good | so they againe do turne to humane foode.

Man seru'd of all seru'd none of all but God | but mighte his pleasures take w1^thout controule | Saue onely what Jehouah had forbed | the carefull Soueraigne of his simple soule. | This was y^e age wise Poets term'd of gold | for liberty in dearest prize they holde.

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

Whi^ch Prophesy of hirs indeede mighte serue | for a perswation that my seruice done | would at y^e length enfranchisemen^t deserue | w1^th aunsw^f to mine expectation. | But when I thinke twas Patience y^ spoke | the golden vessell of my hope is broke.

For she's a Sainte & scorninge vniust earth | is fledd to heau'n. All vertues are ingrass'd | In Gods owne hand, tis y^e whi^ch breeds y^e dearth | of due rewardes, & makes my labour lost | Or at y^e moste repaies my louinge minde | w1^th large delayes, vaine wordes & somme vnkinde.

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

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

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

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 and pride | thy bloudy minde beside | and thy mouth gaping wide | mischieuous machiauell

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

56 Obsolete word for jest.
Water thy plaints wi\textsuperscript{th} grace diuine

(From Bodleian MS Ashmole 781, p. 163)

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

Rawe is the reason that doth lye within an Atheists head | Which saith the soule of man doth dye, when that the boddies dead.
Watt I wot well thy overweeninge witt | lettd by ambitious humour wrought thy fall | Like Phaeton y' did presume to sitt | in Phoebus chaire to guide y' golden ball | Whi'ch overturn'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' starres do fall away a pace | from thee thy friends are fled & shun thy sight | All fly from thee exceptinge only hope | whi'ch yet to breathe sad accents giue thee scope.

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

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

Hast thou continued loyall to y' kinge | as to the Quene thou euernore was true | My muse thy praise might vncontrolled singe, | whi'ch now is forcst thy dismall hap to rue. | And in this sable caracters to wrighte | the downfall of a sommetime worthy knighe.

Ah where is Cinthia now whose golden thred | mighte leade thee from this laborinth of erro', | She to hir soliar celestiall back is fled | & nothinge lefte for y' but shame and terno'. | 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 | whi'ch to thy conscience needes must be a stinge | Ill was their happ farr worse is thy estate | whom both y' Prince doth scorne & 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 chane of State thy follies do deride.

Renowned Essex as he past the streets | would vaile his Bonnett to an Oyster wife, | And with a kinde of humble congie 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'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 merrite | in his behalfe do acte this
Tragedie. | Essex was made y' Prologue to the playe, | w[h]th 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 wh[i]th of worldly
ioye thou art depriued. | They life, thy wealth thy liberty & lande | only at mercy
of the kinge doth stande.

If please the kinge to pardon thy offence, | no doubt thou maist a faithfull subiect
proue, | And by thy witt and 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 overweaning witt

Wat I wot wel thy overweaning witt,
led by ambitious humours, wrought thy fall
like Phaetôn 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 threed of life is spunn
from thee the sunn doth turne away his face
from thee the pale-fac’d moone did take hir flight
from thee the starres doth fall away apace
from thee thy frends are fled, and shunne thy sight
all fly from thee excepting only hope
who breathing forth sad accents gives thee scope
I pittie that the summers Nightingale

Line 20 Immortall Cynthias sometimes deare delight
that us’d to singe soe sweet a Madrigall
should like an owle goe wander in the night
hated of all, and pittied of none
though swan-like nowe hee make his dyeinge moane
thou hast beene counted passing wise and wittie
hadst thou had grace thy Reason to avoyd
then give me leave (dread soveraigne Lord) to pittye
soe rare a witt should bee soe ill imployd
yea such a witt as I would wish in reason
In any point excepting only Treason.
hadst thou continued loyall to thy Kinge
as to the Queene thou evermore wast true
my muse thy praise might uncontroled singe
which now is 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
supposeing 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

thy will not cease yet to lament his death.
but thou like Midas still surfettinge with gould
these gentle salutations didst reject
and when thou wast with greates pome extol'd
not poore mens love but feare thou did'st affect
this makes these men whome thou didst lately scorne
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 unluckey daie
herein the king should play a Tragicke part
Gray as a Champion stout should have fought
Rawley should play the Divell by his Art
Cobham should play the foole as hee was taught
lame Brooke should hould the booke, and sit him still
to prompte, if any mist or acted ill.
This Tragedie was plotted but not acted

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

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

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

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

Widdowe
Marry what els? I purpose so to doe | mark you how all the wifes are fine | And
how they haue their presents ready to to make the offeringe at Astreas shrine, |
Then see ye lamps & Tapers burninge bright | comme therefore let vs first ou' selfs
adaunce| we know ou' place & if we haue ou' rightes | to all the parishe we
must leade ye daunce | But soft what means this bold presumptious maid~ | to
go before without respect of vs | You' forwardnes proude girle must be staide | where
learnd 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 ye wifes & widowes on ye earth | should giue them place &
do ye reuerence.

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

Widdow
And if the maide & wife such honou're 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 ye you haue maidens byn | and were not constant to continue
soe | The fall of Angells did increase their synn | in ye they did so pure a state
forgoe | But wife & widow if you' witts can make | you' states & persons of
more worth ye' mine. | Advantage 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 ye will admitt no mate | Like maiestie hir selfe must sacred be.
The wife is mistress of her family.

Much more ye widow for she rules alone.

But mistress of mine own desires am I when you rule others wills but not your own.

The wife is like a good manured field.

The widow once was such but now doth rest.

The maids like paradise under until I bear the crops of nature's virtues in her breast.

Only the wife enjoys her virtues pleasure.

The widow can abstain from pleasure known.

But the incorrupted maids doth keep such meature that being by pleasure woo'd she cares for none.

Wifes are as apples served in golden dishes.

Widowes good wine which time makes better much.

But maids are grapes desired by many wishes but yet they grow so high as none can touch.

The wife doth love and is beloved again.

The widow is awaked out of her dream.

The maids white mind hath never such a stain no passion troubles her clear virtues stream. Yet if I would belove'd I would be. Love to a wife fades with society. As she whose beauty in the Baye is seen whose love never enjoyed is ever green.
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 staliedst yoke where by them selues aspire.

