

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS,

FROM
CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. II.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE
SERIES EDITED,

WITH
PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND
THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHAMBERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

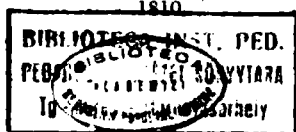
VOL. II.

GOWER,
SKELTON,
HOWARD,

WYAT,
GASCOIGNE,
TURBERVILLE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON;
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C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Goswell Street, London.



UNIVERSITATEA DE
MEDICINA FARMACIE, STIINTE SI
TEHNOLOGIE - TARGU MUREȘ
C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Goswell Street, London.

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THE
CONFESSIO AMANTIS



THE
LIFE OF JOHN GOWER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

AMONG the few poets who flourished in the first periods of our poetical history, the name of Gower has been hauded down to us with peculiar honour, as fit to be coupled with that of Chaucer, to whom some have supposed he was prior in his attempt to meliorate our poetry, and others have asserted that he was the early guide and encourager of Chaucer's studies. Yet there is not much in this, were it confirmed, to detract from Chaucer's superiority. Gower might have possessed the judgment of a critic, without the fire of a poet; and it is not uncommon for a pupil to excel his master. We know, however, too little of the history of either, to believe that they stood in these relations, and the point of precedency must still remain conjectural, while we have more substantial evidence that as an English poet Gower was far inferior to his great contemporary.

John Gower is supposed to have been born before Chaucer, but of what family, or in what part of the kingdom, is uncertain. Leland was informed that he was of the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham, in Yorkshire, and succeeding biographers appear to have taken for granted what that eminent antiquary gives only as a report. Other particulars from Leland are yet more doubtful, as that he was a knight and some time chief justice of the Common Pleas, for no information respecting any judge of that name can be collected either in the reign of Edward II. during which he is said to have been on the bench, or afterwards. Weaver asserts that he was of a Kentish family, and, in Caxton's edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, he is said to have been a native of Wales.

He appears, however, to have studied law, and was a member of the Society of the Middle Temple, where it is supposed he met with, and acquired the friendship of Chaucer. The similarity of their studies, and their taste for poetry, were not the only bonds of union. Their political bias was nearly the same. Chaucer attached himself to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and Gower to Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, both uncles to king Richard II. The tendency of the *Confessio Amantis* in censuring the vices of the clergy coincides with Chaucer's sentiments, and although

we have no direct proof of those mutual arguings and disputes between them, which Leland speaks of, there can be no doubt that their friendship was at one time interrupted. Chaucer concludes his *Troilus and Cresside*, with recommending it to the corrections of "moral Gower," and "philosophical Strode;" and Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, introduces Venus praising Chaucer "as her disciple and poete." Such was their mutual respect; its decline is less intelligible. Mr. Tyrwhit says, "If the reflection (in the Prologue to the *Man of Lawes Tale*, ver. 4497.) upon those who relate such stories as that of Canace, or of Apollonius Tyrius, was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack to our notions of the strict friendship which is generally supposed to have subsisted between the two bards. The attack too at this time must appear the more extraordinary on the part of our bard, as he is just going to put into the mouth of his *Man of Lawe* a tale, of which almost every circumstance is borrowed from Gower. The fact is, that the story of Canace is related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, B. iii. and the story of Apollonius (or Apollynus, as he is there called) in the viiith book of the same work: so that, if Chaucer really did not mean to reflect upon his old friend, his choice of these two instances was rather unlucky."

"There is another circumstance," says the same critic, "which rather inclines me to believe, that their friendship suffered some interruption in the latter part of their lives. In the new edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, which Gower published after the accession of Henry IV. the verses in praise of Chaucer (fol. 190. b. col. 1. ed. 1532.) are omitted. See MS. Harl. 3869. Though perhaps the death of Chaucer at that time had rendered the compliment contained in those verses less proper than it was at first, that alone does not seem to have been a sufficient reason for omitting them, especially as the original date of the work, in the 16 of Richard II. is preserved. Indeed the only other alterations, which I have been able to discover, are towards the beginning and end, where every thing which had been said in praise of Richard in the first edition, is either left out or converted to the use of his successor¹."

As this is the only evidence of a difference between Chaucer and Gower, we may be allowed to hope that no violent loss of friendship ensued. As to their poetical studies, it is evident that there was a remarkable difference of opinion and pursuit. Chaucer had the courage to emancipate his muse from the trammels of French, in which it was the fashion to write, and the genius to lay the foundation of English poetry, taste and imagination. Gower, probably from his closer intimacy with the French and Latin poets, found it more easy to follow the beaten track. Accordingly the first of his works was written in French measure. It is entitled "*SPECULUM MEDITANTIS, Un Traitteé, selonc les aucteurs, pour ensampler les amants marietz, au fins quilz la foy de lour seints espousailles, pourront per fine loyalte garder, et al honeur de Dieu salvement teuer.*" Of this, which is written in Ten Books, there are two copies in the Bodleian library. It is a compilation of precepts and examples from a variety of authors, in favour of the chastity of the marriage bed.

His next work is in Latin, entitled *VOX CLAMANTIS*. Of this there are many copies extant; that in the Cottonian library is more fully entitled "*Johannis Gower Chronica, quæ Vox Clamantis dicitur, siue Poema de Insurrexione Rusticorum contra ingenuos et nobiles, tempore Regis Richardi II. et De Causis ex quibus talia contingunt*"

¹ Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*, § xiv. and note 15. C.

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Enormia : libris septem." Some lesser pieces are annexed to this copy, historical and moral. That in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, appears to have been written, or rather dictated, when he was old and blind. It has an epistle in Latin verse prefixed, and addressed in these words; "Hanc epistolam subscriptam corde devoto, misit senex et cæcus Johannes Gower, reuerendissimo in Christo patri ac domino suo principio D. Thomæ Arundel Cantuar. Archiepiscopo, &c. Pr. Successor Thomæ, Thomas humilem tibi do me." This, therefore, is supposed to have been the last transcript he made of this work, probably near the close of his life. Mr. Warton is of opinion that it was first written in 1397.

The *CONFESSIO AMANTIS*, which entitles him to a place among English poets, was finished probably in 1393, after Chaucer had written most of his poems, but before he composed the *Canterbury Tales*. It is said to have been begun at the suggestion of King Richard II. who meeting him accidentally on the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and enjoined him "to booke some new thing." It was first printed by Caxton in 1493. In 1516, Barclay, the author of the *Ship of Fools*, was requested by sir Giles Aylington to abridge or modernize the *Confessio Amantis*. Barclay was then old and infirm, and declined it, as Mr. Warton thinks, very prudently, as he was little qualified to correct Gower. This anecdote, however, shews that Gower had already become obsolete. Skelton, in the *Boke of Philip Sparrow*, says "Gower's Englishe is old." Dean Colet studied Gower as well as Chaucer and Lydgate, in order to improve his style. In Puttenham's age, about the end of the sixteenth century, their language was out of use. In the mean time, a second edition of the *Confessio Amantis* was printed by Berthelette in 1532, a third in 1544, and a fourth in 1554. At the distance of two centuries and a half, a fifth is now presented to the public. The only stain on his character, which Mr. Ritson has urged with asperity, but which is obscurely discernible, is the alteration he made in this work on the accession of Henry IV. and his consequent disrespect for the memory of Richard, to whom he formerly looked up as a patron.

The only other circumstances of his history are, that he was esteemed a man of great learning, and lived and died in affluence. That he possessed a munificent spirit, we have a most decisive proof in his contributing largely, if not entirely, to the rebuilding of the conventual church of St. Mary Overry, or, as it is now called, St. Saviour's church, Southwark, and afterwards founded a chauntry in the chapel of St. John, now used as a vestry.

He appears to have lost his sight in the first year of Henry IV. and did not long survive this misfortune, dying at an advanced age in 1402. He was interred in St. Saviour's church, and a monument was afterwards erected to his memory, which, although it has suffered by dilapidations and injudicious repairs, still retains a considerable portion of antique magnificence. It is of the Gothic style, covered with three arches, the roof within springing into many angles, under which lies the statue of the deceased, in a long purple gown; on his head a coronet of roses, resting on three volumes entitled *Vox Clamantis*, *Speculum Meditantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*. His dress has given rise to some of those conjectures respecting his history which cannot now be determined, as his being a knight, a judge, &c.

Besides these larger works, some small poems are preserved in a MS. of Trinity College, Cambridge, but possessing little or no merit are likely to remain in obscurity^a.

^a Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, art. Gower. C.

Mr. Warton speaks more highly of a collection, contained in a volume, in the library of the marquis of Stafford, of which he has given a long account, with specimens. They are sonnets in French, and certainly are more tender, pathetic, and poetical than his larger poems. As an English poet, however, his reputation must still rest on the *Confessio Amantis*, but although he contributed in some degree to bring about a beneficial revolution in our language, it appears to be the universal opinion of the critics that he has very few pretensions to be ranked among inventors. Mr. Warton's analysis of the *Confessio* will be no improper apology for the meagerness of this biographical article.

The *Confessio Amantis*, "is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and like the mystagogue in the Picture of Cebes, is called GENIUS. Here, as if it had been impossible for a lover not to be a good catholic, the ritual of religion is applied to the tender passion, and Ovid's *Art of Love* is blended with the breviary. In the course of the confession, every evil affection of the human heart, which may tend to impede the progress or counteract the success of love, is scientifically subdivided: and its fatal effects exemplified by a variety of apposite stories, extracted from classics and chronicles. The poet often introduces or recapitulates his matter in a few couplets of Latin long and short verses. This was in imitation of Boethius.

"This poem is strongly tinged with those pedantic affectations concerning the passion of love, which the French and Italian poets of the fourteenth century borrowed from the troubadours of Provence. But the writer's particular model appears more immediately to have been John of Meun's celebrated *ROMAUNT DE LA ROSE*. He has, however, seldom attempted to imitate the picturesque imageries, and expressive personifications, of that exquisite allegory. His most striking portraits, which yet are conceived with no powers of creation, nor delineated with any fertility of fancy, are Idleness, Avarice, Micherie or Thieving, and Negligence, the secretary of Sloth. Instead of boldly clothing these qualities with corporeal attributes, aptly and poetically imagined, he coldly, yet sensibly, describes their operations, and enumerates their properties. What Gower wanted in invention, he supplied from his common-place book; which appears to have been stored with an inexhaustible fund of instructive maxims, pleasant narrations, and philosophical definitions. It seems to have been his object to crowd all his erudition into this elaborate performance. Yet there is often some degree of contrivance and art in his manner of introducing and adapting subjects of a very distant nature, and which are totally foreign to his general design.

"In the fourth book, our confessor turns chemist; and discoursing at large on the Hermetic science, develops its principles, and exposes its abuses, with great penetration. He delivers the doctrines concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal stones, to which Falstaff alludes in Shakspeare, with amazing accuracy and perspicuity; although this doctrine was adopted from systems then in vogue. In another place he applies the Argonautic expedition in search of the golden fleece, which he relates at length, to the same visionary philosophy. Gower very probably conducted his associate Chaucer into those profound mysteries, which had been just opened to our countrymen by the books of Roger Bacon.

"In the seventh book, the whole circle of the Aristotelic philosophy is explained; which our lover is desirous to learn, supposing that the importance and variety of its speculations might conduce to sooth his anxieties by diverting and engaging his attention. Such a discussion was not very likely to afford him much consolation: especially, as hardly a single ornamental digression is admitted, to decorate a field

naturally so destitute of flowers. Almost the only one is the description of the chariot and crown of the sun; in which the Arabian ideas concerning precious stones are interwoven with Ovid's fictions and the classical mythology.

"Perhaps, in estimating Gower's merit, I have pushed the notion too far, that because he shews so much learning he had no great share of natural abilities. But it should be considered, that when books began to grow fashionable, and the reputation of learning conferred the highest honour, poets became ambitious of being thought scholars: and sacrificed their native powers of invention to the ostentation of displaying an extensive course of reading, and to the pride of profound erudition. On this account, the minstrels of these times, who were totally uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibit more genuine strokes of passion and imagination than the professed poets. Chaucer is an exception to this observation: whose original feelings were too strong to be suppressed by books, and whose learning was overbalanced by genius.

"This affectation of appearing learned, which yet was natural on the revival of literature, in our old poets, even in those who were altogether destitute of talents, has left to posterity many a curious picture of manners, and many a romantic image. Some of our ancient bards, however, aimed at no other merit than that of being able to versify: and attempted nothing more, than to cloath in rhyme those sentiments, which would have appeared with equal propriety in prose³."

Mr. Warton's account of the sonnets in the marquis of Stafford's library occurs in the emendations and additions to his second volume.

In this library "there is a thin oblong manuscript on vellum, containing some of Gower's poems in Latin, French, and English. By an entry in the first leaf, in the hand-writing, and under the signature, of Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell's general, an antiquarian, and a lover and collector of curious manuscripts, it appears, that this book was presented by the poet Gower, about the year 1400, to Henry the Fourth; and that it was given by lord Fairfax to his friend and kinsman sir Thomas Gower, knight and baronet, in the year 1656. By another entry, lord Fairfax acknowledges to have received it, in the same year, as a present, from that learned gentleman Charles Gedde, esq. of St. Andrews in Scotland; and at the end are five or six Latin anagrams on Gedde, written and signed by lord Fairfax, with this title, 'IN NOMEN venerandi et annosi Amici sui Caroli Geddei.' By king Henry the Fourth it seems to have been placed in the royal library: it appears at least to have been in the hands of king Henry the Seventh, while earl of Richmond, from the name Rychemond, inserted in another of the blank leaves at the beginning, and explained by this note, 'Liber Henrici septimi tunc Comitiss Richmond, propria manu scripsit.' This manuscript is neatly written, with miniated and illuminated initials: and contains the following pieces. I. A Panegyric in stanzas, with a Latin prologue or rubric in seven hexameters, on king Henry the Fourth. This poem, commonly called *Carmen de pacis commendatione in laudem Henrici quarti*, is printed in Chaucer's works (Vol. I. p. 545). II. A short Latin poem in elegiacs on the same subject, beginning, '*Rex cæli deus et dominus qui tempora solus.*' (MSS. Cotton. Otho. D. 1. 4.) This is followed by ten other very short pieces, both in French and English, of the same tendency. III. CINKANTE BALADES, or fifty sonnets in French. Part of the first is illegible. They are closed with the following epilogue and colophon:

³ Hist. of Poetry, Vol. ii. 1—31 passim. C.

O gentill Engleteꝛe a toi iescrits,
 Pour remembrer ta ioie qest nouvelle,
 Qe te survient du noble Roy Henris,
 Par qui dieus ad redreste ta querele,
 A dieu purceo prient et cil et celle,
 Qil de sa grace, au fort Roi corone,
 Doiguit peas, honour, ioie et pro-perite.

Expliciunt carmina Iohis Gower que Gallice composita BALADES dicuntur. IV. Two short Latin poems in elegiacs, the first beginning, '*Ecce patet tensus ceci Cupidinis arcus.*' The second, '*O Natura viri potuit quam tollere nemo.*' V. A French poem, imperfect at the beginning, On the Dignity or Excellence of Marriage, in one book. The subject is illustrated by examples. As no part of this poem was ever printed, I transcribe one of the stories.

"Qualiter Iason uxorem suam Medeam relinquens, Creusam Creontis regis filiam sibi carnaliter copulavit. Verum ipse cum duobis filiis suis postea infortunatus periit."

Li prus Iason qeu lisle de Colchos
 Le toison dor, pour laide de Medee
 Conquist dont il donour portoit grant loos
 Par tout le monde encourt la renomee
 La joefne dame oue soi ad amenee
 De son pays en Grece et lespousa
 Ffreinte espousaile dieus le vengera.
 Quant Medea meulx qui de etre en repos
 Ove son mari et qelle avoit porte
 Deux fils de luy lors changea le purpos
 El quelle Iason permer fuist oblige
 Il ad del tout Mēdeam refuse
 Si prist la file au roi Creon Creusa
 Ffrenite espousaile dieux le vengera.
 Medea qot le coer de dolour cloos
 En son corous et ceo fuist grant pite
 Sas joefnes fils queux et jadis en clos
 Veniz ses costees ensi com forseue
 Devant ses oels Iason ele ad tue
 Ceo qeu fuist fait pecche le fortuua
 Ffreuite espousaile dieux le vengera.

Towards the end of the piece, the poet introduces an apology for any inaccuracies, which, as an Englishman, he may have committed in the French idiom.

Al universite de tout le monde
 IOHAN GÖWER cestę Balade evoie;
 Et si ieo nai da Francois facoude,

Pardonetz moi qe ieo de ceo forsoie.
 Ieo suis Englois: si quier par tiele voie
 Etre excuse mais quoique mills endie
 L' amour parfait en dieu se justifie.

It is finished with a few Latin hexameters, viz. "Quis sit vel qualis sacer order connubialis." This poem occurs at the end of two valuable folio manuscripts, illuminated and on vellum, in the Bodleian library, viz. MSS. Fairfax. iii. and NE. F. 8. 9. Also in the manuscript at All Souls college, Oxford, MSS xxvi. And in MSS. Harl. 3869. In all these, and, I believe, in many others, it is properly connected with the *Confessio Amantis* by the following rubric. "Puisqu' il ad dit cidevant en Englois, par voic dessample, la sotie de celui qui par amours aimie par especial, dirra ore apres en Francois a tout le mond eu general une traitie selonc les auctors, pour essemplar les amants mariez, &c. It begins

Le creature du tout creature.

"But the *Cinquante Balades*, or fifty French sonnets above-mentioned, are the curious and valuable part of (this) manuscript. They are not mentioned by those who have written the life of this poet, or have catalogued his works. Nor do they appear in any other manuscript of Gower which I have examined. But if they should be discovered in any other, I will venture to pronounce, that a more authentic, unembarrassed, and practicable copy than this before us, will not be produced: although it is for the most part unpointed, and obscured with abbreviations, and with those misspellings which flowed from a scribe unacquainted with the French language.

"To say no more, however, of the value which these little pieces may derive from being so scarce and so little known, they have much real and intrinsic merit. They are tender, pathetic, and poetical; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has hitherto been usually seen. I know not if even any among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets: for they were probably written when Gower was a young man, about the year 1350. Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of composition. I will transcribe four of these *Balades* as correctly and intelligibly as I am able: although I must confess, there are some lines which I do not exactly comprehend.

BALADE XXXVI.

Pour comparer ce jolif temps de Maij.
 Ieo dirrai semblable a Paradis:
 Car lors chantoit et merle et papegai,
 Les champs sont vert, les herbes sont floris:
 Lors est Nature dame du pajis:
 Dont Venus poingt l'amant a tiel assai,
Qencoutre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

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Quant tout ceo voi, et que ieo penserai,
 Coment Nature ad tout le mond surpris.
 Dont pour le temps se fait minote et gai,
 Et ieo des autres suis souleni horspris,
 Com al qui sanz amie est vrais amis,
 Nest pas meruaile lors si ieo mesmai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

En lieu de rose, urtie cuillerai,
 Dont mes chapeals ferrai par tiel devis,
 Qe tout ioie et confort ieo lerrai,
 Si celle soule en qui iai mon coer mis,
 Selonc le ponit qe iai sovent requis,
 Ne deigne alegger les griefs mals qe iai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

Pour pite querre et pourchacer intris,
 Va ten balade ou ieo tenvoierai,
 Qore en certain ieo lai tresbien apris
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

BALADE XXXIV.

Saint Valentin, l'Amour, et la Nature,
 Des tous oiseals ad en gouvernement,
 Dont chacun deaux, semblable a sa mesure,
 Un compaignie honeste a son talent
 Elist, tout dun accord et dun assent,
 Pour celle soule laist a couvenir:
 Toutes les autres car nature aprent
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma douce Dame, ensi ieo vous assure,
 Qe ieo vous ai eslieu semblablement,
 Sur toutes autres estes a dessure
 De mon amour si tresentierement,
 Qe riens y falt pourquoi ioiousement,
 De coer et corps ieo vous voldrai servir,
 Car de reson cest une experiment
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Pour remembrer iadis celle aventure
 De Alceone et ceix enseinent,
 Com dieus muoit en oisel lour figure,
 Ma volente serroit tout tielement
 Qe sans envie et danger de la gent,
 Nous porroions ensemble pour loisir
 Voler tout francs en votre esbatement
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma belle oisel, vers qui mon pensement
 Seu vole ades sanz null contretenir
 Preu cest escript car ieo sai voirement
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

BALADE XLIII.

Plustricherous qe Iason a Medee,
 A Dejanire ou q' Ercules estoit,
 Plus q' Eneas q' avoit Dido lassee,
 Plue qe Theseus q' Adriagne^a amoit,
 Ou Demophon qut Phillis oubliot,
 Te trieus, helas, qamer iadis soloie,
 Dont chauterai desore en mon endroit
Cest ma douleur qe fuist amicois ma joie.

Unques Ector qama Pantafilee^b.
 En tiele haste a Troie nò sarroit,
 Qe tu tout mid nes deniz le lit couche
 Amis as toutes quelques venir doit,
 Ne poet chaloir mais que ne femme y soit,
 Si es comun plus qe la halte voie,
 Helas, qe la fortune me deçoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

De Lancelot si fuissetz remembre,
 Et de Tristans, com il se countenoit,
 Generides^c, Fflorent^d, par Tonope^e,
 Chascun des ceaux sa loialte gardoit;
 Mais tu, helas, qest ieo qe te forsvoit
 De moi qa toi iamais mill iour falsoie,
 Tu es a large et ieo sui en destroit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma' joie.

Des toutz les mals tu qes le plus maloit,
 Ceste compleignte a ton oraille envoie
 Sante me laist, et langour me recoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

BALADE XX.

Si com la nief, quant le fort vent tempeste,
 Pur halte mier se torna ci et la,
 Ma dame, ensi mon coer mauit en tempeste,
 Quant le danger de vo parrole orra,
 Le nief qe votre bouche soufflera,

^a Ariadne. ^b Penthesilea. ^c A name corruptly written. ^d Florence de Rome. ^e Parthenope,
 or Parthenopeus.

LIFE OF GOWER.

Me fait sigler sur le peril de vie,
Qest en danger fult quil mera supplie.

Rois Ulyxes, sicom nos dist la Geste,
 Vers son paais de Troie qui sigla,
 Not tiel paour du peril et moleste,
 Quant les Sereines en la mier passa,
 Et la danger de Circes eschapa,
 Qe le paour nest plus de ma partie,
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Danger qui tolt damour tout la feste,
 Unques un mot de confort ne sona,
 Ainz plus cruel qe nest la fiere beste
 Au point quant danger me respondera.
 La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,
 Plusque la mort mestoie celle oie
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Vers vous, ma bone dame, horspris cella,
 Qe danger manit en votre compainie,
 Cest balade en mon message irra
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie."



TO

THE MOSTE VICTORIOUS, AND OUR MOSTE GRACIOUS SOUERAIGNE LORDE

KYNGE HENRY THE VIII.

KYNGE OF ENGLANDE AND OF FRANCE, DEFENDER OF THE FAYTH,
AND LORDE OF IRELANDE, &c.

PLUTARKE writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other iewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littell cheste of great value, which the noble king Alexander beholding saide: This same shall serue for Homere.

Whiche is noted for the greate loue and fauour, that Alexander had vnto lernyng: But this I thinke verily, that his loue and fauour therto, was not so great as your gracis: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and moste redoubted soueraigne lorde, after I had printed this warke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely maiestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernyng the value) was farre to simple (as me thought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some payne to print it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not mucche greater payne to that excellent clerke the morall Iohan Gower, to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will belue it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembered your incomparable Clemencie, the whiche, as I haue my selfe sometyme sene, moste graciously accepteth the skender gifts of small value, which your highnesse perceiued were offered with great and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobils and great estates, but also of your meane subiectes: the whiche so mucche boldeth me againe, that though I of all other am your moste humble subiecte and seruaunte, yet my herte geueth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my power giue vnto your grace the most goodliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And this more ouer I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalm, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be the more diligent to marke and beare away the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forth vnder your graces name, whom thei with all their very bertes so truly loue and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they euer fynde so good, so iuste, and so gracious a prince. And who so euer in redyng of this warke, doth consider it well, shall fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed and furnished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of great auctoritee, perswadyng vnto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the vnderstandyng of many and diuers auctours, whose reasons, sayenges, and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pietitie of englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the which began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our english tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borrowed out of latine, frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that vnderstode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude oot perceiue their writynges.

And though our most allowed olde autors did otherwhile vse to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete englishe worde, yet that ought not to be a presidente to vs, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we haue all redie wordes approued and receiued, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Iohn Gower, that shal as a lanterne giue him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The which noble auctour, I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present, and besече your highnes, that it maie go forth vnder your graces fauour. And I shall euer praie: God that is almightie preserue your roiall maiestee in moste longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen.



TO THE REDER.

In time past when this warke was printed, I can not coniecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bokes that be written, be contrarie, yet I haue folowed therein the print copie, for as muche as it maie serue bothe waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder, that the writen copies do not agree with the printed. Therefore I haue printed here those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteration ye shall perceiue began at the xxiii. line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

In our englysshe I thinke make
A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that euer a liege man
Unto his kynge maie done or can,
So farforth I me recommande
To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
Prciende vnto the high reigne,
Whiche causeth euery kynge to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde.

I thynke and haue it vnderstonde,
As it befill vpon a tide,
As thynge, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste ioye,
In Themse, when it was flowende,
As I by bote camc rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, when he me sigh,
He had me come into his barge.
And when I was with hym at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge vpon me leyde,
And bad me do my businesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thyng I shulde boke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge
And this vpon his commandyng
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as be me bad.
And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none enuie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige and blame that I write.

A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
 That it malice none distilleth
 But preiseth, that is to be praised:
 But he that hath his worde vnpeised
 And handleth with ronge any thyng,
 I praie vnto the heuen kyng,
 Fro suche touges he me shilde.
 And netheles this worlde is wilde.
 Of suche ianglyng and what befall,
 My kynges heste shall not falle,
 That I in hope to deserue
 His thonke, ne shall his will obserue
 And els were I nought excused.

For that thyng maie nought be refused,
 What that a kyng hym selfe bit.
 For thy the simplest of my wit
 I thinke if that it maie auaille,
 In his seruice to trauaile
 Though I sickenes haue vpon honde,
 And longe haue had, yet woll I fonde,
 So as I made my becheste,
 To make a boke after his heste,
 And write in suche a maner wise,
 Whiche maie be wisdom to the wise,
 And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
 But in prouerbe I haue herde saie,
 That who that well his warke beginneth,
 Tbe rather a good ende he winneth.

And thus the prologue of my boke,
 After the worlde, that whilom toke,
 And eke somdele after the newe,
 I woll begyn for to newe.

And thus I saie for these lxx. lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie vnto these, both in sentence and in meanyng. Farthermore there were lefte out in diuers places of the warke lines and columes, ye and sometyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceiued: for that and changeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde haue mased his mynde in redyng, that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greater blemissh vnto a noble auctour? And for to praise worthily vnto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right muche vnable, ye shal your selfe now deme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his owne shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I maie be holde to saie, that if we shulde neuer haue sene his connyng warkes, the whiche euen at the full do witness, what a clerke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellent Geffraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his moste special warke, that is intituled Troilus and Creseide, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
 To the, and to the philosophicall Strode
 To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
 Of your benignitees and zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also vnderstonde, that he and Gower were bothe of one selte tyme, bothe excellently lerned, both great frendes to gether, and both a like endeouored them selves and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doynge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure

and continue, this noble roialme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus when thei had gone their iourney, the one of them, that is to saie, Iohn Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of s̄aynt Marie Oueres, where somewhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flourisheth fr̄eshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the North side of the fore saide church, in the chapell of sainte Iohn, where he hath of his owne foundation, a masse daily songe. And more ouer he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same church, on fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope saynte Gregorie.

Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be painted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in hir honde.

En toy qui es sitz de dieu le pere
Sauue soit, que gist souz cest pierre.

The seconde is written Mercie, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuise:

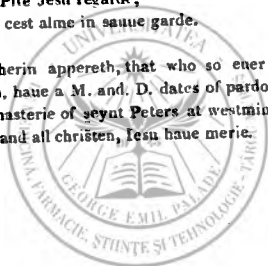
O Sone Jesu fait ta mercie
Al ālme, dont le corpe gist icy.

The thyrde of them is w̄ritten Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this deuise folowyng.

Pur ta Pitē Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauue garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth, that who so ener praith for the soule of Iohn Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth, haue a M. and. D. dates of pardon.

The other lieth buried in the monasterie of seynt Peters at westminster in an yle on the south side of the church. On whose soules, and all christen, Jesu haue merie. Amen.



POEMS

OF

JOHN GOWER.

PROLOGUS.

Hic imprimis declarat Joanes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, & finaliter compleuit, An. regni regis Ric. secundi. 16.

OF them, that writen vs to fore
The bokes dwelle: and we therefore
Ben taught of that was writen tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our tune amonge vs here
Do write of newe some matter
Ensampled of the olde wise
So that it might in suche a wise
Whan we be deade and els where
Beleue to the worldes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, and sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdom write
It dullth ofte a mañs witte.
To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey
And write a boke bytwene the twey
Somwhat of lust, and somewhat of lore
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write
And for that few men endite
In our englisse, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere xvi. of kynge Richarde
What shall befall here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe vpon this tide
Men see the worlde on euery side
In sondrie wise so diuersed
That it well nigh stant all reuersed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nedeth nought to specifie,
The thyng so open is at the eis

That euery man it maie beholde.
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren leuer,
Wrytyng was beloued euer
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge vs
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good
Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be loste: so for to magnifie
The worthy princes, that tho were.
The bookes shewen here and there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is
And tho that diden than amis
Through tyrannie and crueltee
Right as thei stonden in degrer,
So was the wrytyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyñ it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thinke for to tonche also
The worlde, whiche neweth euery daie
So as I can, so as I maie
Though I sekenesse haue vpon honde
And longe haue had, yet wolke I fonde
To write, and do my businesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man maie be aduised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisdom all belongeth,
That wise man that it vnderfongeth,
He shall draw into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended
The boke shall afterwarde be ended

Of loue, whiche dothe many a wonder,
 And many a wise man hath put vnder.
 And in this wise I thynke to treate
 Towarde them, that now be greate,
 Betwene the vertue and the vice,
 Whiche longeth vnto this office.
 But for my wittes ben to suale
 To telle euery mans tale
 This booke vpon amendement
 To stonde at his commandement
 With whom mine herte is of accorde,
 I sende vnto mine owne lorde,
 Whiche of Lancaster is Henry named
 The hygh God hath hym proclaimed
 Full of knyghthode and all grace,
 So wolde I nowe this werke embrace
 God graunte I mote it well acheue
 With whole truste and whole beleue.

*Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
 Linquit, & antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
 Progenit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
 Legibus vniolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,
 Iustitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
 Nunque latens odus vultum depingit amoris,
 Pæceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
 Instar & ex variis mutabile cameliontis
 Lex cætit, & remis sunt noua iura nouis.
 Climatæque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
 Soluuntur, nec eó centra quietis habent.*

*De statu, regnoque, et dicunt, secundum temporalia,
 Videlicet tempore regis Richardi secundi, Anno
 regni sui sextodecimo.*

If I shall drawe in to my mynde
 The time passed, than I fynde
 The worlde stode in all his helth.
 Tho was the life of man in helth,
 Tho was plente, tho was richesse,
 Tho was the fortune, tho was prowesse,
 Tho was knyghthode in price by name,
 Wherof the wide worldes fame
 Write in cronicles is yet withholde,
 Justice of lawe tho was holde,
 The priuilege of regalie
 Was safe, and all the baronie
 Worshipped was in his astate,
 The citis knewe no debate,
 The people stode in obeisance
 Under the rule of gouernance
 And peace with vnrighwisnesse keste
 With charitee tho stode in reste:
 Of mans herte the courage
 Was shewed then in the visage.
 The worde was like to the conceite
 Without semblant of deceite.
 Tho was there vnueniud loue,
 Tho was vertue set aboute,
 And vyce was put vnder foote,
 Nowe stante the crope vnder the roote.
 The worlde is changed ouerall,
 And therof moste in speciall
 That loue is falle in to discorde,
 And that I take in to recorde
 Of euery laude for his partie
 The common voice, whiche maie not lie.
 Nought vpon one, but vpon all
 Is that men nowe clepe aud calle,

And seyn, that reignes bene deided,
 In stode of loue is bate guided.
 The warre woll no peace purchase,
 And lawe hath take hir double face,
 So that Justice out of the waie
 With rightwisenes is gone awaie.
 And thus to loke on euery halue
 Men sene the sore without salue,
 Whiche all the worlde hath ouertake
 There is no reigne of all out take.
 For euery climat hath his dele
 After the tournyng of the whele,
 Whiche blinde fortune ouerthroweth,
 Wherof the certaine no man knoweth.
 The heuen wote what is to doone,
 But we that dwell vnder the moone
 Stonde in this worlde vpon a were,
 And namely but the powere
 Of them that bene the worldes guides
 With good counsell on all sides,
 Ben kept vpright in suche a wise,
 That bate breke nought thassise
 Of loue, whiche is all the chiefe
 To kepe a reigne out of mischief:
 For all reason wolde this,
 That vnto him, whiche the head is,
 The membres buxom shall bowe,
 And he shulde eke their trouth alowe
 With all his herte, and make them chere:
 For good counsell is good to here,
 All though a man be wise hym selue,
 Yet is the wisdome more of twelue:
 And if thei stande both in one,
 To hope it were then anone,
 That God his grace wolde sende
 To make of thilke werre an ende,
 Whiche euery daie nowe groweth newe
 And that is greatly for to rewe,
 In speciall for Christes sake,
 Whiche wolde his owne life forsake
 Amonge the men to yeuen pees,
 But nowe men tellen natheles,
 That loue is from the worlde departed,
 So stant the peace vneuen parted.
 With them that liuen now a daies.
 But for to loke at all assaies
 To him, that wold reson seche
 After the comen worldes speche.
 It is to wonder of thilke werre,
 In whiche none wote who hath the werre.
 For euery lond him selfe deceiueth,
 And of disease his parte receiueth
 And yet take men no kepe,
 But thilke lorde, whiche all maie kepe,
 To whom no counsell ma'e be hid,
 Upon the worlde, whiche is betide
 Amende that, wherof men plaine
 With trewe hertes and with plaine
 And reconcele loue againe:
 As he, whiche is kyng soueraine
 Of all the worldes gouernance
 And of his high puruiance
 Afferme peace betwene the londes,
 And take their cause in to his bondes,
 So that the world maie stand appeased,
 And his godheade also be pleased.
 Quas coluit Moses vetus, ant nouus ipse Ioanes,
 Hesternas leges vix colit ista dies.
 Sic prius Ecclesia bina virtute polita,
 Nunc magis inculta pallet vtraque via.

Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro resumens
 Horrui ad Christi verba cruoris iter.
 Nunc tamen assiduo gladium de sanguine tinctum
 Vibrat auaricia lege repente sacra.
 Sic lupus est pastor, p̄ hostis, mors miserator,
 Prædoque largitor, pax & in orbe timor.

De statu cleri vt dicunt, secundum spiritualia, vi-
 delicet tempore Roberti Gilbonensis, qui nomen
 Clementis sortitus est sibi tunc Antipapæ.

To thinke vpon the daies olde,
 The life of clerkes to be holde,
 Men seyn how that they were tho
 Ensamble, and rowle of all tho,
 Whiche of wisdome the vertue soughten,
 Unto the god firste thri broughen,
 As to the substance of their schoole,
 That thei ne shulde not befoole
 Their witte vpon vane earthly werkes,
 Whiche were ayen-t the a-tate of clerkes.
 And that thei mighten flee the vice,
 Whiche Symon hath in his office.
 Wherof he taketh golde in honde.
 For thilke time (I vnderstonde)
 The lumbarde made non eschange
 The bishoppriches for to change:
 Ne yet a letter for to seude
 For dignitee, ne for prouende,
 Or cured, or without cure.
 The churche laie in aduerture
 Of armes and of brigantaille
 Stode no thyng then vpon bataille:
 To fight or for to make cheste
 It thought them then not honeste.
 But of simplicitee and pacience
 Thei made then no defence.

The courte of worldly regallie
 To them was then no baillie,
 The vaine honour was nougt desired,
 Whiche hath the proude herte fired
 The humilitee was the withholde,
 And pride was a vice holde.

Of holy churche the largesse,
 Yafe then and did great almesse
 To poure men, that had neede.
 Thei were eke chast in word and dede,
 Wherof the people ensamble toke,
 Their lust was all vpon the boke,
 Or for to preche or for to praie,
 To wise men the right waie
 Of suche as stode of trouth vnlered.
 Lo thus is Peters barge stered
 Of them, that thilke time were.
 And thus came firste to mans ere
 The feith of Christe and all good,
 Through them that then were good,
 And sobre, and chaste, and large, and wise.
 And nowe (men seyn) is other wise
 Simon the cause hath vndertake,
 The worldes swerde in hond is take.
 And that is wounder n-theles,
 Whan Christe him selfe hath bode pees
 And set it in his t-stament.

How now that holy churche is went,
 Of that their lawe positife
 Hath set to make werre and strife
 For wordli goodes, whiche maie not last.
 God wote the cause to the last
 Of euery right and wronge also.
 But whyle the lawe is ruled so,

That clerkes to the werre intende,
 I not howe that thei shall amerde:
 The wofull worlde in other thinges
 To make peace betwene kynges
 After the lawe of charitee,
 Whiche is the propre dewtee
 Belonged vnto the priesthood:
 But as it thinketh to manhood.
 The heauen is far, the worlde is nigh,
 And vaine glorie is eke so sligh,
 Whiche couctise hath now withholde,
 That thei nowe other thinze beholde,
 But only that thei mighten wiene.
 And thus the werres thei beginne,
 Wherof the holy churche is taxed,
 That in the point as it is axed,
 The disme goth to the bataille,
 As though Christe might not auaille
 To do them right by other waie:
 In to the sworde the churche kaie
 Is turned, and the holy bode,
 In to cursynge, and euery stede,
 Whiche shulde stoude vpon the feithe
 And to this cause an care leithe
 Astonyed is of the quarele,
 That shulde be the worldes helc,
 Is nowe men sayn the pestilence,
 Whiche hath expelled pacience
 Fro the clergie in speciall,
 And that is shewed ouerall,
 In euery thyng when thei be greued:
 But if Gregorie be beleued,
 As it is in the bokes writte,
 He dothe vs somdele for to writte
 The cause of thilke prelacie
 Where God is nougt of companie.
 For euery werke as it is founded
 Shall stande, or els be confounded.
 Who that onely for Christes sake
 Desireth cure for to take,
 And nougt for pride of thilke astate
 To beare a name of a prelate,
 He shall by reason do profite
 In holy Churche vpon the pitte,
 That he that set his conscience:
 But in the worldes reuerence
 Ther be of suche many glade,
 Whan thei to thilke astate be made
 Nougt for the merite of the charge,
 But for thei wolde him selfe discharge
 Of pouertee, and become grete,
 And thus for pompe and for behete
 The scribe and eke the pharisee,
 Of Moyses vpon the see,
 In the chaire on high ben sette,
 Wherof the feith is ofte lette,
 Whiche is betake them to kepe.
 In Christes cause all daie thei slepe
 But of the worlde is nougt foryete
 For well is him, that now maie gete
 Office in court to be honoured:
 The stronce Coffre hath all deuoured
 Under the keie of auarice
 The tresour of the benefice,
 Wherof the poure shulden clothe,
 And ete, and drinke, and house bothe.
 The charitee goth all vnknowe.
 For thei no graine of pitee sowe,
 And slouthe kepeth the librarie,
 Whiche longeth to the santuarie.

To studie vpon the worldes lore
 Sufficeth nought without more
 Delicacie bis sweete toothe
 Hath suffred so that it fordoothe
 Of abstinence all that ther is:
 And for to loken ouer this
 If Ethna bronne in the clergie
 Al openly to mans eie,
 At Auignon the experience
 Therof hath youen an euidence,
 Of that men seen them so decided,
 And yet the cause is nought decided.
 But it is saide, and euer shall
 Betwene two stooles is the fall,
 Whan that men wenen best to sitte.
 In holy church of suche a slitte
 Is for to rewe vnto vs alle,
 God graunte it mote well befall
 Towards him whiche hath the trowth.
 But ofte is seen, that muche slouth,
 Whan men ben drunken of the cup
 Doth muche harme, whan the fire is vp,
 But if somwho the flame stauche:
 And so to speke vpon this branche,
 Whiche proud enuie hath made to spring
 Of schisme, causeth for to bringe
 This newe secte of lollardie,
 And also many an heresie
 Amonge the clerkes in them selue,
 It were better dike and delue,
 And stande vpon the right feith,
 Than knowe all that the bible seith,
 And erre, as some clerkes doo.
 Upon an bande to weare a shoo,
 And set vpon the foote a gloue,
 Acordeth not to the behoue
 Of reasonable mans vse.
 If men behelden the vertuse
 That Christe in erthe taught here,
 Thei shulde not in suche manere
 Amonge them, that he holde wise
 The papacie so disguise,
 Upon diuers election,
 Whiche stant after thaffection
 Of sondrie landes all aboute:
 But whan god wolle, it shall weare out.
 For trothe mote stande at laste,
 But yet thei argumenten faste
 Upon the pope and his astate,
 Wherof thei fallen in great debate.
 This clerke saide ye, that other naie:
 And thus thei driue forth the daie,
 And eche of them hym selfe amendeth
 Of worldes good: but none entendeth
 To that, whiche common profite were.
 Thei sein, that god is mighty there,
 And shall ordeine, what he wyll,
 There make thei none other skyll.
 Where is the peryll of the feith,
 But euery clerke his herte leieth
 To kepe his worlde inspeciall:
 And of the cause generall,
 Whiche vnto wholy church longeth,
 Is none of them that vnderfongeth
 To shapen any resistance,
 And thus the right hath no defence:
 But there I loue, there I holde.
 Lo thus to broke is Christes folde,
 Wherof the flocke without guide
 Deuourd is on euery side,

In lacke of them, that be vnware
 Shepherdes, whiche their witts beware
 Upon the worlde in other halue,
 The sharpe pricke in stede of salue
 They vsen nowe, wherof the hele
 Thei hurte of that thei shulde hele,
 What shepe, that is full of wulle
 Upon his backe thei tose and puile
 Whyle ther is any thyng to pille,
 And though there be none other skille,
 But onely for thei wolde winne,
 Thei leaue nought, whan thei beginne
 Upon their acte to procede,
 Whiche is no good shepherdes dede.
 And vpon this, also men sayn,
 That fro the lease, whiche is plaiue,
 In to the breres thei forcatche,
 Here of for that thei wolden luche
 With suche duresse, and so bereue,
 That shal vpon the thorns leue
 Of woull, whiche the brere hath tore,
 Wherof the shepe hen all to tore,
 Of that the herdes make them lese
 Lo how thei feiguen chalke for chese.
 For though thei speake and teche welle,
 Thei done them selfe therof no dele.
 For if the wolfe come in the waie
 Their gostly staffe is then awaie,
 Wherof thei shuld their flocke defende.
 But if the poure shepe offende
 In any thyng, though it be lite,
 Thei ben all ready for to smite.
 And thus how euer that thei tale
 The strokes fall vpon the smale:
 And vpon other that bene grete
 Them lacketh herte for to beate
 So that vnder the clerkes laue
 Men seen the merell all misdrawe,
 I wolle not saie in generall.
 For there be some in speciall,
 In whom that all vertue dwelleth,
 And tho bene, as the Apostell telleth
Qui vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron,
 That God of his election
 Hath cleped to perfection,
 In the maner as Aaron was,
 Thei be nothyng in thilke cas
 Of Symon, whiche the foldes gate
 Hath lete: and goth in other gate:
 But thei gone in the right waie.
 There bene also somme (as men saie)
 That folowen Symon at heles,
 Whose carte goth vpon wheles
 Of couetise and worldes pride,
 And holy church goth beside:
 Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage
 Of that is nought in the courage.
 For if men loke in holy church
 Betwene the worde, and that thei worche,
 There is a full great difference.
 Thei prechen vs in audience,
 That no man shall bis soule empeire.
 For all is but a cherie feire
 This worldes good, so as thei tell.
 Also thei saien, there is an hell,
 Whiche vnto mans sinne is due:
 And bidden vs therfore eschewe
 That wicked is, and do the good,
 Who that their wordes vnderstode,
 It thinketh thei wolde do the same.
 But yet betwene earnest and game,

Full oft it torneth other wise,
 With holy tales thei deuise,
 How meritory is thilke dede
 Of charitee to clothe and fede
 The poore folke, and for to parte
 The worldes good, but thei departe
 Ne thinke nought fro that they haue.
 Also thei saun good is to saue
 With penance, and with abstinence,
 Of chastitee the continence:
 But plainly for to speke of that
 I not how thilke bodye fat,
 Whiche thei with deintie meates kepe,
 And laien it softe for to slepe,
 When it hath elles of his will
 With chastitee shall stonde still:
 And netheles I can not saye
 In aunter that I misseye
 Touchend of this, how euer it stande
 I here, and will nought vnderstande.
 For therof haue I nought to doone,
 But he that made first the moone,
 The high god of his goodnes,
 If ther be cause, he it redresse.
 But what that any man can accuse,
 This maie reason of trouthe excuse,
 The vice of them that ben vngood
 Is no reepree vnto the good.
 For euery man his owne werkes
 Shall beare: and thus as of the clerkes
 The good men ben to commende,
 And all these other god amende.
 For thei be to the worldes eie
 The myrroure of examplarie,
 To reulen and taken hele,
 Betwene the men, and the godhede.

Vulgaris populus regali lege cubactus
 Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit onus:
 Si caput extollat, & lex sua frena relaxat,
 Vt sibi velle iubet, tygridis instar habet.
 Ignis aqua dominans duo sunt pietate carentes,
 Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.

De statu plebis, ut dicunt, secundum accidentia
 mutabilia.

Nowe for to speke of the commune,
 It is to drede of that fortune,
 Which hath befall to sondry londes:
 But ofte for defaute of bondes
 All sodeinly, er it be wist,
 A tunne, when his lie arist
 Tobreketh, and renneth all aboute,
 Whiche els shulde nought gone out.
 And eke full ofte a littel skare
 Upon a banke, er men be ware,
 Let in the streme, whiche with gret peine,
 If any man it shall restreine.
 Where lawe failleth, error groweth.
 He is not wise, who that ne troweth.
 For it hath proued oft er this.
 And thus the common clamour is
 In euery londe, where people dwelleth:
 And eche in his complainte telleth,
 How that the world is miswent,
 And thervpon his argument
 Yeueth euery man in sondrie wise:
 But what man wolde him selfe accuse
 His conscience, and nought misuse,
 He maie well at the first excuse

His god, whiche euer stant in one,
 In him there is defaute none
 So must it stande vpon vs selue,
 Nought only vpon ten ne twelue,
 But plenarily vpon vs all.
 For man is cause of that shall fall.

Nota contra hoc, quod aliqui fortem Fortune, aliqui influentiam planetarum ponunt, per quod (ut dicitur) rerum euentus necessario contingit, sed potius dicendum est, quod ea quæ nos prospera et aduersa in hoc mundo vocamus, secundum merita et demerita hominum, digno dei iudicio proueniunt.

AND netheles yet some men write
 And sayn fortune is to wite:
 And some men holde opinion,
 That it is constellation,
 Whiche causeth all that a man doothe.
 God wote of bothe whiche is soothe,
 The worlde, as of his propre kinde
 Was euer vntrew, and as the blinde
 Improperly he demetb fame:
 He blameth, that is nought to blame
 And preiseth, that is nought to preise
 Thus when he shall the thinges peise
 Ther is deceit in bis balance,
 And all is that the variance
 Of vs, that shulde vs better auisse,
 For after that we fall and rise
 The worlde arise, and falletb with all:
 So that the man is ouer all
 His owne caus: of wele and wo,
 That we fortune clepe so,
 Out of the man him selfe it groweth.
 And who that other wise troweth,
 Beholde the people of Israel,
 For euer, while thei didden well,
 Fortune was them debonnaire:
 And when thei didden the contraire,
 Fortune was contrariende:
 So that it proueth wele at ende,
 Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
 And maie no while stande full,
 Though that it seme wele besayn,
 For euery worldes thing is vaine,
 And euer goth the whele aboute,
 And euer stant a man in doute,
 Fortune stant no while still:
 So hath ther no man his will,
 Als far as any man maie knowe
 There lasteth nothing but a throwe.

Boetius.

O quam dulcedo humane vite multa amaritudine
 aspersa est.

THE worlde stante euer vpon debate,
 So maie be siker none astate,
 Now here, now there, now to, now fro,
 Now vp, now down, the world goth so,
 And euer hath done, and euer shall:
 Wherof I finde in special
 A tale written in the Bible,
 Whiche must nedes be credible,
 And that as in conclusion,
 Saith, that vpon diuision
 Stant, why no worldes thing maie laste
 Til it be driue to the laste,
 And fro the first reigne of all
 Unto this daie how so befall

Of that the reignes be menable,
The man him selfe hath be culpable,
Whiche of his gouernance
Fortuneth all the worldes chance.

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramite versus
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in euentu versatur, vt alea casu,
Quam celer in ludis iactat aura manus.
Sicut imago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statque nihil firmum præter aware deum.

Hic in prologo tractat de statua illa, quam rex Nabugodonosor viderat in somnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferreæ, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam fictis videbatur: sub qua membrorum diuersitate secundum Daniælis expositionem huius mundi variatio figurabatur.

THE high almighty purueiance,
In whose eterne remembrance
From first was euey thing present,
He hath his prophecie sent
(In suche a wise as thou shalt here)
To Daniel of this matere,
How that this world shal torne and wende
Till it be falle vnto his ende:
Wherof the tale tell I shall,
In which is betokened all.

As Nabugonosor slepte
A sweuen him toke, the whiche he kept
Til on the morowe he was arise.
For thereof he was sore agrise,
Til Daniel his dreame he tolde,
And praied him faire, that he wolde
A rede what it token maie,
And saide, a bedde where I laie,
Me thought I seighe vpon a stage,
Where stode a wonder strange image:
His head with all the necke also
They were of fine golde bothe two,
His braeste, his shoulders, and his armes
Were all of siluer, but tharmes,
The wombe, and all downe to the knee
Of bras thei were vpon to see:
His legges thei were made all of steele,
So were his feete also somdele,
And some dele parte to them was take
Of erthe, whiche men pottes make.
The feble mengled was with the stronge
So might it not stande longe.

Hic narrat vterius de quodam lapide grandi, qui ut in dicto somnio videbatur ab excelso monte super statuam corruens, ipsam quasi in nihilum penitus contriuit.

AND tho me thought, that I sighe
A great stone from an hille on highe
Fell downe of sodeine auenture
Upon the feete of this figure:
With whiche stone all to broke was
Golde, syluer, erthe, steele, and bras,
That was in to powder brought,
And so forthe tornd in to nought.

Hic loquitur de interpretatione somnii, et primo dicit de significacione capitis aurei.

THIS was the sweuen, whiche he had,
That Daniell anone arad,

And saied hym, that figure strange
Betokeneth how the world shal change,
And war lasse worthe and lasse,
Til it to nought all ouer passe:
The necke, and head, that weren golde
He saied, howe that betoken sholde
A worthie worlde, a noble a riche,
To whiche none alter shall be liche.

De pectore argenteo.
Of siluer that was ouer foorthe
Shall ben a worlde of lasse worthe.

De ventre eneo.
And after that the wombe of bras
Token of a wers worlde it was,
The whiche steele he sawe afterwarde
A worlde betokeneth more harde.

De tibeis ferreis.
But yet the werste of euey deele
Is last, that when of erth and steele
He sawe the feete departed so,
For that betokeneth muche wo.

De significatione pedum, que ex duabus materiis discordantibus adinvicem diuisi extiterunt.

WHAN that the worlde deuided is,
It mut algate fare amis.
For erthe, which mengled is with steele
To gider maie not laste wele.
But if that one that other waste,
So mote it nedes fall at the laste.

De lapide statuam confringente.
The stone, whiche from that hilly stage
He sawe downe fall on that ymage,
And hath it in to poudre broke,
That sweuen hath Daniell vnoke
And saied, that it is gods might,
Whiche whan men were mooste vpright
To stande, shall them ouer caste:
And that is of this worlde the laste,
And than a newe sha I begynne,
From whiche a man shall neuer twiune,
Or all to paine, or all to pees,
That worlde shall laste endles.

Hic scribit, qualiter huius seculi regna variis mutationibus, prout in dicta statua figurabatur, secundum temporum distinctiones sensibilibiter hactenus diminuuntur.

Lo thus expownd Daniell
The kynges sweuen faire and well
In Babylone the citee,
Where that the wisest of Caldee
Ne couden witte what it mente,
But he tolde all the whole entente
As in the partie it is befall
Of golde the firste reigne of all.

De seculo aureo, quod in capite statuæ designatum est a tempore ipsius Nabugodonosoris regis Caldee usque in regnum Cyri regis Persarum.

Was in that kynges tyme tno,
And last many daies so
There, whiles that the monarchie
Of all the worlde in that partie
To Babylone was subgette
Aud helde him still in suche a pleght,

Till that the worlde began diuerse.
 And that was, when the kyng of Perse,
 Whiche Cyrusight, ayen the pees
 Forthe with his sonne Cambysea
 Of Babylone all that Empire,
 Right as thei wolde them selfe desire
 Put vnder in subiertion,
 And toke it in possession,
 And slayne was Baltasar the kyng,
 Whiche lost his reigne, and all his thyng.

De seculo argenteo, quod in pectore designatum
 est a tempore ipsius regis Cyri usque in regnum
 Alexandri regis Macedonie.

AND thus when thei had it woune
 The worlde of siluer was begonne
 And that of golde was passed out
 And in thus wise it goth aboute
 In to the reigne of Darius
 And that it felle to Perse thus
 There Alexander put them vnder
 Whiche wrought of armes many a wonder
 So that the monarchie leste
 With grekes, and ther astate vp leste
 And Persiens gone vnder foote
 So suffre thei, that nedes note.

De seculo eneo, quod in ventre designatum est a
 tempore ipsius Alexandri usque in regnum Iulii
 Romanorum imperatoris.

AND tho the worlde began of bras
 And that of siluer ended was
 But for the time thus it laste
 Till it befelle, that at laste
 This kyng, when that his daie was come
 With strength of dethe was ouercome
 And netheles yet or he dyde
 He shope his reigne to deuide
 To knightes, whiche him had serued
 And after that thei haue deserued
 Yafe the conquestes, that he wanne
 Wherof great werre tho beganne
 Amonge them, that the reignes bad
 Through proud enuy, whiche them lad
 Till it befelle ayene them thus
 The noble Cesar Julius
 Whiche tho was kyng of Rome londe
 With great battaile, and stronge honde
 All Grece, Perse, and Chaldee
 Wan, and put vnder: so that he
 Not all only of thorient:
 But all the marche of thoccident
 Gouverneth vnder his Empire,
 As he that was holle lorde and sire
 And helde through his cheualrie
 Of all the worlde the monarchie
 And was the firste of that honour
 Whiche taketh name of Emperour.

De seculo ferreo, quod in tibiis designatum est,
 a tempore Iulii Cesaris usque in regnum Caroli
 magni regis Francorum.

WHERE Rome than wolde assaile,
 There might no thyng controuaile
 But euery contrey must obeye,
 Tho goth the reigne of bras aweye,
 And comen is the worlde of steele,
 And stode aboute vpon the wheele,

As steele is hardest in his kinde
 Aboute all other, that men finde
 Of metalles, suche was Rome tho
 The mightiest, and laste so
 Longe time amonge the Romains,
 Till thei become so villains
 That the emperour Leo,
 With Constance his sonne also,
 The patronomie, and the richesse,
 Whiche to Siluester in pure almesse,
 The first Constantinus lefte,
 Fro holy churche thei berefte.

But Adrian, whiche pope was,
 And sawe the mischefe of this cas,
 Gothe in to France for to plaine,
 And praieth the great Charlemaine,
 For Christes sake, and soule bele,
 That he wolde take the quarle
 Of holy churche in his defence.
 And Charles, for the reuerence
 Of god, the cause hath vndertake,
 And with his hoste the waie hath take
 Our the mountes of Lumbardie
 Of Rome, and all the tyrannie
 With blodie swerde he ouercome,
 And the citee with strength nome
 In such a wise, and ther he wrought,
 That holy churche ayene he brought
 In to Franchise, and dothe restore
 The popes luste, and yaf him more.
 And thus when he his god hath serued,
 He toke, as he hath well deserued
 The diademe, and was coroned
 Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
 Thempire, whiche came neuer againe
 In to the bande of no Romaine:
 But a longe time it stode still
 Under the Frenche kynges will,
 Till that fortune her wheele so lad,
 That afterwarde the Lumbardes it had,
 Not by the swerd, but by the suffrance
 Of him, that tho was kyng of France,
 Whiche Carle Calius cleped was
 And he resigned in this cas
 Thempire of Rome vnto Lowis
 His Cosin, whiche a lumbarde is:
 And so it laste in to the yere
 Of Alberte, and of Berengere.

De seculo nouissimis iam temporibus ad similitu-
 dinem pedum in discordiam lapso et diuiso,
 quod post decessum ipsius Caroli cum imperium
 Romanorum in manus Longobardorum perue-
 nerat tempore Alberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam
 ob eorum diuisionem contigit, ut Alemanni im-
 peratoriam adepti sunt maiestatem: in cuius
 solum quendam principem theutonicum Otho-
 nem nomine sublimari primitus constituerunt.

BUT than vpon discencion
 Thei fel, and in diuision
 Amonge them selfe, that were greate
 So that thei lost the beyete
 Of worship, and of wordes pees.
 But in prouerbe netheles
 Men saine, full seldome is, that welthe
 Can suffre his owne astate in helthe,
 And that was in the lumbardes sene,
 Suche common strife was them betwene,
 Through couetise, and through enuie,
 That euery man drough his partie,

Whiche might lede any route,
 Within bourgh and eke without.
 The common right hath no fclawe,
 So that the gouernance of lawe
 Was lost: and for necessitee
 Of that thei stode in such degree,
 All only through diuision,
 Them nedeth in conclusion
 Of strange londes helpe beside,
 And thus for thei them selfe diuide,
 And standen out of rewle nueen,
 Of Almaine princes seuen
 Thei chosen in this condicion,
 That vpon their election
 Thempire of Rome sholde stonde:
 And thus thei left it out of honde
 For lacke of grace, and it forsoke,
 That Almans vpon them toke
 And to confermen their astate,
 Of that thei stoden in debate
 Thei token the possession
 After the composicion
 Amonge them selfe, and ther vpon
 Thei made an Emperour anon,
 Whos name (the Cronicle telleth)
 Was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth
 Fro thilke daie yet vnto this
 Thempire of Rome hath be and is
 To thalmains, and in this wise,
 As to fore ye haue herde deuise
 How Daniel the sweuen expouneth
 Of that image, on whom he foundeth
 The world, whiche afterward shold fall,
 Comen is the last token of all
 Upon the feete of erthe and stele,
 So stant the world now every dele.
 Departed, whiche began right tho,
 Whan Rome was deuided so,
 And that is for to rewe sore.
 For alwaie sith more and more
 The world empeieth euery daie,
 Wherof the sooth shewe maie
 At Rome first if we begin,
 The wall and all the cite within
 Stante in ruine, and in decades
 The felde is where was the palais,
 The towne is wast, and ouer thate,
 If we behold thilke astate
 Whiche whilom was of the Romains
 Of knighthod, and of citezens
 To peise nowe with that before,
 The chaffe is take from the corne,
 And so to speke of Romes might
 Unnethes stante ther ought vpright
 Of worship or of worldes good,
 As it before time stode.
 And why the worship is awaie,
 If that a man the soothe shall saie:
 The cause hath ben deuision,
 Whiche moder of confusion
 Is, where she cometh ouer all,
 Nought only of the temporall,
 But of the spirituall also,
 The dede proueth it is so
 And bath do many a daie er this
 Through ventm, whiche that medled is
 In holy church of ertely thyng.
 For Christ him selfe maketh knowlageing,
 That no man maie togeder serue
 God and the worlde, but if he swerue

Frowarde that one, and stonde vnstable:
 And Christes worde maie not be fable,
 The thyng so open is at the eye
 It needeth nought to specifie
 Or speke ought more in this matere.
 But in this wise a man maie lere
 How that the worlde is gone aboute,
 The whiche well nigh is wered out
 After the forme of that figure,
 Whiche Daniell in his scripture
 Expowned, as to fore is tolde,
 Of bras, of siluer, and of golde
 The worlde is passed, and agoue,
 And nowe vpon his olde tone
 It stant of brutell erthe and stele,
 The whiche acorden neuer a dele:
 So mote it nedes swerue aside
 As thyng, the whiche men seen diuide.

Hic dicit, secundum apostolum, quod nos sumus,
 in quos fines seculi deueniunt.

THE Apostell writeth vnto vs all,
 And saieih, that vpon vs is fall
 The end of the worlde: so maie we knowe
 This ymage is nigh ouerthrowe,
 By whiche this worlde was signified,
 That whilom was so magnified,
 And nowe is olde, and feble, and vile,
 Full of mischyeffe, and of perille:
 And stante diuided eke also,
 Lyke to the feete, that were so
 As I tolde of the statue aboue.
 And thus men saine for lacke of loue,
 Where as the londe diuided is,
 It mote algate fare amis.

And now to loke on euery side
 A man maie see the worlde diuide.
 The warres bene so generall
 Amonge the Christen ouer all,
 That euery man now sekeh wreche,
 And yet these clerkes aldaie preche
 And sayne, good dedes maie none bee,
 Whiche stante nought vpon charitee.

I not howe charitee shulde stonde,
 Where deadly warre is taken on honde.
 But all this wo is cause of man,
 The whiche that witte and reason can,
 And that in token and in witness,
 That ilke ymage bare likeness
 Of man, and of none other beste.

For first vnto the mans heste
 Was euery creature ordeined.
 But afterwarde it was restrained,
 Whan that he fell, thei fellen eke,
 Whan he wer seke, thei weren seke,
 For as the man hath passion,
 Of sekene in comparison,
 So suffren other creatures,
 Lo firste the beueuly figures.

Hic scribit, quod ex diuisionis passione singula
 creati detrimentum corruptibile patiuntur.

THE sonne and moone eclipysen both,
 And bene with mans sinne wroth.

The purest ayre for sinne alofte,
 Hath ben and is corrupted full ofte.
 Right now the highe windes blowe:
 And anon after thei ben lowe.

Now cloudie, and now clere it is,
 So maie it prouen well by this
 A mans sinne is for th hate,
 Whiche maketh the welken to debate,
 And for to see the proprietee
 Of euery thyng in his degre.
 Benethe the fourth amouge vs here
 All stante a like in this matere,
 The sea nowe ebbeth, and nowe it floweth.
 The lond now weiketh, and now it groweth.
 Now ben the trees with leaues greene,
 Now thei be bare and nothyng seene.
 Nowe be there lustie somer floures,
 Nowe be there stormie winter shoures,
 Now be the daies, now be the nightes,
 So stant there nothyng all vprightes.
 Nowe it is light, now it is derke,
 And thus stant all the worldes werke
 After the disposicion
 Of man and his condicion.

For thy gregorie in his morall
 Saith, that a man in speciall
 The lasse worlde is properly,
 And that he proueth redily.
 For man of soule reasonable
 Is to an angell resemblable,
 And like to beast he hath felying,
 And like to tres he hath growyng.
 The stones bea, and so is hee,
 Thus of his propre qualitee
 The man (as telleth the Clergie)
 Is a worlde in his partie.
 And whan this littel worlde mistorneth
 The great worlde all ouertorneth,
 The londe, the sea, the firmament
 Thei asken all iudgement
 Ayene the man, and make hym warre
 Ther while him selfe stant out of harre,
 The remenant stant out of acorde,
 And in this wise (as I recorde)
 The man is cause of all wo
 Why this worlde is diuided so.

Diuisiō (the gossell saith)
 One house vpon an other laith
 Till that the reigne all ouer throwe.
 And thus may euery man well knowe
 Diuisiō aboue all
 Is thyng, whiche maketh the worlde fall,
 And euer hath do, sith it began,
 It maie firste proue vpon a man.

*Quod ex sue complexionis materia diuisus homo
 mortalis existat.*

THE whiche for his complexion
 Is made vpon diuisiō
 Of colde, hotte, moiste, and drie
 He mote by verray kynde die.
 For the contrarie of his estate
 Stant euermore in suche debate,
 Tyll that a parte be ouercome
 There maie no final peas be nome
 But otherwise if a man were
 Made all togeder of one matere
 Without interrupcion,
 There shuld no corrupcion
 Engendre vpon that vnitee:
 But for there is diuersitee
 Within him selfe, he maie not laste,
 But in a man yet ouer this
 Full great diuisiō there is,

Through whiche that he is euer in strife
 While that hym last any life,

Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione diuisus, sicut saluacionis, ita damnatiouis aptitudinem ingreditur.

THE bodie and the soule also
 Amouge them ben deuicid so,
 That what thyng that the bodie hateth
 The soule loueth and debateth:
 But netheles full ofte is scene
 Of werre, whiche is them betweene
 The feble bath wonne the victorie,
 And who so draweth in to memorie.

Qualiter Adam a statu innocentie diuisus a paradiso voluptatis in terram laboris peccator proiectus est.

WHAT hath befall of olde and newe,
 He maie that werre sore rewe,
 Whiche first began in paradys.
 For there was proued what it is,
 And what disease there it wrought.
 For thilke werre tho fourth brought
 The vice of all deadly sinne,
 Through whiche diuisiō came in.

Qualiter populi per vniuersum orbem a cultura dei diuisi, Noe cum sua sequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluuiio interierunt.

AMONGE the men in erthe here,
 And was the cause and the matere
 Why god the great flodes sende,
 Of all the worlde and made an ende:
 But Noe, with his felowschip,
 Whiche only weren sauze by shyp,
 And ouer that through sinne it come
 That Nembroth suche price nome

Qualiter in edificacione Turris Babylonis, quam in dei contemptum Nembroth erexit, lingua priu-hebraica in varias linguas cœlica vindicta diuis debatur.

WHAN the toure Babylon on hight
 Lette make, as he that wolde fight
 Ayene the high guddes might,
 Wherof deuicid anon right
 Was the language in suche entent
 There wiste none what other ment,
 So that thei might nought procede
 And thus it stant of euery dede,
 Where sinne taketh the case on honde
 It maie vpright not longe stonde.
 For sinne of hir condicion
 Is mother of diuisiō.

Qualiter mundus, qui in statu diuisiōnis quasi cotidianus present tempore vexatur flagellis a lapide superueniente, id est a diuina potentia usque ad resolutionem omnis carnis subito conteretur.

AND token whan the world shall faile
 For so saith Christe without faile
 That nigh vpon the worldes ende
 Peace and accorde away shall wende
 And all charitee shall cease
 Amonge the men, and hate encrease

And whan these tokens ben befall
 All sodeinly the stone shall fall
 As Daniell it hath beknowe
 Whiche all this worlde shall ouerthrow
 And euery man shall than arise
 To ioye or elles to iuise
 Where that he shall for euer dwell
 Or streight to heuen, or streight to hell.

In heuen is peace and all accorde
 But helle is full of suche discorde
 That there maie be no loue day
 For thy good is whyle a man may
 Echone to sette peace with other
 And louen as his owne brother
 So maie he wyne worldes welthe
 And afterwarde bis soule helthe.

Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et vnitare
 inter homines prouocanda: Et dicit qualiter
 quidam Arion nuper citharista ex sui cantus ci-
 tatis que canson melodium tante virtutis exti-
 terat, vt ipse non solum virum cum viro, sed
 etiam leonem cum cerua, lupum cum hagno,
 canem cum lepore (ipsutu audientes) vnanimi-
 ter absque vlla discordia ad inuicem pacifica-
 uit.

BUT wolde god that nowe were one
 An other suche as Arione
 Whiche had an harpe of suche temprure
 And therto of so good measure
 He songe, that he the beastes wilde
 Made of his note tame and milde
 The hynde in peace with the lyon
 The wolfe in peace with the motton
 The hare in peace stode with the hounde
 And euery man vpon this grounde
 Whiche Arion that time herde
 As well the lorde as the shepetherde
 He brought them all in good accorde
 So that the common with the lorde
 And lorde with the common also
 He sette in loue bothe two
 And put awaie melancolie.

That was a lustie melodie
 Whan euery man with other lough
 And if there were suche one nowe
 Whiche coude harpe as he did.
 He might auaile in many a stede
 To make peace, where nowe is hate
 For whan men thinke to debate
 I not what other thyng is good
 But wher that wisdome waxeth wood
 And reason tourneth in to rage
 So that measure vpon outrage
 Hath set this worlde, it is to drede
 For that bringeth in the common drede
 Whiche stant at euery mannes dore
 But whan the sharpnes of the spore
 The hors side smiteth to sore
 It greueth ofte. And nowe no more
 As for to speke of this mater
 Whiche nowe, but onely god maie stere
 owere it good at this tide
 That euery man vpon his side
 Besought, and prayed for the peace
 Whiche is the cause of all increase
 Of worshippe, and of worldes welthe
 Of hertes reste, and soules helthe
 Without peace stonde nothyng good
 For thi to Christ, which sued his bloud

For peace, byseketh all men.
 Amen, Amen, Amen.
 Explicit prologus.

Naturatus amor naturæ legibus orbem
 Subdit, & vnanimis concitat esse feras.
 Huius enim mundi princeps amore esse videtur,
 Cuius eget diues pauper & omnis opes.
 Sunt in agone pares amor & fortunaque cæcæ,
 Plicibus ad insidias vertit vterque rotas.
 Est amor, ægra salus, vexata quies, pius error
 Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suauè malum.

Postquam in prologo tractatum hactenus existit,
 qualiter hodiernæ conditionis diuino charitatis
 dilectionem superauit, intendit et auctor ad
 presens suum libellum (cuius nomen Confessio
 Amantis nuncupatur) componere de illo amore,
 a quo non solum humanum genus sed et cuncta
 animantia naturaliter subiciuntur.

INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS.

I MAIE not stretch vp to the heuen
 Myn honde ne set al in euen
 This worlde whiche euer is in balance.
 It stant not in my suffisance
 So great thinges to compasse:
 But I mote lette it ouerpasse,
 And treaten vpon other thinges.
 For thy the stile of my writinges
 Fro this daie forth I thinke change,
 And speake of thing is not so strange,
 Whiche euery kinde hath vpon honde,
 And wher vpon the worlde mote stonde,
 And hath done sith it began:
 And shall while there is any man:
 And that his loue, of whiche I meane
 To treate, as after shal be sene,
 In whiche there can no man him rule.
 For loues lawe is out of reule
 That of to muche or of to lite
 Well nigh is euery man to wite
 And netheles there is no man
 In all this worlde so wise, that can
 Of loue temper the measure:
 But as it falleth in auenture,
 For witte ne strength maie not helpe
 And whiche els wolde him yelp,
 Is rather throun vnder foute,
 There can no wight therof do boote.
 For yet was neuer suche couine,
 That conth ordeme a medicine
 To thing, whiche god in law of kynde
 Hath set, for there maie no man kinde
 The right salue for suche a sore,
 It hath and shall be euermore,
 That loue is maister, where he will:
 There can no life make other skille
 For wher as him seife liste to set
 There is no might, which him maie let.
 But what shall fallen at laste,
 The soth can no wisdomè cast,
 But as it falleth vpon chance.
 For if there euer was balance,
 Whiche of fortune stant gouerned,
 I maie well leue as I am lerned,

That loue hath that balance on honde,
 Whiche will no reason vnderstonde.
 For loue is blinde, and maie not seee.
 For thy maie no certeintee
 Besette vpon his iudgement
 But as the whele about went
 He yeueth his graces vnderseed
 And fro that man, whiche hath him serued,
 Full ofte he taketh away his fees,
 As he that plaieth at the dies:
 And therupon what shall befall,
 He not, till that the chance fall:
 Where he shall lese or he shal wyne:
 And thus full ofte men begyn,
 That if thei wisten what it ment
 Thei wolde chaunge all their intent.

Hic quasi in persona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens se auctor esse amantem, varias eorum passionones variis huius libri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

AND for to preue it is so,
 I am my selfe one of tho,
 Whiche to this schole am vnderfonge.
 For it is sothe go not longe
 As for to speake of this matere
 I maie you tell, if you woll here,
 A wonder bappe, whiche me befelle
 That was to me bothe harde and felle
 Touchyng of loue and his fortune,
 The whiche me liketh to commune,
 And pleynly for to tell it out
 To them that louers be aboute,
 Fro poynt to poynt I woll declare,
 And writen of my wofull care,
 My wofull day my wofull chance,
 That men mowe take remembrance
 Of that thei shall here after rede.
 For in good feithe this wolde I rede,
 That euery man ensamble take
 Of wisdome, whiche is hym betake:
 And that he vowe of good appryse
 To teche it forthe for suche emprise
 Is for to preyse: And therefore I
 Will write and shewe all openly,
 Howe loue and I togedre mette,
 Wherof the worlde ensamble fette
 May after this, when I au go
 Of thilke vnseely iolife wo,
 Whose reule stant out of the wey,
 Nowe gladd, and nowe gladnes aweie:
 And yet it maie not be withstonde
 For ought that men maie vnderstonde.

*Non ego Samsonis vires, non Herculis arma
 Vinco, sum sed vt hij victus amore pari,
 Vt discant alij docet experientia facti,
 Rebus in ambiguis quæ sunt habenda via,
 Deus ordo ducit temtata pericla sequentem,
 Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
 Me quibus ergo Venus casus laqueauit amantem,
 Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.*

Hic declarat materiam dicens qualiter Cupido quondam ignito iaculo, sui cordis memoriam graui vlcere perforauit, quod Venus percipiens ipsum vt dicit, quasi in mortis articulo spasmatum, ad confitendum se Genio sacerdoti super amoris causa sic semiuuuum specialiter commendauit.

UPON the poynt that is befall
 Of loue, in whiche that I am falle,
 VOL. II.

I thynke tell my matere:
 Now herken who that woll it here
 Of my fortune howe that it ferde
 This endyrdiaie, as I forthe ferde
 To walke, as I you tell maie,
 And that was in the moneth of Maie,
 Whan euery brid hath chose his make,
 And thinketh his mirthes for to take
 Of loue, that he hath acheued:
 But so was I nothyng releued.
 For I was further fro my loue
 Than erthe is from the heauen aboue,
 And for to speake of any spede
 So wiste I me none other rede,
 But as it were a man forsake.
 Unto the wood my waie gan take
 Not for to synge with the birdes.
 For whan I was the wood amidde,
 I fonde a soote greene plaine,
 And there I gan my wo complain,
 Wisshyng and wepyng all mine one.
 For other mirthes made I none.
 So harde me was that like throwe
 That ofte sithes ouerthrowe
 To grounde I was without breathe:
 And euer I wished after death.
 Whan I out of my peine awooke,
 And caste vp many a pitous looke
 Unto the heauen, and saied thus
 O thou Cupide, O thou Venus
 Thou god of love, and thou goddess
 Where is pitee? where is mekenesse?
 Nowe dothe me plainely liue or die
 For certes suche a maladie
 As I now haue, and longe haue hadde
 It might make a wise man madde
 If that it shulde longe endure
 O Venus queene of loues cure
 Thou life, thou luste, thou mans hele
 Bchold my cause, and my quarele
 And yeue me some parte of thy grace
 So that I maie fiude in this place
 If thou be gracious or none.
 Aud with that worde I sawe anone
 The kyng of loue, and queene bothe
 But he that kyng with eyen wrothe
 His chere aweiwarde fro me caste
 And forthe he passed at the laste
 But netheles or he forthe went
 A fyry darte me thought he sent
 And threwe it through mine herte roote
 In hym fonde I none other boote
 For leuger lyst hym note to dwell
 Of wele and wo, that shall betide
 To them that louen at that tide
 Abode but for to tellen here.
 She cast on me no goodly chere.
 Thus netheles to me she saide.

What arte thou sonne: and I abraide
 Right as a man doth out of slepe,
 And therof she toke right good kepe,
 And bad me nothyng be adradde.
 But for all that I was: not gladd.
 For I ne sawe no cause why:
 And ofte she asked, what was I.
 I saide a caityfe, that lieth here.
 What wolde ye my ladie derre?
 Shall I be wbolle, or elles die?
 She saide, tell me thy maladie.

What is thy sore, of whiche thou pleinst?
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feignest,
I can do the no medicine.

Madame, I am a man of thyne,
That in thy courte haue longe serued,
And aske that I haue deserued,
Some wele after my longe wo.
And she began to loure tho,
And saide, there be many of you
Faitours: and so maie be that thou
Art right suche one, and by feintise
Seyste, that thou haste me do seruice:
And netheles she wiste wele
My worde stode on an other whele,
Without any feiterie.

But algat of my maladie
She had me tell, and saie hir trouthe.

Madame, if ye wolde haue routhe
(Quod I) then wolde I tell you
Sei forth (quod she) and tell me how.
Shew me thy sekenesse euery dele.

Madame, that can I do wele:
Be so my lyfe therto woll laste.
With that hir loke on me she caste,
And saide, in aunter if thou liue,
My wyll is first, that thou be shriue.
And netheles how that it is
I wote my selfe, but for all this
Unto my preest, whiche cometh anone,
I woll thou tell it one and one,
Both of thy thought, and all thy werke.

O Genius mine owne clerke
Come forth, and here this mans shrifte
(Quod Venus tho) and I vplifte
My heade with that, and gan beholde
The selfe preeste, whiche as she wolde,
Was redy there, and set him doune
To here my confession.

Confessus Genio sit medicina salutis
Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.
Lesa quidem ferro medicantur membra salutis,
Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.

Hic dicit qualiter Genio pro confessore sedenti
prouolutus amans ad confitendum se flexis gen-
ibus incuruatur, supplicans tamen, vt ad sui
sensus informationem confessor ille indicendis
opponere sibi benignus dignaretur.

THIS worthie preest, this wholly man
To me spekend thus began,
And saide: Benedicite
My sonne of the felicitee
Of loue, and eke of all the wo
Thou shalt be shriue of bothe two,
What thou er this for loues sake
Haste felte, let nothyng be forsake:
Tell plainly, as it is befall.

And with that worde I gan downe fall
On knees with good deuotion,
And with full great contricion,
I saied than: Dominus
Myn holy fader Genius
So as thou haste experience
Of loue, for whose reuerence
Thou shalt me shriue at this tyme,
I prairie the let me not mystyme
My shrifte. For I am destourbed
In all myn herte, and so conturbed,

That I ne maie my wittes gete:
So shall I mucche thyng foryete
But if thou wolte my sinne oppose
Fro pointe to pointe, than I suppose,
There shall nothyng be lefte behynde
But nowe my wittes be so blynde,
That I ne can my selfe teche.
Tho he beganne anone to preche,
And with his wordes debonayre
He saied to me softe and fayre:
In this place I am set here
Thy shrifte to oppose and here
By Venus the goddessse aboue,
Whose preest I am touchend of loue.

Sermo Genii sacerdotis super confessione ad
amantem.

BUT netheles for certaine skill
I mote algate, and nedes will
Nought only make my speckynges
Of loue, but of other thynges,
That touchen to the cause of vice
For that belongeth to thoffice
Of prestes, whose ordre that I bere:
So that I wol nothing forbere,
That I the vices one and one
Ne shall the shewe euery chone,
Wherof thou might take enideuce
To rewle with thy conscience.

But of conclusioun final
Conclude I wolde in speciall
For loue, whose seruant I am,
And why the cause is that I am
So thinke I to do bothe two.
Firste that myn ordre longeth to
The vices for to telle on rewle,
But nexte aboue all other shewe
Of loue I wol the propretrees
How that thei stande by degrees
After the disposicion
Of Venus, whose couicion
I must folowe as I am holde.

For I with loue am all withholde
So that the lesse I am to write
Though I now can but a lite
Of other thynges, that bene wise,
I am not taught in suche a wise.
For it is nought my comen vse
To speke of vices, and vertuse:
But all of loue, and of his lore.
For Venus bokes of nomore
Me techen, nether text ne glose:
But for as mucche as I suppose
It sit a preest to be well thewde:
And shame it is, if he be lewde.
Of my prestbode after the forue
I wol thy shrifte so enforme,
That at the last thou shalt here
The vices, and to thy matere
Of loue I shall them so remeue,
That thou shalt know what thei meue.
For what a man shall axe or seine
Touchend of shrifte, it mote be pleine
It nedeth nought to make it quaint.
For trouth his wordes wol not peinte,
That I wol axe of the for thy
My sonne it shall be so plainly
That thou shalt know and vnderstande
The pointes of shrift how that thei stande.

Visus & auditus fragiles sunt ostia mentis,
 Quæ vitiosa manus claudere nulla potest.
 Est ibi larga via, gradit qua cordis ad antrum,
 Hostis & ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
 Hæc mihi confessor Genius primordia prefert,
 Dum sit in extremis vita reinorsa malis.
 Nunc tamen vt poterit femina loquela fateri,
 Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.

Hic confessio amantis, cui de duobus precipus
 quinque sensibus, hoc est de visu et auditu con-
 fessor præ ceteris opponit.

BETWENE the life and dethe I herde
 This prestes tale er I answerde:
 And than I praied him for to saie
 His will: and I it wolde obeie
 After the forme of his apprise.
 Tho spake he to me in suche wise,
 And bad me that I shulde me shrue
 As thouchende of my wittes fue,
 And shape, that they were amended.
 Of that I had them mispended,
 For tho be properly the gates
 Through which, as to the bert algates
 Cometh all thing vnto the feire,
 Whiche uniaie the mannes soule empeire.
 And now is this matter brought in
 My sonne I thinke firste begynne
 To witte, how that thyn eie hath stande,
 The whiche is (as I vnderstande)
 The most principall of all
 Through whom that peril maie befall.
 And for to speke in loues kinde,
 Full many suche a man maie finde,
 Whiche euer caste aboute their eie
 To loke, if that thei might aspie
 Full oft thing, whiche thei ne toucheth,
 But only that their hertes soureth
 In hyndryng of a nother wight.
 And thus ful many a worthy knight,
 And many a lusty lady bothe
 Hath be full ofte sithe wrothe:
 So that an eie is as a thefe
 To lone, and doth full great meschiefe.
 And also for his owne parte,
 Ful ofte thilke firie darte
 Of loue, whiche that euer breuneth,
 Through him in to the hert renneth,
 And thus a mans eie first
 Him selfe greueth alder werst.
 And many a time that he knoweth
 Unto his owne harme it groweth.
 My sonne herken now for thy
 A tale, to be ware therby,
 Thyn eie for to kepe and warde,
 So that it passe nouglt his warde.

Hic narrat Confessor exemplum de visu ab illicitis
 preseruando, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cadmei
 regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam foresta
 venationis causa spaciari, accidit, vt ipse quen-
 dam fontem nemorosa arborum pulchritudine
 circumuentum superuenies, vidit ibi Dianam cum
 suis Nymphis nudam in flumine balneantem, quam
 diligentius intuens oculos suos a muliebri nudi-
 tate nullatenus auertere volebat, vnde indigna-
 ta Diana ipsum in cerui figuram transformauit.

OUTDE telleth in his boke
 Ensample touchend of misloke,

And saith, how whilome ther was one
 A worthy lorde, which Acteon
 Was hote, and he was cosin nighe
 To him, that Thebes firste on high
 Upse!, which kyng Cadme hight.

This Acteon, as he well might
 Aboute all other cast his chere,
 And vsed it from yere to yere,
 With boundes, and with great bornes
 Amonge the woddes, and the thornes,
 To make his huntingyng, and his chace,
 Where him best thought in euery place
 To finde game in his waie,
 There rode he for to hunte and plaie.

So him befelle vpon a tide
 On his buntying as he can ride,
 In a foreste alone he was
 He sawe vpon the grene gras
 The faire floures freshe springe,
 He herd among the leues singe
 The throsel, with the nightyngale.
 Thus (er he wiste) in to a dale
 He came, wher was a litell plaine
 All rounde aboute, well beseyne
 With busshes greene, and cedres hie.
 And there within he caste his eie
 A middes the plaine, he sawe a welle
 So faire, there might no man telle,
 In whiche Diana naked stode
 To bathe and plaie hir in the floode,
 With many nymphes, whiche hir serueth:
 But he his eie aweie ne swerueth
 From hir, whiche was naked all:
 And she was wonder wroth with all,
 And him, as she whiche was goddesse,
 Forslope anone, and the likenesse
 She made him taken of an herte,
 Whiche was tofore his boundes sterte,
 That ronne besily aboute,
 With many an horne, and many a route
 That naden muche noyse and crie.
 And at the laste vnhappie
 This hert his owne houndes slough,
 And him for vengeance a'l to drough.
 Lo nowe my sonne, what it is
 A man to caste his eie amis:
 Whiche Acteon hath dere about:
 Beware for thy, and do it nougt
 For ofte, who that hede toke,
 Better is to wyuke than to loke.
 And for to prouen it is so
 Ouide the Poete also
 A tale (whiche to this matere
 Accordeth) saith, as thou shalt here.

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, vbi dicit, quod
 quidam princeps nomine Forcus, tres progenit
 filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, quæ vno par-
 tu exorte, deformitatem monstrorum serpentinam
 obtinuerunt, quibus cum in etatem peruenerant,
 talis destinata fuerit natura, quod quicumque in
 eas aspiceret, in lapidem subito mutabatur, et sic
 quamplures incaute respicientes, visis illis perie-
 runt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis, gladio-
 que Mercurii munitus, ea extra montem Atlantis
 cobabitans, animo audaci absque sui periculo
 interfecit.

IN Methamor, it telleth thus
 How that a lorde, whiche Forcus

Was hote, had daughters three:
 But vpon their nauitee
 Suche was the constellacion,
 That out of mans nacion
 Fro kynde thet be so miswent,
 That to the likeness of a serpent
 Thei were bothe, and that one
 Of them was cleped Stellybone,
 That other suster Suryale,
 The thirde (as telleth in the tale)
 Medusa bight, and netheles
 Of comon name Gorgones
 (In euery countrey there about
 As monstres, which that men doute)
 Men clepen them, and but one eja
 Amonge them thre in purpartie
 Thei had, of which thei might se.

Now hath it this, now hath it she
 After that cause and nede it ladde
 By throwes eche of them it hadde.
 A wonder thing yet more amis
 There was, wherof I telle all this
 What man on them his chere caste,
 And them behelde, he was als faste
 Out of man in to a stone
 Forshape, and thus full many one
 Deceiued were, of that thei wolde
 Misloke, where thei ne shoulde.
 But Perceus, that worthie knight,
 Whom Pallas, of hir great might
 Halpe, and toke him a shelde therto.
 And eke the god Mercury also
 Lent him a swerde: he as it stille
 Beyonde Athlans the highe hille
 These monstres sought, and there he fonde
 Diuerse men of thilke londe,
 Through sight of them mistorned were
 Standing as stones here and there:
 But be (which wisdom and promeswe
 Hath of the god and the goddess)
 The shelde of Pallas gan embrace,
 With which he couereth saufe his face.
 And Mercurius swerde out he drough
 And so he bore him, that be slough
 These dredfull monstres all thre.

CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne auise the,
 That thou thy sight not misuse,
 Cast not thin eie vpon Meduse,
 That thou be torned in to stone.
 For so wise man was neuer none,
 But if he woll his eie kepe
 And take of foule delite no kepe,
 That be with luste nis ofte nome
 Through strengthe of loue, and ouercome.

Of mislokyng how it hath ferde,
 As I haue tolde, now hast thou herde.
 My good sonne take good hede,
 And ouer this I the rede,
 That thou beware of thine bering,
 Which to the herte the tiding
 Of many a vanitee hath brought
 To tarie with a mans thought.
 And netheles good is to here,
 Suche thing, wherof a man maie lere,
 That to vertue is accordant
 And towards all the rimenant
 Good is to torne bis ere fro,
 For elles but a man do so.

Him maie full ofte misbefalle.
 I rede ensample amonges alle,
 Wherof to kepe wel an eare
 It ought put a man in feare.

Hic confessor exemplum narrat, vt non ab auri
 exauditione fatua animus deceptus inuoluatur,
 Et dicit qualiter ille serpens, qui aspis vocatur,
 quendam preciosissimum lapidem nomine carbunculus,
 in sue frontis medio gestans, contra
 verba incantantis aurem vnam terre affigendo
 premit, et aliam sue caude stimulo firmissime
 obturat.

A SERPENT, whiche that aspidis
 Is cleped, of his kinde bath this,
 That he the stone noblest of all,
 The whiche that men Carbuncle call,
 Bereth in his heed about on high,
 For whiche whan that a man by slight
 (The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
 With his carecte him wolde enchante,
 Anone as he perceiueh that,
 He leyth downe his one eare all plat
 Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:
 And eke that other eare als faste
 He shoppeth with his taile so sore,
 That he the wordes, lasse or more
 Of his enchantement ne hereth.
 And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
 So that he hath the wordes wayued,
 And thus his eare is nought deceiued.

Aliud exemplum super eodem qualiter rex Ulysses
 eum a bello Troiano versus Greciam nauigio re-
 nauiret, et prope illa monstra maxima, Syrenes
 nuncupata, angelica voce canorans ipsuū ven-
 torum aduersitate nauigare oporteret, omnium
 nauatarum suorum aures obturari coegit.

In other thing who that recordeth,
 Like vnto this sample accordeth,
 Whiche in the tale of Troie I finde.
 Syrenes of a wonder kinde
 Ben monstres, as the boke tellen,
 And in the great sea thei dwellen,
 Of body bothe and of visage
 Like vnto women of yonge age
 Up fro the nauil on bighe thei bee,
 And downe benethe (as men maie see)
 Thei beare of fishes the figure.
 And ouer this of suche nature
 Thei ben, that with so sweete a steuen
 Like to the melodie of beuen
 In womens voice thei slynge,
 With notes of so great linyng,
 Of suche measure, of suche musike,
 Wherof the shippes thei beswike,
 That passen by the costes there.
 For whan the shipmen laie an eare
 Unto the voice in there aduce,
 Thei wene it be a paradysse:
 Whiche after is to them an helle.
 For reason maie not with them dwelle,
 Whan thei the great lustes here,
 Thei can not their shippes stere,
 So besily vpon thei note
 Thei herken, and in suche wise assote,
 That thei their right cours and weie
 Foryete, and to their eare obeie,
 And saylen, till it so befall,
 That thei in to the perille fall.

Where as the shippes ben to drawe,
 And thei be with the monstres slawe.
 But fro this perille netheles
 With his wisedom kinge Ulysses
 Escapeth, and it oerpasseth.
 For he to fore the hande compasseth,
 That no man of his companie
 Hath power voto that folie
 His care for no luste to faste.
 For he then stopped als faste,
 That non of them maie here them singe.
 So whan thei come forth sayiinge,
 There was sucbe gouernance on honde,
 That the monstres haue withstonde,
 And slough of them a great partie.
 Thus was he saufe with his uaue
 This wise kinge through gouernance.

CONFESSOR.

Herof my sonne in remembrance
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 As I haue tolde, and what thou here
 Be well ware, and yeue no credence:
 But if thou se more euidence:
 For if thou woldest take kepe,
 And wisely coutheest warde and kepe
 Thine eie and care, as I haue spoke:
 Than hadst thou the gates stoke
 Fro suche folie, as cometh to wyne
 Thyn hertes witte, whiche is within:
 Whereof that now thy loue excedeth
 Measure, and many a peine bredeth.
 But if thou coutheest sette in rewle
 Tho two, the thre were ethe to rewle.
 For thy as of thy wittes fine
 I woll as now no more shrue,
 But only of these ylike two,
 Tel me therfore if it be so,
 Hast thou thyne eie ough misthrowe?