Wid.ow
And what is marriage but a takers yoke, and what is virginity but sweet self loue.

Wife & M.aid
And what is widdowhood but an Apple broke, whose one part failinge neither part can moue.

Wife
Wifes are faire houses kept & furnisht well.

Wid.ow
Widowes old Castells voide but full of state

M.aid
But maides are Temples where y\textsuperscript{e} Gods do dwell to whomme alone themselves 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.

Maid
But maides are Birdes amids y\textsuperscript{e} woods secure, whi\textsuperscript{th} newe\textsuperscript{e} hands could touche nor nett could take, nor whistle could deceive nor bayte allure, but free vnto themselves do musick make. But marriage is a prison durninge 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{37}, where they y\textsuperscript{t} are wi\textsuperscript{th} out would faine goe in, & they y\textsuperscript{t} are wi\textsuperscript{th} in would faine goe out. Or like this flowe\textsuperscript{t} whi\textsuperscript{th} this vertue had, that men were mad till it y\textsuperscript{t} might obtaine, But when they had it they were twice as mad, till they were dispossest of it again.

\textsuperscript{37} One word missing.
Wife
Maides cannot judge because they can not tell
what pleasures & what ioyes in marriage be.

68
M.aid
yes, yes, though blessed spirits in heauen dwells | they do them selues in
purgatorie see.

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

M.aid
But fairest people in y's 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 y's mother then | As pearle is better then y's mother of
perle | maydes lose their value when y's match w1th men.

Widow
The man w1th whom I matcht his worth was such | that I do scorne a maide
should be my pheere58

Maid
But I do scorne the man yo' praise so muche
for maides are matchles & no mate can beare
Hence commes it y's y's Virgin neuer loues | Because hir like she findes not any
where | for euer likenes more affection moues | therefore y's mayde hath neithere
loue nor care

Wife
The wife is as the Turtle w1th hir mate

58 Variant of 'fere'; an obsolete word for companion or mate.
The widdow as the widdow Doue alone | whose truth shines moste in hir forsaken state.

The mayde a Phoenix & is still but one

The wife is as a faire supported vine

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

Maydes like ye earth supported are of none

Ther's many maides y' married wifes would be

And many wifes would be a widdow faine

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

Ther's neueý wife was pleased with hir state, lott

nor widdow but was clad in mourninge weedes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wid. ow
But it hath byn my fortune to renue | my coollo' twice from y t 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 e widdow & the fatherles.

Wid: ow
But happy widdowes haue y e world at will.

Wife
But happeig' 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 e maide becomes Sweete Pleasure guest | for mayden head is a continuall fast | and marriage is a continuall feast

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

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

Mayd.
Yet would y e Sonn be farr more bright & pure | but y t suche vapou's from y e earth doth springe | whi ch Darkneth hir light & hir beames obscure | suche is the Dowre yea gentle wifes do bringe | The maydes pure minde a faire white table is | the perfectest of all created thinge. | The purest gold that suffers no allay | the
sweetest flowe'r y' on Earths bosome spring | the pearle vnought whose price no prince can pay | The Cristall glass y's 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's Soueraigne borne | The Soueraigne spirit y'wilbe thrall to none | the princely Eagle wh ich still flyes alone

Wife
I haue my Husbands honou'r & his place

Widow
My husbands fortunes all suruiue to me

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

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 whi[ch will defend thee still. | For this be sure the forte of fame once won | farewell the rest thy happie daies are don.

Many desire but few or none deserue I to breake the branche & let ye flow[e] fall | wherefore take heede let fancy neuer [O] but to ye wight whi[ch will take leaues [O]. | for this be sure the flow[e] once pluck away | farewell ye rest thy happie daies decay.

Many desire but few or none deserue I to cutt ye grass not subject to the sickle | wherefore take heede, let fancy neue[f] swerue | but stedfast stand for mowe[s] mindes are fickle | for this be sure the Cropp beinge once attain'd | farewell ye rest thy soyle wilbe disdain’d.

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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 griese 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 weak and foes encounter strong\ I where mightier doth assault and do defend\ The weaker part puts up enforced wrong\ & silent sees your speech could not amend. \Yet higher powers must think though your repine\ Sonne is set your little stars will shine.

While Pike doth rage your silly Tenche doth flye & crouche in secret holes with smaller fish \yet Pikes are caught while little fish go by \they all afloat while those do fill your dish. \There is a time even for your worms to creep \& suck your dew while all your foes do sleep.

The marlyn does not always soar on hye \Greyhound still pursues your chase \The tender lark will find a time to flye \and fearful hare to run a quiet race \He that high growth on Cedars did bestow \gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

The Sea of fortune doth not ever flowe \she draws her favour to your lowest ebb \Her tides hath equal time to come & go \Loome doth weave your course & finest web \No joy so great but runneth to an end \no happiness so hard but may in fine amend.

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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 hower; Hir bowe she buildes with in a true loues harte; where sweetly growes ye fairest sweetest flowre; y euer Earth brought forthe by natures art; Heauens bless this flowre; ye please my ioysus 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 frowns shall neuer change my mynde; nor idle thoughts take harbou in my brest; I will not shake every puffinge winde; nor spoile my thoughts where ioye & gladnes I liue I loue, & liue in loue to trye; loue to enioye but if depriu'd I dye; Thus then for all true loue my faith shall trye; & witnes well 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 y' makes the hart to leape | paineth y' hart when wishes are not had | Wishes but seeldome hopefull comfort reape | seeldom or ne'er vaine hopes harts louinge glad | Sweete baietes vaine hopes y' please before y' kill | vaine hopes sweete baietes y' neue' haue their fill.
The harmles lambe y's crafty foxe deuoureth | The trusty Turtle loueth but hir mate | The pleasant bloome y's fresh & fairely flowreth | w^th^ one softe winde hath chang'd hir forme'state. | I see the world & yet no stay I feele | w^th^ eu'ry winde, fond fortune turns y's wheele.

The Crocadile hath teares of deadly hate | the Traito's shifte is euer thought vpon | fooles saye repentance neue 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's dearly I did loue the~

Oh channginge heau'ns where is you'r true direction | you'r influence is out of kindely course | now you haue brought my spirits to subiection | fancy is dead, conceyte growes worse & worse. | Yet go poore Verse & say to do hir good | y I am prest to spend my dearest blood.

What though she scornes y's sometime she imbraced | though hir faire lookes were shewes of deep'e sence | when frownes w^th^ smiles were smoothly interlaced | thou deemdst none ill y's knewest not hir p'retence | And yet hir shewes were int' mixt w^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 writ a looke y' lock my hart in mirthe | merry in thought when mirth is shutt in hart | Shutt vp sweeete 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 writ a sigh that turneth into teares | torne writ sharp drops y' flesh & bones teareth | Bowed to y' ground, bound writ a thousand feares | Clamo'rs & cryes my wofull crees still heareth. | Hart y' still panteth looke for no more casinge | breath y' drawes shortnes let death appea' 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 harbou' in my balefull harte | Griefe goe & be sad sorrows neighbour' euer | Anguish come scourge me writ thine endless smart | Torture lett paine & tornen' part me never. | Cruel vnkind whose slayne/ hath made me cursed | shame to thy life sith shame thy selfe hath nursed.

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

Pacience for paines writ paine must be contented | and quietnes shall alwaies now be weepinge | mones will be still though mourninges be repented | Griefe paine & smart can neue' more be sleeping | Pleasure & ioye are dead & almote 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 ease me | harke what I wishe & grant 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, ý feare still nameth | when my sweet misfres & my selfe were playinge | At eu'ry noise she hir voice frameth | to cry still hark, hark what y'si 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 & leaue my idle lingeringe. | What's next for me I pray hir be contented | for if she frownes my playe shalbe repented.

Looke you & see where jelousie | sitts watchinge when we .2. are mett alone | And euer ready so to discricle | but nothinge scene ý may procure hir mone | Looke you where she sitts weepinge out hir eies | & now for griefe she sweares ý 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 ýe aire | what's next, hark now, my mistres is more faire.
In thought not sight though eies long time had watched | in sight not thought, though thoughts proouke y' sight | strange sights what thoughts & wondre have you hatched | or thoughts what sights are dreamt on in y' night | Sight first wrought though thought thirsted afte' sight | sight longd to touche, & touchinge wrought y' sight.

Blowes bborne betwixt y' tende' 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 foretellors of somme songe | with grone do worke & thinke their labou'rs longe.

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

Long labou' last yet labou' soone was ended | growne vp compass w1th y' length containeth | a worke well wrought y' cannott be amended | deserues his due & many praises go ineth | Deedes don in post but patchd not clerkly wrought | were deereely sold, when botcher bodkins boughte.

Autume January  
Februarie May

72 A finger points to this line from the left margin
73 The months are written in this formation and a finger points to them from the left margin.
Cease thy plaints since she doth cease | to ease thy hart ye 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 with wooinge.

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

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

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

Fire detract thy kindely fire | Aire with draw this breathinge from me.

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

Farewell all now welcomme deathe | Oh I dy, what stopps my breath.
76' Hearinge songs of sorrowes monings I where deepe sadnes wrought w1th gronings I Patience all alone was sleepeinge I and pitty sigh'd w1th bitter weepinge. I Loue & vertues eies were bleedinge I hope a heauey happ was reeding | And amongst them all discouered | y1r whi_th cannot be recovered |Nature wailed oh Death haue moued | Death hath slayne hir best beloued | Virgins mourne w1th endless measure | hauinge lost their chiefest treasure. | Come sweet muses leaue you1r singinge | let you1r hands, you1r hands be wringinge | Teare you1r haires of golden wyers | sith you1r lost you1r whole desires.

76' Leaue you1r dauncinge w1th you1r playinge | hope & ioye is now decayinge. | Nymphes leaue of you1r wonted places | pleasures will be you1r disgraces | Sporte no more w1th rounds returninge | lett your bowere be sett on burninge | With you1r teares then quench y1r fires | loue & pitty this requires | Then make cries, crie w1th heauines | and lett plaints be on readines | Dole & doloue1r with you1r anguishe | shew y1r 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'r quited with euerlasting paine

The wretched wight ye is distrest wi'th 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 feeleth his minde wi'th 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 wi'th care when hopes makes me frustrate | heauines rules & then I rest in anguishe. | Thus hope decayes because I was vnkinde | bereau'd of bliss when sorrow swayes my minde.

Nature in thy framinge is vnaturall | to worke course clouds in suche a shape & mould | As wi'th ye chief (not ruines but mindes equal) | torture plagues me I cannot as I would. | Blowne full wi'th feares, a lamentable life | wofull in hart when hart is bound in strife.
The sweetest kiss ye ever creature gained was lately won from hir, by hir ye loud hir. The ioye was suche ye pleasure hath remained pleas'd with content when ioy & pleasure 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 with such a heau'nly diet. 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 say faire lady neug' iaped.
Late it was & lately done | Yet in time & timely taken | work was neuer bett
begunn | sad dispaire & feare forsaken.

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

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

Soone my songe was plaid & ended | and I lay’d my lute aside | this was all whiᵉ th
I pretended | yᵗ to touche whiᵉ th I espide.

When I saw yᵗ 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 distmist | & I touch’d hir breasts bare naked.

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

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

Now fair ladies hide youᵗ fayouᵗ | you that see this louely feature | Bewty, shape & pretious sauouᵗ | not all rest pleasd 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 & cooloᵗ 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 cooloᵗ 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 parts yᵗ be vnnamed | Scilence, modesty excuse | though in secreat 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 eu'en tenn times worse y'en death | What shall I do now all delightes is gone | but weepe & cry and make a grievous mone.

I see my griefes do daily still increase | what shall I do to gett my ioyes againe. | I see my torment's newe' 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 receiue | I rue the tyme that I was catch'd in hookes | by therr false meanes y' would my life bereau. | 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 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, & dyeinge layd for loue.