AMANS.

My fader ye, I am beknowe,
 I haue them cast vpon Meduse,
 Therof I may me nought excuse,
 Myn hert is growen in to stone,
 So that my lady there vpon
 Hath suche a printe of loue graue,
 That I can nought my selfe saue.

OPPONIT CONFESSOR.

What saiste thou sonne, as of thin ere?
 My fader I am giltye there.
 For whan I my ladye here,
 My witte with that hath loste his stere:
 I do nought as Ulysses dede,
 But falle anon vpon the stede,
 Where as I se my lalye stande:
 And there I do you vnderstande
 I am to pulled in my thought,
 So that of reason leueth nought,
 Whereof that I maie me defende.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, god the amende.
 For as me thinketh by thy speche,
 Thy wittes be right far to seche,
 As of thyn care, and of thine eis
 I woll no more specife:
 But I woll asken ouer this
 Of other thyng how that it is.

Celsior est aquilae leone ferocior ille,
 Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta mouet.
 Sunt species quinque, quibus est superbia ductrix
 Clamat & in multis mundus adheret eis.
 Laruando faciem ficto pallore subornat
 P'raudibus hypocrisis mellea verba suis.
 Sicque pios animos quoque saepe ruit muliebres
 Ex humili verbo sub latitante dolo.

Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia,
 quorum caput superbia varias species habet, et
 earum prima hypocrisis dicitur, cuius proprie-
 tatem secundum vitium Confessor amanti decla-
 rat.

My sonne, as I shall the informe,
 There ben yet of an other forme
 Of dedly vices senen applied,
 Wberof the herte is often plied
 To thyng, whiche after shall hym greene:
 The first of them thou shalt beleuee
 Is pryde, whiche is principall,
 And hath with hym in speciall,
 Mynistres fyue full dyuerse:
 Of whiche as I shall the reherce,
 The firste is saide hypocrisie,
 If thou arte of his companie
 Tell forth my sonne, and shrie the cleane

AMANS.

I wote not fadre what ye meane.
 But this I wolde you beseche,
 That ye me by some wey teche,
 What is to ben an hypocrite,
 And than if I be for to wite
 I woll beknowen, as for it is

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, an hypocrite is this:
 A man, whiche feigneth conscience,
 As though it were all innocence
 Without, and is not so within:
 And doth so for he wolde winne
 Of his desyre the vaine anate:
 And whan he cometh anone there at,
 He sheweth than, what he was,
 The corne is torned in to grasse.
 That was a Rose, is than a thorne,
 And he that was a lambe beforen
 Is than a wolfe: and thus malice
 Under the colour of iustice
 Is hid, and as the people telleth,
 These ordres witen where he dwelleth,
 As be that of her counseyll is,
 And thilke worde, whiche thei er this
 Forsoken, he draweth in ayene.
 He clothech riches (as men seyne)
 Under the simplest of pouerte,
 And doth to seme of great deserte
 Thyngge, which is littel worthe within.
 He seith in open, phy, to sinne,
 And in secrete there is no vice,
 Of whiche that he nys a notice:
 And euer his chere is sobre and softe,
 And where he goth he blesseth ofte,
 Whereof the blynde worlde be dretcheth.
 But yet all onely he ne stretcheth
 His rewle vpon religion,
 But next to that condicion,
 In suche as elepe them holy churche.
 It sheweth eke how he can worche

Amonge the wide furred hoodes
 To gete them the worldes hoodes,
 And them selfe ben thilke same,
 That setten moste the worlde in blame.
 But yet in contrarie of their lore
 There is nothing thei louen more,
 So that feignyng of light thei werke
 The dedes, whiche are inwarde derke.
 And thus this double hypocrisie,
 With his deuoute apparence
 A vyser set vpon his face
 Wherof towarde the worldes grace
 He semeth to be right well thewed:
 And yet his herte is all besbrewed.
 But netheles he stand beleued,
 And hath his purpos ofte acheued
 Of worship, and of worldes welthe,
 And taketh it, as who saith by stelthe
 Through couerture of his fallas:
 And right so in semblable cas
 This vice hath eke his officers
 Amonge these other secuiers
 Of great men, for of the smale
 As for to accompte he set no tale.
 But thei that passen the commune,
 With suche hym lyketh to commune.
 And where he saith, he woll socoure
 The people, there he woll deuoure.
 For nowe a daie is many one
 Whiche speaketh of Peter and of John,
 And thynketh Judas in his herte,
 There shall no worldes good astepte
 His hande: and yet he geueth almesse,
 And fasteth ofte, and hereth messe,
 With *mea culpa*, whiche be seith
 Upon his breste full ofte he leith
 His hande, and cast vpwarde his eie,
 As though Christes face he seie:
 So that it semeth at sight,
 As he alone all other might
 Rescuer with his holy dede:
 But yet his herte in other stede
 Amonge his beades moste deuoute,
 Goth in the worldes cause aboute
 How that he might his warison
 Encrease, aud in comparison.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa hypocrisia, que sub amoris facie fraudulenter latitando mulieres ipsius ficticiis credulas sepiissime deceptit innocentes.

THERE ben louers of suche a sorte
 That feignen them an humble porte,
 And all is but hypocrisie,
 Whiche with deceite and flatterie
 Hath many a worthy wife begiled.
 For whan he hath his tonge ailed
 With soft speche, and with lesynge,
 Forthwith his false pitous lokyng
 He wolde make a woman weene
 To gone vpon the feire greene,
 Whan that she fauleth in the myre.
 For if he maie haue his desyre,
 How so falleth of the remenant,
 He holte no worde of couenant:
 But er the time that he spede
 There is no sleighte at thilke nede,
 Whiche any loues faitour maie,
 That he ne put it in assaie,

As him belongeth for to doene.
 The colour of the reiny Moone
 With medicine vpon his face
 He set, and than he asketh grace,
 As he, whiche bath sekeneys feigned,
 Whan his visage is so disteigned,
 With eie vp caste on her he siketh
 And many a countenance he piketh,
 To bringen hir in to beleue
 Of thing, whiche that he wolde acheue,
 Wherof he beareth the pale bewe.
 And for he wolde seme trewe,
 He maketh him sicke, whan he is heile,
 But whan he beareth lowest seile,
 Than is he swiftest to begyle
 The woman, whiche that ilke whyle
 Set vpon hym feith or credence.
 My sonne if thou thy conscience
 Entamed haste in suche a wise,
 In shrifte thou the might auise
 And tell it me, if it be so.

AMANS.

Myn holy fadre certes no,
 As for to feigne suche sickenesse
 It nedeth nought: for this witness
 I take of god, that my courage
 Hath ben more sicke than my visage,
 And eke this maie I well auowe
 So lowe couthe I neuer bowe
 To feigne humilitee without
 That me ne liste better loute
 With all the thoughtes of mine herte.
 For that thyng shall me neuer asterte.
 I speke as to my ladie dere
 To make hir any feigned chere
 God wote well there I lie nought,
 My chere hath ben such as my thought.
 For in good feithe this leueth wele,
 My wyl was better a thousande dele
 Than any chere that I couthe.

But syre, if I haue in my youthe
 Done other wise in other place,
 I put me therof in your grace,
 For this excusen I ne shall,
 That I haue elles ouer all,
 To loue and to his companie
 Be pleine without hypocrisie.
 But there is one, the whiche I serue,
 All though I maie no thanke deserue,
 To whom yet neuer vnto this daie
 I saied only ye or naie.
 But if it so were in my thought,
 As touchend other saie I nought,
 That I nam somefel for to write,
 Of that ye clepe an hypocrite.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne it sit well euery wight
 To kepe his worde in trouth vpriht
 Towardes loue in all wise.
 For who that wolde him well aduise,
 What hath befall in this matere,
 He shulde nought with feigned chere
 Deceyue loue in no degree
 To loue is euery hert free.
 But in deceite if that thou feigneste,
 And therupon thy luste atteyneste,
 That thou haste wonne with thy wile,
 Though it the like for a while,

Thou shalt it afterwarde repente,
And for to proven myne entente
I finde ensample in a Cronique,
Of them that loue so biswike.

Quod hypocrisia sit in amore periculosa narrat
exemplum, qualiter sub regno Tiberii imperato-
ris quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Roma-
uorum dux militie tunc prefuit, dominam Pauli-
nam pulcherrimam castitatisque fumosissimam
mediantibus duobus falsis presbyteris in Tem-
plo Isis domini sui se esse fingens sub fide sanc-
tatis hypocrisi nocturno tempore vitiauit, vnde
idem dux in exilium, presbyteri in mortem ob
sui criminis enormitatem damnati extiterant.

It befelle by olde daies thus
Whilome the emperor Tiberius
The monarche of Rome ladde,
There was a worthy Romain had
A wife, and she Paulina bight:
Whiche was to euery mannis sight
Of all the citee the faireste:
And as men saiden eke the beste.

It is and hath ben euer yet,
That so stronge is no mans witte,
Whiche through beautee ne maie be drawe
To loue, and stande vnder the lawe
Of thilke bore freile kinde,
Whiche maketh the hertes eies blinde,
Where no reason maie be communed:
And in this wise stode fortunéd
This tale, of whiche I woll merne.

This wife, whiche in hir lustes greene
Was faire and freshe and tender of age,
She maie not let the courage
Of him, that wol on hir assotte.
There was a duke, and he was hotte
Mundus, whiche had in his baillie
To lede the chualrie
Of Rome: and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of suche might
The strengthe of loue to withstonde,
That he ne was so brought to honde,
That maulgre whether he wol or no,
This yonge wife he loueth so,
That he hath put all his assaie
To winne thing, which he ne maie
Gette of hir grant in no maner
By yefte of gold, ne by praiér.
And whan he sawe, that by no mede
Toward hir loue he might spede
By sleight feigned than he wrought,
And thervpon be him bethought,
Howe that there was in the citee
A temple of suche auctoritec,
To whiche, with great deuocion
The noble women of the towne
Moste comouly a pilgrimage
Gone, for to pray thilke image,
Whiche the goddesse of childyng is,
And cleped was by name Isis:
And in hir temple than were
(To rewle and to minister there
After the law, whiche was tho)
Abouen all other prestes two.

This duke, which thought his loue get
Upon a daie them two to mete
Hath bede: and thei come at his heste,
Where thei had a riche feste.

And after mete in preuy place
This lord, which wolde his thanke purchase,
To eche of them yafe than a gifte,
And spake so by waie of shrifte
He drough them in to his couine
To helpe and shape how Pauline
After his luste deceiue might:
And thei their trouthes bothe plight,
That thei by night hir shulde wiue
Into the temple, and he therinne
Shall haue of hir all his intent.
And thus accorded forth thei wente.

Now liste through whiche hypocrisie
Ordeined was the trecherie,
Wherof this lady was deceiued.

These prestes hadden wel conceiued,
That she was of great bolynesse,
And with a counterfeit simplesse,
Whiche hid was in a fals courage,
Feigned an heuenly message.

Thei come, and saide vnto her thus:

Paulyne, the God Anubis
Hath sente vs both presente here,
And saith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him selfe alone
For loue he hath to thy persone:
And thervpon be hath vs bede
That we in Isis Temple a stede
Honestly for the purueye,
Where thou by night as we the seye
Of him shalt take a vision.
For vpon thy condicion
The whiche is chaste and full of feith
Suche price (as he vs tolde) he leith,
That he woll stande of thin accorde:
And for to beare herof recorde
He sende vs hider bothe two.

Glad was hir innocence tho
Of suche wordes, as she herd.
With humble chere, and thus answerde
And saide, that the gods will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by hir housbondes leure,
She wolde in Isis Temple at eue
Upon hir gods grace abide,
To seruen him the nightes tide.

The prestes tho gon home againe.
And she guth to hir soueraine,
Of gods will, and as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas:
Wherof he was deceiued eke,
And badde, that she hir shulde meke
All hole vnto the gods heste.
And thus she, whiche was all honeste
To godwarde, after hir entent,
At night vnto the temple went,
Where that the fals prestes were,
And thei receiuen hir there
With suche a token of bolynesse,
As though thei seen a goddesse,
And all within in preuy place
A softe bedde of large space
Thei hadde made, and encortained,
Where she was afterward engined.
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,
The fals prestes than opposeth
And axeth by what obseruance
She might moste, to the plesance
Of god, that nightes reule kepe.
And thei hir bidden for to slepe

Lyggend vpon the bedde a lofte.
 For so thei saiden, still and soft
 God Anubus hir wolde awake.
 The counseill in this wise take,
 The prestes fro this lady gone,
 And she that wiste of gils none
 In the maner as it was saide
 To slepe vpon the bedde, is laide
 In hope that she shulde acheue
 Thing, whiche stode than vpon beleue,
 Fulfilled of all holynesse.
 But she hath failed as I gesse.
 For in a cluset faste by
 The duke was hid so priuely,
 That she him might not perceiue
 And he that thought to deceiue
 Hath suche arae vpon nome,
 That whan he wolde vnto hir come,
 It shulde semen at hir eie,
 As though she verily seie
 God Anubus, and in suche wise.
 This hepocrite, of his quaintise
 Awayteth euer till she slepte,
 And than out of his place be crept
 So still, that she nothing herde,
 And to the bedde stalyng he fcrde:
 And sodenly, er she it wiste
 Bedript in armes he hir kiste:
 Wherof in womannyshe drede
 She woke, and niste what to rede.
 But he, with softe wordes milde
 Comforteth hir, and saith, with childe
 He wolde hir make in suche a kynde,
 That all the world shall haue in mynde
 The worshippe of that ylke sonne:
 For he shall with the gods wone,
 And ben him selie a god also.

With suche wordes, and with mo,
 The whiche he feigneth in his speche:
 This ladies wite was all to seche,
 As she, whiche all trouthe weneth.
 But he, that all vntrouth meneth,
 With blynde tales so hir ladde,
 That all his will of hir be hadde.
 And whan him thought it was enough,
 Againe the daie he him withdrough
 So priuely, that she ne wiste
 Where he become, but as hym liste
 Out of the temple he goth his waie:
 And she beganne to bid and prae
 Vpon the bare grounde knelende:
 And after that made hir offrende,
 And to the prestes yestes great
 She yafe, and homeward by the strete
 The duke hir mette, and saide thus:

The mightie god, whiche Anubus
 Is hote, he saue the Pauline.
 For thou arte of his discipline
 So holy, that no mans might
 Maie do, that he hath do to night
 Of thyng, whiche thou hast euer eschued:
 Put I his grace haue so pursued,
 That I was made his leutenant.
 For thy by waie of couenant
 From this daie forth I am all thynye,
 And if the like to be myne,
 That stonte vpon thyn owne wyll:
 She herde this tale, and bare it styl,
 And home she went as it befill
 Into hir chambre, and there she fill

Upon hir bedde to wepe and crie,
 And saide, O derke hypocrisie,
 Through whose dissimulacion
 O false imaginacion,
 I am thus wickedly disceiued:
 But that I haue it apperceiued,
 I thanke vnto the gods all.
 For though it ones be befall,
 I shall neuer este while that I liue:
 And thilke auowe to god I yeue.
 And thus wepende she complaineth,
 Hir faire face and all disteineth
 With wofull teares hir eie,
 So that vpon this agonie
 Hir husbonde is in come,
 And sawe how she was ouercome
 With sorow, and asketh hir what hir eileth.
 And she with that bir selfe beweileth
 Well more than she did afore,
 And saide, alas wifohede is lore
 In me, whiche whilom was honest,
 I am none other thau a beaste:
 Nowe I defouled am of two.

And as she might speke tho
 Ashamed with a pitous onde
 She tolde vnto hir husbonde
 The sothe of all the hole tale,
 And in hir speche, dead and pale
 She swouneth well nigh to the last,
 And he hir in his armes faste
 Uphelde, and ofte swore his othe,
 That he with hir is nothyng wroth.
 For well he wote she maie there nought,
 But pethes within bis thought
 His herte stode in a sorie plite,
 And saide, he wolde of that despit
 Be auenged, howe so euer it fall,
 And sent vnto his frendes all.

And whan thei were comen in fere,
 He tolde them vpon this matere,
 And asketh them, what was to done.
 And thei auised werr soone,
 And said: It thought them for the best,
 To sette firste his wife in reste:
 And after plaine to the kynge
 Upon the matter of this thyng.

Tho was his wofull wife comforted
 By all waies, and disported,
 Tyll that she was somedele amended:
 And thus thei a daie or two dispended.
 The thirde daie she goth to plaine
 With many a worthie citezaine
 And he with many a citezeine.
 Whan the emperour it herde seine
 And knewe the falsehead of the vice,
 He saide, he wolde do Justice.
 And firste be let the prestes take,
 And for thei shulde it not forsake,
 He put them in to question:
 But thei of the suggestion
 Ne coude not a worde refuse:
 But for thei wolde them selfe excuse
 The blame vpon the duke thei laide.
 But there ayene the counsaile saide
 That thei be nought excused so.
 For he is one, and thei be two:
 And two haue more wite than one,
 So thilke excusment was none.
 And ouer that was saide them eke,
 That thau men wolde vertue seke,

Men shulde it in the prestes fynde,
 Their order is of so highe a kynde,
 That thei be diuisers of the weie.
 For thy if any man forswey
 Through them, thei be not excusable.
 And thus by lawe reasonable
 Amonge the wise iudges there,
 The prestes both damned were,
 So that the priuie trecherie,
 Hid vnder the false hypocrisie,
 Was than all openly shewed,
 That many a man them hath beshrewed.

And whan the prestes weren dede
 The temple of thilke horrible dede
 Thei thoughten purge, and thilke image,
 Whose cause was the pilgrimage
 Thei drouen out, and also faste
 Farre into the Tyber thei it cast,
 Where the riuier it hath defied:
 And thus the temple purified,
 Thei haue of thilke horrible sinne,
 Whiche was that time do therin
 Of this point suche was the deuse.
 But of the duke was otherwise.
 For he with loue was bestadde,
 His dome was nought so harde laddc.
 For loue put reasone awaie,
 And can nought see the right waie.
 And by this cause he was respited
 So that the death him was acquitted.
 But for all that he was exiled.
 For he his loue had so begiled,
 That he shall neuer come ayene,
 For he that is to trouth vnpleine
 He maie not faien of vengeance.

And eke to take remembrance
 Of that hypocrisie hath wrought,
 On other halue men shulden nought
 To lightly leue all that thei here:
 But than shulde a wise man sterc
 The ship, whan suche wyndes blowe.
 For first though thei beginne lowe
 At ende thei be nought meuable,
 But all to broke mast and cable,
 So that the ship with sodaine blaste
 (Whan men leste wene) is ouercast.
 As nowe full often a man maie sec.
 And of olde tyme howe it hath bec,
 I finde a great experience,
 Wherof to take an euidence
 Good is, and to beware also
 Of the perill or him be wo.

Hic vterinis ponit exemplum de illa etiam hipocri-
 sia, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculo-
 sissima consistit, et narrat qualiter Greci in ob-
 sisione ciuitatis Troie, cum ipsam vi apprehen-
 dere nullatenus poterunt, fallaci animo cum
 Troianis pacem vt dicunt pro perpetuo statue-
 bant: et super hoc quendam equum mire gros-
 sionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in
 templo Minerue confingentes.

Of them that ben so derke within,
 At Troie also if we beginne
 Hypocrisie it hath betrayed.
 For whan the grekes had all assaid,
 And fonde, that by no bataile,
 Ne by no siege it might auale
 The towne to winne through prowesse,
 This vice feigned of simplesse

Through sleight of Calcas and of Cryse,
 It wanne by suche a maner wyse.

An horse of brasse thei lette do forge
 Of suche entaile, and of suche a forge,
 That in this worlde was neuer man
 That suche an other werke began.
 The craftie werkeman Epus
 It made, and for to tell thus,
 The grekes that thoughten to begile
 The kyng of Troie in thilke while,
 With Antenor, and with Enee,
 That were bothe of the citee,
 And of the counsell the wisest
 The richest, and the mightiest,
 In priuie place so thei treate
 With faire behestes and yestes greate
 Of golde, that thei than haue engined
 To gether, and whan thei be couined,
 Thei feignen for to make peace,
 And vnder that neuer the lesse
 Thei shopeu the destruction
 Bothe of the kyng, aud of the towne.
 And thus the fals peace was take
 Of them of Grece, and vndertake:
 And therpou thei fonde a way
 Where strength might not awey,
 That sleight shulde helpe than.
 And of an yache a large spanne,
 By colour of the peace thei made,
 And tolden how thei were gladdc
 Of that thei stonden in accorde.
 And for it shall ben of recorde,
 Unto the kyng the grekes saiden
 By waie of loue, and thus thei praiden,
 As thei that wolde his thanke deserue,
 A sacrifice vnto Minerue
 (The peace to kepe in good intent)
 Thei must offre, er that thei went.
 The kyng counsailed in the case
 By Antenor and Eneas,
 Therto hath youen his assent.
 So was the plaine trouthe blent
 Through counterfete hypocrisie
 Of that thei shulden sacrifice.
 The grekes vnder the bolynes
 Anone with all besinesse
 Their hors of brasse lette faire dight,
 Which was to sene a wonder sight.
 For it was trapped of him selue,
 And had of smale wheles enuie,
 Upon the which men enow
 With craft toward the towne it drough,
 And goth glistrende ayent the sonne.
 Tho was there ioye enow be gonne.
 For Troie in great deuocion
 Came also with procession
 Ayent this noble sacrifice
 With great honour, and in this wise
 Unto the gates thei it brought.
 But of their entree whan thei sought,
 The gates weren all to smale,
 And therpou was many a tale.
 But for the worshippe of Minerue,
 To whom thei comen for to serue,
 Thei of the towne, which vnderstode,
 That all this thing was done for good,
 For peace, wherof that thei be gladdc,
 The gates, that Neptunus made
 A thousande winter ther to fore,
 Thsi hauc anone to broke and tore.

The stronge walles downe thei bete,
So that in to the large strete
This horse with great solemnitee
Was brought within the citee,
And offered with great reuerence,
Which was to Troie an euidence
Of loue and peace fur euermo.

The grekes token leaue tho,
With all the hole felushippe
And fourth thei wenten in to shippe,
And crosen saile, and made hem yare,
Anone as though thei wolden fare.
But whan the blacke winter nighte
(Without moone or sterre lighte)
Bederked hath the water stronde,
All priuely thei gone to londe
Full armed out of the nauie,
Symon, which was made their espie
Within Troie, as was conspired,
Whan tyme was, a token fired,
And hath with that their waie holden,
And comen right as thei wolden,
There as the gate was to broke,
The purpose was full take and spoke
Er any man maie take kepe,
While that the citee was a slepe,
Thei slouen all that was within,
And token what thei mighten wynne
Of suche good as was sufficient,
And brenden vp the remenant.

And thus come out the trecherie
Which vnder false hypocrisie
Was hid, and thei that wened peace
Tho mighten finde no release
Of thilke swerde, which all deounreth:
Full ofte and thus the swete soureth
Whan it is know to the taste:
He spilleth many a worde iu waste,
That shall with suche a people trete.
For whan he weneth most beyete,
Than is he shape most to lese.
And right so if a woman chese
Upon the wordes, that she hereth,
Som man when he most true appereth,
Than is he forthest fro the trowth:
But yet full ofte, and that is routh
Thei speden, that be most vntrue,
And louen euery daie a newe:
Wherof the life is after lothe,
And loue bath cause to be wrothe.
But what man his luste desireth
Of loue, and thervpon conspireth
With wordes feigned to deceiue,
He shall not faile to receiue
His peine, as it is ofte sene.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, as I the mene,
It sitte the well to take hede,
That thou eschewe of thy manhede
Hypocrisie, and his semblant,
That thou ne nought be deceiuant,
To make a woman to beleue
Thing, which is not in thy beleue.
For in suche feint hypocrisie
Of loue, is all the trecherie:
Through which loue is deceiued ofte.
For feigned semblant is so softe
Unnethes loue maie beware,
For thy sonne, as I well dare,

I charge the to flee that vice,
That many a woman hath made nice:
But loke thou deale not with all.

AMANS.

I wys father no more I shall.

CONFESSOR.

Now son kepe, that thou hast swore.
For this that thou haste herde before
Is said, the first point of pride:
And next vpon that other side
To shriue and speake ouer this
Touchande of pride yet there is
The pointe seconde I the behote,
Whiche Inobedience is hote.

Flectere quam frangi melius reputatur, & ollæ
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neque lex homin, neque lex diuina valebit
Flectere, multotiens corde reflectit amor.
Quem non flectit amor, non est flectendus ab vilo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignatus amor, poterit quos scire rebelles.
Et rudibus sortem præstat habere rudem.
Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amore,
Frangit in aduersis omnia fata pius.

Hic loquitur de secunda specie superbie, quæ Inobedientia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturam simpliciter declarat. Et tractat consequenter super illa inobedientia, quæ in curia Cupidinis exosa amoris causam ex sua imbecillitate sepiissime retardat.

This vice of inobedience
(Againe the reule of conscience)
All that is humble he disaloweth,
That he towarde his god ue boweth
After the lawes of his heste,
Not as a man, but as a beaste,
Which goth vpon his lustes wilde:
So goth this proude vice vnmilde,
That he disdeigneth all lawe,
He not what is to be felawe,
And serue maie he not for pride:
So is he ledde on euery side:
And is that selue, of whom men speake,
Which woll not bowe, or that he breke.
I not, if loue might him plie,
For els for to iustifie
His herte, I not whāt might auaille.
For thy me sonne of suche entaile
If that thyu herte be disposed,
Telle out and let it nought be glosed.
For if that thou vnboxome ber
To loue, I not iu what degree
Thou shalte thy good worde achene.

My father ye shall well beleue
The yonge whelp, which is affaited,
Hath not his maister better awaited
To couche, whan he saith go lowe
Than I anone, as I maie knowe
My ladie will me bowe more:
But other while I grutche sore
Of some thinges, that she dooth,
Wherof that I woll tell sooth.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde, I might nought
Obeyc vnto my ladies best,
But I dare make this behest,

Saufe only of that ylike thou
I am vnboxoume of no mo.

CONFESSOR.

What ben tho two, tell on quod hee?
My father this is one, that shee
Commandeth me my mouthe to close,
And that I shulde hir nought appose
In loue, of which I ofte preache,
And plearly of suche a speache
Forbere, and suffre hir in peace.
But that we might I netheles
For all this worlde obey I wis.
For whan I am there, as she is,
Though she my tales mought alowe
Ayne hir will, yet mote I bowe
To seche, if that I might haue grace:
But that thinge maie I not embrace
For ought that I can speake or do:
And yet full ofte I speake so,
That she is wroth, and saith be still.
If I that hest shall fulfill,
And therto ben obedient:
Than is my cause fully shent.
For specheles maie no man spede,
So wote I not what is to rede.
But certes I maie nought obeie,
That I ne mote algates saie
Some what, of that I wolde mene.
For euer it is a liche grene
The great loue, whiche I haue,
Wherof I can not bothe saue
My speche, and this obedience.
And thus full ofte my silence
I breke: and is the first point,
Wherof that I am out of point
In this, and yet it is no pride.

Nowe then vpon that other side
To tell my disobaisance
Full sore it stant to my greuance,
And maie not sinke in to my witte,
Full ofte time she me bitte
To leueu hir, and chese a newe,
And saith, if I the sothe knewe,
Howe farre I stonde from hir grace,
I shulde loue in an other place.
But therof woll I disobeie.
For also well she might seie,
Go take the moone, there it sitte,
As brynge that into my witte,
For there was neuer rooted tree,
That stode so faste in his degre,
That I ne stande more faste
Upon hir loue, and maie not caste
Myn herte away, all though I wolde.
For god swote though I neuer shulde
Seue hir with eie after this daie:
Yet stont it so, that I ne maie
Hir loue out of my breast remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That maulgre where she woll or none,
Myn herte is euermo in one,
So that I can none other chese,
But whether that I winne or lese,
I mote hir louen till I deye.
And thus I breke as by that wey
Hir hestes, and hir commandynges:
But truly in none other thynges.
For thy my father what is more
Touchande vnto this ilke lore

I you beseche, after the forme,
That ye plainly me wolde enforme,
So that I maie mine herte rule
In loues cause after the rule.

Murmur in aduersis ita concipit ille superbus,
Poena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.
O bina fortunæ cum spes in amore resistit,
Non sine mentali murmure plangit amans.

Hic loquitur de murmure et planctu, qui super
omnes alios inobedientie secretiores, vt ministri
illi deseruiant.

TOWARDE this vice, of which we trete,
There ben yet twie of thilke estrete,
Hir name is murmure and compleint,
There can no man hir chere peint,
To sette a glad semblant therin.
For though fortune make them winne,
Yet grutchen thei: and if thei lese,
There is no waie for to chese:
Wherof thei might stonde appeased.
So ben thei commonly diseased.
There maie no welth ne pouerte
Attrempen them to the deserte
Of buxomnes by no wise.
For ofte tyme thei despise
The good fortune as the bad,
As thei no mans reasone had
Through pride, wherof thei ben blinde:
And right of suche a maner kynde
Thei be louers, that though thei haue
Of loue all that thei wolde craue:
Yet woll thei grutchen by some weie,
That thei wolde not to loue obeie
Upon the trowth, as thei do shulde.
And if them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Anone thei falle in suche a peine,
That euer vnboxomly thei pleine
Upon fortune, and curse and crie,
That thei woll not her hertes pleie
To suffre, tyll it better fall.
For thy, if thou amonges all
Hast vsed this condicion
My sonne, in thy confession
Nowe tell me plainly, what thou arte.

AMANS.

My father, I beknowe a parte
So as ye tolden here aboute
Of murmure, and complaint of loue,
That for I see no spede commende,
Against fortune complainende
I am (as who saith) euermo:
And eke full ofte time also,
Whan so as that I see and here
Of heuy worde, or heuy chere
Of my lady, I grutche anone.
But wordes dare I speke none,
Wherof she might be displeased:
But in myne herte I am diseased
With many a murmure, god it wote.
Thus driuke I in myn owne swote.
And though I make no semblant,
Myn herte is all disobaisant
And in this wise I me confesse
Of that ye clepe vnboxomnes.

Nowe tell what your counsaile is.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne as I the rede this,
What so befall of other weie,
That thou to loues hest obeie,
As far as thou it might suffice.
For ofte sith in suche a wise
Obedience in loue auaieth,
Where all a mans strength faileth.
Wberof if thou liste to witte,
In a cronicle as it is writte,
A great ensample thou maiste finde,
Whiche nowe cometh to my minde.

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendationem obedientie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Scitiae filia in sue inuentus floribus pulcherrime exieus Nouerce incantationibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus amorosisque legibus intendens, ex sua obedientia in pulchritudinem pristinam reformauit.

THERE was whylom by daies olde
A worthy knight, as men tolde:
He was newew to the emperour,
And of his courte a courteour.
Wyfles he was, Florent he hight,
He was a man, that mochell might:
Of armes he was desyrous,
Chiuallrous, and amorous,
And for the fame of worldes speche
Strange auentures wolde he seche.
He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a tyme, as he was out,
Fortune, whiche maie euery threde
To breke and knite of mans spede
Slope, as this knight rode in a pase
That he by strength taken was,
And to a castell thei him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
For so it fell that ilke stounde,
That he hath with a deadly wounde
(Fightende) his owne hande slaine
Branchus, whiche to the Capitaine
Was soune and heire, wberof ben wroth
The father and the mother bothe.
That knight Branchus was of his honde
The worthiest of all his londe:
And faine thei wolde do vengeance
Upon Florent, but remembrance,
That thei toke of his worthines
Of knighthode, and of gentilnes,
And how he stode of cosinage
To themperour, made them assuage,
And durst not slaine hym for feare.
In great disputeson thei were
Amonge thm selfe, what was the best.
There was a ladie (the sliest
Of all that men knewe tho
So olde) she might vnncthes go:
And was grandame vnto the dede,
And she with that began to rede:
And she saide, she wolde bring him in
That he shall him to death winne,
All onely of his owne grante,
Through strength of veray couenant

Without blame of any wight.
Anone she sent for this knight,
And of hir sonne she aleide
The death, and thus to him she saide.

Florent howe so thou be to wite
Of Branchus deathe, men shall respite
As nowe to take auengement,
Be so thou stonde in iudgement
Upon certaine condicion,
That thou vnto a question,
Whiche I shall aske, shalt answer.
And ouer this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the sothe faile,
There shall none other thyng e auaille,
That thou ne shalt thy dethe receiue,
And for men shall the not deceiue,
That thou therof mightest ben aduised,
Thou shalt haue daie and time assised,
And leue, safely for to wende.
Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ageine with thine auise.

This knight, whiche worthy was and wise.
This lady praieth, that he maie witte,
And haue it vnder seales writte,
What question it shulde be,
For whiche he shall in that degree
Stonde of his life in ieopardie.
With that she freygneth companie
And saith Florent, on loue it hongeth
All that to myn askyng longeth,
What all women most desyre:
This woll I aske, and in thempire
Where thou hast most knowlageyng
Take counseile of this askyng.

Florent this thyng hath vndertake.
The tyme was sette, and daie take:
Under his seale he wrote his othe
In suche a wyse, and foorthe he gothe
Home to his emes courte againe,
To whome his aventure plaine
He tolde, of that is hym befall.
And vpon that thei were all
The wisest of the londe assent.
But netheles of one assent
Thei might not accorde plat.
One sayde this, an other that
After the disposicion
Of naturall complexion.
To some woman it is plesance,
That to an other is greuance.
But suche a thyng in speciall,
Whiche to them all in generall
Is most plesant, and moste desired
Aboute all other, and most conspired,
Suche one can thei not finde
By constellacion, ne by kinde.
And thus Florent without cure
Muste stonde vpon his aventure,
And is all shape vnto his liere,
And as in defaulte of his answer
This knight hath leauer for to die
Than breke his trouth and for to lie
In place where he was swore.
And shapeth him gone ayene therefore,

Whan time come he toke his leau,
That lenger wolde he not beleue,
And praieth his eme he be not wroth:
For that is a point of his othe
He saith, that no man shall him wreke,
Though afterwarde men here speke,

That he perauenture deie.
 And thus he went forth his weie
 Alone, as a knight auenturous,
 And in this thought was curious
 To witte, what was best to do.
 And as he rode alone so,
 And cam nigh there he wolde bee,
 In a forest there vnder a tree
 He sawe, where satte a creature,
 A lothly womannishe figure,
 That for to speake of fleshe and bone
 So foule yet sawe I neuer none.
 This knight behelde hir redily,
 And as he wolde haue passed by,
 She cleped hym, and bad him abide.
 And he his hors head aside
 Tho torned, and to hir he rode,
 And there he houed, and abode
 To wit what she wolde mene.
 And she began him to bemene
 And saide: Florent by thy name,
 Thou haste on honde suche a game,
 That if thou be not better aused,
 Thy deth shapen is, and deuised,
 That all the worlde ne maie the saue,
 But if that thou my counseill haue.

Florent whan he this tale herde,
 Unto this olde wight answerde,
 And of hir counsaile he hir praide.
 And she ayene to him thus saide.

Florent, if I for the so shape,
 That thou through me thy death escape,
 And take worshippe of thy dede,
 What shall I haue to my inede?

What thing (quod he) that thou wold axe,
 I bid neuer a better taxe
 Quod she: but firste er thou be spedde,
 Thou shalt me leaue suche a wedde,
 That I will baue thy troth on honde,
 That thou shalt be myn husbonde.

Nay (saide Florent) that maie not bee,
 Ride than fourth thy wey, quod shee:
 And if thou go forth without reade,
 Thou shalt be sikerly deade.

Florent behight hir good enough,
 Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough:
 But all that counteth she at nought.

Tho fell this knight in muche thought.
 Now goth he forth, now cometh ayene,
 He wote not what is beste to seyne:
 And thought, as he rode to and fro,
 That chose be mote one of the two,
 Or for to take hir to his wife,
 Or elles for to lese his life.
 And than he caste his auantage,
 That she was of so great an age,
 That she maie liue but a while,
 And thought to put hir in an lle,
 Where that no man hir shulde knowe,
 Till she with death were ouerthrowe.

And thus this yonge lustie knight
 Unto this olde lothely wight
 Tho said: If that none other chance
 Maie make my deliuerance,
 But onely thilke same speche,
 Whiche (as thou seist) thou shalt me teche,
 Haue here min honde, I shall the wedde:
 And thus his troth be leyth to wedde.
 With that she frounceth vp the browe.
 This couenant woll I alowe

She saith, if any other thyng,
 But that thou hast of my teachyng,
 Fro deth thy body maie respite,
 I woll the of thy trouth acquite:
 And elles by none other weie
 Now herken me, what I shall seie.

Whan thou art come into the place,
 Where nowe thei maken great manace,
 And vpon thy comyng abide:
 Thei woll anone the same tide
 Oppose the of thine answer.
 I wote thou wolt nothinge forbere
 Of that thou wenest be thy beste.
 And if thou mightest so fynde reste,
 Well is, for than is ther no more:
 And elles this shall be my lore,
 That thou shalt saie vpon this molde,
 That all women leuest wolde
 Be soueraine of mans loue.
 For what woman is so aboue,
 She hath as who saith, all hir will,
 And elles maie she nought fulfill
 What thiuge were hir leuest haue.

With this answer thou shalt saue
 Thy selfe, and other wise nought.
 And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
 Come here ayene thou shalt me fynde,
 And let nothing out of thy mynde.

He goth hym forththe with heuy chere,
 As he that not in what manere
 He may this worldes ioie atteine.
 For if he die, he hath a peine:
 And if he liue, he mote him bynde
 To suche one, whiche of all kynde
 Of women is the vnsemelieste:
 Thus wote he not, what is the beste.
 But be him lief, or be him loth,
 Unto the castell fourth be goth,
 His full answer for to yeue
 Or for to die, or for to liue.

Fourth with his counseile came the lorde,
 The thynges stoden of recorde,
 He sent vp for the ladie soone:
 And fourth she came that olde moone
 In presence of the remenant.
 The strengthe of all the couenant
 Tho was rehersed openly,
 And to Florent she bad for thy,
 That be shall tellen his auisse,
 As be that wote, what is the price.

Florent saieith all that euer he couth.
 But suche worde cam ther none to mouth,
 That he for yeste, or for beheste
 Might any wise his deth areate:
 And thus he tarieth longe and late,
 Till this ladie bad algate,
 That he shall for the dome finall
 Yeue his answer in speciall,
 Of that she had him first opposed.

And than he hath truly supposed,
 That he him maie of nothyng yelpe,
 But if so be tho wordes helpe,
 Whiche as the woman hath him taught,
 Whereof he hath an hope caught,
 That he shall be excused so,
 And tolde out plaine his will tho.

And whan that this matron herde
 The maner how this knight answerde,
 She saide, ha treson wo the bee,
 That haste thus tolde the priuitee,

Which all women most desire :
 I wolde that thou were a fire.
 But netheles in suche a plite
 Florent of his answer is quite.
 And tho began his sorowe newe.
 For be mote gone, or be vntrewe,
 To hir, which his trouthe had.
 But he, which all shame drad,
 Goth fourth in stede of his penance,
 And taketh the fortune of his chance,
 As he, that was with trouthe affaited.
 This olde wight him hath awaited
 In place, where as he hir lefte.
 Florent his wofull heed vp lifte,
 And sawe this vecke, where that she sit,
 Which was the lotheste wighte
 That euer man caste on his eie:
 Hir nose baas, hir browes bie,
 Hir eies small, and depe sette,
 Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
 And riuelyn, as an empty skyn,
 Hangyng downe vnto the chyn,
 Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
 There was no grace in hir visage.
 Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
 She loketh fourth, as doth a more:
 Hir necke is short, hir sholders courbe,
 That might a mans luste distourbe:
 Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
 And shortly to descriue hir all,
 She hath no lith without a lacke
 But like vnto the woll sacke.
 She profereth hir vnto this knight,
 And bad him, as he bath behight
 (So as she hath bene his warrant)
 That be hir held couenant:
 And by the bridell she him seaseth:
 But god wot how that she him pleaseth.
 Of suche wordes, as she speketh,
 Him thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
 For sorow, that he maie not flee,
 But if he wolde vntrewe bee.
 Loke how a sicke man, for his hele
 Taketh baldemoy n with the cauele,
 And with the myrre taketh the sugre:
 Right vpon suche a maner lucre
 Stant Florent, as in this diete.
 He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
 He medleth sorowe with likyng,
 And liueth so, as who saieth, diyng:
 His youth shall be cast away
 Vpon suche one, whiche as the wey
 Is olde, and lotbely ouerall:
 But nede he mot, that nede shall.
 He wolde algate his trouthe holde,
 As every knight therto is holde,
 What hap so euer him is befall,
 Though she be the fouleste of all,
 Yet to honour of woman head
 Him thought he shulde taken head:
 So that for pure gentilnesse,
 As he hir couth best adresse
 In ragges, as she was to tore,
 He set hir on his hors tofore,
 And fourth he taketh bis wey softe.
 No wonder though he sigheth ofte
 But as an oule fleeth by night
 Out of all other byrdes sight:
 Right so this knight on daies brode
 In close him helde, and shope his rode

On nightes tyme, till the tide
 That he come there, he wolde abide
 And priuely, without noyse
 He bryngeth this foule great coyse
 To his castell, in suche a wise,
 That no man might hir shape auise,
 Till she in to the chamber came,
 Where he his preuy counseille name
 Of suche men as he most truste.
 And told them, that he nedes muste
 This beaste wedde to his wife,
 For eis had he loste his life.
 The priue women were assent,
 That shulden ben of his assent,
 Hir ragges thei anone of drawe,
 And as it was that tyme lawe,
 She had bathe, she had reste,
 And was arraiel to the beste.
 But with no craft of combes brode
 Thei might hir hore lockes shode.
 And she ne wo'de not be shore
 For no counsaill, and thei therfore
 With suche a tyre, as tho was used,
 Ordeynen, that it was excused,
 And had so craftely about
 That no man might seen them out.
 But wban she was fully arraiel,
 And hir a tyre was all assaiel,
 Tho was she fouler vnto see.
 But yet it maie none other bee.
 Thei were wedded in the night:
 So wo begone was neuer knight,
 As he was than of marriage.
 And she bygan to plaie and rage,
 As who saith, I am well enough.
 But he therof nothing ne lough.
 For she toke than chere on bonde,
 And clepeth him hir husbonde,
 And saith: My lorde, go we to bedde.
 For I to that entent the wedde,
 That thou shalt be my worldes blisse,
 And profereth him with that to kisse,
 As she a lusty lady were.
 His bodie might well be there,
 But as of thought, and of memorie
 His herte was in purgatorie.
 But yet for strengthe of untrimonie
 He might make non essonie,
 That he ne mote alrates plie
 To go to bed of companie.
 And when thei were a bed naked,
 With oute slepe he was awaked.
 He torneth on that other side,
 For that he wolde his eyen hide
 Fro lokyng of that foul wight.
 The chamber was all full of light,
 The courteins were of sendall thyn.
 This newe bride, which laie within,
 Though it be nought with his acorde,
 In armes she beclept hir lorde,
 And praied, as he was turned fro,
 He wolde him torne ayenward tho.
 For now (she saith) we be both one.
 But he laie still as any stone
 And euer in one she spake and praide,
 And bad him thy nke on that he saide,
 When that he toke hir by the honde.
 He herd, and vnderstode the bonde,
 How he was set to his penance:
 And as it were a man in trance,

He torneth him all sodenly,
 And sawe a lady laie him by
 Of eightene wynter age,
 Whiche was the fairest of visage
 That euer in all this worlde he sighe:
 And as he wolde haue take hir nighe
 She put hir honde, and by his leue
 Besought him, that he wolde leue,
 And saith, for to wyne or lese
 He mot one of two thynges chese,
 Where he woll haue hir suche on night,
 Or els vpon daies light.
 For he shall not haue both two.
 And he began to sorowe tho
 In many a wise, and caste his thought.
 But for all that yet coude he nought
 Deuise him selfe, which was the beste.
 And she that wolde his hert reste,
 Praieth, that he shulde chese algate.
 Till at the laste longe and late
 He saide: O ye my liues hele,
 Saie what ye liste in my quarele.
 I not what answeere I shall yeue:
 But euer while that I maie liue
 I woll, that ye be my maistresse.
 For I can not my selfe gesse,
 Whiche is the beste vnto my choyce.
 Thus grante I yow myn holl voyce,
 Chese for vs both, I yow praie:
 And what as euer that ye saie,
 Right as ye woll, so woll I.

My lorde, she saide, grant mercy
 For of this worde, that ye now saine
 That ye haue made me soueraine
 My destnye is ouerpassed,
 That neuer here after shall be lassed
 My beautee whiche that I nowe haue,
 Tyll I be take in to my graue.
 Both night and daie, as I am nowe,
 I shall alwey be suche to you.
 The kynges doughter of Cecile
 I am, and fell but sith a while,
 As I was with my father late,
 That my stepmother for an hate,
 Whiche towarde me she hath begonne,
 Forshope me, till I bad wonne
 The loue, and the soueraintee
 Of what knight, that in his degree
 All other passeth of good name:
 And as men saine, ye ben the same.
 The deed proueth it is so.
 Thus am I yours for euermo.

Tho was plesance and ioye enough,
 Echone with other plaied and lough.
 Thei liue longe, and well thei ferde,
 And clerkes, that this chance herde,
 Thei writen it in euidence,
 To teche, howe that obedience,
 Maie well fortune a man to loue,
 And sette hym in his luste aboue,
 As it befell vnto this knight.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, if thou do right,
 Thou shalt vnto thy loue obeie,
 And fulowe hir will by all weie.

Myne holy father so I wyll,
 For ye haue tolde me suche a skyl
 Of this ensamble nowe tofore,
 That I shall euermo therfore

Here afterwarde mine obseruance
 To loue, and to his obeisance
 The better kepe. And ouer this
 Of pride, if there ought elles is
 Wherof that I me shriue shall,
 What thatyng it is inspeciall
 My father asketh I you praie.

CONFESSOR.

Nowe list my sonne, and I shall saie.
 For yet there is surquedrie,
 Whiche stant with pride of companie
 Wherof that thou shalt here anone:
 To knowe if thou haue gilt or none
 Upon the forme as thou shalt here
 Nowe vnderstonde well the matere.

Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
 Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
 Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
 In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.
 Sepe (cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem
 Fallit, & in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

Hic loquitur de tercia species superbie, que presumptione dicitur, cuius naturam primo secundum vitium confessor simpliciter declarat.

SURQUEDRIE is thilke vice
 Of pride, whiche the thirde office
 Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
 The trowth, till it ouerthrowe
 Upon his fortune and his grace
 Cometh, *Had I wiste*, full ofte a place.
 For he doth all his thyng by gesse,
 And voideth all sikernesse.
 Nowe other counsell good hym semeth
 But suche, as him selfe demeth.
 For in suche wise as he compasseth,
 His witte alone all other passeth,
 And is with pride so through sought,
 That he all other set at nought,
 And weneth of him seluen so:
 That suche as he is, there be no mo.
 And thus he wolde beare a price
 So faire, so semely, nor so wise
 Abouen all other, and nought for thy
 He saith not ones graunt mercy
 To god, whiche all grace sendeth:
 So that his wittes he despendeth
 Upon him selfe as though there were
 No god, whiche might auaille there:
 But all vpon his owne witte
 He stant, till he fall in the pitte
 So ferre, that he maie not arise.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa saltem presumptione, ex cuius superbie quem plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sibi promittunt in expediti citius destituuntur.

AND right thus in the same wise
 The vice vpon the cause of loue
 And proudly set the herte aboue,
 And doth him plainly for to vvene,
 That he to louen any quene
 Hath worthines, and suffisance:
 And so without puruicance,
 Full ofte he heweth vp so hie,
 That chips fallen in his eie.

And eke full ofte he weneth this,
There as he nought beloued is
To be beloued all there beste.
Nowe sonne telleth what so the lctse
Of this, that I haue tolde the here.

ANANS.

Ha father be nought in a were,
I trowe there be no man lesse
Of any maner worthinesse,
That halt him lasse worthy than I
To be beloued, and not for thy,
I saie in excusing of me.
To all men, that loue is fre.
And certes that maie no man werne.
For loue is of him selfe so derne,
It luteth in a mans herte:
But that ne shall not me asterte,
To wene for to be worthy
To loue, but in hir mercy.
But sire, of that ye wolde mene,
That I shulde otherwise wene
To be beloued, than I was:
I am bcknowe, as in this case.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne tell me howe.

ANANS.

Nowe liste, and I woll tell you
My good father howe it is.
Full ofte it hath befall er this
Through hope, that was not certaine
My wenyng hath be set in vaine,
To trust in thing, that helpe me nought
But onely of mine owne thought
For as it semeth, that a bell,
Lyke to the wordes that men tell
Answereth: ryght so no more oe lesse,
To you my father I confesse,
Suche will my witte hath ouer sette,
That what so hope me behete,
Full many a time I wene it sooth.
But finally no spede it dooth.
Thus maie I tellen, as I can,
Wenyng begyleth many a man:
So hath it me, right well I wote.
For if a man wolde in a bote
(Whiche is without botome) rowe,
He must nedes ouertrowe.
Right so wenyng hath fardre by mee.
For whan I wende next haue bee
(As I by my wenyng caste)
Than was I fortheste at laste:
And as a foole my bowe vnbende,
When all was failed, that I wende,
For thy my fader, as of this,
That my wenyng hath gone amis
Tochend to Surquedrie,
Yeue me my penance er I die.
But if ye wolde in any forme.
Of this matter a tale enforme,
Whiche were ayene this vice set,
I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui suis viribus presumentes debiliores efficiuntur, et narrat qualiter ille Campaneus miles in armis probatissimus de sua presumeus audacia

inuocationem ad superos tempore necessitatis ex recordia tum et non aliter primitus prouenisse asseruit, unde in obsidione ciuitatis Thebarum, cum ipse quodam die coram suis hostibus ad debellandum se obtulit, ignis de celo subito super ueniens ipsum armatum totaliter in cineres combussit.

My sonne in all maner wise
Surquedrie is to despise;
Wherof I fynde write thus.
The proud knight Campaneus,
He was of suche Surquedrie,
That he through his chiuairie
Upon hym selfe so mochell truste,
That to the gods him ne luste
In no quarell to beseche,
But saide, it was an ydell speche,
Whiche cause was of pure drede
For lacke of herte, and for no nede:
And vpon suche presumption
He helde this proude opinion,
Tyll at the laste vpon a daie
About Thebes, where he laie,
Whan it of sieg was belaine,
This knight, as the Cronike seine,
In all mans sight there,
Whan he was proudest in his gere,
And thought nothyng might him dere,
Full armed with his shelde and spere,
As he the citee wolde assaile,
God toke hym selfe the battaile
Ayenst his pride, and for the skie
A fire thonder sodeinly
He sende, and hym to poudre smote.
And thus the pride, whiche was hote,
Whan he most in his strength wende
Was brent, and lost withouten ende.
So that it proueth well therfore,
The strength of man is sone lore.
But if that he it well gouerne.
And ouer this a man maie lerne,
That eke full ofte tyme it greneth,
What that a man him selfe beleueth,
As though it shulde him well beseme,
That he all other men can deme,
And hath foryete his owne vice,
A tale of them that be so nice,
And feignen them selfe to be so wise,
I shall the tell in suche a wise:
Wherof thou shalte ensample take,
That thou no suche thyngne vndertake.

Hic loquitur confessor contra illos, qui de sua scientia presumentes aliorum condiciones dijudicantes indiscrete redarguunt, et narrat exemplum de quodam principe regis Hungarie germano, qui cum fratrem suum pauperibus in publico vidit humiliatum, ipsum redarguendo in contrarium edocere presumebat, sed rex omni sapientia prepollens, ipsum sic incaute presumentem ad humilitatis memoriam terribili prouidentia mitius castigauit.

I FYNDE vpon Surquedrie,
Howe that whilom of Hungarie
By olde daies was a kyng,
Wise, and honest in all thyng.
And so befelle vpon a daie
(And that was in the moneth of Maie)

As thilke tyme it was vsance,
 This kynge, with noble puruaunce
 Hath for him selfe his chare araised,
 Wherin he wolde ride araised,
 Out of the entree for to plaie,
 With lordes, and with great noblaie,
 Of lustie folke that were yonge,
 Where some plaide, and some songe,
 And some gone, and some ride,
 And some pricke her horse side,
 And bridled them nowe in nowe out.
 The kynge his eie caste aboute,
 Till he was at last ware
 And saw comyng ageine his chare,
 Two pilgemes of so great age,
 That like vnto a drie iunage
 That wereu pale and fade hewed,
 And as a busshe, whiche is besnewed,
 Their berdes weren hore and white:
 There was of kynde but a lite
 That thei ne semen fully deade.
 Thei come to the kynge, and bede
 Some of his good pur charitee.
 And he with great humilitee
 Out of his chare to grounde lepte,
 And them in both his armes clepte,
 And kist them both foote and bonde
 Before the lordes of his londe,
 And yafe them of his good therto.
 And when he hath this dede do,
 He goth into his chare ageine.
 Tho was murmour, tho was disdeigne,
 Tho was complaint on euery side.
 Thei saiden of their owne pride
 Echone till other, what is this?
 Our kynge hath do this thing amisse
 So to abesse his roialtee,
 That euery man it might see,
 And humbled him in suche a wise
 To them that were of none emprise.

Thus was it spoken to and fro
 Of them, that were with hym tho
 All priuely behinde his backe,
 But to him selfe no man spake.
 The kynges brother in presence
 Was thiike time, and great offence
 He toke therof, and was the same
 Aboue all other, whiche moste blame
 Upon his liege lorde hath layde,
 And hath vnto the lordes saide
 Anon, as he maie time finde:
 There shall nothyng be lefte behynde,
 That he woll speke vnto the kynge.
 Nowe liste what fell vpon this thyng.
 Thei were merie, and faire enough,
 Echone with other plaide and lough
 And fallen into tales newe,
 Howe that the fresshe floures grewe,
 And howe the greene leaues spronge,
 And howe that loue amonge the yonge,
 Begannc the hertes than wake,
 And euery birde hath chose his make.
 And thus the Maies daie to thende
 Thei leade, and home ayene thei wende.

The kynge was not so soone come,
 That whau he had his chambre nome,
 His brother ne was redie there,
 And brought a tale vnto his eare
 Of that he did suche a shame,
 In hindryng of bis owne name:

When he him selfe so wolde dretche,
 That to so vile a powre wretche
 Him deigneth shewe suche simplesse
 Against the state of his noblesse,
 And saith, he shall it no more vse,
 And that he mote him selfe excuse
 Towarde his lordes euerichone

The kynge stode still as any stone,
 And to his tale an eare he laide,
 And thought more than he saide.
 But netheles to that he herde
 Well curtoisly the kynge answerde
 And tolde, it shulde ben amended.
 And thus when that their tale is ended,
 All redy was the borde and clothe:
 The kynge vnto his souper goth
 Amonge the lordes, to the hall.
 And when thei hadden souped all,
 Thei token leue, and forth thei go.
 The kynge bethought him selfe tho,
 Howe he his brother maie chastie,
 That he through his surquedrie
 Toke vpon bonde, and to dipreise
 Humilitee, whiche is to preise:
 And therupon yafe suche counseile
 Towarde his king, whiche was vnbeile
 Wherof to be the better lered
 He thinketh to maken hym afered.

It fell so, that in thilke dawe
 There was ordeined by the lawe
 A Trompe, with a sterne breath,
 Whiche was cleped the trompe of death:
 And in the Court, where the kyng was
 A certaine man, this trompe of brasse
 Hath in kepyng, and therof serueth
 That when a lorde bis death deserueth.
 He shall this drefull trompe blowe
 Tofore his gate, and make it knowe,
 How that the iugement is yeeue
 Of deathe, whiche shall not be foryeue.

The kynge when it was night auone
 This man assent, and had him gone
 To trumpen at bis brothers gate.
 And he, whiche mote done algate,
 Goth forth, and doth the kynges heste.

This lorde, whiche herde of this tempest,
 That he tofore his gate blew,
 Tho wist he by the lawe, and knewe,
 That he was sckeryly deade,
 And as of helpe he wist no rede:
 But sende for his frendes all,
 And tolde them how it is befall

And thei hym aske cause why.
 Rut he the soothe not, for thy
 Ne wist, and there was sorowe tho.
 For it stode thilke time so,
 This trompe was of suche sentence,
 That there ayene no resistance
 Thei coude ordeine by no weie,
 That he ne mote algate deie:
 But if so that he maie purchase
 To gette his liege lordes grace:
 Their wittes therupon thei cast,
 And ben appointed at last.

This lorde a worthie ladie had
 Unto his wife, whiche also drad
 Hir lord's death, and children siue
 Betwene hem two thei had aliue,
 That weren yonge, and tender of age,
 And of stature, and of visage.

Right faire and lusive on to see.

Tho casten thei, that he and shee,
Foorth with their children on the morowe,
As thei that were full of sorowe,
All naked but of smocke and sherte,
To tendre with the kynges herte,
His grace shuld go to seche,
And pardon of the death besече.

Thus passen thei that wofull night.
And erly whan thei sawe it light,
Thei gone them foorth in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde diuise,
All naked, but their shertes one
Thei wepte, and made muche mone.
Their heare hanged about their eares,
With sobbyng, and with sorye teares
This lorde goth then an humble pas,
That whilom proude and noble was:
Wherof the citee sore a flight,
Of them that sawen thilke sight.
And nethelesse all openly
With suche wepyng, and with suche crie,
Foorth with his children, and his wife
He goth to prais for his life.

Unto the court whan thei be come,
And men therin haue hied nome,
There was no wight, if he them sie
From water might keppe his eie
For sorowe, whiche thei maiden tho.

The kyng supposeth of this wo,
And feigneth, as he nought ne wist.
But netheles at his vpriste
Men tolde him, howe it ferde.
And whan that he this wonder herde,
In hast be goth in to the halle:
And all at ones downe thei falle,
If any pitee maie be founde,
The kyng, which seeth them go to grounde,
Hath asked them what is the fere,
Why thei be so dispoiled there.

His brother saide, A lorde mercy,
I wote none other cause why,
But onely that this night full late
The trompe of death was at my gate,
In token that I shulde die.

Thus we be come for to preye,
That ye my worldes death respite.

Ha foole, bow thou art for to wite,
The kyng vnto his brother saide,
That thou arte of so litell fraide,
That onely for a trompes sowne
Hath gone dispoiled through the towne.
Thou, and thy wife in suche manere,
Foorth with thy children that ben here
In sight of all men aboute:
For that thou sayst, thou art in doubt
Of death, whiche stant vnder the lawe
Of man, and man maie it withdrawe,
So that it maie perchance faile.
Nowe shalt thou not for thy meruaile
That I downe from my chare alight,
Whan I behelde to fore my sight,
In them that were of so great age,
Myn owne dethe through their ymage,
Whiche god hath set by lawe of kynde,
Wherof I maie no boote finde.
For well I wote, suche as thei be,
Right suche am I in ny degree,
Of flesshe, and bloud, and so shall deie.
And thus though I that lawe obeie,

Of whiche that kynges be put vnder,
It ought be well the lesse wonder
Than thou, whiche arte without nede
For lawe of londe in suche a drede:
Whiche for to accompte is but a iape,
As thing, which thou might ouerscape.
For thy my brother after this
I rede, that sethen, that so is,
That thou canst drede a man so sore,
Drede god with all thyn herte more.
For all shall die, and all shall passe,
As well a lyon as an asse:
As well a begger as a lorde
Towardes deathie in one accorde
Thei shall stonde, and in this wise
The kyng with his wordes wise,
His brother taught, and all foryeue.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne if thou wolt liue
In vertue, thou must vice eschewe,
And with lowe herte humblesse sewe,
So that thou be not surquedous.

AMANS.

My father I am amorous,
Wherof I wolde you besече,
That ye me by some waie teache,
Whiche might in loues cause stande.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne thou shalte vnderstande,
In loue, and other thynges all
If that surquedry fall,
It maie to him not well betide,
Which vseth thilke vice of pride,
Whiche tourneth wisdom to wenyng,
And sothfastnes into lesyng
Through foule imaginacion,
And for thyn enformacion,
That thou this vice (as I the rede)
Eschewe shalte, a tale I rede,
Whiche felle whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ouide tolde.

*Illic in speciali tractat Confessor cum Amante
contra illos, qui de propria formositate presu-
mentes amorem mulieris dedignantur, Et nar-
rat exemplum, qualiter cuiusdam principis
filius Nonine Narcissus estiuo tempore, cum
ipse venationis causa quendam ceruon silus
cum suis canibus exagitaret, in grauem situm
incurrens necessitate compulsus ad bibendum
de quodam fonte pronus inclinauit: vbi ipse
faciem suam pulcherrimam in aqua percipiens
putabat se per hoc illam Nympham, quam poete
Echo vocant in flumine coram suis oculis con-
spexisse, de cuius amore confestim laqueatus, et
ipsam ad se de fonte extraheret, pluribus bla-
udiciis adalabatur, sed cum illud nullatenus per-
ficere potuit, præ nimio languore deficiens
contra lapides ibidem adiacentes caput exuer-
berans cerebrum effudit.*

THERE was whilom a lordes sonne,
Whiche of his pride a vice wonne
Hath caught, that worthe to his liche,
To sechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to loue,
So high he set him selfe aboute

Of stature, and of beautee bothe,
That him thought all women lothe.
So was there no comparison,
As towarde his condicion.

This yonge lorde Narcissus hight,
No strength of loue bowe might
His herte, which is vnafled.
But at laste he was begiled.
For of the goddes purueiance
It felle him on a daie perchance,
That he in all his proude fare,
Unto the forest gan to fare
Amonge other, that there were,
To hunt, and disporte him there.
And whan he came in to the place,
Where that he wolde make his chace,
The houndes were within a throwe
Uncoupled, and the hornes blowe.
The great herte anone was foude,
With swifte fecte set on the grounde:
And he with spure in horse side,
Him hasteth faste for to ride,
Till all men be lefte behynde.
And as he rode vnder a lynde
Beside a roche, as I the tell,
He sawe wher spronge a iustie well.

The daie was wondre hotte withall,
And suche a thurst was ou him fall,
That he must other die or drinke.
And downe he light, and by the brinke
He tide his hors vnto a branche
And laide him lowe for to stanche,
His thurst: And as he cast his luke
Into the well, and hede toke,
He sawe the like of his visage,
And weude there were an ymage
Of suche a nymphe, as tho was faye
Wherof that loue his herte assaye
Began, as it was after sene
Of his sotie, and made him wene
It were a woman, that he sighe.
The more that he came the well nigh,
The nere came she to him ageine:
So wist he neuer what to seine.
For whan he wepte, he sawe hir wepe,
And whan he cried, he toke good kepe,
The same worde she cried also.
And thus began the newe wo,
That whilom was to him so strange.
Tho made him loue and harde eschange
To set his herte, and to begynne
Thyng, whiche he might neuer wyne.
And euer amonge he gan to loute,
And praieth, that she to him come out.
And other while be got a ferre,
And other while he draweth nerre:
And euer he fonde hir in o place.
He wepeth, he crieth, he asketh grace,
There as he might gette none.
So that ayene a roche of stone,
As he that knewe none other reade
He smote him selfe till he was deade:
Wherof the Nymphes of the wellles,
And other that there weren els
Unto the wodes belongende,
The bodie, whiche was deade lyggende,
For pure pitee, that thei haue,
Under graue thei begraue.
And than out of his sepulture
There spronge anon perauenture

Of floures suche a wonder sight,
That men ensample take might
Upon the dedes, which he dede.
And tho was sene in other stede:
For in the wynter fresshe and faire
The floures bene, whiche is contraire
To kynde, and so was the folie,
Whiche fell of his surquedrie.

Thus he, whiche loue had in disleigne
Werst of all other was beseine.
And as he set his price most hie,
He was lest worthie in loues eie,
And most be iaped in his witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yet:
So that thou might ensample take,
And eke all other for his sake.

AMANS.

My father, as touchende of mee,
This vice I thinke for to flee,
Whiche of his wenyng euer troweth,
And namelich of thing, whiche groweth
In loues cause, or well or wo:
Yet prided in me neuer so.
But wolde god that grace sende,
That towarde me my lady weude,
As I towards hir wene,
My loue shulde so be sene,
There shulde go no pride a place.
But I am farre fro thilke grace.
And for to speake of tyme nowe,
So mote I suffre, I praiye you,
That ye woll aske on other side,
If there be any point of pride:
Wherof it nedeth me to shrue.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, god it the foryeue,
If thou haue any thyng mysdo
Touchend of this: but euermo
Ther is another yet of pride,
Whiche neuer coude his wordes bide,
That he ne wolde hym selfe auant:
There maic nothinge his tonge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle,
It is behouely for to here,
So that thou might thy tonge stere
Toward the worlde, and stande in grace:
Which lacketh ofte in many a place
To hym that can not sitte still,
Whiche els shulde haue all his will.

Magniloque propriam minuit iactantiae linguam,
Famam quam stabilem firmat honore silens,
Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, vnde
Se sua per verba iactant in orbe palam,
Est que viri culpa iactantia, quae rubifacitas
In muliere reas causat habere genas

Hic loquitur de quarta specie superbie, que iactantia dicitur, ex cuius natura causatur, vt homo de se ipso testimonium perhibens, suarum virtutum merita de laude in culpam transfert et suam famam cum extollere vellet, illam proprio euer subuertit. Sed et Venus amoris causa de isto vicio maculatos a sua curia super omnes alios abhorrens expellit, et eorum multiloquium verecundia detestatur, vnde Confessor Amantii oppoens materiam plenius declarat.

THE vice cleped auantance,
With pride hath take his acquaintance.
So that his owne price he lasseth,
Whan he suche mesure ouerpasseth,
That he his owne heraulde is,
That first was well, is than amisse,
That was thanke worthie, is than blame:
And thus the worshippes of his name,
Through pride of his auantrie,
He tourneth into vilonie.

I rede, howe that this proude vice
Hath thilke hunt in his office,
Through whiche the blastes that be bloweth
The mans fame he ouerthroweth
Of vertue, whiche shulde els sprynge.
Unto the worldes knowlegyng:
But he fordothe it all to sore.
And right of sucbe maner lore
There ben louers, for thy if thou
Arte one of hem, tell and saie howe,
Whan thou hast taken any thyng
Of loues yeste, or ouche, or ryng,
Or toke vpon the for the colde
Some goodly worde that the was tolde
Of frendly chere, or token, or letter,
Wherof thyn herte was the better.
Of that she sent the gretyng
Hast thou for pride of thy lykyn
Made thyn auaunt, where as the liste?

ANANS.

I wolde father that ye wist,
My conscience lyeth not here:
Yet had I neuer suche mattere,
Wherof myn herte myght amende,
Not of so muche as she sende
By mouth, and saide, Grete him well.
And thus for that there is no dele,
Wherof to make mine auaunt,
It is to reason accordaunt,
That I maie neuer, but I lie,
Of loue make auantrie.
I wote not what I shulde haue do.
If that I had encheson so,
As ye haue saide here many one:
But I fond cause neuer none
But daunger, whiche me welnie slough:
Therof I couth tell enough,
And of none other auantaunce:
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
Nowe asketh forther of my life:
For herof am I not giltife.

My sonne, I am well paid with all.
For wite it well in speciall,
That loue of his versaie iustice,
Above all other ayene this vice,
At all times most debateth
With all his herte: and most it hateth:
And eke in all maner wise
Auantrie is to despise,
As by ensample thou might witte,
Whiche I fynde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui
vel de sua in armis probitate, vel de suo in
amoris causa desiderio completo se iactant, Et
narrat qualiter Albinus primus rex Longo bar-
dorum cum ipse quendam alium regem nomine
Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphasset,
testam capitis defuncti auferens ciphum ex ea

gemmis et auro circumligatum in sue victorie
memoriam fabricari constituit, in super et ipsius
Gurmundi filiam Rosemundam rapiens, mari-
tali thoro in coniugem sibi copilauit. Unde ipso
Albino postea coram sui regni nobilibus in suo
regali conuiuium sedente dicti Gurmundi ciphum
infuso vino ad se inter epulas afferri iussit, quem
sumptum vxori sue regine porrexit dicens. Bibe
cum patre tuo, quod et ipsa huiusmodi operis
ignara fecit. Quo facto rex statim super his
que prius gesta fuerant cunctis audientibus
per singula se iactauit. Regina vero cum talia
audisset animo celato factum obhorrens in mor-
tem domini sui regis circumspecta industria con-
spirauit. Ipsumque auxiliantibus Glodesida et
Helmege breui sub secuto tempore interfecit,
cuius mortem dux rauensis tam in corpus
regine quam suorum fautorum postea via-
dicauit.

Of them, that we lumbardes now call,
Albinus was the firste of all,
Which bare crowne of Lumbardie,
And was of great chiuallrie
In warre against diuers kynges.
So felle amonge other thynges,
That he that time a warre had
With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
And was a mightie kyng also:
But netheles it fell hym so,
Albinus slough him in the felde,
Ther halpe him nother spered ne shelde,
That he ne smote his head of than,
Wherof he toke away the panne:
Of whiche he saide he wolde make
A cuppe, for Gurmundes sake,
To kepe and drawe in to memorie
Of his bataile the victorie.
And thus when he the felde had wonne,
The londe anon was ouerronne,
And seised in his owne honde,
Where he Gurmundes daughter fonde,
Whiche maide Rosamunde hight,
And was in euery mans sight
A faire, fresshe, a lustie one.
His herte fill to her anon,
And suche a loue on hir he cast,
That he hir wedded at the laste.
And after that longe time in reste
With hir he dwelleth, and to the beste
They loue eche other wonder wele:
But she, whiche kepeth the blynd whele,
Venus, when thei be moste aboue
In all the hottest of her loue,
Hir whele she torneth, and thei fell
In the maner as I shall tell.
This kyng, whiche stode in all his welth,
Of pees, of worship, and of helth,
And felt him on no side creued,
As he that hath his worlde achued:
Tho thought he wolde a feast make,
And that was for his wises sake,
That she the lordes of the feste
That were obeisant to his heste,
Maic knowe: and so fourth there vpon
He let ordeine, and sent anon
By letters, and by messengers,
And warned a his officers,
That euery thyng be well araide!
The great stodes were assaide

For iustynge and for tornament,
 And many a perled garment
 Embrouded was againe the daie,
 The lordes in their beste araic
 He comen at the time sette.
 One iusteth well an other bet,
 And other while thei tornei:
 And thus thei cast care away,
 And token lustes vpon honde.
 And after thou shalt vnderstonde,
 To mete into the kynges halle
 Thei comen, as thei be bidden all.
 And whan thei were sette and serued,
 Than after, as it was deserued,
 To them, that worthe knightes were,
 So as thei setten here and there,
 The price was youen, and spoken out
 Amonge the heraulkes all about.
 And thus benethe, and eke aboue
 All was of armes and of loue,
 Wherof about at bourdes
 Men had many sondrie wordes,
 That of the mirthe, whiche thei made,
 The kyng him selfe began to glade
 Within his herte, and toke a pride:
 And sawe the cuppe stonde aside,
 Whiche made was of Gurmundes head,
 As ye haue berde whan he was dead:
 And was with golde and riche stones
 Beset and bounde for the nones,
 And stode vpon a foote on highte
 Of horned golde, and with great sight
 Of werkmanship it was begraue
 Of suche worke, as it shulde haue:
 And polished was eke so clene,
 That no signe of the sculle was sene,
 But as it were a grips eie.
 The kyng badde beare his cuppe aweie,
 Whiche stode before hym on the borde,
 And fette thilke vpon his worde.
 The sculle is fette, and wine therin,
 Wherof he badde his wife beginne,
 Drink with thy father, dame he saide.
 And she to his byddyng obeide,
 And toke the sculle, and what hir liste
 She drinketh, as she, whiche nothyng wist
 What cup it was: and than all out
 The kyng in audience about
 Hath tolde, it was hir fathers sculle,
 So that the lordes knowe shull
 Of his bataile a sooth witness,
 And made auant through what prowes
 He hath his wyues loue wonne,
 Whiche of the sculle hath so begonne.
 Tho was there mocheill pride alofte,
 Thei spoken all, and she was softe,
 'Thinkeunde on thilke vnkynde pride,
 Of that hir lorde, so nigh hir side
 Auanteth hym, that he hath slaine,
 And piked out hir fathers braine,
 And of the sculle hath made a cuppe.
 She suffered all till thei were vype,
 And tho she hath sekenesse feigned,
 And goth to chambre, and hath compleined
 Unto a maide, whiche she trust.
 So that none other wighte it wust.
 This maide Glodeside is hute,
 To whome this ladie hath byhote,
 Of ladiship all that she can,
 To auengen hir vpon this man,

Whiche did hir drinke in suche a plite
 Amonge them all for despite
 Of hir, and of hir father botie,
 Wherof hir thoughtes ben so wrothe,
 She saith, that she shall not be glad,
 Till that she se hym so bestad,
 That he no more make auant.
 And thus thei fell in counaunt,
 That thei acorden at the laste
 With suche wiles, as thei caste,
 That thei woll gette of their accorde
 Some orpel knight to sle this lorde,
 And with this sleight thei begynne
 Howe thei Helmege might wyne,
 Whiche was the kynges botiler,
 A proude and a lustie bachiller:
 And Glodeside he loueth bote,
 And she to make hym more assote,
 Hir loue graunteth, and by night
 Thei shape bowe thei to geder might
 A bedde mete: and done it was.

The same night, and in this cas
 The queene hir selfe, the night seconde
 Went in hir stede, and there she fonde
 A chaumber deske without light,
 And goth to bedde to this knight.
 And he to kepe his obseruance
 To loue, doth his obeisance,
 And weneth it be Glodeside
 And she than after laie a side,
 And axeth hym, what he hath do,
 And who she was, she tolde hym tho,
 And saide Helmege, I am the queene.
 Nowe shall thy loue well besene
 Of that thou hast thy will wrought,
 Or it shall sore ben about,
 Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie,
 And if thou wilt by suche a waie
 Do my plesance, and holde it still,
 For euer I shall ben at thy will
 Both I, and all mine heritage.

Amonge the wilde loues rage,
 In whiche no man him can gouerne,
 Made hym, that he can not werne,
 But fell all holle to hir assent.
 And thus the whele is all miswent,
 The whiche fortune hath vpon honde
 For howe that euer it after stonde,
 Thei shope amonge them suche a wile,
 The kyng was dead within a while,
 So silylly came it not aboute,
 That thei ne ben discovered out,
 So that it thought them for the best
 To flec, for there was no reste.
 And thus the tresour of the kyng
 Thei trusse, and muche other thyng,
 And with a certaine felowship
 Thei fled, and went away by ship,
 And heide their night course from then
 Till that thei comen to Rauenne,
 Where thei the dukes helpe sought.
 And he, so as thei him besought,
 A plare graunteth for to dwell.
 But after, when he herd tell
 Of the maner, howe thei haue do,
 The duke let shape for them so,
 That of a poison, whiche thei drunke
 Thei hadden that thei han beswonke.
 And all this made auant of pride.
 Good is therfore a man to hide

His owne price: for if he speake,
 He maie lightliche his thanke breake.
 In armes lyeth none auantage
 To him, which thinketh his name auance,
 And be renommed of his dede.
 And also who that thinketh to speide
 Of loue, he maie not him auaunte.
 For what man thilke vice haunte,
 His purpose shall full ofte faile:
 In armes he that woll traunaile,
 Or elles loues grace atteine,
 His lose tonge he mote restraine,
 Whiche beareth of his honour the keie.
 For thy my sonne in all weie
 Take right good hede of this mattere.
 I thanke you my father dere,
 This schole is of a gentyll lore:
 And if there be ought elles more
 Of pride, whiche I shall eschewe,
 Nowe axeth forth, and I woll shewe
 What thyng, that ye me woll enforme.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne yet in other forme
 There is a vice of prides lore,
 Whiche like an hawke, whan he will sore,
 Fleeth vp on high in bis delices
 After the likyng of bis vices,
 And woll no mans reason knowe,
 Till he downe fall, and ouerthrowe.
 This vice Vainglorie is hote,
 Wherof my sonne I the byhote
 To trete and speke in suche a wise,
 That thou the might better aise.

Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,
 Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit.
 Eius amicitiam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
 Non sine blandiciis planus habebit homo.
 Verbis compositis qui scit strigila re fauellum,
 Scandere fallata iura valebit eques.
 Sic in amore magis qui blanda subornat in ore
 Verba, per hoc brauium quod nequit, alter habet,
 Et tamen ornatos cantus, varios que paratus,
 Leta que corda suis legibus optat anior.

Hic loquitur de quinta specie superbie, que Iuanis gloria vocatur. Et eiusdem vicii naturam primo describens super eodem in amoris causa Confessor amanti consequenter opponit.

THE proude vice of vainglorie
 Remembreth nought of purgatorie,
 His worldes ioyes ben so grat
 Him thinketh of heuen no beyete.
 This liues pompe is all his pes,
 Yet shall he deie netheles,
 And therof thinketh he hut a lite.
 For all his lust is to delite
 In newe thynges, proude and vaine,
 As farforth as he maie attaine
 I trowe, if that he might make
 His bodie newe, he wolde take
 A newe forme, and leaue his olde.
 For what thyng, that he maie beholde,
 The whiche to comon vse is strange,
 Anon his olde guise change
 He woll, and falle therrpon,
 Like vnto the Camelion

Whiche vpon euery sondrie hewe,
 That he beholt, he mote uewe
 His colour: and thus vnaused
 Full ofte tyme he stant disguised
 More joylife than the byrde iu Maie:
 He maketh him euer freshe and gaie,
 And doth all his araic disguise,
 So that of hym the uewe guyse
 Of lusty folke all other take,
 And eke he can carolles make,
 Roundel, balade, and verelaie,
 And with all this, if that he maie
 Of loue gete him auantage.
 Anone he waxt of his corage,
 So ouer glad, that of his ende
 He thinketh there is no deth comende.
 For he hath than at all tide
 Of loue suche maner pride,
 Him thinketh his ioy is endeles.

CONFESSOR.

Now shrine the sonne in goddes pees,
 And of thy loue telle me plaine,
 Yf that thy glorie hath be so vaine.

AMANS.

My father as touchend of all,
 I maie not well, ne noughten shall,
 Of vaine glorie excuse mee,
 That I ne haue for loue bee
 The better adressyd and araide:
 And also I haue ofte assaide
 Roundel, balades, and verelaie
 For hir, on whom myn hert laie,
 To make, and also for to peinte
 Carollis with my wordes queinte
 To set my purpose alofte.
 And thus I sange them forth full ofte
 In halle, and eke in chanibre aboute,
 And made mery amonge the route.

But yet ne ferde I not the bet:
 Thus was my glorie in vaine beset
 Of all the ioy that I made,
 For when I wolde with hir glade,
 And of hir loue songes make:
 She saide, it was not for hir sake,
 And liste not my songes here,
 Ne witen, what the wordes were.
 So for to speke of myn arraie
 Yet coude I neuer be so gaie,
 Ne so well make a songe of loue,
 Wherof I might ben aboute,
 And haue encbeson to be gladd:
 But rather I am ofte alradde
 For sorow, that she saith me naie,
 And netheles I woll not saie,
 That I nam gladd on other side.
 For fame, that can nothyng hide,
 All daie woll bring vnto myn ere
 Of that men speken here and there,
 How that my lady beareth the price,
 How she is faire, how she is wise,
 How she is womanliche of chers:
 Of all this thing whan I maie here,
 What wonder is though I be faine?
 And eke when I maie here saine
 Tidynges of my ladies bele,
 All though I maie not with hir dele;

Yet am I wonder glad of that.
For wen I wote hir good estate,
As for that tyme I dare well sweare,
None other sorowe maie me dere.
Thus am I gladed in this wise.
But father of your lores wise,
Of whiche ye be fully taught,
Nowe telle me if ye thinke ought
That I therof am to wite.

Of that there is, I the acquite
My sonne, he saide: and for thy good
I wold that thou vnderstode,
For I thinke vpon this mattere
To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,
Howe that againe this proud vice
The high god, of his justice,
Is wrothe, and great vengeance dooth.
Nowe herken a tale, which is sooth,
Though it be nought of loues kinde,
A great ensample thou shalt finde
This vaine glorie for to flee,
Which is so full of vanitee.

Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria maior,
Sæpe subesse solet proximis ille dolor,
Mens clata graues descendus sæpe subit
Mens humilis stabilis molle que firmat iter.
Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,
Cum magis alta petis inferiora time.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vitium inanis glorie, narrans qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldearum cum ipse in omni sue maiestatis gloria celsior extitisset, deus eius superbiam castigare volens, ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam sænum comedentem transmutauit. Et sic per septenoniu penitens cum ipse potentioorem se agnouit, misertus deus ipsum in sui regni solium restituta sanitate emendatum graciosius collocauit.

THERE was a kynge, that much might,
Which Nabugodonosor hight:
Of whom that I spake here tofore,
Yet in the Bible this name is bore.
For all the worlde in thorient
Was hole at his commandement,
As than of kynges to his liche
Was none so mighty, ne so riche.
To his empire, and to his lawes,
As who saith, all in thilke dawes
Were obeisant, and tribute bere,
As though he god of erthe were.
With strength he put kynges vnder,
And wrought of pride many a wouder.
He was so full of vainglorie,
That he ne had no memorie,
That there was any god but hee,
For pride of his prosperitee:
Till that the high kyng of kynges,
Which seeth and knoweth all thynges,
Whose eie maie nothyng astarte
The priuitees of mans herte,
Thei speken and sowne in his ere,
As though thei loude wyndes were.
He toke vengeance of his pride.
But for he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him afore token he seude,

And that was in his slepe by night.

This proude kyng a wonder sight
Had in his sweuen, there he laie,
Him thought vpon a mery daie,
As he behelde the world about,
A tre full growe he saue there out,
Which stode in the world amidde euen,
Whos height straught vp to the heuen:
The leues weren faire and large,
Of frute it bere so ripe a charge,
That all men it might fede.
He saue also the bowes sprede
A bone all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of all byrdes there.

And eke him thought he saue also
The kinde of all bestes go
Under the tre about rounde,
And fdden them vpon the grounde.

As he this vnderstode and sigh
Him thought he herde a voice on high
Cryende, and saide abouen all:
Howe downe this tree, and let it fall.
The leues lette cleoue in hast,
And do the frute destroie and wast,
And let of shreden euery branche,
But at rote he let it stanche.
Whan all his pride is cast to grounde
The rote shall be fast bounde,
And shall no mans herte here,
But euery lust he shall forbere
Of man, and like an oxe his mete
Of grasse he shall purchase and ete,
Till at the water of the heuen
Hath washen him by tymes seuen,
So that he thorough know aright,
What is the heuenlycbe might,
And he made humble to the wille
Of him, which maie all saue and spille.

This kyng out of his sweuen abraide,
And he vpon the morowe it saide
Unto the clerkes, which he had
But none of them the sooth arad.
Was none his sweuen couth vndo:
And it stode thilke time so,
This kynge had in subiectioun
Jude, and of affection
Abouen all other one Daniell
He loueth, for he couth well
Diuine, that none other couthe,
To hym were all thynges couthe,
As he it had of gods grace:
He was before the kynges face
Assent and boden, that he shulde
Upon the point the kyng of tolde
The fortune of his sweuen expoude,
As it shulde afterwarde be founde.

Whan Daniell this sweuen herde,
He stode longe tyme, er he answerde,
And made a wonder heuy chere.

The kyng toke hede of his manere,
And bad hym tell that he wuste,
As he, to whom he mochell truste,
And saide, he wolde not be wroth.

But Daniel was wonder luth,
And saide, vpon thy fo men all
Syr kyng thy sweuen mote fall.
And netheles touchend of this
I wold the tellen, how it is,
And what disease is to the shape,
God wote if thou it shalt escape.

The bighe tree, whiche thou hast sene,
 With leffe and fruite so well besene,
 The whiche stode in the worlde amiddes,
 So that the bestes and the birdes
 Gouverned were of him alone:
 Syr kynge betokeneth thy persone,
 Whiche stonde aboue all erthely thynges:
 Thus reiguen vnder the, the kynges,
 And all the people vnto the louteth,
 And all the worlde thy person douteth:
 So that with vaine honour deceiued
 Thou hasto the reuerence weiued
 From hym, whiche is thy kynge aboue,
 That thou for drede ne for loue
 Wolt nothyng knownen of thy god,
 Whiche nowe for the hath made a rod,
 Thy vaine glorie, and thy folie
 With great peines to chastie

And of the voice thou herdest speke,
 Whiche had the bowes for to breke,
 And hewe and fell downe the tree,
 That worde belongeth vnto thee.
 Thy reigne shall be ouer throwe,
 And thou dispoiled for a throwe,
 But that the roote shulde stonde,
 By that thou shalt well vnderstonde
 There shall abide of thy reigne.

A time ageine when thou shalt reigne,

And eke of that thou herdest saie
 To take a mans herte aweie
 And set there a bestiall,
 So that he like an oxe shall
 Pasture, and that he be byrcined
 By tyme, seuen, and sore peined,
 Till that he knowe his gods mightes,
 Then shall he stond againe vprightes.
 All this betokeneth thine estate,
 Whiche nowe with god is in debate.
 Thy mans forme shall be lassed,
 Tyll seuen yere ben ouer passed,
 And in the likenes of a beaste
 Of gras shall be thy roiall feaste.
 The wether shall vpon the raine:
 And vnderstonde, that all this paine,
 Whiche thou shalt suffre thilke tide,
 Is shape all onely for thy pride
 Of vaine glorie, and of the sinne,
 Whiche thou hast longe stonden in.

So vpon this condicion,
 Thy sweuene hath expocicion.
 But er this thyng befallu in dede
 Amende the, this wolde I rede.
 Yeue and departe thyn almesse,
 Do mercy forth with rightwisenes,
 Besече and praie the highe grace,
 For so thou might thy peas purchase
 With god, and stonden in good accorde.

But pride is loth to lese his lorde,
 And woll not suffre humilitee
 With hym to stonde in no degre.
 And whan a ship hath loste his sterre
 Is none so wise, that maie hyu sterre
 Ageine the waues in a rage.
 This proude kynge in bis courage
 Humilitee hath so forlore,
 That for no sweuen (he saw tofore)
 Ne yet for all that Daniell
 Him bath counseiled euery dele,
 He lette it passe out of his minde
 Through vainglorie, and as the blinde

He seeth no weie, er him be wo,
 And fell within a time so.
 As he in Babylone wente
 The vanitee of pride him hente,
 His herte aros of vaine glorie,
 So that he drough into memorie
 His lordship and his regalie,
 With woordes of surquedrie.

And whan that he him moste auanteth,
 That lorde, whiche vainglorie daunteth,
 All sodenly, as who saith treis,
 Where that he stode in his paleis,
 He toke him from the mens sight,
 Was none of them so ware, that might.
 Set eie, where he become.

And thus was he from his kyngdome
 luto the wilde foreste drawe:
 Where that the mighty gods lawe,
 Through his power did him transforme
 Fro man in to a beastes forme:
 And like an oxe vnder the fote
 He graseth as he nedes mote
 To getten him his liues foode.

Tho thought him cold gras goode,
 That whilome ete the fute spices:
 Thus was he torned from delices.
 The wyne, whiche he was wonte driuke
 He toke then of the welles brinke,
 Or of the pit, or of the slough,
 It thought him then good enough.
 In stede of chambres well araied,
 He was than of a busse well apaied.
 The harde grounde he laie vpon,
 For other pilowes had he non.
 The stormes, and the raines fall,
 The wyndes blowe vpon him all,
 He was tourmented daie and night,
 Suche was the high gods might,
 Tyll seuen yere an ende toke:
 Upon hym selfe tho gan he loke.
 In stede of meate, gras and streys,
 In stede of bandes, longe cleyes,
 In stede of man, a beaste like
 He sawe, and than he gan to sike.
 For cloth of golde and of perrie
 Whiche him was wonte to magnifie,
 When he beheld his cote of heares,
 He wepte, and with full wofull teates
 Up to the heuen he cast his clere
 Wepend, and thought in this manere,
 Though he no wordes might winne,
 Thus said his herte, and spake within.

O mightie god, that all hast wrought,
 And all might bryng againe to noight:
 Nowe knowe I, but all of thee,
 This worlde hath no prosperitee.
 In thyn aspect ben all aliche,
 The pour man and eke the riele,
 Without the there maie no right:
 And thou aboue all other might.
 O mighty lorde toward my vice
 Thy mercy medle with iustice,
 And I woll make a couenant,
 That of my life the remenant
 I shall it by thy grace amende,
 And in thy lawe so dispeude,
 That vainglorie I shall eschewe,
 And bowe vnto thin beste, and sewe
 Humilitee, and that I vowe.
 And so thinkend he gan downe bowe.

And though hym lacke voice of speche,
 He gan vp with his feete areche,
 And wailend iu his bestly steuen
 He made his plaint vuto the heuen.
 He kneleth in his wise, and braieth,
 To seche mercy, and assaieth
 His god, which made him nothing strange,
 Whan that he sawe his pride change.
 Anone as he was humble and tame
 He fonde towards his god the same:
 And in a twinkelynge of a luke
 His mans forme ageine he toke,
 And was reformed to the reigne,
 In whiche that he was woutte to reigne:
 So that the pride of vaine glorie
 Euer afterwarde out of memorie
 He let passe, and thus it shrowed,
 What is to ben of pride vntewed,
 Ageine the high gods lawe:
 To whome no man maie be felawe.
 For thy my sonne take good hede
 So for to lede thy manhede,
 That thou ne be not like a beste.
 But if thy life shall ben honeste,
 Thou must humblesse take on honde.
 For than might thou siker stonde.
 And for to speke it other wise
 A proude man can no loue assise.
 For though a woman wolde him please,
 His pride can not ben at ease.
 There maie no man to mochel blame
 A vice, whiche is for to blame.
 For thy meu shulden nothyng hide,
 That might fall in blame of pride,
 Whiche is the worst vice of all:
 Wherof, so as it was befall,
 The tale I thinke of a cronike
 To telle, if that it maie the like:
 So that thou might humblesse seue,
 And eke the vice of pride eschewe,
 Wherof the glorie is false and vaine,
 Whiche god him selfe hath in disdain:
 That though it mout for a throwe,
 It shall downe fall and ouerthrowe.

Est virtus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima
 Se tulit, et nostræ viscera carnis habet.
 Sic humilis superest, et amor sibi subditur omnis,
 Cuius habet nulla sorte superbus opem,
 Odit eum terra, cælum deiecit et ipsum,
 Sedibus inferni státque receptus ibi.

Hic narrat confessor exemplum contra superbiam
 Et dicit, quod nuper quidam rex famose pruden-
 tia cuidam militi suo super tribus questionibus,
 vt inde certitudinis responsionem daret
 sub pena capitalis sententie terminium prefixit.
 Primo quid minoris indigentie ab inhabitantibus
 orbem auxilium mains obtinuit. Secundo quid
 maioris meriti continens minoris expense reprimis
 exigit. Tertio quid omnia bona diminuens
 ex sui proprietate nihil penitus valuit. Quarum
 vero questionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia
 nomine patris solutionem aggrediens taliter regi
 respondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius
 indiget, quam tamen adiuuare cotidianis laboribus
 omnes intendunt. Ad secundam dixit, quod
 humilitas omnibus virtutibus preualet, quæ
 tamen nullius prodigalitatibus expensis mensuram
 excedit. Ad tertiam dixit quod superbia omnia

tam corporis quam anime bona deuastans maiorum
 expensarum excessus inducit.