Not longe I lay'd but growinge to my death | & yeldinge all to earth of whome I was | my dying soule lab'ringe hard his lifes breath | and as my life was ready now to pas | Loue in a Cloude to ease me of my paine | discended downe & gaue me life againe.
Mountaines let slide their stormes & showe
Valleys receive of force what
they reject | waters belowe imbrace y' was forsaken | Valleys & streames what
hills contemne accept | If loue or might y' cause this kinde acceptance | no loue
nor right, but only rights resistance

Sweete streaminge waues though you haue wronge yet | moorne in
silence, but openly repine. | And let y' world although y' worlde relieue not |
discerne y' cause & say the griece is mine. | Then will I shew what wat'ry plaints
hath don | & weare y' 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 aduance | lyuinge in thee through ye & bey & dye | Giue me thy
garland Let me weare | ye comes from thee to ye was neare.

Hide not thy face thy bewtious face | leave of thy vaile ye hides thy pride |
Disrobe ye weede ye robb's ye grace | disgrace ye doth thy bewty hide | Oh sweet
lipps oh lipps of sweetest sauoy | bless me with a kiss oh heau'nly sauoy'.
The lofty trees whose branches make sweete shades | whose arms in springe are richely lighte with flowers | without ye roote their glory quickly fades | & all in vaine commes pleasant Aprill shoue | no loue can be at all without ye hart | nor musick made except the Basse beares parte.

The princely towres whose pride exceedes | if ther foundations be not stronge & sounde | Are subject to ye smallest windes ye blowe | & highest toppes are brought to lowest ground | no fielde is sweete when all is scorchd with drowte | nor musick good when so ye base is out.
If y' I liue I cannot liue but loue | if y' 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 y' I liue & louinge can not proue | I will not liue if liuinge cannot loue.

But what do loue & where is loue who knows | and what is loue y' I desire to winne | Loue liue obscure & never 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 leaue 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 welcombe 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° 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 kindeness would haue shouwne | 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 labo° 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 labo° 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\textsuperscript{head} | Regard & fame vpholdes hir dignity | Venus is stai\textsuperscript{d}n'd in bewtious white & reid | Diana match'd in chaste virginity. | Eies y'\textsuperscript{r} beholde admires so rare perfection | nature growes prowde to view hir \textsuperscript{hir} work so precious | Cupid himselfe liues in subjection | enrag'd to heare his mother not so bewtious.

Bewty hath nam'd faire Prudence fairest flowe | Vertue invailes hir glory wonn so dere | Loue in hir brest hath built his snowe sweet bowe | meaninge to part hir lilly bosome neuer. | Enuy to heare & see this Saint thus armed | repines w\textsuperscript{th} grieves y' l\textsuperscript{yinge} tongues are charmed.
Pleasure is gone from rare conceyt of Prudence | Reuenge hath charmd sweet tongus of sha'pest wittts | Vertue & faith are weake in truths defence | desire inflam'd consumes loues pleasing fitts.

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

which bare out large & swellinge | for natures chiefest dwellinge | is seated nere & richely made | the entraunce through a shade.

Where luke warme water runn | like golde or morninge sunn | full of sweete contentment | wi' oyle & preitious ointmen'.

Oh there I leaue to speake | no wit is but too weake | for who can feele ye wonder | Iyes hidden richely vnder.
Blessed soule why art thou sad | now the stormy Clowdes are gone | no more for sorrow lust | See the Sunn how bright it shineth | and to thee his beames declineth.

Take thou comfort of his glorie | See the Sunn how bright it shineth | and to thee his beames declineth.

There shall want no pretious wine | and all kinde of melodie. | With sweet Instrumentes & voyces | that ye dyinge hart reioyces | Boyes like Angells crownd

one of Thowsand cannot know it | Tender knowledge taught vs art | how to fasten hart to hart | By whi ch vertue ioy we finde | interchaunginge minde to minde. | Comme my Deare: & make no stay | tyme & pleasure calls away | All y e Graces are agreed | All our pleasures shall exceede | Care & wisedome are attendinge | till our pleasures shall haue endinge | And since we are made secure | what should want to make vs sure | now sound Trumpetts for I see. | Loue appears in maiestie | Loe, hir comminge glads y e sonne | but no more my speeche is donne.
More sweete contentmen'haue I had wi' th thee | then in a thousand others companie | Thy pleasure was not ordinary sport | but perfect excellent in euery sort. | Thy modest daliance & thy fearfull play | exceeded pleasure eu'ry kinde of way | man should not terme it by so slighte a name

as pleasure, when all ioyes are in y' same. | The vulga' people know not what it is | to act y' furious sport is all their blis | They know not what to daliange pertaineth | nor feele y' what y' band of kindens gaineth | Embracemen'th full of pleasure, full of secreat ioy | whi'ch kills all sorrow & ill griefs destroy. | It makes ou'r spirits quick wi'th in y' flesh | & eu'ry membe' stirrlinge light & freshe. | The eies do fill themselues wi' th happy seeinge | the hart is full wi' th their haps happie beinge. | And where y' hart hath naked parts conceiued | the basest membg' will not be deceiued | The ey not seeinge sees y' secreat part | whi'ch by y' same is carried to y' hart. | The fingers touche must haue experiment | for y' 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 pleasuy'ce stopps y' passage of y' minde. | And when y' tongue is tyed wi' th feare & loue | what secreat nature can such feare remoue. | Sweete is y' feare y' 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

the greatest care is happily rewarded | Thou knowst deare hart, y' meaninge of my song | that tends to solace not to do the wrong.

74 Written faintly in the right margin
Tell me wherein I do slack Duty y't to loue pertained What in me did euer lack y't by friendship might be gained. Searche & see in eu'ry cause wherein breake I frendshipps lawes

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

Oh y's women had y's sence to discerne of thinges discreetly Or would heare a iust defence and to reason there on sweetly And wi'th patience heare both parts this would quiet both y's harts.

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

I will leaue repeatinge words of the comfort no way taken See how truth wi'th tyme accords & how roughly loue was shaken Rashly spoken soone forgatt 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\textsuperscript{th} caus'd the poore harts Smartinge | whi\textsuperscript{th} of purpose thou hast don | vsinge smiles when I was gone.

After many kindenes past | what procures aduantage taking | nought but Enuy at ye last | tis ye fruite of discord making | vse it still & try thy witts | cross thy frend wii\textsuperscript{th} louinge fitts.