A KYNG was whilom yong and wise,
 The which of his wit set great price
 Of depe imaginacions,
 And strange interpretacions,
 Problemes and demaundes eke
 His wisedome was to finde and seke:
 Wherof he wolde in sondrie wise
 Opposen them, that weren wise.
 But none of them it might beare
 Upon his worde to yeue answer,
 Out taken one, whiche was a knight,
 To him was cuery thyng so light,
 That also soone as he them herde,
 The kynges wordes he answerde.
 What thyng the kyng him aske wolde,
 There anone the trouth he tolde.
 The kyng somdele had an enuie,
 And thought he wolde his wittes plie
 To set some conclusion,
 Whiche shulde be confusion
 Uto this knight, so that the name,
 Aud of wisedome the high fame,
 Towarde him selfe he wolde wyne.
 And thus of all his witte within
 This kyng began to studie and muse,
 What strange matter he might vse,
 The knightes wittes to confounde:
 And at last he hath it founde,
 And for the knight anon he sent,
 That he shall tell, what he ment
 Upon the pointes of the matere
 Of questions, as thou shalte here.

The firste point of all thre
 Was this: what thing in his degree
 Of all this worlde hath nede lest,
 And yet men helpe it all their mest.

The seconde is: what moste is worth,
 And of costage is lest put forth.

The thirde is: whiche is of most cost,
 And lest is worthe, and gothe to lost.

The kyng these thre demaundes axeth,
 To the knight this lawe he taxeth,
 That he shall gone and come ageine
 The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
 To euery point, what it amounteth.
 And if so be, that he miscounteth,
 To make in his answer a faile,
 There shall none other thyng auale
 The kyng saith, but he shall be deade,
 And lese his gooles, and his head.

This thing was sorie of this thing,
 And wolde excuse him to the kyng.

But he ue wolde bim not forbere.
 And thus the knight of his answer
 Guth home to take auisement.

But after his entedement,
 The more he cast his witte about
 The more he stant therof in doubt.
 Tho wist he well the kynges herte,
 That he the death ne shulde asterte:
 And suche a sorowe hath to him take,
 That gladshippe he hath all forsake.
 He thought firste vpon his life,
 And after that vpon his wife,
 Upon his childe eke also,
 Of whiche he had daughters two.

The yongest of them had of age
 Fourtene yere, and of visage
 She was right faire, and of stature
 Liche to au heuenly figure,
 And of maner, and of goodly speche,
 Though men wolde all londes seeche,
 Thei shulde not haue founde hir like.
 She sawe hir father sorowe and sike,
 And wist not the cause why:
 So came she to him priuely,
 And that was, wher he made his mone
 Within a gardeine all him one.
 Upon hir knees she gan downe fall
 With humble herte, and to him call
 And saide: O good father dere,
 Why make ye thus beuy chere?
 And I wote nothyng howe it is.
 And well ye knowe father this,
 What aenature that you felle,
 Ye might it sauily to me telle.
 For I haue ofte herde you saide,
 That ye suche truste haue on me laide,
 That to my sister, ne to my brother,
 In all this worlde ne to none other,
 Ye durst telle a priuete
 So well my father as to mee.
 For thy my father I you praië,
 Ne casteth nought that hert awaie.
 For I am she, that wolde kepe
 Your honour: and with that to wepe
 Hir eie maie not be forbore.
 She wissheth for to ben vnbore,
 Er that hir father so mistryst
 To tellen hir, of that he wist.
 And euer amonge mercy she cride,
 That he ne shulde his counseile hide
 From hir, that so wolde him good,
 And was so nigh fleshe and blood.
 So that with wepyng at last
 His chere vpon his childe he caste,
 And sorowfully, to that she praid,
 He tolde his tale, and thus he saide.

The sorowe daughter, which I make,
 Is not all onely for my sake,
 But for the bothe, and for you all.
 For suche a chance is me befalle,
 That I shall er this thirde daie
 Lese all that euer I lese maie,
 My life, and all my good therto.
 Therefore it is, I sorowe so.

What is the cause alas, quod shee,
 My father, that ye shulden bee
 Dead, and distroied in suche a wise?
 And he began the pointes deuise,
 Whiche as the kyng tolde him by mouth,
 And said hir plainly, that he couthe
 Answer to no point of this.

And shee, that hereth how it is,
 Hir counsaile yafe, and said tho.
 My father, syn it is so,
 That ye can see none other weie,
 But that ye must nedes deie,
 I wolde pray you of o thyng,
 Lette me go with you to the kyng,
 And ye shall make him vnderstoude,
 Howe ye my wittes for to foude,
 Haue laide your answer vpon mee:
 And telleth him in suche degree,
 Upon my worde ye wol abide
 To life or deth what so betide.

For yet perchance I maie purchase
 With some good word the kynges grace,
 Your life and eke your good to saue.
 For ofte shall a woman haue
 Thyng, whiche a man maie not areche.

The fader herd his doughters speche,
 And thought there was no reason in,
 And sawe, his owne life to wyuue
 He couthe doue hym selfe no cure:
 So better he thought in auenture
 To put his life, and all his good,
 That in the maner as it stode,
 His life incerteine for to lese.
 And thus thinkend he gan to chese,
 To do the counseile of this maide,
 And toke the purpose, whiche she saide.

The daie was come, and fourth thei gone,
 Unto the courte thei come anone,
 Where as the kyng in his iugement
 Was sette, and hath this knight assent,
 Arraied in her best wise.

This maiden with hir wordes wise
 Hir father ledde by the honde
 In to the place, where he foude
 The kyng, with other whiche he wolde:
 And to the kynge kueleude he tolde,
 As he enfourmed was to fore,
 And praieth the kyng, that he therfore
 His doughters workes wolde take,
 And saith, that he woll undertake
 Upon hir wordes for to stonde.

Tho was ther great meruaile on honde,
 That he, whiche was so wise a knight,
 His lyfe vpon so yonge a wight
 Besette wolde in ielopardie:
 And many it holden for folie.

But at laste neuertheles
 The kyng commaundet ben in peace,
 And to this maide he cast his chere,
 And saide, he wolde bir tale here,
 And balde hir speake: and she began.

My liege lorde, So as I can,
 Quod she, the pointes, whiche I herde,
 Thei shall of reason ben answerde.

The firste I vnderstode is this,
 What thyng of all the worlde it is,
 Whiche men most helpe, and hath lest nede:
 My liege lorde this wolde I rede,

The erthe it is, whiche cueruo
 With mans labour is bego,
 As well in winter as in Maie,
 The mans honde doth what he maie.

To helpe it forth, and make it riche:
 And for thy men it delue and diche,
 And eren it with strength of plough,
 Where it hath of hym selfe enoug:
 So that his nede is at leste:

For every man, byrde, and beaste,
 Of floure, and grasse, aud roote, and rinde,
 And euery thyng by wey of kinde
 Shall sterue, and erthe it shall become,
 As it was out of erthe the nome
 It shall to earth tourne ageine,
 And thus I may by reason seine,
 That therthe is most nedeles.

And most men helpe it netheles.
 So that my lorde, thouchende of this.
 I haue answerde howe that it is.

That other point I vnderstode,
 Whiche most is worth, and most is good,

And costeth least a man to kepe:
My lorde, if ye wolle take kepe,
I saie it is Humilitee,
Through whiche the high Trinitee,
As for deserte of pure loue,
Unto Marie from aboute
Of that he knewe hir humble entent,
His owne sonne adowne he sent
About all other, and hir he chese,
For that vertu, whiche that bodeth pes.
So that I maie by reason call
Humilitee most worthe of all,
And lest it costeth to mainteine
In all the worlde, as it is seime.

For who that hath humblesse on honde,
He bryngeth no warres in to londe.
For he desyreth for the best
To setten euery man in reste.

Thus with your high reverence,
Me thinketh that this euidence,
As to this point, is suffisant.
And touchende of the remenant,
Whiche is the thirde of your askynges,
What lest is worth of all thynges,
And costeth most, I tell it Pride,
Whiche may not in the heuen abide.
For Lucifer, with them that felle
Bare Pride with hym into helle.

There was pride of to grate coste,
Whan he for pride hath heuen loste.
And after that in Paradise
Adam for pride lost his price
In myddell erth. And eke also
Pride is the cause of all wo

That all the worlde ne maie suffice
To stanche of pride the reprise.
Pride is the head of all sinne,
Whiche wasteth all, and maie not winne.
Pride is of euery misse the pricke,
Pride is the worste of all wicke,
And costeth most, and lest is worth,
In place where he hath his fourth.

Thus haue I saide, that I wolle saie
Of myn answer, and to you praie
My liege lorde of your office,
That ye suche grace, and suche iustice
Ordeine for my father here,
That after this, when men it here,
The worlde therof maie speake good.

The kynge, which reason vnderstode,
And hath all herde howe she hath said,
Was inly gladd, and so well paide,
That all his wrath is ouer go,
And he beganne to loke tho
Upon this maiden in the face:
In whiche he fonde so mochel grace,
That all his price on hir he leide,
In audience, and thus he saide.

My faire maiden well ye bee,
Of thyn answer, and eke of thee
Me liketh well, and as thou wille
Foryeue be thy fathers gilte.
And if thou were of suche lignage,
That thou to me were of parage,
And that thy father were a pere,
As he is nowe a bachilere:
So siker as I haue a life,
Thou shuldest than be my wife.
But this I saie netheles,
That I wolle shape thine encrease,

What worlde good that thou wolle craue
Are of my yeste and thou shalt haue.
And she the kynge with wordes wise
Knelyuge thanketh in this wise.
My liege lorde god mote you quite,
My father here hath but a lite
Of warison, and that he weude
Had all be lost, but nowe amende
He maie well through your noble grace.
With that the kynge right in his place
Anon forth in that freshe hete
An Erledome, whiche than of eschete
Was late falle into his bonde,
Unto this knight, with rente and londe,
Hath youe, and with his chartre seased.
And thus was all the noise appealed.
This maiden, which sate on hir knees
Tofore the kynges charitees
Commendeth, and saith euermore,
My liege lorde right nowe tofore
Ye saide, and it is of recorde,
That if my father were a lorde,
And pere vnto these other great,
Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
That I ne shulde be your wife.
And thus wote euery worthy life,
A kynges worde mote uede be holde.
For thy my lorde, if that ye wolde
So great a charitee fulfill,
God wote it were well my will.
For he whiche was a bachilere,
My father is nowe made a pere,
So whense as euer that I cam
An erles daughter now I am.
This yonge kynge, whiche peised al,
Hir beautee, and hir witte withall,
As he, whiche was with loue hente,
A none therto yafe his assente.
He might not the place asterte,
That she nis ladie of his herte,
So that he toke hir to his wife,
To holde, while that he hath life.
And thus the kynge towarde his knight
Accordeth him, as it is right.
And ouer this good is to wite,
In the crouike as it is write
This noble kynge, of whom I tolde,
Of Spayne by tho daies olde
The kyncedome had in gouernance.
And as the boke maketh remembrance,
Alphons was his propre name.
The knight also, if I shall name.
Dom Petro hight, and as men tell,
His daughter wise Petronell
Was cleped, whiche was full of grace,
And that was sene in thilke place,
Where she hir father out of tene
Hath brought, and made hir selfe a quene,
Of that she hath so well disclosed
The pointes wherof she was opposed.

CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne, as thou might here
Of all this thing to myn mattere:
But one I take, and that is pride,
To whom no grace maie betide.
In heuen he felle out of his stede,
And Paradise him was forbode,

The good men in erthe bim hate,
So that to belle be mote algate,
Where euery vertue shall be weued,
And euery vice be resceiued.
But Humblesse is all other wise,
Whiche most is worth, and no reprise
It taketh agein, but softe and faire
If ony thing stant in contraire,
With humble speche it is redressed.

Thus was this youge maide blessed,
The whiche I spake of nowe tofore:
Hir fathers life she gatte therfore,
And wanne with all the kynges loue.
For thy my sonne, if thou wolt loue,
It sitte the well to leaue pride,
And take Humblesse on thy side,
The more of grace thou shalt gete.

AMANS.

My father I woll not foryete
Of this that ye haue tolde me here,
And if that any suche manere
Of humble porte maie loue appye,
Here afterwarde I thinke assaye.
But nowe fourth ouer I beseche,
That ye more of my shrifte seche.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne it shall be do,
Nowe herken and lay an eare to.
For as toucheude of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare
In cause of vice, in cause of loue,
That hast thou plainly herde aboue:
So that there is no more to saie
Touchende of that, but other waie
Touchende ennie I thinke telle,
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle
Without cause to misdo
Towarde bim selfe, and other also
Here afterwarde as vnderstande
Thou shalt the spices, as thei stande.

Explicit Liber primus.

Inuidiæ culpa magis est attrita dolore,
Nam sua mens nullo tempore læta manet.
Quo gaudent alij, dolet ille, nec vnus amicus
Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, et omnis
Est sibi lætitia sic aliena dolor,
Hoc etenim vitium quam sæpe repugnat amanti,
Non sibi, sed reliquis, dum fauet ipsa Venus.
Est amor ex propria motu fantasticus, et quæ
Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.

Hic in secundo libro tractat de inuidia, et eius
speciebus, quarum dolor alterius gaudii prima
nuncupatur, cuius conditionem, secundum vitium
Confessor primitus describens amanti,
quateus amorem concernit, super eodem con-
sequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

Nowe after pride the seconde
There is, whiche many a wofull stounde
Towardes other beareth aboute
Within him selfe, and not without

For in his thought be brenneth euer
When that he wote an other leuer,
Or more vertuous than hee:
Whiche passeth bim iu his degree,
Therof he taketh his maladie,
That vice is cleped hotte enuie.
For thy my sonne if it be so,
Thou arte, or hast ben oue of tho,
As for to speke in louses cas,
If euer yet thyn hert was
Sicke of an other mans hele?

So god auance my quarele
My father ye a thousande sith,
When I haue sene another blithe
Of loue, and had a goodly chere,
Ethna, whiche brenueth yere by yere
Was than nought so lute as I
Of thilke bore: for whiche priuely
Myne hertes thought within brenueth,
The ship, whiche on the wawes renueth,
And is forstormed and forblowe
Is not more peined for a throwe
Than I am than, when I see
A nother, whiche that passeth mee
In that fortune of louses yeste.

But father, this I teil iu shrifte,
That no where but in a place.
For who that lese or finde grace
In other stede, it maie nought greue.
But thus ye maie right well beleue
Towarde my ladie, that I serue,
Though that I weste for to sterue,
Myn hert is full of suche folie,
That I my selfe maie not chastie
When I the court see of Cupide
Approche vnto my ladie side
Of hem, that lusty ben and fresshe,
Though it auaille them not a resshe:
But onely that thei ben of speche,
My sorowe is than not to seche.
But when thei rownen in hir eare,
Than groweth all my most icare,
And namely when thei talen longe,
My sorowes than be so stronge,
Of that I see them well at ease,
I can not teil my disease.

But sire, as of my lady selue
Though she haue wowers. x. or twelue,
For no mistruste I haue of hir
Me greueth nought: for certes sir,
I trowe iu all this worlde to seche
Nis woman, that in dede aud speche
Woll better auise hir, what she dooth,
Ne better, for to saie a soothe,
Kepe bir honour at all tide:
And yet gette hir a thanke beside.
But netheles I am beknowe,
That whan I see at any throwe,
Or els if I maie it here,
That she make any man good chere:
Though I therof haue not to doone,
My thought woll entermete him soone.
For though I be my seluen strange,
Enuie maketh myn hert change,
That I am sorowfully bestadde
Of that I see another gladd
With hir, but of other all
Of loue what so maie befall,
Or that he faile, or that he spede,
Therof take I but littell hede,

Nowe haue I saide my father all,
As of this pointe in speciall,
As ferforthly as I haue wiste.

Nowe axeth forder what you liste.
My sonne, er I aske any more,
I thinke somdele for thy lore,
Tell an example of this mattere
Touchende enuie, as thou shalt here.

Write in Ciuile this I finde,
Though it be not the houndes kinde
To eate chaffe, yet woll he werne
An ox, whiche cometh to the berne
Tberof to taken any foode:
And thus who that it vnderstode
It stant of loue in many a place,
Who that is out of loues grace,
And maie him selfe not auaille,
He wolde an other shulde faile.
And if he maie put any lette,
He doth al that he maie to lette:
Wherof I finde, as thou shalt witte
To this purpose a tale writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos saltem,
qui in amoris causa aliorum gaudiis inuidentes
nequaquam per hoc sibi ipsis proficiunt. Et nar-
rat qualiter quidam iuuenis miles nomine Acis,
quem Galathea Nimpha pulcherrima toto corde
peramauit, cum ipsi sub quadam rupe iuxta litus
maris colloquium adiuuicem habuerunt, Poly-
phemus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde par-
tem super caput Acis ab alto proiciens, ipsum
per inuidiam interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc
dictam Galatheam rapere voluisset, Neptunus
gigantem obsistens, ipsam iniolatum salua
custodia preseruauit. Sed et diu miserti corpus
Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito
transmutarunt.

THERE ben of suche mo than twelue,
That be not able as of them selue
To get loue, and for enuie
Upon all other thei aspie:
And for them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Thei kepe that none other shulde
Touchend of loue his cause spede:
Wherof a great ensample I rede,
Whiche vnto this matter accordeth.
As Quid in his boke recordeth
How Polyphemus, whilom wrought
When that he Galathe besought
Of loue, whiche he maie not latche,
That made him for to waite and watche
By all weyes bow it ferde,
Till at the laste he knewe and herde,
Howe that an other had leue
To loue there, as he mote leue.
As for to speake of any sped
So that he knewe none other rede,
But for to waiteu vpon all,
Till he maie see the chance fall,
That he hir loue might greue,
Whiche he him selfe maie not acheue.

This Galathe, saith the poete,
Above all other was vnmete.
Of beautee, that men than knewe,
And had a lusty loue and trewe,
A bachyler in his degree,
Right suche an other as was shee,
Ou whom she hath hir hert set,
So that it might nought be let

For yest ne for no byheste,
That she ne was all at his best.
This yonge knight Acis was hote,
Whiche hir ageinwarde also hote
All only loueth, and no mo.
Herof was Polyphemus wo,
Through pure enuie, and euer aspie,
And waiteth vpon euery side,
When he to yeder might see
This yonge Acis with Galathee.

So longe he waiteth to and fro,
Till at the laste he founde hem two
In priue place, where thei stode
To speke and haue hir wordes good.
The place, where as he them sighe,
It was vnder a banke, nighe
The great see, and he aboue
Stode and behelde the lusty loue,
Whiche eche of them till other made,
With goodly chere and wordes glade.
That all his hert hath sette a fire
Of pure enuie, and as a viue,
Whiche flieth out of a mighty bowe,
Awey he fledde for a throwe:
As he that was for loue woode,
Whan that he sawe howe it stode.

This Polypheme a geant was,
And whan he sawe the south cas,
Howe Galathe him hath forsake,
And Acis to hir loue take,
His herte maie it not forbear,
That he ne roreth as a beare,
And as it were a wilde beast,
In whom no reason might areste.
He ranne Ethna the hille about,
Where neuer yet the fire was out,
Fulfilled of sorow and great disease,
That he sawe Acis well at ease:
Till at the last he him bethought
As he, whiche all enuie sought,
And tourneth to the banke ageine,
Where he with Galathe hath seine
That Acis, whom he thought greue
Though he him selfe maie not releue.

This geaunt with his rude might,
Part of the banke he shofe downe right,
The whiche euen vpon Acis fille:
So that with fallyng of this hille,
This Polyphemus Acis slough,
Wherof she made sorowe enough.
And as she fledde from the londe
Neptunus toke hir by the bonde,
And kepte hir in so faste a place.
Fro Polypheme, and his manace,
That he with false his enuie
Ne might attaine hir companie.
This Galathe, of whom I speke,
That of hir selfe maie not be wreke,
Without any semblant feigned
She hath her loues death compleined,
And with hir sorowe, and with hir wo
She hath the gods mou'd so,
That thei of pitee and of grace
Haue Acis in the same place
There he laie dead, in to a well
Transformed, as the bokes tell,
With freshe stremes, and with clere,
As he whilom with lustie chere
Was freshe, his loue for to queme:
And with this rude Polypheme,

For his enuie, and for his hate
 Thei were wroth. And thus algate
 My sonne, thou might vnderstande,
 That if thou wolte in grace stande
 With loue, thou must leaue enuie,
 And as thou wilt for thy partie,
 Towarde thy loue stande free:
 So must thou suffer a nother bee,
 What so byfalle vpon thy chance.
 For it is a vnwise vengeance,
 Whiche to none other man is lefe,
 And is vnto him selfe greft.

AMANS.

My fader, this ensample is good.
 But howe so euer that it stooode
 With Polyphemus loue as tho,
 It shall not stande with me so,
 To worchen any felonie
 In loue, for no suche enuie.
 For thy if there ought elles bee,
 Nowe asketh fourth, in what degree
 It is, and I me shall confesse
 With shrifte vnto your holynesse.

Vita sibi solito mentalia gaudia lior
 Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
 Inuidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
 Fletus cui proprios crastina fata parent.
 Sic in amore pari stat sorte iocosus amantes,
 Cum vidit illucos inuidius ille quasi.
 Sic licet in vacuum speret tamen ipse leuamen
 Alterius casu lapsus et ipse simul.

Hic loquitur confessor de secunda specie inuidie,
 quæ gaudium alterius doloris dicitur, et primo
 eiusdem vicii materiam tractans anantis consuetudinem
 super eodem ulterius inuestigat.

My good sonne yet there is
 A vice reuers vnto this,
 Whiche enuious taketh his gladnes
 Of that he seeth the heuinesse
 Of other men. For his welfare
 Is, when he wote another care.
 Of that an other hath a falle
 He thynketh him selfe arist with all.
 Suche is the gladshippe of enuie
 In worldes thing, and in partie
 Full ofte tymes eke also
 In loues cause it stant right so.
 If thou my sonne haste ioye had,
 When thou an other sawe vnglad
 Shriue the therof. My fader yis,
 I am byknowen vnto you this,
 Of these louers that louen streite,
 And for that point, whiche thei coueite
 Ben persuautes from yere to yere
 In loues court, when I maie here,
 How that thei clymbe vpon the whele,
 And when thei wene all shall be wele,
 Thei ben downe throwe at laste
 Than am I fed of that faste,
 And laugh, of that I see them loure.
 And thus of that thei brew sour
 I drinke swete, and am well eased
 Of that I wote thei ben dis eased.

But this, whiche I you tell here
 Is onely for my ladie dere,
 That for none other, that I knowe
 Me recheth not who ouerthrowe,

Ne who that stande in lone vpright.
 But be he squier, be he knight
 Whiche to my ladye ward pursueth,
 The more he leseth of that he seweth,
 The more me thinketh that I wyne,
 And am the more glad within,
 Of that I wote him sorow endure.
 For euer vpon suche aventure
 It is a comferte as men seiae
 To him, the whiche is wo beseine,
 To sene an other in his peine:
 So that thei bothe maie complaine,
 Where I my selfe maie not soaie,
 To sene an other mans trauaile,
 I am right glad if he be lette.
 And though I fare not the bet,
 His sorowe is to myn herte a game,
 When that I knowe it is the same,
 Whiche to my ladie stant inclined,
 And hath his loue not terminated,
 I am right ioyfull in my thought:
 If suche enuie greueth ought,
 As I beknowe me culpable,
 Ye that be wise and resonable
 My fader telleth your aduise.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, enuie in to no prise
 Of suche a forme I vnderstonde
 Ne might by no reason stonde.
 For this enuie hath suche a kinde,
 That be wolle set him selfe behinde,
 To hinder with a nother wight,
 And gladly lese his owne right,
 To make another lese his.
 And for to knowe bowe it so is
 A tale liche to his matere
 I thinke telle, if thou wilt here,
 To shewe properly the vice
 Of this enuie, and the malice.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illam, qui
 sponte sui ipsius detrimentum in alterius penam
 maiorem patitur, Et narrat, quod cum Jupiter
 angelum suum in forma hominis, vt hominum
 condiciones exploraret ab excelso in terram mi-
 sit, contigit, quod ipse angelus duos homines,
 quorum vnus cupidus et alter inuidius erat, iti-
 nerando spacio quasi vnus diei commitabatur.
 Et cum sero factum esset Angelus eorum noticie
 se ipsum tunc manifestans dixit, quod quidquid
 alter eorum ab ipso douari sibi pecieret, illud
 statim obtinebit, quod et socio suo secum comi-
 tanti affirmat duplicandum. Super quo cupidus
 impeditus auaricia, sperans sibi diuicias carpere
 duplicatas primo petere recusauit. Quod cum
 inuidius animi aduerteret naturam sui vicii con-
 cernens ita ut socius suus vtroque lumine pri-
 uaretur, se ipsum monoculum fieri constanter
 primus ab Angelo postulabat. Et sic vnus in-
 iuidia alterius auariciam maculauit.

Of Jupiter thus I fynde ywrite,
 How whilom that he wolde wite
 Upon the pleintes, whiche be herde
 Amonge the men, howe that it ferde,
 As of her wronge condicion
 To do iustificacion.
 And for that cause downe he sent
 An Aungell, whiche aboute went,

That he the sooth knowe maie.

So it befell vpon a daie,
This angell, whiche him shuld enforme,
Was clothed in a mans forme,
And ouertoke, I vnderstonde,
Two men, that wenten ouer loude:
Through whiche he thought to aspie
His cause, and goth in companie.

This Aungell with his wordes wise,
Opposeth hem in sondry wise,
Nowe lowde wordes and now softe,
That made hem to desputen ofte:
And eche of hem bis reason haddel,
And thus with tales he hem ladde
With good examination,
Tyll he knewe the condicion,
What men thei were bothe two:
And sawe well at laste tho,
That one of hem was couetous,
And his felowe was enuious.
And thus, whan he hath knowlaching
Anone he feigned departyng,
And saide he mote algate wende.
But herken now what fell at ende.

For than he made hem vnderstonde,
That he was there of gods sonde,
And sayd them for the kyndship,
That thei haue done him felowship,
He wolde do some grace againe,
And bad that one of hem shuld saine,
What thyng is him leuest to craue,
And he it shall of yeste haue.
And ouer that eke forth with all
He saith, that other haue shall
The double of that his felowe axeth.
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The couetous was wonder gladdel,
And to that other man he badde,
And seith, that he firste axe shulde,
For he supposeth, that he wolde
Make his axing of wordes good.
For than he knewe well, howe it stood,
If that hym selfe by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight,
Because that he wolde wyne,
He badde his felowe firste begynne.

This enuious, though it be late,
Whan that he sawe he mote algate
Make his axinge firste, he thought
If he worship or profite soughte
It shall be double to his fere,
That wolde he chese in no manere.
But than he sheweth what he was
Towarde enuie, and in this cas
Unto this angell thus he saide,
And for his yeste this he praidel,
To make hym blynde on his one eie,
So that his felowe no thyng sie.

This worde was not so soone spoke,
That his one eie anone was loke:
And his felowe fourth with also
Was blynde on both his eies two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He set his one eie at no cost,
Wherof that other two hath lost,
Of thilke ensample, whiche fell tho
Men tell nowe (all) ofte so:
The worlde empeyreth commonly,
And yet wote none the cause whie.

For it accordeth nought to kynde
Myn owne harme to seche and fynde.
Of that I shall my brother greue
I might neuer well acheue.

What seist thou sonne of this folie?
My father, but I shulde lie
Upon the point, whiche ye haue saide,
Yet was myn hert neuer laide:
But in this wyse, as I you tolde,
But euermore if that ye wolde
Ought eis to my shrift saie
Touchand enuie, I wolde praie.
My sonne that shall well be do.
Now harken and lay thyn eare to.

Inuidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
Zuæ magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingua venenato sermone repercutit auras,
Sic vt in altcrius scandala fama volat.
Moribus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti saepe saluti carent.
Sed generosus amor linguam conseruat, vt eius
Verbum, quod loquitur aulla sinistra gerat.

Hic tractat Confessor de tertia specie inuidie, que
detractio dicitur, cuius morsus vipereus fema
sepe fama dephangit.

TOUCHEND as of enuious brood
I wote not one of all good.
But netheles suche as thei bee,
Yet there is one, and that is hee,
Whiche cleped is Detraction,
And to confirme his actiõs,
He hath withholde Malehouche,
Whose tonge nother pill ne crouche
Maie hire, so that he pronounce
A pleine good worde without frounce:
Where behynde a mans backe
For though he preise, he firt some lacke,
Whiche of his tale is ay the laste,
That all the price shall ouercaste.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he iangle, not for thy
As he whiche hath the berauldie
Of hem, that vsen for to lie.

For as the nettle, whiche vp renneth,
The fresshe red rose brenneth,
And maketh him fade, and pale of hewe:
Right so this fals enuious hewe
In euery place, where he dwelleth,
With fals wordes, whiche he telleth,
He tourneth pleasyng into blame,
And worship into wordes shame.
Of suche lesyng, as he compasseth,
Is none so good, that he ne passeth,
Betwene his tethe: and is backbited,
And through his fals tonge ended.

Like to the Sharnebudes kynde,
Of whose nature this I fynde:
That in the hottest of the daie,
Whan comen is the mery Maie
He spret his winge, and vp he fleeth,
And vnder all aboute he seeth
The fayre lustie floures sprynge:
But therof hath he no lykynge,
Where he seeth of any beaste
The filthe, there he maketh his feaste.
And there vpon he woll alighte,
There lyketh him none other sighte.

Right so this ianuler enuious,
 Though he a man se vertuous
 And full of good condicion,
 Therof maketh he no mencion:
 But els be it not so lite
 Wherof that he maie sette a wite,
 There reuneth he with open mouth
 Behynde a man, and maketh it couth.
 But all the vertue, whiche he can,
 That wolle he hide of euery man,
 And openly the vice telle,
 As he, whiche of the schole of helle
 Is taught, and fostred vp with enuie.
 Of household of and companie
 Where that he bath his propre office
 To sette on euery man a vice,
 Howe so his mouthe be comely
 His worde sitte euermore a wrie,
 And saith the worste that he maie.

And in this wise nowe a daie
 In loues court a man maie here
 Full ofte pleine of this matere:
 That many enuious tale is stered,
 Where that it maie not be answered.
 But yet full ofte it is beleued,
 And many a worthy loue is greued
 Through backbiting of fals enuie.

If thou haue made suche ianlarie
 In loues courte my sonne er this,
 Shriue the therof. My father yis.
 But wite ye howe: not openly,
 But otherwhile priuely
 Whan I my dere lady mete,
 And thinke howe that I am not mete
 Unto bir highe worthinesse
 And eke I see the businesse
 Of all this yonge lustie route,
 Whiche all daie preasen hir aboute,
 And eche of them his tyme awaiteth,
 And eche of them his tale affaiteth
 All to deceiue an innocent,
 Whiche wolle not be of her assent.

And for men saine vnknowe rnkiste,
 Hir thome she holt in hir fiste,
 So close within hir owne honde,
 That there wynneth no man londe:
 She leueth not all that she hereth:
 And thus ful ofte her selfe she skiereth,
 And is all ware of **HAD I VVIST.**
 But for all that myn hert ariste,
 Whan I these common louers see,
 That wolde not holde hem to thre:
 But well nye louen ouer all.
 Myn hert is enuious with all,
 And euer I am adradde of gile,
 In aunter if with any wile
 They might hir innocence enchaunte.
 For thy my wordes ofte I hauute
 Behynden hem, so as I dare,
 Wherof my lady maie beware.
 I say what euer cometh to mouth,
 And wers I wolde, if that I couth.
 For whan I come vnto hir speche,
 All that I maie enquire and seche
 Of suche deceite, I telle it all:
 And ay the worst in speciall.
 So faine I wolde that she wist,
 Howe litell thei ben for to trist,
 And what thei wold, and what thei ment,
 So as thei be of double entent.

Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
 My wicked worde was euer grene.
 And netheles the sooth to telle,
 In certaine if it so befelle,
 That alder trewest man ybore,
 To chese amonge a thousand score,
 Whiche were all fully for to trist,
 My lady loued, and I it wist,
 Yet rather than he shulde spede,
 I wolde suche tales sprede
 To my lady, if that I might,
 That I shuld all bis loue vnrigh.
 And therto wolde I do my peine,
 For certes though I shulde feine,
 And telle, that was neuer thought.
 For all this worlde I might nought
 To suffre an other fully wyne,
 Thre as I am yet to begynne.
 For be thei good, or be thei had,
 I wolde none my lady had.
 And that me maketh full ofte asprie,
 And vsen wordes of enuie,
 And for to make them beare a blame:
 And that is but of thilke same,
 The whiche vnto my lady drawe.
 For euer on them I rounce and gnawe,
 And hynder hem all that euer I maie.
 And that is sothly for to saie,
 But onely to my lady selue,
 I telle it nought to. **x. ne tweluc.**
 Therof I wolle me well auisse,
 To speke or iangle in any wise,
 That toucheth to my lady name,
 The whiche in earnest and in game
 I wolde sauene to my death.
 For me had leuer to lacke breath,
 Than speke of hir name amis.

Nowe haue ye herd touchend of this
 My father in Confession,
 And therefore of detraction
 In loue, that I haue mispoke,
 Telle howe ye will it shall be wroke,
 I am all redy for to beare
 My peine, and also to forbear
 What thing that ye wolle allowe.
 For who is bounden, he must bowe,
 So wolle I bowe vnto your hest.
 For I dare make this behest,
 That I to you haue nothing hid,
 But tolde right as it is betide,
 And otherwise of no mispeche
 My conscience for to seche
 I can not of enuie finde,
 That I mispoke haue, ough behynde,
 Wherof loue ought be mispaide.
 Nowe haue ye herde, and I haue saide.
 What wolle ye fader, that I do?
 My sunne do no more so.
 But euer kepe thy tonge still,
 Thou might the more haue thy will.
 For as thou seyest thy seluen here,
 Thy lady is of suche manere
 So wise, so ware in all thyng,
 It nedeth of no bakbityng
 That thou thy lady mis enforme.
 For whan she knoweth all the forme
 How that thy selfe art enuious,
 Thou shalt not be so gracious
 As thou paraenture shuldest be elles:
 There wol no man drinke of tho welles,

Whiche (as he wote) is poysoun ynne,
And ofte suche as men b-gynne
Towardes other, suche thei finde,
That set hem ofte fer behynde,
When that thei wenen be before.

My good sonne and thou therefore
Beware, and leue thy wicke speche,
Wherof hath fallen ofte wrecche
To many a man before this time.
For who so will his handes lime,
Thei muste be the more vncleue.
For many a mote shall be sene,
That woll not cleue elles there,
And that shulde euery wise man fere.
For who so will another blame,
He seketh ofte his owne shame,
Whiche els might be right still.
For thy if that it be thy will
To stande vpon amendement,
A tale of great entendement
I thinke telle for thy sake,
Wherof thou might wilsample take.

Hic loquitur confessor contra istos in amoris causa detrahentes, qui suis obloquii aliena solacia perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Constantia Tiberii Rome Imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famosissima, ob viam amorem Soldanus tunc Persie, vt eam in vxorem ducere posset, christianum se fieri promisit, cuius accepta caucione concilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia vna cum duobus Cardinalibus, aliisque Rome proceribus in Persiam maritaggi causa nauigio honorifice destinata fuit, quæ tamen obloquentium postea detractionibus variis modis absque sui culpa dolorosa fata multipliciter passa est.

A WORTHY knight in Christes lawe
Of great Rome, as is the sawe,
The sceptre had for to right,
Tibery Constantin he hight,
Whos wife was cleped Kalie:
But thei to geder of progenie
No childre had but a maide,
And she the god so well apayde,
That al the wide worldes fame
Spake worship of hir good name:
Constance, as the Cronike saith,
She hight: and was so full of faith,
That the greatest of Barbarie
Of hem, whiche vse marchandie
She hath conuerted, as thei come
To hir vpon a tyme in Rome,
To shewen such thing, as thei brcuzhe,
Whiche worthely of hem she bought.
And ouer that in suche a wise
She hath hem with hir wordes wise
Of Christes feith so full enformed,
That thei therto ben all conformed,
So that baptisme thei receiuen:
And all hir fals goddes weyuen.

Whan thei ben of the feith certaine
Thei gone to Barbarie ayene,
And there the Soudan for hem sent,
And asketh hem to what entent
Thei haue her first feith forsake.

And thei, whiche had vndertake
The right feith to kepe and holde,
The matter of hef tale told,

With all the hole circumstance.

And when the Soudan of Constance
(Upon the point that thei answerde)
The beautee and the grace herde,
As he, whiche than was to wedde,
In all hast his cause spedde
To sende for the mariage:
And fethermore with good courage
He saith, be so he maie bir haue,
That Christ, that came this worlde to saue,
He woll beleue, and thus recorded
Thei ben on either side accorded:
And there vpon to make an ende
The Soudan his hostage sende
To Rome, of princes sonnes twelue,
Wherof the fader in him selue
Was gladd, and with the Pope auised
Two Cardinalles he hath assised,
With other lordes many mo,
That with his daughter thei shuld go,
To see the soudan he conuerted.

Qualiter adueniente Constantia in Barbariam mater soldani huiusmodi nuptias perturbare volens, filium suum vna cum dicta Constantia, cardinalibusque et aliis Romanis prima die ad conuiuium inuitauit, Et conuescentibus illis in mensa, ipsum soldanum omnes que ibidem preter Constantiam Romanos ab insidiis latitantibus subdole detractione interfeci procurauit, ipsamque Constantiam in quadam nauis absque gubernaculo positam per altum mare ventorum flatibus agitandam in exilium dirigi solum constituit.

BUT that, whiche neuer was wel herted,
Enue the beganne to trauaile,
In disturbance of this spoaile,
So priuely, that none was ware.
The mother whiche the soudan bare,
Was than aliue, and thought this
Unto hir selfe: If it so is
My sonne hym wedde in this manere,
Than haue I lost my joyes here.
For myn estate shall so be lassed.

Thinkend thus she hath compassed
By sleight, howe that she maie begyle
Hir soune, and fille within a while,
Betwee hem two whan that thei were,
She feigned wordes in his eare,
And in this wise gan to saie:

My sonne, I am by double waie
With all myn herte gladd and blithe,
For that my selfe haue ofte sithe
Desyred, thou wolte (as men sayth)
Receiue and take a newe feith.
Whiche shall be forthbrynge of thy life,
And eke so worshipfull a wife,
The daughter of an emperour
To wedde, it shall be great honour.
For thy my sonne I you besече,
That I suche grace might areche,
Whan that my daughter come shall,
That I maie than in speciall,
So as me thynketh honeste,
By thilke, whiche the first feste
Shall make vnto bir welcommynge,

The Souldan graunteth hir askynge.
And she therof was glad enough,
For vnder that anone she drough,

With false wordes that she spake,
 Couin of deathe behynde his backe,
 And therypon hir ordinance
 She made so, that whan Constance
 Was comen forth with the Roumaines,
 Of clerkes and of citezeins,
 A riche fraste she hem made:
 And moste whan thei weren glade,
 With false couyn, whiche she had
 Hir close ennies tho she sprad:
 And all tho, that hadden bee
 Or in apperte or in priuee
 Of counseile to the mariage,
 She slough them in a sodeine rage
 Endelonge the borde as thei ben set,
 So that it myght not be lette.
 Hir owne sonne was not quite,
 But died vpon the same plite.

But what the high god wull spare,
 It maie not for the perill misfare.
 This worthie maiden, whiche was there
 Stode than, as who saith, dead for fere,
 To see the feast, how that it stode,
 Whiche all was tourned into bloud.
 The disse forth with the cuppe and all
 Bebled thei weren ouer all.
 She sawe hem die on eury side,
 No wonder though she wepte and cride,
 Makyng many a wofull mone
 Whan all was slaine but she alone.

This olde fende, this Sarazyn,
 Let take anone this Constantyn,
 With all the good she theder brought,
 And hath ordained as she thought
 A naked ship without stere,
 In whiche the good, and hir in fere,
 Vitaled full for yeres five.
 Where that the wynde it wo'de driue,
 She put vpon the waues wilde.

Qualiter nauis cum Constantia in partes Anglie,
 que tunc pagana fuit prope Humber sub quo-
 dam Castello regis, qui tunc Allee vocabatur
 post triennium applicuit, quam quidam miles
 nomine Elda dicti castelli tunc custos et nauis
 lete suscipiens, vxori sue Hermingylde in cus-
 todiam honorifice commendaui.

BUT he, which all thinges maie shilde
 Thre yere, til that she cometh to londe
 Hir shippe to stere hath take on honde:
 And in Northumberlonde arriueth,
 And happeth than, that she dryueth
 Under a castell with the flood,
 Whiche vpon Humber banke stodee,
 And was the kynges owne also,
 The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
 A Saxon, and a worthy knight,
 But he beleueth not right.

Of this castell was castellayne,
 Elda the kynges chamberlaine,
 A knightly man after his lawe.
 And whan he sawe vpon the wave
 The ship driuend alone so,
 He had anone men shulden go
 To see, what it be token maie.
 This was vpon a sommer daie,
 The shippe was loked, and she founde.
 Elda within a littell stounde

It wist, and with his wife anone
 Towarde this yonge lady gone,
 Where that thei fonde greate richesse,
 But she hir wolde not confesse,
 Whan thei hir asken, what she was,
 And netheles vpon the cas
 Out of the ship with great worship
 Thei toke hir in to felowship,
 As thei that weren of hir glade.
 But she no maner of ioie made:
 But soroweth sore, of that she funde
 No christendome in thilke londe:
 But els she hath all hir will
 And thus with them she dwelleth still.
 Dame Hermegylde, whiche was the wife
 Of Elda, liche hir owne life
 Constance loueth, and it fell so,
 Spekende all daic betwene hem two
 Through grace of gods purueiance
 This maiden taught the creance
 Unto this wife so perfectly,
 Upon a daie that faste by,
 In presence of hir husbonde,
 Where thei go walkede on the stronde,
 A bynde man, whiche came ther lalde,
 Unto this wife criende he badde
 With both his hondes vp, and praide
 To hir, and in this wise he saide:

O Hermegylde, whiche Christes feith
 Enformed, as Coustance seith,
 Receiued hast: yeeue me my sight.
 Upon this worde hir herte aflight,
 Thynkende what was best to doone.
 But netheles she herde his boone,
 And saide, in truste of Christes lawe,
 Whiche done was on the crosse and lawe,
 Thou bynde man beholde and see.
 With that to god vpon his knee
 Thankende he toke his sight anone,
 Whereof thei meruaile eury chone,
 But Elda wondreth most of all
 This open thyng whiche is befall,
 Concludeth hym by suche a wey,
 That he the feith moste nedes obey.

Qualiter quidam iuuenis miles in amorem Con-
 stancie exarlescens, pro eo que ipsa sibi con-
 sentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegylde, quam
 ipse noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoris ac-
 cusauit, sed angelus domini ipsum sic detra-
 henti in maxilla subito percussit, non solum
 pro mendaci comprobauit, sed ictu mortali post
 ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.

NOWE liste what fell vpon this thyng.
 This Elda forth vnto the kyng,
 A morowe toke his wey and rode,
 And Hermegylde at home abode
 Forth with Constance well at ease.

Elda whiche thought his kyng to plesse,
 As he, that than vnwedded was,
 Of Constance all the pleine cas,
 As goodly as he couth, tolde.

The kyng was glad, and said he wolde
 Come thither in suche a wise,
 That he hym might of hir ause.

The tyme appointed forth withall
 This Elda truste in special
 Upon a knight, whom from childhode
 He had vpdraue into manhode

To hym he tolde all that he thought:
Wherof that after him forthought.
And netheles at thilke tide
Unto his wife he bad hym ride
To make redy all thyng
Ageinst the comynge of the kynge.
And saith, that he hym selfe tofore
Thinketh for to come, and bod therefore,
That he him kepe, and tolde him whan.

This knight rode forth his wey than.
And soth was, that of time passed
He had in all his witte compassed,
Howe he Constance might wyne,
But he sawe tho no spede therin,
Wherof his lust beganne to bate,
And that was loue, is than hate.
Of hir honour he had enuie,
So that vpon his trecherie,
A lesinge in his herte he cast,
Til he come home, he highett fast,
And doth his lady to vnderstande
The message of hir husbaude.
And thervpon the longe daie
Thei setten things in arraie,
That all was as it shulde bee
Of euery thing in bis degree.

And whan it came into the night,
This wife hir hath to bedde dight,
Where that this maiden with hir laie.

This false knight vpon delaie
Hath taried till thei were aslepe,
As he that woll time kepe
His deadly werkes to fulfille,
And to the bedde he stalketh stille,
Where that he wist was the wife,
And in his hande a rasour knife
He bare, with whiche hir throte he cut,
And pruiely the knife he put
Under that diere beddes side,
Where that Constance laie beside.

Elda come home the same night:
And stille with a prèuie light,
As he that wolde not awake
His wife, he hath his weye take
In to the chambre: and there liggende
He fonde his deade wife bledende,
Where that Constance faste by
Was falle aslepe: and sodenly
He cried aloude, and she awoke
And fourth withall cast a loke,
And sawe this lady blede there
Wherof swounded deade for feare
She was: and stille as any stone
She laie, and Elda thervpon
In to the Castell clepeth out.
And vp sterre euery man about,
In to the chambre fourth thei went.

But he whiche all vntrouth ment,
This false knight amonge them all,
Upon the thing, whiche is befall
Seith: that Constance hath do this dede,
And to the bedde with that he yede
After the falsehead of his speche,
And made him there for to seche,
And fonde the knife, where he it laide:
And than he cried, and thus he saide:

Lo see the knife all bloody here,
What nedeth more in this matere
To aske? and thus hir innocence
He sclaudreth there in audience

With false wordes, whiche he feigneth,
But yet for al that euer he pleinetb,
Elda no full credence toke,
And happed that there lay a boke,
Upon the whiche when he it sighe,
This knight hath swore: and said on higbe,
That all men might it wite:
Now by this boke, whiche is here write,
Constance is giltife well I wote.
With that the bande of heuen him smote,
In token of that he hath forswore
There he bothe bis eyen lore,
Out of his head the same stounde
Thei stert, and so thei were founde.

A voice was berde, whan that thei fel,
Whiche saide: O damned man to hell,
Lo thus hath god thy sclauder wroke,
That thou agein Constance hath spoke,
Beknowe the sothe er that thou die.
And he tolde out his felonie:
And starfe forth with his tale anone.
In to the grounde, where al gone
This dead lady was begraue.

Elda, whiche thought his honour saue,
All that he maie, restraineth sorowe.

Qualiter rex Allee ad fidem Christi conuersus baptismum recepit: et Constantiam super hoc leto animo desposauit quæ tamen qualis vel vnde fuit alicui nullo modo fatebatur, Et cum infra breue postea a domino suo impregnata fuisset, ipse ad debellandum cum scotis iter arripuit, et ibidem super guerras aliquandiu permansit.

For the seconde date at morowe
The kyng came, as thei were accorded.
And whan it was to him recorded,
What god bath wrought vpon this chance,
He toke it in to remembrance,
And thought more than he saide.
For all his hole herte he laide
Upon Constance: and saide he shulde,
For loue of hir, if that she wolde,
Baptisme take, and Christes faith
Beleue: and ouer that he saith,
He wolde hir wedde: and vpon this
Assured eche to other is.

And for to make shorte tales,
There came a bisshop out of wales
Fro Bangor: and Lucy he hight,
Which throughte the grace of god almight,
The king, with many other mo,
He christened: and betwene hem two
He hath fulfilled the mariage:
But for no lust, ne for no rage
She tolde him neuer what she was.

And netbeles vpon this cas
The kinge was glad, howe so it stode,
For well he wist and vnderstode,
She was a noble creature.

The high maker of nature
Hir bath visited in a throwe
That it was openliche knowe,
She was with child by the kynge,
Wherof abouen all other thyng
He thanked god, and was right glad,
And fell that tyme he was bestad
Upon a werre, and must ride:
And while he shuld there abide,

He lefte at lome to kepe his wife,
Suche as he knewe of holy life.

Elda forth with the bisshop eke,
And he with power go to seke
Ayene the Scottes for to fonde
The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

Qualiter regina Constantia infantem masculum quem in baptismo Mauritium vocant, rege absente enixa est, Sed inuida mater regis Domilda super isto facto condolens, mendaciis regi certificaui, quod vxor sua demoniaciſet non humani generis quoddam monſtruosum fantasma loco geniture adortum produxit, huiusmodique detractoribus aduersus Constantiam procurauit, quod ipsa in naucm, qua prius venerat, iterum ad exilium vno cum suo partu remissa desolabatur.

THE tyme sette of kinde is come,
This lady hath hir chambre nome;
And of a sonne borne full:
Wherof that she was ioyfull.
She was deliuered saufe and soone.

The bisshop, as it was to doone,
Yafe him baptisme, and Moris calleth:
And therupon as it befalleth,
With letters writen of recorde
Thei sent vnto her liege lorde,
That kepers weren of the queene.
And he, that shulde go betweene,
The messenger to Knaresbourgh,
Whiche towne he shulde passe through,
Rydenne came the first daie.
The kynges mother there laie,
Whose right name was Domilde,
Whiche after all the cause spilde,
For he, whiche thanke deserue wolde,
Unto this lady gothe and tolde
Of his message, howe it ferde.
And she with feigned ioye it herde,
And yafe him yeftes largely.
But in the night al priuely
She toke the letters, whiche he had,
Fro point to point and ouer rad,
As she, that was through out vntreue:
And let do write other newe
In stede of hem: and thus thei speke.

Prima littera in commendationem Constancie ab episcopo Regi missa per Domildam in contrarium falsata.

THAT thou with vs be not wroth,
Though we suche thyng, as is the loth
Upon our trouthe certifie.
Thy wife, whiche is of faire,
Of suche a childe deliuered is,
Fro kinde, whiche stant all amis.
But for it shulde not be saie,
We haue it kepte out of the waie
For drede of pure worldes shame.
A poore childe, and in the name
Of thilke, whiche is so misbore,
We toke, and therto we be swore,
That none, but onely thou and wee
Shall knowe of this priuetece.
Moris is hatte, and thus men wene
That it was borne of the queene,

And of thyne owne bodie gete.
But this thyng maie not be foryete,
That thou ne sende vs worde anone
What is thy will therupon.

This letter, as thou haste herde deuise
Was counterfete in suche a wise,
That no man shulde it apperceiue.
And she, whiche thought to deceiue.
It leith, where she that other toke.

This messenger, whan he awoke,
And wist nothyng howe it was,
Arose and rode the great pas
And toke his letters to the kyng.
And whan he sawe this wondre thyng,
He maketh the messenger no chere:
But netheles in wise manere
He wrote againe, and yafe hym charge,
That thei ne suffre not at large
His wife to go, but kepe bir still,
Tyll thei haue herde more of his will.

This messenger was yefles:
But with his letter netheles
Or be hym lefe or be hym lothe
In all haste agene he gothe
By Knaresburgh, and as he went
Unto the mother his entent,
Of that he fonde towarde the kyng
He tolde, and she vpon this thyng:
Seith, that he shulde abide all night:
And make hym feaste and chere aright
Feigned as though she coude him thanke.
But he with stronge wine which he dronke,
Forth with the trauaile of the daie
Was dronke: aslepe and while he laie,
She hath his letters ouersaie,
And formed in an other waie:
There was a newe letter write.

Secunda littera per regem episcopo remissa a Domilda iterum falsata.

Wherof he saith: I do you for to wite,
That through the counsaile of you two
I stonde in point to be vndo,
As he, whiche is a kyng deposed,
For euery man it hath supposed
How that my wife Constance is faie:
And if that I feigne any delai
To put hir out of companie,
The worshippe of my regalie
Is lore: and over this thei tell,
Hir childe shall not amonge hem dwell
To claime any herytage:
So can I see none auantage,
But all is loste, if she abide.
For thy to luke on euery syde
Towarde the mischefe as it is,
I charge you, and byd this,
That ye the same shippe vitaille:
In whiche that she toke arriuaile,
Therin and putteth bothe two,
Hir selfe forth with hir childe also,
And so forth brought in to the depe
Retaketh hir the sea to kepe,
Of foure daies tyme I sette,
That ye this thyng no leuger lette,
So that your life be not forfete.

And thus this letter counterfete
The messenger, whiche was vntreue,
Upon the kynges halte bare

And where he shulde it hath betake.

But whan that thei haur hede take
 And rad, that writen is within,
 So great a sorowe thei beginne,
 As thei hir owne mother seien
 Brenne in a fire before their eien.
 There was wepyuge, and there was wo,
 But finally the thyng is do:
 Upon the sea thei haue hir brought:
 But she the cause wist nought.
 And thus vpon the floode thei wonne,
 This lady with hir yonge sonne.
 And than hir handes to the heuen
 She straught: and with a milde steuen,
 Knelend vpon hir bare knee
 She saide: O high maister,
 Whiche seest the point of euery trowth:
 Take of thy wofull woman routh:
 And of this childe, whiche I shall kepe.
 And with that worde she gan to wepe
 Swouned as deade, and there she laie.
 But he, whiche all thynges maie,
 Comforteth hir, and at laste
 She loketh, and hir eien caste
 Upon hir childe, and saide this:

Of me no maner charge it is
 What sorowe I suffre, but of thee
 Me thinketh it is great pitee.
 For if I sterue, thou must deie,
 So mote I nedes by that weie.
 For motherheed, and for tendernes,
 With all my hole besynes,
 Ordeine me for thilke office,
 As she, whiche shall be thy norice.

Thus was she strenghted for to stonde.
 And tho she toke hir childe in honde
 And yafe it souke, and euer amonge
 She wepte, and otherwhile songe,
 To rocke with hir childe aslepe
 And thus hir owne childe to kepe
 She hath vnder the gods cure.

*Qualiter nauis Constancie post biennium in partes
 Hispanie superioris inter Sarazenos iactabatur,
 a quorum manibus deus ipsam conseruans gra-
 tiosissime liberauit.*

AND so fell vpon auenture
 Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
 Hir ship, so as it moste wende,
 By strength of wynde, which god hath yeue,
 Estwarde was into Spaine driue,
 Right fast vnder a castell wall,
 Where that an hethen admiral
 Was lorde: and he a stewarde had
 One Thelous, whiche all was bad,
 A fals knight, and a renegate,
 He goth to loke, in what estate
 The ship was comen: and there be fonde
 Forth with a childe vpon hir bonde
 This lady where she was a one.
 He toke good hede of the person,
 And sawe she was a worthy wight
 And thought he wolde vpon the night
 Demene hir at his owne will:
 And in the ship he kepte hir still,
 That no man sawe hir that daie.

At gods wille and thus she laie
 Unknowe, what hir shall betide,
 And fell so that by nightes tide,

This knight without felaship
 Hath take a bote, and came to ship,
 And thought of hir his luste to take,
 And swore, if she bym daunger make,
 That certainly she shulde deie,
 She sawe there was none other weie.
 And saide he shulde hir well comforte,
 That he fyrst loke out at porte,
 That no man were uigh the stele,
 Whiche might knowe what thei dede.
 And than he maie do what he wolde.
 He was right glad, that she so tolde,
 And to the porte anone he ferde:
 She praieth god, and he hir herde,
 And sodeinly he was out throwe
 And dreint, and tho began to blowe
 Wynde meuable fro the londe
 And thus the mighty gods honde
 Hir hath conueighed, and defended:
 And whan thre yere ben full suspended,

*Qualiter Nauicula Constancie quodam die que
 altum mare vagans inter copiosam nauium mul-
 titudinem dilapsa est, quarum Arcennius Ro-
 manorum consul, dux, et capitaneus ipsam ig-
 notam suscipiens vsque ad Romam secum per-
 duxit, vbi equalem, vxori sue Elene permansu-
 ram reuerenter associauit, nec non et eiusdem
 filium Mauricium in omni habundantia quasi
 proprium educauit.*

Hir ship was driue vpon a daie,
 Where that a great nauie laie
 Of shippes, all the worlde at ones:
 And as god wolde for the nones
 Hir ship goth in amonge hem all
 And stynt not, er it be bifail,
 And hath that vessell vnder gete,
 Whiche maister was of all the flete.
 But there it resteth and abode,
 This great shyp on anker rode:
 The lorde come forth, and when he sigh
 That other ligge on borde so nigh:
 He wondreth, what it might bee,
 And bad men to go in and see.
 This lady tho was crope a side,
 As she that wolde hir sluen hide.
 For she ne wist, what thei were.
 Thei sought about, and fond hir there,
 And broughten vp hir childe and her,
 And thervpon this lorde to sper
 Began, fro whens that she came,
 And what she was: Quod she, I am
 A woman wofully bestadde
 I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
 That I forth with my littell sonne,
 Upon the waues shulde wonne.
 But why the cause wote I nought.
 But he whiche all thynges wrought,
 Yet ay I thanke hym of his might,
 My childe and me so kepte vpright,
 That we be saufe bothe tuo.

This lorde hir asketh euermo
 Howe she beleueth, and she seith:
 I leue and trust in Christes feith,
 Whiche died vpon the roode tre.
 What is thy name tho quod he?
 My name is Coust, she hym saide,
 But furthermore for nought he praide

Of hir estate to knowe p'aine,
She wolde hym nothyng els saine.
But of hir name, whiche she feigned,
All other thynges she restraigned,
That o worde more she ne tolde.

This lorde than asketh if she wolde
With hym abide in companie,
And saile, he came from Barbarie
To Rome warde, and home he went.

Tho she supposeth what it ment,
And saith, she wolde with hym wende,
And dwell vnto hir lues ende,
Be so it be to his plesance.
And thus vpon her acquaintance
He tolde hir plainly as it stode,
Of Rome howe that the gentill blode
In Barbarie was betraied,
And therupon he both assaied
By warre, and take suche vengeance,
That none of thilke allyance,
By whom the treson was compassed,
Is from the swerde alius passed.

But of Constance howe it was,
That couthe he knowe by no cas,
Where she became, so as he seide.

Hir ere vnto bis worde she leide,
But forther made she no chere.

And netheles in this mattere
It hapned that ilke tyme so,
This lorde, with whome she shulde go,
Of Rome was the senatour,
And of hir father the emperour,
His brother daughter hath to wife:
Whiche bath hir father eke on liue,
And was Salustes cleped tho.
His wife Eleine hight also:
To whom Constance was cosine.

Thus to the seke a medicine
Hath god ordeined of his grace,
'That forthe in the same place
This senatour his trouth plight,
For euer, while he lyue might,
To kepe hir in worship, and in welth,
Be so that god woll giue hir helth.

This lady, whiche fortune hym sende,
And thus by shippe forth sailende,
Hir and hir childe to Rome be brought,
And to his wife tho he besought,
Tu take hir in to companie.

And she, whiche couth of curtesie
All that a good wife shulde conne,
Was inly gladd, that he hath wonne
The felowship of so good one.
This emperours daughter Custe,
Forthwith the daughter of Saluste
Was kept, but no man redely
Knewe, what she was: and not for thy,
Thei thoughten well she had be
In hir estate of high degree.
And euery life hir loueth wele.

Qualiter rex Allee inita pace cum Scottis a guerris
rediens, et non inuenta vxore sua causam exilii
diligencius perscrutans, cum matrem suam Do-
mildam inde culpabilem sciuisset, ipsam in igne
proiciens conburi fecit.

Nowe herke thilke vostable whole,
Whiche euer turneth, wente aboute,
The kyng Alle, whiile he was out

(As thou tofore hast herde the cas)
Deceiued through his modre was.
But whan that he come home agayne,
He axeth of his chamberlayne,
And of the bisshop eke also,
Where thei the queene had do.
And thei answerde: there he bad,
And haue hym thilke letter rad,
Whiche he them sent for warrant,
And tolde hym playnly as it stante,
And saine, it thought hem great pitee,
To see a worthy one as shee
With suche a childe, as there was bore
So sodeinly to be forlore.

He asketh hem, what childe it were.
And thei him saide, that no where
In all the worlde, though men it sought,
Was neuer woman, that forth brought
A fairer childe, than it was one.

And than he axeth hem anone,
Why thei ne hadden writen so.
Thei tolden, so thei hadden do.

He saide nay. Thei saiden yis.
The letter shewed, radde it is.

Whiche thei forsoken euery dele.
Tho was it vnderstonde wele,
That there is treason in the thyng.

The messenger tofore the kyng
Was brought, and sodeinly opposed,
And no thyng hath yet supposed
But all well, began to saie,
That be no where vpon the waic
Abod, but onely in a stede,
And cause why, that he so dede
Was, as he went to and fro,
At Knaresburgh by nightes two
The kynges moder made hym dwell.

And when the kyngc it herde tell,
Within his berte he wiste als faste
The treson, whiche his mother caste:
And thought he wolde not abide:
But fourth ryght in the same tide
He toke his hors, and rode anone,
With hym there ride many one
To Knaresburgh, and forth thei wente,
And lych the fyre, whiche thonder hente,
In suche a rage, as seith the boke,
His mothers sodeneche he toke
And saide vnto hir in this wise:

O beast of hell in what gise
Hast thou deserued for to deie,
That hast so falsly out awie
With reason of thy backbitynge,
The trewest, at my knowlechynge
Of wyues, and the most honest?

But I wolle make this behest
It shall be venged er I go,
And lete a fyre do make tho.
And bad men for to caste hir inne.
But firste she tolde out all the sinne,
And did hem all for to wite,
Howe she the letters had write
Fro point to point, as it was wrought,
And tho she was to death brought,
And brent tofore hir sonnes eie:
Wherof these other, whiche it sie,
And herden howe the cause stode
Seine, that the iudgement is good,
Of that hir sonne hir hath so serued:
For she it had wele deserued,

Through treson of hir false tonge,
Which through the lande was after sonze,
Constance and every wight complineth,
But he, whom all wo dystreinet,eth,
This sorowfull kynge was so bestadde,
That he shall neuer more be gladd:
He, seith eftsones for to wedde,
Till that he wiste how that she spedde,
Whiche had ben his firste wife,
And thus his yonge vnlusty life
He driueth fourth so as he maic.

Qualiter post lapsum. xii. annorum rex Allee ab-
solutiois causa Roman proficiens, vxorem
suum Constanciam vna cum filio suo diuina pro-
uidencia ibidem letus inuenit.

TILL it befell vpon a daie,
Whan he his warres had acheued,
And thought he wolde be releued
Of soule hele vpon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he seith,
That he to Romie in pilgrimage
Wolde goe, where Pope was Pelage,
To take his absolucion.
And vpon this condicion
He made Edwyn his leutenant,
Whiche heire was apparant,
That he the lande in his absence
Shall rewle, and thus by prouidence
Of all thynges well begonne
He toke his leue and forthe is gone.

Elda, whiche tho was with hem there,
Er thei fullliche at Rome were,
Was sent tofore to purueie,
And he his guide vpon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbegeour
Hath axed, who was Senatour,
That he is name might kenne.

Of Capadoce, he saide, Arcenne
He hight: and was a worthie knight.

To him goth Elda tho forth right,
And tolde him of his lordie tidinge
And praid, that for his comynge
He wolde assigne him herbergeage.
And he so did of good courage.

Whan all is do, that was to doone,
The kynge him selfe came after soone.

This Senatour whan that he come
To Custe, and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde, howe suche a kyng Allee
Of great array to the Citee
Was come, and Custe vpon his tale
With bert close, and colour pale,
A swoune felle, and he meruailleth,
So sodenly what thyng hir eyleth,
And caught hir vp, and whan she woke,
She sigheth with a pitous loke
And feigneth sekennesse of the see.

But it was for the kyng Allee:
For ioye, whiche was in hir thought,
That god him hath to towne brought.

This kinge hath spoke with the Pope,
And tolde all that he couthe grophe,
What greueth in his conscience.
And than he thought in reuerence
Of his estate, er that he went,
To make a feast, and thus he sent
Unto the Senatour, to come
Vpon the morowe, and other some,

To sitte with him at mete.

This tale hath Custe not foryete,
But to Moris, hir sonne tolde,
That he vpon the morowe shulle
In all that euer he couth and might,
Be present in the kynges sight,
So that the kyng him ofte sie.

Moris tofore the kynges eie
Vpon the morowe, where he sat,
Full ofte stode, and vpon that
The kyng his chere vpon him caste,
And in his face him thought als faste
He sawe his owne wife Constance.
For nature, as in resemblance
Of face, him liketh so to clothe,
That they were of a suite both.

The kyng was moued in his thought
Of that he seeth, and knoweth it nought.
This childe he loueth kyndely:
And yet he wote no cause why,
Bot wel he sigh and vnderstode,
That he towarde Arcenne stode,
And axeth him anone right there,
Yf that this childe his sonne were.

He saide ye, so I him calle,
And wolde it were so by falle.
But it is all iu other wise.

And tho began he to deuisse,
How he the childes mother fonde,
Vpon the sea from euery lande
Within a ship was sterles,
And how this lady helpeles
Forth with hir childe he hath forth drawe.
The kyng hath vnderstande his sawe:
The childes name and axeth tho,
And what the mother hight also,
That he him wolde telle he praide.

Moris this childe is hote he saide,
His mother hat Custe, and this
I not what maner name it is.

But Allee wist wel enough,
Wherof somdele smilend he lough.

For Custe in Saxon is saine
Constance vpon the worde Romain.

But who that couthe specifie,
What tho fell in his fantasie,
And how his witte aboute reneth
Vpon the loue, in whiche he brenueth,
It ware a wonder for to here.

For he was neither there ne here,
But cleue out of him selfe away,
That he not what to thinke or sey,
So faine he wolde it were shee,
Wherof his hertes priintee
Bygan the warre of ye and naye,
The whiche in suche balance laye,
That contenance for a throwe
He loste, till he might knowe
The soth: but in his memorie
The man, whiche lieth in purgatorie,
Desireth not the heuen more,
That he ne longeth also sore
To witte, what him shall betide.

And when the bordes were aside,
And euery man was rise aboute
The kyng hath weied all the route
And with the Senatour alone
He spake, and praid him of a bone,
To see this Custe where she dwelleth
At home with him, so as he telleth.

The Senatour was wel apaide.

This thing no lenger was delaid.
To see this Custe goth the kyng,
And she was warned of the thyng:
And with Eleine fourth she came
Ayene the kyng, and he tho name
Good hede: and whan he sigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught hir in his armes, and kiste
Was neuer wight that sighe ne wiste
A man that more ioye made,
Wherof thei weren all gladd,
Whiche herd tell of this chance.

This kyng tho with his wife Constance,
Whiche had a great part of his wille,
In Rome for a tyme stille
Abode, and made him well at ease,
But so yet couth he neuer please
His wife, that she wolde him scine
Of hir estate the trouthe pleine,
Of what countre that she was bore,
Ne what she was, and yet therfore
With all his wit he hath done seke.

Thus as thei lay in bedde, and speke,
She praith him, and counseileth both,
That for the worship of hem both,
So as hir thought it were honeste,
He wolde an honourable feste
Make (er he went) in that Citee,
Where the Emperour him selfe shall bee.

He graunted all that she him praide.
But as men in that time saide,
Thilke Emperour from that daie,
That firste his daughter went a waie,
He was than after neuer glad,
But what that any man him bad
Of grace, for his daughter sake,
That grace wolde he nought forsake.
And thus ful great almesse he dede
Wherof he had many a bede.

*Qualiter Constantia, quæ antea per totum tempus
exilii sui penes omnes incognitam se celauit,
tunc demum patri suo imperatori se ipsam per
omnia manifestauit, quod cum rex Allee sci-
uisset, vna cum vniuersa Romanorum multi-
tudine inestimabili gaudio admirantes cunctipo-
tentem laudarent.*

THIS Emperour out of the towne,
Within a ten mile enuiroune,
Where as it thought him for the beste,
Hath sondry places for to reste.
And as fortune wolde tho,
He was dwellend at one of tho.

The kyng Allee fourth with thassent
Of Custe his wife, hath thider sent
Morice his sonne, as he was taught
To Themperour, and he goth straught,
And in his father halue he sought,
As he whiche his lordship sought,
That of his high worthines
He wolde do so great mekenes,
His owne towne to come and see,
And yeue a tyme in the citee,
So that his fader might him gete,
That he wolde ones with him ete.

This lorde hath graunted his requeste,
And whan the daie was of the feaste,

In worship of the Emperour,
The kyng, and eke the Senatour,
Forth with her wiues botlie two,
With many a lorde and lady mo,
On hors riden him againe,
Till it befell vpon a plaine
Thei sigh, where he was comend.

With that Constance anone preyend
Spake to hir lorde, that he abide,
So that I maie tofore ride,
To ben vpon his bien venu
The firste, whiche shall him salu.
And thus after hir lordes graunt,
Upon a mule white amblant
Forth with a fewe rode this quene.
Thei wondred, what she wolde mene,
And riden after a softe pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themprou, in bis presence,
She saide aloude in audience:

My lorde my father wel you bee,
And of this tyme that I see
Your honour, and your good hele,
Whiche is the helpe of my quarelc.
I thanke vnto the gods might.

For ioye his herte was adight
Of that she tolde in remembrance:
And whan he wiste, it was Constance,
Was neuer father halfe so blithe,
Wepende he kiste hir ofte sithe,
So was his herte all ouercome.
For though his mother were come
Fro death to lyfe out of the graue,
He myght no more wonder haue
Than he hath, whan that he hir sighe
With that hir owne lorde come nighe,
And is to themprou obiede.

And whan the fortune is bewreied,
How that Constance is come aboute,
So barde an herte was none oute,
That he for pitee tho ne wepte.

Arceuius, whiche hir fonde and kepte,
Was than gladd of that is fall,
So that with ioye amonge hem all
Thei riden in at Rome gate.

This Emperour thought all to late
Till that the Pope were come,
And of tho lordes sende some,
To praie him, that he woll haste.
Aud he cam fourth in all haste.
And whan that he this tale berde,
How wonderly this chance ferde,
He thanked god of his myracle,
To whose might maie be none obstacle.

The kyng a noble feaste hem made:
And thus thei were all gladd.

A parlement er that thei went,
Thei setten vnto this entent,
To put Rome in full espeire,
That Moris was apparant beire,
And shulde abide with hem stille.
For suche was all the londes wille.

*Qualiter Mauricius cum imperatore, vt heres im-
perii renansit, et rex Allee et Constantia in
Angliam regressi sunt.*

WHAN euery thyng was fully spoke,
Of sorowe and queint was all the smoke.

Tho toke his leue Allee the kynge,
 And with full many a riche thyng,
 Whiche thempourour bym had yeue,
 He bath a glad life for to liue.
 For he Constance bath in his bonde,
 Whiche was the comferte of his londe.
 For whan that he come homie ageine,
 There is no tonge that might seine,
 What ioie was that ilke stounde,
 Of that he hath his queene founde:
 Whiche first was sent of goddes sonde,
 Whan she was dryuen vpon the stronde,
 By whome the mysbileue of synne
 Was lefte, and Christes feith came inne
 To hem, that whilome were blynde,
 But he, whiche hyndreth euery kynde,

Qualiter rex Alle in Anglia post biennium humane
 carnis resolutionem subiens, nature debitum
 persoluit, post cuius obitum Constancia cum
 patre suo Rome se transtulit moraturam.

AND for no golde maie be forbought,
 The death comend er he besought
 Toke with this kynge suche acquaintance,
 That he with all his retenance
 Ne might not defende his life.
 And thus he parteth from his wife,
 Whiche than made sorowe enough.
 And therupon hir herte drough
 To leue Englund for euer,
 And go where she had leuer
 To Rome, wheus that she came.
 And thus of all the londe she name
 Hir leue, and goth to Rome ageine.
 And after that the bokes seine,
 She was not there but a throwe
 Whan death of kynde hath ouerthrowe
 Hir worthy father, whiche men saide
 That betwene hir armes deide.
 And afterwarde the yere suende
 The god of hir hath made an ende,
 And fro this worldes fayrie
 Hath take hir into companie.

Moris hir sonne was coroued,
 Whiche so ferforth was abandoned
 To Christes feith, that men hym calle
 Moris the christnest of all.

And thus the whole meuyng of loue
 Was at last set aboue,
 Aud so, as thou haste herde tofore,
 The fals tunges were lore,
 Whiche vpon loue wolde lie.
 For thy touchend of this cruie
 Whiche longeth vnto bakbitynge,
 Be ware thou make no leyng
 In hindryng of an other wight,
 And if thou wolde be taught aright,
 What mischief bakbiting dooth
 By other weie a tale sooth
 Nowe might thou here nexte sewnd,
 Whiche to this vice is acordend.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia consingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et narrat qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Macedonii filius Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probitatem inuidens, composito detractiois mendacio ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusauit,

dicens ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum Macedonii regnum Romanis hostibus pro ditorie vendidisset. quem super hoc indicium producens, testibusque indicibus auro subornatis, quamvis falsissime morte condemnatum euicit, quo defuncto etiam et pater infra breue postea mortuus est. Et sic Perseo successisse regnante deus huiusmodi detractiois inuidiam abhorrens ipsum cum vniuersa suorum pugnatorum multitudine extra Danubii fluiuium ab Acmiro tunc Romanorum Consule, euentu bellico interfeci fortunauit. Ita quod ab illo die Macedonii potestas penitus deducta Romano Imperio subiugata deseruiuit, et eius detractio, quam contra alium conspirauerat, in sui ipsius diffamationem pro perpetuo diuulgata consistit.

IN a cronike, as thou shalt witte
 A great ensample I finde writte,
 Whiche I shall tell vpon this thyng.

Philyp of Macedony the kynge
 Two sonnes had by his wife,
 Whose fame yet in Grece is rife:
 Demetrius the firste brother
 Was hote, and Perseus that other.

Demetrius men saiden tho
 The better knight was of the two,
 To whom the laude was attendant,
 As he whiche heire was apparant
 To regne after his fathers daie.

But that thyng, whiche no water maie
 Queneche in this worlde, but euer brenneth,
 Into his brothers herte it renneth,
 The proud eniue of that be sighe
 His brother shulde clyme on highe,
 And he to hym mote than obeie,
 That maie he suffer by no weie.
 With strength durst he no thyng fonde:
 So toke he lesyng vpon honde.

Whan he sygh tyme, and spake therto.
 For it befell that tyme so,

His father great warres had
 With Rome, whiche he streite lad
 Through mighty honde of his manhod,
 As he whiche hath enough knighthod,
 And ofte hem had sore greued:

But er the warre were alchued,
 As he was vpon ordinance
 At home in Grece, it fell par chance
 Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
 Rydent was, stode that tyme out,
 So that this Perse in his absence,
 Whiche bare the tonge of pestilence,
 With fals wordes, whiche he feigneth,
 Upon his owne brother pleineth
 In priuite behynde his bake,
 And to his father thus he spake:

My dere father I am holde
 By wey of kynde, as reason wolde,
 That I fro you shall nothyng hide,
 Whiche myght torne in any side
 Of your estate into greuance.

For thy mine hertes obeisance
 Toward you I thinke kepe.

For it is good ye take kepe
 Upon a thyng, whiche is me tolde.
 My brother hath vs all solde
 To hem of Rome: and you also.
 For than thei bebote hym so,
 That he with them shall regne in pes:
 Thus bath he caste for his ences,

That your estate shall go to nought.
And thus to proue shall be brought
So ferforth, that I vndertake
It shall not wel mow he forsake.

The kyng vpon his tale answerde
And said: If this thing, whiche he herde
Be sooth, and maie be brought to proue:
It shall not be to his behoue,
Whiche so hath shapen vs the ferste.
For he hym selfe shall be the ferste
That shall be dede, if that I maie.

Thus afterwarde vpon a daie,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his father hath hym nome
And bad to his brother Perse,
That he his tale shall reherse
Of thiike treason, whiche be tolde.

And he whiche all vntrouth wolde,
Counseileth, that so trouth a nede
Be treted, where as it maie spede,
In common place of iudgement.
The kyng thereto yafe bis assent.

Demetrius was put in bolde,
Wherof that Per-seus was bolde.
Thus stode the trouth vnder the charge,
And the falsehead goth at large,
Whiche through behest hath ouercome
The greatest of the lordes some,
That priueliche of his accorde
Thei stande, as witness of recorde.

The iudge was maie fauourable:
Thus was the lawe deceuiable,
So ferforth that the trouth fonde
Rescous none: and thus the londe
Forth with the kyng deceiued were,
The gilteles was dampned there,
And deyde vpon accusement.
But suche a false conspirement
Though it be priue for a throwe,
God wolde not it were vnknowe:
And this was afterwarde well probed
In him, whiche hath the death controued
Of that his brother was so slayne.

This Perseus was wondre fayne,
As he, that was heire apparant
Upon the reigne expectaunt,
Wherof he waxe so proude and veine,
That he his father in disdeigne
Hath take: and sette at none accompte,
As he, whiche thought him to surmount:
That where he was first de-bonaire,
He was tho rebelle and contraire,
And not as heire, but as a kyng
He toke vpon him in all thinge
Of malice and of tyrannie
In contempte of Regalie
Lyuende his father: and so wrought,
That whan the father him bethought,
And sigle to whether side it drough,
Anone he wiste well enough,
Howe Perse after his false tonge
Hath so theniuous belies ronge,
That he hath slayne his owne brother,
Wherof as than he knewe none other.
But sodeinly the iudge he nome,
Whiche corrupte satte vpon the dome
In suche wise, and hath him pressed
That he the sooth him hath confessed
Of all that hath be spoke and do.

More sory, than the kyng was tho,

Was neuer man vpon this molde,
And thought in certaine, that he wolde
Vengeance take vpon this wronge.

But the other partie was so stronge,
That for the lawe of no statute
There maie no right be execute:
And vpon this diuision
The londe was tourned vp so downe:
Wherof his herte is so distraught,
That he for pure sorowe hath caught
The maladie, of whiche nature
Is queint in euery creature.

And whan this kyng was passed thus,
This false tonged Perseus
The regiment hath vnderfonge.

But there maie nothing stande longe,
Whiche is not vj on trouth grounded.
For god, whiche all thyng hath bounded,
And signe the falsehead of his gyle,
Hath set him but a litell while,
That he shall reigne vpon depose.
For sodeinly right as he rose,
So sodeinly downe he felle.

In thiike tyme so it befelle.
This newe kyng, of newe pride
With strength shope him for to ride:
And saide be wolde to Rome fast,
Wherof he made a besie haste,
And hath assembled him an huste
In all that euer he might moste,
What man that might might wepen beare,
Of all he wolde none forbear:
So that it might not be nombred
The folke, whiche after were encrombred
Throughe him, that god wolde ouerthrow.

Anon it was at Rome knowe
The poimpe, whiche that Perse lad:
And the Romaines that tyme had
A consull, whiche was cleped thus
By name, Paulus Emilius.

A noble, a worthy knight withal,
And he, whiche chefe was of hem all,
This werre on honde hath vndertake.
And whan he shulde his leaue take
Of a yonge daughter, whiche was his,
She wepte: and he what cause it is
Hir asketh: and she him answerde,
That Perseus is deade: and he it herde:
And wondreth what she meane wolde.
Aud she vpon childhode him tolde,
That Perse hir litell hounde is deade.

With that he pulleth vp his head,
And made right a glad visage,
And said, howe that that was a presage
Touchende to that other Perse,
Of that fortune him shoulde aduersse.

He saith for suche a prenostike
Most of an hounde was to him like.
For as it is an houndes kinde,
To berke vpon a man behynde,
Right so behinde his brothers backe
(With false wordes, whiche he spake)
He hath do slayne, and that is routh.

But he, whiche hateth all vntrouth,
The high god it shall redresse.
For so my daughter prophettesse
Forth with hir litell boundes dethe
Betokeneth: and thus forth he geth
Comforted of this euidence,
With the Romaines in his defence,

Ageyne the Grekes that ben commende.

This Perseus as nought seende
This mischefe, whiche that him abode,
With all his multitude rode,
And prided him vpon this thyng,
Of that he was become a kyng:
And howe he had his reigne gete,
That he hath all the right foryete,
Whiche longeth vnto gouernance,
Wherof through goddes ordinance
It felle vpon the wynter tide,
That with his hoste be shulde ride
Ouer Danubie thilke floode,
Whiche all be frossen than stooode
So harde, that he wende wele
To passe, but the blinde whele,
Whiche tourneth ofte, er men be ware,
Thilke ice, whiche that the horsmen bare
To brake, so that a great partie
Was dreint of the chiuallrie,
The rereuarde it toke aweie
Came none of hem to loude drey.

Paulus this worthy knight Romain,
By his aspye it herde saine,
And hasteth him all that he maie,
So that vpon that other daie
He came, where he this hoste bebelde,
And that was in a large felde,
Where the baners ben displaid.

He bath anone his men arraide.
And whan that he was enbatailed,
He goth, and bath the felde assailed,
And slough, and toke all that he foude:
Wherof the Macedonie londe,
Whiche through king Alisander honored
Longe tyme stode: was tho deuoured.
To Perse and all that infortune
Thei wite, so that the commune
Of all the londe his heire exile:
And he dispeired for the while,
Disguised in a poore wede
To Rome goth: and there for nede
The craft, whiche thilke tyme was
To worken in laton, and in bras,
He lerneth for his sustenance
Suche was the sonnes purueyance.
And of his father it is saide,
In stronge prison that he was leide
In Albe, where that he was deade
For hongor and defaulte of breade.

The bounde was token and prophecie,
That liche an hounde he shulde die,
Whiche liche was of condicion,
Whan he with his detraction
Barke on bis brother so behinde.

CONFESSOR.

Lo what profite a man maie finde,
Whiche hyndre woll an other wight.
For thy with all thyu hole might
My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.

AMANS.

My father elles were I nice.
For ye therefore so well haue spoke,
That it is iu myn herte loke
And euer shall: but of enuie,
If there be more in his balie
Towardes loue, saie me what.

My sonne as gyle vnder the hat

With sleightes of a Tregetour
Is hid, enuie of suche colour
Hath yet the fourthe deceiuant,
The whiche is cleped fals Semblant:
Wherof the mater, and the forme
Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,
Dumque diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, sermo salutem
Actus sed morbum dat suus esse grauem.
Pax tibi quam spondet, magis est prognostica guerra
Commoda si dederit, discere sub esse dolum.
Quod patet esse fides in eo fraus est que politici
Principium pacti finis habere negat,
O quem condicio talis deformat amantem
Qui magis apparet super in amore nihil.

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta specie inuidie,
que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto
maioris amicie apparenceiam ostendit, tanto
subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipiendum mens
maginatur.

Of fals Semblant I shall tell,
Aboue all other it is the well,
Out of the whiche deceite floweth.
There is no man so wise, that knoweth,
Of thilke floode, whiche is the tide,
Ne howe he shulde hym seluen guide
To take saufe passage there:
And yet the wynde to mans ere
Is softe, and as it semeth oute,
It maketh clere weder all aboute.
But though it seme, it is not so.
For fals Semblant hath euer mo
Of his counsaile in companie
The derke vntrewe hypocrisie,
Whose worde discordeth to his thought.
For thy thei ben to gyder brought
Of one cotinne, of one housholde,
As it shall after this be tolde.
Of fals semblant it nedeth nought
To tell of olde ensamples ought.
For all daie in experience
A man maie see thilke euidence
Of fayre wordes, whiche he hereth:
But yet the barge enuie stereth,
And halt it euer fro the londe,
Whiche fals Semblant with ore in honle
It roweth, and woll not arriue
But let it on the waues driue
In great tempest, and great debate,
Wherof that loue and his estate
Empeireth: And therefore I rede
My sonne that thou flee and drede
This vice: and what that other seyn
Let thy semblant be trewe and plein.

For fals Semblant is thilke vice,
Whiche neuer was without office,
Where that enuie thinketh to gile
He shall be for that ilke while
Of prine counsaile messagere.
For whan his semblant is moste clere,
Than is he moste derke in his thought:
Though men him se thei know him nought,
But as it sheweth in the glas
Thyng, whiche tberin neuer was:
So sheweth it in his visage,
That neuer was in his courage.

Thus doth he all his thyng by sleight
 Now leie thy conscience in weight
 My good sonne, and shriue the here,
 If thou were euer customere
 To fals Semblant in any wise.
 For ought I can me yet auise
 My good father certes no.
 If I for loue haue don so,
 Nowe asketh, I wolde prais yowe.
 For elles I wot neuer howe
 Of fals semblant that I haue gylt.
 My sonne and sethin that thou wilt,
 That I shall aske, gab nought,
 But tell, if euer was thy thought
 With fals semblant and Couerture,
 To witte of any creature,
 Howe that he was with loue ladde
 So were he sorie, were he gladd,
 Whan that thou wistest howe it were
 All that he rouneth in thine ere,
 Thou toldest forth in other place
 To setten hym fro loues grace
 Of what woman that the best liste,
 There as no man his counseyll wist
 But thou, by whome he was deceiued
 Of loue, and from his purpose weiued,
 And thoughtest that his disturbance
 Thyn owne cause shulde auance,
 As who saith, I am so selce,
 There may no mans prietece
 Ben heled halue so well as myn.
 Arte thou my sonne of suche engyn
 Telle on? My good father naie,
 As for the more parte I saie.
 But of some dele I am beknowe,
 That I maie stonde in thikke rowe
 Amonge hem, that saundes vse,
 I wolt not me therof excuse,
 That I with suche colour ne steine,
 Whan I my best semblant feine
 To my felowe, tyll that I wote
 All his counseile bothe colde and hote.
 For by that cause I make hym chere,
 Till I his loue knowe and here.
 And if so be myn herte soucheth,
 That ought vnto my lady toucheth
 Of loue, that he wolt me tell,
 Anone I renne vnto the well,
 And caste water in the fyre,
 So that his carte amynd the myre,
 By that I haue his counsaile knowe
 Full ofte sith I ouerthrowe,
 Whan that he weneth best to stonde.
 But this I do you vnderstonde,
 If that a man loue elles where,
 So that my lady be nought there,
 And he me tell, I will it hide,
 There shall no worde escape aside.
 For with disceite of no semblant
 To hym breke I no couenant
 Me lyketh not in other place
 To let no man of his grace
 Ne for to be inquisitife
 To knowe an other mans life,
 Where that he loue, or loue nought,
 That toucheth nothing to my thought.
 But all it passeth through myn eare,
 Right as a thyng that neuer were,
 And is foryete, and laide beside.
 But if it touche on any side

My ladie, as I haue er spoken,
 Myn eares ben nought than loken.
 For certes whan that betitte,
 My wyll, myn herte, and all my witte
 Ben fully sette to herken and sper
 What any man woll speke of her.
 Thus haue I feigned compaue
 Full ofte, for I wolde asprie
 What thyng it is, that any man
 Tell of my worthy lady can.
 And for two causes I do this:
 The firste cause wherof is,
 If that I might herken and seke,
 That any man of hir misspeke:
 I woll excuse hir so fully,
 That whan she wist iderly,
 Myn hope shulde be the more
 To baue hir thanke for ouer more.
 That other cause, I you assure,
 Is, why that I by couerture
 Haue feigned semblant ofte tyme
 To them that passen all daie byme,
 And hen louers as well as I.
 For this I wene truely,
 That there is of hem all none,
 That thei ne louen euerychone
 My ladie. For sotheliche I leue,
 And durst setten it in preue,
 Is none so wise, that shulde asterte,
 But he were lustles in his berte.
 For why, and be my lady sie,
 Hir visage, and hir goodly eie,
 But he hir loued, er he went.
 And for that suche is myn entent
 That is the cause of myn asprie,
 Why that I feigne companie,
 And make felowe ouer all.
 For gladly wolde I knowen all,
 And holde me couerte alwaie,
 That I full ofte ye or naie
 Ne lyst answer in any wise,
 But feignyng semblant as the wise:
 And herken tales till I knowe
 My ladies louers all arowe.
 And whan I here, howe thei wrought:
 I fare as though I herde nought,
 And as I no worde vnderstode.
 But that is nothyng for her good.
 For leueth well, and sooth is this,
 That whan I knowe all howe it is,
 I woll but forthren hem alite,
 But all the werste I can endite,
 I tell it vnto my lady plat,
 For furtheryng of myn owne estate:
 And hyndre them all that I maie.
 But for all that yet dare I saie,
 I finde vnto my selfe no bote,
 All though myn herte nedes mote
 Through strength of loue all that I here
 Discouer vnto my ladie dere.
 For in good feith I haue no might
 To hele fro that sweete wight,
 If that it toucheth hir any thyng.
 But this wote well the heuen kyng,
 That sithen first the worlde began
 Unto none other strange man
 Ne feigned I semblant ne chere,
 To wite or aske of his matere,
 Though that he loueth. x. or twelue,
 Whan it was uought my ladies selue.

But if he wolde aske any rede
 Alonliche of his owne bede,
 Howe he with other lures ferde:
 His tales with myn eares I aerde,
 But to myn herte came it nought,
 Ne sanke no depper in my thought,
 But helde counsaile, as I was bede,
 And tolde it neuer in other stede,
 But let it passen, as it come.

Nowe father saie, what is thy dome,
 And howe thou wolt, that I be peined
 For suche semblant as I haue feigned.

My sonne, if reason be well peised,
 There maie no vertue be vnpreised,
 Ne vice none be sette in pris.

For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
 Do no viser vpon thy face,
 Whiche as woll not thy herte embrace.
 For if thou do, within a throwe
 To other men it shall be knowe.
 So might thou lightly fall in blame,
 And lese a great parte of thy name.

And nethcles in this degre
 Full ofte tyme thou might see,
 Of suche men, as nowe a daie
 This vice settin in assaie:

I speke it for no mans blame,
 But for to warne the, the same.

My sonne as I maie here talke
 In every plase: where I walke,
 I not, if it be so or none,
 But it is many daies gone,
 That I first herde telle this
 Howe false Sembiant hath be, and is
 Most commonly from yere to yere
 With them that dwelle amonge vs here,
 Of suche as we Lumbarde call.

For thei ben the siest of all,
 So as men saine in towne about,
 To feigne and shewe thyng without,
 Whiche is reuers to that within,
 Wherof that thei full ofte wyne,
 Whan thei by reason shulde lese.
 Thei ben the last, and yet thei chese:
 And we the firste, and yet behynde
 We gone, there as we shulden finde
 The profite of our owne londe.

Thus gone thei free without bonde,
 To done her profite all at large:
 And other men beare all the charge
 Of Lumbarde vnto this couine
 (Whiche all londes conne engine)
 Maie false Sembiant in speciall
 Be likened: for thei ouer all,
 Where that thei thinke for to dwelle,
 Amonge them selfe, so as thei telle
 Firste beu enforced for to lere
 A craft, whiche cleped is Facrere.

For if Facrere come about,
 Than afterwarde hem stant no doubt:
 To voide with a subtile honde
 The best goodes of the londe,
 And brynge chaffe, and take corne,
 Where as Facrere goth beforen,
 In all his weye he sint no lette
 That dore can none vssher shette,
 In whiche he list to take entre.

And thus the counsaile most secre
 Of euery thyng Facrere knoweth,
 Whiche in to straunge place he bloweth

Where as he wote it maie most greue.

And thus Facrere maketh beleue,
 So that full ofte he hath deceued,
 Er that he maie ben apperceiued.
 Thus is this vice for to drede.
 For who these olde bokes rede
 Of suche ensamples as we are,
 Him ought be the more ware
 Of all tho that feigne chere,
 Wherof thou shalte a tale here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui
 sub dissimulate beneuolentia speculo alios in
 amore defraudant. Et narrat qualiter Hercules
 cum ipse quoddam fluium cuius vada non
 nouit, cum Deianyra transmeare proposuit, su-
 perueniens Nessus gygas ob amicitiam Herculis,
 vt dixit, Deianyram in vinas suas suscipiens,
 trans ripam saluo perduxit. Et statim cum ad
 litus peruenisset quam cito currere potuit, ip-
 sam tanquam propriam in preiudicium Herculis
 asportare fugiens conabatur. Per quod non
 solum ipsi sed etiam Herculi mortis euentum
 fortuna postmodum causauit.