I can be as careless nowe | as before I haue byn louinge | If I err it is through youe | ye are alwaies fondly prouinge | But where doubts suspition hide | there no frendship 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 | ye 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\textsuperscript{th} true harts dispise.

So farewell I write but this | whi\textsuperscript{th} perchannce will some what moue ye | 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^e still disdaine
| what will no warninge nor aduise | make thee to feare nor yet y^e to refraine

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

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

But what it was as yet you shall not know | vntill more loue in greate^r sort yo^u
show
Oh sweete desire ye sweetly dost intice ye hart to loue that neuer 
will disdayne thee

thou liust in me & I by thine advise | in me still liue if so ye\textsuperscript{ou} wilt not paine \textsuperscript{me}

She saies ye\textsuperscript{ou} shewst ye\textsuperscript{i} skill in follies waies | & swears hir hart, is wounded \textsuperscript{w1} 
ye\textsuperscript{i} toyes | I feele no smart, but grow by thy delays | nor any grief when ye\textsuperscript{ou} dost 
proffer ioyes.

She felt ye\textsuperscript{i} wound, then layd hir downe to rest | & take a napp not thinking to 
haue slept | She had a dreame ye\textsuperscript{i} 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 grene bay y'neuer loose hir coollo' | I now may well compare to y'loue | or like you to y'little pretý | y'sitts aloft & seekes to be aboue | Euen so ou' loue already for to goe | vntill I h[e]ard my Lady crampt you' toe

I neuer slept after my comminge home | nor did desire to thinke of none but thee | But thou to sleepe wert laid y'en all alone | but yet in dreames I think y'ou thoughtst on me | And if y'ou didst then will I thee requite | y' 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 y' nature yelds by kinde | I do not doubt but to haue it in time | although I lose my pleasannt bloominge prime
Like to ye Ivory straunge now thou beholdest | ye change no new with stormy winds or weathere | Lik those deare thought ye you ye self infloldest | ye be not mou’d like eury woodcocks feathers | 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 joy with those ye stay’d behind | my saint was fledd ye 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 live & live in secret trust | which I haue vowed to undertake for thee | So true to thee as God to man is just | & will remaine freshe as ye lawrell tree. | And so due let nothinge grieue thy minde | nature will yeld, ye thou desirst by kinde.
What luck had we to meete so well together, one knews not of another's 
cominge, yet glad I am we had such faire weathe to meete by chance 
when your minds were raining.

I haue not heard of any suche mere chance the mistes so hir seruant to 
advancce.

As I did thee to teache ye soft to kiss, and suche a kiss as could content my 
minde, Because I know thou couldst not do amiss in any thinge I might 
comfort finde. And if thou lou'st me then continue still for you shall have 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 amiss 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 y'\textit{e} dies, y' growes in garden bowres | I kiss this sweete, oh heaunly sweete hir breath | where she doth breath, it cleares y' aire of death.

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

The sweetest \textit{Creature} kiss y' eue\textit{r} creature had | this faire sweet \textit{Creatu}\textsuperscript{re} gaue when I was dyinge | The dying hart wí\textsuperscript{th} kissings she made glad | y'\textit{e} full of paine by hir deare side was lyinge | What rests I loue \textit{\&} as thy hart loues aire | \& of thy loue will neuer more dispaire.
And beinge fild wi'\textsuperscript{th} pleasant Oyle | the kindly fire force it to boyle. | The sides do run where fire raigne | soft fire burne wi'\textsuperscript{th} pliant paine | Such rushes seeme for Princes chambe\textsuperscript{r}\textsuperscript{s} | iuory bright & sweete as amber | Like may white flowe\textsuperscript{r}\textsuperscript{s} is my bud rushe | that bloomes & buds in freshest bushe | my rushes topp is lighte & furnished | wi'\textsuperscript{th} threds of gold newly burnished | it doth not grow in filthy spoyle | of paradise garden is the soyle: | The rushe for sleightnes alwaies prais'd | and slende\textsuperscript{r} talenes stately rais'd | She sent exceld all other flowres | y\textsuperscript{i} grew below or clad on bowres | not by the Sonn but by the lighte | of y\textsuperscript{i} sweet rushe y\textsuperscript{i} growes so righte | Suche Rushes birdes dare neue\textsuperscript{r} take | where wi'\textsuperscript{th} 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\textsuperscript{e} rushe should seede | or els my sides for sorrow bleede. | That many might whereon is all | grow by y\textsuperscript{e} seede y\textsuperscript{i} still doth fall. | But rushes made in sweetest poesies | would dull y\textsuperscript{e} sent of damask roses. | The sighte is faire, y\textsuperscript{e} sent is Sweete | to cleance the eye & senses meete | nothinge like thee from common kinde | of Common rushes y\textsuperscript{i} we finde. | It were no wonde\textsuperscript{r} for one to weare | a louely rushe y\textsuperscript{i} neuer feare. | Suche strawes deserue a golden bedd | unfitt for shooe & feete to tread. | This brightfie heu'\textsuperscript{n}ly rushe such brightnes \textsuperscript{\textsuperscript{s}showes\textsuperscript{a}} | it giues a shadow where it growes | The mountinge larke y\textsuperscript{i} risinge Singes | deserues the shadow of y\textsuperscript{e} 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 y' read y' blew & white | in garde' plac'd with heau'nyly 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. | Which 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 earthquake 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 | vpon this stirringle life doth stand | no sooner stay'd death is at hand | But from the stirring I did pass | a towe' made of cristall glass | stood stately plas'd y' glad was | 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^e sway. | The skye is thick y^t wonted was so cleare | & light is lefte, black night is fairest day | Oh life is lost & yet on earth he liueth | Death did bereaue but life now breathinge quiet~

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

A message from y^e Gods was sent in post | that death forth w1^th, w1^th justice should proceed | To sent his soule vnto y^e holy ghost | Death must obey what God on man decreed | Cease therefore plaints though mourninge weeds be on | y^e Earth hath lost, but highest heau'ns hath won.
The common sorte are made of common claye | the gentry of the purest earth created | This peerless wight whi\textsuperscript{ch} whilomme 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 y\textsuperscript{e} Souegraigne Prince in eu\textsuperscript{ry} thine | Whose prudent carriage all y\textsuperscript{e} world admir'd | & happy raigne w\textsuperscript{th} instant pray\textsuperscript{e}\textsuperscript{s} desir'd

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

O how y\textsuperscript{e} heau'ns do ioye y\textsuperscript{e}i haue y\textsuperscript{e}ir owne | gracing hir presence w\textsuperscript{th} an Angelike quire | The Earth is glad she hath hir tresure gone | enrich w\textsuperscript{th} y\textsuperscript{i} she chiefly did desire. | Why then should men in spite of this be sad | & cross y\textsuperscript{e} heau'ns & earth y\textsuperscript{i} are so glad.
(Sonetta prima vpon the death of one Maste Skeuington of Leiceste who died in the flowe of his Age.)

91r 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 weepe no more.

Yee must ringe sighes which thus for passage striue | within y secret closure of my breast | Like misty vapours which Earth bowells riue | disdayninge to be smootherd in vnrest | Ye deepe fetcht sighes true heralds of my griefe | proclaines y treason bred by natures thiefe.

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

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

Sonnetta Secunda

75 To tear or pull apart.
76 An obsolete word for complete harmony or agreement or a part in music that produces such a consonance; an air or bass sounding in exact concord.
(Sonnetta Secunda)

91

In anncient times whosoeuer were disconntent | would carue his sorrowes on
somme beacheen tree | or woulde yᵉ tendᵉ rinde of somme yonge plant | That
passers by with a relentinge eie | might reade the Iliades of his miserie. | Barkes
wO⁷⁷ yᵉir bookes to registᵉ their woe | whiᵗh still increased as yᵉ tree did groe.

Should I vnfolde my griefe to mossie trees | or story forth my loss to Senseles
things. | The Cipress should not tell theis obsequies | for why yᵉ Cipress slendeʳ comfort bringes | nor moue an Idiote when waspish sorrow stings | The
bleedinge mirrh shall witnes my lament | for mirrh will bleede when all my
teares were speⁿᵗ.

Seeinge yᵗ his vertues did surpass | who whilomme lyuinge did posses this place
| needes must ouᵗ loss be cutt in leaues of brass | and grauen deepe on lasting
marbles face | for Trees wax rotten in a little space. | So Time whiᵗh Poets faine
can neuer growe olde | shall heare ouᵗ Cares to after ages tolde | & in his
forehead beare his fame inroldे.

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

Soule rake to th death ye sonne of Erebus | thou meager leane ilfauored wrinkled elfe

Lett Caron waste thee ouf swift Cocitus | or w1th thy Ebon Dart, soone splitt ye selfe. | Oh hadst thou still in hells deepe dungeon binne | then neug 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 tooucht 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 w1thin 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, diuo'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.

O subiects O tirant kinge | he dates y'daies of eu'ry breathinge thinge | know witless worldlinge whi'ch 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 wi' many blotts | of Panthers skinns y'alwaies staynd wi'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'Acto be. | For nature giues to eu'ry man a vearse | whose scene once done they rest y'em on y'earse | And Death doth play the sad Catastrophe | when all is done he giues y'eplaudite | 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 annoye. | Yet is not hope quite drowned in dispaire | Since fathers dedd their liues a famous heire. | Lие happy thou, so may thy fortunes thriue | y'fathers vertues in y'Sonnne suruiue.

78 Damage to the top left corner of the page. Two words missing.
79 One word missing.
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 I In thy smooth face lye lurckinge deepe deceyts I thou hidest hookes within ye sugred baytes.

Thy fonde delights are now no mates for mee I faire are their words false are yeir deeds I see. I Thy painted pleasures are but trifelinge toyes I 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 I a sure defence against thine assaults of care.

And to. mine Eares shall neuer giue eare to pleasures sound I but dolefull dumps shalbe their musicks ground I Hir luringe tunes are like yeir Sirens songe I & pray on those yeir listen to them longe.

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

Olfact Ile hold mine nose from smellinge hir perfume I the morre him stopp if yeir he do presume I for though ye Rose she semme pass for faire I the very breath of hir infects yeir airre.

Gustus My tongue I charge yeir taste not of hir papp

Let body starue before thou feede on that. I For though it tooth somme seeme to be in taste I twill poyson Soule & body both at last.

Tactus Ile holde my handes from touchinge on hir traine I Lett feelinge cease if they do not refraine I Hir traine once toucht is like yeir balefull shert I stout Here’les wore which poisoned handes & harte.

On God therefore with hart on knees I call I to keepe mine Eares, Eies, nose, tonge hands & all I 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 I shall reape teares, sorrowes, sadnes for rewarde I And if Repentance be nought wrought by those I Heauens perfect pleasure he shall surely Lose.

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

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

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 channge | 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 vaie loue w1sth many do obtaine | but newe holde without a mask of paine.

To please mens mindes w1sthe are of humou' full |To laugh w1sthem, & /lowe/ when y'et 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 w1sthe 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's 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 O

A minde y’t free is euer stout & bolde | a minde y’t free feares neug’ 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 vnnto a lordly looke | Why should my minde by any controld be | my stomacke neug’ shall suche grudginge brooke | For hart & minde y’ts still content liues free | Cargth for no haughty lookes y’t stern like bee.

80 One word missing.
Strange newes now harke ye world begins to burne | the dismall trump pe awakes 
ye heauy soules | proude Phaeton the golden Chariott turne | that heau'nly sphere 
together downward roules | Joue weepes to thinke his Saints shalbe consum'd | 
when heauen & earth wth bloud shalbe perfum'd.

Th'infernall Prince bestrides his deadly steede | & from his pallace now he 
commes to light | His porter chain'd he drawes wth triple head | olde Cerberus 
the watchman day & nighte. | And now he sees ye worlde 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's 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 wth you' affrighted grones.
Oh deer harte where hast thou bene | thee so longe from me estraunged | my 
deare loue I haue not seene | Since ou't hartes were first exchaunged | euer since 
my thoughtes haue raunged.

Is it sighte y' ioyes me thus | or Desire y' thus delights me | Cruell iarres comme 
euer 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 bookees | Cupid calls them Cupids nests | & all other 
beasts detests.