Of fals semblant, whiche is beleued,
 Ful many a worthy wight is greued,
 And was longe tyme or we wer bore.

To the my sonne I will therefore
 A tale tell, of fals Sembiant,
 Whiche falseth many a covenant,
 And mauy a fraude of fals counsaile
 There be hongend vpon his soile,
 And that abouten giltyes
 Both Deianyre, and Hercules,
 The whiche in greate disease fell
 Through fals Sembiant, as I shall tell.

Whan Hercules within a throwe
 Al onely hath his herte throwe
 Upon this faire Deianyre,
 It fell him on a daie desire,
 Upon a riuier as he stode,
 That passe he wolde ouer the floode
 Without bote, and with him lede
 His lone, but he was in drede
 For tendresse of that sweete wight.
 For he knewe not the foorde aight.

There was a geant than nigh,
 Whiche Nessus hight: and whan he sigh
 This Hercules and Deianyre,
 Within his herte he gau conpire,
 As he, whiche through his trecherie,
 Hath Hercules in great enue,
 Whiche he bare in his herte loke:
 And thau he thought it shall be wroke.

But he ne durste netheles
 Ayene this worthy Hercules
 Fall in debate, as for to feight.
 But feigned Sembiant all by sleight
 Of frendship, and of all good,
 And cometh, where as thei both stode,
 And maketh hem all the chere be cau,
 And saith, that as her owne man,
 He is all redy for to do
 What thyng he maie: and it fel so,
 That thei vpon his Sembiant triste,
 Did asken him, if that be wiste
 What thyng hem were beste to doone,
 So that thei mighten saufe and soune

The water passe, he and shee.

And whan Nessus the priuete
Knewe of her herte, what it ment,
As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad visage.
And whan he herde of the passage
Of hūn and hir, he thought gile,
And feigneth Semblant for a while,
To done hem plesance and seruise.
But he thought all an other wise.

This Nessus with his wordes slie
Yafe suche counseile tofore her eie,
Whiche semed outwarte profitable,
And was within deceiuable.
He had hem of the stremes depe
That thei beware, and take kepe,
So as thei knowe not the passe.

But for to helpe in suche a cas
He saith him selfe, that for her ease,
He wolde, if that it mighte hem please,
The passage of the water take,
And for this ladie vnder take,
To beare hir to that other stronde,
And saufe to sette hir vp a londe.
And Hercules maie than also
The weye knowe, howe he shall go.

And therto thei accorden all.
But what as after shall befall,
Well paid was Hercules of this,
And this Geant also gladdie is,
And toke this ladie vp alofte,
And set hir on his shulder softe:
And in the flood began to wade,
As he, whiche no grutchynge made,
And bare hir ouer saufe and sonde.
But whan he stode on drie grounde,
And Hercules was ferre behinde,
He set his trouth all out of minde.
Who so therof be lefe or loth,
With Deianyre forth he goth,
As he that thought to disseuer
The companie of hem for eucr.

Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
As faste as euer he might hym spele,
He hieth after in a throughe:
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in all hast he bende,
As he that wolde an arowe sende,
Whiche he tofore had enuenymed.
He hath so well his shotte tymed,
That he hym through the body smette.
And thus the false wight he lette.

But liste nowe, suche a felonie.
When Nessus wist he shulde die,
He toke to Deianyre his sherte,
Whiche with the bloud was of his hert
Through out disteined ouer all,
And tolde howe she it kepe shall,
And priuely to this entent:
That if hir lorde his herte went
To loue in any other place,
Tbis shert he saith hath suche a grace,
That if she maie so muchel make,
That he the sherte vpon hym take,
He shall all other lette in vaine
And tourne vnto hir loue againe.

Who was tho glad but Deianyre?
Hir thought hir berte was on a fire,
Till it was in hir cofer loke:
So that no worde therof was spoke.

The daies gone, the yeres passe,
The bertes waxen lasse and lasse
Of hem, that be to loue vntrowe,
This Hercules with hert newe,
His loue hath set on Eolen:
And therof speken all men.

This Eolen, this faire maide
Was (as men thilke tyme saide)
The kynges daughter of Eurice,
And she made Hercules so nice
Upon hir loue, and so assote,
That he hym clotheth in hir cote:
And she in his was cladde full ofte.
And thus feblesse is set alofte,
And strengthe was put vnder foote,
There can no man therof do boote.
Whan Deianyre hath herd this speche,
There was no sorowe for to seche.
Of other helpe wote she none,
But goth vnto her coufer anone,
With wepend eye, and wofull herte,
She toke out thilke vnhappie sherte,
As she that wend wel to do.
And brought bir werke about so,
That Hercules this shert on dede,
To suche entent, as she was bede
Of Nessus, so as I saide er:
But therof was she nought the ner:
As no fortune maie be weyued,
With false Semblant she was deceued.

Than whan she wende best haue wonne,
She lost all that she bath begonne.
For thilke sherte vnto the bone
His body sette a fire anone,
And cleueb so, it maie not twyne.
For the venym, that was therin.

And he than as a wilde man,
Unto the high woodde he ranne,
And as the clerke Ouide telleth,
The great trees to grounde he felletth,
With strength of his owne might,
And made an huge fire vpright,
And lepte hym selfe therin at ones,
And Brent him selfe both flesshe and bones.
Whiche thyng cam through false semblant,
That fals Nessus the Gaunt
Made vnto him, and to his wife,
Wherof that he hath loste his life:
And she sory for euermo.

For thy my sonne er the be wo
I rede, be wel ware therfore.
For whan so great a man was lore,
It ought to yeue a great conceite
To warne all other of suche deceite.

Graunt mercy father, I am ware
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals Semblant take acquaintance,
But rather I wol do penance:
That I haue feigned chere er this.
Nowe asketh forth, what so there is,
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.

My sonne yet there is the fift,
Whiche is conceiued of enuie,
And cleped is Supplantarie:
Through whose compassment and gile
Ful many bath loste his while
In loue, as wel as other wise,
Here after as I shall deuise.

Inuidus alterius est supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.

*Ectopus occultum, quasi quæ lætet anguis in herba,
Quod facit, et subita sorte nocuius ad st.
Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amantem,
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam
Sæpè que supplantans in plantam plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.*

Hic tractat Confessor de quinta specie Inuidie,
quæ supplantatio dicitur, cuius cultor prius-
quam percipiatur aliene dignitatis et officii
multotiens intrusor existens.

The vice of supplantation,
With many a fals collacion,
Whiche he conspireth all ynknowe,
Full ofte tyme hath ouerthrowe
The worship of another man:
So wel no life awaite can
Ayene his sleight for to caste,
That he his purpose at the laste
Ne hath, er that it be withset.
But moste of all his hert is set
In court, vpon these great offices
Of dignitees and benefices.
Thus goth he with his sleighte about
To hynder, and shoue another out,
And stonden with his slighe compas.
In stede there another was,
And so to set him selfe yune
He recketh not be so he wyne,
Of that another man sha' lese.
And thus full ofte chalke for chese
He changeth with full litell coste,
Wherof another hath the loste,
And he the profite shall recieue.
For his fortune is to deceiue,
And fur to change vpon the whele
His wo with other mens wel,
Of that another man aualet
His owne astate thus he vp haleth,
And taketh the byrde to his beyete,
Where other men the busshes bete.

My sonne and in the same wise
There be louers of suche emprise,
That shapen hem to be relieue l,
Where it is wronge, to be acheued.
For it is other mans right,
Whiche he hath take daie and night
To kepe for his owne store,
Toward him selfe for euermore,
And is his proper by the lawe,
Whiche thyng that ask th no felawe,
If loue holde his couenaunt:
But thei that worken by supplant
Yet wolden suche a man supplant,
And take a part of thilke plant,
Whiche he hath for him selfe set.
And so ful ofte is all ynket
That some man weneth be right faste.
For Supplant with his stye cast
Full ofte happeth for to mowe
Thyng, whiche another man hath sows,
And maketh common of proprete
With sleight, and with subtiltee
As men maie sen from yere to yere.
Thus claimeth he the bote to stere,
Of whiche another maister is.

For thy my sonne if thou er this
Haste ben of suche profession,
Discouer thy Confession

Hast thou supplanted any man?

For ought that I you telle can
Myn holy father as of dede,
I am withouten any drede,
And gilteles: but of my thought
My conscience excuse I nought.

For were it wronge or wer it right,
Me liketh no thyng but might
That I ne wolde longe er this
Of other mans loue I wis.
By wey of supplantation
Haue made appropriation,
And holde that I neuer nought,
Thoughte it another man forthought.

And all this speke I but of one,
For whom I lete all other gone,
But hir I maie not ouerpasse,
That I ne mote alwey compass,
Me rought not by what queintise,
So that I might in any wise
Fro suche, that my ladie serue
Hir hert make for to swerue
Without any parte of loue.
For by the goddes all about
I wolde it might so befall,
That I alone shuld hem all
Supplant, and welde hir at my will.
And that thyng maie I nought fulfill,
But if I shulde strengthe make:
And that dare I nought vndertake,
Though I were as was Alisander.
For therof might rise a sklender.
And certes that shall I do neuer.
For in good feith yet had I leuer
In my simplesse for to die,
Than worche suche supplantarie.

Of other wise I woll not saie,
That if I fonde a siker waie,
I wolde as for conclusion
Worche after supplantation,
So hyghe a loue for to winne.

Nowe father, if that this be sinne,
I am redy to redresse
The gylt, of whiche I me confesse.

My good sonne as of supplant
The dare not drede tant ne quant.
As for no thyng that I haue herde,
But only that thou haste misferde
Thinkend: and that me liketh nought.
For god beholt a mans thought.

And if thou vnderstode in sooth,
In loues cause what it dooth,
A man to ben a supplantour,
Thou woldest for thyn owne honour
By double waie take kepe.

Fyrste for thyn owne estate to kepe
To be thy selfe so well be thought,
That thou supplanted were nought.

And eke for worship of thy name,
Towardes other do the same:
And suffre euery man haue his.
But netheles it was and is,
That in awaite at all assaies
Supplant of loue in our waies,
The leef full ofte for the leaer
Forsaketh, and so it hath done euer.
Ensample I fynde therupon.

2ualiter Agamemnon de amore Bresseide Achil-
lem, et Diomedes de amore Criseide Troilum
supplantaui.

AT troie howe that Agamemnon
Supplanted the worthie knight
Achilles, for that sweete wight
Whiche named was Brisseida.

And also of Criseida,
Whome Troilus to loue chos,
Supplanted hath Diomedes.

Qualiter Amphitrium socium suum Getam qui
Alcmenam peramauit, seipsu loco alterius
cautelosa supplantacione substituit.

OF Geta and Amphitrión,
That whilom were both as one
Of frendship and of companie,
I rede howe that Supplantarie
In loue, as it betid tho,
Beyled hath one of hem two.
For this Geta, that I of mene,
To whom the lusty faire Alcmené
Assured was by waic of loue,
Whan he beste wende haue ben aboue,
And sikereste of that he had,
Cupido so the cause lad,
That while he was out of the weie,
Amphitrión hir loue aweie
Hath take, and in this forme he wrought.

By night vnto the chambre he sought.
Where that she lay: aud with a wile
He counterfeteth for the while
The voice of Geet, in suche a wise,
That made hir of hir bedde arise,
Wenende that it were he,
And lete hym in: and whan thei be
To gyder a bedde in armes faste,
This Geta cam than at laste
Unto the dore, and saide vndo.
And she answerd, and bad hym go,
And saide, howe that a bed all warne
Hir liefse lay naked in hir arine.
She wende, that it were sooth.

Lo what supplant of lone dooth.
This Geta fourth beiaepd went,
And yet ne wyst he, what it ment.
Amphitrión hym hath supplanted
With sleight of loue, and hir enchanted.
And thus put euery man out other.
The ship of loue hath lost his rother,
So that he can no reason sterc.
And for to speke of this mattere
Touchende loue, and his supplaunt,
A tale, whiche is accordant
Unto thine eare I thynke enforme.
Nowe herken, for this is the forme.

Hic in amoris causa contra fraudem detractionis
ponit Confessor exemplum, Et narrat de quodam
Romani imperatoris filio, qui probitates
armorum super omnia exercere affectans, nesciente
patre ultra mare in partes Persie ad deseruiendum
Soldano super guerras cum solo milite
tanquam socio suo ignotus se transtulit, Et cum
ipsius milicie fama super alios ibidem celsior
accreuisset, contigit, vt in quodam bello contra
Caliphum Egypti inito, soldanus a sagitta mortaliter
vulneratus priusquam moreretur quendam
anulum filie sue secretissimum isto nobili
Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia sua sub
paterne benedictionis vinculo adiurata est, quod
quicumque dictum anulum ei afferret, ipsum in

coniugem pre omnibus susciperet. Defuncto autem
Soldano versus ciuitatem, que Kayre dicitur,
itinerantes, iste Romanus commilitoni suo huius
mysterii secretum reuelauit, qui noctanter a
bursa domini sui anulum furto surripienti, nec
que audiuit vsui proprio falsissima supplantacione
applicuit, et sic seruus pro domino desponsata
sibi Soldani filia, coronatus, Persie regnauit.

OF thilke citee chiefe of all,
Whiche men the noble Rome call,
Er it was set to Christes faith,
There was, as the cronike saith,
An emperour, the whiche it lad
In pece, that he no warres had.
There was no thyng disobeisant,
Whiche was to Rome apertenant,
But all was tourned in to reste.
To some it thought hem for the beste,
To some it thought nothyng so,
And that was ouely vnto tho,
Whose herte stode vpon knighthode:
But most of all his manhode,
The worthie sonne of the emperour,
Whiche wolde ben a warriour,
As he that was chiualous,
Of worldes fame and desyreous:
Began his father to besече,
That he the warres might seche
In strange marches for to ride.

His father saide he shulde abide,
And wolde graunt hym no leue.
But he whiche wolde nought beleue.
A knight of his, to whom he trist,
Right euen as he thought and list,
He toke and tolde hym his courage,
That he purposeth a viage,
If that fortune with hym stonde.

He sayde, that he wolde fonde
The great sea to passe vuknowe,
And there abide for a throwe
Upon the warres to traualle.

And to this point without faile
This knight whan he bath herde his lorde,
Is swore, and stant of his accorde,
As thei that bothe yonge were:
So that in preuie counsaile there
Thei ben assented for to wende,
And thervpon to make an ende,
Treasure enough with hem thei token.

And whan the tyme is best thei loken,
That sodenliche in a galeic
Pro Rome londe thei wente their weie,
And londe vpon that other side.
The worlde fell so that ilke tide,
Whiche euer his happes hath diuerse,
The great Soldan than of Perse
Ayene the Caliphe of Egypte
A warre, whiche that hym beclipte
Hath in a marche costeant:

And he whiche was a pursiaunt
Worshippe of armes to ateyne,
This Romaine anone let ordeine,
That he was redie euery dele.
And whan he was arraied wele
Of euery thyng, whiche hym belongeth,
Straught vnto Kayre bis weie he fongeth:
Where he the Soldan than fonde,
And asketh, that within his londe

He might hym for the warre serue,
As he whiche woll his thanke deserue.

The Souldan was right glad withall,
And well the more inspiaciall,
Whan that he wist he was Romaine,
But what he was elles incertaine,
That might he wite by no waie.
And thus the knight, of whome I saie,
Toward the Souldan is beleste:
And in the marches nowe and este,
Where that the dedely warres were,
He wrought suche knighthode there,
That every man spake of him good.
And thilke tyme so it stooode,
This mightie Soldan by his wife
A daughter hath, that in this life
Men saide there was none so feire,
She shulde ben hir fathers heire,
And was of yeres ripe enough.
Hir beautee many an hert drough
To bowe to that ilke law,
Fro whiche no life maie be withdrawe,
And that is loue, whose nature
Set life and death in a venture
Of hem, that knighthode vndertake.

This lustie peine hath ouertake
The hert of this Romain so sore,
That to knighthode more and more
Prowesse auanteth his courage:
Liche to the lion in his rage,
Fro whom that all bestes fle,
Suche was this knight in his degree,
Where he was armed in the felde,
Ther dust none abide his shelde.
Great price vpon the warres he had.
But she, whiche all the chance lad
Fortune shope the marches so,
That by thassent of bothe two
The Soldan and the Caliphe eke,
Batail vpon a daie thei seke:
Whiche was in suche a wise set,
That lenger shulde it not be let.
Thei made hem stronge on euery side,
And whan it drough toward the tide,
That the bataill shulde be,
The Soldan in great priuete
A golde ringe of his daughter toke,
And made hir swere vpon a boke,
And eke vpon the gods all:
That if fortune so befall,
In the bataille that he deie,
That he shall thilke man obcie,
And take him to hir housbonde,
Whiche thilke same ringe to honde
Hir shulde bryng after his deth.

This hath she swore, aud forth he geth,
With all the power of his londe
Unto the marche, where he fonde
His ennemie full enbatailed.

The Soldan hath the felde assailed,
Thei that ben hardie soone assemblen,
Wherof the dredfull hertes tremblen.
That one sleeth, and that other sterueth,
But abouen all his price deserueth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedely swerde no man abode,
Ayene the whiche was no defence.
Egypte fledde in his presence,
And thei of Perse vpon the chace
Pursuen, but I not what grace

Befell, an arowe out of a bowe
All sodently within a throwe
The Soldan smote, aud there he laie.
The chas is left for thilke daie,
And he was bore in to a tent.

The Soldan sighe how that it went,
And that he shulde algates die:
And to this knight of Romaine
Avnto him whom he most triste,
His daughters ringe, that none it wiste,
He toke, and tolde him all the cas,
Upon hir othe what token it was,
Of that she shulde ben his wife.

Whan this was saide, the hertes life
Of this Soldan departeth soone:
And thervpon, as was to doone,
The dede body well and faire
Thei carie till thei come at Kaire:
There he was wortheliche begraue.
The lordes, whiche as wolden saue
The reigne, whiche was desolate,
To bryng it in to good astate,
A parlement thei set anone.

Nowe herken what fell thervpon.
This yonge lorde this worthie knight
Of Rome, vpon the same night,
That thei a morowe trete sholde,
Unto his bachiler he tolde
His counsell, and the ringe with all
He sheweth, through whiche he shall
He seith, the kynges daughter wedde.
For so the ringe was leide to wedde
He tolde, in to hir fathers honde,
That with what man that she it fonde,
She shulde him take vnto hir lorde.
And thus, he seith, stant of recorde.
But no man wote who hath this ringe.

This bachelere vpon this thyng
His ere and bis entent laide,
And thought more, than he saide,
Aud feigneth with a fals visage,
That he was glad: but his courage
Was all set in a nother wise.

These olde philosophers wise
Thei writen vpon thilke while,
That he maie best a man begile,
In whom the mau hath inost credeuce.

And this befell in euidence
Toward this yonge lord of Rome.
His bachiler, whiche had tome,
Whan that his lorde by night slepte,
This ringe, the whiche his maister kepte,
Out of his purs aweie be dede,
And put another in the stede.

A morow whan the court is set,
The yonge ladie was forth fet,
To whome the lordes done homage.
And after that of mariage
Thei treaten, and asken of hir wille.

But she whiche thought to fulfille
Hir faders hest in this matter,
Saide openly, that men maie here
The charge, whiche hir fader bad.

Tho was this lorde of Rome glad,
And drough toward his purs an ne,
But all for nought, it was a gone,
His bachiler it hath forth drawe,
And asketh thervpon the lawe:
That she him holde couenant.
The token was so suffisant,

That it ne might be forsake.

And netheles his lorde hath take
 Squarelle ayene his owne man.
 But for nothyng that euer he can,
 He might as than nought be herde:
 So that his claime is vnanswerde,
 And he hath of his purpos failed.

This bachiler was tho counsaile
 And wedded, and of thilke empire
 He was crowned lord aud sire,
 And all the lond him hath receiued:
 Wherof his lorde, whiche was deceiued
 A seknes, er the third morowe,
 Conceiued hath of dedly sorowe,
 And as he lay vpon his death,
 There while him lasteth speche and breth,
 He send for the worthiest
 Of all the londe, and eke the best,
 And tolde hem all the sooth tho
 That he was sonne and heire also
 Of themperour of great Rome:
 And howe that thei to gyder come
 This knight, and he, right as it was
 He tolde hem all the plaine cas.

And for that he his counseil tolde,
 That other hath all that he wolde,
 And he hath failed of his mede.
 As for the good he taketh none hede,
 He saith, but onely of the loue,
 Of whiche he wend haue be aboue.
 And thervpon by letter write
 He doth his fader for to write,
 Of all the matter howe it stode.
 And than with an hertely mode
 Unto the lordes he besought,
 To telle his lady howe he bought
 Hir loue, of whiche another gladdeth,
 And with that worde his hwee fadeth,
 And saide, a dieu my ladye sweete,
 The life hath loste his kindly herte.
 And he laye still as any stone,
 Wherof was sory many one:
 But none of all so as shee.

This fals knight in his degree
 Arested was, and put in holde.
 For openly when it was tolde
 Of the treason, whiche is befall,
 Throughout the londe thei saiden all,
 If it be sooth, that men suppose,
 His owne vntrouth him shall depose.
 And for to seche an euidence
 With honour, and great reuerence,
 Wherof thei mighten knowe an ende,
 To themperour anon thei sende
 The letter, whiche his sonne wrote.

And whan that he the sooth wote,
 To tell his sorowe is endeles.
 But yet in haste netheles
 Upon the tale, whiche he herde
 His steward in to Perse ferde,
 With many a worthy Romaine eke,
 His liege traitor for to seke.

And whan thei thyder come were,
 This knight him hath confessid there,
 Howe falsly that he hath hym bore:
 Wherof his worthie lorde was lore.

Tho saiden some, he shulde deie:
 But yet thei founden suche a weie,
 That he shall not be dede in Perse.
 And thus the skilles ben diuerse,

Be cause that he was coroned,
 Of that the londe was habandoned
 To hym, all though it were vnright,
 There is no peine for him dight.
 But to this point and to this ende
 Thei graunten wel, that he shall wende
 With the Romayns to Rome ageine.
 And thus acorded full and pleine,
 The quicke body with the dede
 With leue take, forth thei lede,
 Where that Supplant hath his Juise,
 Wherof that thou the might auise
 Upon this informacion,
 Touchend of supplantacion,
 That thou my soune do not so.

And for to take hede also
 What supplant dooth in other halwe,
 There is no man can finde a salwe
 Plainly to helen suche a sore.
 It hath and shall ben euermore,
 Whan pride is with enuie Joynt,
 He suffreth no man in good poynt,
 Where that he maie his honour let
 And thervpon if I shall set
 Ensamble in holy churche I fynde,
 How that supplant is not behynde,
 God wote if that it nowe be so.

For in Cronike of tyme a go
 I fynde a tale concordable
 Of Supplant, whiche is no fable
 In the maner as I shall telle,
 So as whylom the thynges felle.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos ia
 causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatores. Et
 narrat qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessorem
 suum Celestinum a papatu contractata circum-
 uencione fraudulenter supplantauit, Sed qui
 potentes a sede deponit huiusmodi supplantacionis
 fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sic in sub-
 lime exaltatum postea in profundo carceris mi-
 seriam proici, fame que siti cruciari, nec non et
 ab huius vite gaudiis dolorosa morte supplantari
 permisit.

At Rome as it hath ofte fall,
 The viker generall of all,
 Of hem that leuen Christes feith,
 His laste daie, whiche uone with seith,
 Hath shette, as to the wordes eie:
 Whos name, if I shall specifie,
 He hight Pope Nicolas.
 And thus whan that he passed was,
 The Cardinals, that wolden saue
 The forme of lawe in the concaue,
 Gon for to chese a newe Pope.
 And after that thei couthe grope
 Hath eche of hem saide his entent,
 Till at laste thei assent
 Upon an holy clerke recluse,
 Whiche full was of gostly vertuse.

His pacience, and his simplesse
 Hath set hym in to highe noblesse.
 Thus was he Pope canonised
 With great honour, and intronised.
 Aud vpon chance, as it is falle,
 His name Celestin men calle.
 Whiche notified was by bull
 To holy churche: and to the full
 In all londes magnified.

But euery worship is enuied:

And that was thilke tyme scene.
For whan this Pope, of whome I mene,
Was chose, and other set be side,

A cardinall was thilke tide,
Whiche the papate hath longe desyred,
And therrpon gretly conspired.

But whan he sighe fortune is failed,
For whiche longe time he hath trauailed:

That ilke fyre, which Ethna brenneth,
Through out his wofull herte renneth:

Whiche is resembled to enuie,
Wherof Supplant and trecherie

Engendred is. And netheles
He feigneth loue, he feigneth pes,

Outwarde he dooth the reuerence:
But all within his conscience,

Through fals ymaginacion,
He thought Supplantacion.

And therrvpon a wonder wile
He wrought. For at thilke while

It fell so, that of his linage
He had a Clergon youge of age,

Whom he hath in his chamber affaited.
This Cardinall his time hath waited,

And with his wordes slie and quaint,
The whiche he couth wisely point,

He shope this clerke of whiche I tell,
Towarde the pope for to dwell:

So that within his chamber a night
He laie: and was a priuie wight

Towarde the pope on nightes tide,
May no man flee, that shall be tide.

This Cardinall, whiche thought gile,
Upon a daie, whan he hath while,

This yonge clerke vnto him toke,
And made hym swere vpon a boke,

And tolde him what his will was:
And forth with all a Trome of bras

He hath hym take, and bad him this.
Thou shalt, he saide, whan time is

Awaite, and take right good kepe,
Whan that the Pope is fast a slepe,

And that none other man be nie:
And than that thou be so slie

Through out the Trompe in to his ere,
Fro heuen as though a voic it were,

To sowne of suche prolacion,
That he his meditacion

Therof maie make, and vnderstonde,
As though it were of gods sonde.

And in this wise thou shalt scie,
That he do thilke astate awie

Of Pope, of whiche he stant honoured,
So shall his soule be socoured

Of thilke worshippe at the last
Iu heuen, whiche shall euer last.

This clerke, whan he hath herd the forme,
How be the Pope shuld enforme:

Toke of the Cardinall his leue,
And goth hym home, till it was eue,

And priuie the trompe he hedde
Tyll that the Pope was a bedde.

And at the midnight, whan he knewe
The Pope slepte, than he blew

Within his Trompe through the wall,
And tolde, in what maner he shall

His papacie leue, and take
His firste astate. And thus awake

This holy Pope he made thries:
Wherof diuers fantasies

Upon his great holinesse,
Within his herte he gan impresse.

The Pope full of Innocence
Conceiuth in his conscience,

That it is gods will, be cese.
But in what wise he maie relese

His hie astate, that wote he nought.
And thus within him selfe he thought,

He bare it still in his memorie,
Till he cam to the consistorie,

And there in presence of hem all
He asketh: if it so befall,

That any Pope cese wolde,
Howe that the lawe it suffer sholde.

Thei setten all still, and herde.
Was none, whiche to the pointe answerde.

For to what purpos that it ment,
There was no man knewe his entent,

But onely he, whiche shop the gile.
This Cardinall the same while

All openly with wordes pleine
Seith: if the Pope woll ordeine,

That there be suche a lawe wrought:
Thau might he cese, and elles nought.

And as he saide, doone it was.
The Pope anone vpon the cas

Of his papall auctoritee
Hath made and youe the decree.

And whan the lawe was confermed
In due forme, and all affermed,

This innocent, whiche was deceiued,
His papacie anone hath weiued,

Renounced and resigned eke.
That other was nothyng to seke,

But vnterneth suche a iape
He hath so for hym selfe shape,

That howe as euer it hym beseme,
The miter, with the diademe

He hath through supplantacion:
And in his confirmacion,

Upon the fortune of his grace,
His name was cleped Boniface.

Under the viser of enuie
Lo thus was hid the trecherie,

Whiche hath begiled many one.
But suche counsaill there maie be none,

Whiche treason, whan it is conspired,
That it nis like the sparke fired

Up in thy rooffe, whiche for a throwe
Lieth hid, til whan the windes blowe

It blaseth out on euery side.
This Boniface, whiche can nought hie

The trecherie of his supplant,
Hath openly made his auant,

Howe he the papacie hath wonne.
But thing which is with wrong begonne,

Maie neuer stonde wel at ende.
Where pride shall the bowe bende

He sheteth ful out of the weye,
And thus the pope, of whom I seye:

Whan that he stode on highe the whele,
He can not suffer hym selfe be wele.

Enuie, whiche is loueles,
And pride, whiche is laweles,

With suche tempestes made hym erre,
That charitee goth out of herre:

So that vpon misgouernance,
Ageynst Lewis the kyng of France

He toke quarell of his oultrage,
And saide, he shuld done homage

Unto the church bodily.

But he that wist no thyng why
He shulde do so great seruice,
After the worlde in suche a wise,
Withstood the wronge of that demaund.
For nought the pope maie commaund
The kynge woll not the pope obeye.

This pope tho by all weye,
That he maie worche of violence,
Hath sent the hulle of his sentence,
With cursing, and enterdite.

The kynge vpon this wrongfull plite,
To kepe his reigne from seruage,
Counsailed was of his baronage,
That might with might shal be with stonde.

Thus was the cause take on honde.
And saiden, that the pacapie
Thei wolde honoure and magnifie
In all that euer is spirituall.
But the ilke pride temporall
Of Boniface in his persone,
Ayene that ilke wronge alone
Thei wolden stonde in debate.

Aud thus the man, and nought the state
The frenche shopen by her might
To greewe: And fel there was a knight,
Sire Guillam de Langaret,

Whiche was vpon this cause set:
And thervpon he toke a route
Of men of armes, and rode oute,
So longe, and in a waite he laie,
That he aspid vpon a daie
The pope was at Auignon,
And shulde ride out of the towne,
Unto Poursorge, the whiche is
A castell in Prouinee of his.

Upon the weye and as he rode,
This knight, whiche houed and abode
Embuished vpon horsbake,
All sodenliche vpon hym brake,
And hath hym by the bridell sesed,
And said: O thou, whiche hast disesed
The court of France by thy wronge,
Thou shalt singe a newe songe.
Thyn enterdite, and thy sentence
Ayen thyn owne conscience
Here after thou shalt fele and grope.

We plaine nought ageyne the pope
For thilke name is honourable.
But thou, whiche haste be deceivable,
And trecherous in all thy werke,
Thou Boniface, thou proude clerke,
Misleler of the pacapie,
Thy fals bodie shall abie
And suffer, that it hath deserued.

Lo thus this supplantor was serued.
For thei him ladde in to France,
And setten hym to his penance,
Within a toure in harde bondes,
Whee he for longer both his bondes
Eate of: And died, god wote howe:
Of whom the writyng is yet nowe
Regestred as a man maie here,
Whiche speketh and saith in this manere.

Thy entree like a fox was slygh,
Thy reigne also with pride on high
Was liche the lion in his rage:
But at the laste of thy passage
Thy death was to the houndes like.

Suche is the letter of his Cronike

Proclained in the court of Rome:
Wherof the wise ensample noue.
And yet as ferforth as I dare,
I redc all other men beware,
And that thei loke well algate,
That uone his owne estate translate
Of holy churchie in no degree
By fraude ne subtilitee.

For thilke honour, whiche Aaron toke,
Shall none receiue, as seith the boke,
But he becleped, as he was.

What shall I thinke in this cas
Of that I here nowe a daie?
I not: but he whiche can and maie
By reason both and by nature
The helpe of euery mans cure,
He kepe Symon fro the folde.

Nota de prophecia Joachim abbatis

FOR Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
Howe suche daies sholden fall,
That comunliche in places all
The chapmen of suche mercerie
With fraude, and with supplantarie
So many shulden by and selle,
That he ne maie for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mans ere:
But god forbode, that it were
In our daies, that he seith.

For if the clerke beware his feith
In hapinanhode at suche a feire
The remenant mote nedes empeire
Of all that to the worlde belongeth.
For whan that holy churchie wrongeth
I not what other thyng shall right.

And netheles at mans sight
Enuie for to be preferred
Hath conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is thilke fals enuie:
Which causeth many a trecherie.
For where he maie another see,
That is more gracious than bee:
It shall not stonden in his might,
But if he hinder suche a wight:
And that is well nigh ouer all,
This vice is nowe so generall.

Qualiter Joab princeps militie Dauid inuidie causa Abner subdole interfecit. Et qualiter etiam Achitofel ob hoc, quod Cusi in Consilio Absolon preferabatur, accensus inuidia laqueo se suspendit.

ENUIE thilke vn hap in drough,
Whan Joab by decept slough
Abner, for drede he shulde bee
With kynge Dauid suche as was hee.

And through enuie also it felle
Of thilke fals Achitofelle.
For his counseil was not ached
But that he sawe Cusy beleued
With Absolon, and hym forsake,
He hyng hym selfe vpon a stake.

Senecke witnesseth openly
Howe that enuie properly
Is of the court the comon wenche,
And halt tauerne for to schence

That drinke, which maketh the hert brenne,
And doth the wit about renne
By every way to compass,
Howe that he might all other passe,
As he whiche through vnkynndship
Enuieth euery felauship.

So that thou might well knowe and see,
There is no vice suche as hee.

Firste towarde god abhominable,
And to mankynde vnprofitable.

And that by wordes hut a fewe
I shall by reason proue and shewe.

Inuidiæ stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,
Nam sine tentante crimine crimen habet.
Non est huius opus tentare Cupidijs archum,
Dumque facies Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,
Absque rubore genæ pallor quas fuscus obumbrat.
Frigida naturæ cætera membra docent.

Hic describit Confessor naturam inuidie tam in
amore quam aliter secundum proprietatem vitii.

ENUIE if that I shall descriue,
He is not shapely for to wiae
In erth amonge the women here.
For there is in hym no mattere,
Wherof he might do plesance.

Firste for his heuy contenance,
Of that he smeth euer vnglad,
He is not able to be had.

And eke he brenneth so within,
That kinde maie no profite winne,
Wherof he shulde his loue please.
For thilke blood, whiche shuld haue ease,
To regne amonge the moiste veines
Is drie of thilke vnkindely peines,
Through whiche enuie is fired aie.

And this by reason proue I maie,
That towarde loue Enuie is nought,
And otherwise if it be sought
Upon what syde as euer it fall
It is the werst vice of all:
Whiche of him selfe hath most malice.

For vnderstonde that euery vice
Some cause hath, wherof it groweth:
But of enuie no man knoweth
Fro whens he cam, but out of hell.

For thus the wise clerkes tell,
That no spirite but of malice
By wey of kynde vpon a vice
Is tempted, and by suche a waie:
Enuie hath kynde put a waie.
And of malice hath his sturring,
Wherof he maketh his bakbiting,
And is him selfe therof diseased.
So maie there be no kynde pleased.
For ay the more that he enuieth,
The more ayene him selfe be plieth.
Thus stant Enuie in good espeire
To ben him selfe the diuels heire,
As he whiche is the nexte liche,
And forthest from the heuen riche.
For there maie he neuer wonne.

For thy my good dere sonne,
If thou wolt fynde a siker weie
To loue: put enuie aweie.

Myn holy fader reason wolde,
That I this vice eschewe sholde:

But yet to strength my courage,
If that ye wolde in auantage

Therof set a recouere.
It were to me a great desire,
That I this vice might flee.

Nowe vnderstonde my sonne, and see.

There is phisike for the seke,
And vertues for the vices eke.

Who that the vices wolde eschewe,
He mot by reason than sewe

The vertues. For by thilke weie
He maie the vices done aweie.

For thei to geder maie not well.
For as the water of the well

Of fire abateth the malice:
Right so vertu fordooth the vice.

Ayene Enuie is Charitee,
Whiche is the moder of pittee,

That maketh a mans herte tender,
That it maie no malice engender,

In hym, that is inclined therto.
For his courage is tempered so,

That though he might him selfe releue,
Yet wolde he not another greue:

But rather for to plesance,
He bereth him selfe the greuance,

So faine he wolde an other ease.

Wherof my sonne for thyn ease
Nowe herken a tale, whiche I rede,

And vnderstonde it well I rede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de virtute Charitatis contra Inuidiam, Et narrat de Constantino Eleue filio, qui cum Imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus medicis pro sanitate recuperanda, ipsum in sanguine puerorum mascululorum balneare proposuerant, sed cum innumera multitudo matrum cum filiis huiusmodi medicina causa in circuito palatii affuisset, Imperatorque eorum gemitus et clamores perceperisset, charitate motus ingemiscens sic ait. O vere est ipse dominus, qui se facit seruum pietatis. Et his dictis statum suum cunctipotentis medele committens, sui ipsius morbum potius quam infantium mortem benignius eligit, vnde ipse qui antea paganus et leprosus extiterat, ex vnda baptismatis renatus, virtusque materie tam corporis quam anime diuino miraculo consecutus est salutem.

AMONGE the bokes of Latine
I fynde it write of Constantine

The worthy emperour of Rome,
Suche infortunes to him come.

When he was in his lustie age
The lepre caught in his visage,

And so forth ouer all aboute,
That he ne might rideu out.

So left he both shelde and spere,
As he that might hym not bestere,

And helde hym in his chamber close.
Through all the worlde the same arose:

The great clerkes were assent,
And come at his commandement

To trete vpon this lordes hele.
So longe thei to geder dele,

That thei vpon this medicine
Appointen hem, and determine,

That in the maner as it stoodle,
They wolde hym bath in childes blood

Within seuen winter age.

For as thei saien, that shulde assuage

The lepre, and all the violence,
Whiche that thei knowe of accidence,
And not by wey of kynde is fall,
And therto thei acorden all
As for fynall conclusion,
And tolden her opinion
To temperour: And he anone
His counsaile toke, and therron
With letters, and with seales out
Thei send in euery londe about
The yonge children for to seche:
Whose bloode, thei said, shulde be leche
For temperours maladie.

There was enough to wepe and crie
Amonge the moders, whan thei herde
Howe wofully this cause ferde.
But netheles thei mot bowe.
And thus women there come enowe
With children soukend on the tete.
Ther were many teres lete.

But were hem liefte, or were hem loth
The women and the children both
In to the palais forth he brought,
With many a sorie hertes thought
Of hem whiche of her body bore
The children had: and so forlore
Within a while shulde seee.
The moders wepe in her degree,
And many of hem a swounce fall.

The yonge babies crieden all.
This noise arose, this lorde it herde,
And loked out, and how it ferde
He sawe: and as who saide abraide,
Out of his stepe, and thus he saide.

O thou diuine purueance,
Whiche euery man in the balance
Of kynde hast formed to be liche.
The pore is bore as is the riche,
And dieth in the same wise.

Upon the fopple vpon the wise
Sekenes and hele enter commune,
Maie none eschewe that fortune,
Whiche kynde hath in hir lawe sette
Hir strengthe and beautee ben besette
To euery man a liche free,
That she preferreth no degree,
As in the disposition
Of bodily complection.

And eke of soule reasonable,
The poore childe is bore as able
To vertue, as the kynges sonne.
For enery man his owne wonne,
After the lustes of his assaie,
The vice or vertue chese maie.
Thus stande all men franchised
But in estate thei ben deuised,
To some worship and richesse,
To some pouertee and distresce.
One lordeth, an other serueth.
But yet as euery man deserueth
The worlde yeueth not his yeftes here.

But certes he hath great matere
To be of good condicion,
Whiche hath in his subiexion
The men, that ben of his semblance.

And eke he toke his remembrance,
Howe he that made lawe of kynde,
Wolde euery man to lawe bynde,
And bad a man, suche as he wolde
Toward him selfe, right such he sholde

Towarde an other doone also.

And thus this wortbie lorde as tho
Set in balance his owne estate,
And with him selfe stode in debate,
And thought how it was not good
To see so moche mans blood
Be spilt, by cause of him alone.

He sawe also the great mone,
Of that the mothers were vngladde
And of the wo the children made:
Wherof that his herte tendreth,
And such pitee withyn engendreth,
That him was leuer for to chese
His owne bodie for to lese,
That see so great a mourdre wrought
Upon the bloud, whiche gitteth nought.

This for the pitee, whiche he toke,
All other leches he forsokte,
And put him out of auenture
Alonly to gods cure,
And saith, who that woll maister bee,
He mote be seruant to pitee.
So ferforth he was ouercome
With charitee, that he hath nome
His counsaile, and his officers,
And bad vnto his treasurers,
That thei his treasure all about
Departte amonge the poore route
Of women, and of children both,
Wherof thei might hem fede and cloth,
And saufely tournen home ageyne,
Without losse of any greine.

Through charitee thus he dispendeth
His good, wherof he amendeth
The poore people, and countreuaileth
The harme, that he hem so trauaileth.
And thus the wofull nightes sorowe
To ioye is torned on the morowe.

All was thankynge, all was blissing,
Whiche erst was wepyng and cursyng.
These women gone home glad enough,
Echone for ioie on other lough,
And praide for this lordes hele,
Whiche hath released the quarle,
And hath his owne will forsake
In charitee for gods sake.

But nowe hereafter thou shalt here
What god hath wrought in this matere,
As he that doothe all equitee
To him that wrought charitee,
He was ayenwarde charitable,
And to pitee he was pitous.
For it was neuer kuowe yet,
That charitee goth vnaquit.

The night whan he was laide to slepe
The high god, whiche wold him kepe,
Saint Petre and saint Poule him sende,
By whom he wolde his lepre amende.
Thei two to him slepente appere
Fro god, and said in this manere:

O Constantin, for thou hast serued
Pitee, thou hast pitee descreud.
For thy thou shalte suche pitee haue,
That god through pitee woll the saue.
Thou shalte so double hele fynde.
Fyrste for thy bodilyche kynde,
And for thy wofull soule also,
Thou shalt be hole of both two.
And for thou shalt not the despeire,
Thy lepre shall no more empeire,

Till thou wylte sende thervpon
 Unto the mount of Celion,
 Where Syluester and his clergie
 To gyder dwellen in companie
 For drede of the, whiche many a daie
 Hast ben a fo to Christes laie,
 And hast destroyed, to mochell shame
 The prechours of his holy name.
 But now thou hast soudele appeased
 Thy god, and with good dede pleased,
 That thou thy pitee hast bewared
 Upon the blood, whiche thou hast spared.
 For thy to thy saluacion
 Thou shalt haue Informacion
 Such as Siluester shall the teche,
 The nedeth of none other leche.

This Emperour whiche all this herde,
 Graunt mercy lorde he answerde:
 I woll do so as ye me saie.
 But of one thyng I wold prairie,
 What shall I tell vnto Syluester
 Of your name or of your ester?

And thei him tolde what thei hight.
 And forth with all out of his sight
 Thei passen vp in to the heuen.
 And he awoke out of his sweuen,
 And clepeth, and men come anone,
 And tolde his dreame: and thervpon
 In suche a wise as he hem telleth
 The mount, where Syluester dwelleth
 Thei haue in all haste sought.
 And founden he was, and with her brought
 To temperour, whiche to hym tolde
 His sweuen, and elles what he wolde.

And whan Siluester bath herde the king,
 He was right ioyfull of this thyng,
 And hym began with all his witte
 To techen vpon holy writte.

First how mankynde was forlore,
 And howe the high god therfore
 His sonne sende from aboue,
 Whiche borue was for mans loue.

And after of his owne choys
 He toke his death vpon the croys.

And howe in graue he was beloke,
 And how that he hath helle broke,
 And toke hem out, that were hym leue.
 And for to make vs full beleue,
 That he was very gods sonne,
 Ayene the kynde of mans wonne,
 Fro death he rose the thirde daie.

And whan he wolde, as he well maie
 He stigte vp to his father euen,
 With flesshe and bloud into the heauen.

And right so in the same forme,
 In flesshe and bloud he shall reforme,
 Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede,
 At thiike wofull daie of drede,
 Where euery man shall take his dome,
 As well the maister as the grome.

The mighty kynges retenue
 That daie maie stande of no value
 With worldly strengthe to defende.
 For euery mote maie than entende
 To stande vpon his owne dedes,
 And leue all other mens nedes.

That daie maie no counsaile auaille,
 The pledour and the plee shall faile,
 The sentence of that ylke daie
 Maie none appele sette in delate.

There maie no golde the iudge plie,
 That he ne shall the sooth trie,
 And setten euery man vp right,
 As well the plowe man as the knight.

The lewde man, the great clerke
 Shall stonde vpon his owne werke,
 And suche as he is founde tho,
 Suche shall he bee for euermo:
 There maie no peine be released,
 There maie no ioye ben increased,
 But endles as thei haue do,
 He shall receiue one of two.

Thus Syluestre with his sawe
 The grounde of all the newe lawe,
 With great deuocion he preacheth,
 Fro point to point and plainly teacheth
 Unto this heathen emperour,
 And saith: the high creatour
 Hath vnderfonge his charitee,
 Of that he wrought suche pitee,
 Whan he the children had on loonde.

Thus whan this lorde hath vnderstode
 Of all this thyng, howe that it ferde:
 Unto Syluestre he than answerde
 With all his holle herte, and seith:
 That he is redy to the feith.
 And so the vessell, whiche for bloude
 Was made, Syluestre, there it stode
 With cleane water of the welle

In all haste he let do felle,
 And set Constantine thereinne
 All naked vp to the chinne:
 And in the while it was begonne
 A light, as though it were a sonne
 Fro heauen into the place come
 Where that he toke his christendome:
 And euer amonge the holy tales,
 Like as thei weren fishes scales
 Thei fellen from hym nowe and eft,
 Tyll that there was nothyng beleste
 Of all this great maladie.

For he that wolde hym purifie,
 The high god hath made hym clene,
 So that there lefte nothyng sene.

He hath hym clenst both two,
 The body and the soule also.

Tho knewe this emperour in dede,
 That Christes feith was for to drede:
 And sende anone his letters out,
 And let do crien all aboute
 Upon peine of death, that no man weyue
 That he baptisme ne receyue.

After his mother queene Eleyne
 He sende, and so betwene hem tweyne
 They treate that the citee all
 Was christned, and she forth with all.

This emperour, which hele hath found,
 Within Rome anone let founde
 Two churches, whiche he did make
 For Peter and for Poules sake,
 Of whome he had a vision,
 And yafe therto possession
 Of lordeshippe, and of worldes good.
 But howe so that his wille was good
 Towarde the Pope and his franchise,
 Yet hath it proued otherwise
 To see the working of the dede.
 For in cronike thus I rede,
 Anone as he hath made the yeste
 A voice was herde on highe the left,

Of whiche all Rome was adradde,
 And said, this daie venim is shadde
 In holy church of temporall,
 Whiche medleth with the spirituall:
 And howe it stant of that degree,
 Yet maie a man the soothe see.
 God maie amende it whan he wille,
 I can therto none other skille.
 But for to go there I began,
 Howe charitee maie helpe a man
 To bothe worldes I haue saide.
 And if thou haue an eare laide
 My sonne, thou might vnderstonde,
 If charitee be take on honde,
 There foloweth after mochel grace.
 For thy if that thou wilt purchase,
 Howe that thou might enuie flee,
 Acquaint the with charitee,
 Whiche is the vertue soueraine.
 My father I shall do my paine.
 For this ensamble whiche ye tolde
 With all myn herte I haue witholde:
 So that I shall for euermore
 Eschewe enuie well the more.
 And that I haue er this misdo,
 Yeue me my penaunce er I go.
 And ouer that to my matere
 Of shrifte, while ye sitten here
 In priuete betweene vs tweye
 Nowe aske, what there is I prey.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, and for thy lore
 I wolle the telle, what is more:
 So that thou shalte the vices knowe.
 For whan thei bee to the full knowe,
 Thou might hem wel the better eschue.
 And for this cause I thinke sewe
 The forme bothe and the matere,
 As nowe sewende thou shalte here,
 Whiche vice stant nexte after this.
 And whan thou most, howe that it is,
 As thou shalt here my deuise
 Thou might thy selfe better auise.

Explicit Liber secundus.

*Ira suis paribus est par furis Acherontis,
 Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet,
 Ira melancolicos animos perturbat, vt equo
 Iure sui pondus nulla statera tenet.
 Omnibus in causis grauat ira inter amantes
 Illa magis facili sorte grauamen agit.
 Est vbi vir discors leuiterque repugnat amori,
 Saepe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.*

Hic in tertio libro tractat super quinque speciebus
 ire, quarum prima melancolia dicitur, cuius
 vitium Confessor primo describens amanti, super
 eodem consequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

If thou the vices liste to know
 My sonne, it hath not hen vknow
 Fro first that men their swerdes gronde,
 That there nis none vpon this gronde

A vice forreine fro the lawe,
 Whereof that many a good felawe
 Hath be distraught by sodeine chance:
 And yet to kynde no pleasance
 It doothe: but where he most acheueth
 His purpose, moste to kinde he greueth,
 As he, whiche out of couscience
 Is enuy vnto pacience,
 And is by name one of the seun,
 Whiche ofte hath set the worlde vneuen,
 And cleped is the cruell fre:
 Whose herte is euermore on fire,
 To speke amisse, and to do bothe.
 For his seruantes ben euer wrothe.
 My good father telle me this,
 What thyng is ire? Sonne it is,
 That in our englisse wrath is hote,
 Whiche hath his wordes ay so hote,
 That all a mans pacience
 Is fired of the violence.

For he with hym hath euer fue
 Seruantes, that helpeu hym to striue.

The first of hem melancoly
 Is cleped, whiche in company
 An honderde tymes in an hoore
 Woll as an angry brast loure,
 And no man wote the cause why.

My sonne shryue the nowe for thy,
 Hast thou be melancolien?

My father ye by saint Julien:
 But I vntrewe wordes vse,
 I maie me not therof excuse.
 And all maketh loue well I wote,
 Of whiche myn herte is euer hote,
 So that I breuue as doth a glede
 For wrath, that I maie not sped,
 And thus full ofte a daie for nought
 (Saufe onliche of myn owne thought)
 I am so with my seluen wroth,
 That howe so that the game goth,
 With other men I am not glad,
 But I am well the more vnglad.
 For that is other mens game,
 It tourneth me to pure grame.
 Thus am I with my selfe oppressed
 Of thought, whiche I haue impressed,
 That all wakyng I dreme and mete,
 That I alone with hir mete,
 And pray hir of some good answer.
 But for she wolde not gladly swere,
 She saith me naye withouten othe.
 And thus waxe I within wroth,
 That outwarde I am all affraid,
 And so distempred, and so esmayed:
 A thousande tymes on a daie
 There sowneth in myn eares naye,
 The whiche she saide me tofore.
 Thus be my wittes all forlore,
 And namely whan I begynne
 To reken with my selfe withinne,
 Howe many yeres ben agone
 Sith I haue truly loued one,
 And neuer toke of hir other bede,
 And euer a liche for to spede
 I am, the more I with hir deale:
 So that ny hap, and all my heale
 Me thinketh is ay the lenger the ferre,
 That bringeth my gladship out of herre:
 Whereof my wittes ben empeired,
 And I, as who saith, all dispeired.

For finally whan that I muse
 And thinke, howe she woll me refuse,
 I am with anger so bestad,
 For al this worlde might I be glad.
 And for the while that it fasteth,
 All vp so downe my ioye it casteth.
 And ay the forther that I bee,
 (Whan I ne maie ny ladie see)
 The more I am redy to wrathe,
 That for the touchynge of a lath,
 Or for the tournynge of a strea,
 I woode as doth the wilde sea:
 And am so melancolious,
 That ther nis seruant in myne house,
 Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
 That eche of hem ne stant in doubte,
 And wenen, that I shulde raue
 For angre, that they see me haue.
 And so thei wondre more and lasse,
 That thei seen it ouerpasse.

But father, if it so betide,
 That I approche at any tide
 The place, where my ladie is:
 And than hir liketh ywis
 To speke a goodly worde to me,
 For all the golde that is in Rome
 Ne couth I after that be wroth,
 But all myn angre ouergothe.
 So glad I am of the preseuce
 Of hir, that I all offence
 Foryete, as though it were nought.
 So ouer glad is my thought.

And netheles, the sothe to telle,
 Aye newarde if it so befelle,
 That I at thilke tyme sie
 On me, that she miscaste hir eie,
 Or that she lyst not like,
 And I therof good hecle toke:
 Anone into my firste estate
 I tourne, and am with that also mate,
 That euer it is a liche wicke,
 And thus myn honde ayene the prick
 I hurte, and baue done many a daie,
 And go so forth as I go maie
 Full ofte bitynge on my lippe,
 And make vnto my selfe a whippe:
 With whiche in many a chele and heate,
 My wofull herte is so to beate,
 That all my wittes ben vnsofte,
 And I am wrothe, I not how ofte,
 And all it is melancolie,
 Whiche groweth on the fantasie
 Of loue, that me woll not loute:
 So beare I forthe an angry snoute
 Full many tymes in a yere.

But father, nowe ye sitten here
 In Loues stede, I you besече,
 That some ensample ye me teche.
 Wherof I maie my selfe appease.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne for thyn hertes ease
 I shall fulfill thy praiere,
 So that thou might the better leue
 What mischiefe that this vice steeeth,
 Whiche in his anger nought forbeareth,
 Wherof that after him forthinketh,
 Whan he is sobre, and that he thinketh
 Upon the folie of his dede,
 And of this point a tale I rede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui cum vires amoris non sunt realiter experti contra alios amantes melancolica seueritate ad iracundiam vindicte pronocantur, Et narrat qualiter rex Eolus filium nomine Machareum, et filiam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab infantia vsque pubertatem inuicem fuerant educati, Cupido tandem cum ignito iaculo amorum cordis desideria amorose penetravit, itaque natura Canacis cooperante a fratre suo impregnata parturit, super quo pater intollerabilem inuentus concupiscentiam ignorans, nimiaque furoris melancolia preuentus, dictam filiam cum partu dolorosissimo casu interfeci diiudicauit.

THERE was a kynge, whiche Eolus
 Was hote: and it befell hym thus,
 That he two children had fayre
 The sonne cleped was Machayre,
 The daughter eke Canace hight,
 By daie bothe and eke by night.

While thei be yonge of common woune
 In chambre thei to gether woune,
 And as thei shuld'n pleid hem ofte
 Till thei be growen vp alofte
 In the yongthe of lustie age,
 Whan kynde assaileth the courage
 With loue, and doth him for to bowe,
 That he no reason can allowe,
 But haite the lawes of nature.
 For whom that loue hath vnder cure,
 As he is blynde hym selfe, right so
 He maketh his client blynde also.
 In suche maner, as I you tell:
 As thei all daie to gether dwell,
 This brother might it not asterte,
 That he with all his bole herte
 His loue vpon his sister cast,
 And so it fell hem at the laste,
 That this Machayre with Canace,
 Whan they were in a preuy place,
 Cupide had hem firste to kisse,
 And after she, whiche is maistrisse
 In kynde, and teacheth euery life
 Without lawe positife,
 Of whiche she taketh no maner charge,
 But kepeth her lawes all at large:
 Nature toke hem in to lore,
 And taught hem so, that ouermore
 She hath hem in suche a wise daunted,
 That thei were as who saith, enchanted,
 And as the blynde an other ledeth,
 And till thei fall nothyngedredeth:
 Right so thei had none insight,
 But as a birde, whiche woll a light,
 And seeth the meate, and not the nette,
 Whiche in deceite of him is sette,
 These yonge folke no perill sie,
 But all was likynge in hir eie.
 In that thei fell vpon the chauce
 Where witte hath lore his remembrance.
 So longe thei to gether assemble,
 The wombe arose, and she gan to tremble,
 And helde hir in hir chambre close,
 For drede it should be disclose,
 And come vnto hir fathers eare.
 Wherof the sonne bad also feare,
 And feigneth cause for to ride,
 For longe durst he not abide,

In aunter if men woll seine,
That be his sister hath forleine:
For yet she had it not beknowe,
Whose was the childe at thilke throwe.

Machayre goth, Canace abit,
The whiche was not deliuered yet:
But ryght sone after that she was,
Nowe list and herken a wofull cas.
The soth, whiche maie not beu hid
Was at laste knowe and kid
Unto the kyng, howe that it stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
Anone into Melancolie,
As though it were a fransie,
He fell, as he whiche not byngecouthie,
Howe maisterfull Loue is in youtie.
And for he was to loue strange,
He wolde not his herte change
To be benigne and fauourable
To loue but vmerciabile.

Betweene the waue of woode and wroth
In to his daughters chambre he gothe,
And sie the childe was late bore,
Wherof he hath his othe swore,
That she it shall full sore abie.
And she beganne mercy to crie
Upon hir bare knees, and praide,
And to hir father thus she saie:

Haue mercy father, thinke I am
Thy childe, and of thy bloud I cam.
That I misdede, youth it made,
And in the fouddes bad me wade,
Where that I see no perill tho:
But nowe it is befall so,
Mercy my father, do no wreche.

And with that worde she loste speche,
And fell downe swouned at his fote,
As she, for sorowe nedes mote.

But his horrible crueltee,
That might attempte no pitee,
Out of hir chambre forth he wente
All full of wrath in his entente,
And toke the counsaile in his herte,
That she shall not the death asterte.
And he whiche is melancolien,
Of pacience hath not lien,
Wherof he maie his wrath restreine:
And in this wilde woode payne,
Whan all his reason was vntame,
A knight he cleped by his name,
And toke hym, as by wey of sonde
A naked swerde, to beare on honde,
And saide hym, that he shulde go,
And tell vnto his daughter so,
In the maner as he hym bade,
Howe she that sharpe swerdes blade
Receiue shulde, and do withall,
So that she wote where to she shall.

Forth in message goth this knight
Unto this wofull yonge wight.
This sharpe swerde to hir he toke,
Wherof that all hir bodie quoke.
For well she wist what it ment,
And that it was to thilke entent,
That she hir seluen shulde slea,
And to the knight she saide yea,
Nowe that I wote my fathers will,
That I shall in this wise spill:
I will obeie me therto,
And as he woll, it shall be do.

But now this thyng maie be none olier,
I woll a letter to my brother,
(So as my feble hande maie write)
With all my wofull herte endite.

She toke a penne on honde tho,
Fro point to point and all the wo,
As ferforth as hir selfe it wote,
Unto hir deadly frende she wrote:
And tolde howe that hir fathers grace
She myght for nothyng purchase.

And one that as thou shalt here,
She wrote and saide in this manere.

O thou my sorowe, and my gladnes,
O thou my hele, and my sickenes,
O thou my waihope, and my truste,
O thou my disease, and all my luste,
O thou my weale, O thou my wo,
O thou my frende, O thou my fo,
O thou my loue, O thou my hate,
For the mote I be deade algate,
Thilke ende maie I not asterte,
And yet with all myn holle herte,
While that there lasteth me any breath,
I woll the loue vnto my death.

But of o thyng I shall the preie,
If that my litell sonne deie,
Let him be buried in my grauc,
Beside me, so shalte thou haue
Upon vs both remembrance.

For thus it stondesth of my greuance
Nowe at this time, as thou shalte wite
With teares, and with inke write
This letter I haue in cares colde.

In my right honde my penne I holde,
And in my lefte my swerde kepe,
And in my barme there lieth to wepe
Thy chylde and myn, whiche sobbeth fast.
Nowe am I come vnto my last.
Fare well: for I shall soone die,
And thinke howe I thy loue abie.

The pomell of the swerde to grounde
She set: and with the point a wounde
Through out hir herte aoune she made,
And forth with all pale and fade
She fell downe dead for ther she stode.
The childe laie bathende in hir bloode
Out rolled from the mother barme.
And for the bloud was hote and warme,
He basketh hym about theria
Ther was no boote for to wyne.
For whiche he can no pitee knowe.

The kyng cam in the same throwe,
And sawe howe that his daughter died.
And howe this baby all bludie cried:
But all that might hym not suffice
That he ne bad to do Iuise
Upon the childe, and beare hym out,
And seche in the forest aboute
Som wilde place that it were,
To cast him out of honde there:
So that some beste hym maie deuoure,
Where as no man bym shall socoure.

All that he bad was doue in dede.
A who herde euer singe or rede
Of suche a thyng, as tho was do?
But he, whiche lad his wrath so,
Hath knowe of loue but a lite.
But for all that he was to wite
Through his soleine melancolie
To do so great a fclonie.

For thy my sonne, howe so it stonde,
By this cas thou might vnderstonde,
That if thou euer in cause of loue
Shalt deme, and thou be so aboue,
That thou might leade it at thy wille,
Let neuer through thy wrath spille,
Whiche euery kinde shulde saue.

For it sit euery man to haue
Regarde to loue and to his might:
Aynst whos strengthe maie no wight.

And sith an hert is so streined,
The reddour ought to be restraiued,
To hym that maie bet awaye,
When he mote to nature obeye.

For it is saide thus ouerall,
That nedes mote, that nedes shall.
Of that a life doth aiter kinde,
Wherof he maie no boote finde.
What thyng nature hath set in lawe,
Ther maie no mans might withdrawe,
And who that worcheth there ayene,
Full ofte tyme it hath be seyne,
There hath befall great vengeance,
Wherof I finde a remembrance.

Hic narrat qualiter Tiresias in quodam monte
duos serpentes inuenit pariter commiscentes,
quos cum virga percussit, Irati dii ob hoc, quod
naturam impediuit, ipsum contra naturam a
forma virili in muliebram transmutarunt.

OUIDE after the tyme tho
Tolde an ensamble, and saide so:
Howe that whilom Tiresias,
As he walkend goth par cas
Upon an high mountaine, he sigh
Two serpentes in his weye nighe:
And thei so, as nature hem taught
Assembled were, and he tho caught
A yerde, whiche he bare on boude,
And thought, that he wolde foude
To lette hem, and smote hem bothe,
Wherof the gods weren wrothe.
And for he hath destourbed kinde,
And was so to nature vkinde,
Unkindeliche he was transformed,
That he, whiche erst a man was formed,
In to a woman was forshape:
That was to hym an angry iape.
But for that he with anger wrought,
His anger angerliche he bought.

CONFESSOR.

Lo thus my son Ouide hath write,
Wherof thou might by reason wite,
More is a man than suche a best,
So might it neuer ben honest,
A man to wrathen hym to sore,
Of that another doth the lore
Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,
But onely that it is a vice.
And though a man be reasonable:
Yet after kinde he is menable
To loue, where he woll or none.
Thinke thou my sonne thervpon,
And do melancolie awaye.
For loue hath euer his luste to playe
As he whiche wold no life greue.

AMANS.

My fader that I maie well leue

All that ye telle, it is skille,
Let euery man loue, as he wille,
Be so it be not my ladye.
For I shall not be wroth there by.
But that I wrath auid fare amis
Alone vpon my selfe it is,
That I with bothe loue and kinde
I am so bestad, that I can finde
No wey, howe I it maie asterte,
Whiche stant vpon myn owne hert,
And toucheth to none other life,
Sauf onely to that swete wife,
For whom, but if it be amended,
My glad daies ben dispended,
That I my selfe shall not forbeare
The wrathe, whiche I nowe beare.
For therof is none other liche.
Nowe asketh forth I yowe beseche
Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
Wherof to sbruiue. Sonne yis.

Ira mouet litem, quae linguae frena resoluens,
Laxa per infames currit vbique vias.
Rixarum nutrix quos educat ista loquaces,
Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.
Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celet ore,
Vincit et optati carpit amoris iter.

Hic tractat Confessor super secunda specie ira,
que Lis dicitur, ex cuius contumeliis innumerosa
dolorum occasio, tam in amoris causa quam
aliter, in quem pluribus sepiissime exorta est.

Of wrath the second is chest,
Whiche hath the wyndes of tempest
To kepe, and many a sodeine blast
He bloweth, wherof ben agast
Thei, that desiren pes and reste:
He is that ilke vngoodlyeste,
Whiche many a lustie loue hath twynned,
For he beareth euer his mouth vninned:
So that his lippes ben vnloke,
And his courage is all to broke,
That euery thyng, whiche he can tell,
It springeth vp as doth a welle,
Whiche maie no man of his stremes biðe,
But renneth out on euery side:
So boyled vp the foule sawes,
That cheste wote of his felawes.
For as a siue kepeth Ale,
Right so can cheste kepe a tale.
All that he wote, he woll disclose,
And speke er any man oppose.

As a citee without walle,
Where men maie gon out oueralle,
Withouten any resistance:
So with his croked eloquence
He speket all, that he wote with ynne,
Whesof men lese more than wynne.
For often tyme of his chidyng,
He bringeth to hous sucbe tidyng,
That maketh warre at beddes heade:
He is the leucin of the breade,
Whiche soureth all the past about:
Men ought well such one to doute.
For euer his bowe is redy bent,
And whom he hit, I tell hym shent.
If he maie perce bym with his touge,
And eke so loude his belle is ronge,
That of the noyse, and of the souue
Men fearen bym in all the towne

Well more than thei done of thonder.
 For that is cause of more wonder.
 For with the windes, whiche he bloweth,
 Full ofte sith he ouerthroweth
 The Citees, and the policie.
 That I haue herle the people crie
 And echone saide in his degree:
 Ha wicke tonge wo thou bee.
 For men sayn, that the harde bone,
 All though hym selfe haue none,
 A tonge breaketh it all to pierces,
 He hath so many sondry spices
 Of vice, that I maie not wele
 Descriue hem by a thousand dele.

But whan that he to cheste falleth,
 Full many a wonder thyng befallerh.
 For he ne can no thyng forbere.

Nowe tell my sonne thyn auswere,
 If it haue euer so betide,
 That thou at any tyme hast chidde
 Toward thy loue? Fader naie,
 Suche ebeste yet vnto this daie
 Ne made I neuer, god forbede.
 For er I singe suche a crede
 I had leuer to be lewed.

For than were I all beshrewed,
 And worthy to be put a backe,
 With all the sorowe vpon my backe,
 That any man ordeine couthe.

But I spake neuer yet by mouthe
 That vnto chest might touche,
 And that I durst right wel vouche
 Upon hir selfe, as for witnes.

For I wote of hir gentlines,
 That she me wold well excuse,
 That I no suche thynges vse.

And if it shulde so betyde,
 That I algates must chyde,
 It might not be to my loue.

For so yet neuer was I about,
 For all this wyde worlde to wyne,
 That I durst any worde begynne:
 By whiche she might haue be amoued,

And I of cheste also reprod,
 But rather if it might hir like,
 The beste wordes wolde I pike,
 Whiche I couthe in myn hert chese.
 And serue hem forth in stede of chese.

For that is helpeliche to desie:
 And I wolde so my wordes plie,
 That mighten wrath and cheste auale,
 With tellyng of my softe tale.

Thus dare I make a forward,
 That neuer vnto my lady ward
 Yet spake I worde in suche a wise,
 Wherof that chest shulde arise.
 Thus saie I not, that I full ofte
 Ne haue, whan I spake moste softe,
 Parcas saied more than enough.
 But so well halt no man the plough,
 That he ne balketh other while,
 Ne so well can no man afflic
 His tonge, that somtyme in iape
 Hym maie some light worde ouerscape,
 And yet ne meneth he no cheste.

But that I haue ayene hir hest
 Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe,
 And howe, my wille is that you knowe.
 For whan my time cometh about,
 That I dare speke, and saie all out

My longe loue, of whiche she wot,
 That euer in one aliche hot
 Me greueth: than all my disease
 I tell: and though it hir displease
 I speke it forth, and nought ne leue:
 And though it be beside hir leue,
 I hope and trowe netheles,
 That I do not ayene the pes.
 For though I tell hir all my thought,
 She wot well, that I chide nought.

Men maie the highe god beseebe,
 And he wold here a mans speche,
 And be not wroth of that he seith:
 So yeueth it me the more feith,
 And maketh me hardie sotb to seie,
 That I dare well the better preie
 My lady, whiche a woman is.
 For though I tell hir that er is
 Of loue, whiche me greueth sore,
 Hir ought not to be wroth the more.
 For I without noise or crie
 My plaint make all luxomly,
 To putten all wrath awaie.

Thus dar I say vnto this daie
 Of cheste, in earnest or in game
 My lady shall me nothyng blame.
 But ofte tyme it hath betid,
 That with my seluen I haue chid,

That no man couthe better chide
 And that hath ben at every tide,
 Whan I cam to my selue alone.
 For than I made a preuy none,
 And every tale by and by,

Whiche as I spake to my lady,
 I thinke and peise in my balance,
 And drawe in to my remembrance.
 And than, if that I fynde a lacke
 Of any worde, that I mispake,
 Whiche was to muche in any wise:

Anone my wittes I despise,
 And make a chylyng in myn herte,
 That any worde he shuld asterte,
 Whiche as I shuld haue hokten ynne.
 And so forth after I begynne.

And loke if there was elles ought
 To speke, and I ne spake it nought.
 And than if I maie seeche and fynde,
 That any worde he lefte bebynde,
 Whiche as I shulde more haue spoke,
 I wolde vpon my selfe be wroke,
 And chide with my selfen so,
 That all my wit is ouergo.

For no man maie his time lore
 Recouer: and thus I am therfore
 So ouer wroth in all my thought,
 That I my selfe chide all to nought,
 That for to muche, or for to lyte
 Full ofte I am my selfe to wyte.
 But all that maie me not auaille,
 With cheste though I me trauaile.
 But oule on stoke, and stoke on oule,
 The more that a man defoule,
 Men wote well whiche hat the werse,
 And so to me nis worth a kerse,
 But torneth vnto myn owne heade,
 Though I tell, that I were deade,
 Wolde euer chide in such a wise
 Of loue, as I to you deuse.

But father nowe ye haue all herde,
 In this maner howe I haue ferde

Of cheste, and of disscencion,
Yeue me your absolucion.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne if that thou wistest all,
What cheste doth in speciall
To loue, and to his welwilling,
Thou woldest fleen his knowlegeyng.
For who that muste can speke fayre,
And lerne to be debonayre,
Is most accordende vnto loue,
Fayre speche hath ofte brought aboute
Full many a man, as it is knowe,
Whiche elles shuld haue ben right lowe.
And failed mochell of his wille.
For thy holde thy tonge still,
And lete thy witte thy wille reate,
So that thou fall not in cheste,
Whiche is the sours of great distance,
And take into remembrance,
If thou might gete Pacience,
Whiche is the leche of all offence,
As tellen vs the olde wise.

Pacientia est vindicta omnium iniuriarum.

FOR wban nought elles maie suffice,
By strengthe, ne by mans wit,
Than Pacience it ouer sit,
And ouer cometh at laste.

But he maie neuer longe laste,
Whiche woll not bowe er that he breake.
Take hede sonne of that I speke.

AMANS.

My fader of your goodly speche,
And of the witte, whiche ye me teche,
I thanke you with all myn herte.
For that worde shall me neuer astoret,
That I ne shall your wordes holde
Of Pacience, as ye me tolde,
Als ferforth as myn herte thinketh.
And of my wrath it me furthinketh.

But father if ye forth with all
Some good ensample, in speciall
Me wolden teche of some Cronike:
It shulde well myn hert like
Of Pacience for to here:
So that I might in my matere
The more vnto my loue obeie,
And putten my disease aweie.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum de pacientia in
amore contra lites habenda, Et narrat qualiter
Vxor Socratis, ipsum quodam die multis fer-
monibus litigauit, Sed cum ipse absque vlla re-
sponsione omnia probra pacieuter sustulit, in-
dignata Vxor quandam ydriam plenam aque,
quam in manu tenebat, super caput viri sui su-
bito effudit, dicens: Euigila et loquere, qui re-
spondens tunc ait: O vere iam scio, et expertus
sum, quod post ventorum rabiem sequuntur
imbres. Et isto modo litis contumeliam sua
pacientia deuicit.

CONFESSOR.

MY sonne a man to bie hym pes
Behoueth suffer, as Socrates

Ensamble left, whiche is writte.
And for thou shalt the sooth witte.
Of this ensamble, what I mene,
All though it be nowe littell sene
Amonge the men thilke euidence:
Yet be was vpon pacience
So set, that he hym self assaie
In thyng, which might him most mispae
Desyreth, and a wicked wife
He weddeth, whiche in sorow and strife
Ageinst his case was contrayre:
But he spake euer softe and fayre,
Till it befell, as it is tolde.
In wynter, wban the daie is colde,
This wife was fro the well come,
Where that a pot with water nome
She hath, and brought it in to house,
And sawe howe that hir sele spouse
Was set, and lokud on a boke
Nigh to the fyre, as he whiche toke
His ease, as for a man of age,
And she began the wood rage,
Aud asketh hym, what diuel he thought,
And bare on bond, that hym ne rougt
What labour that she toke on bonde,
And saith, that sucbe an husbonde
Was to a wife not worth a stre.

He said nother naye ne ye,
But helde hym stille, and lete hir chide.
And she, whiche maie hir self not hide,
Began within for to swelle,
And that she brought in fro the welle
The water pot she hent a lofte,
And badde hym speke, and he all softe
Sat stille, and nought a word answerde.

And she was wroth, that he so ferde,
Aud asketh hym, if he be deade,
And all the water on his heade
She poured out, and bad hym a wake.
But he, whiche woll not forsake
His pacience, than spake,
And saide, howe that he fond no lake
In no thyng, whiche she had do.
For it was wynter tyme tho,
And wynter, as by wey of kinde,
Whiche stormie is, as men it finde,
First maketh the windes for to blowe,
And after that withio a throwe,
He reineth, and the water gates
Undoth, and thus my wife algates,
Whiche is with reason well beseyn,
Hath made me bothe wynde and reyn
After the season of the yere.

And than he set hym ner the fire,
And as he might his clothes dried,
That he nomore o worde ne seyde,
Wherof he gat hym somdele rest.
For that hym thought was for the best.

AMANS.

I not of thilke ensamble yit
Accordeth with a mans wit
To suffer, as Socrates dede.
Aod if it fal in any stede
A man to lese so his galle,
Hym ought amonge the women alle
In Loues court, by Judgement
The name beare of pacient,
To yeue ensamble to the good
Of pacience howe that it stode,

That other men it might knowe.

CONFESSOR.

And sonne if thou at any throwe
Be tempted ayenst pacience,
Take hede vpon this euidence,
It shall par case the lesse greue.

AMANS.

My fader so as I beleue
Of that shall be no maner nede.
For I woll take so good hede,
That er I fall in suobe assaie,
I thinke eschewe, if that I maie.

But if there be ought elles more,
Wherof I might take lore,
I praie you, so as I dare,
Nowe telleth, that I maie beware
Some other tale of this mattere.

CONFESSOR.

Sonne it is euer good to lere,
Wherof thou might thy word restraine
Er that thou falle in any peine.

Fpr who that can no counsell hide,
He maie not faile of wo beside,
Whiche shall befall, er he it witte,
As I finde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod de alterius
lite intronittere cauendum est. Et narrat qua-
liter Jupiter cum Junope super quadam questione
litigabant, videlicet vtrum vir an mulier in amo-
ris concupiscentia feruentius ardebat: super
quo Tiresiam eorum Judicem constituerant. Et
quia ille contra Junonem in dicta litis causa
sententiam diffiniuit, irata ipsam de amborum
oculorum lumine claritatis absque remissione
priauuit.

CONFESSOR.

YET cam there neuer good of strife,
To seche in all a mans life,
Though it begyn on pure game
Full ofte it torneth in to grame,
And doth greuance on som side,
Wherof the great clerke Ouide,
After the lawe, whiche was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his boke mencion,
Howe thei felle at dissencion,
In maner as it were a borde,
As thei began for to worde:
Amonge hem selfe in priuete:
And that was vpon this degree,

Whiche of the two more amorous is,
Or man or wife, And vpon this
Thei might not acorde in one,
And toke a Juge therypon,
Whiche cleped is Tyresias,
And bad hym demen in this cas.

And he without auisement
Ayene Juno gaf judgement.

This goddes, vpon his answer
Was wrothe, and wolde not forbere,
But toke awaye for euerno
The light from both his eyen two.

Whan Jupiter this hurt hath sene,
Another benefite there ayene

He yafe, and suche a grace hym dooth,
That for he wiste he saide sooth,
A sooth saye he was for euer.

But yet that other were leuer
Haued had the loking of his eie
Than of his worde the prophecie.

But howe so that the sooth went,
Strife was the cause, of that he bent
So great a peine bodily.

My sonne be thou ware there by,
And holde thy tonge stille close.
For who that bath his worde disclose
Er that he witte what he mene,
He is full ofte nighe his tene,
And leseth full many tyme grace,
Wher that he wold his thanke purchace.

And ouer this my sonne dere,
Of other men if thou might here
In priuete, what thei haue wrought:
Hold counsell, and discouer it nought.
For cheste can no counseile hele,
Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale in to thy minde,
The whiche of olde ensample I finde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui
in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare pre-
sumunt. Et narrat, qualiter quodam auis tunc
albissima nomine Coruus, consilium domine sue
Coronis Phebo denudauit: vnde contigit non
solum ipsam Coronidem interfeci, sed et Co-
ruum, qui antea tanquam nix albus fuit, in pi-
ceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari.

PHEBUS, whiche maketh the daies light,
A lone he had, whiche tho hight
Coronis, whom abouen all
He pleseth. But what shall befall
Of loue, there is uo man knoweth,
But as fortune hir hapnes throweth.
So it befell vpon a chance,

A yong knight toke hir acquaintance,
And had of hir all that he wolde.
But a fals byrd, whiche she hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe,
Discouereth all that euer he couthe,

The byrdes name was as tho
Coruus, the whiche was than also
Well more white than any swan:
And he the shrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus saide.

And he for wrath his swerd out braide,
With whiche Coronide anone he slough.
But after, hym was wo enoughe,
And toke full great repentance,
Wherof in token and remembrance
Of hem, whiche vsen wicke speche,
Upon this byrde he toke his wreche,
That there he was snowe white tofore,
Euer afterwarde cole blake therfore
He was transformod, as it sheweth.

And many a man yet hym beshreweth
And clepen hym in to this daie
A Rauen, by whom yet men maie
Take euidence, whan he crieth,
That some mishap it signifieth.
Beware therfore, and saye the best,
If thou wolt be thy selfe in rest,
My good sonne, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur super eodem, Et narrat qualiter Lara
Nimpha eo quod Jupiter Juturnam adulteravit,
Junoni Jouis vxori secretum reuelauit. Qua
propter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Laris prius
abscesa, ipsam postea in profundum Acherontis
exulem pro perpetuo mancipauit.

Lo in another place I rede
Of thiike Nympe, which Lara hight
For she the priuete by night
(How Jupiter laie by Juturne)
Hath told: god made hir ouertorne.

Hir tonge he cut, and in to helle
For euer be sent hir for to dwelle:
As she that was not worthe here
Lo ben of loue a chambrere.
For she no counsaile couth hele.

And suche a daies be nowe fele
In loues courte, as it is saide,
That lette her tonges gone vnteide.

My sonne be thou none of tho,
To iangle, and telle tales so,
And namely that thou ne chide.
For cheste can no counsaile hide.
For wrathe saide neuer wele.

My father soothe is euery dele,
That ye me teche: and I woll holde
The rule, whiche I am holde
To flee the cheste, as ye me bidde.
For well is hym, that neuer chidde.

Nowe telle me forth if there be more
As touchende vnto wrathes lore.

Dæmonis est odium, quasi scriba cui dabit ira
Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui.

Non laxabit amor, odij quem frena restringunt,
Nec secreta sui iuris adire sciuit.

Hic tractat Confessor de tertia specie ira, que
odium dicitur: cuius natara omnes ira inimiti-
tias ad mentem reducens illas vsque ad tempus
vindictæ, velut scriba demonis in cordis papyro
commemorandas inserit.

Of wrathe yet there is an other,
Whiche is to cheste his owne brother,
And is by name cleped hate,
That suffereth not within his gate,
That there come other loue or peuce.

For he woll make no release
Of no debate, whiche is befall: e
Nowe speke if thou arte one of all,
That with this vice hath be witholde.

As yet for ought that ye me tolde
My father, I not what it is.

In good faith sonne I trowe yis.
My father nay, but ye me lere.
Nowe list my son and thou shalt here.

Hate is a wrath, not she wende,
But of longe tyme gatherende,
And dwelleth in the herte loken,
Till he see tyme to be wroken

And than he sheweth his tempest
More sodeine than the wilde best,
Whiche wote nothyng, what mercy is.

My sonne arte thou knowen of this?
My good father, as I wene,

Nowe wote I sonedele what ye mene.
But I dare saufully make an othe,
My lady was me neuer loths.

I woll not swere netheles,
That I of hate am gilteles.
For whan I to my ladie plie,
Pro daie to daie, and mercy erie.
And she no mercy on me leith,
But shorte wordes to me seith,
Though I my lady loue algate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate,
And wolde thei wer: all dispent,
Or so ferre out of londe went,
That I neuer after shulde hem here
And yet loue I my ladie dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye maie see,
Betwene my ladies worde, and me.
The worde I hate, and hir I loue,
What so shall me betide of loue.

But furthermore I woll me shriue,
That I haue hated all my liue
These ianglers, whiche of her enuie
Ben euer redy for to lie.
For with her false compassment
Full often thei haue made me theat,
And hyndred me full ofte tyme,
Whan thei no cause wiste byme,
But onliche of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte haue I bought
The lie, and dronke not of the wyne.
I wolde her happe wer suche as myne.

For howe so that I be nowe shriue,
To hem maie I nought foryeue,
Till I see hem at debate
With loue, and with myn estate
Thei mighten by her owne deme,
And loke how well it shuld hem queme
To hyndre a man, that loeth sore.
And thus I hate hem euermore,
Til loue on hem wold done his wreche:
For that shall I alwaie beseche

Unto the mighty Cupido,
That he so muchel wolde do
(So as he is of loue a god)
To smite hem with the same rod,
With whiche I am of loue smiten.

So that thei might knowe aud witen,
Howe bindryng is a wofull peine
To hym, that loue wold atteine.
Thus euer on hem I waite and hope,
Till I maie sent hem lepe a lope,
Aud halten on the same sore,
Whiche I do uowe, for euermore
I wolde than do my might,
So for to stonden in her lighte,
That thei ne shulden haue away
To that, thei wolden put away.

I wolde hem put out of the stede
Pro loue, right as thei me dede.
With that thei speke of by mouthe,
So wolde I do, if that I couth
Of hem, and thus so god me saue
Is all the hate, that I haue
Towarde the ianglers euery dele,
I wolde all other ferde wele.

Thus haue I father, said my wille:
Say forth nowe, for I am stille.

My sonne of that thou hast me saide,
I holde me nought fully paide,
That thou wolte haten any man,
To that accorden I ne can,
Though he haue hyndred the tofore.
But this I telle the therefore,

Thou might vpon my benison,
Well haten the condicion
Of the iauglers, as thou me toldest.
But furthermore, of that thou woldest
Hem hyndre in any other wise:
Suche hate is euer to despise.

For thy my sonne I wolde the reke,
That thou drawe in by frendely hede,
That thou ne might not do by hate,
So might thou gete loue algate,
And sette the my sonne in rest.
For thou shalte finde it for the best.
And ouer this so as I dare,
I rede, that thou be right wel ware
Of other mens hate about,
Which euery wise man shulde dout.
For bate is euer vpon awayte:

And as the fisher on his bayte
Sleeth, whan he seeth the fishes fast:

So whan he seeth tyme at last,
That he maie worcun an other wo,
Shall no man tourne him ther fro,
That hate nyll his felonie
Fulfill, and feigne companie.

Yet netheles for false semblant
Is towarde hym of couenant
Witholde, so that vnder bothe
That preuy wrath can hyu clothe,
That he shall seme a great beleue.
But ware the well, that thou ne leue
All that thou seest afore thyn eie,
So as the Gregoys whilom seide.
The boke of Troie who so rede,
There maie he finde ensample in dede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire sue odium aperte vindicare non possint, ficta dissimulatione vindictam subdole assequuntur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamedes princeps, Grecorum in obsidione Troie, a quibusdam suis emulis proditorie interfectus fuisset, paterque suus rex Nauplus in patria sua tunc existens, huiusmodi eucitus certitudinem sciuisset: grecos in sui cordis odium super omnia recollectit, vnde contigit, quod cum greci deuicta Troia per altum mare versus Greciam nauigio reueantes obscurissimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempestate iactabantur, rex Nauplus in terra sua contra litus maris, vbi maiora saxorum eminebant pericula super cacumina montium, grandissimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos greci aspicientes saluum portum ibidem inuenire certissime putabant, Et terram approximantes diruptis nauibus magna parte grecorum periclitabatur.

SONNE after the destruction,
Whan Troie was all beate downe,
And slain was Priamus the kyng,
The gregoy, whiche of all this thyng
Ben cause, tornen home ageyne.
There maie no man his hap withseyne,
It hath ben sene, and felte full ofte
The harde tyme after the softe.

By sea as thei forth homeward went,
A rage of great tempest hem hent.
Juno let bend hir partie bowe,
The skie ware derke, the wind gan blow,
The fire welkyn began to thonder,
As though the world shuld al a sounder.

From heu-n out of the water gates
The reynie storme felle downe algates,

And all bir tacle made vnweke,
That no man might him selfe beweke.
There maie men here shipmen erie,
That stoude in aunter for to die.

He that behynde sat to stere
Maie not the for sterne here.
The shyp arose againe the wawes,
The ludesman hath lost his lawes,
The sea on beate on euery side,
Thei nisten what fortune abide,
But set hem well in gods will,
Where he hem wolde saue or spill.

And it fell thilke time thus,
There was a kyng, whiche Nauplus
Was hote: and he a sonne had
At Troie, whiche the gregoy lade,
As he that was made prince of all,
Till that Fortune let hym fall,
His name was Palamedes
But through an hate netheles
Of some of hem, his death was caste,
And he by treason ouercaste.
His father, whan he herde it telle,
He swore, if euer his time felle,
He wolde him venge if that he might,
And therto his auowc he hight.
And thus this kyng through priue hate,
Abode vpon a waite algate.
For he was not of suche emprise,
To auengen hym in open wise.

The fame, whiche goth wide where
Maketh knowe, how that the grekes were
Homwarde with all the felawship
Fro Troie vpon the sea by ship.

Nauplus whan he this vnderstode,
And knewe the tides of the fode,
And sawe the wynde blowe to the loude:
A great deceite anone he fonde
Of priue hate, as thou shalt here,
Wherof I tell all this matere.

This kyng the wether gan behokle,
And wist well, thei moten holde
Her cours endlonge the marche right,
And made vpon the derke night,
Of great shydes and of blockes,
Great fire agein the great rockes,
To shewe vpon the hilles high:
So that the flete of grece it sigh.
And so fell right as he thought,
This flete, whiche au bauen sought,
The bright fyres sawe a ferre,
And thei ben drawn ner and ner,
And wende well, and vnderstode,
Howe all that fyre was made for good,
To shewe where men shulde ariue,
And witherwarde thei hasten bliue.
In semblant (as men sayne) is gile,
And that was proued thilke while.
The ship, whiche wende his helpe accroche,
Drofe all to peces on the roche:
And so there delen tenne or twelue,
There might no man helpe hym selue.
For there thei wenden death escape,
Withouten helpe her death was shape.

Thus thei that comen firste tofore,
Upon the rockes ben forlore,
But through noise, and their crie,
The other were ware therby.
And whan the daie began to rowe,
Tho mighten thei the sooth knowe,

That where thei wende frendes fynde,
Thei fonde friendship all behynde.

The londe than was soone weiued,
Wher that thei hadden be deceiued,
And toke hem to the high see,
Therto they saiden all ye.
Fro that daie furthe, and where thei were,
Of that thei haue assaied there.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne wherof thou might auise,
Howe fraude stant in many wyse
Amonge hem, that gile thyuke.
There is no scriuener with his inke
Whiche halfe the fraude write can,
That stant in suche a maner man.

For thy the wise men ne demen
The thynges after that thei semen.
But after that thei knowe and fynde.

The mirroure sheweth in his kynde,
As he had all the worlde within,
And is in sooth nothyng therein.
And so fareth hate for a throwe,
Till he a man hath ouerthrowe,
Shall no man knowe by his chere,
Whiche is auant, and whiche arere.
For thy my sonne thinke on this.

My father so I woll iwaye.
And if there more of wrath bee,
Nowe aske furthe pur charitee.
As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the soothe shall beknowe.

*Qui cohibere manum nequit, et sic spem eius
Naribus hic populo saepe timendus erit.
Scipius in luctum Venus et sua gaudia transfert,
Cunq̄ue suis thalamis talis amicus adest.
Est amor amplexu non icibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicitias impetuosa manus.*

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositatis et homicidii dicuntur: sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura spem in naribus gestando ad omnes ire motiones in vindicta parata, patientiam nullatenus obseruat.

MY sonne thou shalte vnderstoude,
That yet towarde wrath stonde
Of deadly vices other two:
And for to tell her names so,
It is Contecke and Homicide,
That be to gether on euery syde.

Contecke, as the hokets saine,
Foollehas hath to his chambertaine,
By whose counsaile all vnaduised
Is Patience moste despised,
Tyll Homicide with hem mete,
For mercy thei ben all vnmete.
And thus ben thei the worst of all
Of hem, whiche vnto wrath fall,
In dede both, and eke in thought.
For thei accompten their wrath nought,
But if there be shedyng of blood.
And thus liche to a beast woode
Thei knowen not the god of life,
Be so thei haue or swerde or knife,
Her deadly wrath for to wrike,
Of pitee list hem not to speke,
None other reason thei ne fonge,
But that thei ben of might stronge.

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But ware him well in other place,
Where euery man behoueth grace.
But there I trowe it shall him faile,
To whom no mercie might auaille,
But wroughten vpon tyrannie,
That no pitee ne might hem plie.

Now tell me soune. My father what?
If thou hast be culpable of that?

My father nay. Christe me forbede,
I speake onliche of the dede,
Of whiche I was neuer culpable,
Without cause reasonable.

But this is not to my matere
Of shrifte, why we sitten here.
For we be set to shriue of loue,
As we begonne firste aboue.
And netheles I am beknowe,
That as touchende of loues throwe,
Whan I my wittes ouerwende,
Myn hertes contecke hath none ende,
But euer stant vpon debate,
To great disease of myn estate,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.

For whan my fortune ouercasteth
Hir whele, and is to me so strange,
And that I see she woll not change:
Than cast I all the worlde about,
And thinke howe I at home in dout
Haue all my tyme in veine spende,
And see not howe to be amende,

But rather for to be empeired,
As he that is well night despired:
For I ne maie nothyng deserue,
And euer I loue, and euer I serue,
And euer I am a liche nere.

Taus, for I stonde in suche a were,
I am, as who saith, out of herre,
And thus vpon my selfe a werre
I bryng, and put out all pees,
That I full ofte in suche a rees
Am wery of myne owne life.

So that of contecke, and of strife,
I am beknowe, and haue auswerde,
As ye my father nowe haue herde.
Myn herte is wonderly begone
With counsaile, wherof witte is one,
Whiche hath reason in companie,
Againe the whiche stant partie
Wille, whiche bath Hope of his accorde.

And thus thei bringen vp discorde.
Witte and Reason counsaillen ofte,
That I myn herte shulde softe:
And that I shulde wille remue,
And put him out of retenue:
Or els holde hym vnder foote.
For as thei seine, if that he mote
His owne rule haue vpon honde,
There shall no witte ben vnderstoude
Of hope, also to tellen this
That ouer all where that he is,
He sette the herte in ieopardie,
With wisshyng and with fantasie,
And is not trewe of that he seith:
So that in hym there is no feith.

Thus with Reason and witte aused
Is will and hope all daie despised.

Reason saith, that I shulde leue
To loue, where there is no leue
To spede: and will saith there ageine,
That suche an herte is to vileiue,

Whiche dare not loue, till that he spede,
Let Hope serue at suche a nede.

He seith eke, where an herte sitte
All bolle gouerned vpon witte,
He hath this liues luste forlore.

And thus myn herte is all to tore
Of suche a cotecke, as thei make.
But yet I maie not will forsake,
That he nis maister of my thought,
Or that I spede, or spede nought.