Be not strannge of this imbrasinge 
neither check my high aspires | Let me heare y' sweete vnlassinge | pitty prays & 
loue requires | sighs perfum'd in holy fires.

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

Sweete dere ye weepe make no resist | giue me leaue to ginn  y'e game | Sweetest 
loue y' eu'r was kist | keepe thy pretious limbes in frame | hono'r commes to 
know you'r name.

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

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

Oh my loue & dearest iewell | farewell till wee meete againe | if to me thou wilt 
be cruell | I shall soone wij' 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 heauy hart | make no cloudes of smoky sighes | Let thy burninge gaspes depart | waile no more with agonies.

Heauy head desines thy care | and refresh thy sickly braine | Humou'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 surmiscd y'minde amazed | sighs surmiscd had ny vndon you.

Be not fond of strange reports | listeninge eares y't all confounded | Be now Castles & stronge forts | creadit y't 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 mist in hir mouinge | now refesh y' bloudless face | made so pale by to muche louinge.

And y' hart y' out of measure | sigh for loue be more released | Let thine eyes now take y' pleascure | y' in one alone wert pleased

And y' thoughts y' in deuininge | of thy heau'ly mist | now counts other starres as shinninge | she made darke by high behauiou'

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 birthe | gentle though hir best beseemeth | Others torment' 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' uniust of-reports of slandering | 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 wᶜ th hartles bloud | no release can giue reliefe | nor reliefe do any good.

No I feele my woes in crease | and my wound farr deepe⁹ 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 y¹ 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 yᵉ⁶ 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.

Liuely conyes lightly springinge from ye boroughs downe ye mountaines Phillis all alone went singinge singinge walkinge to ye fountains

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

She vntyed hir waste of golde sittinge down vppon ye banke hir smooth flanks ye glad seat hold whose pride pow’d to giue a thinke

In hir Coate hir petticoates vp she stooode & all vnlac’d Breathinge still hir wanton note till hir body was vnbrac’d

All let lose and all vnbase downe she lett ye Scarlett fall All was naked to the waste & anon all naked all

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

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 softly and ye cleare streams sight all bubbled flashinge vp risinge softly nought but water water troubled

So hir lilly breasts seen 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 eache part eche light did spie when all parts were laid vnhidde.

Phaebus tun’d his siluer lute playinge in a lawrell shade Phillis charme was nothing mute heau’ny 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 steallinge 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 donne amiss.

She was sadd & angry seem’d takinge vp a hide thinge quickly By hir lookes all would haue deem’d all not well hir lookes so sickly.
But at last hir loue was wonn | though at first she faind not pleased | when heau'ns stood their race had runn | both did kiss for both were eased.

Either sign'd when eche had kiste | maidens blushe when men are billinge | And away when moste thy liste | showinge moste y' is most willinge.

But hir hart y' sighes was sendinge | forc'd to end what was begunn | in the middle was y' endinge | yet no end when all was donn.
I haue 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 somme what 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 y' it is strange | 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 chieuest worth | of that which is within | Liuinge dyinge at last | I say it doth reuiue | On sorrow sodaine dead | on sodaine soone aliue.
A ringeth through my hart is rily fastned | of firme effect ye fancy quickly hastened | And ayrie chaines adioyninge fast be fixed | to hale my hart in flouds of sorrowes mixed | I run ye way I my selfe would leaue | but drawne by force ye cannot ought perceau | I leape a loft and see my leggs be free | I stretch mine armes | yet no lett I see. | But when I comme & looke where ye remainest | remayninge see ye seest I thou disdainest | Drowne in griefs waues draw against my will | to renew loue when loue is hated still. | Alas I sigh to see thy scornfull lookes | ah lookes ingraun intitled vengeanace booke | for well I wot thou holdest hard ye raines | with cruell bitts directed chiefe by chaines | oh now & then and ofte I do relate | but vaine to struie & strainne with such a mate | The ringe more hart then steele steels my hart | ye chaine more stronge ye made by art | Hir hart reioyce to see my hart in sadnes | my hart still glad to see hir ioye in gladnes | not ye I grieue when so I see hir glad | but ye 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 with fleshe 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 ye Graces sport & neuer sunder | Folly in me more fonde to like to loue | an earthly Sainte discended from aboue. | Oh she is called betwy 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 betwy to show. | The snowy mounts whited from on hie | abate their pride when more ye white is nie | The Sonn do slide & in ye 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'rs no | if no may stand in steede | W\textsuperscript{1} no she strikes a cruell bloe | but worse is their deede.

When to hir shrine I paid my vowes | and decke y' aulters rounde | W\textsuperscript{1} holy fumes & mirtle bowe, | & sighinge ecchos hounde.

When midst my sighes & heauy mones | mones weltred till in woe | I called no w\textsuperscript{1} 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 goo | if she no harme hath ment me

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

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

Yet discordz oft w\textsuperscript{1} 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' mark they wish to finde | yet answe'rs it with no.

\textsuperscript{81} One/two words missing.
Jane Fustian is a pretty gentle lininge | such eue'lastinge linings few haue worn | It were a heau'\n immixt lyninge. | a cloude to heau\n to be vntorne | Health it is to me to think on such linnin | sweete \textsuperscript{y} outward sweet is \textsuperscript{y} 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
raign as kinge by name | Ditties recordes thou triumphst victo’ lieke | that all on
earth glad do thy fauoy’s seeke.

Trees haue their loue, & so long as y’ ar louinge | their loues inbrace their leaues
ech othe’rs kiss | They hugginge Ō w̄h̄ ich 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 ornamen. | What
is his might ? we him deifie. | And fixe hir beinge in y’ firnamen | 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 coollo’ if he once aduannee | mona’chs he into subiection
bringes | Whose Scepter swaies & rules in eu’ry thinge | Beasts birds fishes
trees, men of it do singe.
My loue is faire and chearly | hir loue I hold moste dearly | Hir eies are pleasant
sharp & brighte | Like starres in frosty nighte.