Thou dost my son ageynst the right.
But loue is of so great a might,
His lawe maie no man refuse:
So might thou the better excuse.

And netheles thou shalt be lerned,
That will shulde be gouerned
Of reason more than of kinde,
Wherof a tale write I finde.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod omnis impetuosa voluntas sit discretionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narrat qualiter Diogenes, qui motus animi sui rationi subiugauerat, regem Alexandrum sub isto facto sibi opponente pleniorem informauit.

A PHILOSOPHER of whiche men tolde
There was whyloin by daies olde,
And Diogenes than he hight:
So olde he was, that he ne mighte
The worlde trauaile, and for the best
He shope hym for to take his rest,
And dwelle at home in suche a wise,
That nigh his house he lette deuise
Ende louge vpon an axell tree
To sette a tonne in suche degree,
That he it might tourne about,
Wherof one head was taken out.
For he therin sitte shulde,
And tourne hym selfe as he wolde,
And take the ayre, and see the heuen,
And deme of the planettes seuen,
As he, whiche couthe mochell what.

And thus full ofte there he sat
To muse in his philosophie
Sole without companie.
So that vpon a morow tide
A thyng, whiche shulde tho betide,
Whan he was sette, there as hym list,
To loke vpon the sonne arist,
Wherof the propertee he sighe,
It felle, there cam ridyng nigh
Kyng Alisander, with a rout:
And as he cast his eie about,
He sight this tonne: and what it ment
He wolde witte, and thither sent
A knight, by whom he might it know.
And he hym selfe that ilke throwe
Abode, and houeth there stille.

This knight, after the kynges wille
With spore made his horse to gone,
And to the tonne he cam anone,
Where that he fonde a man of age,
And he hym tolde the message,
Suche as the kyng hym had bede:
And asketh why in thilke stode
The tonne stode: and what he was.
And he, whiche vnderstode the cas,
Sat still, and spake no worde agein.
The knight bad speke: and saith, Villein

Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,
It is thy kyng, whiche asketh so.

My kyng, quod he, that were vnright.
What is he than, saith the knight?
Is he thy man? that saie I nought
Quod he, but this I am bethought,
My mans man howe that he is.

Thou liest fals chorle iwis
The knight him said, and was right wroth,
And to the kyng ayene he goth,
And tolde hym, how this man answerde.

The kyng whan he this tale herde,
Bad that thei shulde all abide.
For he hym selfe wold thider ride.

And whan he came tofore the Tonne,
He hath his tale thus begoune:
Al heil, he seith, what man art thou
Quod he? Suche one, as thou seest nowe.

The kyng, whiche had wordes wise,
His age wolde nought despise,
But saith: My father I the prairie,
That thou me wolt the cause saie,
How that I am thy mans man.

Sire kyng, quod he, that I can,
Yf thou wilt. Yes, seith the kyng.

Quod he, this is the sooth thyng.
Sith I first reason vnderstode,
And knew what thing was yll and goode
The wil, whiche of my body moueth,
Whos werkes that the god repropueth,
I haue restraigned euer more
Of hym, that stant vnder the lore
Of Reason, whos subiect he is,
So that he maie not done amis.
And thus by weie of couenant
Wil is my man, and my seruant,
And euer hath bee, and euer shall.
And thi wil is thy principal,
And hath the lordship of thy wit
So that thou coutest neuer yet
Take a daie rest of thy labour.

But for to be a Conquerour
Of worldes good, which maie not last,
Thou highest euer a liche fast,
Where thou no reason hast to wiue,
Thus thy will is cause of sinne,
And is thy lorde, to whom thou seruest,
Wherof thou litel thonke deseruest.

The kyng, of that he thus answerde,
Was nothyng wroth: but when he herde
The highe wisdom, whiche he saide,
With goodly wordes thus he prairie,
That he him wold tell his name.

I am, quod he, that ilke same,
Whiche men Diogenes call.

Tho was the kyng right glad with all.
For he had herd oft to fore,
What man he was, so that therefore
He saide: O wise Diogene,
Nowe shall thy great witte be sene.
For thou shalt of my yefte haue,
What worldes thyng thou wolte craue.
Quod he, than houe out of my sonne,
And lete it shyne in tu my Tonne.
For thou bynemest me thilke yifte,
Which lieth not in thy might to shifte.
None other good of the me nedeth.

The kyng, whom euery countrei dredeth,
Lo thus he was enformed there,
Wherof my sonne thou might lere,

How that thy wil shal nought be leued,
Where it is nought of wit releued.
And thou hast said thy selfe er this,
How that thy wil thi maister is,
Through which thyn hertes thought within
Is euer of conteke to beginne:
So that it is greatly to drede,
That it no homicide brede.

For loue is of a wondre kinde,
And hath his wittes ofte blynde,
That thei fro mans reason fall.
But whan that it is so befall,
That will shall the courage lede
In loues cause, it is to drede:
Wherof I finde ensample writte,
Whiche is behouefull that thou witte.

*Hic in amoris causa ponit Confessor exemplum
contra illos, qui in sua damna nimis accele-
rantes ex impetuositate se ipsos multotiens of-
fendunt. Et narrat qualiter Piramus, cum ipse
Tisbe amicam suam in loco inter eosdem depu-
tato, tempore aduentus sui promptam non inuenit,
animo impetuoso se ipsam præ dolore extracto
gladio mortaliter transfodit, quæ postea infra
breue veniens, cum ipsum sic mortuum inuenis-
set, etiam et illa in sue ipsius mortem impetu-
ose festinans, eiusdem gladii cuspidi sui cordis
intima per medium penetravit.*

I REDE a tale, and telleth this.
The citee, whiche Semiramis
Enclosed hath with walle about,
Of worthy folke with many a rout
Was inhabited here and there:
Amonge the whiche two there were
Abouen all other noble and great,
Dwellend tho within a strete
So nighe together, as it was sene,
There was nothyng hem betwene,
But wowe to wowe, and walle to walle.
This o lord hath in speciale
A sonne, a lustie bachilere,
In all the towne was none his pere.
That other had a daughter eke,
In al the lande for to seke,
Men wisten none so fayre as shee,
And fell so, as it shulde bee,
This faire doughter me this sonne,
As thei to geder than wonne,
Cupide hath so thynge shape.
That thei ne might his handes escape,
That he his fire on hem ne caste:
Wherof her hartes he ouercaste:
To folowe thilke lore and sewe,
Whiche neuer man yet might eschewe,
And that was loue, as it is happed,
Whiche hath her hertes so betrapped,
That thei by all weies seche,
How that thei might winne a speche,
Her wofull peine for to lisse.

Who loueth well, it maie not misse,
And namely whan there ben two
Of one accorde, howe so it go,
But if that thei some weie finde.
For loue is euer of suche a kinde,
And hath his folke so well affaited,
That howe so that it be awaited,
There maie no man the purpos let.
And thus betwene hem two thei set
An hole vpon a wall to make,
Through which thei haue her conseil take

At all times, whan thei might.

This faire Maide Tisbe hight,
And he, whome she loued hote,
Was Piramus by name hote
So longe hir lesson thei recorden,
Tyll at the laste thei acorden,
By nightes time for to wende
Alone out fro the townes ende,
Where was a well vnder a tree:
And who cam first or she or hee,
He shulde still there abide.
So it befell the nightes tide,
This maide, whiche disguised was,
All priuely the softe paas
Goth through the large towne vnknowe,
Till that she cam within a throwe,
Where that she liked for to dwell,
At thylke vnhappy freshe well,
Whiche was also the foreste nighe,
Where she comend a lion sighe
In to the felde to take his prae
In haste: and she tho ficde awaie
(So as fortune shuld fall)
For feare, and lete hir wimpill fall
Nighe to the well vpon therbage.

This wyde lyon in his rage
A beste, whiche he founde there out,
Hath slaine, and with his blowdy snoute
(Whan he hath eaten, what he wolde)
To drinke of thilke stremes colde,
Come vnto the well, where he fonde
The wimpill, whiche out of hir honde
Was falle, and he it hath to drawe,
Be bledded aboute, and all forgnawe:
And than he straught him for to drinke,
Upon the freshe welles brinke,
And after that out of the playue
He torneth to the wode againe.

And Tisbe durst not renewe,
But as a byrde, whiche were in mewe,
Within a busshe she kepte hir close,
So still, that she not arse,
Unto hir selfe and plainetie aie.

And fell, while that she there laie,
This Piramus cam after soone
Unto the well, and by the moone
He fonde hir wimpill blodie there.

Cam neuer yet to mans eare
Tidyng, ne to mans sight
Meruaile, whiche so sore a flight
A mans herte, as it tho dede
To hym, whiche in the same stede,
With many a wofull complainyng,
Bygan his hondes for to wryng,
As he, whiche demeth sikerly,
That she be dede: and sodeinly
His swerde all naked out he briede
In his fool hast, and thus he saide:

I am cause of this felonie,
So it is reason, that I die.

And she is deade because of mee.
And with that sworde vpon his knee
He felle, and to the goddes all
Unto the heuen he gan to call,
And praid, sen it is so,
That he maie not bis loue as tho
Hauie in this worlde, that of her grace
He might hir haue in other place.
For here wolde he not abide
He saith: but as it shall betide.

The pomell of his swerde to grounde
 He set, and through his herte a wounde
 He made vp to the bare hille.
 And in this wise hym selfe spilte,
 With his foolhaste, and deth he nam.
 For she within a while cam
 Where he laic dede vpon knife.
 So wofull yet was neuer life,
 As Tyshe was, when she him sigh,
 She might not one worde on high
 Speke, for hir herte shette,
 That of hir life no price she sette,
 But deade swonyng downe she fell,
 Till afterwarde it so befell,
 That she out of hir trauns awoke,
 With many a wofull pitous loke
 Hir eie alweie amonge she caste
 Upon hir loue, and at the laste
 She caught breth, and saide thus:

O thou, whiche art cleped Venus,
 Goddess of loue: and thou Cupide,
 Whiche loues cause haste for to guide,
 I wote nowe well, that ye be blynde,
 Of thilke vnhap, whiche I now finde,
 Onely betwene my loue and me,
 This Piramus, whiche here I see
 Bledcud, what hath he deserued?
 For he thyn hest hath kept and serued,
 And was yonge, and I both also.
 Alas why do ye with vs so?

Ye set our hertes both a fyre,
 And made vs suche thynges desyre,
 Wherof that we no skill couthe.
 But thus our fresshe lustie youthe
 Without ioie is all depended:
 Whiche thynges maie neuer be amended.

For as for me this wolle I seie,
 That me is leuer for to drie,
 Than liue after this sorowfull daie.

And with this worde where as he laie
 Hir loue in armes she embraseth,
 Hir owne deth and so purchaseth,
 That nowe she wepte, and now she kiste
 Till at the laste, or she it wiste,
 So great a sorow is to hir fall,
 Whiche ouergoth hir wittes all,
 And she, whiche might not asterte
 The swerdes point ayenst hir herte
 She set, and fell downe therupon:
 Wherof that she was dede anone.
 And thus both on a swerde bledend
 Thei were founde dede liggend.

Nowe thou my sonne hast herd this tale,
 Beware that of thyn owne bale
 Thou be not cause in thy foolhaste,
 And kepe that thou thy witte ne waste
 Upon thy thought in aventure,
 Wherof thy liues forfeiture
 Maie falle: and if thou haue so thought
 Er this, tell on, and hide it nought.

My fader vpon loues side
 My conscience I wolle not hide:
 How that for loue of pure wo
 I haue ben ofte moued so,
 That with my wishses, if I might,
 A thousand tymes, I you plight,
 I had storuen in a daie:
 And therof I me shriue maie,
 Though loue fully me ne slowe,
 My will to deie was enowe.

So am I of my wyll culpable:
 And yet she is not merchieable,
 Whiche maie me yeue life and hele
 But that hir list not with me dele
 I wote by whos counsaile it is:
 And hym wolde I longe tyme er this
 (And yet I wolde and euer shall)
 Slizen and destroie in speciall.
 The golde of nyne kynnges londes
 Ne shulde him saue fro myn houndes,
 In my power if that he were.
 But yet hym stant of me no fere,
 For nought that euer I can manace,
 He is the hindrer of my grace.
 Till he be deade I maie not spede,
 So mote I nedes taken hede
 And shape howe, that he were away,
 If I therto maie fynde a weie.

My sonne tell me nowe for thy,
 Whiche is that mortal enemy,
 That thou manacest to be dede.
 My fader it is suche a quede,
 That where I come, he is tofore,
 And doth so, that my cause is lore.

What is his name? It is Daunger,
 Whiche is my ladis counseiler.
 For I was neuer yet so slyght
 To come in any place nigh,
 Where as she was by night or daie,
 That Daunger ne was rody aye,
 With whom for speche, ne for mede,
 Yet might I neuer of loue spede.

For euer this finde I sooth,
 All that my lady saith or dooth
 To me, Daunger shall make an ende:
 And that maketh al my world miswende:
 And euer I aske his helpe: but hee
 Maie be wel cleped Sans pitee.
 For ay the more I to hym bowe,
 The lesse he wolle my tale allowe.
 He hath my lady so englewed,
 She wolle not, that he be remewed,
 For euer he hongeth on hir seil,
 And is so preuie of counseil,
 That euer when I haue ought bede,
 I finde Daunger in hir stede,
 And nym answer of hym I haue.
 But for no mercy, that I craue,
 Of mercy neuer a point I had,
 I find his answer ay bad,
 That worse might it neuer be.

And thus betwene Daunger and me
 Is eyer verre til he die.
 But might I ben of suche maistrie,
 That I Daunger had ouercome,
 With that were all my ioye come,
 Thus wolde I wonde for no sinne,
 Ne yet for all this world to wyne,
 If that I might finde a sleight,
 To laie all my state in weight,
 I wolde hym fro the Court deseuer,
 So that he come ayenwarde neuer.
 Therefore I wisshie and wolde faine,
 That he were in some wise slaine.
 For while he stant in thilke place,
 Ne gete I not my ladis grace.

Thus hate I deadly thilke vice,
 And wolde he stood in none office
 In place, where my ladie is.
 For if he doo, I wote wel this,

That outher he shall die or I
 Within a while, and not for thy
 On my lady full ofte I muse,
 How that she maie hir self excuse.
 For if that I die in suche a plite,
 Me thinketh she might not be quite,
 That she ne were an homicide.
 And if it shulde so betide
 (As god forbede it shulde bee)
 By double wey it is pitee.
 For I, whiche all my wil and wit
 Haue yeue, and serued euer yit,
 And than I shuld in suche a wise,
 In rewardyng of my geruice
 Be deade: Me thinketh it were routh.

And fethermore I telie trowth,
 She that hath euer be wel named,
 Were worthy than to be blamed:
 And of reason to be appeld.
 Whan with o word she might haue heled
 A man: and suffreth hym to deye.
 A who sawe euer suche a wey?
 A who sawe euer suche distresse?
 Without pitee gentillesse,
 Without mercy womanhede,
 That woll so quite a man his mede,
 Whiche euer hath be to loue trewe.
 My good fader if ye rewe
 Upon my tale, telle me nowe,
 And I wol stynte and herken you.

My sonne attempte thy courage
 Fro wrath, and let thyn hert assuage,
 For who so wol hym vnderfonge,
 He maie his grace abide longe
 Er he of loue be receied,
 And eke also but if it be weued,
 There might mochel thyng befalle,
 That shulde make a man to falle
 Fro loue: that neuer afterwarde
 Ne durst he loke thidervarde.

In harde weyes men gone softe,
 And er thei climbe auisc them ofte.
 And men seen all daie, that rape reweeth.

And who so wicked ale breweth,
 Full ofte he mote the werse drinke.

Better it is to fete than sinke.
 Better is on the bridell chowe,
 Than if he fel, and ouerthrowe
 The hors, and stiked in the myre.

To cast water in the fire
 Better is, than brenne vp al the howes.

The man whiche is malicious,
 And foolhasty: full ofte he fallth:
 And selden is, whan loue hym calith:
 For thy better is suffer a throwe,
 Than to be wilde, and ouer throwe.

Suffrance hath euer be the best
 To wisen hym that secheth rest.

And thus if thou wilt loue spede,
 My sonne suffer, as I the rede.

What maie the mous ayen the cat?
 And for thilke cause I aske that,
 Who maie to loue make a werre,
 That he ne hath hym selfe the werre.

Loue asketh pees, and euer shall:
 And who that fighteth most withall,
 Shall lest conquere of his emprise.
 For this thei tellen that ben wise,
 Whiche is to striue, and haue the werse,
 To hasten, is nought worth a kerse

Thyng, that a man maie not achene.

That maie not wel be done at cue
 It mot abide till the morowe.

Ne hast not thyne owne sorowe
 My sonne, and take this in thy witte,
 He hath not loste that wel abitte.

Ensample, that it falleth thus,
 Thou might well take of Pirusus,
 Whan he in haste his swerd out drough,
 And on the point hym selfe slough
 For loue of Tisbe, pitously.

For he hir wymples foude blodie,
 And wende a beste had hir slayne,
 Where as hym ought be right fayne.

For she was safe right beside.

But for he wolde not abide,
 This meschiefe felle. For thy beware

My sonne, as I the warne dare,
 Do thou no thyng in suche a rees.

For suffrance is the well of pees.
 Though thou to lones courte pursewe,

Yet sit it wel, that thou eschewe,
 That thou the courte not ouerhast.

For so thou might thy tyme wast.
 But if thyn happer therto be shape,

It maie not helpe for to rape.
 Therefore attempter thy courage:

Foolhast doth none auantage,
 But ofte it seth a man behynde

In cause of loue, and I finde
 By olde ensamples, as thou shalt here
 Touchend of loue in this matere.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui ia
 amoris causa nimia festinatione concupiscentes,
 tardius expediunt, Et narrat qualiter pro eo
 quod Phebus quandam virginem pulcherrimam,
 nomine Daphnem, nimia amoris acceleratione
 insequabatur, Iratus Cupido cor Phebi sazitta
 aurea ignita ardentius vulnerauit, Et econtra
 cor Daphne, quadam sagitta plumbea, que frigi-
 dissimam fuit, sobrius perforauit. Et sic quanto
 magis Phebus ardentior in amore Daphnem per-
 secutus est, tanto magis ipsa frigidior Phebi
 concupiscentiam toto corde fugitiua delignaba-
 tur.

A MAIDEN whilom there was one
 Which Daphnes hight: and such was none

Of beautee than, as it was saide,
 Phebus his loue hath on hir laide

And thervpon to hir he sought
 In his foolhast, and so besought,

That she with hym no reste had.
 For euer vpon hir loue he grad.

And she saide euer vnto hym naye.
 So it befelle vpon a daie,

Cupide, whiche hath euerly chauce
 Of loue, vnder his guornance

Sigh Phebus lasten hym so sore,
 And for he shulde hym haste the more,

And yet not speden, at laste
 A dart throughout his heit he caste,

Whiche was of gulde, and all a fire,
 That made hym many folde desire

Of loue more than he dede.

To Daphne eke in the same stede
 A dart of lead he caste and smote.

Whiche was all colde, and no thyng hote.

And thus Phebus in loue brenneth,
 And in hast about renneth

To loke, if that he might wynne.

Thus was he euer to begynne.
For euer away fro hym she fled,
So that he neuer his loue sped,
And for to make hym full beleue
That no foolhast might acheue,
To gete loue in suche degree:
This Daphne in to a laurel tree
Was torned, whiche is euer greene,
In token, as yet it maie be seene,
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phebus failen of his will.

By suche ensamples as thei stonde
My sonne thou myght vnderstonde
To hasten loue is thyng in veine,
Whan that fortune is there ageine.
To take where a man hath leue
Good is: and elles he mote leue.
For whan a mans happes faylen,
There is no haste maie auaien.

My fader graunte mercy of this.
But whyle I see my lady is
No tree: but holde hir owne forme,
There maie me no man so enforme,
To whedyr parte fortune wende,
That I vnto my liues ende
Ne wolde hir serue euermo.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne sith it is so,
I saie no more, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.

Nought onely vpon loues chauce,
But vpon euery gouernance,
Whiche falleth vnto mans dede,
Foolhast is euer for to drede.
And that a man good counseyll take.
Er he his purpose vndertake.

For counsell put foolhast a wey.
Now good fader I you prey,
That for to wisse me the more,
Some good ensample vpon this lore
Ye wolde me tell, of that is writte,
That I the better might witte,
How I foolhaste shulde escheue,
And the wisdom of counsell sewe.

My sonne that thou myght enforme
Thy pacience opon the forme
Of olde ensamples, as thei fell,
Nowe vnderstonde, what I shall tell.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos qui nimio furore accensi vindictam ire sue ultra quam decet consequi affectant. Et narrat qualiter Athemas ad Demephon Reges, cum ipsi a bello Troiano ad propria remeassent, et a suis ibidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato aliunde pugnantium exercitu, regiones suas non solum incendijs vastare, sed et omnes in eisdem habitantes et minimo vsque ad maiorem in perpetuam vindicte memoriam gladio interficere, feruore iracundie proposuerunt: Sed rex Nestor, qui senex et sapiens fuit, tractatus inter ipsos reges et eorum regna inita pace huiusmodi impetuositatem mitius pacificauit.

WHEN noble Troie was bilcyn
And ouercome, and home ageine
The gregoyt torned from the siege,
The kynges fonde her owne liege

In many place, as men saide,
That hem forsok and disobeide:
Amonge the whiche fell this case
To Demephon and Athemas,
That were kynges both two,
And bothe were serued so:
Her lieges wolde not hem receiue,
So that thei mote algates weie
To seche londe in other place.
For there fonde thei no grace
Wherof thei token hem to rede,
And soughten frendes at nede:
And eche of hem assureth oter,
To helpe as to his owne brother,
To vengen hem of thilke oultrage,
And wyne ayene her heritage.

And thus thei ride aboute faste
To getten hem helpe: and at laste
Thei hadden power sufficient,
And maden than a couenant,
That thei ne shulde no life saue,
Ne prieste, ne clerke, ne lorde, ne knaue,
Ne wife, ne childe of that thei finde,
Whiche beareth visage of mans kynde.
So that no life shall be scoured,
But with the deadly swerde deuoured.
In suche foolhaste her ordinance.
Thei shapen for to do vengeance.

Whan this purpose was wist and knowe
Amonge their host, tho was there blowe
Of wordes many a speche aboute.

Of yonge men the lustie route
Were of this tale gladd enough.
There was no care for the plough,
As thei that were foolhastife,
They ben accorded to the strife,
And sein, it maie not be to great
To vengen hem of suche forfet.

Thus saith the wilde vnwise tonge
Of hem, that there weren yonge.

But Nestor, whiche was olde and hore,
The salue sawe tofore the sore,
As he that was of counseile wise:
So that none by his aduise,
There was a priuie counsaile nome,
The lordes ben to gether come:

This Demephon and athemas
Her purpose tolden, as it was.
Thei setten all still and berde,
Was none but Nestor hem answerde:
He bad hem, if thei wolde wiue,
Thei shulden see, er thei beginne
Her ende: and set her first entent,
That thei hem after ne repent,
And asketh hem this question
To what final conclusion
Thei wolden reigne kynges there,
If that no people in londe were?

And seith, it were a wonder weryl,
To seyn a kyng bycomen an hierd,
Where no life is but onely beste
Under the ligeance of his heste:
For who that is of man no kyng,
The remenant is as no thyng.

He seith eke, if thei pourpose holde
To slee the people, as thei two wolde:
Whan thei it might not restore,
All Greece it shulde abide sore,
To se the wyld beasts wonne,
Where whilom dwelt mans soune.

And for that cause he had hem treate,
And stint of tho manaces great:
Better is to wynne by faire speche
He seith, than suche vengeance seche.

For when a man is moste aboute,
Hym nedeth moste to gette hym loue.

Whan Nestor hath this tale saide,
Ayene hym was no worde withsaide:
It thought hem all he saide wele.
And thus fortune hir deadly whele
Fro werre tourneth in to pees:
But forth thei wenten netheles.

And whan the countreis hearde seyne,
Howe that her kynges be beseyne,
Of suche a power as thei lad,
Was none so bolde, that hem ne drad,
And for to seche peas and grith
Thei sende and praide anone forthwith:
So that the kynges ben appeased,
And euery mans hert is eased:
All was foryete, and not recorded,
And thus thei ben to geder acorced.

The kynges were ayene receiued,
And pees was take, and wrath wriued,
And all through counseill, which was good
Of hym that reason vnderstode.

By this ensample sonne attempre
Thyn herte, and let no will distempre
Thy witte: and do nothing by might,
Whiche maie be do by loue and right.

Foolbast is cause of mochell wo:
For thy my sonne do not so.

And as touchend of Homicide,
Whiche toucheth vnto lous side,
Full ofte it falleth vnaused
Through will, which is not well assised:
Whan witte and reason ben awaye,
And that foolbast is in the wey:
Wherof hath fall great vengeance.
For thy take into remembrance
To loue in suche a maner wise,
That thou deserue no iuise.

For well I wote, thou might not lette,
That thou ne shalt thin herte sette
To loue, where thou wolt or none,
But if thy witte be ouergone,
So that it torne vnto malice,
There wote no man of thilke vice,
What perill that there maie befall:
Wherof a tale amonges all,
Whiche is great pitee for to bere,
I thinke for to tellen here,
That thou such inurdre might withstonde,
Whan thou the tale hast vnderstoude.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui
ob suæ concupiscentie desiderium Homicide effi-
ciuntur. Et narrat qualiter Clitemnestra, vxor
Regis Agamemnonis, cum ipse a bello Troiano
domi redisset, consilio Egisti, quem adultera
peramauit, sponsum suum in cubili dormientem
suo noctis silencio trucidabat: cuius mortem
filius eius Horestes tunc iunioris etatis postea
diis admonitus crudelissima seucritate vindi-
cauit.

Of Troie at thilke noble towne,
Whose fame stant yet of renowne,
And euer shall to mans ere:
The sieg laste longe there,

Er that the Grekes it might wiune,
While Priamus, was kyng therin.
But of the grekes, that lien aboute,
Agamemnon ladde all the route.
This thyng is knowne ouer all:
But yet I thinke in speciall,
To my matter therupon,
Tell in what wise Agamemnon
Through chance, that maie not be wriued,
Of loue vntrewe was deceued.

An olde sawe is: who that is sligh,
In place where he maie be night,
He maketh the ferre leef, loth
Of loue, and thus full ofte it goth.

There while Agamemnon batailleth,
To winne Troie, aud it assaileth,
From home and was longe tyme there,
Egistus drough bis queene nere,
Aud with the leiser, whiche he had,
This ladie at his wille he ladde.
Clitemnestre was bir right name,
She was therof greatly to blame,
To loue there it maie not laste,
But fell to mischiefe at laste.

For whan this noble worthe knight
Fro Troie came, the first night
That he at home a bedde laie,
Egistus longe er it was daie,
As this Clitemuestre hym had assent,
And wren both of one assent:
By treson slough hym in his bed.

But mourder, whiche maie not ben hed,
Spronge out to euery mans eare,
Wherof the londe was full of feare.

Agamemnon hath by this queene
A sonne, and that was after seene.
But yet as than he was of youth
A babe, whiche no reason couth.

And as god wolde, it fell hym thus,
A worthe knight Taltibus,
This yonge childe hath in keypyng:
And whan he herde of this yudge,
Of this treason, of this misdede,
He gan within hym selfe to drede,
In aunter if this false Egiste
Upon hym come, er be it wiste,
To take and mourther, of his malice,
This childe, whiche he hath to notice,
And for that cause in all haste
Out of the londe he gan hym haste,
And to the kyng of Crete he straught,
And him this yonge lorde betaught,
And praide him for his fathers sake,
That he this childe wolde vndertake,
And kepe hym till he be of age,

So as he was of his lignage:
And tolde hym ouer all the cas,
Howe that his father mourtherd was:
And howe Egistus, as men saide,
Was kyng, to whom the londe abeide.

And whan Idomeueus the kyng
Hath vnderstonding of this thyng,
Whiche that this knight him bath tolde,
He made sorowe manifolde,
And toke the childe vnto his warde,
And saide, he wolde hym kepe and warde,
Tyll that he were of suche a might,
To handle a swerde, and be a knight,
To vengen him at his owne will.
And thus Horestes dwelleth still,

Suche was the childes right name,
Whiche after wrought mochell shame
In vengeance of his fathers deth.

The tyme of yeres ouergeth,
That he was man of brede and length,
Of wyt, of manhode, and of streath:
A fayre persone amonges all,
And he beganne to clepe and call,
As he, whiche come was to man,
Unto the kynge of Crete thau,
Prieinde that he wolde hym make
A knight, and power with hym take,
For lenger wolde he not beleue
He saith, but praieith the kynge of leue
To gone and cleyme his heritage,
And venge hym of thilke outrage,
Whiche was vnto his father do.

The kynge assenteth well therto,
With great honor and knight him maketh,
And great power to hym betaketh,
And gan his journey for to caste.
So that Horestes at laste
His leue toke, and forth he goth,
As he that was in his herte wroth,
His firste playnt to be mene

Unto the citee of Athene
He goth hym forth, and was receiued.
So there was he nought deceiued.

The duke, and tho that weren wise
Thei proferen hem to his seruise.
And he hem thouketh of their proffer,
And saide hym selfe he wolde gone offer
Unto the goddess for his spede,
And all men yeue hym rede.
So goth he vnto the temple forth,
Of yestes, that he mochell worth
His sacrifice, and his offrynge
He made: and after his askyng
He was answerde, if that he wolde
His estate recouer, than he shoulde
Upon his mother do vengeance
So cruell, that the remembrance
Therof might euermore abide,
As she that was an homicide,
And of hir owne lorde mourdrice.

Horestes, whiche of thilke office
Was nothyng glad, and thau he praide
Unto the goddess there, and saide,
That thei the iudgement deuise,
Howe he shall take the iuise.
And therupon he had answere
That he hir pappes shulde of tere
Out of hir breast, his owne hondes;
And for ensample of all londes,
With hors he shulde be to drawe,
Till houndes had hir bones gnawe,
Without any sepulture.

This was a wofull auenture.

And whan Horestes hath all herde,
Howe that the goddess haue answeide,
Forth with the strength, whiche he had,
The duke and his power he had,
And to a citee forth thei gone,
The whiche was cleped Crophcone:
Where as Phoicus was lorde and sire,
Whiche profereth hym withouten hyre
His helpe, and all that he maie do,
As he that was right glad therto,
To greue his mortal enemy,
And tolde him certaine cause why,

Howe that Egiste in mariage
His daughter whilom of full age
Forlaie, and afterwarde forsoke,
Whan he Horestes mother toke.

Men saine olde synne newe shame:
Thus more and more arose the blame
Ayene Egiste on euery side.
Horestes with his host to ride
Began, and Phoicus with hym went.
I trowe Egiste shall hym repent.
Thei riden forth vnto Mycene,
There lay Clitemnestre thilke quene,
The whiche Horestes mother is.
And whan she herde tell of this,
The gates were faste shette,
And thei were of her entre lette.
Anone this citee was without
Beleue, and seged all about,
And cuer amonge thei it assaile
Fro daie to night, and so trauaile,
Till at last thei it wonne.

Tho was there sorowe enough begonne.

Horestes did his mother call
Anone tofore the lordes all,
And eke tofore the people also,
To hir and tolde his tale tho
And saide: O cruell beast vnkynde,
Howe mightest thou in thyn herte finde,
For any luste of loues draught,
That thou accordest to the slaught
Of hym, whiche was thine owne lorde?
Thy treason stant of suche recorde,
Thou might thy werkes not forsake
So mote I for my father sake
Vengeance vpon thy body do,
As I commaunded am therto.

Unkynndely for thou hast wrought,
Unkynndeliche it shall be bought.
The sonne shall the mother s'ea,
For that whilom thou saidest yea
To that thou shuldest nay haue sayd.
And he with that his hondes hath laid
Upon his mothers breast anone,
And rent out from the bare bone
Hir pappes both, and caste awaie
Amiddes in the carte waie.

And after toke the deade cors,
And let it bedrawe away with hors
Unto the hounde, vnto the Rauen,
She was none other wise grauen.

Egistus whiche was elles where
Tydynges comen to his eare,
Howe that Mycenes was beleine:
But what was more, herd he not seime.
With great menace and mochel boste
He drough power, and made an hoste,
'And came in rescous of the towne.

But all the sleight of this treason
Horestes wist it by a spic,
And of his men a great partie
He made ambussielement abide,
To wayte on hym in suche a tide,
That he ne might her honde escape.
And in this wise, as he bath shape,
The thyng befell, so that Egyst
Was take, er he hym selfe it wist:
And was brought forth his hondes bonde,
As whan men haue a traitour fonde.
And tho that were with hym take,
Whiche of treason were ouertake,

To gether in one sentence falle.
But false Egyste aboue hem alle
Was demed to diuers peine,
The werst that men couthe ordeine,
And so after by the lawe
He was vnto the gibet drawe,
Where be aboue all other hongeth,
As to a traitour it belongeth.

The fame with hir swifte wynges
About fleeth, and hare tidynge,
Aud made it couth in all londes,
How that Horestes, with his hondes
Clytemnestre his owne mother slough.

Some seyne, he did will enough,
And some seyne, he did amis.
Diuers opinions there is,
That she is dede thei speken all.
But plainly howe it is befall
The matter in so littell throwe,
In soothe there might no man knowe,
But thei that weren at the dede.

And commonliche in euery nede
The worst speche is rather herde,
And leued, till it be answerde.

The kynges, and the lordes great
Begonne Horestes for to threat,
To putten hym out of his reigne.
He is not worthy for to reigne.

The childe, whiche slough his moder so,
Thei saide, and therpon also
The lordes of common assent,
The tyme set of parlement.

And to Atheus kyng and lorde
To gether come of one accorde,
To knowe howe that the sooth was:
So that Horestes in this cas
Thei senden after, and he come.

Kyng Menelby the wordes nome,
And asketh hym of this matere.
And he, that all it might here,
Answerde, and tolde his tale at large:
And bowe the goddess in his charge
Commaunded hym in suche a wise
His owne honde to do iuysse,

With this tale a duke arose,
Whiche was a worthy knight of lose,
His name was Menestheus,
Aod saide vnto the lordes thus:

The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,
It was thyng of the goddess bede,
And nothyng of his crueltie.
And if there were of my degree
In all this place suche a knight,
That woll seyne, it was no right,
I woll it with my body proue,
And therpon be cast his gloue.
And eke this noble duke aleyde
Full many an other skill, and seide,
She had well deserved a reche.

First for the cause of spouse breche,
And after wrought in suche a wise,
That all the worlde it ought agrise,
Whan that she for so foule a vice
Was of hir owne lorde mourdrice.

Thei sitten all stille and berde,
But therto was no man answerde:
It thought hem all, he saide skille,
There is no man with say it wille.

Whan thei vpon the reason musen,
Horestes all thei excusen:

So that with great solemnitee,
He was vnto his dignitee
Receuyed, and coroned kyng.

And tho hefell a wondre thyng.
Egryona, whan she it wyste,
Whiche was the daughter of Egyste
And sister on the mother side,
To this florest, at thilke tide,
Whan she herde, how hir brother sped,
For pure sorowe, whiche hir led,
That he ne had ben exiled,
She hath hir owne life begiled
Anone, and benge hir selfe tho.
It hath and shall be euermo,
To mourther who that woll assente,
He maie not faile to repent.

This false Egryona was one,
Whiche to mourther Agamemnon
Yaue hir accorde, and hir assent,
So that by gods iudgement,
Though none other man it wolde,
She toke hir iuysse, as she sholde.
And as she to an other wrought
Vengeance vpon hir selfe she thought,
And hath of hir vnhappy witte,
A mourther with a mourther quit.
Suche is of mourther the vengeance.

For thy my sonne in reuembrance
Of this ensample take good hede.
For who that thinketh his loue speda
With mourther, he shall with worldes shame
Him selfe and eke his loue shame.

My father of this auenture,
Whiche ye haue tolde, I you assure,
My herte is sory for to here:
But onely for I wolde lere
What is to done, and what to leue.

And ouer this by your leue,
That ye me wolde telle I prey,
If there be leful any weye,
Without sinne a man maie slea?

My sonne in sondry wise yea.
What man that is of Traitorie,
Of mordre, or els Robberie
Attaint, the Judge shal not let,
But he shal sleen of pure det,
Aod doth great sinne if that be wonde.

For who that lawe hath vpon honde,
And spareth for to do iustice
For mercy: doth not his office,
That he his mercy so bewareth:
Whan for one shrewe, whiche he spareth,
A thousand good men he greueth.
With suche mercy who that bileueth.
To please god: he is deceiued,
Or els mote reason be weyued.

The lawe stode or we were bore,
Howe that a kynges swerde is bore
In sigue, that he shall defende
His true people: and make an ende
Of suche, as wolden hem deuour.

Lo thus my sonne to souccour
The lawe, and common right to wyne
A man maie slee without sinne,
And do therof a great aimesse,
So for to kepe rightwisenesse.

And ouer this for his coundree,
In tyme of werre, a man is free
Hym selfe, his house, and eke his loude,
Defende with his owne houde,

And sleen, if he maie nõ bet,
 After the lawe, whiche is set.
 Nowe father than I you beseche,
 Of hem, that deadly werres seche
 In worldes cause, and sheden blood,
 If suche au homicide is good?

CONFESSOR.

My sonne vpon thy question,
 The trowth of myn opinion
 (Als ferforth as my wit archeth
 And as the plaine lawe teacheth)
 I wolde the telle in euidence,
 To rule with thy conscience.

Quod creat ipse deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,
 Vltor et humano sanguine spargit humum.
 Vt peccoris sic est hominis cruor leu modo fusus,
 Victa iacet pietas, et furor vrget opus.
 Angelus in terra pax dixit, et vltima Christi
 Verba sonent pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.

Hic sequitur contra motores guerre, quæ non
 solum homicidii sed vniuersi mundi desolationis
 mater existit.

THE high god of his iustice,
 The ilke foule horrible vice,
 Of homicide he hath forbode
 By Moyses, as it was bode.

Whan goddes sonne was also bore,
 He sent his angell downe therfore,
 Whom the shepherdes herden singe
 Pees to the men of welwyllynge
 In erthe amonge vs bere.

So for to speke in this matere
 After the lawe of charitee,
 There shall deadly werre bee.
 And eke nature it hath defended,
 And in hir lawe pees commended,
 Whiche is the chiefe of mans welth,
 Of mans life, of mans helth.

But deadly werre hath bis couine
 Of pestilence, and of famine,
 Of pouertee, and of all wo:
 Wherof this worlde we blamen so,
 Whiche nowe the werre hath vnderfoote
 Till god him selfe therof do boote.
 For all thyng, whiche god hath wrought
 In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.

The church is brent, the priest is slaine
 The wife, the maide is eke forlaine,
 The lawe is lore, and god vnserued:
 I not what mede he hath deserued,
 That suche werres ledeth inne.

If that he do it for to winne:
 Firste to accompte his great coste,
 Forth with the folke that he hath loste,
 As to the worldes rekenyng
 There shall he fynde no winnyng.

And if he do it to purchase
 The heuen, mede of suche a grace
 I can nought speke netheles,
 Christ hath commaunded loue and pes.
 And who that worcheth the reuers,
 I trowe his mede is full diuers.
 And sithen than that we fynde,
 That werres in her owne kynde
 Ben towarde god of no deserte:
 Andeke thei bringen in pouerte
 Of worldes good, it is merueille,
 Amonge the men what it maie eyle,

That thei a pees ne connen set.
 I trowe synne be the let,
 And euery mede of sinne is deth,
 So wote I neuer howe it geth.
 But we, that be of beleue
 Amonge our selfe, this wolde I leue,
 That better it were pees to chese,
 Than so by double wee lese.

I not if that it nowe so stonde,
 But this a man maie vnderstonde,
 Who that these olde bokes redeth,
 That couetise is one, whiche ledeth
 And brought the first werres iane.

At Grece if that I shall beginne,
 There was it proued howe it stode,
 To Perse, whiche was full of good,
 Thei maden werre in speciall:
 And so thei didden ouer all,
 Where great riches was in londe:
 So that thei leste nothyng stonde
 Unwerred, but onely Archade.

Nota quod greci omnem terram fertilem debellabant,
 sed tantum Archadium, pro eo quod pauper
 et sterilis fuit, pacifice dimiserunt.

FOR thers thei no werres made,
 Because it was bareine and poure,
 Wherof thei might nought recouer:
 And thus ponerte was forbore.

He that nought had nought hath lore.

But yet it is a wonder thyng,
 Whan that a riche worthe kyng
 Or lorde, what so he bee,
 Wold aske and claime perptice
 In thyng, to whiche he hath no right.
 But onely of his great might.

For this maie euery man well wite,
 That both kynde and lawe write
 Expressly stonden thers ageyne.
 But he mote nedes somewhat seyue.
 All though there be no reason iune,
 Whiche secheth cause for to winne.
 For wite, that is with will oppressed,
 Whan couetise him hath adressed,
 And all reasone put away,
 He can wel fynde suche a wey
 To werre, where as euer hym liketh:
 Wherof that he the worde entriketh,
 That many aman of hym compleineth:
 But yet alway some cause he seineth,
 And of his wrongfull herte be demeth,
 That all is well, what euer him semeth,
 Be so that he maie winne enough.
 For as the true man to the plough
 Only to the gaine entendeth:
 Right so the werriour dispendeth
 His tyme, and hath no conscience.

And in this point for euidence
 Of hem that suche werres make,
 Thou might a great ensample take,
 How thei her tyrannie excusen,
 Of that thei wrongfull warres vsen,
 And howe thei stonde of one accorde
 The soudiour forth with the lorde,
 The poore man forth with the riche,
 As of courage thei ben liche,
 To make werres and to pyllie
 For lucre: and for none other skille:
 Wherof a propre tale I rede,
 As it whilom befell in dede

Hic declarat per exemplum contra istos principes seu alios quoscunque illicite guerre motores, Et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis spoliatorum notissimo, qui cum captus fuisset, et in iudicium coram rege Alexandro productus, et de latrocinio accusatus, dixit, O Alexander vere quia cum paucis sociis spoliatorum causa naues tantum exploro, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine vniuersam terram subiugando spoliasti, Imperator diceres, Itaque status tuus a statu meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem parem habebimus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans, ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit. Et sic bellicosus bellatori complacuit,

OF hym whome all this erthe drad,
Whan he the worlde so ouerladdede
Through werre, as it fortunede is,
Kynge Alisaunder I rede this,
Howe in a marche, where he laie,
It fell perchance vpon a daie,
A rouer of the sea was nome,
Whiche many a man had ouercome,
And slaine, and take her good awaie.
This piller, as the bokes saie,
A famous man in sondrie stede
Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.

This prisoner afore the kynge
Was brought: and therupon this thyng
In audience he was accused.
And he his dede hath nought excused,
And praide the kynge to done him right,
And saide. Syre if I were of might
I haue an herte liche vnto thyn.
For if thy power were myn
My will is most in speciall
To ryse, and gette ouer all
The large worldes good about.
But for I leade a poure route
And am, as who saith, at mischiefe,
The name of pillour and of thefe
I beare: and thou whiche routes great
Might leade, and take thy beyete,
And doste right, as I wolde do,
Thy name is nothyng cleped so,
But thou art named emperour.
Our dedes ben of one colour,
And in effecte of one deserte:
But thy rychesse and my pouerte,
Thei be not taken euen liche
And netheles he that is riche
This daie, to morowe he maie be poorer,
And in contrary also recouer
A poore man to great riches.

Men seyn for thy let righte wisenes
Be peised euen in the balance.

The kynge his hardie countenance
Behelde: and his wordes wise,
And said vnto hym in this wise:

Thyne answere I haue vnderstonde,
Wherof my wyll is, that thou stonde
In my seruice, and still abide.

Aud forth with all the same tide
He hath hym terme of life withholde,
The more and for he shulde ben holde,
He made him knight, and yafe hym londe:
Whiche afterwarde was of his honde
An orped knight in many a stede,
And great prowes of armes dede,

As the Cronikes it recorden:
And in this wise thei accorden,
The whiche of condicion
Be sette vpon destruction.
Suche Capitaine suche retinue,
But for to see what issue
The kynge befalleth at the laste.
It is great wonder that men caste
Her herte vpon suche wronge to winne,
Where no beyete maie be inne,
And doth disease on euery side.
But when reason is put a side,
And wise gouerneth the courage,
The fauour whiche fleeth ramage,
And suffreth no thyng in the waie,
Wherof that he maie take his praie:
Is not more set vpon rauyne,
Than thilke man, whiche his couyne
Hath set in suche a maner wise
For all the worlde maie nought suffice
To wil, whiche is uot reasonable.

Hic secundum gesta Alexandri de guerris illicitis ponit Confessor exemplum, dicens: quod quatuor Alexander sua potentia totius mundi victor, subiugarat imperium, ipse tandem mortis victoria subiugatus, cunctipotentis seuentiam euadere non potuit.

WHEREOF ensample concordable
Liche to this pointe, of whiche I mene,
Was vpon Alisaunder sene,
Whiche had set all his entent,
So as fortune with hym went,
That reason might hym not gouerne,
But of his wille he was so sterne,
That all the worlde he ouerran,
And what hym list he tokc and wan.
In Iudce the superiour,
Whan that he was full conquerour,
And had his wilfull pourpouse wonne,
Of all this erth vnder the sonne,
This kynge homwarde to Macedoynne,
Whan that he cam to Babyloynne,
And went most in his empire
(As he whiche was holle lorde and sire)
In honour for to be receyued,
Most sodenliche he was deceyued,
And with stronge poison enuenommed.
And as he hath the worlde mistimed,
Not as he shulde with his witte,
Not as he wolde, it was acquitte,
Thus was he slayn, that whilom slough,
And he, whiche riche was enough
This daie, to morowe had nought.
Aud in suche wise as he hath wrought
In disturbance of worldes pees,
His werre he fonde than endeles
In whiche for euer discomfite
He was. Lo nowe for what proufite
Of werre it helpeth for to ride,
For couetise and worldes pride
To slee the worldes men aboute.
As bestes, whiche gone there oute.
For euery life, whiche reason can,
Ought wel to knowe, that a man
Ne shulde through no tyrannia
Liche to this other bestes die.
Til kynde wolde for hym sende,
I not how he it might amend,

Whiche taketh a weye for euermore
The life, that he maie not restore.

For thy my sonne in all weye
Be wel aused, I the preie
Of slaughter that thou be culpable
Withoute cause reasonable.

My fader vnderstonde it is
That ye haue saide: but ouer this
I praeie you telle me naye or yea,
To passe ouer the great sea
To warre and sle the Sarasin,
Is that the lawe? Sonne myn
To preche, and suffer for the feith,
That haue I herd, the gospel seith:
But for to slea, that here I nought.
Christ with his owue deth hath bought
All other men, and made hem free,
In token of perfitte charitee.

And after that he taught him selne,
Whan he was dede these other twelue
Of his aposteles went aboute
The holy feith to preche oute,
Wherof the deathe in sondrie place
Thei suffer, and so god of his grace
The feith of Christ hath made arise.
But if thei wolde in other wise
By werre haue brought in the creance,
It had yet stonde in balance,
And that maie prouen in the dede.
For what man the Cronickes rede
For first that holy churche hath weined
To preche, and hath the swerde receiued,
Wherof the werres ben begoune:
A great partie of that was wonne
To Christes feith, stant nowe miswent:
God do therof amendement,
So as be wote, what is the best.

But sonne if thou wilt liue in rest
Of conscience well assised,
Er that thou slea, be wel aused,
For man, as tellen ys the clerkes,
Hath god aboute all erthely werkes
Ordeined to be principall,
And eke of soule in specuall
He is madeliche to the godinde:
So sit it wel to taken hede,
And for to loke on euery side
Er that thou falle in homicide:
Whiche sinne is now so generall,
That it wel nie stant ouerall
In holy churche, as elles where,
But all the while it is so there,
The world mot nede fare amis.
For whan the wel of pitee is,
Through couetise of worldes good,
Defouled with shedyng of blood,
The remenant of folke about
Unnethe stonden in any dout
To werre eche other, and to slea,
So is it all not worth a strea
The charitee, wherof we prechen.
For we do no thyng as we techen.

And this the blynde conscience
Of pes hath lost thilke euidence,
Whiche Christe vpon this erth taught,
Nowe maie men see morder and manslaught
Liche as it was by daies olde,
Wban men the sinnes bought and solde.

Facilitas venie occasionem prebet delinquendi.

In Grece afore Christes feithe
I rede, as the Cronicke seith,
Touchend of this matter this,
In thilke tyme howe Peseus
His owne broder Phocus slough.

But for he had golde enough
To yeue, his sinne was dispensed
With golde, wherof it was compensated.
Acastus, whiche with Venus was
Hir priest, assoylled in that cas,
Al were there no repentance.

And as the boke maketh remembrance,
It telleth of Medee also,
Of that she slough hir sonnes two,
Egeus in the same plite
Hath made hir of hir sonne quite.

The sonne eke of Ampbioras,
Whose right name Alneus was,
His moder slough Eriphellee.
But Achiloo the priest and hee,
So as the bokes it recurden,
For certaine some of golde accorden,
That thilke horrible sinfull dede
Assoylled was. And thus for mede
Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is set slofte
Here in this worlde: but after this
There shall be knowe, how that it is
Of hem, that suche thynges wurchen.
And how also that holy churche
Lette suche sinnes passe quite.
And how thei wolde hem selfe acquite
Of deadly werres, that thei make.

For who that wolde ensample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturell,
By weye of kinde sheweth wel,
That homicide in no degree
(Whiche werreth ayene charitee)
Among the men shulde not dwelle.

For after that the bokes telle,
To seeche in all the worlde riche,
Men shall not finde vpon his liche
A best for to take his preye.
And sithen kinde hath suche aweye:
Than is it wonder of a man,
Whiche kinde hath, and reason can,
That he wolleither more or lasse
His kinde and reason ouerpasse,
And slea that is to hym semblable.
So is the man not reasonable,
Ne kinde, and that is not honeste,
Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam auis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, quæ cum depreda sua hominem iuxta fluium occiderit, viderique in aqua similem sibi occisam, statim præ dolore moritur.

AMONG the bokes, which I finde,
Solinus speketh of a wonder kinde,
And saith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of bloode and bone,
Like to a man in resemblance.
And if it falle so perchance,
As he, whiche is a foule of praeie,
That he a man finde in his waye,
He wolleither more or lasse,
But afterward the same daie.

When he hath eaten all his felle,
And that shall be beside a welle,
In whiche be woll drinke take,
Of his visage and the make,
That he hath slayn, anone he thinketh
Of his misdede, and it forthinketh
So greatly, that for pure sorowe
He liueth not till ou the sorowe.

By this ensample it maie well sewe,
That man shall homicide eschewe.
For euer is mercy good to take,
But if the lawe it hath forsake,
And that Justice is there agayne.
Full oft time I haue herde saine
Amonges hem that verres hadden,
But thei sonwhile ler cause ladden
By mercie, when thei might haue slaine,
Wherof that thei were after faine.

And sonne, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertne of Misericorde,
Thou sighe neuer thilke place,
Where it was vsed, lacke grace.
For eueri laue, and eueri kynde
The mans wit to mercy bynde,
And namely the worthie knightes,
Whan that thei stonden moste vprightes,
And ben moste mightie fur to greue:
Thei shulden then moste releue
Hym, whome thei mighten ouerthrow:
As by ensample maie men kouwe.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de pietate contra homicidium in guerris habenda, Et narrat qualiter Achilles vna cum filio suo contra regem Mesece, qui tunc Theucer vocabatur, bellum iniurunt, Et cum Achilles dictum regem in bello questratum occidere voluisset, Thelaphus pietate motus, ipsum clipeo cooperiens veniam pro rege a patre postulauit, pro quo facto, ipse rex ad huc viuens Thelaphum regni sui hereditatem libera voluntate constituit.

HE maie not failen of his mede,
That hath mercy. For this I rede.
In a Cronike I fynde thus,
Whan Achilles with Thelaphus
His sonne, towarde Troie were:
It fell hem er thei come there
Ayene Theucer the kyng of Mese,
To make warre, and for to sese
His londe, as thei that wolden reigne:
And Theucer put out of his reigne.

And thus the marches thei assaile:
But Theucer yafe to hem bataille.
Thei foughten on both sides faste.
But so it hapneth at laste,
This worthie greke this Achilles,
The kyng amonge all other ches,
As he that was cruell and felle
With swerde in honde on hym he felle,
And smote hym with a deathe wounde,
That he vnhorsed fell to grounde.

Achilles vpon hym alight,
And wolde anone, as he well might,
Haue slain him fullliche in the place,
But Thelaphus bis faders grace
For hym besought, and for pitee
Prayth, that he wolde let hym bee,
And caste his shield betwene hem two.
Achilles asketh hym why so.

And Thelaphus his cause tolde,
And saith that he is mocheil holde.
For whilome Theucer in a stede
Great grace and socour to hym dede,
And saith, that he him wolde acquite,
And praith his fader to respite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde.
But all the power of the londe,
Whan that thei sawe her kyng thus take,
Thei fled, and hathen the felde forsake.

The grekes vnto the chas fall,
And for the moste parte all
Of that countrei the lordes great,
Thei toke and wonne a great beyete.
And sone after this victorie
The kyng, whiche had memorie,
Upon the great mercie thought,
Whiche Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in presence of all the londe
He toke hym fayre by the honde,
And in this wise he gan to seie:

My sonne I mote by double weie
Loue and desire thine ences.
Firste for thy fader Aclilles
Whilome full many a dajer er this,
Whan I shulde haue fare anis,
Rescouse dyd in my quarele,
And kept all myn astate in hele.
Howe so there fall uowe distance
Amonge vs, yet remembrance
I haue of mercie, whiche he dede
As than; and thou nowe in this stede
Of gentines, and of franchises
Hast do mercy the same I gesse,
So woll I not, that any tyme
Be loste, of that thou hast do byme.
For how so this fortune fall,
Yet stant my truste abouen all.
For the mercy whiche I nowe fynde,
That thou wilt after this be kynde,
And for that suche is mine espere,
And for my sonne and for myn heire
I the receiue, and all my londe
I yeue and seise into thy honde.

And in this wise thei accorde,
The cause was misericorde.
The lordes do her obeisance
To Thelaphus, and purueiance,
Was made, so that he was coroned.
And thus was mercie reguerdoned,
Whiche he to Theucer did tofore.

Lo this ensample is made therefore,
That thou might take remembrance
My son, and whan thou seest a chance
Of other mens passion,
Take pitee and compassion,
And let no thyng to the be leef,
Whiche to an other man is grefe,

And after this if thou desire
To stande ayene the vice of Ire,
Counseill the with pacience
And take in to thy conscience
Mercy to be thy gouernour:
So shalt thou fele no rancour,
Wherof thyn herte shall debate
With homicide, ne with bate.
For cheste or melancolie
Thou shalt be softe in companie,
Without contecke or foolhast,
For elles might thou longe waste

Thy tyme, er that thou haue thy wille
Of loue, for the weadir stille
Men preise, and blame the tempestes.

AMANS.

My fader I woll do your hestes.
And of this point ye haue me taught,
Toward my selfe the better saught
I thinke be, while that I liue.
But for as muche as I am shriue
Of wrath, and all his circumstance:
Yeue what ye lyste to my penaunce:
And aske forther of my life,
Yf otherwise I be giltife
Of any thyng, that toucheth sinne.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, er we departe a twinne,
I shall behynde nothing leue,

AMANS.

My good fader by your leue,
Than asketh forth what so you liste.
For I haue in you suche a triste,
As ye that be my soule hele,
That ye fro me nothyng woll hele.
For I shall tell you the trouthe.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne art thou culpable of slouthe
In any poynt, whiche to hym longeth?

AMANS.

My fader of the pointes me longeth.
To wytte pleynly, what thei mene,
So that I maie me shriue clene.

CONFESSOR.

Now herken, I shall tho pointes deuise,
And vnderstonde well myn apprise
For shrifte stant of no value
To hym, that woll hym nought vertue
To leue of vices the folie.
For worde is wynde, but the maistrie
Is that a man hym selfe defende
Of thyng, whiche is not to commende:
Wherof be fewe nowe a daie:
And netheles so as I maie
Make vnto thy memorie knowe
The pointes of slough, thou shalt know.

Explicit liber tertius.

*Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem vitorum,
Torpet et in cuntis tarda que lenta bonis.
Que fieri possent hodie transfert piger in cras,
Furataque prius hostia claudit equo.
Possenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido:
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viri.*

*Hic in quarto libro loquitur confessor de speciebus
Accidie, quarum primum tardacionem vocat,
cuius condicionem pertractans Amanti, super
hoc consequenter opponit.*

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

UPON the vices to procede
After the cause of mans dede,

The first point of slouth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of all,
And hath this properly of kinde
To leuen all thyng behynde:
Of that he might do nowe here,
He tarieth all the longe yere,
And euermore he saith, To morowe,
And so he woll his tyme borowe,
And wssheth after, God me sende:
Than whan he weneth to haue au ende,
Than is he forthest to begyn.
Thus bryngeth he many a meschiefe in
Unware, till that he be mescheued.
And maie not than be releued.

And right so nother more ne lesse,
It stant of loue, and of lachesse.
Some tyme he sloutheth on a daie
That he neuer after gete maie.

Nowe sonne as of this ilke thyng,
If thou haue any knowlechyng,
That thou to loue hast done er this,
Telle on. My good fader yis.
As of laches I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde vpon his rowe,
As I that am cladde of his sute.
For whan I thought my pursute.
To make, and therto set a daie
To speke vnto that swete maie,
Lachesse badde abide yit,

And bare on honde it was no wit,
Ne tyme, for to speke as tho.
Thus with his tales to and fro
My tyme in tariyng he drough:
Whan there was tyme good enough,
He said another tyme is better,
Thou shalt nowe senden hir a letter:
And par caas write more plein,
Than thou by mouth durstest sein.

Thus haue I let tyme slide
For slouth, and kept not my tide:
So that laches with his vice
Full ofte hath made my wit so vice.
That what I thought to speke or do,
With tariyng he held me so,
Til whan I wolde, and might nought,
I not what thyng was in my thought:
Or it was drede, or it was shame,
But euer in earnest and in game,
I wote there is longe tyme passed,
But yet is not the loue lassed,
Whiche I vnto my ladie haue.
For though my tonge is slow to craue
At all tyme, as I haue bede,
Myn hert stant euer in o stede,
And asketh besiliche grace,
The whiche I maie not yet embrace:
And god wote that is maulgre myn.
For this I wote right wel afin,
My grace cometh so selde aboute,
That is the slouth, whiche I doubt
More than of all the remenant,
Whiche is to loue appartenant.

And thus as touchende of lachesse,
As I haue tolde, I me confesse
To you my fader, I beseeche,
That ferthermore ye wol me teche,
And if there be to my matter
Some goodly tale for to here,
How I maie do lachesse away,
That ye it wolde telle, I pry.

To wisse the my sonne and rede,
Amonge the tales, whiche I rede
An olde ensample thervpon
Nowe herken, and I wol telle on.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui
in amoris causa tardantes delinquant Et narrat
qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Eneam, ab in-
cendiis Troie fugituum in amorem suum gausa
suscepit, qui cum postea in partes Italie a Car-
thagine bellaturum se transtulit, nimiamque
ibidem moram faciens, tempus redditus sui ad
Didonem ultra modum tardavit, ipsa intoller-
abili dolore concussa, sui cordis intima gladio
transfodit.

AGAYNE lachesse in loues caas
I finde, howe whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to sonne bad,
With great nauie, whiche he lad
Fro Troie, arriueth at Carthage.
Where for a while his herbage
He toke, and it betid so,
With hir, whiche was a quene tho
Of the Citee, his acquaintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance
Is yet, and Dido she was hote
Whiche loueth Eneas so hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he saide,
That all hir herte on hym she laide:
And did all wholly, what he wolde.
But after that, as it be shulde,
Fro thens he goth toward Itayle
By ship, and there his arriuayle
Hath take, and shope hym for to ride.

But she, whiche maie not louge abide
The hote peine of loues throwe,
Anon within a litel throe
A letter vnto hir knight hath writte,
And did bym plainly for to witte:
If he made any tariyng
To dretche of his ayen comyng,
That she ne might hym fele and see,
She shulde stonde in suche decree,
As whilom stode a swan to fore,
Of that she had hir make lore,
For sorowe a fether in to hir brayne
She shoof, and hath hir selfe slayne.

As kyng Menauder in a laye
The sooth bath fonde, where she laye
Spralend with hir wynges twey,
As she whiche shulde than deye
For loue of hym, whiche was hir make.

And so shal I do for thy sake,
This quene saide, wel I wote.
Lo to Enee thus she wrote,
With many a nother word of compleint.

But he, whiche had his thoughtes feint
Towardes loue, and full of slouth,
His tyme let, and that was routh.
For she, whiche loueth hym to fore,
Desireth eues more and more.
And whan she sawe hym tary so,
Hir hert was so full of wo,
That compleyngend manyfulde
She hath hir owne tale tolde
Unto hir selfe, and thus she spake.

A who fonde euer suche a lacke
Of slouth in any worthy knight?
Nowe wote I well my death is dight

Through him, which shuld haue be my life.
But for to stynten all this strife,
Thus whan she sighe none other boote,
Right euen vnto hir hert roote
A naked swerd anone she threste:
And thus she gat hir selfe reste.
In remembrance of all slowe
Wherof my sonne thou might knowe,
Howe tariyng ypon the nede
In loues cause, is for to drede.
And that hath Dido sore about,
Whose death shall euer be bethought.
And euermore if I shall seche
In this matter another speche,
In a Cronicke I finde writte
A tale, whiche is good to witte.

Hic loquitur super eodem, qualiter Penelope
Ulysem maritum suum in obsidione Troie diu-
tius morantem, ob ipsius ibidem tardationem
epistola sua redarguit.

AT Troie whan kyng Vlysses
Upon the sege amonge the pres
Of hem, that worthy knights were
Abode longe tyme stille there:
In thilke tyme a man maie se
Howe goodly that Penelope,
Whiche was to hym his trewe wife,
Of his lachesse was pleintife:
Wherof to Troie she hym sende
Hir wille by letter, thus spekinge:
My worthy loue, and lorde also,
It is and hath be euer so
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his persone
The more hardye for to wowe,
In hope that she wolde bowe
To suche thyng, as his wille were,
While that hir lorde were els where.

And of my selfe I telle this.
For it so longe passed is
Sith firste that ye from home went,
That welte nigh euery man is went
To there I am, while ye be out
Had made, and eche of hem about
Whiche loue can, my loue secheth,
With great prayer, and me besecbeth.
And some maken great manace,
That if thei might come in place,
Where that thei might hir wille haue,
There is no thyng me shulde saue,
That thei ne wolde worch thynges.
And some telle me tidynges,
That ye ben dead: and some seyne,
That certainly ye ben beseyne
To loue anewe, and leaue me.
But howe as euer that it be,
I thonke vnto the goddes all,
As yet for ought, that is befall,
Maie no man do my chekes redde:
But netheles it is to drede,
That lachesse in continuance
Fortune might suche a chance,
Whiche no man after shulde amende.

Lo thus this ladie compleyngende,
A letter vnto hir lorde hath writte,
And prayde hym, that he wolde witte,
And thinke, howe that she was al his,
And that he tarie not in this:

But that he wolde his loue acquite
To hir ayenwarde, and not write.
But come bym selfe in all haste,
That he none other paper waste:
So that he kepe, and hoide his trouth,
Without lette of any slouth.

Unto hir lorde and loue liege
To Troie, where the great siege
Was leide, this letter was coueide.
And he, whiche wisdomes hath purueid,
Of all that to reason belongeth,
With gentill herte it vnderfongeth.
And when he hath it oure rad,
In parte, he was right inly glad,
And eke in parte he was diseased:
But loue his hert hath so through seased
With pure imaginacion,
That for none occupacion,
Whiche he gan take on other side,
He maie not fitte his herte aside,
For that his wife hym had enformed,
Wherof he hath hym selfe conformed,
With all the will of his courage,
To shape and take the viage
Homewarde, what tyme that he maie,
So that hym thinketh of a daie
A thousande yere till he maie se
The visage of Penelope,
Whiche he desireth moste of all.

And when the tyme is so befall,
That Troie was distroied, and brent,
He made no delayement,
But goth hym home in all hie,
Where that he foude tofore his ete
His worthy wife in good estate.
And thus was seased the debate
Of loue, and slouth was excused,
Whiche doth great harme, wher it is vsed,
And hindreth many a cause honest.

Nota adhuc de quodam Astrologo super eodem,
qui quoddam opus ingeniosum, quasi ad com-
plementum septennium perducens, vnius mo-
menti tardatione omni sui operis diligentiam
penitus frustrauit.

FOR of the great clerke Grostest
I rede, howe busy that he was
Upon the clergie an head of bras
To forge, and make it for to telle
Of suche thynges as befolle:
And seuen yeres besinesse
He laide, but for the lachesse
Of halfe a minute of an houre,
Fro first he began laboure,
He loste all that he had do.

And other while it fareth so
In louses cause, who is slowe,
That he without vnder the woe
By night stant full ofte a colde
Whiche might, if that he had wolde
His tyme kepte, haue be within.

Nota adhuc contra tardationem de virginibus
fatus, quæ nimiam moram facientes, intrante
sponsu ad nuptias, cum ipso non introierunt.

BUT slouth maie not profit wyne,
But he may singe in his Carole,
How late ware came to the dole,

Where he no good receyue might,
And that was proued well by night,
Whilom of the maidens iue,
Whan thilke lorde came for to wiae.
For that her oyle was aweye
To light hym lampes in his wey,
Her slouth brought it so about,
Fro hym that thei be shette without.

Wherof my sonne be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For slouth muste ben awaited:
And if thou be not well affaited
In loue, to eschewe slouth,
My sonne for to telle throuthe,
Thou might not of thy selfe ben able
To wyne loue, or make it stable:
All though thou mightest loue achene.

My father that I maie well leue:
But me was neuer assigned place,
Where yet to gette auy grace.
Ne me was no sucbe tyme appointed.
For than I wolde I were vnioynted
Of euery lymme that I haue,
And I ne shulde kepe and saue
Myn houre bothe, and eke my stede,
If my lady it had bede.

But she is otherwise aused,
Than graunt sucbe a tyme assised.
And nethelesse of my lachesse,
There beth by no defaulte I gease
Of tyme loste, in that I might.

But yet hir lyketh not alight
Upon no lure, whiche I caste.
For ay the more I crie faste,
The lesse hir liketh for to here.

So for to speke of this matere,
I seche that I maie not finde:
I haste, and euer I am behynde,
And wote not, what it maie amount.
But father vpon myn accompte,
Whiche ye ben sette to examine
Of shrifte after the discipline:
Saye what your best counsaile is.

My sonne my counseile is this,
Howe so it stande of tyme ago,
Do forthe thy besines so,
That no lachesse in the be founde.
For slouth is mighty to confounde
The spede of euery wans werke.
For many a vice, as saith the clerke,
There hungen vpon slouthes lappe,
Of suche as make a man mishappe,
To pleinc and telle of Had I wist:
And thervpon if that the liste
To knowe of slouthes cause more,
In speciaall yet ouermore
There is a vice full greuable
To hym, whiche is therof culpable:
And stant of all vertues bare,
Here after as I shall declare.

Qui nihil attemptat, nihil expedit, oreque muto
Munus amicitie vir sibi raro capit.
Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parciit amori
Verba referre sua non fauet vilis amor.

Hic loquitur Confessor de quadam specie Accidie,
quæ pusillanimitas dicta est, cuius imaginatua
formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vitia

fugere audet, sicque vtriusque vite tam actiue
quam contemplatiue præmium non attingit.

TOUCHENDE of slouth in his degree
There is yet pusillanimitie,
Whiche is to saie in this langage,
He that hath littell of courage,
And dare no mans werke begynne:
So may he nought by reason wynue.
For who that nought dare vndertake,
By right he shall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare not byng sette in auenture,
Hym lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he shulde his cause spede:
He woll no manhode vnderstonde:
For euer he hath drede vpon honde.
All his perill, that he shall saie,
Hym thynketh the wolfe is in the waie:
And of imaginacion
He maketh his excusacion,
And feigneth cause of pure drede,
And euer he faileth at nede,
Till all be spilte, that be with dealeth,
He hath the sore, whiche no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped Lacke of herte:
Though euery grace aboute hym sterthe,
He woll not ones stere his fote,
So that by reason lese he mote,
That woll not aunter for to wynne.

And so forth sonne, if we begynne
To speke of loue and his seruice,
There ben truantes in suche a wise,
That lacken hert, whan best were
Thei speken of loue, and right for fere
Thei waxen dombe, and dare not telle,
Without sowne, as dothe the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chyme:
And right so thei, as for the tyme
Ben berteles without speche,
Of loue and dare nothing besече:
And thus thei lese, and wyne nought.

For thy my sonne if thou arte ought
Culpable, as touchende of this slouth,
Sbriue the therof, and tell me trouth.

My fader I am all beknowe,
That I haue ben one of the slowe,
As for to telle in loues cas
Myn herte is yet, and euer was,
Although the worlde shulde all to breke
So fearfull, that I dare not speke,
Of what purpose that I haue nome,
Whan I towarde my ladie come:
But lette it pas and ouer go.

My sonne do no more so.
For after that a man persuueth
To loue, so fortune seweth
Full ofte, and yeueth hir happie chance
To hym, whiche maketh continuance
To preie loue, and to besече,
As by ensample I shall the teche.

Hic in amoris causa loquitur contra pusillanimes,
Et dicit que amans, pro timore verbis obtu-
mescere non debet, sed concinando preces sui
amoris expeditonem tutius prosequatur, Et
ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Pigmalion
pro eo quod preces continuauit, quandam ima-
ginem eburneam, cuius pulchritudinis concu-
piscencia illaqueatus extitit, in caruem et san-
guinem ad latius suum transformata sentit.

I FYNDE, how whilom there was one,
Whose name was Pigmalion,
Whiche was a lustie man of youthe:
The werkes of entaile he couthe
Aboue all other men as tho:
And through fortune it fell hym so,
As he, whom loue shall trauaile,
He made an image of entaile,
Liche to a woman in semblance,
Of feature, and of countenance,
So fayre yet neuer was figure,
Right as a lues creature
She semeth. For of yuor white
He hath it wrought of suche delite.
She was rodie on the cheke:
And redde vpon hir lippes eke:
Wherof that he him selfe begyleth.
For with a goodly loke she smilith:
So that through pure impression
Of his imaginacion,
With all the herte of his courage
His loue vpon this faire image
He set: and bir of loue praide.
But she no worde ayenewarde saide.

The longe daie what thyng he dede
This image in the same stode
Was euer by: that at meate
He wolde bir serue, and praide bir eate,
And put vnto bir mouth the cup.
And whan the borde was taken vp
He hath hir vnto his chambre nome:
And after whan the night was come,
He leide hir in bedde all naked.
He was forwepete, he was forwaked,
He kiste hir colde lippes ofte,
And wissheth, that thei were softe.
And ofte he rowneth in hir eare,
And ofte his arme now here now there
He laide, as he bir wolde embrace:
And euer amonge he asketh grace,
As though she wist what it ment.
And thus hym selfe he gan tourment
With suche disease of loues peyne,
That no man might hym more peine.
But bowe it were of his penance
He made suche countenance
Fro daie to night, and praide so longe,
That his praier is vnderfouge,
Whiche Venus of bir grace herde
By night, and whan that he werst ferde,
And it laie naked in his arme,
The colde image he felte warme
Of flesshe and bone, and full of life.

Lo thus he wanne a lustie wife,
Whiche obeisant was at his will.
And if he wolde haue holde him still,
And nothing spoke, he shuld haue failed.
But for he hath his worde trauailed,
And durst speke, his loue he spedde,
And had all that he wolde abedde.
For er thei went than a two

A knaue childe betwene hem two
Thei gate, whiche was after hote
Paphos, of whom yet hath the note
A certaine ile, whiche Paphos
Men clepe, and of his name it rose.

By this ensample thou might fynde,
That worde maie worche aboue kynde.
For thy my sonne if that thou spare
To speake, loate is all thy fare.

For slouth bringeth in all wo
 And ouer this is loke also.
 The god of loue is fauourable
 To hem, that ben of loue stable:
 And many a wondre hath befall.
 Wherof to speake amonges all,
 If that ye liste to taken hede,
 Therof a solemne tale I rede,
 Whiche I shall tell in remembrance,
 Upon the sorte of loues chance.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter rex
 Ligdus vxori sue Thelacuse pregnantī minabatur,
 quod si filiam pararet, infans occideretur.
 que tamen postea cum filiam ediderat, Isis dea
 partus tuus presens filiam nomine Iphi appella-
 ri ipsamque more masculi educare admonuit,
 quam pater filium credens, ipsam in marita-
 gium filie cuiusdam principis etate solida copu-
 lauit, Sed cum Iphis debitum sui coniugii, vnde
 soluere non habuit, deos in sui adiutorium inter-
 pellabat, qui super hoc miserti femineum genus
 in masculinum ob effectum nature in Iphe per
 omnia transmutarunt.

THE kynge Ligdus vpon a strife
 Spake vnto Thelacuse his wife,
 Whiche than was with childe great:
 He swore, it shulde nought be lette,
 That if she haue a daughter bore,
 That it ne shulde be forlore,
 And slayne: wherof she sory was.
 So it befell vpon this cas,
 Whan she deliuered shulde bee,
 Isis by nighte in pruittee
 (Whiche of childyng is the goddessse)
 Came for to helpe in that distresse,
 Till that this ladie was all small,
 And had a daughter forth with all,
 Whiche the goddessse in all weie
 Bad kepe, and that thei shulde seie,
 It were a sonne: And Thus Iphis
 Thei named him: and vpon this
 The father was made for to wene,
 And thus in chambre with the quene
 This Iphis was forthe drawe tho
 And clothed, and arraied so
 Right as a Lynges sonne sholde,
 Tyll after, as fortune it wolde,
 Whan it was of tenne yere age,
 Hym was betake in mariage
 A dukes doughter for to wedde,
 Whiche faunte hight, and ofte a bedde
 These children laie, she and he,
 Whiche of one age both be:
 So that within tyme of yeres,
 To gether as thei ben play feres,
 Liggende abedde vpon a night
 Nature, whiche doth every right
 Upon hir lawe for to muse,
 Constraigneth hem, so that thei vse
 Thyng, whiche to hem was all vnknow,
 Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
 Toke pitee for the great loue,
 And let do sette kynde aboue:
 So that hir lawe maie ben vsed,
 And thei vpon her luste excused.
 For loue hateth nothyng more
 Than thyng, whiche stant ayenst the lore
 Of that nature in kynde hath set.
 For thy Cupide hath so besette

If her grace vpon this auenture,
 Tint he accordant to nature.

Whan that he sigh bis tūne best,
 That eche of hem hath other kest,
 Transformeth Iphe into a man,
 Wherof the kynde loue he wan
 Of lusty youth, lante his wife,
 And tho thei ledde a mery lyfe,
 Whiche was to kynde none offence.

And thus to take an euidence,
 It semeth loue is welwillende
 To hem that be continuende
 With besie herte to pursue
 Thyng, whiche that is to loue due:
 Wherof my sonne in this matere
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 That with thy great businesse
 Thou might atteine the richesse,
 Of loue, that there be no slouth.

I dare will saie by my trowth,
 Als ferre as my witte can seche,
 My father, as for lacke of speche,
 But so as I me shrofe tofore,
 There is none other time lore:
 Wherof there might be obstacle
 To lette loue of his miracle,
 Whiche I besече daie and night.
 But father so as it is right,
 In forme of shriste to be knowe,
 What thyng belongeth to the slowe,
 Your fatherhode I woll preye,
 If there be further any weye
 Touchende vnto this ilke vice.

My sonne ye, of this office
 There serueth one in speciall,
 Whiche lost hath his memoriall:
 So that he can no wit witholde
 In thyng, whiche he to kepe his holde:
 Wherof full ofte hym selfe he greueth,
 And who that moste vpon hym leueth,
 Whan that his wittes hen so weiued,
 He maie full lightly be deceiued.

Mentibus oblitus alienis labitur ille,
 Quem probat accidia non meminisse sui.
 Sic amor incautus, qui non memoratus ad horas,
 Perdit, et offendit, quod cuperare nequit.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitio obliuionis, quam
 mater eius Accidia ad omnes virtutum memo-
 rias, necnon et in amoris causa immemorem se
 constituit.

To serue Accidie in his office
 There is of slouth an other vice,
 Whiche is cleped Forgyttilnes,
 That nought maie in his herte impressen
 Of vertue, whiche reason hath set,
 So clene his wittes he foryete.
 For in tellyng of his tale
 No more his herte than his male
 Hath remembrance of thilke fourme,
 Wherof he shulde his witte enfourme
 As than, and yet ne wote why.
 Thus is his purpose nought for thy
 Forlore, of that he wolde abide
 And scarcely if he seeth the thridde
 To loue of that he had ment.
 Thus many a louer hath be shent:
 Telle on further, hast thou ben one
 Of hem, that bath slouth begonne?

Ye father ofte it hath ben so,
That whan I am my ladie fro,
And thynke vntowarde hir drawe,
Than cast I many a newe lawe,
And all the worlde tourne vp so downe:
And so recorde I my lesson,
And write in my memoriall,
What I to hir telle shall
Right all the matter of my tale:
But all nis worthe a nutte shale.
For whan I come there she is,
I haue it all foryete iwis,
Of that I thought for to telle,
I can not than vnethes spelle,
That I wende alther best haue redde,
So sore of hir I am adrede.

For as a man that soeclinly
A goost beholdeth, so fare I:
So that for feare I can nought gette
My wit: but I my selfe foryete,
That I wote neuer, what I am,
Ne whither I shall, ne when I cam:
But muse, as he that were amased,
Liche to the boke, in whiche is rased
The letter, and maie nothyng be radde:
So ben my wittes ouerladde,
That what as euer I thought haue spoken
It is out of myn herte stoken
And stonde, as who saith, dombe and dese,
That all nis worth an Iuye lese,
Of that I wende well haue saide:
And at laste I make abrayde,
Last vp myn heed, and loke aboute,
Right as a man, that were in doute,
And wote not, where he shall become.
Thus am I ofte all ouercome,
There as I wende best to stonde.

But after whan I vnderstonde,
And am in other place alone,
I make many a wofull mone
Unto my selfe, and speke so.

A foole, where was thyn herte tho,
Whan thou thy worthe ladie sie?
Were thou afered of hir eie?
For of hir honde there is no dreade,
So well I knowe hir woman heade,
That in hir is no more oultrage
Than in a childe of thre yere age.

Why hast thou drede of so good one?
Whom all vertue hath b-gone,
That in hir is no violence,
But goodlihed, and innocence,
Without spotte of any blame.

A nyce herte, fie for shame.
A cowarde herte of loue vnlered,
Wherof arte thou so sore afered?
That thou thy tonge suffrest frese,
And wolte thy good wordes lese,
Whan thou hast fonde tyme and space,
Howe sholdest thou deserue grace?
When thou thy selfe darst aske none,
But all thou hast foryete anone.

And thus dispute in lous lore,
But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
But stonible vpon myn owne treine,
And make an ekyng of my peine,
For euer whan I thinke amonge,
Howe all is on my selfe alonge,
I saie, O foole of all fooles,
Thou farrest as he betwene two stoles

That wolde sitte, and goth to gronde:
It was, ne neuer shall be founde
Betwene Foryettines and Drede,
That man shulde any cause spede.
And thus myn holy father dere,
Towarde my selfe, as ye may here,
I pleine of my foryettines:
But elles all the businesse,
That maie be take of mans thought,
My hert taketh, and is through sought
To thincken euer vpon that swete
Withouten slouth I you by hete.
For what so falle or wele or wo,
That thought foryete I neuermo,
Where so I laugh, or so I loure,
Not halfe a minute of an houre
Ne might I lette out of my mynde,
But if I thought vpon that hende,
Therof me shall no slouth lette,
Till death out of this worlde me fette,
All though I had on suche a ryng,
As Moysses, through his enchantyng
Sometyme in Ethiope made,
Whan that he Tharbis wedded had.
Whiche ryng bare of obliuion
The name, and that was by reason,
That where on a finger it sate,
Anone bis loue he so foryate,
As though he had it neuer knowe.
And so it felle that ilke throwe
Whan Tharbis bad it on hir honde,
No knowlageyng of hym she fonde,
But all was cleane out of memorie,
As men maie rede in his storie.
And thus be went quite awaie,
That neuer after thilke daie
She thought, that there was suche one,
All was foryete, and ouergone.
But in good feith so maie not I.
For she is euer faste by
So nigh, that she myn herte toucheth,
That for no thing that slouth voucheth,
I maie foryete hir lese ne loth.
For ouer all where as she goth,
Myn herte foloweth hir aboute.
Thus maie I saie withouten doute,
For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
She passeth neuer fro my thought.
But whan I am there, as she is,
Myn hert, as I you saide er this,
Sometyme of hir is sore adradde,
And sometyme is ouergladde,
All out of reule, and out of space.
For whan I se hir goodly face,
And thinke vpon hir high prise,
As though I were in Paradise
I am so rauished of the sight,
That speke vnto hir I ne might,
As for the tyme, though I wolde.
For I ne maie my witte vnfolde
To finde o worde of that I meane,
But it is all foryete cleane.
And though I stonde there a mile,
All is foryete for the while.
A tonge I haue, and wordes none:
And thus I stonde, and thinke alone
Of thyng, that helpeth ofte nought:
But what I had afore thought
To speake, whan I come there
It is foryete, as nought ne were,

And stonde amased, and assoted,
That of no thyng, whiche I haue noted,
I can not than a note singe,
But all is out of knowlageyng.

Thus what for ioy, and what for drede,
All is foryeten at nede:
So that my father of this slouth
I haue you saide the plaine trouth:
Ye maie it, as ye liste, redresse.
For thus stant my foryettillnesse,
And eke my pusillanimittee:
Say nowe forth, what ye liste, to mee.
For I woll ouely do by you.

My son I haue well berd, how thou
Hast sayd, and that thou must ameude.
For loue his grace woll not sende
To that man, whiche dare aske none.
For this we knowen euerichone,
A mans thought without speche
God wote: and yet that men besече,
His will is: for without bedis
He dothe his grace in fewe stedia.
And what man that foryete hym selue,
Amonge a thousande be not twelue,
That woll hym take in remembrance,
But let hym fall and take his chance.
For thy pull vp a besie herte
My sonne, and let nothyng astate
Of loue fro thy besinesse.
For touchyng of foryettillnesse,
Whiche many a loue hath set behynde,
A tale of great ensample I fynde:
Wherof it is pitee to witte
In the maner as it is writte.

Hic in amoris causa contra obliuiosos ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Demophon versus bellum Troianum itinerando a Phylli de Rodopea regina non tantum in hospicium, sed etiam in amorem gaudio magno susceptus est, qui postea ab ipsa Troie descendens rediturum infra certum tempus fidelissime se compromisit: sed quis huiusmodi promissionis diem statutum post modum oblitus est, Phyllis obliuionem Demophonis lachrymis primo deplangens, tandem cordula collo suo circumligata se mortuam suspenderit.

KYNGE Demophon wban he by ship
To Troie warde with felaship,
Seylend goth vpon his weie,
It hapneth hym at Rodopeie,
As Æolus hym had blowe
To londe, and rested for a throwe,
And fell that ylike tyme thus,
That the daughter of Lycurgus,
Whiche quene was of the countree,
Was sojourned in that Citee,
Within a castell nigh the stonde,
Where Demophon cam vp to londe:
Philles she hight, and of yonge age,
And of stature, and of visage
She had all that hir best besemeth.

Of Demophon right well hir quemeth,
Whan he was come, and made hym chere,
And he that was of his manere
A lustie knight, ne might astate
That he ne set on hir his herte:
So that within a daie or two
He thought, howe euer that it go,

He wolde assaie the fortune,
And gan to comune
With goodly wordes in hir ere.
And for to put hir out of fere,
He swore, and hath his trouth plight
To be for euer hir owne knight.

And thus with hir he still abode
There, while his ship on anker rode,
And had enough of tyme and space
To speke of loue, and seke grace.

This ladie herde all that he saide,
Howe he swore, and howe he praide,
Whiche was an enchantment
To hir, that was as an innocent
As though it were trouthe and feith
She leueth all, that euer he seith:
And as hir fortune shulde,
She graunteth hym, all that he wolde.

Thus was he for the time in ioye
Till that he shulde go to Troye:
But tho she made mochell sorowe,
And he his trouth leyd to borowe
To come, and if that be liue maie
Ageine, within a moneth daie,
And therupon thei kisten bothe.
But were hym leef or were hym loth,
To ship he goth, and forth he went
To Troye, as was his first entent.

The daies go, the moneth passeth,
Hir loue encreseth, and his lasseth.
For hym she loste slepe and mete,
And he his tyme hath all foryete,
So that this wofull yonge quene,
Whiche wote not what it might mene,
A letter sent, and prayd hym come,
And saith, howe she is ouercome
With strength of loue, in suche a wise,
That she not longe maie suffice
To lyuen out of his presence:
And put vpon his conscience
The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
Wherof she loueth hym so hote.
She saith, that if he lenger lette
Of suche a daie as she hym sette,
She shulde steruen in his slouthe,
Whiche ware a shame vnto his trouthe.

This letter is forth vpon hir soude,
Wherof somdele comfort on honde
She toke, as she that wolde abide:
And waiteth vpon that ylike tide,
Whiche she hath in hir letter write.

But nowe is pitee for to witte.
As he did erst, so he forgate
His tyme estsoone, and ouer sate.
But she, whiche might not do so,
The tide awaiteth euermo,
And caste hir eie vpon the sea,
Somtyme naie, somtyme yea,
Somtyme he cam, somtyme nought.
Thus she disputeth in hir thought,
And wote not what she thynke maie,
But fastende all the longe daie
She was, in to the derke night,
And tho she hath do set vp light
In a lanterne on high alofte
Upon a toure, where she goth ofte
In hope, that in his comyng
He shulde see the light brennyng
Wherof he might his weies right
To come, where she was by night.

But all for nought, she was deceived.
 For Venus hath bir hope weiued,
 And shewed bir vpon the skie,
 How that the daie was fast by,
 So that within a littell throwe
 The daies light she might knowe.
 Tho she beheld the sea at large,
 And whan she sigh there was no barge,
 Ne ship, als fer as she maie kenne.
 Downe fro the toure she gau to renue
 In to an herber all hir owne,
 Where many a wouder wofull moue
 She made, that no life it wist
 As she, whiche all hir ioie mist:
 That now she swouneth, now she pleineth,
 And all hir face she disteineth,
 With teers, whiche as of a well
 The stremes from hir cien fell:
 So as she might, and euer in one
 She cleped vpon Demophon,
 And saide: Allas thou slowe wight,
 There was neuer suche a knight,
 That so through his vngentillesse,
 Of slouthe, and of foryettinesse
 Aynst bis trouthe breketh his steuen.

And tho hir eie vp to the heuen
 She cast, and sayde: O thou vnkynde,
 Here shalt thou through thy slouth finde,
 (If that the liste to come and see)
 A lady dede for loue of thee,
 So as I shall my selue spill
 Whom, if it had be thy will,
 Thou mightest saue well enough.

With that vpon a grene bough
 A seynt of sylke, whiche she there had
 She knit: and so hir selfe she lad,
 That she about bir white swere
 It dyd, and henge hir selfe there.

Wherof the goddes were amoued,
 And Demophon was reproued,
 That of the goddes prouidence
 Was shape suche an euidence
 Euer afterwarde aynce the slowe,
 That Phillis in the same throwe
 Was shape into a nutte tree,
 That all men it might see:
 And after Phillis Philberd
 This tree was cleped in the yerd.
 And yet for Demophon to shame,
 In to this daie it beareth the name.

This wofull chance howe that it ferde
 Anone as Demophon it herde,
 And every man it had in speche,
 His sorowe was not to the seche:
 He gan his slouthe for to banne,
 But it was all to late thanne.

Lo thus my sonne might thou wite
 Ayene this vice how it is write.
 For no man maie the harme gesse,
 That fallen through foryettinesse,
 Wherof that I thy shrifte haue herde,
 But yet of slouthe howe it hath ferde
 In other wise I thinke oppose,
 If thou haue gylt, as I suppose.

Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit ortum,
 Si desint fructus, imputat ipse sibi.
 Præterit ista diis bona, nec valebit illa secunda
 Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore suo.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitiis negligentie, cuius
 condicio Accidiam amplectens omnes artes
 scientia tam in amoris causa quam alter igno-
 miniosa præmittens, cum nullum poterit emi-
 nere remedium sui ministerii diligentiam ex post
 facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.

FULFILLED of slouthes exemplair,
 There is yet one his secretair,
 And he is cleped Negligence:
 Whiche woll not loke his euidence,
 Wherof he maie beware tofore:
 But whan he hath bis cause lore,
 Than is he wise after the houde,
 Whan helpe maie no maner bonde,
 Than at first wold he bynde.
 Thus euermore be stant bebynde,
 Whan he the thyng maie not auende,
 Than is he ware, and saith at ende:

A wolde god I had knowe,
 Wherof beiaiped with a mowe
 He goth, for whan the greit stede
 Is stole, than he taketh hede,
 And maketh the stable dore fast.
 Thus euer he pleith an after cast
 Of all that he shall saie or do.
 He hath a maner eke also,
 Hym list not lerne to be wise.
 For be sette of no vertu prise:
 But as hym liketh for the while,
 So feleth he ful ofte gile,
 Whan that he weneth seker to stonde.
 And thus thou might wel vnderstonde
 My sonne, if thou art suche in loue,
 Thou might not come at thyn about
 Of that thou woldest wel acheue.

Myn holy fader as I leue,
 I maie wel with sauf conscience
 Excuse me of negligence
 Towardes loue in all wise.
 For though I be none of the wise,
 I am so truly amorous,
 That I am euer curious
 Of hem, that can best enforme
 To knowen and witten all the forme,
 What falleth vnto loues crafte.
 But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
 Whiche might vnto the blade accorde.
 For neuer herd I man recorde,
 What thyng it is, that might auaille
 To winne loue, without faile,
 Yet so fer couthe I neuer finde
 Man, that by reason ne by kynde
 Me couthe teche suche an arte,
 That he ne failed of a parte.

And as toward myn owne wite
 Contrie I couthe neuer yit
 To finde any sikernesse,
 That me might other more or lesse
 Of loue make for to spede.
 For leuegh wel withouten drede,
 That if there were suche a weie,
 As certainly as I shall deye,
 I had it lerned longe a go.
 But I wote wel there is none so,
 And netheles it maie wel bee,
 I am so rude in my degree,
 And eke my wittes ben so dull,
 That I ne maie nought to the full

Attaine vnto so highe a lore.
 But this I dare sey ouermore,
 All though my wit ne be not stronge,
 It is not on my wil alonge.
 For that is besy night and daie
 To lerne all that he lerne maie,
 How that I might lone wyne.
 But yet I am as to begynne,
 Of that I wolde make an ende.
 And for I not, howe it shall wende,
 That is to me my moste sorowe.
 But I dare take god to borowe
 As after myn ententement,
 None other wise negligent
 Than I you saie, haue I not bee.
 For thy pur saint charitee,
 Telle me my fader, what you semeth.

In good feith sonne wel me quemeth,
 That thou tly selfe hast thus acquite
 Toward this, in whiche no wight
 Abide maie, for in an houre
 He lest all that he maie laboure
 The longe yere: so that men seyne,
 What euer he doth, it is in veyne.
 For through the slouth of negligence
 There was yet neuer suche science,
 Ne vertue, whiche was bodely,
 That nis destroyed, and lost therby.
 Ensamble, that it hath be so,
 In boke I finde writte also.

Hic contra vitium negligentie ponit Confessor
 exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Phaeton filius
 Solis currum patris sui per aera regere debuerat,
 admonitus a patre, vt equos ne deuiarent equa
 manu diligentius refrenaret, ipse consilium pa-
 tris sua negligentia preteriens, equos cum curru
 nimis basse errare permisit, vnde non solum in-
 cendio orbem inflammauit, sed et ipsum de
 curru cadentem in quoddam flumini demergi
 ad interitum causauit.

PHÆTON, whiche is the son hote,
 That shineth vpon erthe hote
 And causeth euery liues helth:
 He had a sonne in all his welth,
 Whiche Phaeton hight: and he desirth,
 And with his moder he conspireth,
 The whiche was cleped Clemene
 For helpe and counsaill, so that he
 His faders cart lede might
 Upon the faire daies light:
 And for this thyng thei both praide
 Unto the fader: And he saide,
 He wolde wel, but forth with all
 Thre pointes he had in speciall
 Unto his sonne in all wise,
 That he hym shulde wel auise,
 And take it as by weye of lore.

The first was, that he his hors to sore
 Ne pryke: And ouer that he tolde,
 That he the reynes fast hold.

And also that he be right ware,
 In what maner he ledeth his chare,
 That he mistake not his gate,
 But vpon auisement algate
 He shuld beare a siker eie,
 That he to lowe, ne to hie
 His cart driue, at any throwe,
 Wherof that he might ouerthrowe.

And thus by Phebus ordinance
 Toke Phaeton in to gouernance
 The Sonnes cart, whiche be lad:
 But he suche vain glory had
 Of that he was set vpon high,
 That he his owne estate ne sigh,
 Through negligence, and toke none hede,
 So might he wel not longe spede.
 For he the hors withouten lawe
 The cart let aboute drawe,
 Where as hym liketh, wautonly,
 That at the last sodenly,
 For he no reason wolde knowe,
 This fire cart he droue to lowe,
 And greth all the worlde aboute,
 Wherof thei weren all in doute:
 And to the god for helpe criden
 Of suche vnhappes, as betiden.

Phebus whiche sawe the negligence,
 How Phaeton ayene his defence,
 His chare bath driue out of the weye,
 Ordeineth, that he fel aweye
 Out of the cart in to the flood,
 And dreint: lo nowe howe it stood
 With hym, that was so negligent,
 That fro the highe firmament,
 For that he wolde go to lowe,
 He was anone downe ouerthrowe.
 In highe estate it is a vice
 To go to lowe, and in seruice
 It greueth, for to go to hie,
 Wherof a tale in Poesie.

Exemplum super eodem de Icharo filio Dedali in
 carcere Minotauri existente, cui Dedalus, vt
 inde euolaret alas componens firmiter iniunxit,
 ne nimis alte propter solis ardorem ascenderet,
 quod Icharus sua negligentia post ponens cum
 altius sublimatus fuisset, subito ad terram cor-
 ruens expirauit.

I FINDE, how whilom Dedalus,
 Whiche had a sonne, and Icharus
 He hight, and though hym thought loth,
 In suche prison thei were both
 With Minotaurus, that aboute
 Thei mighten no where wenden oute.
 So thei begonnen for to shape,
 Howe thei the prison might escape.
 This Dedalus, whiche fro his youthe
 Was taught, and many craftes couthe,
 Of fethers, and of other thynges
 Hath made to flee duers wynges
 For hym, and for his sonne also:
 To whom he yafe in charge tho,
 And bad hym thinke ther vpon,
 Howe that his wynges ben set on
 With war: and if he toke his flight
 To highe, all sodenliche he might
 Make it to melte with the sonne.
 And thus thei haue her flight begonne
 Out of the prison faire and softe.
 And whan thei weren both alofte,
 This Icharus began to mounte,
 And of the counsaill none accompte
 He set, whiche his fader taught,
 Till that the sonne his wynges caught:
 Wherof it melt, and from the hight
 Witboutten helpe of any flight,

He fell to his destruction,
And liche to that condicion
There fallen oftymes fele,
For lacke of gouernance in wele,
Als well loue as other weie.

Now good fader I you preie,
If there be more in this matere
Of slouth, that I might here.

My sonne as for thy diligence,
Whiche euery mans conscience
By reason shulde reule and kepe,
If that the liste to take kepe,
I woll the tellen abouen all,
In whome no vertu maie befall,
Whiche yeueth vnto the vices rest,
And is of slouth the slowest.

Absque labore vagus vir inutilis otia plectens,
Nescio quid presens vita valebit ei.
Non amor in tali misero viget, imo valoris,
Qui faciunt opera clamat habere suos.

Hic loquitur Confessor super illa specie acidiæ,
que Ocium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum
cultura nullius occupationis diligenciam ad-
mittens, cuiuscumque expéditionem cause non
attingit.

AMONG these other of sloutes kinde,

Whiche all labour set behinde,
And hateth all besines,
There is yet one, whiche I d-lines
Is cleped: and is the norice
In mans kinde of euery vice,
Whiche sebeth eases many folde.
In wynter doth he nought for culde,
In somer maie be nought for bete,
So whether that he frese or swete,
Or be he in, or be he out
He woll ben ydell all about:
But if he pley ought at dies,
For who as euer take fees,
And thynketb worship to deserue,
There is no lorde whome he woll serue,
As for to dwell in his seruice,
But if it were in suche a wise,
Of that be seeth perauenture,
That by lordship and by couerture,
He maie the more stoude stille,
And vse his I d-nesse at wille
For he ne woll no trauaile take
To ride for his ladies sake,
But lyueth all vpon his wisshts,
And as a catte wolde ete fishes
Without wetyng of his ciees:
So wolde he do, but netheles
He failleth ofte of that he wolde.

My sonne if thou of suche a molde
Art made, now tell me pleiue thy shrift.

Nay fader god I yeue a yift,
That toward loue, as by witte,
All ydell was I neuer yitte,
Ne neuer shall, while I maie go.

Now sonne tell me than so,
What hast thou done of beship
To loue, and to the ladihip
Of hir, whiche thy ladie is?

My fader euer yet er this,
In euery place, in euery stede,
What so my lady hath me bede,

With all myn herte obedient
I haue ther to be diligent.
And if so is, that she bid nought,
What thyng that than in to my thought
Cometh fyrst, if that I maie suffise,
I bowe, and profer my seruice.

Somtyme in chamber, somtyme in ball,
Right so as I see the tymes fall:
And whan she goth to here masse,
That tyme shall nought ouerpasse,
That I ne approche hir ladinede,
In aunter if I maie hir lede
Unto the chapell, and againe,
Thau is not all my wey in vayne,
Somdele I maie the better fare
Whan I, that maie not fele hir bare,
May lede hir clothed in myn arme.
But after warle it doth me harue,
Of pure imaginacion.

For than this collacion
I make vnto my seluen ofte,
And say: O lorde howe she is softe,
How she is rounde, how she is small,
Now wold god, I had hir all
Without daunger at my wille,
And than I sike and sit stille,
Of that I see my besy thought
Is torned Idell in to nought.

But for all that let I ne maie
Whan I see tyme a nother daie,
That I ne do my besines
Unto my ladies worthines.
For I therto my witte affaite
To se the tymes and awaite,
What is to done, and what to leue,
And so whan time is, by hir leue,
What thyng she byt me don, I do,
And where she byt me gon, I go,
And whan hir list to clepe, I come:
Thus bath she fulliche ouercome
Myn idelnesse till I sterue,
So that I mot hir nedes serue.
For as men seyn, nede hath lawe.
Thus mot I nedely to hir drawe:
I serue, I bowe, I loke, I lowte,
Myn eie foloweth hir aboute,
What so she woll so woll I,
Whan she woll sit, I knele by:
And whan she stont, than woll I stonde:
And whan she taketh hir werke on honde
Of weuyng, or of embroudrie,
Than can I not but muse and prie
Upon hir fingers longe and smale:
And nowe I thinke, and nowe I tale,
And nowe I syuge, and nowe I sike,
And thus my contenance I pike.
And if it fall, as for a tyme,
Hir liketh nought abide byme,
But husien hir on other thynges.
Than make I other tarienges
To driue forth the longe daie,
For me is loth departe awaie,
And thaa I am so symple of porte,
That for to feigne some disporte
I play with hir littell hounde,
Nowe on the bed, nowe on the grounde,
Nowe with the birdes in the cage.
For there is none so littell page,
Ne yet so symple a chamberere,
That I ne make hem all chere:

And all for thei shulde speke wele.
Thus mow ye see my besy whele,
That goth not ydeliche aboute.

And if hir list to riden oute
On pilgremage, or other stede,
I come, though I be not bede,
And take hir in myn arme alofte,
And set hir in hir saddle softe,
And so forth lede hir by the bridell,
For that I wolde not ben ydell.
And if hir list to ride in chare,
And that I maie therof beware,
Anone I shape me to ride
Right euen by the chares side,
And as I maie, I speke amonge,
And other while I syng a songe,
Whiche Ouide in his bokes made,
And said: O what sorowes gladdē,
O whiche wofull prosperitee
Belongeth to the propirtee
Of loue? who so woll hym serue,
And there fro maie no man swerue,
That he ne mote his lawe obeie.

And thus I ride forth my weie,
And am right besie ouer all
With herte, and with my bodie all,
As I haue saide you here tofore,
My good fader tell therefore,
Of ydelnes if I haue gilte.

My sonne but thou tell wylte
Ought elles, than I maie now here,
Thou shalt haue no penance here
And netheles a man maie see,
Howe now a daies that there bee
Ful many of suche hertes slowe,
That woll not besien hem to knowe,
What thyng loue is: till at laste,
That he with strengthe hem ouercaste,
That maulgre hem thei mote obey,
And done all ydelshyp away
To serue well and besiliche.

But sonne thou arte none of siche.
For loue shall the well excuse,
But otherwise if thou refuse
To loue, thou might so par caas
Ben ydell, as sometyme was
A kynges doughter vnaused,
Till that Cupide bir hath chastised:
Wherof thou sbalt a tale here
Accordant vnto this matere.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui
amoris oocupacionem omittentes, grauioris in-
fortunii casus expectant. Et narrat de quadam
Armenie regis filia, que huiusmodi condicionis
in principio iuuentutis ociosa persistens, mira-
bili postea visione castigata, in amoris obse-
quium pre ceteris efficitur.

Of Armenie I rede thus
There was a kyng, whiche Herupus
Was hote: and he a lustie mayde
To doughter had, and as men saide,
Hir name was Rosiphele,
Whiche tho was of great renome.
For she was bothe wise and feyre
And shulde be hir fathers heyre.
But she bad one defaut of slouth
Towardes loue, and that was routh.

For so well couthe no man sele,
Whiche might set hir in the weie
Of loues oocupacion

Through none imaginacion:
That schole wolde she not knowe,
And thus she was one of the slowe,
As of suche hertes besynesse,
Till whan Venus the goddessē,
Whiche loues courte hath for to rule,
Hath brought hir into better rule,
Forth with Cupide, and with his might.
For thei meruaile of suche a wight,
Whiche tho was in hir lustie age,
Desyareth nouthur mariage,
Ne yet the loue of peramouris,
Whiche euer bath ben the common couris
Amonge hem, that lustie were:
So was it after shewed there.
For he that hie hertes loweth
With fyrie darte, whiche he throweth,
Cupido, whiche of loue is god,
In chastisyng hath made a rod
To driue awaie bir wantonnesse.
So that within a while I gesse
She had on suche a chance spournd,
That all hir mode was ouertorned,
Whiche firste she had of slowe manere.
For this it fell, as thou shalt here.

Whan come was the moneth of maie,
She wolde walke vpon a daie,
And that was er the sonne arist,
Of women but a fewe it wist,
And forth she went priuely
Unto the parke was faste by
All softe walkende on the gras,
Tyll she came there the launde was,
Through whiche there ran a great riure,
It thought her fayre: and saide here
I woll abide vnder the shawe,
And bad hir women to withdrawe,
And there she stode alone stille,
To thinke what was in hir wille.

She sighe the swete floures sprynge,
She herde glad foules syngē,
She sighe beastes in her kynde,
The bucke, the doo, the hert, the hynde,
The males go with the femelle,
And so began there a quarele
Betwene loue and hir owne herte,
Fro whiche she couthe not asterte.

And as she caste hir eie aboute
She sighe clad in one sute a route
Of ladies, wher thei comen ride
A longe vnder the woodde side,
On fayre ambulende hors thei set,
That were all white, fayre and great,
And euerichone ride on side.

The sadels were of suche a pride,
With perles and golde so well begone,
So riche sighe she neuer none:
In kirtels and in copes riche
Thei were clothed all aliche,
Departed euen of white and blewē,
With all lustes, that she knewe
Thei were embroudred ouer all,
Her bodies weren longe and small,
The hauntee of her fayre face
There maie none erthly thyng deface.
Corownes on their heades thei bere,
As eche of hem a queene were,

That all the golde of Cresus hall,
The leaste coronall of all,
Might not haue boughte, after the worth.
Thus comen thei ridend forth.

The kyniges doughter, whiche this sigh,
For pure abasse drewe hir adrih,
And helde her close vnder the bough,
And let hem still ride enough.
For as hir thought in hir auise
To hem that were of sucbe a prise,
She was not worthie to aske there,
Fro when they come, or what thei were,
But leuer than this worldes good,
She wolde haue wist how it stoude,
And put hir head a litell out:
And as she loked hir aboute,
She saw comende vnder the lynde
A woman vpon an hors behynde,
The hors, on whiche she rode was blacke,
All lene, and galled vpon the backe,
And halted, as he that were enclosed,
Wherof the woman was annoied.
Thus was the hors in sorie plight,
And for all that a sterre white
Amiddes in hir front she had:
Hir saddell eke was wonder bad,
In whiche the wofull woman sat.
And netheles there was with that
A riche bridell for the nones
Of golde and precious stones:
Hir cote was somedele to tore,
About hir middell twentie score
Of hors halters, and well mo
There hangen that time tho.

Thus whan she came the ladie nighe,
Then toke she better hede, and sighe
The woman was right faire of face,
All though hir lacked other grace.
And so this ladie, there she stode
Bethought hir well, and vnderstode,
That this, whiche came ridende tho,
Tidynges couthe tell of tho,
Whiche as she sigh tofore ride,
And put hir forth, and praide abide,
And said? A sister lette me here,
What ben thei, that riden nowe here,
And ben so richely arraied?

This woman, whiche come so esmaied,
Answerde with full softe spcche
And saide: Madame I shall you teche.
These are of tho, that whilom were
Seruautes to loue, and trouh bere
There as thei had their hertes sette.
Fare well. For I maie not be lette,
Madame I go to my seruice,
So muste I haste in all wise.
For thy madame yeue me leue,
I may not longe with you leue.

A good sister yet I preie,
Tell me why ye be so beseye,
And with these halters thus begone?

Madame, whilom I was one,
That to my father had a kynge
But I was slowe, and for no thynge
Me liste not to loue obeie,
And that I nowe full sore abeie.
For I whilom no loue had
My hors is nowe feble and hadde,
And all to tore is myn arraie,
And euery yere this fresche maie,

These lustie ladies ride aboute,
And I must nedes sewe her route
In this maner, as ye nowe see,
And trusse her halters forth with mee,
And am but her hors knaue,
None other office I ne haue,
Hem thinketh I am worthy no more.
For I was slowe in loutes lore,
When I was able for to lere,
And wolde not the tales here
Of hem, that couthe loue teche.

Now tell me than I you besече,
Wherfore that riche bridell serueth?
With that awaie hir chere she swerueth,
And gan to wepe, and thus she tolde.

This bridell, whiche ye nowe beholde
So riche vpon myn hors hede
Madame afore er I was dede
When I was in my lusty life
There fell in to myn herte a strife
Of loue, whiche me ouercome,
So that therof hede I nome,
And thought I wolde lone a knight,
That last well a fourteenight.
For it no lenger might laste,
So nigh my lyfe was at laste.

But nowe at laste to late ware,
That I ne had hym loued are.
For death can so hast byme
Er I therto had any tyme,
That it ne might ben ached.
But for all that I am releued
Of that my wille was good therto,
That loue suffreth it be so,
That I shall suche a bridell were.
Nowe haue ye herde all myn answer,
To god madame I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake
Of loue, that thei be nought idell,
And bid hem thinke vpon my bridell.
And with that worde all sodenly
She passeth, as it were a skie
All cleane out of the ladies sight.
And tho for feare hir herte aflight,
And saide to hir selfe: Alas
I am right in the same cas,
But if I liue after this daie,
I shall amende if I maie.

And thus homewarde this ladie went,
And changed all hir firste entent
Within hir herte, and gan to swere,
That she no halters wolde bere.

Lo sonne, here might thou take hede,
Howe idelnes is for to drede,
Nameliche of loue, as I haue writte.
For tho might vnderstonde and witte
Amonge the gentill nacion,
Loue is an occupacion,
Whiche for to kepe his lustes saue,
Shulde euery gentill herte haue.
For as the ladie was chastised:
Right so the knight maie be auised,
Whiche idell is, and woll not serue
To loue, he maie percase deserue
A greater peine than she had,
Whan she aboute with hir lad
The hors halters: and for thy
Good is to be ware therby.
But for to loken abouen all
These maidens, howe so it fall,

Thei shulde take ensample of this,
 Whiche I haue tolde: for soth it is.
 My lady Venus, whom I serue,
 What woman woll hir thanke deserue,
 She maie not thilke loue eschewe
 Of peramours, but she mote sewe
 Cupides lawe, and netheles
 Men sene suche loue saide in pees,
 That it nis cuer vpon asprie
 Of ianglyng, and of fals eniue,
 Full ofte medled with disease,
 But thilke loue is well at ease,
 Whiche sette is vpon mariage.
 For that dare shewen the visage
 In all places openly.
 A great meruaile it is for thy,
 Howe that a maide woll lette
 That she hir tyme ne besette,
 To haste vnto thilke feste,
 Wherof the loue is all honeste.
 Men maie recouer losse of good,
 But so wise a man yet neuer stodee,
 Whiche maie recouer tyme ylore:
 So maie a maiden well therfore
 Eusample take, of that she strangeth
 Hir loue, and longe er that she changeth
 Hir herte vpon hir lustes grene
 To mariage, as it is sene.
 For thus a yere, two, or three
 She lefte, er that she wedded be,
 While she the charge might beare
 Of children, whiche the worlde forbear:
 Ne may, but if it shulde faile.
 But what maiden that in hir spousaile
 Wolde tarie, whan she take maie,
 She shall perchaunce an other daie
 Be let, whan that hir leuest were:
 Wherof a tale vnto thyn eare,
 Whiche is culpable vpon this dede,
 I thinke telle of that I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem: Et narrat de
 filia Jepte, quæ cum ex sui patris voto in holo-
 caustum deo occidit offerri deberet, ipsa pro
 eo, quod virgo fuit, et prolem ad augmentatio-
 nem populi dei nondum genuisset. xl. dierum
 spacium, vt cum suis sodalibus virginibus suam
 deferret virginitatem priusquam moreretur, in
 exemplum aliorum a patre postulat.

AMONGE the iewes, as men tolde,
 There was whilom by daies olde
 A noble duke, whiche Jepte hight:
 And felle, he shulde go to fight
 Againe Amon the cruell kyng,
 And for to speke vpon this thyng,
 Within his herte he made a vowe
 To god, and said, A lorde, if thou
 Wolte graunt vnto thy man victorie,
 I shall in token of thy memorie,
 The firste life, that I maie see,
 Of man or woman, wher it be,
 Anone as I come home ageyne,
 To the, whiche arte god souereyne,
 Sleen in thy name, aud sacrificie.

Aud thus with his chualrie
 He goth hym forth, so as he sholde,
 And wanne all that he wyne wolde,
 And ouercome his fowen alle.

Maie no man kouwe that shall falle.

This duke a lustie daughter had,
 And fame, whiche the worldes sprad,
 Hath brought vnto this ladies eare,
 Howe that hir father bath do there.
 She wayteth vpon his comynge,
 With daunsinge, and with carolyng,
 As she that wolde be tofore
 All other, and so she was therfore
 In Masphat at hir fathers gate
 The first: and whan he cometh ther at,
 And sigh his daughter, he to braide
 His clothes, and wpende he saide:
 O nightie god amonge vs here
 Nowe wote I, that in no manere
 This worldes ioy maie be plaine.
 I had all that I couth saie
 Ayen: my fowen by thy grace:
 So whan I came towarde this place,
 There was no gladder man than I:
 But now my lorde all sodeinly
 My ioye is turned in to sorowe.
 For I my daughter shall to morowe
 To heue and brenne in thy seruice,
 To louynge of thy sacrifice
 Through myn auowe, so as it is.

The maiden whan she wist of this,
 And sawe the sorowe hir father made,
 So as she maie with wordes glade
 Comforted hym, and bad hym holde
 His couenant, as he was beholde,
 Towardes god, as he beight.
 But netheles hir berte afight,
 Of that she sawe hir deathe comende:
 And than vnto the grounde knelende
 Tofore hir father she is falle,
 And saith, so as it is falle
 Upon this point, that she shall deye,
 Of one thyng first she wolde hym prey,
 That forty daies of respite
 He wolde hir graunt, vpon this plight,
 That she the while maie bewepe
 Hir maydenhode, whiche she to kepe
 So longe hath kept, and not be set,
 Wherof hir lusty youth is lette,
 That she no children hath forth drawe
 In mariage after the lawe:
 So that the people is not increased,
 But that it might be released,
 That she hir tyme hath lore so
 She wolde by his leue go
 With other maydens to complain:
 And afterwarde vnto the paine
 Of death, she wolde come ageyne.

The father herde his daughter seyne,
 And thervpon of one assent
 The maydens were anone assent,
 That shulden with his mayden wende.

So for to speake vnto this ende,
 Thei gone the downes and the dales,
 With wepyng, and with wofull tales,
 And euery wight hir maydenhede
 Complayneth vpon thilke dede,
 That she no children had bore,
 Wherof she hath hir youth lore,
 Whiche neuer she recouer maie,
 For so felle, that hir laste daie
 Was come, in whiche she shulde take
 Hir dethe, whiche she maie not forsake.

Lo thus she deyd a wofull maide,
 For thilke cause, whiche I saide,

As thou hast vnderstonde aboue.

My father as towards the loue
Of maydens for to telle trouthe,
Ye haue thilke vice of slouthe
Me thinketh right wonder wel declared,
That ye the women haue not spared
Of hem that tarien so belynde.

But yet it falleth in my mynde
Towards the men, howe that ye speke
Of hem that woll no trauaile seke
In cause of loue vpon deserte,
To speke in wordes so couerte,
I not what trauaile that ye ment.

My sonne and after myn entent
I woll the telle, what I thought:
How whilom men her loues brought
Through great trauaile in strange londes,
Where that thei wrought with her hondes
Of armes many a worthy dede,
In sondry places, as men maie rede.

*Quem probat armorum probitas Venus approbat,
et quem*

*Torpor habet reprobum, reprobata illa virum.
Vecors segnicies insignia hescit amoris,
Nam piger ad brauium tardius ipse venit.*

*Hic loquitur, quod in amoris causa militie probi-
tas ad armorum laboris exercitium nullatenus
torpescat.*

THAT euery loue of pure kynde
Is fyrst forth drawe, well I fynde:
But netheles yet ouer this
Deserte dothe so, that it is
The rather had in many place.
For thy who secheth loues grace,
Where that these worthy women are,
He maie not than him selue spare
Upon his trauaile for to serue,
Wherof that he maie thanke deserue,
Where as these men of armes be,
Sometime ouer the great sea,
So that by londe, and eke by ship
He more trauaile for worsbyp,
And make many hastie rodes.
Somtime in Pruis sometime in Rodes,
And some time in to Tartarie:
So that these herauldes on hym crie,
Vailant vailant, lo where he goth,
And than he yeueth hem golde and cloth:
So that his fame might sprynge,
And to his ladies eare brynge
Some tidyng of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse,
Of that she herde men recorde,
The better vnto bis loue accorde,
And daunger put out of hir mood,
Whan all men recorden good:
And that she wote well for hir sake,
That he no trauaile woll forsake.

My sonne of this trauaile I mene,
Now shrie the: for it shall be sene,
If thou arte ydell in this cas.

My father ye, and euery was.
For as me thynketh truly,
That euery man doth more than I,
As of this point, and if so is,
That I haue ought doue so er this,

It is so littell of acourpte,
As who saith, it maie not amount
To winne of loue his lustie yfte.

For this I tell you in shrute,
That me were leuer hir loue winne,
Than Kaire, and all that is theruue.

And for to slea the heathen all
I not what good there might fall
So muche blood though there were shad;
This fynde I write, howe Christe bad,
That no man other shulde slea.
What shulde I wyne ouer the sea.
If I my ladie loste at home?
But passe thei the salte fome,
To whom Christe bad thei shulden preche
To all the worlde, and his feith teache.
But now thei rucken in her nest,
And resten, as hem liketh beste
In all the swetes of delices.

Thus thei defenden vs the vices,
And sitten hem self: all amidde,
To slea and fight, thei vs bidde.
Hem whom thei shuld, as the boke saithe,
Conuertent vnto Christes faithe.

But herof haue I great mrruaile,
How that thei shuld me bid trauaile.
A sarazyn if I slea shall,
I slea the soule forth withall:

And that was neuer Christes lore:
But now hee therof I saie no more.

But I woll speke vpon my shrift,
And to Cupide I make a yfte,
That who as euer price deserue
Of arme, I woll loue serue,
As though I shulde hem bothe kepe,
Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
When it were time to abide,
And for to trauaile, and for to ride.
For how as euer a man labour
Cupide appointed hath bis houre.

*Hic allegat Amans in sui excusationem, qualiter
Achilles apud Troiam propter amorem Polixene
arma sua per aliquod tempus dimisit.*

FOR I haue herde tell also,
Achilles lefte his armes so,
Both of hym selfe, and of his men,
At Troie for Polixen,
Upon hir loue when he fell:
That for no chance that befell
Amonge the grekes, or vp or downe,
He wolde nought ayene the towne
Beu armed, for the loue of hir:
And so me thinketh leue syr,
A man of armes maie him reste
Sometime in hope for the beste,
If he maie fynde a werre nerre,
What shulde I than go so ferre?
In strange londes many a mile
To ride, and lese at home there while
My loue, it were a shorte beyete
To winne chaffe, and lese whete.
But if my ladie bide wolde,
That I for hir loue sholde
Trauaile, me thynketh truly,
I might see through out the skie,
And go through out the depe sea,
For all ne sette I not a stree,

What thonke that I myght els gete.
 What helpeth a man haue mete,
 Where drinke lackethe on the borde:
 What helpeth any mans worde:
 To saie howe I trauaile faste,
 Where as me faileth at laste
 That thyng, whiche I trauaile fore.
 O in good tyme were he bore,
 That might attaine suche a mede.
 But certes if I might spede
 With any maner besinesse
 Of wordes trauaile than I gesse,
 There shulde me none idelship
 Departe from hir ladiship.

But this I see on daies nowe,
 The bynde god (I wote not howe)
 Cupido, whiche of loue is lorde,
 He sette the thynges in discorde,
 That thei that lest to loue entende,
 Full ofte he woll bemye and sende
 Moste of his grace: and thus I fynde,
 That he that shulde god behynde,
 Goth many a tyme ferre to fore.
 So wote I uot right well therfore,
 On whether borde that I shall saile.
 Thus can I nought my selfe counsaile,
 But all I sette on aventure,
 And am, as who saith, out of cure.
 For ought that I can sey or do.
 For euermo I fynde it so,
 The more besinesse I laie,
 The more that I knele and praie,
 With good wordes, and with softe,
 The more I am refused ofte
 With besines, and maie not winne,
 And in good feith that is great sinne.
 For I maie seie of dede and thought,
 That idell man haue I be nought.
 For howe as euer that I be deslaide,
 Yet euermore I haue assaide.
 But though my besynesse laste,
 All is but ydell at laste.
 For whan theffecte is idelnesse,
 I not what thyng is besinesse.
 Saie what auaieth all the dede,
 Whiche nothyng helpeth at nede.
 For the fortune of every fame
 Shall of his ende beare a name.

And thus for ought is yet befallé,
 An idell man I woll me calle,
 And after myn entendment,
 But vpon your amendement
 Myn holy father, as you semeth,
 My reason and my cause demeth.

My son I haue herde of thy matere,
 Of that thou hast the shryuen here,
 And for to speake of idell fare,
 Me semeth that thou tharst not care,
 But only that thou might not spede,
 And therof sonne I woll the rede
 Abide, and baste not to faste
 Thy dedes ben euery daie to caste
 Thou nost, what chance shall betide:
 Better is to waite vpon the tide,
 Than rowe ayenste the stremes stronge.
 For though so be the thynke longe:
 Percase the reuolucion
 Of heuen, and thy condicion
 Ne be not yet of one accorde,
 But I dare make this recorde

To Venus, whose priest that I am:
 That sithen that I hither cam
 To here, as she me badde, thy life,
 Wherof thou els be gyltife,
 Thou might herof thy conscience
 Excuse, and of great diligence,
 Whiche thou to loue hast so dispended,
 Thou ougtest wel to be commended.

But if so be, that there ought faile
 Of that thou slouthest to trauaile
 In armes for to ben absent,
 And for thou makest an argument
 Of that thou saidest here aboue,
 How Achilles through strength of loue
 His armes left for a throwe:
 Thou shalt an other tale knowe,
 Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt witte.

For this a man maie finde writte,
 Whan that knighthode shall be weired,
 Lust maie not than be preferred:
 The bed mot than be forsake,
 And shelde and spere on houd take,
 Whiche thing shall make hem after glade,
 Whan thei be worthy knyghtes made:
 Wherof, so as it cometh to houde,
 A tale thou shalt vnderstoude,
 How that a knight shall armes sewe,
 And for the while his ease eschewe.

Hic dicit, quod amoris delectamento postposito,
 miles arma sua preferre debet. Et ponit exem-
 plum de Ulysse, cum ipse a bello Troiano Jupi-
 ter amorem Penelope remanere domi uoluisset,
 Nauplus pater Palamidis cum tantis sermonibus
 allocutus est, quod Ulysses thoro sue coniugis
 relicto labores armorum una cum aliis Troia
 magnanimis subibat.

UPON knighthode I rede thus,
 Howe whilom the kyng Nauplus,
 The fader of Palamidés,
 Came for to preyen Vlysses,
 With other Gregois eke also,
 That he with hem to Troie go,
 Where that the siege shulde be.

Anone vpon Penelope
 His wife, whom that he loueth hote,
 Thinkend, wolde hem nought behote:
 But he shope then a wonder wile,
 Howe that he shulde hem best begile,
 So that he might dwelle stille
 At home, and weld his loue at wille:
 Wherof erly the morowe daie,
 Out of his bed, where that he laie,
 Whan he was vp, he gan to fare
 In to the felde, and loke and stare,
 As he whiche feigneth to be wood:
 He toke a plough, where that it stooode,
 Wherin anone in stede of oxes
 He let do yoken great Foxes,
 And with great salt the londe he sewe.

But Nauplus, whiche the cause knowe,
 Ayene the sleighte, whiche he feigneth,
 Another sleighte anone ordeineth.
 And fell that tyme Vlysses had
 A childe to sonne, and Nauplus bad,
 How men that soun take sholde,
 And set bym vpon the molde,
 Where that his fader helde the plough,
 In thilke forough, whiche he tho drough.

For in such wise he thought assaie,
How it Vlysses shulde paie,
If that he were wood or none.

The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemachus anone was fette,
Tofore the plough and euen sette,
Where that his fader shulde drie.
But when he sawe his childe as blue,
He drof the plough out of the weye,
And Nauplus tho began to seye,
And hath halfe in a iape cried:

O Vlysses, thou art aspid,
What is all this thou woldest mene?
For openliche it is nowe sene,
That though hast feigned all this thyng,
Whiche is great shame to a kyng,
Whan that for lust of any slouth,
Thou wilten a quarrel of trouthe
Of armes thilke honour forsake,
And dwelle at home fur lous sake.
For better it were honour to wyne
Than loue, whiche likyng is ynne.
For thy take worship vpon honde,
And elles thou shalt vnderstone,
These other worthie kynges all
Of Grece, whiche vnto the call,
Towardes the wol be right wroth,
And greue the per chans both:
Whiche shall be to the double shame,
Most for the hyndryng of thy name,
That thoa for slouth of any loue,
Shalt so thy lustes set aboue,
And leue of armes the knighthode,
Whiche is the price of thy manhode,
And ought first to be desired.

But be, whiche bad his herte fired
Upon his wife, whan he this berde,
Nought one word there ayene answerde,
But torneth home haluyn ashained,
And hath with in hym selfe so tamed
His herte, that all the sottie
Of loue for chiuallrie
He lefte, and be hym leef or loth,
To Troie forth with hem be goth,
That he hym might not excuse.
Thus stant it, if a knight refuse
The lust of armes to trauaile.

There maie no worldes ease auaile,
But if worship be with all,
And that hath shewed ouerall.
For it sit wel in all wise
A knight to ben of highc emprise,
And putten alle drede aweye.
For in this wise I haue herd seye.

Hic narrat super eodem, qualiter Laodomia regis
Prothesalae vxor, volens ipsam a bello Troiano
secum retinere, fatalem sibi mortem in portu
Troie pronunciauit: sed ipse militiam potius
quam ocia affectans, Troiam adiit: vbi sue
mortis precio perpetue laudis Cronican ademit.

THE worthie knight Prothesalae
On his passage, where be laie
Toward Troie thilke sieg,
The whiche was all his owne lieg
Laodomie his lustie wife,
Whiche for his loue was pensife,
As he whiche all hir hert had
Upon a thyng, wherof she drad,

A letter, for to make hym dwelle
Fro Troie, send hym, thus to telle,
Howe she bath asked of the wise
Touchend of hym in suche a wise,
That thei haue done hir vnderstone,
Toward other howe so it stonde,
The deatye it hath so shape,
In caas that he arriue at Troie,
For thy as to hir worldes ioye,
With all hir herte she hym preyde,
And many another cause alleide,
That he with hir at home abide.

But he hath cast hir letter a side,
As he whiche tho no manere hede
Toke of hir womanliche drede:
And forth he goth, as nought ne were
To Troie, and was the firste there,
Whiche londeth, and toke arriuaille.
For hym was leuer in the battaile,
He seith, to deyen as a knight,
Thau for to liue in all his might,
And be reproved of his name.

Lo thus vpon the worldes fame
Knighthode bath euer yet beset,
Whiche with no cowardis is let.

Adhuc super eodem qualiter Rex Saul, non ob-
stante quod Samuelem a Phitonissa suscitatum
et coniuratum responsum, quod ipse in bello
moreretur, accepisset: hostes tamen suos ag-
grediens militie famam cunctis huius vite blan-
dimentis preposuit.

Of kyng Saul also I finde,
Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
Through that the Phitones hath lered
In Samarie, was arered
Longe tyme after that he was dede,
The kyng Saul hym asketh rede,
If that he shall go fight or none.

And Samuel hym said anone,
The first daie of the bataile
Thou shalt be slain without faile,
And Ionathas thy sonne also.

But howe as euer it selle soo,
This worthy knight of his courage
Hath vndertake the viage,
And wolde nought his knighthode let
For no perille he couth set:
Wherof that both his sonne and he,
Upon the Mount of Gelboe
Assemblen with hir enemies.
For thei knighthode of suche a pris
By olde daies than heiden,
That thei none other thyng behelden.
And thus the fader for worship,
Forth with his sonne of felauship,
Through lust of armes weren dede,
As men maie in the bible rede,
Thei whos knighthode is yet in mynde,
And shall be to the worlde ende.

Hic loquitur, quod miles in suis primordiis ad au-
daciā pronocari debet. Et narrat qualiter
Chiro Centaurus Achillem, qui secum ab infan-
tia in montem Pelion educauit, vt auidax effi-
ceretur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse ven-
tionibus ibidem insisteret, leones, et tigrides,
huiusmodique animalia sibi resistencia, et nulla

alia fugitiua aritaret, et sic Achilles in iuuen-
tute animatus famosissime milicie probitatem
postmodum adoptauit.

AND for to loken ouermore,
It hath and shall ben euermore,
That of knighthode the prowess,
Is grounded vpon hardinesse
Of hym that dare well vndertake:
And who that wolde ensample take
Upon the forme of knyghtes lawe,
How that Achilles was forth drawe
With Chiro, whiche Centaurus bight,
Of many a wonder here he might.
For it stood thilke time thus,
That this Chiro this Centaurus
Within a large wyldernesse,
Where was lyon and leonesse,
The leparde, and the Tygre also,
With hert, and hynd, buk, and do,
Had his dwellynge, as tho befillle
Of Pelcon vpon the hille:
Wherof was than mochell speche,
There hath Chiro this childe to teche,
What tyme he was of twelue yere age.
Wherof to maken his courage
The more hardy by other weye,
In the forest to hunt and pleie
When that Achilles walke wolde,
Centaurus hadde, that be ne sholde
After no best make his chas,
Whiche wolde fleen out of his place:
As bucke and do, and herte and hynde,
With whiche he maie no werre fynde.
But tho, that wolden hym withstonde,
There shuld he with his darte on honde
Upon the Tygre and the lion
Purchase and make his venison,
As to a knyght is accordant:
And therupon a couenant
This Chiro with Achilles set,
That euery daie without let
He shuld seche a cruell best,
Or sie or wounden at the lest,
So that he might a token brynge
Of bloude vpon his houce comyng.
And thus of that Chiro hym taught,
Achilles suche an herte caught,
That he no more a lion drad,
When he his darte on honde had,
Than if a lion were an asse,
And that hath made hym for to passe
Al other knyghtes of his dede,
When it cam the great nede,
As it was afterwarde well knowe.
Lo thus my sou thou might knowe,
That the courage of hardinesse
Is of knighthode the prowess,
Whiche is to loue suffisant
Abouen all the remenant,
That vnto loutes courte pursue.
But who that wolde no slouthe eschewe
Upon knighthode, and not trauaile,
I not what loue hym shulde auaille:
But euery labour asketh why
Of some rewarde, wherof that I
Ensamples couth tell enough,
Of hem that towarde loue drough
By olde daies, as thei sholde.
My fader therof here I wolde.

My sonne it is well reasonable
In place, whiche is honourable,
If that a man his herte sette,
That than be for no slouthe lette
To do what longeth to manhede.
For if thou wolt the bokes rede
Of Launcelot, and other mo,
There might thou seen, how it was tho
Of armes, for thei wolde atteine
To loue, whiche withouten peine
Maie not be gette of Idelines,
And that I take to witnessse
An olde Cronike in speciall,
The whiche in to memoriall
Is writte for his loutes sake,
Howe that a knyght shall vndertake.

Hic dicit, quod miles priusquam amoris amplexu
dignus efficiatur, euentus bellicos victoriosus
amplectere debet, at narrat qualiter Hercules et
Achilleus propter Deianiram Calidonie regis
filiam singulare duellum adinuicem inierunt, cu-
ius victor Hercules, existens armorum meritis
amorem virginis laudabiliter conquestauit.

THERE was a kyng, whiche Oenes
Was hote, and he vnder pees
Held Calidonie in his empyre:
And had a daughter Deianire,
Men wiste iu thilke tyme none.
So fayre a wight, as she was one.
And as she was a lusty wight,
Right so was than a noble knyght,
To whom Mercurie fader was,
This knyght the two pilers of bras,
The whiche yet a man maie fynde
Set vp in the deserte of Inde,
That was the worthy Hercules,
Whos name shall ben edeles.
For the meruailes, whiche he wrought.
This Hercules the loue sought
Of Deianire, and of this tbyng
Unto hir fader, whiche was kyng
He spake touchend of mariage.
The kyng knowend his hie linage,
And drad also his mightes sterne,
To hym ne durst his daughter werne.
And netheles, this he hym seyde,
Howe Achilous, er he, fyrst preyde
To wedden hir: and in acorde
Thei stode, as it was of recorde.
But for all that, this he him graunteth,
That whiche of hem, that other daunteth,
In armes, hym she shulde take,
And that the kyng hath vndertake.
This Achilous was a geaunt,
A subtil man, a deceiuant,
Whiche through Magike and sorceria
Couthe all the worlde of trecherie.
And whan that he this tale herde,
Howe vpon that the kyng answerde,
With Hercules he must feight:
He trusteth vought vpon his sleight
Al onely, whan it cometh to nede:
But that, whiche voideth all drede,
And euery noble herte stereth
The loue, that no lyfe forbreth,
For his lady, whome he desyreth,
With hardiuesse his herte fyreth,
And sent hym worde without faille,
That he wold take the bataile.

Thei setten daie, thei chosen felde,
The knightes covered vnder shelde
To gyder come at tyme sette,
And eche one is with other mette.
It fell thei foughten botlie on foote,
There was no stone, there was no roote,
Whiche might letten hem the weie,
But all was voide and take aweie.

Thei smiten strokes but a fewe.
For Hercules, whiche wolle shewe
His great strengthe, as for the nones
He stert vpon hym all at ones,
And caught hym in his armes stronge.

This graunt wote, he maie not longe
Endure vnder so harde bondes,
And thought he wolde out of his hondes
By sleighte, in some maner escape.
And as he couthe hym selfe forshape
In lyknesse of an adder he slipte.
Out of his honde, and forthe he skipte,
And ofte, as he that fyght wolle,
He torneth hym into a bolle,
And gan to belowe in suche a soun
As though the worlde shuld all go doune:
The ground he sporneth, and he traunceth,
His large hornes he aunnceth,
And cast hem here and there aboute.

But he, whiche stant of hem no doute,
Awaiteth well whan that he came,
And hym by bothe hornes nam,
And all at ones he hym caste
Unto the grounde, and helde hym faste,
That he ne might with no sleight
Out of his honde gete vpon he ght,
Till he was ouercome, and yolde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.

The kynge hym graunted to fulfill
His askynge at his owne wille.
And she, for whome he had serued,
Hir thought he hath hir well deserued.

And thus with great deserte of armes
He wan hym for to ligge in armes,
As he whiche hath it dere abought.
For otherwise shulde he nought.

Nota de Penthesilea Amazonie regina, que Hectoris amore colligata, contra Pirrum Achillis filium apud Troiam arma ferre etiam personu- aliter non recusauit.

AND ouer this if thou wylte here
Upon knighthode of this matere,
How loue and armes ben acquainted,
A man maie see both writte and painted,
So ferforth, that Penthesile,
Whiche was the queene of Femine,
The loue of Hector for to seke,
And for thonour of armes eke,
To Troie cam with spere and shelde,
And rode hir selfe in to the felde,
With maidens armed all a route,
In rescus of the Towne aboute,
Whiche with the grekes was belein.

Nota qualiter Philimenis propter militie famam a finibus terre in defensionem Troie veniens, tres puellas a regno Amazonie quolibet anno percipiendas sibi et herediis suis imperpetuum ea de causa habere promeruit.

FRO Paphlagonie and as men sein,
Whiche stant vpon the worldes ende,
That tyme it liked eke to wende
Philimenis, whiche was kynge,
To Troie, and came vpon this thyng
In helpe of thilke noble towne,
And all was that for the renouue
Of worship and of worldes fame:
Of whiche he wolde beare a name,
And so he did, and forth with all
He wan of loue in speciall
A faire tribute for euermo.
For it felle thiike tyme so,
Pyrrus the sonne of Achilles
This worthy queene amonge the pres
With deleye swerde sought out, and fonde,
And slough hir with his owne honde.
Wherof this kynge of Paphlagonie
Penthesile of Amazonie,
Wher she was queene, with hym ladde,
With suche maidens as she hadde
Of hem that were left aliue,
Forth in his ship, till thei ariue,
Wher that the body was begraue
With worship, and the women saue.

And for the goodshipp of this dede,
Thei graunten hym a lustie mede,
That euery yere, for his trauge,
To hym and to his heritage,
Of maidens faire he shall haue three.
And in this wise spedde hee,
Whiche the fortune of armes sought,
With his trauaile his ease he bought.
For other wise he shulde haue failed,
If that he had nought trauailed.

Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello deicit, non solum amorem Lauine, sed et regnum Italie sibi subiugatum obtinuit.

ENEAS eke within Itaile
Ne had he wonne the bataile,
And done his might so besily
Ayene kynge Turne his enemy,
Ne had nought Lauine wonne.
But for he hath hym ouer ronne
And gat his pris, he gat hir loue.

By these ensamples here aboute,
Lo nowe my sonne, as I haue tolde,
Tbou might wel see, who that is bolde,
And dar trauaile, and vndertake
The cause of loue, he shall be take
The rather vnto loutes grace.
For comonliche in worthie place
The women loun worthinesse
Of manhode, and of gentlinesse.
For the gentils be most desired.

My fader but I were inspired
Through lore of you, I wote no weye
What gentlinesse is for to seye:
Wherof to telle I you beseeche.

The grounde my sonne for to seche
Upon this diffinicion,
The worldes constitucion
Hath set the name of gentlinesse
Upon the fortune of richesse:
Whiche of longe tyme is falle in age,
Than is a man of highe linage
After the forme as thou shalt here,
But no thyng after the matere.

For who that reason vnderstonde,
 Upon richesse it maie not stonde.
 For that is thyng, whiche failleth ofte.
 For he that stant to daie alofte,
 And all the worlde hath in his wones,
 To morowe he falleth all at ones
 Out of riches in to pouerte;
 So that therof is no deserte,
 Whiche gentilnesse maketh abide.
 And for to loke on other side,
 Howe that a gentilman is bore:
 Adam, whiche was all tofore,
 With Eue his wife, as of hem two
 All was aliche gentill tho,
 So that of generacion
 To make declaracion,
 There maie no gentinesse bee.
 For to the reason if we see
 Of mans byrthe the measure,
 It is so common to nature,
 That it yeueth euery man aliche,
 As well to the poore as to the riche.
 For naked thei ben bore bothe,
 The lorde no more hath for to clothe,
 As of hym that like throwe,
 Than hath the poorest of the rowe.
 And whan thei shall both passe,
 I not of hem whiche hath the lasse
 Of worldes good, but as of charge,
 The lorde is more for to charge,
 Whan god shall his accompte here.
 For he hath had his lustes here.
 But of the body, whiche shall deye,
 All though there be diuers weye
 To deth, yet is there but one ende,
 To whiche that euery man shall wende,
 As well the begger as the lorde,
 Of one nature of one accorde.

She whiche our olde mother is
 The erthe, dothe that and this
 Receyueth, and aliche deuoureth,
 That she to nouthur part fauoureth.
 So wote I nothyng after kinde,
 Where I maie gentilles finde.
 For lacke of vertue lacketh of grace,
 Wherof Richesse in many place,
 Whan men best wene for to stonde,
 All sodeinly goth out of honde.
 But vertue sette in the courage,
 There maie no worlde be so saluage,
 Whiche might it take and done awaye,
 Till when that the body deye:
 And than he shall be riched so,
 That it maie faile neuermore.

So maie that well be gentilnesse,
 Whiche yeueth so great a sikernes.
 For after the condicion
 Of reasonable intencion,
 The whiche out of the soule groweth,
 And the vertue fro vice knoweth,
 Wherof a man the vice escheweth,
 Without slouth, and vertue seweth,
 That is a very gentili man:
 And nothyng els, whiche he can
 Ne whiche he hath, ne whiche he maie.

But for all that yet nowe a daie,
 In lones courte to taken hede,
 The poore vertue shall not spede,
 Where that the riche vice wotheth.
 For selde it is, that loue alloweth

The gentill man withouten good,
 Though his condicion be good.
 But if a man of bothe two
 Be riche and vertuous also:
 Than is he well the more worth.
 But yet to put hym selfe forth,
 He must done his businesse
 For nother good, ne gentilnesse
 Maie helpeu hem, whiche idel bee.

But who that woll in his degre
 Trauaile so, as it belongeth,
 It happeth ofte, that he fongeth
 Worship, and ease bothe two.
 For euer yet it hath be so,
 That loue honest in sondrie wey
 Profiteth: for it dothe aweye
 The vice: and as the bokes seyne,
 It maketh curteis of the vileyne,
 And to the coward hardiesse
 It yeueth: so that the very prowesse
 Is caused vpon loues reule,
 To hym that can manhode reule:
 And eke towarde the womanhede,
 Who that therof woll taken hede.
 For though the better affaited bee
 In euery thyng, as men maie see.
 For loue hath euer his lustes grene
 In gentill folke, as it is sene,
 Whiche thyng there maie no kind arest.

I trowe that there is no beste,
 If he with loue shulde acquieit,
 That he ne wolde make it quaint
 As for the while, that it last.

And thus I conclude at last,
 That thei ben idell, as me semeth,
 Whiche vnto thyng, that loue demeth,
 For slouthen, that thei shulden do.
 And ouer this my sonue also,
 After the vertue morall eke
 To speke of loue if I shall seke
 Amonge the holy bokes wise,
 I finde writte in suche a wise.

Nota de amore charitatis, vbi dicit, qui non diligit,
 manet in morte.

WHO loueth not, as here is dead.
 For loue aboute all other is head,
 Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
 Of all that vnto mannes dede
 Belongeth. For of idelship
 He hateth all the felauship.
 For slouth is euer to despise,
 Whiche in disdeigne hath all apprise,
 And that accordeth nought to man.
 For he that wit and reason can,
 It sit hym wel, that he trauaile
 Upon suche thyng, which might auaille.
 For idelship is nought comended,
 But euery lawe it hath defended.
 And in ensample thervpon
 The noble wise Salomon,
 Whiche bad of euery thyng insight,
 Seith: As the birdes to the flight
 Ben made, so the man is bore
 To labour, whiche is nought forfore
 To hem, that thinke for to thriue.

For we, whiche are nowe a liue,
 Of hem that besy whilom were
 (As wel in schole as els where)

Nowe euery daie ensample take,
That if it were nowe to make
Thyng, which that thei firste founden out,
It shuld not be brought about.

Her liues than were longe,
Her wittes great, her mightes strong,
Her hertes full of besinesse,
Wherof the worldes redinesse,
In body both, and in courage,
Stant euer vpon his auantage:
And for to drawe in to memorie
Her names bothe, and her historie
Upon the vestu of her dede
In sondry bokes thou might rede.

Expediit de manibus labor, vt de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita viuere possit homo.
Sed qui doctrina causa fert mente labores
Præuallet, et merita perpetua parat.

Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscunque, et maxi-
me contra istos, qui excellentis prudentie inge-
nium habentis absque fructu operum torpes-
cunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligentia pre-
decessorum. qui ad totius humani generis doc-
trinam et auxilium suis contiuiis laboribus et
studij gratia mediante diuina artes et scientias
primitus inuenerunt.

Of euery wisdome the parfitte
The highe god of his spirite
Yafe to men in erth here,
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise,
And thus cam in the firste aprise
Of bokes, and of all good,
Through hem, that whilom vnderstode
The lore, whiche to hem was yeue:
Wherof these othre, that nowc liue
Ben euery daie to lerne newe:
But er the tyme that men sewe,
And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corne, though men it sought
In none of all the felde out,
And er the wisdomie cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes writte,
This maie wel euery wise man witte.
There was great labour eke also.

Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath vndertake
With labour, whiche the hond bath take.

That other toke to studie and muse,
As he whiche wolde not refuse
The labour of his wittes all:
And in this wise it is befall
Of labour, whiche that thei begonne
We be now taught, of that we conne,
Her besines is yet to seeue,
That it stant euer aliche greene.
All be it so the bodie deye,
The name of hem shall neuer aweye,
In the Cronicke as I finde,
Cham, whos labour is yet in mynde,
Was he, whiche firste the letters fonde,
And wrote in hebrew with his bonde
Of naturall philosophie.
He fonde first also the clergie.
Cadmus the letters of gregois
First made vpon his owne choise.

Theges of thyng, whiche shal befall
He was the first augur of all,
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And Philemon by the visage
Fonde to descriue the courage.
Claudius, Esdras, and Sulpices,
Termegis, Pandulfe, and Frigidilles,
Menander, Epiphloquorus,
Solinus, Pandas, and Iosephus,
The first were of enditours
Of olde Cronike, and eke auctours.

And Herodot in his science
Of metre, of ryme, and of cadence
The first was, whiche men note.
And of musike also the note
In mans voyce or softe or sharpe,
That fonde luball, and of the harpe
The mery sowne, whiche is to like,
That fonde Paulius forth with phisike.

Zeuzis fonde first the portrature:
And Promætheus the sculpture,
After what forme that hem thought,
The resemblance anon thei wrought.

Tuball in yron and in stele
Fonde first the forge, and wrought it wele.

And Isadahel, as saith the boke,
Firste made nette, and fishes toke.

Of huntynge eke he fonde the chace,
Whiche nowe is knowe in many place.
A tent of clotha with corde and stake
He sette vp first, and did it make.

Herconius of cokerie
First made the delicacie.

The craftte Mynneure of wolle fonde,
And made cloth hir owne honde.

And Delbora made it of lyne.
The women were of great engyne.

But thyng which yeueth mete and drinke,
And doth the labour er for to swynke,
To till the londre, and sette the vines,
Wherof the corne and the wyne
Ben sustenance to mankynde,
In olde bokes as I finde,
Saturnus of his owne wit
Hath fonde first: and more yit

Of chapmenhode he fonde the weye,
And eke to coygne the moneye
Of sondry metall, as it is,
He was the first man of this.

But howe that metall cam a place
Through mans wit and goddes grace
The route of philosophers wise
Contreueden by sondry wise.
First for to gette it out of myne,
And after for to tric and fine.

And also with great diligence
Thei fonde thilke experience,
Whiche cleped is Alconomie,
Wherof the siluer multiple
Thei made, and eke the golde also.

And for to telle howe it is so
Of bodies seven in speciall
With foure spiritres ioynt withall,
Staut the substance of this matere,
The bodies, whiche I speke of here,
Of the planettes ben begonne
The golde is titled to the sonne,
The moone of siluer bath his part,
And Iron that stonde vpon Mart,
The leed after Saturne groweth,
And Iupiter the brasse bestoweth,
The copper sette is to Venus,
And to his part Mercurius

Hath the quicke siluer, as it falleth,
 The whiche after the boke it calleth
 Is first of thilke foure named
 Of spirites, whiche ben proclaymed,
 And the spirite, whiche is seconde,
 In Sal Armoniake is founde:
 The thirde spirite Sulphur is,
 The fourth sewende after this
 Arcennium by name is hote,
 With blowyng and with fires hote.
 In these thynges, whiche I saye,
 Thei worchen by diuers waye.
 For as the philosopher tolde
 Of golde and siluer thei ben holde
 Two principall extremittees,
 To whiche all other by degrees
 Of the metalles ben accordant,
 And so through kinde resemblant:
 That what man coult awaie take
 The rust, of whiche thei woxen blake,
 And the sauour of the bardnes,
 Thei shulden take the sikenes
 Of golde or siluer perfectly.
 But for to worche it sikerly
 Betwene the corps and the spirite,
 Er that the metall be parfite
 In seuen formes it is sette
 Of all: and if one be lette,
 The remenant may not auaille:
 But other wise it maie nought faile.
 For thei by whom this art was founde,
 To euery poynt a certayne bounde
 Ordeinen, that a man maie fynde,
 This crafte is wrought by wey of kinde,
 So that there is no fallace in.
 But what man that this werke begyn,
 He mote awaite at euery tye,
 So that nothyng be lefte a side.

Fyrst of the distillation,
 Forth with the congelacion,
 Solucion, Discencion,
 And kepe in his entencion
 The point of sublimacion,
 And forth with Calcination
 Of very approbacion,
 Do that there be fixation,
 With temperate hetes of the fyre,
 Tyll he the parfite Elixer
 Of thilke philosophers stone
 Maie gette, of whiche that many one
 Of philosophers, whilome write:
 And if thou wolt the names wite
 Of thilke stone, with other two,
 Whiche as the clerkes narden tho,
 So as the bokes it recorden,
 The kynde of hem I shall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapidibus, quos philosophi composuerunt: quorum primus est lapis vegetabilis, qui sanitatem conseruat, Secundus dicitur lapis Animalis, que membra et virtutes sensibiles fortificat, Tertius dicitur lapis mineralis, que omnia metalla purificat, et in suum perfectum naturali potentia deducit.

THESE olde philosophers wise,
 By wey of kynde in sondrie wise
 Thre stones made through clergie,
 The fyrste I shall speyfe,
 Was cleped Vegetabilis:
 Of whiche the propre vertue is

To mans heale for to serue,
 As for to kepe and to preserue
 The body fro sickenes all,
 Till death of kynde vpon hym fall.
 The seconde stone I the bebote
 Is lapis Animalis hote:
 The whose vertue is propre, and couth
 For care, and eie, nose, and mouth,
 Wherof a man maie here and see,
 And smelle, and taste in his degree,
 And for to fele, and for to go
 It helpeth a man of both two:
 The wittes siue be vnderfongeth
 To kepe, as it to hym belongeth.

The thirde stone in speciall
 By name is cleped Minerall,
 Whiche the metalls of euery myne
 Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne,
 And pureth hem by suche a wey,
 That all the vice goth awey
 Of rust, of stynke, and of hardnes:
 And when thei ben of suche clenness,
 This mineral, so as I fynde,
 Transformeth all the fyrste kynde,
 And maketh hem able to conceiue
 Through his vertue, and receiue
 Both in substance and in figure
 Of golde and siluer the nature.
 For thei two ben thextremittees,
 To whiche after the proprietees
 Hath euery metall his desire,
 With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
 Forth with this stone, as it is saide,
 Whiche to the sonne and moone is laide:
 For to the redde, and to the white
 This stone hath power to profite.
 It maketh multiplicacion
 Of golde, and the fixation
 It causeth, and of his habite
 He doth the werke to be parfite
 Of thilke Elixer, whiche men call
 Alconomy, as is befall
 To hem, that whilome were wise.
 But now it stant all otherwise.

Thei speken faste of thilke stone,
 But howe to make it, nowe wote none,
 After the southe experyence.
 And netheles great diligence
 Thei setten vp thilke dede,
 And spilen more than thei spede.
 For alway thei fynde a lette,
 Whiche bringeth in pouertee and dette
 To hem, that riche were tofore,
 The losse is had, the lucre is lore:
 To get a pounce thei spenden siue,
 I not how suche a crafte shall thriue,
 In the maner as it is used,
 It were better be refused,
 Than for to worcheu vpon wene
 In thyng, whiche stant not as thei wene
 But not for thy who that it knewe,
 The science of hym selfe is trewe,
 Upon the forme, as it was founden,
 Wherof the names yet be gounded
 Of hem, that first it founden out:
 And thus the fame goth all about
 To suche as soughten besines
 Of vertue, and of worthines,
 Of whom if I the names call,
 Hermes was one the first of all,

To whom this arte is moste applied:
 Geber therof was magnified,
 And Ortolan, and Morien,
 Amonge the whiche is Auicen,
 Whiche fonde and wrote a great partie
 The practike of Alconomie:
 Whose bokes plainly, as thei stonde
 Upon this crafte, fewe vnderstonde.
 But yet to put hem in assaie,
 There ben full many nowe a daie,
 That knowen littell what thei mene,
 It is not one to wite, and wene.
 In forme of wordes thei it trete,
 But yet thei failen of beyete.
 For of to muche, or of to lite,
 There is algate founde a wite:
 So that thei folowe not the line
 Of the perfecte medicine,
 Whiche grounded is vpon nature:
 But thei that writen the scripture
 Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
 Thei were of suche auctoritee,
 That thei first founden out the wcy
 Of all that thou hast herde me sey.
 Wherof the cronike of her lore
 Shall stonde in price for euermore.
 But towarde our marches here
 Of the Latins, if thou wolt here
 Of hem that whilom vertuous
 Were, and therto laborious,
 Carment made of hir engine
 The first letters of latine,
 Of whiche the tonge romayn came,
 Wherof that Aristarcus name,
 Forth with Donat, and Didymus
 The fyrste rule of schole, as thus,
 Howe that latine shall be compouned,
 And in what wise it shall be souned,
 That query worde in his degre
 Shal stonde vpon congruitee.
 And thilke time at Rome also
 Was Tullius Cicero,
 That writeth vpon Rethorike,
 How that men shulde her wordes pike
 After the forme of eloquence,
 Whiche is, men seine, a great prudence.
 And after that out of hebrewe
 Jerome, whiche the langage knewe,
 The Bible, in whiche the lawe is closed,
 In to latine he hath transposed.
 And many an other writer eke
 Out of Caldee, Arabe, and Greke,
 With great labour the bokes wise
 Translateden, and otherwise
 The latins of hem selfe also
 Her study at thilke tyme so
 With great trauaile of schole toke
 In sondry forme for to loke,
 That we maie take her euidence
 Upon the lore of the science
 Of craftes bothe, and of clergie,
 Amonge the whiche in poesie
 To the louers Ouide wrote
 And taught, if loue be to hote,
 In what maner it shulde akele.
 For thy my sonne if that thou fele,
 That loue wrynge the to sore,
 Beholde Ouide, and take his lore.
 My father if thei might spede,
 My loue, I wolde his bokes rede.

And if they techen to restreyne
 My loue, it were an idell peyne
 To lerne a thyng, whiche mai not bee.
 For liche vnto the grene tree,
 If that men take his roote aweie:
 Right so myn herte shulde deie,
 If that my loue be withdrawe,
 Wherof touchende vnto this sawe
 There is but onely to pursewe
 My loue, and idelship eschewe.
 My good sonne sooth to seye,
 If there be siker any weye
 To loue, thou hast saide the best.
 For who that woll haue all his rest,
 And do no trauaile at nede,
 It is no reason that he spede,
 In loues cause for to wyne.
 For he, whiche dare nothyng begynne,
 I not what thyng he shulde achewe.
 But ouer this thou shalte beleue,
 So as it sit the well to knowe,
 That there ben other vices slowe,
 Whiche vnto loue do great lette,
 If thou thyn herte vpon hem sette.

Perdit homo causam linquens sua iura sopori,
 Et quasi dimidium pars sua mortis habet.
 Est in amore vigil Venus, et que habet vigilantis,
 Obsequium thalamis fert vigilata suis.

Hic loquitur de Somnolentia, quæ Accidie Came-
 raria dicta est, cuius natura semimortua alicui-
 us negotii vigilias obseruari soporifero torpore
 recusat, vnde quatenus amorem concernit Con-
 fessor Amanti diligentius opponit.

TOWARDE the slowe progenie
 There is yet one of companie,
 And he is cleped Somnolence,
 Whiche dothe to Slouth his reuerence,
 As he whiche is his chamberlein,
 That many an honderde tyme hath lein
 To slepe, when he shulde wake.
 He hath with loue truce take,
 That wake who so wake will,
 If he maie coucbe adowne his bill,
 He hath all wowed what hym list,
 That ofte he goth to bedde vnkist,
 And saith, that for no druerie
 He woll not leue his sluggardie.
 For though no man wold it alowe,
 To slepe leuer than to wowe
 Is his maner, and thus on nightes
 Whien he seeth the lusty knightes
 Reuelen, where these women are,
 Awey he sculketh as an hare,
 And gothe to bed, and leyth hym softe,
 And of his slouth he dremeth ofte,
 How that he sticketh in the mire,
 And howe he sitteth by the fire,
 And claweth on his bare skankes,
 And howe he clymeth vp the bankes,
 And fallet in the slades depe.
 But then who so take kepe,
 When he is falle in suche a dreme,
 Right as a ship against the streme
 He routeth with a slepie noyse,
 And broustleth as a monkes froyse,
 When it is throwe in to the panne,
 And otherwhile selde whynne

That he maie dreme a lustie sweuen,
 Hyin thinketh as though he were in heuen:
 And as the world were holly his.
 And thou he speaketh of that and this,
 And maketh his exposition
 After his disposition,
 Of that he wold, and in suche wise
 He dothe to loue all his seruise.
 I not what thouke he shall deserue.
 But sonue if thou wolte loue serue,
 I rede that thou do not so.

A good father certes no,
 I had leauer by my trouth,
 Er I were sette on suche a slouth,
 And beare suche a slepye snoute,
 Bothe eien of my head were out.
 For me were better fully die,
 Than I of suche sluggardie
 Had any name, god me shilde.
 For whan my mother was with childe,
 And I lay in her wombe close,
 I wolde rather Atropos,
 Whiche is goddessse of all death,
 Anone as I had any breath,
 Me had fro my mother cast.

But nowe I am nothing agast,
 I thanke god: for Lachesis,
 Ne Cloto, whiche hir felawe is,
 Me shopen no suche destinee,
 Whan thei at my natiuitee
 My werdes setten as thei wolde.
 But thei me shopen that I sholde
 Eschwe of slepe the trauandise,
 So that I hope in suche a wise
 To loue for to ben excused,
 That I no sompoulnce haue vsed,

For certes father Genius,
 Yet vnto nowe it hath be thus
 At all tyme if it befelle,
 So that I might come and dwelle
 In place there my lady were,
 I was not slowe ne slepye there.
 For than I dare well vndertake,
 That whan hir list on nightes wake
 In chambre as to carole and daunce,
 Me thinke I maie me more auance
 If I may gone vpon bir honde,
 Then if I wyne a kynges londe.
 For whan I maie hir honde beclip,
 With suche gladnes I daunce and skip,
 Me thinketh I touche not the floore.
 The Ro, whiche renueth on the moore
 Is than nought so light as I.
 So mowe ye witten all for thy,
 That for the tyme slepe I hate,
 And whan it falleth other gate,
 So that hir liketh not to daunce,
 But on the dyes to caste a chaunce,
 Or aske of loue some demaunde,
 Or els that hir list commaunde
 To rede and here of Troilus,
 Richt as she wolde, so or thus,
 I am all redie to consent.
 And if so is, that I maie hent
 Somtyme amonge a good leyser,
 So as I dare of my desira,
 I telle a part: but whan I praic,
 Anone she biddeth me go my weye,
 And saith: it is ferre in the night,
 And I swerc, it is euen light.

But as it falleth at laste,
 There may no worldes ioye last,
 So mote I nedes fro hir wende,
 And of my watche make an ende.
 And if she than hede toke,
 Howe pitousliche on hir I looke,
 Whan that I shall my leue take,
 Hir ought of meryy for to slake
 Hir daunger, whiche saith euer naie.

But he seith often, Haue good daie,
 That lothe is for to take his leue.
 Therefore while I maie beleue,
 I tary forth the night alonge.
 For it is nought on me alonge,
 To slepe, that I sooue go,
 Till that I mote algate so.
 And than I bidde, god hir see,
 And so downe knelende on my knee,
 I take leue, and if I shall,
 I kisse hir, and go forth withall.
 And other while, if that I dore,
 Er I come fully at dore,
 I tourne ayene, and feigne a thyng,
 As though I had lost a rynge,
 Or somwhat els, for I wolde
 Kisse hir eftsoone, if I shulde.
 But selden is, that I so spede.
 And whau I see, that I mote ned
 Departe, I departe, and than
 With all my herte I curse and banne,
 That euer slepe was made for eye.
 For as me thinketh I might drie
 Without slepe to waken euer,
 So that I shulde not disseuer
 Fro hir, in whom is all my light.
 And than I curse also the night,
 With all the will of my courage,
 And saie, Away thou blacke image,
 Whiche of thy derke cloudie face
 Makest all the worldes light deface,
 And causest vnto slepe awaye,
 By whiche I mote nowe gone awaye
 Out of my ladics companie.
 O slepy night I the defie,
 And wolde that thou lay in presse
 With Proserpine the goddessse,
 And with Pluto the helle kyng.
 For till I se the daie springe,
 I sette slepe nought at a risshe.
 And with that worde I sigh and wisshe,
 And saie: A why ne were it daie.
 For yet my lady than I maie
 Beholde, though I do no more.
 And eft I thinke forthermore,
 To some man howe the night doth ease,
 Whan he hath thyng, that may hym please
 The longe night by his side,
 Where as I faile, and go beside.
 But slepe, I not wherof it serueth,
 Of whiche no man his thanke deserueth
 To get hym loue in any place,
 But is an hynder of his grace,
 And maketh hym dead as for a throwe,
 Richt as a stocke were ouerthrowe.
 And so my fader in this wise
 The slepy nightes I despise:
 And euer a middes of my tale
 I thinke vpon the nightyngale,
 Whiche slepeth not by wey of kynde
 For loue, in bokes as I fynde.

Thus at laste I go to bedde,
 And yet myn herte lieth to wedde
 With hir, where as I cam fro,
 Though I departe, he woll not so,
 There is no locke maie shet hym oute,
 Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute,
 That perce maie the hardd wall.
 Thus is he with hir ouerall
 That be hir leef, or he loth,
 In to hir bed myn herte goth:
 And softly taketh hir in his arme,
 And feleth howe that she is warme,
 And wissheth that his body were
 To fele, that he feleth there.

And thus my selfen I torment,
 Tyll that the dead slepe me hent.
 But than by a thousand score,
 Wel more than I was tofore
 I am tormented in my slepe:
 But that I dreme is not on shepe.
 For I ne thynke nought on wull,
 But I am dretched to the full
 Of loue, that I haue to kepe:
 That nowe I laugh and nowe I wepe,
 And nowe I lese and nowe I wyne,
 And nowe I ende, and nowe beginne:
 And other while I dreme, and mete,
 That I alone with hir mete,
 And that daunger is leste behynde:
 And than in slepe suche ioye I fynde,
 That I ne bede neuer awake.

But after, whan I hede take,
 And shall arise vpon the morowe,
 Than is all turned in to sorowe:
 Nought for the cause I shall arise,
 But for I mette in suche a wise.
 And at laste I am bethought,
 That all is vaine, and helpeth nought.
 But yet me thynketh by my wille,
 I wold haue ley and slepe stille,
 To meten euer of suche a sweuen.
 For than I had a slepie heuen.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne and for thou tellest so,
 A man maie finde of tyme a go,
 That many a sweuen hath be certeyn,
 All be it so, that som men seyn,
 That sweuens ben of no credence:
 But for to shewe in euidence,
 That they full ofte sOTH thynges
 Be token, I thynke in my wrytynges
 To telle a tale therupon,
 Whiche felle by old dayes gone.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter somnia pronostice
 veritatis quandoque certitudinem figurant. Et
 narrat, quod cum Ceix rex Troecenie pro reforma-
 tione fratris sui Dedalionis in ascipitrem trans-
 mutati peregre proficiscens in mari longius a
 patria dimersus fuerat, Iuno mittens Iridem
 nunciam suam in partes Chimerie ad domum
 somni iussit, quod ipse Alcione dicti regis vxori
 buius rei euentum pro somnia certificaret. Quo
 facto Alcione rem perscrutans corpus mariti
 sui, ubi super fluctus mortuus iactabatur, in-
 uenit: que pro dolore angustiata cupiens corpus
 amplectere, in altum mare super ipsum prosiliit,
 vnde dii miseri anhorum corpora in aues, que

adhuc Alciones dicte sunt, subito conuerte-
 runt.

THIS fynde I writte inn poesie,
 Ceyx the kynge of Troecnie
 Had Alceon to his wyfe,
 Whiche as hir owne berthes lyfe
 Hym loueth, and he had also
 A broder, whiche was cleped the
 Dedalion, and he par cas,
 Fro kynde of man forshape was
 In to a goshauke of likenes,
 Whereof this kynge great heauinesse
 Hath take: and thought in his courage
 To gone vpon a pilgrimage
 In a strange region,
 Where he hath bis denocion
 To done his sacrifice, and preye,
 If that he might in any weye
 Towardes the goddes fynde grace,
 His broders hole to purchace,
 So that he might be reformed,
 Of that he had ben transformed.
 To this purpose, and to this ende,
 This kynge is redy for to wende:
 As he whiche wold go by ship,
 And for to done hym selauship,
 His wife vnto the sea hym brought
 With all hir herte, and hym besought,
 That he the tyme hir wolde seyne,
 Whan that he thought come ageyne.

Within, he saith, two monethes daie.
 And thus in all the haste he maie
 He toke his leue, and forth he sailth.
 Wepend and she hir selfe bewailth,
 And torneth home there she cam fro.

But whan the monethes were ago,
 The whiche he set of his conyngre,
 And that she herd no tydyng,
 There was no care for to seche,
 Whereof the goddes to besече
 Tho she began in many wise,
 And to Iuno hir sacrifice
 Aboute all other moste she dede,
 And for hir lorde she hath so bede,
 To witte and knowe howe that he dede,
 That Iuno the goddes hir herde
 Anone, and vpon this matere
 She badde Iris hir massagyer,
 To Slepes hous that she shall wende,
 And byd hym, that he make an ende
 By sweuen, and shewen all the cas
 Unto this ladie, howe it was.

This Iris fro the highe stage
 (Whiche vndertake hath the message)
 Hir reinie cope dyd vpon,
 The whiche was wonderly begone
 With colours of dyuers hewe,
 An honderd mo than men it knewe,
 The heuen lyches vnto a bowe
 She bende, and she cam downe lowe,
 The god of slepe where that she fonde,
 And that was in a straunge londe,
 Whiche marcheth vpon Chimerie.
 For there, as seith the poesie,
 The god of slepe hath made his hous,
 Whiche of entaylle is meruailous.

Under a hille there is a caue,
 Whiche of the sonne maie not haue,
 So that no man maie knowe aright
 The poynnt betwene the daie and night

There is no fyre, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, whiche maie charke,
Wherof an eie shulde vnshet,
So that inward there is no let.

And for to speke of that withoute,
There stant no great tree high aboute,
Wheron there might crowe or pie
Alight? for to clepe or drie.
There is no cocke to crowe daie,
Ne best none, whiche noise maie
The hyl, but all aboute rounde
There is grownd vpon the grounde
Popie, whiohe beareth the seede of slepe,
With other herbes suche an bepe.
A still water for the nones
Rennend vpon the small stones,
Whiche hight of Lethe the riuier,
Under that hille in suche maner
There is, whiche yeueth great appetite
To slepe, and thus full of delite
Slepe hath his hous. And of his couche
Within his chamber if I shall touche,
Of Hebenus that slepie tree
The bordes all aboute bee.
Aud for he shuld slepe softe,
Upon a fether bed alofte
He lieth, with many a pylow of downe.
The chambre is strowed vp and downe
With sweuens many a thousande folde.

Thus came Iris in to this holde,
And to the bed, whiche is all blacke
She goth, and ther with slepe she spake,
Aud in this wise as she was bede,
The massage of Iuno she dede.
Full ofte hir worde she reberseth,
Er she his slepie cares perseth,
With mocheill wo but at laste
His slomerend eies he vpcaste,
And said hir, that it shall be do.
Wherof amonge a thousand tho
Within his hous, that slepie were
In speciall he chese out there
Three, whiche shulden do this dede.

The first of hem, so as I rede,
Was Morpheus, the whose nature
Is for to take the figure
Of that person, that hym liketh,
Wherof that he full ofte entriketh
The lyfe, whiche slepe shall by night.
And Ithecus that other hight,
Whiche hath the voice of euery sounde,
The chere and the condiciouu
Of euery life what so it is.

The thirde sewende after this,
Is Panthasas, whiche maie transforme
Of euery thyng the right forme,
And change it in an other kynde.
Upon hem three, so as I fynde,
Of sweuens stant all thapparence,
Whiche other while is euidence,
And other while but a iape,
But netheles it is so shape,
That Morpheus by night alone
Appereth vntill Alceone,
In lyknesse of hir husbande,
All naked dead vpon the stronde.
And how he dreint in speciall
These other two it shewen all,
The tempest of the blacke clowde,
The woode sea, the wyndes lowde,

All this she met, and seeth hym dien:
Wherof that she began to crien
Slepend a bedde there she laie,
And with that noise of hir affraie,
Hir women sterten vp aboute,
Whiche of hir ladie were in doubt,
And asken hir, howe that she furde.
And she, right as she sigh and herde,
Hir sweuen hath tolde hem euery dele.
And thei it halsen all wele,
And seyn, it is a token of good.
But till she wist howe that it stood,
She hath no comfort in hir herte.

Upon the morowe aud vp she sterte,
And to the sea (where as she mette
The bodie laie) without lette
She drough: and wban that she cam nigh,
Starke dead bis armes sprade she sight
Hir lorde, stetende vpon the wawe:
Wherof hir wittes be withdrawe,
And she whiche toke of death no kepe,
Anone forth lepte in to the depe,
And woulde haue caught hym in hir arme.
This infortune of double harme
The goddes from the heuen aboute
Beheld, and for the trouthe of loue,
Whiche in this worthie ladie floode
Thei haue vpon the salt floode,
Hir dreint lorde and hir also
For deth to life torned so,

That thei ben shapen in to briddes
Swimming vpon the wauc amidde.
And wban she sawe hir lorde lyuend
In lyknesse of a birde swymende,
And she was of the same sorte,
So as she might do disporte
Upon the ioie, whiche she had
Hir winges both abrode she sprad,
And hym both so as she maie suffise,
Beclipte and kiste in suche a wise,
As she was whilome wont to do,
Hir winges for hir armes tho
She toke, and for hir lippes softe
Hir harde bille, and so full ofte
She fondeth in bir birdes forme,
If that she might hir selfe conformance
To do the plesance of a wife,
As she did in that other life.
For though she had hir power lore,
Hir wille stode, as it was tofore,
And serueth hym so as she maie,
Wherof in to this ylke daie
To geder vpon the sea thei wonne,
Where many a daughter and sonne
Thei bringen forth of byrdes kynde.
And for men shulden take in mynde
This Alceon the trewe quene,
Hir briddes yet as it is sene,
Of Alceon the name beare.

Lo thus my sounde it maie the sterc
Of sweuens for to take kepe.
For oft tyme a man a slepe
Maie se, what after shall betide.
For thy it helpeth at some tide
A man to slepe as it belongeth:
But slouthe no life vnderfongeth,
Whiche is to loue appertenant
My fader vpon the couenant
I dare well make this auowe,
Of all my life in to nowe,

Als forforth, as I can vnderstonde,
 Yet toke I neuer slepe on honde,
 What it was tyme for to wake.
 For though myn eie it wolde take,
 Myn herte is euer there agayue.
 But netheles to speake it playne,
 All this that I haue sayde you here,
 Of my wakyng, as ye maie here,
 It toucheth to my lady swete.
 For other wise I you bihete,
 In straunge place when I go,
 Me lyst no thyng to wake so.
 For whan the women lysten plaic,
 And I hir se not in the waie,
 Of whome I shulde myrthe take,
 Me list not longe for to wake,
 But if it be for pure shame,
 Of that I wolde eachewe a name,
 That thei ne shuld haue cause none
 To seie, A lo where suche one,
 That hath forlore his countenance.
 And thus amonge I syng and daunce
 And feigwe lust, there none is.
 For ofte syth I fele this
 Of thought, whiche in mine herte falleth,
 Whan it is night myn heade appalleth:
 And that is for I see hir nought,
 Whiche is the waker of my thought.

And thus as tyme like as I maie
 Full ofte, whan it is brode daie,
 I take of all these other leue,
 And go my way: and thei beleue,
 That seen per cas her loues there,
 And I go forth as nought ne were
 Unto my bed, so that alone
 I maie there ligge sigh and grone,
 And wisshen all the longe night,
 Tyll that I see the daies light:
 I not if that be sompnolence,
 But vpon your conscience
 Myn holy fader demeth ye.

My sonne I am well payd with the
 Of slepe, that thou the swardie
 By nights in loues companie
 Eschewe hast, and do thy pryne
 So, that thy loue dare not pleyue.

For loue vpon his lust wakende
 Is euer, and wold that none eude,
 Wherof the longe night is sette,
 Wherof that thou beware the bette,
 To telle a tale I am bethought,
 Howe loue and slepe acorden nought.

Hic dicit, quod vigilia in amantibus, et non somnolentia laudanda est. Et pouit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno silentio Auroram amicam suam diligentius amplectens, Solem et Lunam interpellabat, videlicet quod sol in circulo ab oriente distantiori curram cum luce sua retardaret, et quod Luna sphaera sua longissima orbem circueus, noctem continuaret, ita ut ipsa Cephalum amplexibus Aureore volutum priusquam dies illucesceret suis delitiis adquiescere diutius permittere dignarentur.

FOR loue who that lust to wake
 By night, he maie ensample take
 Of Cephalus, whan that he laie
 With Aurora the swete maie
 n armes all the longe night.
 But whan it drough towarde the lyght,

That he within his herte sie
 The daie, whiche was the morowe nie,
 Anone vnto the sonne he praide,
 For luste of loue: and thus he saide:
 O Phebus, whiche the daies light
 Gouernest tyll that it be night,
 And gladdest euery creature
 After the lawe of thy nature,
 But netheles there to a thyng,
 Whiche onliche to thy knowlechyng
 Belongeth as in priuitee
 To loue, and to his deute,
 Whiche asketh not to ben a pert,
 But in scilence, and in couert
 Desyrth for to be beshaded:
 And thus whan that the light is faded,
 And vesper sheweth hym alofte
 And that the night is longe and softe
 Under the loudes derke and stille.
 Than hath this thyng most of his wille.

For thy vnto thy mightes hie,
 As thou, whiche art the daies eie
 Of lone and might no counsey l hyde,
 Upon this derke nightes tide
 With all myn herte I the beseche,
 That I plesance might seche
 With hir, whiche lyeth in myn armes,
 Withdrawe the baner of thyn armes,
 And lete thy lightes ben vnborne,
 And in the signe of Capricorne
 The hous approped to Saturne,
 I prae the, that thou wolt soiourne
 Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
 For I my loue haue vnderfonge,
 Whiche lieth here by my side naked,
 As she whiche wolde ben awaked,
 And me list no thyng for to slepe:
 So were it good to take kepe
 Nowe at this nede of my praier,
 And that the like for to sterc
 Thy fyrie carte, and so ordeine,
 That thou thy swift hors restraine
 Lowe vnder erthe in occident,
 That thei toward thorient
 By cercle go the longe weie.

And eke to the Dianc I prae,
 Which cleped art of thy noblesse
 The nightes moone, and the Goddesse,
 That thou to me be gracious,
 And in Cancro thyn own hous,
 Ayene Phebus in opposite
 Stound at this time, and of delite
 Beholde Venus with a gladde eie.
 For than vpon Astronomie
 Of due constellation,
 Thou makest prolificacion,
 And dost that children ben begete,
 Whiche grace if that I might gete,
 With all myn herte I woll serue
 By nyght, and thy vigille obserue.

Lo thus this lustie Cephalus
 Praied vnto Phebe, and to Phebus,
 The night in lengthe for to drawe,
 So that he might do the lawe
 In thilke poynt of loues heste,
 Whiche cleped is the nightes feste,
 With outen slepe of sluggardie,
 Whiche Venus out of companie
 Hath put away, as thilke same,
 Whiche lustles fer from game

In chambre doth full ofte wo
 A bedde whan it falleth so,
 That loue shulde ben awaited,
 But slouthe, whiche is euill affaited
 With slepe hath made his retenue,
 That what thyng is to lone due,
 Of all his dette he paieth none,
 He wote not howe the nygt is gone,
 Ne howe the daie is come aboute,
 But onely for to slepe and route,
 Till high middaie, that he arise.
 But Cephalus did otherwise,
 As thou my sonne hast herd aboute.

My fader who that hath his loue
 A bedde naked by his side,
 And wold than his eien hide
 With slepe, I not what ma is he.
 But certes as touchend of me,
 That felle me neuer yet er this.
 But other while whan so is,
 That I maie catche slepe on honde
 Lyggend alone, than I fonde
 To dreme a mery sweuen er daie.
 And it so falle, that I maie
 My thought with suche a sweuen please,
 Me thynke I am somedele at ease.
 For I none other comfort haue,
 So nedeth nought that I shall craue
 The Sonnes carte for to tarié
 Ne yet the Moone that she carie
 Hir cours a longe vpon the heuen.
 For I am nought the more in euen
 Towards loue in no degree.
 But in my slepe yet than I see
 Somwhat in sweuen of that me liketh,
 Whiche afterwarde myn herte entriketh,
 Whan that I fynde it other wise:
 So wote I not of what seruice
 That slepe to mans ease dooth.

My sonne certes thou sayst sooth:
 But onely that it helpeth kynde,
 Somtyme in Phisike as I fynde,
 Whan it is take by measure
 But he whiche can no slepe measure
 Ipon the reule as it belongeth,
 Full ofte of sodeine chauce he fongeth,
 Suche infortune, that hym greueth.

But who these olde bokes leueth,
 Of somuolence howe it is writte.
 There maie a man the soth witte,
 If that he wolde ensample take,
 That otherwhile is good to wake,
 Wherof a tale in Poesie
 I thynke for to specifie.

Hic loquitur in amoris causa contra istos, qui somolentie dediti, ea que seruare tenentur, amittunt, Et narrat quod cum Io puella pulcherrima a lunone in vaccam transformata, et in Argi custodiam sic depositam fuisse superueniens Mercurius Argum dormientem occidit, vt ipsam vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit, secum perduxit.

OUIDE telleth in his saies
 Howe Jupiter by olde daies
 Laie by a maide, whiche Io
 Was cleped, wherof that Iuno
 His wife was wrothe, and the goddessse
 Of Io torned the likenessse

In to a Cowe to goe there oute
 The large felde all aboute,
 And get hir mete vpon the grene.
 And therupon this highe queue
 Betoke hir Argus for to kepe.
 For he was seldom wonte to slepe:
 And yet he had an hondred eyen,
 And all aliche well thei syen.
 Now herken how he was begied
 Mercuric whiche was all affiled
 This Cowe to stele he came desgused,
 And had a pipe well deuised
 Upon the notes of musike,
 Wherof he might his eres like.
 And ouer that he had affaited
 His lusty tales, and awaited
 His time; and thus in to the felde
 He came, where Argus he behelde
 With Io, whiche beside hym went:
 With that his pype anon he hent,
 And gan to pipe in his manere
 Thyng, whiche was slepie for to here,
 And in his pipynge euer amonge
 He tolde hym suche a lusty songe,
 That he the fool hath brought a slepe,
 There was none eie that might kepe
 His heade, whiche Mercurie of smote,
 And forth with all anone fote hote
 He stale the cowe, whiche Argus kepte,
 And all this fell for that he slepte.

Ensamble it was to many mo,
 That mochell slepe doth ofte wo,
 Whan it is time for to wake.
 For if a man this vice take,
 In somnolence and hym delite,
 Men shulde vpon his dore write
 His Epitaphie, and on his graue.
 For he to spill, and nought to saue
 Is shaped, as though he were deade.

For thy my sonne holde vp thin heade,
 And let no slepe thyn eie engue,
 But whan it is to reason due.

My fader as touchend of this,
 Right so as I you toide, it is,
 That ofte a bedde, whan I sholde,
 I maie not slepe though I wolde.
 For loue is euer fast hyme,
 Whiche taketh none hede of due tyme.
 For whan I shall myn eien close,
 Anone my hert he woll oppose,
 And hold his schole in suche a wise
 Tyll it be daie that I arise:
 That selde it is whan that I slepe.
 And thus fro somnolence I kepe
 Myn eie, and for thy if thre bee
 Ought elles more in this degree
 Now aske forth. My sonne yis.
 For slouthe, whiche as moder is,
 The fourth drawer and the Norice
 To man of many a dredfull vice,
 Hath yet another last of all,
 Whiche many a man hath made to falle,
 Where that he might neuer arise:
 Wherof for thou the shalt auise,
 Er thou so with thy selfe misfare,
 What vice it is I woll declare.

*Nil fortuna iuuat, vbi desperatio ledit.
 Quo desiccat humor non viridescit humus.
 Magnanimus sed amor spem ponit, et inde salutem.
 Consequitur, quo ei prospera fata faucit.*

Hic loquitur super vltima specie accidie, que Tristitia, siue desperacio dicitur, cuius obstinata condicio totius consolacionis spem deponens alicuius remedii, quo liberari poterit, fortunam sibi euenire impossibile credit.

WHAN slouth doth all that he maie
To driue forth the longe daie
Till he become to the nede,
Than at last vpon the dede
He loketh howe his tyme is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought conceiueth
Tristesse, and so him selfe deceiueth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,
Where is no comforte to beginne,
But euery ioye hym is delated,
So that within his herte affraied
A thousande tyme with one breath
Wepende he wisbeth after death,
Whan he fortune fynt aduerse.
For than he woll his hope reherse,
As though his worlde were all forelore,
And saith, alas that I was bore,
How shall I liue? how shall I do?
For nowe fortune is thus my fo.
I wote well god me woll not helpe:
What shulde I than of ioye yelpe?
Where there no bote is of my care.
So ouercaste is my welfare
That I am shapen all to strife:
Alas that I nere of this life,
Er I be fulliche ouertake.
And thus he will his sorowe make,
As god him might not auale:
But yet ne woll he not trauaile,
To helpe hym selfe at suche a nede,
But slouthbeth vnder suche a drede,
Whiche is affermed in his herte:
Right as he might nough asterte
The worldes wo, whiche he is inne.
Also whan he is falle in synne,
Hym thynketh he is so fer culpable,
That god woll not be merciable
So great a sinne to foryeue.
And thus he leueth to be shriue.
And if a man in thilke throwe
Wold hym counseile, he wolde not knowe
The soth, though a man it fynde.
For tristesse is of suche a kynde,
That for to mainteue his folie
He hath with hym obstinacie,
Whiche is within of suche a slouth,
That he forsaketh all the trowth,
And wooll to no reason bowe.
And yet he can not alowe
His owne skille, but of hede
Thus dwineth he, till he be dede,
In hyndrynge of his owne estate.
For where a man is obstinate,
Wanhope falleth at laste,
Whiche maie not longe after laste,
Till slouth make of hym an ende.
But god wote whether he shall wende.
My sonne and right in suche manere
There be louers of heuie chere,
That sorowen more than is nede,
Whan they be taried of her spede,
And can not them selfe reio,
But lesen hope for to spede,

And stynten loue to pursewe.
And thus thei faden hyde and hewe,
And lustles in her hertes ware.
Herof it is, that I wolde are,
If thou my sonne art one of tho.

A good father it is so,
Out take o point I am beknowe.
For els I am ouerthrowe
In all that euer ye haue seide,
My sorowe is euermore vnteide,
And seclheth ouer all my veynes.
But for to counsaile of my peines
I can no bote do therto.
And thus withouten hope I go:
So that my wittes ben empeired,
And I am, as who saith dispeired
To winne loue of thilke swete,
Without whom, I you behete,
Myu herte, that is so bestadde,
Right inly neuer maie be gladde.
For by my trowth I shall not lie.
Of pure sorowe, whiche I drie,
For that she saith sic will me nought,
With dretchyng of myn owne thought,
In suche a wanhope I am falle,
That I ne cau vnthes calle,
As for to speke of any grace,
My ladies mercy to purchase.
But yet I saie nought for this,
That all in my defaute it is,
That I am neuer yet in stede,
Whan time was, that I me bede
Ne sayde, and as I durst tolde.
But neuer fonde I, that she wolde
For ought she knewe of myn entent,
To speke a goodly worde assent.

And netheles this dare I saie,
That if a sinfull wolde praie
To god of his foryeuenes,
With halfe so great a besinesse,
As I haue do to my ladie,
In lacke of askyng of mercie,
He shulde neuer come in helle.
And thus I maie you soothly telle,
Saufe onely that I cris and biide,
I am in tristesse all amidde,
And fulfilled of desperance:
And therof yeue me my penance
Myn holy father, as you liketh.
My sonne of that thyn herte siketh,
With sorowe might thou not amende,
Tyll loue his grace woll the sende.
For thou thyn owne cause empeirest,
What tyme as thou thy selfe despeirest
I not what other thyng auaileth
Of hope, whan the herte faileth
For suche a sore is incurable:
And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man maie right well frede,
These olde bokes who so rede
Of thyng, whiche hath befalle er this.
Nowe here, of what ensample it is.