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 | whic hawne vaile euer spred | Downe a longe was
rould | Curled locks of beaten gould. | Hir head wjth 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 wi\textsuperscript{th} vaine thoughtes & changinge as ye wind | a deepe dissembler voide of faith & trothe | fraught wi\textsuperscript{th} fond erro\textsuperscript{rs} doubtes dispite disdaine | whi\textsuperscript{th} all ye plagues ye earth & hell containe.

Amantis \& amentis discriminens

Twixt lunacie \& loue these othes appeare | that one dotes monthlie, th’oth\textsuperscript{es} all the yeare.

Alteri in Seruiens

The Preacher pure is like ye\textsuperscript{e} torche by nighte | whi\textsuperscript{th} wastes it in geuinge oth\textsuperscript{es} lighte.
O Loue great wonders & sundry victories | how are thy actes eternized of men. | Stalkt in their harts grau'n in yᵉir memories | sealed in their papers firm'd y¹⁺⁰ᵗʰ yeppenn | Sounded of all wⁱᵗʰ the trompe of praise | praised in songes & catolled in Laiës.

Thy traphees⁸³, 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 wⁱᵗʰ gronings | Turtles talk of loue & murmyr in their monings.

Bowes do imbrace & leaues for loue ᵃˡ℮ kissinge | yᵉ winds doth woo & whistlinge greetes yᵉ blossome. | The tendᵉ twigge (wherein yᵉ Serpent hissinge | doth often couche) doth hugg him in hir bosome | Bowes kiss yᵉ winde | & leauye y⁰ winde ᵃˡ睎 kissinge | so there is nothinge can of loue be missinge.

Then gentle loue for loue is gentle euer | although his powᵉ be much magnipotent | whᵉᵗʰ powᵉ is wont from mercy thinges to seuer | thinges y¹ to mercy are more pertinent | Then fauouʳ 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 wⁱᵗʰ 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 | whᵉᵗʰ hauinge view'd bequeaths it in mans brest | Then man becommes partake⁰ of loues essence | & loue by vertue of loues influence

.1. generalis Amor...                 .2. particularis..
Cupid takes winges yet leaueth loue behinde him | likinge & longinge, raginge in mans hart | whom if we seeke yet straight we cannot finde him | for loue in loue doth play a doubles parte | Somtime he plaies yˢ part of loue respected | somtime he plaies y⁰ 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 wⁱᵗʰ wondrous sweetnes fillinge.

Reiected loue it is a hell of horro'r | wherein congealed is a mass of cares | Of him y¹ loues is an endles terro'r | from whence doth springe a flowing streame of xeare⁰. | It is a chaos made of meere calamity | whᵉᵗʰ 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 pleasurᵉ he

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 y⁶ 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 w'th 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 coolldtis y'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 exchanngnge | where for dress fair coigne do channgnge | & 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 Wıth raine | a flowe'ý dies & springes againe | It 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 thng e | it is a flesh y⁵ smells like Ô⁸⁷ | It is a morsell for a kinge | and this is loue as I heare singe

Now what is loue I pray y⁶ speake | it is a luke warme mutton steake | It is a thinge y' neu'r cries creake | a thinge y¹ maketh stronge things weake | A thinge y¹ maketh most thinges leake | and this is loue as I heare speake.

Now what is loue I pray thee proue | a thinge beneath & not aboue | It is a stretchinge cheuerall gloue | a thinge y¹ holdeth heaue & shoue | A thinge no thrustinge can remoue | & this is loue as I heare proue.

Now what is loue I pray y⁶ note | tis lininge for a pettycote | tis armed but for pistoll shote | it 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 w'th 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 ye thinke | it is a flowre muche like a pinke | A thinge ye 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 thinge 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 ye can not be alone | A thinge loues flesh wythout a bone | a thinge ye\textsuperscript{th} subiect to ye 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 ye'n doth yore | A thinge no rubbing can make sore | a nickinge tally for to score | An easy timber for to bore 
\textbf{106' | and this is loue I say no more.}

Now what is loue I pray ye\textsuperscript{th} shoe | a thinge ye'weepes if it can not goe | A toye ye\textsuperscript{th} passeth to & froe | a thinge for one a thinge for moe | A kinde of ioye a kinde of woe | & this is loue say they ye'n knoe.

Now what is loue say I intreate | a thinge ye'neuer fish doth eate | A thinge ye\textsuperscript{th} maketh most men sweate | a thinge ye\textsuperscript{th} sucketh of ye 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 wyth a kiss | a firy watry thinge is this | A thinge ye\textsuperscript{th} burnes & neuer cries hiss | and this is loue orels I miss.
Experience & examples dailie proue
that my man can be well advised & 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 ye resume.

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

You eyes 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 ye while.

Graunt fauour 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
Whi he did wounde to daye | a turde in Cupids teeth.

Tears ouer flow my sight | with waues of daily weeping | And in ye 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 merritts | your louinge lookes must lack | comme stopp my vitall spirits | with Clarrett wyne & sack.

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

But since ye all reliefe | comforte doth forsake me | Ile kill my selfe with grieve | nay then ye diuell all take mee.

Your letters I receiued | bedeckt with flourishinge quarters | So women are deceiued | go hange you in you garters.
My beauty which is none | yet faire as you protest | Doth make you sigh & groan
| fy, fy, you do but jest.

I can not choose but pity | your restless mourninge tears | Because you'plaints
are witty | you may go shake you'ears.

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

To merite well delight | no labo' shall you leese | you' pains I will requite |
maide cutt him bread & cheese.

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

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

Downing College, Cambridge, MS Wickstede Thesaurus

28° The poore mans petition to the Kinges 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 or briborie to come to there liveinges.
3. Good Kinge, let poore solldiers be paide there wages truelie while | they be imployed: 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 ffees, god amend the | coveteous Attorney & all merciles lawyers.
5. Good Kinge, let poore suto be heard quicklie, and wi th speede | dispatched favorablie.
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' Realme to thy enimies; as they haue byn, A plague come | to all coveteous Treasurers.
9. Good Kinge cutt of all those palterie licences & monopolies, god | defend that there shoulde be anie gripeinge close bytinge or | anie other hard misdemeanor vsed by anie of your Royall | offices or ministers, to anie of you' graces poore cominaltie. 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.
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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