Hic narrat qualiter Iphis, regis Thencri filius, ob amorem cuiusdam puelle nomine Araxarathen, quam neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, desperans ante patris ipsius puelle ianuas noctanter se suspendit, vnde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem durissimam transmutarunt, quam rex Theuer vna cum filio suo apud Sala-

minam in Templo veneris pro perpetua memoria sepeliri et locari fecit.

WHILOM by olde daies fer,
Of Mese was the kynge Theucer,
Whithe had a knight to sonne Iphis,
Of loue and he so maistred is,
That he hath set all his courage,
As to regarde of his lignage,
Upon a maide of lowe estate.
But though he were a potestate
Of worldes good, he was subiecte
To loue and put in suche a plite,
That he exceedeth the measure
Of reason, that hym selfe assure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The lasse loue on hym she layde.
He was with loue vnwise constreigned,
And she with reason was restraigned.
The lustes of his herte he seweth,
And she for drede, shame escheweth:
And as she shulde, toke good bede,
To saue and kepe hir womanhede.
And thus the thyng stode in debate
Betwene his lust, and hir estate.
He yaue, he sende, he spake by mouth.
But yet for ought that euer he couth
Unto his spede he fonde no weie:
So that he cast his hope aweie,
Within his herte he gan despeyre
Fro daie to daie, and so empeyre,
That he hath lost all his delite
Of lust, of slepe, of appetite,
That he through strength of loue passeth
His witte, and reason ouerpasseth:
As he whiche of his life ne rought,
His death vpon hym selfe he sought:
So that by night his weie he nam,
There wist none where he becarn.
The night was derk, there shone no moone,
Tofore the gates he cam soone,
Where that this yonge maide was,
And with this wofull worde, alas
His deadly plaintes be began
So still, that there was no man
It herde: and than he saide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whose ordinance
Of loue, is euery mans chance.
Ye knowen all myn hole herte,
That I ue maie your bondes asterte.
On you is euer that I crie,
And you deigneth not to plie,
Ne towarde me your eare encline.
Thus for I see no iuicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My death shall be in stede of hele
Ha thou my wofull ladie dere,
Whiche dwellest with thy father here,
And slepest in thy bedde at ease,
Thou wotest nothyng of my disease,
Howe thou and I be nowe vnmete,
A lorde, what sweuen shalt thou mete:
What dremes hast thou nowe on honde?
Thou slepest there, and I berde stonde.
Though I no death to the deserue,
Here shall I for thy loue sterue,
Here shall I a kynges sonne die
For loue, and for no felonie.

Whether thou therof haue ioy or sorow,
Here shalt thou se me dead to morowe.
O harde herte abouen alle,
This death, whiche shall to me falle,
For that thou wolde not do me grace,
It shall be tolde in many place,
That I am dead for loue and trowth,
In thy defaute, and in thy slouth.
Thy daunger shall to many mo
Ensampl be for euermo,
Whan thei the wofull death recorde.

And with that worde he toke a corde,
With whiche vpon the gate tree
He henge him selfe, that was pitee.

The morow cam, the night is gone.
Men come out and see anone
Where that this yonge lorde was dede,
There was an hous without rede.
For no man knewe the cause whie,
There was wepyng, there was crie.

This maiden, whan she it herde,
And sigh this thyng howe it misf, rde:
Anone she wist what it ment,
And all the cause howe it went.
To all the worlde she tolde it out,
And preieth to hem, that were aboute
To take of hir the vengeance.
For she was cause of thilke chance,
Why that this kynges son is spilte:
She taketh vpon hir selfe the gilte,
And is all redie to the peine,
Whiche any man hir wolde ordeine.
But if any other wolde,
She saith, that hir selfe she sholde
Do wreche with hir owne honde,
Through out the worlde in euery londe,
That euery lyfe therof shall speke,
Howe she hir selfe it shulde wreke.
She wepeth, she crieth, she swouneth ofte,
She caste hir eien vp alofte,
And saide amouge full piteously:
O god, thou wost that it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beseine,
Ordeine so, that men maie seine
A thousande winter after this,
Howe suche a maiden did amis.
And as I did, do to me.

For I ne did no pitee
To hym, whiche for my loue is lore.
Do no pitee to me therfore.
And with this worde she fell to grounde
A swoune, and there she laie a stounde.

The goddes, whiche hir plaintes herde,
And sith how wofully she ferde,
Hir life thei toke away anone,
And shopen hir into a stone,
After the forme of hir image,
Of body both, and of visage.
And for the meruaile of this thyng
Unto the place came the kynge,
And eke the queene, and many mo:
And whan thei wisten it was so,
As I haue tolde it here aboue,
How that Iphis was deade for loue,
Of that he had be refused:
Thei helden all men excused,
And wondren vpon the vengeance.
And for to kepe remembrance,
This fayre image maiden liche,
With companie noble and riche,

With torches, and great solemnitee,
To Salamine the Citee
They leade and carie forth withall
This deade corps, and seue it shall,
Besyde thilke image heare
His sepulture, and be braue.

This corps and this image thus
In to the citee to Venus,
Where that goddesse hir temple had,
To gether bothe two thei ladde.
Thisilke image as for a miracle,
Was set vpon an high pinnacle,
That all men it might knowe:
And vnder that thei maide lowe
A tombe riche for the nones
Of marbe and eke of Jaspre stones,
Wheriu that Iphis was beloken,
That euermore it shall be spoken,
And for men shall the sothe witte
Thei haue her epitaphe writte,
As thyng, whiche shulde abide stable,
The letters grauen in a table
(Of marbe were, and saide this:
Here lieth, whiche slough hym selfe, Iphis
For loue of Araxarathen.
And in ensample of the women,
That suffren men dien so,
Hir forme a man maie seen also,
Howe it is tourned fleshe and bone
In to the figure of a stone.
He was to nessehe, and she to harde.
Beware for thy here afterwarde
Yemen and women both two,
Ensampleth you of that was tho.

Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
It greueth by diuers waie
In dispeire a man to falle,
Whiche is the last branche of all
Of slepe, as thou hast herde deuise,
Wherof that thou thy selfe aise,
Good is, er that thou be deceiued,
Wher that the grace of hope is weiued.

My father howe so that it stoude,
Nowe haue I pleylny vnderstonde
Of slouthes couerte the propertee,
Wherof touchende in my degree,
For euer I thynke to beware.
But ouer this so as I dare,
With all myn herte I you beseeche,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your apprise
In loue, als well as otherwise,
So that I maie me cleane shriue.

My sonne while thou arte aliue,
And hast also thy full mynde,
Amonge the vices, whiche I fynde,
There is yet one suche of the seuen,
Whiche all this woulde lath set vneuen,
And causeth many a wronge,
Where he the cause hath vnderfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou shalt here
The forme bothe, and the watere.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Obstat auaritia naturæ legibus, et quæ
Largus amor poscit, strictius illa vetat.
Omne quod est nimium, vitiosum dicitur aurum,
Vellera sicut oues seruat auarus opes.

Non decet, vt soli seruabitur æs, sed amori
Debet homo solam solus habere suam.

Hic in quinto libro intendit Confessor tractare de
auaritia, que omnium malorum radix esse dicitur,
necon de eiusdem vicii speciebuz, et prim-
um ipsius auaritie naturam describit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

FYRSTE whan the highte god beganne
This worlde, and that the kynde of man
Was ful into no gret ences,
For worldes good was tho no pres,
But all was set to the commune.
Thei speken than of no fortune,
Or for to lese or for to winne
Till Auarice brought it in,
And that was whan the worlde was wore
Of man, of hors, of shepe, of ore,
And that men knewen the money:
Tho went pees out of the wey,
And werre came on euery side,
Whiche all loue leide aside,
And of common his propre made,
So that in stede of shouell and spade
The sharpe sworde was take on honde.
And in this wise it came to londe,
Wherof men made diches depe,
And high walles, for to kepe
The golde, whiche Auarice enclouseth.
But all to littel hym supposeth,
Though he might all the worlde purchase.
For what thing, that he maie embrace
Of golde, of cattell, or of londe,
He let it neuer out of bis honde,
But gette bym more, and halt it fast,
As though the worlde shulde euer laste.
So is he liche vnto the helle.
For as these olde bukes telle,
What cometh therein lasse or more,
It shall departe neuermore.

Thus whan he hath his cofer loken,
It shall not after beu vustoken,
But whan he list to haue a sight
Of golde, Howe that it shineth bright,
That he therou maie loke and muse
For otherwise he dare not vse
To take his parte or lesse or more,
So is he poore, and ouermore
Hym lacketh, that he hath enough.
An ore draweth in the plough
Of that hym selfe hath no profite:
A shepe right in the same plite
His woll beareth, but on a daie
An other taketh the flees awaie.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To seie howe suche a man hath good,
Who so that reasone vnderstoode
It is vnproperliche sayde:
That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
But is vnto his good a thrail,
And a subiecte thus serueth he:
Where that he shulde maister be.
Suche is the kynde of thanarous.

My sonne as thou art amorous,
Tell if thou fare of loue so,
My father as it semeth no,

That avarous yet neuer I was,
 So as ye setten me the cas.
 For as ye tolden here abone,
 In full possession of loue
 Yet was I neuer here tofore:
 So that me thynketh well therfore
 I maie excuse well my dede.
 But of my wyll withouten drede,
 If I that tresour might gete,
 It shulde neuer be foryete,
 That I ne wolde it faste holde,
 Tyll god of loue hym selue wolde,
 That death vs shulde departe a two.
 For leueth well, I loue hir so,
 That euen with myn owne life,
 If I that swete lustie wife
 Might ones welden at my wille,
 For euer I wolde holde hir stille:
 And in this wise taketh kepe:
 If I hir had, I wolde hir kepe:
 And yet no fridaie wolde I fast,
 Though I hir kepe and helde fast.
 Fie on the bagges in the chist.
 I had enough, if I hir kyst.
 For certes if she were myne,
 I had hir leuer than a myne
 Of golde: for all this worldes ryche
 Ne might me make so riche,
 As she that is so inly good:
 I set nought of other good.
 For might I gette suche a thyng,
 I had a tresour for a kyng.
 And though I wolde it fast holde,
 I were than well beholde.
 But I might pipe nowe with lasse,
 And suffre that it ou'r passe,
 Not with my will, for thus I wolde
 Ben avarous, if that I sholde.
 But father I herde you sey,
 How the avarous hath yet some wey
 Wherof he maie be glad. For hee
 Maie, whan hym list, his tresure see,
 And grope, and fele it all aboute:
 But I full ofte am shet theroute,
 There as my worthie tresour is.
 So is my life liche vnto this,
 That ye me tolden here to fore,
 Howe that an ox his yoke hath bore
 For thyng that shulde hym not auaille:
 And in this wise I me trauaile.
 For who that euer hath the welfare,
 I wote well that I haue the care.
 For I am had, and nought ne haue,
 And am, as who saith, loues knaue.
 Nowe deme in your owne thought,
 If this be auarice or nought.
 My sonne I haue of the no wonder,
 Though thou to serue be put vnder
 With loue, whiche to kynde accordeth:
 But so as euery boke recordeth,
 It is to kynde no pleasaunce,
 That men aboute his sustenaunce,
 Unto the golde shall serue, and bowe.
 For that maie no reason auowe.
 But auarice netheles,
 If he maie getten his encrees
 Of golde, that wolde he serue and kepe.
 For he taketh of nought els kep,
 But for to fylle his bagges large:
 And all is to hym but a charge.

For he ne parteth nought withall,
 But kepeth it as seruaunt shall.
 And thus though that he multiplie
 His goide, withoute tresorie
 He is, for man is nought amended
 With golde, but if it be dispended
 To maus vse, wherof I rede
 A tale, and take therof good hede,
 Of that befelle by olde tide,
 As telleth vs the clerke Ouide.

Hic loquitur contra istos avaros, et narrat qualiter
 Mida rex Frigie Silenem Bacchi sacerdotem,
 quem rustici vinculis ferreis alligarunt dissoluit,
 et in hospicium suum benignissime recollegit:
 pro quo Bacchus quodeunque munus rex exi-
 gere vellet, donari concessit. Unde rex avari-
 tia ductus, ut quicquid tangeret, in aurum con-
 uerteretur, indiscrete petiit.

BACCHUS, whiche is the god of wine
 Accordant vnto his diuine
 A prest, the whiche Silenus hight,
 He had, and fell so, that by night
 This prest was drunke, and goth a stryde,
 Wherof the men were euill apayde
 In Frigelonde, where as he went.
 But at last a chorle hym hent
 With strength of other felawship:
 So that vpon his drunkenhip
 They bounden hym with cheynes faste,
 And forth they lsd hym also faste
 Unto the kyng, whiche hight Mide.
 But he that wolde his vice hide,
 This curteis kyng tok of hym hede
 And bad, that men shulde hym lede
 In to a chambre for to kepe,
 Till he of leyser had slepe.
 And thus this prest was soone vnbound,
 And vpon this couche fro the grounde
 To slepe he was leyde soft enough.
 And whan he woke, the kinge him drough
 To his presence, and did hym chere.
 So that this preest in suche manere,
 While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth,
 And al this he to Bacchus telleth.
 Whan that he cam to hym ageyne.

And Whan that Bacchus had seyne,
 How Mide hath done his curtesie,
 Hym thinketh, it were a vilanie,
 But he rewarde hym for his dede,
 So as he might of his godhede.
 Unto this kyng this god appereth,
 And clepeth, and that other hereth.
 This god to Mide thonketh fayre,
 Of that he was so debonayre
 Towarde his prest, and bad hym seye,
 What thyng it were, he wolde preyre,
 He shulde it haue of worldes good.
 This kyng was glad, and stille stode,
 And was of his askyng in doute,
 Aud all the worlde he casteth aboute,
 What thyng was best for his astate,
 And with hym selfe stode in debate
 Upon thre pointes, whiche I fynde,
 Ben leust vnto mans kynde.
 The first of hem it is delite,
 The two ben worship and profite,
 And than he thought, if that I craue
 Delite, though I delite maie haue,

Delite shall passen in my age,
That is no siker auantage.
For euery ioye bodily
Shall ende in wo, delite for thy
Woll I not chese. And if I worship
Aske, and of the worlde lordship,
This is an occupacion
Of proude imaginacion,
Whiche maketh an herte vaine within,
There is no certaine for to winne.
For lorde and knaue is all one wey,
Whan thei be bore and wan thei dey.
And if I profite aske wolde,
I not in what maner I sholde
Of worldes good haue sikernes.
For euery thefe vpon richesse
Awaiteth, for to robbe and stele:
Suche good is cause of harmes fele.
And also though a man at ones
Of all the worlde within his wones
The treasour might haue euery dele:
Yet had he but one maies duty
Towarde hym selfe, so as I thynke,
Of clothyng, and of meate and drinke.
For more (out take vanitee)
There hath no lorde in his degree.
And thus vpon theses poyntes diuerse
Diuersly he gan reherce,
What poynt hym thought for the beste.
But playnly for to gette hym rest,
He can no siker waie casto.
And netheles yet at laste
He felt vpon the couetise
Of golde, and than in sundrie wise
He thought, as I haue said tofore,
How treasour maie be soone lore,
And had an inly great desyre
Touchende of suche recouere,
Howe that he might his cause auayle,
To get hym golde withouten faile.
Within his herte and thus he preiseth
The golde, an I faith, how that he preiseth
Abouen all other metall moste.
The golde, he saith, maie lede an hoste
To make werre ayene the kyng,
The golde put vnder all thyng,
And set in what hym list aboue:
The golde can make of hate loue,
And werre of pees: and right of wronge,
And longe to shorte, and shorte to longe.
Without golde maie be no fea:
Golde is the lorde of man and best,
And maie hem both bie and selle
So that a man maie sothely telle,
That all the worlde to golde obrieth.
For thy this kyng to Baccus preith,
To graunte him golde, but he excedeth
Measure, more than hym nedeth.
Men tellen, that the maladie,
Whiche cleped is hydropie,
Resembled is vnto this vice.
By waie of kynde of Auarice
The more hydropie drinketh,
The more hym thirsteth: for him thynketh,
That he maie neuer drinke his fille,
So that there maie no thyng fulfill
The lustes of his appetite,
And right in suche a maner plite
Stant euer Auarice, and euer stoode,
The more he hath of worldes good,

The more he wolde it kepe streite,
And euer more and more coueite.
And right in suche condicion,
Without good discrecion,
This kyng with Auarice is smitte,
That all the worlde it might witte.
For he to Bacchus than preid,
That wherupon his honde be leyd,
It shulde through bis touche anone
Become golde: and therupon
This god hym graunteth, as he badde.
Tho was this kyng of Frige gladde,
And for to put it in assaie,
With all the hast that he maie,
He toucheth that, he toucheth this:
And in his bond all golde it is,
The stone, the tree, the leaf, the gras,
The floure, the fruite all golde it was.
Thus toucheth he, while be maie laste
To go: but honger at laste
Hym toke so, that he mote nede,
By wey of kynde his hunger fede.
The cloth was leid, the horde was set,
And all was forth tofore hym set,
His disse, his cup, his drink, his meate.
But whan he wolde or drinke or eate,
Anone as it his mouth cam nighe,
It was all golde: and than he sighe
Of Auarice the folie:
And he with that beganne to crie,
Aud preide Bacchus to foryeue
His gylt, and suffer hym for to lyue,
And be suche as he was tofore:
So that he were nought forlore,
This god, whiche herde of this greuance,
Toke routhe vpon bis repentance,
And bad hym go forth redify
Unto a flood was fast by,
Whiche Paeole than high:
In whiche als fast as euer be might
He shuld hym wasshe ouerall:
And said hym than that he shall
Recover his first estate agene.
This kyng right as he herd seyn,
In to the flood goth fro the londe,
And wesshe hym both foote and honde,
And so forth all the remenante,
As hym was set in couenant.
And than he sigh meruailes strange,
The flood his colour gan to change,
The grauell with the small stoues,
To gold thei tome both attones:
And he was quite of that he hadde:
And thus fortune his chance ladde.
And whan he sigh his touch aye,
He goth hym home the right wey,
And liueth forth as he did er,
And put all auarice a fer,
And the riches of golde despiseth,
And seith, that meate and cloth suffiseth.
Thus hath this kyng experience,
Howe fooles done the reuerence
To golde, whiche of his owne kynde
Is lasse worth than is the rynde,
To sustenance of mans foode:
And than he made lawes good,
And all his thyng set vpon skille:
He bede his people for to tille
Her loude, and liue vnder the lawe.
And that thei shuld also forthdrawe.

Bestail, and seche none encres
 Of golde, whiche is the breche of pres
 For this a man maie fynde writte,
 To fore the time, er golde was smitte
 In coygne, that men the floren knewe,
 There was wel nighe no man vntrewe.
 Tho was there shelde ne speare,
 Ne deadly wpen for to beare.
 Tho was the towne withouten walle,
 Whiche nowe is closed ouer alle.
 Tho was there no brocage in londe,
 Whiche nowe taketh euery cause on bonde
 So maie men knowe, how the foreyn
 Was moder first of malengin,
 And bringer in of all werre,
 Wherof this world stant out of berre,
 Through the counsell of Auarice,
 Whiche of his owne proppre vice
 Is as the helle wonderfull.
 For it maie neuermore be full:
 That what as euer cometh therinne,
 A wey ne maie it neuer winne.

But sonne myn do thou not so,
 Let all suche Auarice go,
 Aud take thy parte of that thou hast:
 I bid not that thou do wast,
 But holde largesse in his measure.
 And if thou see a creature,
 Whiche through pouert is falle in nede,
 Yeue hym some good: for this I rede
 To hym that woll not yeuen here,
 What payne he shall haue els where:
 There is a peyn amonge all
 Benethe in helle, whiche men calle
 The wofull payne of Tantalie,
 Of whiche I shall the redly
 Deuise howe men therin stonde.

In hell thou shalt vnderstonde,
 There is a flood of thilke office,
 Whiche serueth all for auarice:
 What man that stond shall therin,
 He stant vp euen to the chinne.

Above his hede also there hongeth
 A fruite whiche to that peine longeth:
 And that fruite toucheth euer in one
 His ouerlippe, and therupon
 Suche thirste and honger hym assaileth,
 That neuer his appetite ne faileth.
 But whan he wolde his hunger fede,
 The frute withdraweth hym at nede:
 And though he heue bis hede on high,
 The fruite is euer aliche nigh,
 So is the hunger well the more.
 And also though hym thurst sore,
 And to the water bowe a doune,
 The flood in suche condicion
 Auaileth, that his drinke areche
 He maie not. lo nowe whiche a wreche,
 That meate and drinke is hym so couth,
 And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
 Liche to the peines of this flood
 Stant Auarice in worldes good.
 He hath enough, and yet hym nedeth,
 For his scarcenes it hym forbedeth:
 And euer his hunger after more
 Trauaileth hym aliche sore:
 So is he peined ouerall,
 For thy thy goodes forth withall
 My sonne loke thou dispende,
 Wherof thou might thy selfe amende

Both here, and eke in other place,
 And also if thou wolte purchace
 To be beloued, thou must vse
 Largesse: for if thou refuse
 To yeue for thy lous sake,
 It is no reason that thou take
 Of loue, that thou woldest craue.
 For thy if thou wolt grace haue,
 Be gracious and do largesse:
 Of Auarice and the sekenesse
 Eschewe aboute all other thyng,
 And take insample of Mide the kynge,
 And of the flood of helle also,
 Where is enough of all wo.
 And though there were no matere,
 But onely that we finden here;
 Men ought Auarice eschewe.
 For what man thilke vice sewe.
 He gete hym selfe but litell rest,
 For howe so that the body rest,
 The herte vpon the golde trauaileth,
 Whom many a nightes drede assaileth.

For though he ligge a bed naked,
 His herte is euermore awaked,
 And dremeth, as he lieth to slepe,
 How besy that he is to kepe
 His tresour, that no thefte it stele:
 Thus bath he but a wofull wele.
 And right so in the same wise,
 If thou thy selfe wolt wele auise,
 There be louers of suche enowe,
 That wol vnto no reason bowe
 If so be thei come aboute,
 Whan thei ben maisters of her loue,
 And that thei shulden be moste gladde
 With loue, thei ben moste bestadde:
 So fayn thei wolde it holden all,
 That her herte, her eie is ouerall,
 And wenen euery man be thefte,
 To stele away that hem is lefe.
 Thus through her owne fantasie
 Thei fallen in to Jelousie.

Than hath the ship to broke bis cable,
 With euery wynde and is menable.

My fader for that ye nowe telle,
 I haue herde oft tyme telle,
 Of Jelousie, but what it is,
 Yet vnderstod I neuer er this.
 Wherfore I wolde you besече,
 That ye me wolde informe and teche,
 What maner thyng it might bee.
 My sonne that is harde to mee.
 But netheles as I haue herde,
 Now herken, and thou shalt be answerde.

Nota de Zelotipia, cuius fantastica suspitio amorem quamuis fidelissimum multotiens sine causa corruptum imaginatur.

AMONG the men lacke of manhod
 In mariage, vpon wifehode
 Maketh that a man him selfe deceiuet:
 Wherof it is, that he conceiuet,
 That ilke vneasy maladie,
 The whiche is cleped Jelousie:
 Of whiche if I the propertee
 Shall telle, after the nicetee,
 So as it worceth on a man:
 A feuer it is cotidian,

Whiche every daie wol come aboute,
 Where so a man be in or oute.
 At home if that a man woll wonne,
 This feuer is than of comon wonne
 Most greuous in a mans eie.
 For than he maketh hym tote and priē,
 Where so as euer his loue go,
 She shall not with hir litell to
 Misteppe, but he seeth it all:
 His eie is walkend ouerall.
 Where that she synge, or that she daunce,
 He seeth the lest countenance,
 If she loke on a man a side,
 Or with hym rowne at any tide,
 Or that she laugh, or that she loure,
 His eie is there at every houre.
 And whan it draweth to the night,
 If she than be without light,
 Anone is all the game shente.
 For than he set his parliament
 To speake it whan he cometh to bed,
 And saith: if I were nowe to wed,
 I wolde neuer haue wife.
 And so he torneth in to-strife
 The luste of loues dutee,
 And all vpon diuersitee.
 If she be fresshe, and well araid,
 He saith hir baner is displaid
 To clepe in guesates by the weie.
 And if she be not well besiee,
 And that hir list not to be gladdē,
 He beareth on honde that she is maddē,
 And loueth not hir husbande.
 He saith, he maie well vnderstonde,
 That if she wolde his companie,
 She shuld than afore his eie
 Shewe all the pleasure that she might.
 So that by daie ne by night
 She not what thyng is for the beste,
 But liueth out of all rest.
 For what as euer hym liste to seyn,
 She dare not speke o worde ageyn,
 But wepeth, and holt hir lippes close.
 She maie welle writte, Sance repose
 The wife, whiche is to suche one married,
 Of all women be he waried.
 For with his feuer of ielousie,
 His eche daies fantasie
 Of sorowe is euer aliche grene,
 So that there is no loue sene,
 While that him list at home abide.
 And whan so is he woll out ride,
 Than hath he redie his asprie
 Abidyng in hir companie,
 A iangler, an euill mouthed one,
 That she ne maie no whither gone,
 Ne speke one worde, ne ones loke.
 But he ne woll it wende, and croke,
 And torne after his owne entent,
 Though she no thyng but honour ment:
 Whan that the lorde cometh home ageyne,
 The iangler must somewhat seyn.
 So what without, and what withinne,
 This feuer is euer to begynne.
 For where he cometh he can not ende,
 Till death of hym hath made an ende.
 For though so be, that he ne here,
 Ne se, ne witte in no manere,
 But all honoure and womanhede,
 Therof the Jelous taketh none hede:

But as a man to loue vnkynde,
 He cast his staffe and as the blinde,
 And sint defaulte, where is none.
 As who so dreineth on a stone
 Howe he is leyde, and groneth ofte.
 Whan he leth on his pilowe softe.
 So is there nought but strife and chest,
 Whan loue shulde make his fest.
 It is great thyng if he hir kisse,
 Thus hath she lost the nightes blisse.
 For at suche tyme he grutcheth euer,
 And bereth on honde, there is a leuer,
 That she wolde another were
 In stede of hym abedde there.
 And with tho wordes, and with mo
 Of Jelousie, he torneth hir fre,
 And lieth vpon that other side.
 And she with that draweth hir aside,
 And there she wepeth all the night.
 A to what peine she is dignit.
 That in hir youth hath so be set
 The bonde, whiche maie not ben vnkent?
 I wote the tyme is ofte cursed,
 That euer was the golde vnursed,
 The whiche was layd vpon the boke,
 Whan that all other she forsoke
 For loue of hym, but all to late
 She plaineth: for as than algate
 She mote forbreare, and to hym bowe,
 Though he ne woll it nouht allowe.
 For man is lorde of thilke feyre:
 So maie the woman but empeyre,
 If she speke ought agein his wille
 And thus she bereth her poyne stille.
 But if this Feuer a woman take,
 She shall be well more harde shake.
 For though she both see and here,
 And fynde, that there is no matere,
 She dare but to hir selfe pleyae:
 And thus she suffreth double peyne,
 Lo thus my sonne, as I haue writte,
 Thou might of Jelowsie witte
 His feuer, and his condicion.
 Whiche is full of suspicion.
 But wherof that this feuer groweth,
 Who so these olde bokes troweth,
 There maie he fynde howe it is.
 For thei vs teche, and telle this,
 Howe that this feuer of Jelousie
 Somdele it groweth of sotie
 Of loue, and somdele of vntrust.
 For as a sicke man lest his lust,
 And whan he maie no sauoure geate,
 He hateth than his owne meate.
 Right so this feuerous maladie,
 Whiche caused is of fantasie,
 Maketh the Jelous in feble plite,
 To lese of loue his appetite
 Through feigned informacion
 Of his imaginacion.
 But finally to taken hede,
 Men maie well make a likelybede
 Betwene hym whiche is auarous
 Of golde, and hym that is Jelous
 Of loue: in o degree
 Thei stonde both, as semeth mee,
 That one wold haue his bagges still,
 And nought departen with his will,
 And dare not for the theues slepe,
 So fayne he wolde his treasure kepe:

That other maie not well be glad.
 For euermore he is adrad
 Of these louers, that gone aboute,
 In aunter, if thei put hym oute.
 So haue thei both litell ioye,
 As well of loue, as of moneie.
 Now hast thou son of my techynge.
 Of Jelousie a knowlechyng
 That thou might vnderstonde this,
 Fro whence he cometh, and what he is:
 And eke to whom that be is like,
 Beware for thy thou be not sike
 Of thiike feuer, as I haue spoke.
 For it woll in hym selfe be wroke.
 For loue hateth no thyng more,
 As men maie fynde by the lore
 Of hem, that whilom were wise,
 Howe that thei speke in many wyse.
 My fader sothe is that ye seyn,
 But for to loke there ayen,
 Before this time howe it is fulle,
 Wherof there might ensample falle
 To suche men as ben Jelous,
 In what maner it is greuous,
 Right fayn I wolde ensample here.
 My good sonne at thy praiere,
 Of suche ensamples as I fynde,
 So as thei comen nowe to mynde,
 Upon this point of tyme agone,
 I thiinke for to tellen one.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos maritos, quos Zelotipia maculauit. Et narrat quater Vulcanus, cuius vxor Venus extitit, suspicionem inter ipsam et Martem concipiens, eorum gestus diligentius explorabat. Vnde contigit, quod cum ipse quadam vice ambos inter se pariter amplexantes in lecto nudos inuenit, et exclamans, omnem cetum deorum et dearum ad tantum spectaculum conuocauit, super quo tamen derisum potius quam remedium a tota cohorte consecutus est.

OUIDE wrote of many thynges,
 Amonge the whiche, in his writynges
 He told a tale in poesie,
 Whiche toucheth vnto Jelousie,
 Upon a certayne cas of loue.
 Amonge the goddes al aboue.
 It felle at thilke tyme thus:
 The god of fire, whiche Vulcanus
 It hote, and hath a crafte forth with
 Assigned for to be the smith
 Of Jupiter, and his figure,
 Both of visage and of stature,
 Is lothly, and masgracious.
 But yet he hath within his hous,
 As for the likynge of his life,
 The faire Venus to his wife.
 But Mars, whiche of batailles is
 The god, an eie had vnto this,
 As he whiche was chualfroum
 It felle him to ben amorous,
 And thought it was great pitee,
 To see so lustie one as she,
 Be coupled with so lourd a wight
 So that his peine daie and night
 He did, if he hir wyne might.
 And she that had a good insight

Toward so noble a knightly lorde,
 In loue fel of bis acorde.
 There lacketh nought but tyme and place,
 That be nis sicker of hir craze.

But whan two hertes fallen in one,
 So wise a waite was neuer none,
 That at sometyme thei ne mete.
 Aud thus this faire lustie swete
 With Mars hath ofte companie,
 But thilke vnkynde Jelousie,
 Whiche euermore the herte opposeth,
 Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
 That it is not wel ouerall:
 And to hym selfe he said, he shall
 Aspie better, if that be maie.
 And so it felle vpon a daie,
 That he this thyng so slightly ledde,
 He fonde hem both two a bde
 All warne, echone with other naked,
 And he with crafte all redy maked
 Of stronge chaines hath hem bounde,
 As he together hem had founde,
 And leste hem bothe ligge so,
 And gan to clepe and crie tho
 Unto the gooddes all aboute:
 And thei assembled in a route
 Come all at ones for to sec.

But none amendes had hee,
 But was rebuked here and there
 Of hem, that loues frendes were,
 And saiden, that he was to blame
 For if there felle hym any shame,
 It was through his misgouernance.
 And thus he lost contenance,
 This god, and let his cause falle,
 And thei to scorne hym laughen all.
 And losen Mars out of his bondes,
 Wherof these erthly husbondes
 For euer might ensample take,
 If suche a chauce hem ouertake.
 For Vulcanus his wife bewrayde,
 The blame vpon hym selfe he laide,
 Wherof his shame was the more,
 Whiche ought for to ben a lore
 For euery man, that liucth here,
 To reuleu hym in this matere.
 Though suche an happe of loue asterte,
 Yet shuld he not apoynte his herte
 With Jelousie, of that is wrought:
 But feigne, as though he wist it nought.
 For if he let it ouer passe,
 The sclauder shall be well the lasse,
 And be the more in ese stonde.
 For this thou might well vnderstonde,
 That where a man shall nedes lese,
 The lasse harme is for to chese.

But Jelousie of his vntriste,
 Maketh full many an harine ariste,
 Whiche elles shulde not arise.
 And if a man wolde hym auise
 Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
 Hym ought of reason thinke thus:
 That sith a god was therof shamed,
 Well shuld an erthly man be blamed,
 To take vpon hym suche a vice.
 For thy my sonne in thyne office
 Beware, that thou be nought ielous,
 Whiche oft tyme hath shent the hous.

My fader this ensample is harde,
 Howe suche thyng to the heuenwarde

Amonge the goddes might falle.
For there is but o god of all,
Whiche is the lorde of heuen and helle.
But if it like you to telle,
Howe suche goddes come aplace,
Ye might mochell thanke purchase.
For I shall be well taught withall.

My sonne it is thus ouerall
With hem, that standen misbeleued,
That suche goddes ben beleued,
In sondry place, in sondry wise
Amonges hem, whiche be vnwise,
There is betaken of credence,
Wherof that I the difference
In the maner, as it is writte,
Shall do the plainly for to witte.

Mentibus illis signantur templa deorum,
Vnde deos cæcos natio cæca colit.
Nulla creaturi ratio facit esse creatum.
Equiparans quoad huc iura pagana fouent.

Quia secundum poetarum fabulas in huiusmodi
libelli locis quampluribus nomina et gestus deo-
rum falsorum intitulatur, quorum infidelitas,
vt Christianis clarius innotescat, intendit de ipso-
rum origine secundum varias paganorum sec-
tas scribere consequenter. Et primo defecta
Caldeorum tractare proponit.

ER Christe was bore among vs here
Of the byleues, that tho were,
In foure fourmes thus it was.
Thei of Chaldee, as in this cas
Had a beleue by hem selue,
Whiche stode vpon the signes twelue,
Forth eke with the planettes seueu,
Whiche as thei sighen vpon the heuen
Of sondrie constellation,
In her imagination
With sondrie kerfe and portrature
Thei made of goddes the figure.

In thelementes and eke also
Thei hadden a beleue tho,
And all that was vnreasonable.
For the elementes ben reasonable
To man: And ofte of accidence,
As men maie see the experience,
Thei ben corrupt by soudrie weye:
So maie no mans reason seye,
That thei ben god in any wise,
And eke if men hem wel aulse,
The sonne and moone eclipsen both,
That be hem lef, or be hem loth,
Thei suffre, and what thyng is possible
To ben a god is impossible.
These elementes ben creatures,
So ben these heuenly figures.
Wherof maie wel be iustified,
That thei maie not be defied.
And who that taketh awaie the honour,
Whiche due is to the creatour,
And yeueth it to the creature:
He dothe to great a forfeiture.
But of Caldee netheles,
Upon this feith though it be lesse.
Thei holde affermed the creance,
So that of helle the penance,
As folke, whiche stant out of beleue,
Thei shall receiue as we beleue.

VOL. II.

Of the Caldens so in this wise
Stant the beleue out of assise:
But in Egypte worste of alle
The faith is fals, howe so it falle.
For thei diuers beastes there
Honour, as though thei goddes were.
And nethelesse yet forthe withall
Thre goddes moste in speciall
Thei haue forth with a goddessse,
In whome is all her sikernesse.
The goddes be yet cleped thus
Orus, Typhon, and Isirus.
They were brethren all thre,
And the goddessse in hir degree,
Her sister was, and Isis hight:
Whom Isirus forlaie by night,
Aud helde hir after as his wif.
So it befelle, that vpon strife
Typhon hath Isire his brother slayne,
Whiche had a childe, to sonne Orayne:
And be his fathers dethe to herte
So toke, that it maie nought asterolte,
That he Typhon after ne slough,
When he was ripe of age enough.
But yet the Egypciens trowe,
For all this error, whiche thei knowe,
That these bretherne ben of might,
To sette and kepe Egypt vpright,
And querthrowe, if that hem like.
But Isis, as seith the cronike,
Fro Grece in to Egypte cam,
And she than vpon honde nam
To teche hem for to sowe and ere,
Whiche no man knewe tofore there.
And when the Egypciens sie
The feldes full afore her eie,
And that the londe began to greyne,
Whiche whilom had be bareyne:
For the erthe bare after the kynde
His due charge, this I fynde,
That she of birth the goddessse
Is cleped, so that in distresse
The women ther vpon childyuge
To hir clepe, and her offrynge
Thei bearen, when that thei ben light.
Lo howe Egypt all out of sight
Fro reason stant in misbeleue
For lacke of lore as I beleue.

De secta Grecorum.

AMONGE the grakes out of the weie,
As thei that reson put aweie,
There was, as the cronike saith,
Of misbeleue an other faith,
That thei her goddes, and goddesses
As who saith token all to gesses,
Of suche as weren full of vice,
To whom thei made sacrifices.

Nota qualiter Saturnus deorum summus appel-
latur.

THE high god, so as thei sayde,
To whom thei worship layde,
Saturnus hight and kyuge of Crete
He had be: But of his sete
He was put downe, as he whiche stode
In frensie, and was so woode,
That fro his wyfe, whiche Rea hight,
His owne childreu he to plight,

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And ete hem of his commune wonne.
 But Iupiter, whiche was his sonne,
 And of full age, his father bonde,
 And kyt of with his owne bonde
 His genitalles, whiche also faste
 In to the depe sea he caste:
 Wherof the grekes afferme and sey
 Thus, whan thei were caste away,
 Came Venus forth by weie of kynde.
 And of Saturne also I fynde,
 Howe afterwarde in to an ile
 This Iupiter hym dyd exile,
 Where that he stode in gret mischiefe.
 Lo whiche a god thei maden chiefe.
 And sithen that suche one was bee,
 Whiche stode moste high in his degree
 Amonge the goddess, thou might know
 These other, that ben more lowe,
 Men litell worth, as it is founde.

Iupiter deus deliciarum.

FOR Iupiter was the seconde,
 Whiche Iuno, had vnto his weie,
 And yet a lechour all his life
 He was, and in auoutrie
 He wrought many a trecherie.
 And for he was so full of vices,
 Thei cleped hym god of delices.
 Of whom if thou wolte more witte,
 Ouide the poete hath writte.
 But yet her sterres bothe two,
 Saturne and Iupiter also,
 Thei haue, although thei ben to blame,
 Attitled to her owne name.

Mars was an other in that lawe,
 The whiche in Dace was forth drawe:
 Of whom the clerke Vegetius
 Wrote in his boke, and tolde thus,
 Howe he into Italie came,
 And suche fortune there he nam,
 That he a maiden hath oppressed,
 Whiche in hir ordre was professed,
 As she whiche was the prioresse
 In Vestes temple the goddesse:
 So was she well the more to blame.
 Dame Iulia this ladis name
 Men clepe, and eke she was also
 The kynges daughter that was thio,
 Whiche Minitor by name hight:
 So that ayene the lawes right,
 Mars thilke tyme vpon hir that
 Remus and Romulus begat.
 Whiche after, whan thei come in age,
 Of knighthode, and of vassellage
 Italy all holle thei ouercome,
 And founden the great Rome,
 In armes and of suche emprise
 Thei weren, that in thilke wyse,
 Her father Mars for the meruaile
 The god is cleped of bataille.

Thei weren his children both two,
 Through hem he toke his name so:
 There was none other cause why,
 And yet a sterre vpon the skie
 He hath vnto his name applied,
 In whiche that he is signified.

An other god thei hadden eke,
 To whom for counsaile thei beseke,
 The whiche was brother to Venus,
 Apollo men hym clepe thus.

He was an hunt vpon the hilles,
 There was with hym no vertue elces,
 Wherof that any bokes carpe,
 But onely that he couth harpe:
 Whiche whan he walked ouer londe,
 Full ofte time he toke on honde,
 To get hym with his sustenance,
 For lacke of other puruance.
 And otherwhile of his falsebede
 He feigneth hym to coune a rede
 Of thyng, whiche afterwarde shuld fall,
 Wherof amonge his sleightes all,
 He hath the lewde folke deceiued,
 So that the better he was creacion.

Lo nowe through what reacion
 He hath deificacion,
 And cleped is the god of wit
 To suche as be the fooles yit.

An other god, to whom thei sought,
 Mercurie hight, and hym ue rought,
 What thyng he stale, ne whom ne slough.
 Of sorcerie he couth enough,
 That whan he wold hym selfe transforme,
 Full ofte tyme he toke the forme
 Of woman, and his own leste:
 So did he well the more theste,
 A great speker in all thynges
 He was also, and of lesynges
 An autour, that men wisten none
 An other suche as he was one.

And yet thei maden of this these
 A god, whiche was vnto hem lefe,
 And cleped hym in tho belesus,
 The god of marchantes, and of theues.
 But yet a sterre vpon the heuen
 He bath of planettes seuen.

But Vulcanus, of whom I spake,
 He had a courbe vpon the backe,
 And therto he was hippe balte,
 Of whom thou vnderstonde shalte:
 He was a shrewe in all his youth,
 And he none other vertue couth
 Of crafte to helpe hym selfe with,
 But onely that he was smith
 With Iupiter, whiche in his forge
 Diuers thynges made hym forge.
 So wote I not for what desyre
 Thei cleped hym the god of fyre.

Kynge of Cicile Hipolitus

A sonne had, and Eolus
 He hight, and of his fathers graunt,
 He helde by wey of couenant,
 The gouernaunce of euery ile,
 Whiche was longende vnto Sicile.
 Of hem that fro the londe foreyn,
 Laie vpon the wynde all pleine,
 And fro thilke iles in to the londe
 Full ofte cam the wynde to honde.
 And after the name of hym for thy
 The wyndes cleped Eoli
 Thei were, and he the god of wynde.
 Lo nowe howe this belesus is blynde.

The kynges of Crete Iupiter,
 The same, whiche I spake of er,
 Unto his brother, whiche Neptune
 Was hote, it list hym to commune
 Parte of his good, so that by ship
 He made hym stronge of the lordship
 Of all the sea in tho parties,
 Where that he wrought his tyrannies.

And the strange yles aboute
He wan, that every man hath doute
Upon his marche for to sayle,
For he anone hem wolde assayle
And robbe, what thynge that thei ladden,
His sauſe conduit but if thei hadden:
Wherof the commen voice aroos
In every londe, that ſuche a loos
He caught, all nere it worth a ſtreas,
That he was cleped of the ſea
The god by name, and yet he is
With hem, that ſo beleue amis.

This Neptune eke, was thilke alſo,
Whiche was the firſt founder tho
Of noble Troie, and he for thy
Was well the more ſette by.

The loresman of the ſhepherdes,
And eke of hem that netherdes,
Was of Arcade, and hyght Pan:
Of whom hath ſpoke many a man
For in the wodde of Nouarigne,
Enclouſed with the trees of pigne,
And on the mount of Parisie,
He had of beaſtes the baillie,
And eke beneath the valeie,
Where thylke ruer, as men maie ſieie
(Which Ladon hight) made his cours
He was the chiefe of gouernours
Of hem, that kepen tame beaſtes,
Wherof thei maken yet the feaſtes
In the cite of Stimphalides.

And forth with all yet netheles,
He taught men the forth drawynge
Of beſtaile, and eke the makinge
Of oxen, and of hors the ſame,
Howe men hem ſhulde ride and tame.
Of foules eke, ſo as they fynde,
Full many a ſubtile crafte of kynde
He fonde, whiche no man kewe tofore.

Men did hym worſhypp eke therefor
That the fyrſt in thilke londe
Was, whiche the melodie fonde
Of reedes, when thei weren ripe,
With double pipes, for to pipe:
Therof he yafe the fyrſt lore,
Till afterwarde men couthe more.
To every crafte of mans helpe
He had a redy witte to helpe
Through naturall experience.
And thus the nice reuerence
Of fooles, when that he was deade,
The foote was tourned to the heade,
And clepen hym god of nature.
For ſo thei maden his fygure.

An other god, ſo as thei fele,
Whiche Jupiter vpon Semele
Begatte in his auoutrie,
Whom for to hide his lecherie,
That none therof ſhall take kepe,
In a mountayne for to kepe,
Whiche Dion bight, and was in Inde,
He ſent, in bokes as I fynde,
And he by name Bacchus hight,
Whiche afterwarde, when that he might,
A waſtor was, and all his rent
In wyne and bordell he diſpent.
But yet all were he wounder bad,
Amonge the grekes a name he had,
Thei cleped hym the god of wine.
And thus a glotton was diuine.

There was yet Esculapius
A god in thilke tyme as thus,
His crafte ſtode vpon ſurgerie,
But for the luſte of lecherie
That he to Daires doughter drough,
It fell, that Iupiter hym ſlough.
And yet thei made hym nought for thy
A god, and wiſt no cauſe why.
In Rome, he was longe tyme ſo
A god amonge the Romaines tho.
For as he ſaide of his preſence,
There was diſtroied a peſtilence,
When thei to the ile Delphos went,
And that Apollo with him ſent
This Esculapius his ſonne,
Amonge the Romaynes for to wonne:
And there he dwelte for a while,
Till afterwarde in to that yle,
Fro when he cam, ayene he tourneth,
Where all his life that he ſoiourneth
Amonge the grekes, till that he deyde.
And thei vpon hym than leyde
His name, and god of medicine
He hatte, after that ilke lynne

An other god of Hercules
Thei made, whiche was netheles
A man, but that he was ſo ſtronge,
In all this worlde that brode and longe
So mighty was no man, as hee:
Meruailes twelue in his degree
As it was couth in ſondry londes,
He did with his owne bondes,
Ageine geantes and monſters both,
The whiche horrible were and loth:
But he with ſtrength hem ouercam,
Wherof ſo great a price he nam,
That thei hym clepe amonges all
The god of ſtrengthe, and to hym calle.
Hnd yet there is no reaſon iane
For he a man was full of ſynne,
Whiche proued was vpon his ende.
For in a rage hym ſelfe he brende.
And ſuche a cruell mans dede
Accordeth nothyng with godhede.

Thei had of goddes yet an other,
Whiche Pluto hight, and was the brother
Of Iupiter, and he for youth
With every worde, whiche cam to mouth
Of any thyng, when he was wroth,
He wolde ſwre his common othe,
By Lethen, and Phlegeton,
By Cocytus, and Acheron,
The whiche after the bokes tell
Ben the chiefe floodes of helle.
By Segne, and Styge he ſwore alſo,
That ben the depe pittes two
Of hell the moſt principall.
Pluto theſe othes ouer all
Swore of his common cuſtomance,
Till it befall vpon a chance,
That he for Iupiters ſake
Unto the goddes lette do make
A ſacrifice, and for that dede,
One of the pittes for his mede
In hell, of whiche I ſpake of er,
Was graunted hym, and thus he ther
Upon the fortune of this thyng
The name toke of helle kyng.

Lo theſe goddes and well mo
Amonge the grekes thei had tho,

And of goddesses many one,
Whose names thou shalt here anon:
And in what wise they deceiuen
The foles, whiche her feith receiuen.

Mater dearum.

So as Saturne is souerayne
Of false goddes, as thei sayne:
So is Cybete of goddesses
The mother, whom without gessea
The folke preyn, honour, and serue,
As they, the whiche her lawe obserue.
But for to knowen vpon this,
Fro when she cam and what she is,
Berecinthia the countrei hight.
Where she cam first to mans sight,
And after was Saturnus wife,
By whom thre children in hir life
She bare, and thei were cleped the
Iuno, Neptunus, and Pluto,
The whiche of nice fantasie
The people wolde deifie.
And for hir children were so
Cybete than was also
Made a goddesse, and thei hir call
The mother of the goddes all.
So was that name bore forth,
Anp yet the cause is littell worth.
A voice vnto Saturne tolde
How that his owne sonne hym sholde
Out of his reigne put away:
And he because of thilke wey,
That hym was shape suche an hate,
Cybete his wife began to hate,
And eke hir progenie bothe.
And thus while that thei were wroth,
By Philyra vpon a daie
In his auoutrie he laie,
On whom he Iupiter begat:
And thilke childe was after that,
Whiche wrought all that was prophced.
As it tofore is specified.
So whan that Iupiter of Crete
Was kyng, a wife vnto hym mete,
The daughter of Cybete he toke,
And that was Iuno, saith the boke,
Of his deificacion,
After the false opinion,
That haue I tolde, so as thei mene.
And for this Iuno was the queene
Of Iupiter, and syster eke,
The foles vnto hir seke,
And seyn, that she is the goddesse
Of reignes bothe, and of richesse:
And eke she as thei vnderstonde,
The water Nymphes bath in honde
To leaden at hir owne heate:
And whan hir list the skie tempest.
The reynbowe is hir messagere.
Lo whiche a misbeleue is here,
That she goddesse is of the skie,
I wote none other cause why.
An other goddesse is Minerue,
To whom the grekes obey aud serue,
And she was nigh the great lay
Of Triton founde, where she lay
A childe for cast, but what she was,
There knewe no man the soth cas:
But in Affrike she was leyde,
In the maner as I haue seyde,

And caried from that ilke place
In to an yle farre in Thrace,
The whiche Pallene than hight,
Where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for she was so wise,
That she fonde fyrst in hir auisse
The cloth makynge of woll and line,
Men saiden that she was deuine,
And the goddesse of sapience
Thei clepen hir in that credence.

Of the goddesse, whiche Pallas
Is cleped, sondry speche was.
One saith hir father was Pallant,
Whiche in his time was a geant,
A cruell man, a bataylous.
An other saith, how in his hous
She was the cause why he deyde.
And of this Pallas some eke sayde,
That she Martes wife was, and so
Amonge the men that were tho
Of mysbeleue in the ryote,
The goddesse of bataile she hote
Was, and yet she bereth the name.
Nowe loke how thei be for to blame.

Saturnus after his exile
Fro Crete, cam in great perile
Into the londes of Itale:
And there he did great meruaile:
Wherof his name dwelleth yit.
For he fonde of his owne wit
The fyrst crafte of plough tillynge,
Of earynge, and of corne sowyng,
And howe men shulde set vines,
And of the grapes make wines.
All this he taught, and it fell so,
His wyfe, the whiche cam with him the,
Was cleped Ceres by name.
And for she taught also the same,
And was his wife that ilke throwe,
As it was to the people knowe,
Thei made of Ceres a goddesse,
In whome her tylythes yet they blesse,
And saien that Triptolemus,
Hir sonne goth amonges vs,
And maketh the corne good chepe or dere,
Ryght as hir list from yere to yere.
So that this wife, because of this,
Goddesse of corne cleped is.

Kyng Iupiter, whiche his likynge
Whilom fulfilled in all thyng,
So priueliche about he lad
His lust, that he his will had
Of Latona, and on hir that
Diane bis daughter he begat,
Unknowen of his wife Iuno.
But afterwarde she knewe it so,
That Latona for drede fled
Into an yle, where she bed
Hir wombe, whiche of childe aros,
Thilke ile was cleped Delos,
In whiche Diana was forth brought,
And kepte so, that hir lacked nought.
And after whan she was of age,
She toke none hede of mariage,
But out of mans companie
She toke hir all to venerie.
In foreste and in wildernesse
For there was all hir besinesse
By daie, and eke by nightes tide,
With arowes brode vnder the side,

And how in honde, of whiche she slough,
 And toke, all that hir lyst enough
 Of beastes, whiche ben chaceable,
 Wherof the cronike of this fable
 Saith, that the gentils most of all
 Worship hir, and to hir calle:
 And the goddesse of high hills,
 Of greene trees, of fresshe welles,
 Thei clepen hir in that beleue,
 Whiche that no reason maie achene.

Proserpina, whiche daughter was
 Of Ceres, befell this cas,
 While she was dwellyng in Cecile,
 His mother in that ilke while
 Upon hir blessynge, and hir best
 Bad, that she shulde ben honest,
 And lere for to weaue and spinne
 And dwelle at home, and kepe hir inne.
 But she cast all that lore aweie.
 And as she went hir out to pleie,
 To gather floures in a plaine,
 And that was vnder the mountaine
 Of Ethna, felle the same tide
 That Pluto cam the way ride,
 And sodeinly, er she was ware,
 He toke hir vp into his chare.
 And as thei riden in the felde,
 Hir great beautee he behelde,
 Whiche was so pleasant in his eie,
 That for to holde in companie,
 He wedded hir, and helde hir so
 To ben his wife for euermo.

And as thou hast tofore herde telle,
 Howe he was cleped god of helle,
 So is she cleped the goddesse,
 Because of hym ne more ne lesse.

Lo thus my sonne, as I the tolde,
 The grekes whilom by daie oldes
 Her goddess had in sondrie wise:
 And through the lore of her apprise,
 The Romaines helde eke the same,
 And in worship of her name,
 To euery god inspeciall
 Thei made a temple furth withall:
 And eke of her yeres daie
 Attitld had, and of arraie
 The temples weren than ordeined,
 And eke the people was constreigned,
 To come and done her sacrifice.
 The preestes eke in her office
 Solempne made thiike feastes.
 And thus the grekes like to beastes
 That men in stede of god honour,
 Whiche might nought hem self socour,
 While that thei weren alie here.
 And ouer this as thou shalt here.

The grekes (fulfilled of fantasie)
 Sayne eke, that of the hills hie
 The goddess ben inspeciall,
 But of her name in generall
 Thei hoten all Satyri.

There ben of nymphes properly
 In the beleue of hem also:
 Oreades thei saiden tho
 Attitld ben to the mountaines.

And for the woddies in demeines
 To kepe, tho ben Driades,
 Of fresshe welles Naiades.
 And of the nymphes of the see
 I fynde a tale in perpetet,

Howe Dorus whilom kyng of Grece,
 Whiche had of infortune a pece:
 His wife, forth with his daughter alle,
 So as the happes shulde falle,
 With many a gentil woman there,
 Dreint in the salte sea they were:
 Wherof the grekes that tyme sayden,
 And suche a name vpon hem layden,
 Nereides that thei ben hote
 The nymphes, whiche that thei note
 To reigne vpon the stremes salte.

Lo nowe if this beleue halt.
 But of the nymphes as thei telle,
 In euery place where thei dwelle,
 Thei ben all redy obeisant,
 As damoysselles attendant
 To the goddess, whose seruice
 Thei mote obeie in all wise:
 Wherof the grekes to hem beseke,
 With them that ben goddesses eke,
 And haue in hem a great credence,
 And yet without experience
 Saufe onely of illusion,
 Whiche was to hem damnacion.

For men also that were dede
 Thei hadden goddess as I rede,
 And tho by name Manes highten,
 To whom full great honour thei dighten,
 So as the grekes lawe sayth:
 Whiche was auene the right feith.

Thus haue I tolde a great partie,
 But all the holle progeuie
 Of goddess in that ilke tyme
 To longe it were for to ryme.
 But yet of that whiche thou hast herde,
 Of mysbeleue, how it hath ferde,
 There is a great diuersitee.

My father right so thinketh me.
 But yet one thyng I you besече,
 Whiche stant in all mens speche,
 The god, and the goddesse of loue,
 Of whom ye nothyng here aboue
 Haue tolde, ne spoken of her fare,
 That ye me wolde nowe declare,
 Hitwe thei fyrst come to that name.
 My sonne I haue lefte it for shame,
 Because I am hir owne preest,
 But for theistonde nigh thy brest
 Upon the shrifte of thy matere,
 Thou shalt of them the sooth here.

And vnderstonde now well the cas.
 Venus Saturnus daughter was,
 Whiche all daunger put aweie,
 Of loue, and fonde to lust a weie,
 So that of hir in sondrie place
 Diuers men fell in to grace,
 And suche a lusty life she ladde,
 That she diuers children had.
 Nowe one by this, nowe one by that,
 Of hir it was that Mars begat
 A childe, whiche cleped was Armens,
 Of hir also cam Androgene:
 To whom Mercurie father was.
 Anchises begatte Eneas
 Of hir also, and Hericon
 Biten begatte, and therepon,
 Whan that she sigh there was none other,
 By Iupiter, hir owne brother
 She lay, and he begat Cupide.
 And thiike some vpon a tide,

Whan he was come vnto his age,
 He had a wonder fayre visage,
 And fond his mother amorous,
 And he was also lecherous:
 So whan they were bothe alone:
 As he whiche eien had none
 To see reason, bis mother kist,
 And she also that nothyng wist,
 But that, whiche vnto his lust belonketh.
 To bene hir louer hym vnderfongeth.
 Thus was he blynde, and she vnwis.
 But neuertheles this cause it is,
 Whiche Cupide is the god of loue.
 For he his mother durst loue,
 And she, whiche thought hir lustes fonde,
 Diuers loues toke on honde
 Well more than I the tell here.
 And for she wolde her selfe shere,
 She made common that disporte,
 And set a lawe of suche a porte,
 That euery woman might take,
 What man hir list, and nought forsake
 To ben as common as she wolde.
 She was the fyrst also, whiche tolde,
 That women shuld her body selle.

Semiramis, so as men telle,
 Of Venus kepte thilke apprise.

And so did in the same wise
 Of Rome faire Neabolie,
 Whiche solde her body to Regolie.
 She was to euery man felawe.
 And helde the luste of thilke lawe,
 Whiche Venus of hir selfe beganne,
 Wherof that she the name wanne,
 Why men hir clepen the goddesse
 Of loue, and eke of gentillesse,
 Of worldes luste, and of plesaunce

See nowe the foule myscreance.
 Of grekes in thilke tyme tho,
 Whan Venus toke hir name so.
 There was no cause vnder the moone,
 Of whiche thei badden tho to doome.
 Of well or wo where so it was,
 That thei no token in that caas
 A god to helpe or a goddesse,
 Wherof to take my witesse.

Nota de epistola Dindimi regis Bragmannorum
 Alexandro magno directa, vbi dicit, quod Greci
 tunc ad corporis conseruacionem pro singulis
 membris singulos deos specialiter appropriari
 credunt.

THE kyng of Bragmans Dindimus
 Wrote vnto Alisander thus,
 In blamyng of the grekes faith:
 And of the misbeleue he saith,
 Howe thei for euery membre hadden
 A sondry god, to whom thei spradden
 Her armes, and of helpe besoughten.

Minerue for the head thei soughten,
 For she was wise, and of a man
 The witte and reason whiche he can
 Is in the celles of the brayn,
 Wherof thei made her souerayn
 Mercurie, whiche was in his dawes
 A great speaker of fals lawes:
 On hym the kepyng of the tonge
 Thei laid, whan thei speke or songe.

For Bacchus was a glotton eke,
 Hym for the throte thei beseke,
 That he it wolde wassheu ofte
 With soote drinkes and with softe.

The god of sholders and of armes
 Was Hercules, for he in armes
 The mightiest was to fight,
 To hym the lymmes thei behight.

The god, whom thei clepen Mart,
 The brest to kepe bath for his part.
 For with the herte in his image,
 That he addresse to his courage.

And of the galle the goddesse,
 For she was full of hastinesse
 Of wrath, and light to greue also,
 Thei made, and sayd, it was luno.
 Cupide, which the brood of fire,
 Bare in his honde, he was the sire
 Of the stomacke, whiche boileth euer,
 Wherof the lustes ben the leuer.

To the goddesse Ceres,
 Whiche of the corne yafe hir encrees,
 Upon the feith that tho was take,
 The wombes cure was betake.

And Venus throughe the lecherie,
 For whiche thei hir deifie
 She kept all doune the remenant
 To thiike office appertinaut.

Nota de prima Idolorum cultura, que ex tribus
 precipue status exorta est, quarum prima fuit
 illa, quam in siliis sui menioriam quidam Prin-
 cepts nomine Cirophanes a sculptore Promotheo
 fabricari constituit.

THUS was dispers in sondrie wise
 The misbeleue, as I deuisse,
 With many an ymage of entaile
 Of suche as might hem not auaille
 For thy without liues ohere
 Unmighty be to see, or here
 Or speke, or do, or elles fele,
 And yet the foolos to hem knele,
 Whiche is her owne hande werke.
 A lorde howe this beleue is derke,
 And fer fru reasonable witte:
 And netheles they don it yit.

That was this daie a ragged tree,
 To moroue vpon his maiestee
 Stant in the temple well beseyne.
 Howe might a mans reason seyn,
 That suche a stocke maie helpe or greue?
 But thei, that ben of suche beleue,
 And vnto suche goddesse calle:
 It shall to hem right so befall,
 And failen at most neede.
 But if the lyst to take heede,
 And of the first ymage witte,
 Petronius therof bath writte,
 And eke Nigargarous also,
 And thei afferme, and write so,
 That Promotheus was tofore.
 And fonde the fyrst crafte therfore.
 And Cirophanes, as thei telle,
 Throughe counsell, which was take in hell,
 In remembrance of his lignage,
 Let setten vp the fyrst ymage.

Of Cirophanes, seith the booke,
 That he for sorow, whiche he toke

Of that he sigh his sonne dede,
Of comfort knewe none other rede,
But lete do make in remembrance
A faire image of his semblance,
And set it in the market place:
Whiche openly to fore his face
Stood every day, to done hym ease:
And thei that than wolden please
The fader, shuld it obeye,
Whan that thei comen thilke weyc.

Secunda statua fuit illa, quam ad sni patris Beli
culturam, rex Ninus fieri et adorari decreuit.
Et sic de nomine Beli postea Bel et Belzebub
Idolum accreuit.

AND of Nilus kynge of Assire
I rede, how that in his Empire
He was next after the secoude
Of hem, that first images founde.
For he right in semblable caas
Of Belus, whiche his fader was,
From Nembroth in the right line,
Lete make of gold and stones fine
A precious image riche
After his fader euenliche:
And therepon a lawe he sette,
That every man of pure dette,
With sacrifice, and with truage,
Honour shuld thilke image.
So that within tyme it felle,
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belsabub and so
The misbeleue went tho.

Tertia statua fuit illa, que ad honorem Apis Regis
Græcorum sculpta fuit, cui postea nomen Ser-
apis imponentes ipsum quasi deum pagani co-
luerunt.

THE third image next to this,
Whan the kynge of Grece Apis
Was deed, thei made a figure
In resemblance of his stature.

Of this kynge Apis seith the booke,
That Serapis his nome tooke,
In whom through longe continuance
Of misbeleue a great crance
Thei hadden, and the reuerence
Of sacrifice and of encence
To hym thei made, and as thei telle
Amonge the wonders, that befelle,
Whan Alexander fro Candace
Cam ridend in a wilde place
Under an hille a caue he fonde,
And Candalus, whiche in that londe
Was bore, and was Candaces sonne,
Him told, how that of common wonne
The goddes were in thilke caue.
And he that wolde assaye and haue
A knowlageday, if it be soth,
Light of his hors, and in he gothe,
And fond therin, that he sought.
For through the fendes sleight him thought,
Amonge other goddes mo,
That Serapis spake to him tho,
Whom be sigh there in great arae.
And thus the fende from daie to daie
The worship of idolatrie
Drough forth vpon the fantasie

Of hem, that were than blynde,
And outhen nought the trouth finde.

Thus hast thou herd in what degre
Of Grece, Egypte, and Chaldee
The misbeleue whilom stood,
And howe so thei be not good
Ne trewe, yet thei sprongen oute,
Wherof the wyde worlde aboute
His part of misbeleue toke:
Til so befelle, as seith the boke,
That god a people for him selue
Hath chose, of the linages twelue,
Wherof the sothe redily,
As it is written in Genesie
I thinke telle in suche a wise,
That it shall be to thyu a prise.

De Hebreorum seu Iudæorum secta quorum Sina-
goga, ecclesia Christi supercuniente, defecit.

AFTER the flood, fro whiche Noe
Was saufe, the worlde in his degre
Was made as who seith newe ageyn
Of flour, of fruit, of gras, of greyn,
Of beast, of byrd, and of mankind,
Whiche euer hath be to god vnkind.
For not withstandinge all the fare,
Of that this worlde was made so bare,
And afterward it was restored,
Amonge the men was nothyng mored
Toward god of good liuyng:
But all was torned to likyng
After the flesshe, so that foryete
Was he, whiche yafe hem life and mete,
Of heuen and erth creatour.

And thus cam forth the great errour.
That thei the high god ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou hast herde me saide tofore.
There was no man that tyme bore,
That he ne had after his choyce
A god, to wom ye yafe bis voyce.
Wherof the misbeleue cam
In to the tyme of Abraham:
But he fonde out the right weie,
Howe onely men shulde obeie
The high god, whiche weldeth all,
And euer hath done, and euer shall,
In heuen, in erth, and eke in helle,
There is no tonge his might maie telle,
This Patriarchie to his linage
Forbad, that thei to none ymage
Enclieue shulde in no wise:
But her offrende and sacrifice,
With all the hole hertes loue,
Unto the mighty god aboute
Thei shulden yeue, and to no mo.

And thus in thilke tyme tho
Began that sect vpon this erthe,
Whiche of beleues was the ferthe,
Of rightouanes it was conceiued:
"So must it nedes be receiued
Of hym that all ryght is in,
The high god, whiche wolde wynne
A people vnto his owne feyth,
On Abraham the grounde he leyth,
And made hym for to multiplie
In to so great a progenie,
That they Egypte all ouer sprad.
But Pharae with wronge hem lad

In seruitude ayene the pees,
 Till god let sende Moïses,
 To make the deliuerance.
 And for his people great vengeance
 He toke, whiche is to here a wonder,
 The kyng was slayn, the londe put vnder,
 God bad the read see deuide,
 Whiche stode vpright on eury side,
 And yafe vnto his people a weie,
 That thei on fote it passed dreye,
 And gone so forth in to deserte,
 Where for to kepe hem in court.
 The daies whan the sonne brent,
 A large cloude hem ouerwent.
 And for to wissen hem by nyght,
 A fire piller hem alight.
 And whan that they for hunger plaine,
 The mighty god began to rayne,
 Manna fro heuen downe to grounde,
 Whereof that eche of hem hath founde
 His foode, suche right as hym list.
 And for thei shuld vpon hym trist,
 Right as who set a tonne a broche,
 He perced the harde roche,
 And spronge out water all at wille,
 That man and best hath dronke his fille.
 And afterwarde he yafe the lawe
 To Moyses, that hem withdrawe
 Thei shuld not fro that he bad.
 And in this wise thei be lad,
 Till thei toke in possession
 The londes of promission,
 Where that Caleph and Iosue
 The marches vpon suche degre
 Departen after the linage,
 That eche of hem as heritage
 His pourpartie hath vnderfonge.
 And thus stode this beleue longe,
 Whiche of prophetes was gouerned,
 And thei had eke the people lerned.
 Of great honour, that shuld hem falle:
 But at most nede of all
 They failden, whan Christ was bore.
 But howe that thei her feith haue lore,
 It nedeth nought to tellen all,
 The mater is so generall
 Whan Lucifer was hest in heuen,
 And ought moste haue stonde in euen,
 Towardes god he toke debate.
 And for that he was obstinate,
 And wold nought to trouth encline,
 He fell euer into ruine.
 And Adam eke in paradise,
 Whan he stode moste in all his prise,
 After the state of Innocence,
 Ayen the god brake his defence,
 And fell out of his place aweie.
 And right by suche maner weye
 The lewes in her best plite,
 Whan that thei shulde moste perfite
 Haue stonde vpon the prophecie,
 Tho fellen thei to moste folie,
 And hym, which was fro heuen come,
 And of a maide his flesshe hath nome,
 And was amonge hem bore and fed,
 As men that wolden nought be sped,
 Of goddes sonne, with o voice
 Thei henge and slough vpon the croice:
 Whereof the perfite of her lawe
 Fro then forth hem was withdrawe,

So that thei stonde of no merite,
 But in truage as folke subiecte,
 Without propreete of place
 Thei liuen out of gods grace,
 Dispers in all londes out.
 And thus the feith is come aboute,
 That wilome in the lewes stood,
 Whiche is nought perfitelich good.
 To speke as it is nowe befall,
 There is a feyth abouen all,
 In whiche the trouth is comprehended,
 Whereof that we ben all amended.

De fide Christiana, in qua perfecte legis comple-
 mentum, summi ministerii sacramentum, nos-
 treque salvationis fundamentum in fallibiliter
 consistere creditur.

THE high almighty maiestee,
 Of rightousnes, and of pitee,
 The synne, whiche that Adam wrought,
 Whan he sigh tyme ayene he bought,
 And send his sonne fro the heuen,
 Whiche mans sowle hath set in euen,
 And hath his grace reconciled,
 Fro whiche the man was first exiled,
 And in hym selfe so sore fall,
 Upon the poynt whiche is befall,
 That he ne might him selfe arise.

Gregorie saith in his aprise,
 It helpeth nought a man be bore,
 If gods sonne were vnore.
 For than through the first synne,
 Whiche Adam whylome brought vs inne,
 There shulden all men be lost:
 But Christ restoreth thilke lost,
 And bought it with his flesshe and blood.
 And if we thynken, howe it stood
 Of thilke raunson, whiche he paide,
 As saynt Gregorie it wrote and saide,
 All was behouely to the man.
 For that, wherof his wo began,
 Was after cause of all his welth,
 Whan he, whiche is the well of helthe,
 The high creatour of life,
 Upon the nede of suche a strife,
 So wold he for his creature
 Take on him selfe the forfeiture,
 And suffer for the mans sake.

Thus maie no reason well forsake,
 That tbilke sinne originall
 Ne was the cause in speciall
 Of mans worship at last
 Whiche shall withouten end last.
 For by that cause the godhede
 Assembled was with the manbede,
 In the virgine, where he nome
 Our flesshe, and very man become
 Of bodely fraternitee,
 Whereof the man in his degre
 Stant more worth, as I haue tolde
 Than he stode erst by many folde,
 Through baptisme of the newe lawe,
 Of whiche Christe lorde is and felawe,
 Through vertue of his might,
 Whiche in Mary was alight
 To binde mans soule agayne.
 And this beleue is so certayne,
 So full of grace and of vertue,
 That what man clepeth to Iesu,

In elene life, forth with good dede,
He maie not failen of heuen mede,
So that it stont vpon beleue,
That euery man maie well acheue,
Whiche taken hath the right feith.
For elles, as the gospell seith,
Saluacion there maie be none.
And for to preche therupon
Christ bad to his apostles all,
The whose power as nowe is falle
On vs, that ben of holy church,
If we the good dedes wurchen.
For feyth, but if there be good dede,
Thapostle seyth, is worth no mede.

Nowe were it good, that thou for thy,
Whiche through baptisme proprely
Art vnto Christes feyth professed,
Beware that thou be not oppressed
With antichristes lollardie.
For as the lewes prophecie
Was set of god for auantage:
Right so this newe tapinage
Of lollardie goth aboute,
To sette Christes feithe in doute.
The saintes, that were vs tofore,
By whome the feithe was first vp bore,
That holy church stode releued:
Thei oughte better be beleued,
Than these, whiche that men knowe,
Not holy, though thei feigne and blowe
Her lollardie in mennes eare.
But if thou wylt lyue out of feare,
Suche newe lore I rede eschewe,
And holde forth right the weie, and sewe
As thyn auncestres did er this:
So shalt thou nought beleue amis.
Christe wrought fyrst, and after taught,
So that his dede the worde araught:
He yafe ensample in his parsonne,
And we the wordes haue alone
Like to the tre with leues greene,
Upon the whiche no fruite is seene.

Nota quod cum Anthonor palladium Troie a templo Minerue abstulit, Thoas ibidem summus sacerdos auro corruptus, oculos auertit, et sic malum quousi non videns scienter fieri permisit.

THE priest Thoas, whiche of Minerue
The temple had for to serue,
And the Palladion of Troie
Kepte vnder keie: for moneie
Of Anthonor whiche he hath nome,
Hath suffred Anthonor to come,
And the Palladion to stele,
Wherof the worship and the wele
Of the Troians was ouerthrowe.

But Thoas at same throwe,
Whan Anthonor this lewell toke,
Wynkend cast away his loke,
For a deceite, and for a wile,
As he that shuld hym selfe begyle,
He hid his eyen fro the sight,
And wende well, that he so might
Excuse his fals conscience.

I wote not if thilke euidence
Now at this time in her astates,
Excuse might the prelates,
Knowend how that the feith discreseth
And all morall vertue cossseth:

Wherof that thei the keyes bere,
But yet hem liketh not to stere
Her gostly eie for to see
The worlde in his aduersitee.
Thei wold no labour vndertake
To kepe that hem is betake.

Christe died hym selfe for the feyth,
But nowe our ferull prelate seyth,
The life is swete, and that he kepeth,
So that the feith vnholpe slepeth,
And thei vnto her ease entenden,
And in her lust her life dispenden,
And euery man do what hym list.
Thus stant this worlde fulfilled of miste,
That no man seeth the right weie.
The wardes of the church keie,
Through mishaudyng ben miswreint,
The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint
The ship whiche Peter bath to stere.
The forme is kept, but the matere
Transformed is in other wise,
But if thei weren gostly wise,
And that the priestes were good,
As thei by olde daies stooode,
It were than litell nede,
Amonge the men to taken hede,
Of that thei heren Pseudo tell,
Whiche nowe is come for to dwelle
To sowe Cockil with the come,
So that the tilthe is nigh forlorne,
Whiche Christ sewe first his owne honde,
Nowe stant the Cockill in the londe,
Where stode whilom the good greyne.
For the prelates nowe, as men seyne,
Forslouten that thei shuld tille:
And that I trowe he the skille,
Whan there is lacke in hem aboue,
The people is stranged to the loue
Of trouthe, in cause of ignorance.
For where there is no puruicance
Of light, men erren in the darke.
But if the prelates wolden warke
Upon the feith whiche thei vs teache,
Men shulden nought her waie seche
Without light as nowe is vsed.
Men see the charge all daie refused,
Whiche holy church hath vndertake.

Gregorius. Quando Petrus cum Iudea, Andreas cum Achaia, Thomas cum India, et Paulus cum gente venient, quid dicemus nos moderni, quorum fossum talentum pro nibilo computabitur.

BUT who that wolde ensample take.
Gregorie vpon his Omelie
Aycne the slouth of Prelacie
Complaineth hym, and thus he saith:
Whan Peter, father of the faith
At domes daie shall with hym bryng
Iudea, whiche through his prechyng
He wan, and Andrew with Achaie
Shall come his dette for to paie,
And Thomas eke with his beyete
Of sondry londes to present:
Of sondry londes and rent,
Whiche of this worlde we holden here,
With voide hondes shall appere,

Touchende our cure spirituall,
 Whiche is our charge in speciall.
 I not what thyng it maie amount,
 Upon thilke ende of our accompte,
 Whiche Christ hym selfe is auditour,
 Whiche taketh none hede of vein honour,
 The office of the Chancellerie,
 Or of the kynges treasure,
 Ne for to write, ne for to taile,
 To warrant may not than auaile.
 The worlde, which nowe so well we trow,
 Shall make vs than but a mowe.
 So passe we without mede,
 That we none otherwise spede,
 But as we rede, that he spedde,
 The whiche bis lordes besaunt hedde,
 And therypon gat none encreas.
 But at his tyme netheles,
 What other man bis thanke deserue,
 The worlde so lustie is to serue
 That we with him ben all accorded,
 And that is wist and well recorded
 Through out this erthe in all londes.
 Let knyghtes wyne with hir bondes.
 For our tonges shall-be still,
 And stande vpon the flessches will.
 It were a trauailc for to preche,
 The faith of Christ as for to teche
 The folke painim, it woll not bee.
 But euery prelate holde his see,
 With all suche as he maie geate
 Of lusty drinke, of lusty meate,
 Wherof the body fatte and full,
 Is vnto gostely labour dulle,
 And slough to handle thilke plough.
 But els we ben swifte enough
 Towarde the worldes Auarice,
 And that is as a sacrific,
 Whiche after that thapostle saith,
 Is openly ayene the faith,
 Unto the idols youe and graunted.
 But netheles as it is nowe haunted,
 And vertue changed into vice,
 So that largesse is Auarice,
 In whose chaptre nowe we treat.

My father this matter is beate
 So far, that euer while I lue,
 I shall the better hede yeue
 Unto my selfe by many weye.
 But ouer this nowe wolde I prey,
 To witte what the branches are
 Of Auarice, and howe thei fare,
 Als well in loue as otherwise.

My sonne and I the shall deuise,
 In suche a maner as thei stonde,
 So that thou shalt vnderstonde.

Agros iungit agris Cupidus domibus domosque,
 Possidat totam sic quasi solus humum.
 Solus & innumeros mulierum spirat amores,
 Vt sacra millenis sit sibi culta Venus.

Hic tractat Confessor super illa specie auaritie,
 que cupiditas dicitur, quam in amoris causa
 pertractans amanti super hoc opponit.

DAME Auarice is nought solayne,
 Whiche is of golde the capitayne:
 But of hir courte in sondrie wise,
 After the schole of hir aprise,

She hath of seruantes many one,
 Wherof that Couetise is one:
 Whiche with the large worlde about
 To seche thauauntages out,
 Where that he maie the profite winne,
 To Auarice and bryueth it inne:
 That one halt, and that other draweth,
 There is no daie whiche hem bedaweth,
 No more the sonne than the moone,
 Whan there is any thyng to doone,
 And namely with Couetise.
 For he stant out of all assise
 Of reasonable mans fare,
 Where he purposeth hym to fare
 Upon bis lucre, and his beyete,
 The small pathe, the large strete,
 The furlonge, and the longe mile,
 All is but one for thilke while.
 And for that he is suche one holde
 Dame Auarice hym hath with holde,
 As he whiche is the principall,
 Outwarde for he is ouer all
 A purueour, and an espie.
 For right as of an hungrie pie
 The stoure beastes ben awaited:
 Right so is Couetise affaited,
 To loke where he maie purchase.
 For by his will he wolde embrace
 All that this wide worlde beclippeth.
 But euer he somwhat ouerhippeth,
 That he maie not all fulfillie
 The lustes of his gredie wille.
 But where it faileth in a londe,
 That Couetise in mightie honde
 Is sette, it is full harde to fede.
 For than he taketh none other bede,
 But that he maie purchase and gete,
 His conscience hath all foryete,
 And not what thyng it maie amounte,
 That he shall afterwarde accompte.
 But as the Luce in his degree
 Of tho, that lesse ben than hee,
 The fishes gredily deuoureth,
 So that no water hem socoureth:
 Right so no lawe maie rescowe
 Fro hym that woll not righte allowe.
 For where that suche one is of mighte,
 His will shall stonde in stede of righte,
 Thus ben the men distroied full ofte,
 Till that the great god alofte,
 Ayene so great a couetise,
 Redresse it in his owne wise.

And in example of all tho
 I fynde a tale written so,
 The whiche for it is good to lere,
 Hereafterwarde thou shalt here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra magnates
 cupidos, Et narrat de Crasso Romanorum Im-
 peratore, qui turrim, in qua speculum Virgilit
 Rome fixum extiterat, dolosa circumuentus cu-
 piditate euertit, vnde non solum sui ipsius per-
 ditionem, sed totius ciuitatis intollerabile dam-
 num contingere causauit.

WHAN Rome stode in noble plite,
 Virgile, whiche was tho parfit,
 A mirrour made of his clergie,
 And sette it in the townes cie

Of marbre on a pillar without,
That thei by thirtie mile about,
By daie and eke also by night,
In that mirroure beholde might
Her enemies, if any were,
With all her ordinance there,
Whiche thei ayene the citee cast.
So that while thilke mirroure last,
There was no londe, whiche might acheue
With werre Rome for to greue.
Wherof was great enuie tho
And it fell that ilke tyme so,
That Rome had werres stronge
Ageyne Carthage, and stode longe
The two citees vpon debate.
Carthage sigh the stronge astate
Of Rome in thilke mirroure stonde,
And thought all priuely to fonde
To ouerthrowe it by some wile.
And Hanniball was thilke while.
The prince and leader of Carthage,
Whiche had set all his courage
Upon knighthode in suche a wise,
That he by worthie and by wise,
And by none other was counsailed:
Wherof the worlde is yet meruailed
Of the maistries that he wrought
Upon the marches, whiche he soughte.

And fell in thilke tyme also,
The kyng of Puile, whiche was tho,
Thought ayene Rome to rebelle,
And thus was take the quarell,
Howe to distroie the mirroure.

Of Rome tho was emperour
Crasus, whiche was so couetous,
That he was euer desyrus
Of golde to gette the pillage,
Wherof that Puile, and eke Carthage,
With philosophers wise and great
Beynone of this matter to treat.
And at last in this degre
There was philosophers three,
To do this thyng which vndertoke,
And therupon thei with hem toke
A great treasure of golde in cofres
To Rome, and thus these philosophers
To gether in companie went:
But no man wist what thei ment.

Whan thei to Rome come were,
So priuely thei dwelte there,
As thei that thoughten to deceiue,
Was none, that might of hem perceiue,
Till thei in sondry stedes haue
Her golde vnder the erthe begraue
In two treasours, that to beholde
Thei shulde seme as thei were olde.
And so forth than vpon a daie,
All openly in good araise,
To temperour thei hem present,
And tolden, it was her entent
To dwell vnder his seruise.

And he hem asketh in what wise.
And thei hym told in suche a plite,
That eche of hem had a spirite,
The whiche slepde a nyght appereth,
And hem by sondry dreames lereth,
After the worlde that hath betid.
Under the grounde if ought be hid
Of olde treasure at any throwe,
Thei shall it in her sweuen knowe.

And vpon this condicion
Thei sein, what golde vnder the towne
Of Rome is hid, thei woll it fynde,
There shall nought be lefte behinde:
Be so that he the halue dele
Hem graunt: and he assenteth wele.
And thus cam sleight for to dwelle
With Couetise, as I the telle.

This emperour bad redily,
That thei be lodged fast by,
Where he his owne body laie.
And whan it was at morowe daie,
That one of hem saythe, that he mette,
Where he a golde hoorde shall sette.
Wherof this emperour was glad,
And therupon anone he bad
His minours for to go, and myne:
And he hym selfe of that couync
Goth forthe withall, and at his honde
The treasure redy there he fonde,
Where as thei saide it shulde be.
And who was than glad but he?

Upon that other daie seconde
Thei haue an other golde boorde fonde,
Whiche the seconde maister toke
Upon his sweuen and vndertoke.
And thus the sothe experience
To temperour yafe suche credence,
That all his trust, and all his feith
So sikerliche on hem he leith,
Of that he fonde hym so releued,
That thei be perfully beleued,
As though thei were goddes three,
Nowe herken the subtiltee.

The thirde maister shulde mete,
Which as they saiden was vnmete
Above hem all, and couth moste:
And he without noyse or boste,
All priuliche, so as he wolde
Upon the morowe his sweuen tolde
To the emperour right in his eare,
And saide hym, that he wist where
A treasure was, so plentiful
Of golde, and eke so precious
Of iewelles, and of riche stones,
That it to all his hors at ones
Were a charge suffisant.

This lorde of vpon this couenant
Was glad, and asketh where it was.

The maister saide vnder the glas.
He tolde hym eke as for the uyne
He wolde ordeine suche engyne,
That thei the werke shuld vnder sette
With tymbre, and without lette
Men maie the treasure sauely delue,
So that the myrroure by hym selue
Without empeirement shall stonde.
All this the maister vpon honde
Hath vnder take in all weye.

This lorde, whiche had his wit away,
And was with couetise blent,
Anone therto yafe his assent.
And thus to mine forth withall
The tymbre sette vp ouer all,
Wherof the pyller stode vpright,
Till it befelle vpon a night,
These clerkes, when thei were ware,
Howe that the tymber only bare
The pyller, where the myrroure stode,
Her sleight no man vnderstode

Thei go by night vnto the myne
 With pitche, with sulphur, and with rosyne:
 And whan the citee was a slepe,
 A wilde fyre in to the depe
 Thei caste amonge the tymber werke,
 And so forth while the night was derke
 Desguised in a poore araie
 Thei passeden the towne er daie.
 And whan thei comen vpon an hille,
 They sighen how the myrroure fylle:
 Wherof thei made ioye enough,
 And eche of hem with other lough,
 And sayde: Lo what couetise
 Maie doe, with hem that be not wise?
 And that was proued afterwarde.
 For euery londe to Rome warde,
 Whiche had be subiecte to fore,
 Whan this myrroure was so forlore,
 And thei the wonder herde seie,
 Anone begonne to disobeie
 With werres vpon euery side.
 And thus hath Rome lost his pride,
 And was defouled ouer all.

For this I fynde of Haniball,
 That he of Romaynes on a daie,
 Whan he hem fonde out of araie,
 So great a multitude slough,
 That of golde rynges, whiche he drough
 Of gentill handes, that ben deade,
 Busshelles full three, I rede
 He fylled, and made a bridge also,
 That he might ouer Tyber go
 Upon the corps that dede were
 Of the Romaynes, which he slough there.

Bur nowe to speke of the myse,
 The whiche after the couetise
 Was take vpon this emperour,
 For he destroyed the myrroure,
 It is a wonder for to here.
 The Romaines maden a chayere,
 And sette her emperour there.
 And sayden, for be wolde wyne
 Of golde the superfluitee,
 Of golde he shulde sucche plentee
 Receyue, till he saide ho,
 And with golde, whiche thei had the
 Boylende hote within a panne,
 Into his mouthe thei pouren than.

And thus the thirst of golde was queint
 With golde, whiche had ben atteint.

Wherof my soune thou might lere
 Whan couetise hath lost the stere
 Of reasonable gouernance,
 There falleth ofte great greuance.
 For there maie be no werse thyng,
 Than couetise aboute a kyng
 If it in his persone be,
 It doth the more aduersitee.
 And if it in bis counsaile stonde,
 It bryngeth all daie mischiefe to bonde
 Of common harme: and if it growe
 Within his court, it wolle be knowe.
 For than shall the kyng be pined.
 The man whiche hath his londe tilled,
 Awaiteth nought more redily
 The heruest, than thei greedily
 Ne make than warde and wache,
 Where thei the profite mighten catche.
 And yet full ofte it falleth so,
 As men maie sene amonge hem tho,

That he, whiche most coueieteth fast,
 Hath least auantage at last.
 For whan fortune is there agayne,
 Though he coueiet, it is in vayne:
 The happes ben nought aliche,
 One is made poore another riche:
 The courte to some it doth profite,
 And some ben euer in one plite,
 And yet thei both aliche sore
 Coueiet, but fortune is more
 Unto that one parte fauourable.
 And though it be nought reasonable,
 This thyng maie a man sene all daie,
 Wherof that I the telle maie
 After ensample in remembrance,
 Howe euery man maie take his chance
 Or of rychesse, or of pouerte,
 How so it stande of the deserte,
 Here is nought euery thyng acquite.
 For ofte a man maie see this yit,
 That who best doth, lest thonke shall haue.
 It helpeth nought the worlde to craue,
 Whiche out of reule and of measure
 Hath euer stande in aventure,
 As well in courte as els where
 And howe in olde daies there
 It stode so as the thynges felle,
 I thinke a tale for to telle.

Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus
 regum seruientes, pro eo quod ipsi secundum
 eorum cupiditatem promoti non existunt, de re-
 gio seruitio quamvis in eorum defectu indiscrete
 inurant.

In a cronike this I rede,
 About a kyng, as must nede,
 There was knyghtes and squiers
 Great route, and eke officers:
 Some of longe tyme hym had serued,
 And thoughten, that thei haue deserued
 Auancement, and gone without:
 And some also ben of the route,
 That comen but a while agone,
 And thei auanced were anone.

These olde men vpon this thyng,
 (So as thei durst) ageyne the kyng
 Amonge hem selfe compleineu ofte:
 But there is nothyng sayde so soft,
 That it ne cometh out at last.
 The kyng it wist, anone als fast
 As he whiche was of high prudence,
 He shope therefore an euidence
 Of hem that plainen in the cas,
 To knowe in whose default it was,
 And all within his owne entent,
 That no man wist what it meut.

Anone he lette two cofres make,
 Of one semblance, of one make,
 So lyche, that no life thilke throwe,
 That one maie fro that other knowe:
 Thei were in to his chambre brought:
 But no man wote why thei be brought.
 And netheles the kyng hath bede,
 That thei be sette in priuie stede,
 As he that was of wisdoms slygh.
 Whan he therto his tyme sigh,
 All priueliche, that none it wist,
 His owne hondes that one chist
 Of fine golde, and of fyne perie,
 The whiche out of his tresorie

Was take, anone he filde full:
That other coffre of strawe and mull,
With stones mened he filde also.
Thus be thei full both two.

So that ereliche vpon a daie
He bad within there he laie,
There shulde to fore his bedde
A bourde vp sette, and fayre sprede,
And than he let the coffres fette.
Upon the bourde and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche ayene hym grutcheth so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and sent for hem all,
And saide to hem in this wyse:

There shall no man his hap despise,
I wotte well ye haue longe serued,
And got wote what ye haue deserued,
But if it is a longe on me,
Of that ye vnaunched be,
Or els if it be longe on you,
The soth shall be preued nowe,
To stoppe with your euyll worde.
Lo here two cofers on the borde,
Chese whiche you list of both two.
And witteth well, that one of tho
Is with treasour so full begone,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye shall be riche men for euer.
Nowe chese and take whiche you is leuer.
But he well ware, er that ye take.
For of that one I vndertake,
There is no maner good therin,
Wherof ye might profite winne.
Nowe goth to getherof one assent,
And maketh your aduisement.
For but I you this daie auance,
It stant vpon your owne chance
All onely in default of grace,
So shall ye shewe in this place
Upou you all well afine
That no defaute shall be myn.

Thei kneelen all, and with one voice
The kynge thei thanken of this choise.
And after that thei vp arise,
And gon a side, and hem auise,
And at last thei acorde,
Wherof her tale to recorde,
To what issue thei ben falle,
A knight shall speake for hem alle.
He kneleth downe to the kynge,
And saith that tbei vpon this thyng
Or for to wyne, or for to lese,
Ben all auised for to chese.

Tho toke this knight a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofers stonde,
And with thassent of euerichone,
He leid his yarde vpon one,
And seth the kynge, howe thilke same
Thei chese in regurdon by name,
And preith bim that thei might it haue.
The kynge whiche wolde his honour saue,
Whan he hath berde the common voice,
Hath graunted hem her owne choise,
And toke hem therupon the keye.
But for he wolde it were seye
What good thei haue, as thei suppose,
He had anone the cofer vnclose,
Whiche was fulfilled with straw and stones.
Thus be thei serued all at ones.

This kynge than in the same stede,
Anone that other Cofer vndede,
Where as thei sawen great richesse,
Well more than thei couthen gesse,
Lo, sayth the kynge, nowe maie ye see,
That there is no defaut in mee.
For thy my selfe I woll acquite,
And beareth your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise kynge excused,
And thei left of her euyll speche,
And mercy of her kynge beseche.

Nota de diuitiarum accidentia, vbi narrat, qualiter
Fredericus Romanorum imperator duos pauperes
audiuit litigantes, quorum vnus dixit, Bene
potest ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius
dixit, quem deus vult ditare diues erit, que rex
cum ab experimentum postea probata fuisset,
ille qui deum innocabat pastillum auro plenum
fortitus est, alius vero caponis pastillum sorte
preelegit.

SOMDELE to this mater like
I fynde a tale, howe Frederike
Of Rome that tyme Emperour
Herde, as he wente, a great clamour
Of two beggers vpon the weye:
That one of hem began to seye,
Ha lord well may the name be riche,
Whome that a kynge list to riche.

That other said no thyng so,
But he is ryche and well bego,
To whome that god wol sende wele.
And thus thei maden wordes fele.
Wherof this lord hath hede nome,
And did hem both for to come
To the paleis, where hr shall ete,
And had ordeine for her meate
Two pasteys, whiche he lette do make.
A capon in that one was bake,
And in that other for to wyne
Of foreyns all that maie within
He let to put a great riches:
And euen as liche as man maie gesse,
Outwarde thei were both two.

This begger was commanded tho,
He the whiche held hym to the kynge,
That he fyrste chese vpon this thyng.
He sawe hem, but he felt hem nought:
So that vpon his owne thought
He chese the capon, and forsoke
That other, whiche his felawe toke.
But whan he wist howe that it ferde,
He seyth alowde, that men it herde,
Nowe haue I certaynely conceiued,
That he maie lightly be deceiued,
That tristeth vnto mans helpe.
But well is hym, that god woll helpe.
For he stant on the siker side,
Whiche elles shulde go beside,
I see my felawe well recouer,
And I mote dwell still pouer.

Thus spake the begger his entent,
And poore he cam, and poore he went,
Of that he hath richesse sought,
His infortune it wolde nought.
So maie it shewe in sondrie wise,
Betwene fortune and couetise,

The chance is cast vpon a dee
 But yet a man maie full ofte see
 Enowe of suche netheles,
 Whiche euer put hem selfe in pres
 To get hem good, and yet thei faile.
 And for to speke of this entaile
 Touchende of loue in thy mattere,
 My good sonne as thou might here,
 That right as it with the men stood
 Of infortune of worldes good,
 As thou hast lerd me tell aboue:
 Right so full ofte it stant by loue,
 Though thou coueyte it enermore,
 Thou shalte haue no dele the more,
 But only that, whiche is the shape,
 The remenant is but a iape.
 And netheles enowe of tho
 There ben, that nowe coueite so.
 That where as thei a woman see,
 Ye ten or twelue though there be,
 The loue is nowe so vnaused,
 That where the beautee stant assised,
 The mans herte anone is there,
 And rouneth tales in hir ere,
 And seith, howe that he loueth streite.
 And thus he sette hym to coueite
 An hondred though he sawe a daie,
 So wolde he more than he maie.
 So for the great couetise
 Of sotie and fool emprise,
 In eche of hem he sint somewhat,
 That pleaseth hym, or this or that:
 Some one, for she is white of skynne,
 Some one, for she is noble of kynne,
 Some one, for she hath a rodie cheke,
 Some one, for that she semeth meke,
 Some one, for she hath eyen greye,
 Some one, for she can laugh and pleye,
 Some one, for she is longe and smalle,
 Some one, for she is lite and tall,
 Some one, for she is pale and bleche,
 Some one, for she is softe of speche,
 Some one, for that she is camused,
 Some one, for she hath not be vsed,
 Some one, for she can daunce and sing,
 So that some thyng of his likyng
 He sint: and though no more he fele,
 But that she hath a litell hele,
 It is enough, that he therefore
 Hir loue, and thus an hundred score,
 While thei be newe, he wolde he had,
 Whom he forsaketh, she is bad,
 The blinde man no colour demeth,
 But all is one right as bim semeth:
 So hath his lust no iudgement,
 Whom couetise of loue blent.
 Hym thinketh, that to his couetise,
 Howe all the worlde ne maie suffise.
 For by his wille he wolde haue all,
 If that it might so befall.
 Thus is he comon as the strete,
 I set nought of his beycte.
 My sonne haste thou suche conetise?
 Naye fader suche loue I trespise,
 And while I liue shal don euer.
 For in good feith yet had I leuer,
 Than to coueite in suche aweye,
 To ben for euer till I deye
 As poor as lob, and loueles,
 Out taken one, for baueles

His thonkes is no man a liue.
 For than a man shulde all vnthrive.
 There ought no wise man coueite,
 The lawe was not set so streite.
 For thy my selfe with all to saue,
 Suche one there is I wold haue,
 And none of all this other mo.
 My sonne of that thou woldest so,
 I am not wroth, but ouer this,
 I wold the telle, howe it is.
 For there be men, whiche other wise
 Right onely for the couetise,
 Of that thei seen a woman riche,
 There wol thei all her loue affiche
 Nought for the beautee of hir face,
 Ne yet for vertu ne for grace,
 Whiche she hath elles right enough,
 But for the parke and for the plough,
 And other thinges, whiche therto longeth.
 For in none other wise hem longeth
 To loue, but if thei profite finde,
 And if the profite be behyude,
 Her loue is euer lesse and lesse.
 For after that she hath richesse,
 Her loue is of proporcion.
 If thou hast suche condicion.
 My sonne telle right as it is.
 Myn holy fader naye ywis,
 Condicion suche haue I none
 For truly fader I loue one
 So well, with all myn hertes thought,
 That certes though she had nought,
 And were as poore as Medea,
 Whiche was exiled for Creusa,
 I wolde bir nought the lesse loue:
 Ne though she were at hir aboue,
 As was the riche quene Candace,
 Whiche to deserue loue and grace
 To Alisander, that was kynge,
 Yafe many a worthyche riche thyng:
 Or elles as Panthasilee,
 Whiche was the quene of Feminee,
 And great richesse with hir nam,
 When she for loue of Hector cam
 To Troie, in rescous of the towne.
 I am of suche condicion,
 That though my ladie of hir selue
 Were also riche, as suche twelue,
 I couth not, though it were so,
 No better loue bir, than I do.
 For I loue in so plaine a wise,
 That for to speke of couetise,
 As for pouerte, or for richesse,
 My loue is nother more ne lesse.
 For iu good feith I trowe this,
 So couetous no man there is.
 For why, and he my ladie sie,
 That he through loknyge of his eie
 Ne shuld haue suche a stroke within,
 That for no gold he might wyn,
 He shuld nought hir loue asterte,
 But if he lefte there his herte,
 Be so it were suche a man,
 That couthe skille of a woman.
 For there be men so rude some,
 When thei amonge the women come,
 Thei gon vnder protection,
 That loue and his affection
 Ne shal not take hem by the sleue.
 For thei ben out of that beleue,

Hem lusteth of no ladie chere,
 But euer thinkend there and here,
 Where as the golde is in the cofre,
 And wol none other loue profre.
 But who so wote, what loue amounteth,
 And by reason truliche accompteth:
 Than maie he knowe, and taken hede,
 That all the lust of womanhede,
 Whiche maie ben in a ladis face,
 My lady hath, and eke of grace.
 If men shuld yeuen hir a prise,
 Thei maie wel seye, howe she is wise,
 And sobre, and simple of countenance,
 And all that to good gouernaunce
 Belongeth of a worthie wight,
 She hath plainly: for thilke night,
 That she was bore, as for the noues,
 Nature set in hir at ones
 Bcautee with bountee so beseyn,
 That I maie well afferme and scyn,
 I sawe yet neuer creature,
 Of comly hede, and of feture,
 In any kynges region,
 Be liche hir in comparison.
 And therto, as I haue you tolde,
 Yet hath she more a thousande folde
 Of bountee, and shortly to telle,
 She is pure heade and welle,
 And myrroure, and ensample of good,
 Who so hir vertues vnderstood.
 Me thinketh it ought enought suffice
 Withouten other couetise,
 To loue suche onc, and to serue,
 Whiche with hir chere cau deserue
 To be beloued better wyis,
 Than she par cas that richest is,
 And hath of golde a milion:
 Suche bath he myn opinion,
 And euer shall, But netheles
 I saie nought she is haules,
 That she nis riche, and well at ease,
 And hath enough, wherwith to please
 (Of worldes good) whome that hir list.
 But one thyng I wolde wel ye wist,
 That neuer for no worldes good
 Myn hert vnto hir warle stooode,
 But onely right for pure lque.
 That wote the high god aboue:
 Nowe fader what saie ye therto?
 My sonne I saie it is wel do.
 For take of this right good beleue,
 What man that wol hym selfe releue
 To lone in any other wise,
 He shall well fynde his couetise
 Shall sore greue hym at laste.
 For suche a loue maie not laste.
 But nowe men seyn in our daies,
 Men maken but a fewe assaies,
 But if the cause be richesse,
 For thy the loue is well the lesse.
 And who that wold ensamples telle,
 By olde dares as thei fell,
 Than might a man well vnderstonde,
 Suche loue maie not longe stonde.
 Now herken sonne, and thou shalt here
 A great ensample of this matter

qui non solum propter pecuniam vxorem duxit
 sed etiam perunie commercis vxorem sibi de-
 sponsatam vendidit.

To treat vpon the cas of loue,
 So as we tolde here aboue,
 I fynde write a wonder thyng.

Of Puile whilom was a kynge,
 A man of high complexion,
 And yonge, but his affection,
 After the nature of his age,
 Was yet not falle in his courage,
 The lust of woman for to knowe.
 So it betid vpon a throwe,
 This lorde felle in to great likenes,
 Phisike hath done the besines
 Of sondry cures many one
 To make hym holle, and therupon
 A worthie maister, whiche there was,
 Yafe hym counsell vpon this cas,
 That if he wolde haue parfit hede,
 He shuld with a woman dele,
 A freshe, a yonge, a lustie wight,
 To don hym companie a night.
 For than he sayde hym redily,
 That he shall be all hole therly,
 And other wise he knewe no cure.

The kynge, whiche stode in a venture
 Of life and deth for medicine,
 Assented was and of couyne.

His stewarde, whom he trusteth well,
 He toke and tolde hym euery dele,
 How that this maister had sayde,
 And therupon he hath hym prayde,
 And charged vpon his ligeance,
 That he do make pueriuaunce,
 Of suche one as be conenable
 For his plesance, and delitable,
 And bad hym, howe that euer it stood,
 That he shall spare for no good.
 For his will is right well to paie.

The stewarde saide, he wold assaie.
 But now here after thou shalt witte,
 As I fynde in the bokes writte,
 What couetise in loue doth.

This stewarde, for to tell stoth,
 Amonges all the men onliue
 A lustie ladie hath to wiue,
 Whiche netheles for golde he toke,
 And nought for loue, as saith the boke.
 A riche marchant of the londe
 Hir fader was, and he hir fonde
 So worthely and suche richesse
 Of worldes good and suche largesse,
 With hir he yafe in mariage,
 That onely for thilke auantage
 Of good, the stewarde hath hir take
 For lucre, and nought for louses sake:
 And that was afterwarde well sene,
 Nowe herken, what it woll mene.

The stewarde in his owne herte
 Sigb, that his lorde maie not austerie
 His maladie, but he haue
 A lustie woman hym to saue,
 And thought he wolde yeue enough
 Of treasour, wherof he drough
 Great couetise into his mynde,
 And set his honour ferre behynde.

Thus he, whom golde hath ouersette,
 Was trapped in his owne nette.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos, qui non propter
 amorem, sed propter diuitias sponsalia sumunt.
 Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie Senescallo,

The golde hath made his wittes lame,
So that scchende his owne shame,
He rouneth in the kynges eare,
And said hym, that he wist where
A gentill and a lustie one
Tho was, and thither wolde he gone,
But be mote yeue yeftes great.
For but it be through great beyete
Of golde, he shulde not spede.

The kyng hym bad vpon the nedc,
That take an hundrede pounce he sholde,
And yeue it, where that he wolde,
Be so it were in worthie place.
And thus to stonde in lous grace,
This kyng his golde hath habandoned.
And whan this tale was full rounded,
The stewardc toke the golde, and went,
Within his herte and many a went
Of couetise than he caste,
Wherof a purpose at laste
(Ayene loue and ayene his right)
He toke, and saide howe thilke night
His wife shall ligge by the kyng,
And goth thynkende apon this thyng,
Towarde his inne till he cam bome
In to the chambre, and than be nome
His wife, and tolde hir all the cas.
And she whiche red for shame was,
With both hir handes to hym prayde
Knelende, and in this wise sayde:
That she to reason and to skille,
In what thyng that he bid wyl,
Is redy for to done bis heste:
But this thyng that were not honeste,
That he for golde hir shulde selle.

And he tho with his wordes felle,
Forth with his gastly countenance,
Sayth, that she shall done obeisance,
And folowe his wille in euery place,
And thus through strength of his manace,
Hir innocence is ouerladde,
Wherof she was so sore adradde,
That she his wille mote nede obeie.
And thervpon was shape aweie,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of all mennes sight,
(So priuely that none it wist)
Brought to the kyng, whiche as hym list
Maie do with hir what he wolde.
For whan she was there as she sholde
With hym a bedde vnder the cloth,
The stewardc toke his leue, and goth
In to the chambre faste by:
But howe he slepte, that wote not I.
For he sigh cause of ielousie.

But he whiche hath the companie
Of suche a lusty one as shee,
Hym thought that of his degree,
There was no man so well at ease.
She doth all that she maie to please,
So that bis herte all holle she had.
And thus this kyng his ioie lad
Till he was nigh vpon the daie.

The stewardc than where she laie
Cam to the bedde, and in this wise
Hath bid she shulde arise.

The kyng saith naie, she shall not go,
The stewardc saide nothyng so.
For she mote gone er it be knowe,
And so I swore, at thilke throue,

Whan I hir fette to you here.

The kyng his tale wolde not here,
And seith, bow that he hath hir bought.
For thy she shall departe nought,
Till he the bright daie beholde,
And caught hir in his armes folde,
As he whiche list for to pleie,
And bad bis stewardc gone aweie,
And so he did ayene his wille.
And thus his wife a bedde stille
Laie with the kyng the longe night,
Till that it was high sonne light,
But who she was he knew nothyng.

Tho cam the stewardc to the kyng,
And prayde hym without shame
In sayng of hir good name,
He might leaden home ayene
This ladie, and tolde bym pleyne,
Howe that it was his owne wife.

The kyng his care vnto this strife
Hath leyde: and what that he it herde,
Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And sayde: A caytife most of all,
Where was it euer or this befall,
That any Lokarde in this wise
Betoke bis wife for couetise?
Thou hast bothe hir and me begiled,
And eke thyn owne estate reuiled,
Wherof that buxome vnto the
Here after shall she neuer be.
For this auowe to god I make,
After this daie, if I the take,
Thou shalt be honged and to drawe.
Nowe loke anone thou be withdrawe.
So that I see the neuer more.

This stewardc that drad hym sore,
With all the hast that he maie
Is fled away the same daie,
And was exiled out of loide.

Lo there a nice husbonde,
Whiche thus his wife hath loste for ener.
But netheles she had a leuer.
The kyng her weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof hir name she soccoureth,
Whiche erst was lost through couetise
Of him, that lad hir other wise.
And hath hym selfe also forlore.

My sonne be thou ware therfore,
Where thou shalt loue in any place,
That thou no couetise embrace,
The whiche is not of lous kinde.
But for all that a man maie finde
Nowe in this tyme of thilke rage
Full great disease in thiage,
What venim medleth with the sugre,
And mariage is made for lucre,
Or for the lust, or for the hele,
What man that shall with other dele,
He maie not faile to repent.

My fader suche is myn entent:
But netheles good is to haue.
For good maie oft tyme saue
The loue, whiche shuld elles spille.
But god, whiche wote my hertes wille
I dar wel take to witnessse,
Yet was I neuer for richesse
Be set with mariage none.
For all myn herte is vpon oue
So frely, that in the persone
Stant all my worldes ioie alone.

I aske nother parke ne plough,
If I hir had, it were enough.
Hir loue shulde me suffice,
Withouten other couetise.
Lo nowe my fader, as of this,
Touchend of me, right as it is,
My shrifte I am be knowe pleynt:
And if ye wol ought elles seyn
Of couetise if there be more
In loue, agropeth out the sore.

Fallere cum nequeat, propria vir fraude subornat
Testes sit quis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dum querit amans mulieres
Vult testes falsos falsus habere suos.
Non sine vindicta periurus abibit in eis,
Visu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere periuro non est laudanda puellam
Gloria, sed falsæ conditionis opus.

Hic tractat super illis auaricie speciebus, quæ
falsum testimonium et periurium nuncupantur,
quorum fraudulenta circumuentio tam in cupi-
ditatis quam in amoris causa sui desiderii propo-
situm, quam sepe fallaciter attingit.

My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
Howe couetise hath yet on houde
In speciall two counsaillours,
That ben also his procurours.
The first of hem is fals witnesse,
Whiche euer is redy to witnesse
What thyng his maister woll hym hote:
Periurie is the second hute,
Which spareth nought to swere an othe,
Though it be fals, and god be wrothe.
That one shall fals witness beare,
That other shall the thyng forswear,
Whan he his charged on the boke.
So what with hepe, and what with croke,
Thei make her maister ofte winne,
And woll not knowe, what is sinne
For couetise: and thus men seyn,
Thei make many a fals bargeyn.
There maie no trewe quarrel arise
In thiike queste of thiike assise,
Where as thei two the people enforme.
For thei kepe euer o maner forme,
That vpon golde her conscience
Thei founde, and take her euidence.
And thus with fals witness and othes
Thei winne hem meate, drinke, and clothes.

Right so there be, who that hem knew,
Of these louers ful many vntrewe.
Nowe maie a woman fiude enowe,
That eche of hem, whan he shall wowe,
Anone he will his hande downe leyne
Upon a boke, and swere and seyne,
That he wol feith and trouthe beare.
And thus he profereth hym to swere
To seruen euen till he die,
And all is very trecherie.
For whan the soth hym selfe trieth,
The more he sweareth, the more he lieth.
Whan he his feith maketh all thermost,
Thau maie a woman trust hym lest.
For till he maie his will aheue,
He is no lenger for to loue.
Thus is the trouthe of loue exiled,
And many a good woman beguiled.
And eke to speke of fals witnesse,
There ben now suche many I gesse,

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That liche vnto the pronisours
Thei make hem hir preuie proctours,
To tell howe there is suche a man,
Whiche is worthy to loue, and cau
All that a good man shulde conne.
So that with lesing is begonne
The cause, in whiche thei woll procede.
And also siker as the crede
Thei make of that thei knowen fals.
And thus full ofte about the halse
Loue is of fals men embraced.
But loue, whiche is so purchaced
Come afterwarde to litell prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Nowe thou hast herde this euidence,
Thou might thyn owne conscience
Oppose, if thou hast be suche one.

Naye: god wote father I am none,
Ne neuer was, for as men saith,
Whan that a man shall make his faith,
His hert and tonge must accorde.
For if so be that thei discorde,
Than is he fals, and els nought.
And I dare saie, as of my thought
In loue, it is not discordable
Unto my worde, but accordable.
And in this wise father I
Maie right well swere, and saunby,
That I my lady well.
For that accordeth euery dele,
It nedeth nought to my soth sawe,
That I witnesse shulde drawe
Into this daie, for euer yit
Ne might it sinke in to my wit,
That I my counsaile shulde seye
To any wight, or me beweye,
To sechen helpe in suche manere,
But onely for my lady dere.
And though a thousande men it wiste,
That I hir loue, and than hem list
With me to swere, and to witnesse:
Yet were that no fals witnesse.
For I dare vnto this trouthe dwelle,
I loue hir more than I can telle.
Thus am I father gilletes,
As ye haue herde: and netheles
In your dome I put it all.

My sonne witte in speciall,
It shall not communliche faile,
All though it for a tyme faile,
That fals witnesse his cause spede
Upon the point of his falshede:
It shall well afterwarde be kid,
Wherof so as it is betid,
Ensample of such thynges blynde
In a cronike writte I fynde.

Hic ponit exemplum de illis, qui falsum testi-
cantes, amoris innocentiam circumueniunt, Et
narrat qualiter Thetis Achillem filium suum
adolecentem muliebri vestitum apparatu asse-
rens esse puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias
ad educandum produxit, Et sic Achilles decepto
rege filie sue Deidamie socia et cubicularia
effectus super ipsam Pirrhum genuit, qui postea
mire probitatis militiam assecutus, mortem patris
sui apud Troiam Polixene Tyrannice vindicauit.

THE goddesse of the sea Thetis
She had a sonne, and his name is

Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
While he was yonge, and in to warde
She thought hym saufty to betake,
As she, whiche drad for his sake
Of that was saide of prophecie,
That he at Troie sholde die,
Whan that the citee was beleyne.
For thy so as the bokes seyne,
She cast hir wit in sondrie wise,
Howe she hym might so disguise,
That no man shuld his body knowe.
And so befelle that ilke throwe,
While that she thought vpon this dede,
There was a kyng, whiche Lichomede
Was hote, and he was well begone,
With faire daughters many one,
And dwelte ferre out in an yle.

Nowe shalt thou here a wonder wile.
This queene, whiche the mother was
Of Achilles, vpon this cas
Hir sonne, as he a maiden were
Let clothen in the same gere,
Whiche longeth vnto womanbede.
And he was yonge, and toke none hede,
But suffreth all that she hym dede,
Wherof she hath hir women hede,
And chargeth by her othes alle,
Howe so it afterward befall,
That thei discouer nought this thyng,
But feigne and make a knowlageynge
Upon the counseile, whiche was nome,
In euery place where thei come,
To telle and to witness this,
Howe be hir ladis doughter is.
And right in suche a maner wise
She bad thei shuld bir don seruisse:
So that Achilles vnderfongeth,
As to a yong lady belongeth,
Honoure, seruice, and reuerence.
For Thetis with great diligence
Hym bath so taught, and so affaited,
That howe so that he were awaited
With sobre, and goodly contenance
He shulde his womanhede auance,
That none the soth knowe might,
But that in euery mans sight
He shuld seme a pure maide.
And in suche wise, as she hym saide,
Achilles, whiche that ilke while
Was yonge, vpon hym selfe to smile
Began, whan he was so beseyn.
And thus after the bokes seyn,
With frette of perle vpon his hede
All fresshe betwene the white and rede,
As he whiche tho was tender of age,
Stode the colour in his visage:
That for to loke vpon his cheke,
And seen his childly maner eke,
He was a woman to beholde.
And than his moder to hym tolde,
That she hym bad so begone,
Because that she thought gone
To Lichomede at thilke tide,
Where that she saide, he shulde abide
Amonge his daughters for to dwelle.

Achilles herd his moder telle,
And wist nought the cause why.
And netheles full buxomly
He was redy to that she bad,
Wherof his moder was right glad.

To Lichomede and forth thei went.
And whan the kyng knewe hir entent,
And sawe this yonge doughter there,
And that it came vnto his ere,
Of suche record, of suche witnessse,
He had right a great gladnesse,
Of that he both sigh and herde,
As he that wote not howe it ferde
Upon the counseil of the nede.
But for all that kynge Lichomede
Hath toward him hir doughter take:
And for Thetis his moder sake,
He put hir in to companie
To dwelle with Deidamie
His owne doughter the eldest,
The fairest, and the comliest
Of all his doughters, whiche he had.

Lo thus Thetis the cause lad,
Ind lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he, whiche hath hym selfe restraigned
In all that euer he maie and can
Out of the maner of a man,
And toke his womannishe chere,
Wherof vnto his bedfere
Deidamie he hath by night,
Where kynde wolde hym selue right,
After the Philosophers seyn,
There maie no wight be there ageyn,
And that was thilke tyme sene.
The longe nightes hem betwene
Nature, whiche maie not forberre,
Hath made hem bothe for to stere,
Thei kissen first, and ouermore
The bighe way of loues lore
Thei gone, and all was done in dede,
Wherof lost is the maieden hede,
And that was afterward well kouwe.
For it befell that ilke throwe
At Troie, where the siege laie,
Upon the cause of Menelaie,
And of his queene dame Heleine,
The gregois hadden mochel peine
All daie to fight, and to assaile.
But for thei might nought auaille
So noble a citee for to wyne,
A preuye counsaile thei begynne,
In sondrie wise where thei treat,
And at laste amonge the great
Thei fellen vnto his accorde,
That Phorceus, of his recorde,
Whiche was an Astronomen,
And eke a great magicien,
Shulde of his calculacion
Serche of constellacion,
How thei the citee mighten gette.

And he the whiche had nought foryet
Of that belongeth to a clerke,
His studie sette vpon this werke,
So longe his wit about he cast,
Till that he fonde out at last,
But if thei hadden Achilles,
Her werre shall ben cndeles.
And ouer that he tolde hem pleine,
In what maner he was beseyne,
And in what place he shall be founde.
So that within a litell stonde
Ulysses forth with Diomede
Upon this point to Lichomede
Agamemnon to gether seate.

But Ulysses, er he forth went,

Whiche was one of the most wise,
Orleined hath in suche a wise,
That he the most riche araye,
Wherof a woman maie be gaye,
With hym he toke manifoide.
And ouermore, as it is tolde,
An barnois as for a lustie knight,
Whiche burned was as siluer bright,
Of swerde, of plate, and eke of maile,
As though he shulde do bataile,
He toke also with hym by ship.
And thus to gether in felawship
Forth gone this Diomed and hee,
In hope till thei mighten see
The place, where Achilles is.

The wynde stode than nought amis,
But every topsaile coole it blew,
Till Ulyssa the marches knew,
Where Lichomede bis reigne had.

The stiresman so well him ladde,
That thei be comen saufe to lond,
Where thei gone out vpon the stronde
In to the burgh, where that thei fonde
The kyng: and he, whiche bath sacoude,
Ulysses did the message.

But the counsaile of his courage,
Why that he came, be tolde nought,
But vnderneath he was bethought,
In what maner he might asprie
Achilles from Deidamie,
And fro these other, that there were,
Full many a lustie ladie there.

Thei plaide hem there a daie or two,
And as it was fortunod so,
It fell that tyme in suche a wise,
To Bacchus that a sacrifice
These yonge ladies shulden make:
And for the strange mens sake,
That comen fro the siege of Troie,
Thei maden well the more ioie.
There was reuell, there was daunsing,
And every life, whiche couth singe
Of lusty women in the route,
A fresshe caroll hath songe about.
But for all this yet netheles,
The grekes vnknowe of Achilles
So weren, that in no degree
Thei couthen witte, whiche was he,
Ne by his voice, ne by his paas.

Ulysses than vpon the caas
A thyng of high prudence hath wrought.
For thilke araye, whiche he hath brought
To yeue amonge the women there,
He lette do fetten all the gere,
Forth with a knyghtes barnois eke,
In all the countrye for to seke,
Men shulden nought a fairer see,
And euery thyng in his degree
Endelonge vpon a bourde he laide.
So Lichomede and than he praide,
That every lady these sholde
What thyng of all that she wolde,
And take it as by waye of yeste.
For thei hem selfe it shulde sheft,
He saide, after her owne wille.

Achilles than stode nought stille,
Whan he the bright helme behelde,
The swerde, the hauberke, and the shelde,
His herte felle therto auone,
Of all that other wolde he none.

The knyghtes gere he vnderfongeth,
And thilke arraie, whiche that be-longeth
Unto the women, he forsoke.

And in this wyse, as sayth the boke,
Thei knowen than whiche he was.
For he goth forth the great paas
In to the chambre, where he laie
A none, and made no d-laie:
He arueth hym in knightly wise,
That better can no man deuise.
And as fortune shulde falle,
He came so forth tofore hem alle,
As he, whiche tho was glad enough.
But Lichomede notlyng lough,
Whan that he sigh, howe that it ferde
For than he wist well and herde
His daughter had be forleyn.
But that he was so ouerseyn
The wonder ouergoth his wit.
For in Cronike is written yit

Thing, whiche shall neuer be foryete,
Howe that Achilles hath begette
Pirrhus vpon Deidamie,
Wherof came out the trecherie
Of fals witnes, when he sayde,
Howe that Achilles was a mayde:
But that was nothyng sene tho.

Forth he is to the siege go
For with Ulysses and Diomed

Lo thus was proued in the dede
And fully spoke at thilke while,
If o woman an other beglie,
Where is there any sekynesse?
Whan Thetis, which was than the goddess,
Deidamie hath so beiaied,
I not howe it shall bene escaped
With the women, whose innocence
Is nowe all daie through suche credence
Deceiued ofte, as it is sene
With men, that suche vntrouth mene.
For thei ben slygh in suche a wise,
That thei by slyght, and by quentise
Of fals witnes bringen inne,
That doth hem ofte for to wynne,
That thei be not worthy therto.

For thy my sonne dooe not so.

My father as of fals witenesse
The trouth, and the maner expresse,
Touchende of loue, howe it hath ferde.
As ye haue tolde, I haue well herde.
But for ye sayden other wise,
Howe thilke vice of couetise
Hath yet periur of his acorde:
If that you list of some recorde
To tell an other tale also,
In loues cause of tyme ago,
What thyng it is to be forswore,
I wolde preie you therfore,
Wherof I might ensample take.

My good soonne and for thy sake,
Touchende of this I shall fulfill
Thyn axynge, at thyne owne will:
And the matere I shall declare,
Howe the women deceiued are,
Whan thei so tender hertes beare,
Of that thei here men so swaere,
But whan it cometh vnto thassaie,
Thei fynde it fals an other daie:
As Iason did vnto Medee
Whiche stante yet of auctoritee,

In token, and in memoriall,
Wherof the tale in speciall
Is in the boke of Troie writte,
Whiche I shall do the for to witte.

Hic in amoris causa ponit exemplum contra per-
iuuros, Et narrat qualiter Iason priusque ad In-
sulam Colchos pro aureo vellere ibidem con-
questando transmareat, in amorrem et coniugium
Medee regis Oethes filie iuramento firmitus se
astrinxit, sed suo postea completo negotio cum
ipsam secum nauigio in Gretiam perduxit, ubi
illam senectutem patris sui Esonis in floridam
iuuentutem mirabili scientia reformauit, Ipse
Iason fidei sue ligamento, aliisque beneficiis post-
positis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creusa
regis Creontis filia periuurus dereliquit.

In grece whilom was a kyng,
Of whom the fame and knowlageyng
Beleueth yet, and Peleus
He highte: but it felle hym thus,
That his fortune hir whele so lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To reignen after his descesse,
He had a brother netheles,
Whose right name was Eson,
And be the worthie knight Iason
Begatte, the whiche in euery loude
All other passed of his honde
An armes, so that he the best
Was named, and the worthiest.
He sought worshippie ouer all:
Nowe berken, and I the tell shall
An aduerture, that he sought,
Whiche afterwarde full dere he bouht.

There was an yle, whiche Cholchos
Was cleped, and therof arose
Great speche in euery londe aboute,
That suche meruaile was none oute
In all the wide worlde no where,
As tho was in that yle there.
There was a shepe, as it was tolde,
The whiche his flees bare all of goide,
And so the goddes had it sette,
That it ne might awaie be fette.
By power of no worldeis wight:
And yet full many a worthy knight
It had assaied, as they dorst,
And euer it fell hem to the worst.
But he that wolde it nought forsake,
But of his knighthode vnderuke
To do, what thyng therto belongeth,
This worthy Iason seer alongeth
To see the strange regions,
And knowe the condicions
Of other marches, where he went,
And for that cause his hole entent
He set Colchos for to seche:
And therupon he made a speche
To Peleus his eme the kyng.
And he well paide was of that thyng,
And shope anone for his passage,
Suche as were of his lignage,
With other knightes, whiche he ches,
With hym he toke: and Hercules,
Whiche full was of chiuallrie,
With Iason wente in companie:
And that was in the moneth of maie,
Whan colde stormes were awaie.

The winde was good, the ship was yare,
Thei toke her leue, and forth thei fare
Towarde Colchos: but ou the weie
What hem befelle, is longe to seie:
Howe Laomedon the kyng of Troie,
Whiche ought well haue made hem ioie,
Whan thei to rest a while hym preyde,
Out of his londe he them congeyde.
And so befelle the dissencion,
Whiche alter was destruction
Of that citee, as men maie here:
But that is nought to my matere.
But thus the worthy folke gregois
Fro that kyng, whiche was not courtois,
And fro his lande with sayle vpdrawe
Thei went hem forth, and many a sawe
They made, and many a great manace,
Tyll at last in to that place,
Whiche as thei sought, thei arriue,
And striken sayle, and forth as bliue
Thei sente vnto the kyng, and tolde,
Who weru there, and what thei wolde,
Oetes, whiche was then kyng,
Whan that he herde this tidyng
Of Iason, whiche was comen there
And of these other, what thei were:
He thought done hem great worship.
For thei anone come out of ship,
And streight vnto the kyng thei wente,
And by the honde Iasou he hente,
And that was at the paleys gate,
So far the kyng came on his gate,
Towarde Iason to done hym chere.
And he, whom lacketh no manere,
Whan he the kyng sigh in presence,
Yafe hym ageyne suche reuerence,
As to a kynges state belongeth.
And thus the kyng hym vnderfongeth,
And Iason in his arme he caught,
And forth into the halle he draught,
And there thei sat and speake of thynges.
And Iason tolde hym the tidynges,
Why he was come, and faire hym praide
To hast his tyme: and the kyng thus saide.
Iason thou art a worthy knight,
But it lieth in no mans might
To done, that thou arte come fore,
There hath bene many a knight forelore,
Of that thei wolden it assaie.
But Iason wolde not hym esmaie,
And saide: of euery worldeis cure
Fortune stant in auenture,
Paranter wele, paranter wo:
But howe as euer that it go,
It shall be with myn honde assayed.
The kyng tho helde hym not wel paid.
For he the grekes sore dreidde,
In aunter if Iason ne spedde,
He might therof beare a blame.
For tho was all the worldeis fame
In grece, as for to speke of armes.
For tly he drad hym of his harmes,
And gan to preche, and to preyde.
But Iason wolde not obeye,
But saide, he wolde his purpos holde,
For ought that any man hym tolde.
The kyng whan he these wordes herde,
And sigh how that this knight answerde:
Yet for he wolde make hym glad,
After Medea gone he bad,

Whiche was his daughter: and she cam.

And Iason whiche good hede nam
Whan he hir sigh, ageyn hir goth.
And she, whiche was bym nothyng loth,
Welcomed hym in to that londe,
And softe tok: hym by the honde,
And downe thei setten both same.
She had herde spoken of his name.
And of his great worthines.

For thy she gan hir eie impresse
Upon his face, and his stature,
And thought how neuer creature
Was so wellfarende, as was hee.
And Iason right in suche degree
Ne might not withholde his luke,
But so good hede on bir he toke.
That hym ne thought vnder the heuen,
Of beautee sighe he neuer bir euen,
With all that felle to womanhede.
Thus erche of other token hede,
Though there no worde was of recorde,
Her hertes both of one accorde
Ben sette to loue, but as tho
There mighten be no wordes mo.

The kyng made hym great ioye and fest,
To all his men he yafe an hest,
So as thei wolde his thonke deserue,
That thei shulde all Iason serue,
While that he wolde there dwell.
And thus the daie, shortly to telle,
With many myrthes thei dispent.
Till night was come, and tho thei went.
Echone of other toke his leue,
Whan thei no lenger mighten leue.

I not howe Iason that night slepe,
But well I wote, that of the shepe,
For whiche he cam in to that ile,
He thought but a littell while:
All was Medea that he thought
So that in many wise he sought
His wit wakende, er it was daie:
Some tyme ye, some tyme nay,
Some tyme thus, some tyme so,
As he was stered to and fro
Of loue, and eke of his conquest,
As he was holde of his behest.

And thus he rose vp by the morowe,
And toke hym selfe seint Iohn to borow,
And saide he wolde first begynne
At loue, and after for to wyne
The flees of golde, for whiche he come,
And thus to hym good herte he nome.

Medea right in the same wise,
Till daie cam, that she must arise,
Laye and bethought hir all the night,
Howe she that noble worthy knight,
By any waye might wedde.
And wel she wist, if he ne spedde
Of thyng, whiche he had vndertake,
She might hir selfe no purpose take.
For if he deyde of his bataile,
She must than algate faile
To getten hym, whan he were dede.
Thus she began to sette rede,
And tourne about hir wittes all
To loke howe that it might fall,
That she with bym had a leisir
To speake and telle of hir desire.

And so it felle the same daie,
That Iason, with that swete maie

To gether sette, and ladden space
To speke, and he besought hir grace.
And she his tale goodly herde:
And afterwarde she hym answerde
And said: Iason as thou wilt,
Thou mighte be saufe, thou might be spilt.
For witte well, that neuer nam,
But if he couth, that I can,
Ne mighte that fortune acheue,
For whiche thou comest: but as I leue,
If thou wolt holde couenant
To loue of all the remenant,
I shall thy life and honour saue,
That thou the flees of gold shalt haue.

He said: All at your owne wille
Madame I shall truly fulfill
Your hest, while my life maie laste.
Thus longe he praied, and at last
She graunteth, and beight hym this,
That whan night cometh, and it time is
She wolde hym sende certainly
Suche one, that shulde him priuely
Alone in to hir chambre bryng.

He thanketh hir of that tidynge.
For of that grace is hym begonne,
Hym thinketh al other thynges wonne.

The daie made ende, and loste bis sight,
And comen was the derke night,
The whiche all the daies eie blent.

Iason toke leue, and forth he went:
And whan he cam out of the pres,
He toke to counsaile Hercules
And tolde hym, howe it was betid,
And praide it shulde well ben hid,
And that he wolde luke about
The whiles that he shulde be out.

Thus as he stode, and hede name,
A mayden fro Medea came,
And to her chambre Iason ledde,
Where that he fonde redy to bedde
The fairest, and the wisest eke,
And she with simple chere and meke,
Whan she him sigh, waxt all asshamed,
Tho was hir tale newc entamed
For sikernesse of mariage.

She sette forth a riche image,
Whiche was the figure of Iupiter:
And Iason swore, and said ther,
That also wis god hym helpe,
That if Medea did hym helpe,
That he his purpose might wyne,
Thei shulde neuer part a twyune,
But cuer while hym last life,
He wolde hir holde for his wife:
And with that word thei kystend both.
And for thei shulde hem vnclouth,
There come a maiden in hir wise
She did hem both full seruise,
Till that thei were in bed naked.
I wote that night was well bewaked.
Thei hadden both what thei wolde:
And than at leysur she hym tolde,
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of this bataile, and all the forme,
The whiche that he shulde fynde there,
Whan he to that yle come were:
She saide, at entre of the pas,
Howe Mars, whiche god of armes was,
Hath set two oxen sterne and stoute,
That casten fire and flam aboute,

Both at mouth and at nase,
So that thei setten all on blase.
What thing that passeth hem betweene.
And forthemore vpon the greene
There goth the flees of golde to kepe,
A serpent, whiche maie neuer slepe.

Thus who that euer it shulde wynne,
The fire to stoppe he mote begynne,
The whiche that tho fierse beastes cast:
And daunt he mot hem at last,
So that he maie hem yoke and driue:
And there vpon he als bliue
The serpent, with suche strength assaile,
That he maie slein hym by bataile,
Of whiche he must the teeth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe:
And than he must the oxen yoke,
Til thei haue with a plough to broke
A forow of lond, in whiche a rowe
The teeth of thadder he must sow,
And therof shull arise knightes
Well armed at all rightes:
Of hem is nought to taken hede.
For eche of hem in hastinede
Shall other slea with dethes wounde.
And thus whan thei be brought to grounde
And go so forth, and take bis praie,
Than must he to the goddes praie.

But if he faile in any wise
Of that ye here me deuise,
There maie he set non other weie,
That he ne mote algates deie.

Nowe haue I tolde the peril all,
I will yow telle forth withall
(2uod Medea to Iason tho)
That ye shall knowen er ye go
Azeyne the venym and the fire
What shall be the recouere.
But sir, for it is nigh daie,
Ariseth vp, so that I maie
Delouer you, what thing I haue,
That maie your life and honoure saue.

Thei were both loth to rise:
But for thei were both wise,
Up thei risen at last.
Iason his clothes on hym cast,
And made hym redy right anone.
And she hir shirte did vpon,
And cast on hir a mantell close
Withouten more, and than aros.
Tho toke she forth a riche tie
Maie all of golde and of perie:
Out of the whiche she toke a rynge,
The stone was worth all other thynges:
She said, whiles he wold it were,
There might no perill hym dere:
In water maie it not be dreinte,
Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
It daunteth eke the cruel beste:
There maie none quad that man arest:
Where so he be on sea or lond,
That hath this rynge vpon his honde.

And ouer that she gan to seyne,
That if a man wil ben vnseyne,
Within his honde holde close the stone,
And he maie inuisible gone.

The rynge to Iason she betraught,
And so forth after she hym taught,
What sacrifice he shuld make.
And gan out of hir cofer take

Hym thought an heuenly figure,
Whiche all by charme and by conire
Was wrought, and eke it was through writ
With names, whiche he shuld witte,
As she hym taught tho to rede,
And bad hym as he wold spede,
Without rest of any while,
Whan he were lounded in that ile,
He shuld make bis sacrifice,
And rede his carecte in the wise,
As she hym taught, on knes doum bent
Thre sithes towerd orient.
For so shuld he the goddes please,
And wyn hym selfe mochel ease.

And whan he had it thrise radde,
To open a boxe she hym badde,
That she there toke hym in present,
And was full of suche oignement,
That there was fire ne venym none,
That shulde fastenen hym vpon,
Whan that he were anyont withall.
For thy she taught hym howe he shall
Anyont his armes all aboute:
And for he shulde nothyng doute,
She toke hym than a maner glue,
The whiche was of so great vertue,
That where a man it shulde cast,
It shulde bynde anone so fast,
That no man might it done awaye,
And that she had by all waye,
He shulde into the mouthes throve
Of the two oxen, that fire blowe,
Therof to stoppe the malice
The glue shall serue of that office.
And ouer that hir oignement,
Hir rynge, and hir enchaument,
Aye the serpent shulde hym were,
Till he hym slea with sverde or speare:
And than he maie saufely enough
His oxen yoke in to the plough,
And the teeth sowe in suche wise,
Till he the knightes se arise,
And eche of other downe he laide,
In suche maner as I haue saide.

Lo thus Medea for Iason
Ordeineth, and prayeth thervpon,
That he nothyng foryete shulde.
And eke she prayeth hym that he wolde,
Whan he hath all his armes done,
To grounde knele, and tbonke anone
The goddes, and so forth by ease
The flees of golde he shulde sease:
And whan he had it seased so,
That than he were sone ago,
Without any tarienge.

Whan this was saide into wepyng
She fel, as she that was through none
With loue, and so forth ouercome,
That all hir worlde on hym she sette.
But whan she sigh there was no lette,
That he mote nedes parte bir fro,
She toke hym in bir armes two,
An honderde tymes and gan hym kisse,
And saide: O all my worldes blisse,
My trust, my luste, my life, myn hele,
To ben thyn helpe in this quarele
I pray vnto the goddes all.
And with that word she gan downe fall
Of swoune: and he hir vp nam,
And forthe with that the maiden cam,

And thei to bedde anone hir brought:
And than Iason hir besought,
And to hir seyde, in this manere.

My worthy lusty ladie dere
Comforteth you, for by my trouthe,
It shall not fallen in my slouth,
That I ne woll throughout fulfille
Your hestes, at your owne wille.
And yet I hope to you bringe
Within a while suche tidynge,
The whiche shall make vs bothe game.

But for he wolde kepe hir name
Whan that he wist it was nigh daie,
He saide, adewe my swete maie.
And forth with hym he nam his gere,
Whiche as she had take hym there,
And straught vnto his chambre went,
And goth to bedde, and slepe hym hent,
And laie, that no man hym a woke.
Eor Hercules hede of hym toke,
Till it was vnderne high and more,
And than he gan to sigh sore,
And sodeinly he brayde of slepe,
And thei than toke of hym kepe.
His chamberleins ben soone there,
And maden redy all his gere,
And he arose, and to the kyng
He went, and saide, howe to that thing,
For whiche he cam, he wolde go.

The kyng therof was full wo,
And for he molde hym fayne withdraw,
He tolde hym many a dredefull sawe.
But Iason wolde it nought recorde,
And at laste thei accorde,
Whan that he wolde nought abide,
A bote was redy at tide,
In whiche this worthy knight of Grece,
Full armed vp at euery pece,
To his bataile whiche belongeth,
Toke sore in honde, and sore hym longeth,
Till he the water passed were.

Whan he cam to that ile there
He set hym on his knees doun straught,
And his carecte, as he was taught,
He rad, and made his sacrifice,
And sithe anyoynte hym in that wise
As Medea hym hath bede:
And than arose vp fro that stede,
And with the glewe the fire he queynt,
And anone after he atteynt
The great serpent, and hym slough,
But erst he had sorowe enough.

For that serpent made hym trauaile
So hard and sore of his bataile,
That now he stood, and now he felle.
For longe tyme it so befelle,
That with his sward, and with his spere,
He might not the serpent dere:
He was so sheredd all aboute,
It hld all edge toole withoute.
He was so rude and hard of skyn,
There might no thyng go there in,
Venym and fire to geder he caat,
That he Iason sore a blast.

And if it ne were his oyntement,
His ryng, and his enchaument,
Whiche Medea toke hym before,
He had with that worme be lore.
But of vertu, whiche therof cam
Iason the dragon ouercam:

And he anone the tethe out drough,
And set his oxen in his plough,
With whiche he brake a pece of londe,
And sewe it with his owne honde.
Tho might he great merueile see
Of euery toth in his degree.
Sprong vp a knight with spere and shelde,
Of whiche anone right in the felde,
Echone slough other, and with that
Iason Medea not forgat,
On both his knees he gan downe falle,
And gafe thanke to the goddes all.

The flees he toke, and gothe to bote:
The sonne shineth bright and bote,
The flees of gold shone forth with all
The water glisterd ouerall.
Medea wept, and sighed ofte,
And stode vpon a towre alofte,
All priuely within hir selfe,
There herd it not ten ne twelfe,
She praid, and said: O god hym spede,
The knight, which hath my maiden hede.
And aie she loketh toward the ile,
But whan she sigh within a while,
The flees glisteryng ageyn the sonne,
She said: O lord all is ywonne,
My knight the feld hath ouercomen,
Nowe wolde god, he were comen.
O lorde god, I wolde he were in londe.

But I dare take this on honde,
If that she had wynges two,
She wolde haue flownen to hym tho
Streight there he was vnto the bote.
The daie was clere, the sonne bote,
The grekes were in great doute,
The while that her lorde was oute,
Thei wist not what shuld betide,
But wayted euer vpon the tide,
To see what ende shulde falle.

There stoden eke the nobles all,
Forth with the comun of the towne:
And as thei loken vp and doun,
Thei were waren within a throw,
Where cam the bote, which thei wel know,
And sigh bow Iason brought his preye.
And tho thei ganen all seye,
And criden al with o steuen,

O where was euer vnder the heuen
So noble a knight, as Iason is?
And wel nighe all saiden this,
That Iason was a faire knight.
For it was neuer of mans might
The flees of golde so for to wyne:
And thus tellen thei begynne.

With that the kyng cam forth anone,
And sigh the flees, howe that it shone.
And whan Iason cam to the londe,
The kyng hym selfe toke his honde,
And kissed hym, and great ioye made.

The Grekes weren wonder glade,
And of that thing right mery hem thought,
And forth with hem the flees thei brought,
And ech on other gan to ligh.
But wel was hym that might nigh
To se there of the propertee.

And thus thei passen the citee,
And gone vnto the paleis straught.
Medea, whiche forgat hir naught,
Was redy there, and saide anon:
Welcome, O worthy knight Iason.

She wolde haue kist hym wonder fayn:
 But shame tourued hir agayne.
 It was nought the maner as tho.
 For thy she dorste nought do so.
 She toke hir leue, and Iason went
 Into his chambre, and she hym sente
 Hir maiden, to sene howe he ferde:
 The whiche whan that she sigh and berde,
 Howe that he ha^t far-n out,
 And that it stode well all about,
 She tolde hir ladie what she wist.
 And she for ioye, hir maiden kist.
 The bathes weren than araid
 With herbes tempred and assaied,
 And Iason was vnarmed soone,
 And did, as it befelle to doone.
 Into his bathe he went anone,
 And wishe hym cleane as any bone
 He toke a soppe, and out he cam,
 And on his best araye he nam,
 And kempt his head, whan he was clad,
 And goth hym forth all mery and glad
 Right straight in to the kinges halle.
 The kynge cam with his knyghtes alle,
 And made byn glad welcomyng.

And be hem tolde tho tidyng
 Of this and that, howe it befelle,
 Whan that he wan the shepes felle.

Medea whan she was after sent
 Come soone to that parlement:
 And whan she might Iason see,
 Was none so glad of all as she.
 There was no ioye for to seche,
 Of hym, made every man a speche.
 Som man said one, som said other.
 But though he were goddes brother,
 And might make fire and thonder,
 There might be no more wonder,
 Than was of hym in that citee.
 Echone taught other, this is he,
 Whiche bath in his power within,
 That all the worlde ne might wynne.
 Lo here the beste of all good.
 Thus thei saiden, that there stoude,
 And eke that walkende vp and downe,
 Both of the court, and of the towne.

The tyme of souper cam anone:
 Thei wisshen, and therto thei gon.
 Medea was with Iason sette.
 Tho was there many a deintee fette
 And set tofore hem on the boorde,
 But none so likyng as the woorde,
 Whiche was there spoke among hem two,
 So as thei dorst speke tho.
 But though thei had litel space,
 Yet thei acorden in that place,
 Howe Iason shuld come at night,
 Whan euery torch and euery light
 Were out, and than other thynges,
 Thei speke alowde for suppinges
 Of hem that stoden there aboute.
 For loue is euermore in doute.
 For if it be wisly gouerned
 Of hem, that ben of loue lerned.

Whan al was doone, that dissh and cup,
 And cloth, and boord, and all was vp,
 Thei wake, while hem list to wake,
 And after that thei leue take,
 And gon to bed for to reste
 And whan hym thought for the beste,

That euery mau was fast on slepe,
 Iason, that wolde his tyme kepe,
 Goth forth stalyng all priuely
 Unto the chambre, and redily
 There was a maide, whiche hym kepte,
 Medea woke, and no thyng slepte.
 But netheles she was a bedde,
 And he with all hast hym spedde,
 And made hym naked, and all warme
 Anone he toke hir in his arme.
 What nede is for to speke of ease,
 Hem list eche other for to please,
 So that thei had ioye enowe,
 And tho thei setten, whan and how,
 That she with hym away shal stele,
 With wordes suche and other fele.

Whan all was treted to an ende,
 Iason toke leue, and gan forth wende
 Unto his owne chamber in pes,
 There wist it non but Hercules.

He slept, and ros whan it was tyme,
 And whan it fel towards prime,
 He toke to hym suche as he triste
 In secre, that none other wist,
 And tolde hem of his counseile there,
 And saide, that his will were,
 That thei to ship had all thyng
 So priuely in the euenyng,
 That no man might her dede asprie,
 But tho that weren of companie.
 For he woll go without leue,
 And lenger woll he nought beleue,
 But he ne wolde at tilke throwe
 The kynge or quene shulde it knowe.

Thei saide all, this shall well be do:
 And Iason trust well therto.

Medea in the meane while,
 Whiche thought hir father to begile,
 The treasure, whiche hir father had,
 With hir all priuely she lad.
 And with Iason at tyme sette,
 Away she stale, and fonde no lette,
 And straught she goth hir vuto ship
 Of Grece with that felauship.
 And thei anone drough vp the saile,
 And all that night this was counsaile.
 But erly whan the sonne shoue,
 Men sigh, that thei were agonc,
 And come ynto the kynge, and tolde.

And he the soth knowe wolde,
 And asketh where his daughter was.

There was no worde, but out alas,
 She was a go, the mother wepte,
 The father as a wood man lepte,
 And gan the tyme for to warie,
 And swore his othe, he wold not tary
 That with Calippe, and with galey,
 The same cours, the same weye,
 Whiche Iason toke, he wold take,
 If that he might hym ouertake.

To this thei saiden all yea
 Anone as thei weren at the sea,
 And all, as who saith, at one woorde,
 Thei gone within shippes boorde.
 The saile goth vp, and forth thei straught,
 But none exploit therof thei caught:
 And so forth thei tourne home ayene.
 For all that labour was in vayne.

Iason to Grece with his prairie
 Goth through the sea the right waie.

When he there come, and men it tolde,
Thei maden ioye yonge and olde.
Eson whan that he wist of this,
Howe that his sonne comen is,
And hath ached that he sought,
And whom with hym Medea brought,
In all the wide worlde was none
So glad a man as he was one.

Together bene these loners tho,
Till that thei had sonnes two,
Wherof thei weren bothe glade.
And olde Eson great ioye made,
To seen the encreas of his lignage.
For he was of so great an age,
That men awayten euery daie,
Whan that he shulde gone awaie.

Iason, whiche sigh his fader olde,
Upon Medea made hym bolde
Of art magike, whiche she couth,
And praieth hir, that bis fathers youth
She wolde make ayenewarde newe,
And she that was towarde hym trewe,
Behighte hym, that she wolde it do,
Whan that she tyme sigh tberto.
But what she did in that matere,
It is a wonder thyng to here.
But yet for the nouelrie,
I thinke tellen a great partie.

Nota quibus medicamentis Esonem senectute decrepituū, ad sue iuuentutis adolescentiam prudens Medea reduxit.

Titus it befell vpon a night,
Whan there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight, but hir selfe wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The worlde was stille on euery side,
With open head, and foote all bare,
Hir heare to sprad, she gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gyrt she was,
Al specheles vpon the gras
She glod: forth, as an adder doth,
None other wise she ne goth,
Till she came to the freshe floode
And there a while she withstooode
Thries she turned hir aboute,
And thries eke she gan downe loute,
And in the floode she weat hir heare
And thries on the water there
Sbe gaspeth, with a dretchyng onde,
And tho she toke hir speche on honde.

First she began to clepe and call
Upward vnto the sterres all.
To wynde, to ayre, to sea, to londe
She preide, and eke helde vp her honde
To Echates, and gan to crie,
Whiche is the goddesse of Sorcerie,
She saide, helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to spede,
Whan Iason came flees to seche:
So helpe me nowe, I you besече.
With that she loketh, and was ware
Downe fro the skie there came a chare,
The whiche dragons aboute drowe:
And tho she gan hir head downe bowe,
And vp she stige, and faire and welle
She drofe forth by chare and welle
Aboue in the ayre amonge the skies
The londe of Crete, in the parties

She sought, and fast gan hir highe,
And therpon the hylles highe
Of Othryn and Olympe also,
And eke of other hylles mo
She fonde, and gethereth herbes soote,
She pulleth vp some by the roote,
And many with a knife she sbereth
And all in to hir chaare she beareth.

Thus whan she hath the hylles sought,
The floodes there foryate she nought,
Eridian, and Amphrisos,
Penelec, and eke Sperceidos,
To hem she went, and there she nome
Bothe of the water, and of the fome,
The sonde, and eke the small stones,
Whiche as she chese out for the nones,
And of the redde sea a parte,
That was behoueliche to hir urt
She toke, and afterwarde than about
She sought sondry sedes out.
In felde, and in many greues,
And eke a parte she toke of leues.
But thing, whiche might hir most auail
She fonde in Crete, and in Thessaie.
In daies, and nightes nync,
To make with this medicine,
She was purueyed of euery pece,
And torneth homward in to Grece,
Before the gates of Eson

Hir chare she lette awaie to gone,
And toke out first that was therin.
For tho she thought to begyn
Suche thyng, as semeth impossible,
And made hir selfe inuisible,
As she that with the aire enclosed,
And might of no man be disclosed:
She toke vp turues of the londe,
Without helpe of mans honde,
And beled with the greene gras,
Of whiche an Auijer made there was
Unto Echates, the goddesse,
Of arte magike and maistresse,
And este an other to inuent,
As she whiche did hir holle intent.
Tho toke she feldwodde, and verueyne,
Of herbes ben not better tweyne,
Of whiche anone without let,
These aulters ben about set:
Two sondry pittes fast by
She made, and with that hastily
A wether, whiche was black, she slough,
And out tberof the bloud she drough,
And did in to the pittes two:
Warme milke, she put also therin.
With hony meynt, and in such wise
She gan to make hir sacrifice,
And cried and praide forth withall
To Pluto the god infernal,
And to the queene Proserpine:
And so she sought out all the lynne
Of hem, that longen to that crafte,
Behynde was no name laft:
And praid hem all, as she well couth,
To graunt Eson his first youth.

This olde Eson brought forth was the:
Awai she bad all other go
Upon perill, that might fall:
And with that worde thei wenten all,
And lefte there them two alone.
And tho she began to gaspe, and gone,

And made signes many one,
 And said hir wordes thervpon:
 And with spellyng, and hir charmes
 She toke Eson in both hir armes,
 And made hym for to slepe fast,
 And bym vpon hir herbes cast.
 The blacke wether tho she tooke,
 And heve the fresshe, as doth the cooke,
 On either aulter part she laide,
 And with the charmes, that she saide,
 A fire downe from the skye aight,
 And made it for to brenne light.
 And whan Medea sawe it brenne,
 Anone she gan to sterte and renne
 The fyre aulters all about.
 There was no best, whiche goth out
 More wilde, than she semeth here.
 Aboute her shuldres henge her here,
 As though she were out of hir myude,
 And torneth in to another kynde.
 Tho laye there certaine woodde clefts,
 Of whiche the peces nowe and este
 She made hem in the pyres wete,
 And put hem in the fyre hets,
 And toke the bronde, with all the blase,
 And thries she began to rase
 About Eson, there as he slepte,
 And este with water, whiche she kepte,
 She made a cercele about hym thries,
 And este with fire of sulphur twies.
 Full many a other thyng she dede,
 Whiche is not written in the stede.
 But she ran vp so and doune,
 She made many a wonder sounne,
 Somtyme liche vnto the cocke,
 Somtyme vnto the lauerocke,
 Somtyme caceth as an henne,
 Somtyme speketh as don the men,
 And right so as hir iargon strangeth,
 In sondry wise her forme chaungeth:
 She semeth faire, and no woman,
 Forth with the craftes that she can.
 She was as who saith, a goddessse,
 And what hir list more or lesse
 She did, in bokes as we finde,
 That passeth ouer mans kinde.
 But who that woll of wonders here,
 What thyng she wrought in this matere,
 To make an ende of that she gan,
 Such meruaile herd neuer man.
 Appointed in the newe moone,
 When it was tyme for to doone,
 She set a cauldron on the fire,
 In whiche was all the hole a tyre,
 Where on the medicine stooode
 Of Jense, of water, and of bloode,
 And lette it boyle in suche a plite,
 Til that she sigh the spume white.
 And tho she cast in rynde and roote,
 And sede, and flour, that was for boote,
 With many an herbe, and many a stone,
 Wherof she bath there many one.
 And eke Cimpheius, the serpent,
 To hir hath all hir scales lent.
 Chelidre hir yafe hir adders skyn,
 And she to boyle cast hem in,
 And parte eke of the horned oule,
 The whiche men here on nightes houle:
 And of a rauon, whiche was tolde
 Of nyne hundred wynter olde,

She toke the head, with all the bille,
 And as the medicine it wille,
 She toke hereafter the bowele
 Of the see foule, and for the hele
 Of Eson, with a thousand mo
 Of thynges, that she had tho
 In that cauldron to gyder as blyue
 She put, and toke that of oliue
 A drye braunche hem with to store,
 The whiche anone gan flour and here,
 And waxe all fresshe, and grene ageyne,
 Whan she this vertue had seyne,
 She lette the leaste droppe of all
 Upon the bare flour downe fall,
 Anone there sprong vp flour and gras,
 Where as the droppe fall was,
 And waxe anone all medowe greene,
 So that it might well be seene.

Medea than knewe and wist
 Hir medicine is for to trist,
 And gothe to Eson there he laye,
 And toke a swerle was of assaye,
 With whiche a wounde vpon his side
 She made, that there out maie slide
 The bloud within, whiche was olde,
 And sicke and trouble, feble, and colde.
 And tho she toke vnto his vse
 Of herbes of all the best luse,
 And poured it in to his wounde,
 That made his veines full and sounde.
 And tho she made his woundes close,
 And toke his bonde, and vp he rose,
 And tho she yafe hym drinke a draught,
 Of whiche his youth agayne he caught,
 His head, his herte, and his visage
 Liche vnto twenty wynter age.
 His hore heres were awaie,
 And liche vnto bene the fresshe maie,
 Whan passed bene the colde shoures:
 Right so recouereth he his floures.

Lo what might any man deuse
 A woman shewe in any wise,
 More hertely loue in any stede,
 Than Medea to Iason dede?
 First she made hym the flees to wyne:
 And after that from kith and kynne,
 With great tresoure with hym she stale:
 And to his fader forth with all
 His elde hath torned in to youthe,
 Whiche thyng none other woman couth.
 But howe it was to hir acquit
 The remembraunce dwelleth yit.

Kyng Peleus his eme was dead,
 Iason bare crowne on his head,
 Medea hath fulfilled his will
 But whan he shuld of right fulfill
 The trouth, whiche to hir afore
 He had in the ile of Colchos swore,
 Tho was Medea most deceiued.
 For he an other hath receiued,
 Whiche daughter was to kyng Creon,
 Creusa she hight, and thus Iason,
 As he that was to loue vntrewe
 Medea lefte, and toke a newe.
 But that was afterwarde so bought,
 Medea with hir art hath wrought
 Of cloth of golde a mantell riche,
 Whiche semeth worthe a kynges riche,
 And that was vnto Creusa sent,
 In name of yeste, and of present,

For sisterhode hem was betwene.
 And whan that yonge fresshe quene
 That mantil lapped hir aboute,
 Anon therof the fire sprange oute,
 And brent hir both flesshe and bone.
 Tho cam Medea to Iason,
 With both hir sonnes on her honde,
 And saide: O thou of every londe
 The moste vntrewed creature,
 Lo this shall be thy forfeiture.
 With that she both his sonnes slough
 Before his eie, and he out drougb
 His swerde, and wold haue slaine hir tho
 But farewell she was ago
 Unto Pallas the court aboute,
 Where as she pleineth vpon loue,
 As she that was with that goddesse,
 And he was lefte in great distresse.
 Thus might you see, what sorow it dooth,
 To swere an othe, whiche is not sooth
 In loues cause namely.
 My son be well ware for thy
 And kepe, that thou be not forswore.
 For this, whiche I haue tolde tofore,
 Ouide telleth every dele.
 My father I may leue it wele.
 For I haue herde it ofte saye,
 Howe Iason toke the flees awaye
 Fro Colchos, But yet herde I nought,
 By whom it was first thider brought.
 And for it were good to here,
 If that you list at my priere,
 To telle I wolde you beseche
 My sonne, who that woll it seche,
 In bokes be may fude it writte.
 And netheles, if thou wolt witte
 In the maner as thou hast preyde,
 I shall the tell, howe it is seyde.

Nota qualiter avreum vellus in partes insule
 Colchos primo devenit. Athamas rex Neiphylen
 habuit coniugem. ex qua Phrixum et Hellen
 genuit, Mortua autem Neiphylen Athamas
 Inonem regis Cadmi filiam postea in vxorem
 duxit, quæ more nouerca dictos infantes in
 tantum recollectit odium, quæ aubos in mare
 proici penes regem procurauit, vnde Inno com-
 patiens quendam Arietem grandem aureo ves-
 titum vellere ad litus natantem destinauit,
 super cuius dorsum pueros apponi iussit, quo
 facto Aries super vndas regressus cum solo
 Phrixo sibi adherente, in Colchos applicuit, vbi
 Inno dictum Arietem cum solo vellere, prout in
 aliis canitur cronicis, sub arcta custodia collo-
 cauit.

THE fame of thilke shepes felle,
 Whiche in Colchos, as it befelle,
 Was all of gold, shal neuer deye:
 Wherof I thinke for to seye,
 Howe it cam first in to that ile.
 There was a kynge in thilke while
 Towardes Grece, and Athamas
 The cronicke of his name was,
 And had a wife, whiche Neiphyle hight,
 By whom, so as fortune it dight,
 He had of children yonge two.
 Phrixus the first was of tho,
 A knaue childe, right faire with all,
 A daughter eke, the whiche men call

Helle, he had by his wife.
 But for there maie no mans life
 Endure vpon this erth here,
 This worthy quene, as thou might here,
 Er that the children were of age,
 Toke of hir ende the passage
 With great worship and was begraue,
 What thing it liketh god to haue,
 It is great reason to ben his.
 For thy this kynge, so as it is,
 With great suffrance it vnderfongeth,
 And afterwarde, as hym belongeth,
 Whan it was tyme for to wedde,
 A newe wife he toke to bedde,
 Whiche Iuo hight, and was a maide,
 And eke the daughter, as meu saide,
 Of Cadme, whiche a kyng also
 Was holde in thilke daies tho.
 Whan Iuo was the kynges make,
 She cast how that she might make
 These childre to her father loth,
 And shope a wile ayene hem both,
 Whiche to the kynge was all vnknowe.
 A yere or two she let do sowe
 The lond with sodden wheate aboute,
 Wherof no corne maie spryngen oute,
 And thus by sleight, and by conyne
 Aros the derth, and the famine
 Through out the londe in suche a wise,
 So that the kynge a sacrifice,
 Upon the pointe of this distresse,
 To Ceres, whiche is the goddesse
 Of corne, hath shape hym for to yeue,
 To loke, if it maie be foryeue
 The mischiefe, whiche was in his londe.
 But she, whiche knewe tofore the houde
 The circumstance of all this thyng,
 Ageyn the conyng of the kynge
 In to the temple, hath shape so,
 Of her accorde that all tho,
 Whiche of the temple prestes were,
 Hauc saide, and full declared there
 Unto the kynge: But if so be,
 That he deiouer the countre
 Of Phrixus, and of Helle bothe,
 With whom the goddes bea so wrothe,
 That while tho childre be within,
 Suche tilthe shall no man begyn,
 Wherof to gette hym any corne.
 Thus was it saide, thus was it sworne
 Of all the prestes, that there are.
 And she, whiche causeth all this fare,
 Seyde eke therto, what that she wolde,
 Aud euery man than after tolde,
 So as the quene had hem preyde.
 The kynge, whiche hath his ere leyde,
 And leueth all, that euer he herde,
 Unto her tales thus answerde,
 And seith, that leuer is hym to cbe
 His children bothe for to lese,
 Than hym, and all the remeuant
 Of hem, whiche are appertenant
 Unto the londe, whiche he shall kepe:
 And bade his wife to take kepe,
 In what manere is best to doone,
 That thei deliuerde were soone
 Out of this worlde, and she anon
 Two men ordeineth for to gone.
 But first she made hem for to sweare,
 That thei the children shulde beare

Unto the sea, that none it knowe,
And hem therin both throwe.

The children to the sea ben lad,
Where in the wise, as I no bad,
These men be redy for to do.
But the goddesse, whiche Iuno
Is hote, appereth in the stede,
And hath vnto the men forbede,
That thei the children nought ne slea,
But bad hem loke in to the sea,
And taken bede of that thei sighen.
There swam a shepe tofore her eyen,
Whose flees of burned golde was all.
And this goddesse forth with all
Commandeth, that without let,
Thei shulde anone the children set
Above vpon the shepes backe.
And all was do, right as she spake,
Wherof the men gone home ageyne.

And fell so, as the bokes seyne,
Helle the yonge maiden tho,
Whiche of the sea was wo bego,
For pure drede hir hert hath lore,
That fro the sheepe, whiche hath hir bore,
As she that was swounende feint,
She fell, and hath hir selfe adreint.
With Phrixus and this sheepe forth swam,
Till he to the ile of Colchos cam,
Where Iuno the goddesse he fonde,
Whiche toke the sheepe vnto the londe,
And set it there in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise.
Wherof cam after all the wo,
Why Iason was forswore so
Unto Medee, as it is spoke.

My father who that hath to broke
His trouth, as ye haue tolde aboue,
He is not worthy for to loue,
Ne be beloued, as me semeth.
But euery newe loue queneeth
To hym, that newefangle is.
And netheles nowe after this,
If that you list to taken hede,
Upon my shrifte to procede
In lous cause ayene the vice,
Of couetise and auarice,
What there is more, I wolde witte.

My sonne this I finde writte,
There is yet one of thilke brood,
Whiche only for the worldes good,
To make a treasure of money,
Put all conscience aweye:
Wherof in thy confession,
The name and the condicion
I shall here afterwarde declare,
Whiche maketh one riche, an other bare.

Plus capit vsura sibi, quam debetur, et illud
Fraude collocata sæpe latenter agit.
Sic amor excessus quam sæpe suos vt auarus
Spirat et vnus tres capit ipse loco.

Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie, quæ vsura dicitur,
cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata
plus quam sibi de iure debetur incrementum
lucris adauget.

UPON the bench sittende on high
With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
Ful clothed of his owne sute,
Whiche after golde maketh chace and suta

With his brocours, that renne aboute
Liche vnto ratches in a route
Suche lucre is none aboue grounde,
Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
For where thei see beyete sterre,
That shall hem in no wise asterre,
But thei it driue in to the net,
Of lucre, whiche Vsure hath set.

Vsure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that euer he byeth and selleth
He hath ordeined of his sleight
Mesure double, and double weight.
Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full within:
He richeth nought be so be wyn,
Though that there lesen ten or twelue,
His loue is all toward hym selue,
And to none other: but he see,
That he maie wyne suche thre
For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
He woll ayenward take a bene,
There he hath lent the smal pese.
And right so there ben many of these
Louers, that though thei loue alite,
That skarsly wolde it weye a mite:
Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
As doth Vsure in his bargayne.
But certes suche Vsure vnliche,
It falleth more vnto the riche,
Als well of loue, as of beyete,
Than vnto hem, that ben nought great
And as who saith ben simple and pouere.
For selden is, whan thei recouerc,
But if it be through great deserte,
And netheles men see pouerte
With pursuite of countenance,
Full ofte make a great cheuesance,
And take of loue his auantage.
For with the helpe of his brocage,
That maken seme where is nought.
And thus full ofte is loue bought.
For litel what, and mocheil take,
With false weightes that thei make.

Nowe sonne of that I saide aboue,
Thou wotest what Vsure is of loue,
Tell me for thy what so thou wilt,
If thou therof hast any gilte?

My father naye, for ought I here.
For of the pointes ye tolden here,
I will you by my trouth assure,
My weight of loue, and my mesure
Hath be more large, and more certeyne,
Than euer I toke of loue ageyne.
For so yet couthe I neuer of sleighte,
To take ageyne by double weighte
Of loue, more than I haue yeue.
For also wis mote I be shrieue,
And haue remission of sinne,
As so yet couthe I neuer wyne,
Ne yet so muchel, soth to seyne,
That euer I might haue halfe ageyne
Of so full loue, as I haue lent.

And if myne hap were so well went,
That for the hole I might haue halfe,
My thinketh I were a goddesse halfe.
For where Vsure wolde haue double,
My conscience is not so trouble,
I bid neuer as to my dele,
But of the hole an haluen dele,

That is none excesse, as me thinketh.
But netheles it me forthuketh.
For well I wote, that wol not lce.
For euery daie the better I see,
That howe so euer I yeue or lene,
My louc in place that I mene,
For ought that euer I axe or craue,
I can nothyng ayenewarde haue.

But yet for that I wol not lete,
What so befall of my beyete
That I ne shall yeue and lene
My thought, and all my loue so clene,
That towarde me shall nought belceue.
And if she of hir good leue
Rewarde wolde me nought ageyne,
I wote the last of my bargeyne
Shall stonde vpon so great a lost,
That I maie neuer more the cost
Recover in this worlde till I die.
So that touchende of this partie
I maie me well excuse, and shall.
And for to speke forth withall,
If ony brocour for me went,
That point come neuer in myn entent:
So that the more me meruaileth
What thyng it is, my lady eileth,
That all myn herte, and all my tyme
She hath, and do no better byue.

I haue herde saide, that thought is free.
And netheles in priuitee
To you my fader, that bene here,
Myn hole shrifte for to here,
I dare myn herte well disclose
Touchende vsurie, as I suppose,
Whiche, as ye tellen, in loue is vsed,
My ladie maie not bene excused,
That for o lokinge of hir eie,
Myn hole herte till I deie,
With all that euer I maie and can,
She hath me wonne to hir man:
Wherof me thinketh, good rson wolde,
That she somele rewarde shoide,
And yeue a parte, there she hath all:
I not what falle herafter shall.

But in to nowe yet dare I seyne.
Hir list neuer yeue ageyne
A goodly worde in suche a wise
Wherof myn hope might arise,
My great loue tu recompense,
I not howe she hir consience
Excuse wol of this measure,
By large weight, and great measure
She bath my loue, and I haue nought
Of that, whiche I haue dere abought:
And with myn herte I haue it payde,
But all this is aside layde,
And I go loueles aboute.
Hir ought stonde in full great doute,
Till she redresse suche a sinne,
That she wol al my loue wyne,
And yeueth me not to lue by,
Nought al so muche, as grant mercy
Hir list to seye, of whiche I might
Some of my great peine alight.
But of this point, lo thus I fare,
As he that payeth for his chaffare,
And bieth it dere, and yet hath none:
So mote he nedes poure gone.
Thus bie I dere, and haue no loue,
That I ne maie nought come aboute

To wyne of loue none encrece.
But I me will ne the lese
Touchende vsure of loue acquite,
And if my lady be to wite,
I pray to god suche grace hir sende,
That she by time it mote amende.
My sonne of that thou hast answerde,
Touchende vsure, I haue al herde,
Howe thou of loue hast wonnen smale,
But that thou tellest in thy taie,
And thy lady therof accusest,
Me thinketh these wordes thou misusest.
For by thyn owne knowlechyng,
Thou sayst, howe she for one lokinge,
Thy hole herte fro the she toke.
She maie he suche, that hir o loke
Is worthe thyne herte many folde.
So hast thou well thyu herte solde,
Whan thou hast that is more worthe.
And eke of that thou tellest forthe,
Howe that hir weight of loue vneue
Is vuto thyne, vnder the heuen
Stonde neuer in euen that balance,
Whiche stont in loues gouernance.
Suche is the statute of his lawe,
That though thy loue more drawe,
And peyse in the balance more,
Thou might not aske ageyn therfore
Of ductie, but all of grace.

For loue is lorde in euery place.
There maie no lawe hyu iustifie
By reddour, ne by companie,
That he ne wol after his wille,
Whome that hym liketh saue or spille.
To loue a man maie well begynne,
But whether he shall lese or wyne,
That wote no man, til at last.
For thy coneyt not to fast
My sonne, but abide thyn ende
Percase all maie to good wende.
But that thou hast me tolde and saide
Of a thyng I am right well payde,
That thou by sleight, ne by gyle
Of no brocour, hast otherwhie
Engnyed, loue of suche dede
Is sore venged as I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos maritos, qui
ultra id quod proprias habent uxores, ad noue
voluptatis incrementum, alias mulieres superflue
lucrari non verentur. Et narrat qualiter luno
vindictam suam in Eccho, in huiusmodi mulie-
rum lucris adquirendis de consilio mariti sui
Iouis mediator exstiterat.

BROKERS of loue, that deceiuen,
No wonder is though thei receiuen,
After the wronge, that thei deseruen.
For whom as cuer that thei seruen,
And do plesance for a while,
Yet at the last her owne gile
Upon her owne head descendeth,
The whiche god of his vengeance sendeth.
As by ensample of tyme ago
A man may finde, it hath be so.
It felle some tyme, as it was reene,
The high goddesse and the queue
luno tho had in companie
A maiden full of trecherie.
For she was euer in acorde
With Iupiter, that was hir lorde,

To get hym other loues newe
Through suche brocage, and was vntrewe,
All other wise than hym nedeth.
But she, the whiche no shame dredeth,
With quaint wordes, and with sie
B'ent in suche wise hir lady's eie,
As she, to whom that Iuno trist,
So that thereof she nothyng wist.

But so priuie maie be nothyng,
That it ne commeth to knowlechynge,
Thynge done vpon the derke night
Is after knowen on daies light.

So it befelle, that at last,
All that this slygh maiden cast,
Was ouer cast, and ouerthrowe.
For as the soothe mote be knowe,
To Iuno it was done vnderstonde,
In what manere hir husbonde
With fals brocage hath taken vsure
Of loue, more than his mesure,
Whan he toke other than his wife,
Wherof this maide was giltife,
Whiche had bene of his assent
And thus was all the game shent.
She suffred hym, as she mote nede,
But the brocour of his mysdoode
She, whiche hir counseile yafe therto,
On hir is the vengeance do.

For Iuno with hir wordes hote,
This maiden, whiche Eccho was hote
Reproueth, and saith in this wise :

O traitresse, of whiche seruice
Hast thou thyu owne ladie serued,
Thou hast great peine well deserued :
Thy slygh wordes for to preynt
With flaterie, that is so quaint
Towardes me, that am thy queene,
Wherof thou madest me to wene,
That my husbonde trewe were,
Whan that he loueth els where,
All be it so, hym nedeth nought :
But vpon the it shall be bought,
The whiche art priuie to the doynges,
And me full ofte of thy lesinges
Deceyued hast : nowc is the daie,
That I thy while quite maie.

And for thou hast to me counceled,
That my lorde hath with other dealed,
I shall the sette in suche a kynde,
That euer vnto the worldes ende,
All that thou berest, thou shalt tell,
And clappe it out, as doth a belle.
And with that worde she was forshape,
There may no vice hir mouthe escape,
What man that in the worlde crieth,
Withouten faile Eccho replieth,
And what worde that hym lust to sayn,
The same worde she saith agayn.
Thus she, whiche whilom had leue
To dwelle in chamber, not beleue
In woodes, and on hilles both.
For suche brocage as wiues loth,
Whiche doth her lordes hertes change,
And loue in other places straunge.

For thy if euer it so befalle,
That thou my sonne amonges all
Be wedded man, hold that thou hast.
For than all other loue is waste :
O wife shal wel to the suffice,
And than if thou for couetise

Of loue, woldest aske more,
Thou shuldest don ayen the lorde
Of all hem that trewe be.

My fader as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused.
For I no suche brocage haue vsed,
Wherof that lust of loue is wonne.
For thy speketh forthe, as ye begonne,
Of Auarice vpon my shrifte.

My son I shall the branches shifte
By order as thei beu set,
On whom no good is wel beset.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi
Conuenit, vt pondus æqua statera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat sua dona cupido.
Nam qui nulla serit, gramina nulla metet.

Hic tractat auctor super illa specie Auaricie, que
parcimoniam dicitur, cuius natura tenax aliqua-
lem sue substantie portionem, aut deo aut hu-
minibus participare nullatenus conuenit.

BLIND Auarice of his lignage,
For counseille, and for cosynage,
To be witholde ayen largesse
Hath one, whose name is said Scarcesse,
The whiche is keper of his bows,
And is so throughout auarous,
That he no good lete out of houde,
Though god hym selfe it wolde fonde,
Of yett shuld he no thyng haue :
And if a man it wold craue,
He must than faile nede,
Where god hym selfe maie not spede.

And thus Scarcesse in every place
By reson maie no thonke purchace.
And netheles in his degre
Above all other most priuce
With Auarice stant he coisyn,
For he gouerneth that there is
In echc estate of his office,
After the reule of thilke vice,
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he bynt,
That lighter is to be the flynt,
Than gete of hym in hard or neysse
Only the value of a reysse.
Of good in helpynge of an other
Nought, though it were bis owne brother.

For in the cas of yeste and lone
Stant every man for hym alone
Hym thinketh of his unkyndshippe,
That hym nedeth no felawship
Be so the bagge and he accorden,
Hym recheth nought, what men recorder
Of hym, be it euill or good,
For all his truste is on bis good :
So that alone he falleth ofte,
Whan be best weneth stonde alofte,
Als well in loue as other wise.
For loue is euer of some reprise
To hym that woll his loue holde.
For thy my sonne, as thou arte holde
Touchende of this telle me thy shrifte,
Hast thou be scarce or large of gifte
Unto thy loue, whom thou seruest.
For after that thou well deseruest
Of gifte, thou might be the bette.
For that good holde I well be sette,
For whiche thou might the better fare :
Than is no wisdomes for to spare.

For thus men seyne in euery nede,
He was wise, that first made mede.
For where as mede maie not spede,
I not what helpeth other dede.
Full ofte he faileth of his game,
That will with ydell honde reclayme
His hawke, as many a nice doth.
For thy my sonne telle me soth,
And saith the trouth, if thou hast bee
Unto thy loue or scarce, or fre?

My father it hath stonde thus,
That if the treasure of Cresus,
And all the golde of Octavian,
Forth with the richesse of Indian,
Of perles and of riche stones,
Were all to gather myn at ones,
I sette it at no more account,
Than wolde a bare strawe amount,
To gyue it hir all in a daie,
Be so that to that swete maie
It might like more or lesse.

And thus because of my largesse
Ye maie well vnderstoude and leue,
That I shall nought the worse arbeue
The purpos, whiche is in my thought,
But yet I yafe hir neuer nought,
Ne therto darst a profe make.

For well I wote, she woll nought take:
And yeue woll she nought also,
She is eschewe of bothe two,
And this I trowe be the skill
Towardes me, for she ne will,
That I haue any cause of hope,
Nought als muche as a droppe:
But toward other as I maie see,
She taketh and yeueth in suche degree,
That as by wey of frendelyhede,
She can so kepe hir womanhede,
That euery man speketh of hir wele:
But she wol take of me no dele,
And yet she wote wel, that I wolde
Yeue, and do both what I shoulde,
To plesen hir in all my might,
By reason this wote euery wight.
For that maie by no weye asterre,
There she is maister of the herte,
She mote be maister of the good,
For god wote wel, that all my mood
And all myn berte, and all my thought,
And all my good, while I haue ought,
Als freely as god hath it giue,
It shall be hers, while I liue,
Right as hir list, hir selue commande,
So that it nedeth no demande
To aske me, if I haue be scarce
To loue, for as to thorse
I wille answer, and sey no.

My sonne that is right well do.
For often tyme of scarcenesse
It hath be seeu, that for the lesse
Is lost the more, as thou shalt here
A tale, like to this matere.

Hic loquitur contra istos, qui auaricia stricti largitatis beneficium in amoris causa confundunt. Et ponit exemplum, qualiter Croceus largus et hilaris Babionem auarum et tenacem de amore Viole, quæ pulcherrima fuit, donis largissimis circumuenit.

SCARCENES and loue acord neuer.
For euery thyng is wel the leuer,
Whan that a man hath bought it dere.
And for to speke in this matere,
For sparyng of a littel cost.
Full oft tyme a man hath lost
The large cote for the hode:
What man that scarce is of his good,
And wol not gyue, he shall nought take,
With gyfte a man may vadertake
The highe god to please, and quenre,
With gyft a man the worlde maie deme.
For euery creature bore
If thou hym yeue, is glad therefore,
And euery gladship (as I finde)
Is comferte vnto loutes kinde,
And causeth ofte a man to spede.
So was he wise, that first yafe mede.
For mede kepeth loue in hous,
But where the men be couitous,
And sparen for to yeue a parte,
Thei knowen nought Cupides arte.
For his fortune, and his apprise
Disleigneth alle couetise,
And hath alle nigardie:
And for to loke of this partie
A sothe ensamble, howe it is so,

I finde writte of Babio,
Whiche had a loue at his menage
There was no fayrer of hir age,
And hight Viola by name,
Whiche full of youth, and full of game
Was of hir selfe, and large and free:
But suche an other chinche as hee
Men wisten nought in all the londe,
And had affaited to his honde
His seruant, the whiche Spodius
Was bote: and in this wise thus
The worldes good of suffiance
Was had, but likyng and pleasance
Of that belongeth to richesse
Of loue stode in great distresse:
So that this yonge lustie wight
Of thing, whiche felle to loutes right
Was euill serued ouer all,
That she was wo bego withall:
Til that Cupide and Venus ekþ
A medicine for the seke
Ordeine wolden in this cas,
So as fortune than was
Of loue vpon the destinee
It fell right, as it shulde bee.
A freshe, a free, a frendly man,
That nought of auarice can,
Whiche Croceus by name hight,
Towarde this swete cast his sight,
And there she was cam in prescence.
She sigh hym large of dispense,
And amorous, and glad of chere
So that hir liketh well to here
The goodly wordes, whiche he saide,
And thervpon of loue he praid.

Of loue was all that he ment.
To loue and for she shulde assent,
He gafe hir giftes euer amonge.
But for men sayen, that mede is stronge,
It was well sene at thilke tide
For as it shulde of right betide,
This Viola largesse hath take,
And the nigarde she hath forsake,

Of Babio she will no more.

For he was grutchende euermore,
There was with hym none other fare,
But for to pinche, and for to spare,
Of worldes mucke to gette encres:
So goth the wretche loueles
Beiaped for his scarsitee.

And he that large was and free,
And sette his herte to dispende,
This Crocius his bowe bende,
Whiche Venus toke hym for to holde,
And shotte as ofte as euer he wolde.

Lo thus departeth loue his lawe,
That what man woll nought be felawe
To yeue and spende, as I the telle,
He is nought worthe for to dwell
In loues courte to be relieued.
For thy my sonne, if it be lieued,
Thou shalt be large of thy dispense.

My father in my conscience,
If there be any thyng amis
I wolde amende it after this,
Towarde my loue namely.

My sonne well and redily
Thou saist, so that well paide withal
I am, and further if I shall
Unto thy shrifte specifie
Of Auarice the progenie,
What vice sueth after this,
Thou shalt haue wouder howe it is
Amonge the folke in any reigne,
That suche a vice might reigne,
Whiche is comune at all assaies,
As men maie finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura deus et, qui cuncta creauit,
Damnant ingrati dictaque facta viri.
Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
Traxit, et in fine deserit esse suam.

Hic loquitur supra illa aborta specie auaricie, que
ingratitude dicta est, cuius conditioni non so-
lum creator, sed etiam cuncte creature abomi-
nabilem detestantur.

THE vice like vnto the fende,
Whiche neuer yet was mans frende,
Aud cleped is vkindeship,
Of couine and of felaship
With Auarice he is witholde.
Hym thinketh he shuld nought ben hold
Unto the mother, whiche hym bare:
Of hym maie neuer man beware,
He wol not knowe the merite:
For that he wolde it not quite,
Whiche in this worlde is mochel vsed,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To tell of hym is endeles:
And thus I saie netheles,
Where as this vice cometh to londe,
There taketh no man his thonke on honde,
Though he with all his might serue,
He shall of hym no thonke deserue:
He taketh what any man wil yeue:
But while he hath o daie to liue,
He wol nothyng rewarde ageyne,
He grutcheth for to gyue a greyne,
Where he hath take a berne fulle,
That maketh a kinde herte dulle,
To sette his trust in suche frendeship,
There as he fint no kindeship.

And for to speke wordes pleine,
Thus here I many a man compleine,
That nowe on daies thou shalte finde
At nede, fewe frendes kinde:
What thou hast doone for hem tofore,
It is forgotten, as it were lore.
The bokes speken of this vice,
And telle howe god of his Justice,
By waye of kinde and eke nature,
And eury liuis creature,
The lawe also, who that it can,
Thei dampne an vkinde man.
It is all one, to sey vkinde,
As thyng, whiche dooue is againe kinde.
For it with kinde neuer stooode
A man to yelde euill for good.
For who that wolde taken hede,
A beest is glad of a good dede,
And loueth thilke creature,
After the lawe of his nature,
And doth hym ease: and for to see
Of this matere auctoritee,
Full oft tyme it hath befalle,
Wherof a tale amonge vs all,
Whiche is of olde ensamplarie,
I thinke for to specifie.

Hic narrat, quod bestie in suis beneficiis hominem
ingratum naturaliter prececlunt. Et ponit
Exemplum de Adriano Romano senatore, qui
in quadam foresta venationibus insistens, dum
predam persequeretur, in cisterna profundam
nescia familia corruit, vbi super perueniens
quidam pauper, nomine Bardus, immissa cor-
dula putans hominem extraxisse, primo Simiam
extraxit, Secundo serpentein, Tertio Adrianum,
qui pauperem despiciens aliquid ei pro benefac-
to reddere recusabat. Sed tam serpens quam
simia gratuita benevolentia ipsum singulis do-
nis remunerauerunt.

To speke of an vkynde man
I finde, howe whilome Adrian
Of Rome, whiche a great lorde was,
Upon a daie as he par cas
To woodde in his huntynge went,
It hapneth at a sodain wente,
After the chase as he pursueth,
Through hap, whiche no man escheweth,
He felle vware in to a pit,
Where that it might not be let.
The pit was depe, and he felle lowe,
That of his men none might knowe
Where he became, for none was nigh,
Whiche of his fall the mischiefe sigh.
And thus alone there he laie
Clepede, and criende all the daie
For socoure and deliuerance,
Till ageyne eue it fell par chance,
A while er it began to night,
A poure man, whiche Bardus hight,
Come forth walkende with his asse,
And had gethered hym a tasse
Of grene stickes and of drie,
To selle, whom that wolde hem bie,
As he, whiche had no liuelode,
But whan he micht suche a lode
To towne with his asse carie.
And as it felle hym for to tarie
That ilke tyme nighe the pitte,
And hath the trusse fast knitte,

He herde a voice, whiche cried dymme,
And he his ere to the brymme
Hath leide, and herde it was a man.
Whiche saide: O helpe here Adrian,
And I will yeuen halfe my good.

The poure man this vnderstood,
As he that wolde gladly wyn,
And to this lorde, whiche was within,
He spake and saide: if I the saue,
What sikernes shall I haue
Of couenant, that afterwarde
Thou wolt me gyue suche rewarde,
As thou behighest nowe before?

That other hath his othes swore,
By heurn, and by the goddes all,
If that it might so befall,
That he out of the pit hym brought,
Of all the goodes, whiche he ought,
He shall haue euen haluen dele.

This Bardus seide, he wolde wele
And with this worde his asse anoue
He let vntrusse, and therevpon
Downe goth the corde in to the pit,
To whiche he hath at ende knit
A staffe, wherby he saide, he wolde,
That Adrian hym shulde holde.

But it was tho per chance fallen,
In to that pit was also fallen

An ape, whiche at thilke trowe,
Whan that the corde cam downe lowe,
All sodenly ther to he skipte,
Aud it in both his armes clipte:
And Bardus with his asse anone
Hym hath vp draw, and he is gon.
But whan he sigh it was an ape,
He wend all bad ben a iape
Of faierie, and sore hym dradde.

And Adrian eft soone gradde
For helpe, and cride and preide faste:
And he eft souue his corde caste.
But whan it cam vnto the grounde,
A great serpent it hath by wounde,
The whiche Bardus anone vp drough:
And than hym thought welenough
It was fantasie that he herde

The voys, and he therto answerd,
What wight art thou in goddes name?
I am (quod Adrian) the same,
Whose good thou shalte haue euen halfe.

Quod Bardus than a gods halfe,
The thirde tyme a-saye I shall,
And cast his corde forth withall
In to the pit, and whan it came
To hym, this lorde of Rome it name,
And therevpon hym hath adressed,
And with his honde ful ofte blessed:
And than he bad to Bardus bale.
And he, whiche vnderstode his tale,
Betwene hym and his asse all softe,
Hath drawn, and set hym vp a lofte,
Without barme all easely.

He saith not ones grant mercy,
But straught hym forth in to the citee,
And let this poure Bardus bee.

And netheles this simple man
His couenant, so as he can,
Hath asked: And that other saide,
If it so be that he vpbraide
Of ought, that hath be spoke or do,
It shall be venged of hym so,

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That hym were better to be dede.

And he can tho no other rede,
But on his asse agayne he cast
His trusse, and hieth homeward faste.

And whan that he came home to bed,
He tolde his wife, howe that he sped.

But finally to speke ought more
Unto this lorde, he durst hym sore,
So that one worde he durst not sayne.

And thus vpon the morowe agayne
In the maner, as I recorde,
Forth with his asse, and with his corde,
To gather woodde, as he did er,
He goth, and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place, where he wolde,
He gan his ape anone beholde,
Whiche had gadred al aboute

Of stickes here and there a route,
And leyde hem redy to his honde:
Wherof he made his trusse and bonde.

Fro daie to daie, and in this wise
This ape profreth his seruise,
So that he had of woodde enough
Upon a tyme and as he drough

Towarde the woodde, he sigh beside
The great gastly serpent glide,
Till that she cam in his presence,

And in hir kinde a reuerence
She hath hym do, and forth withall
A stone more bright than a Christall
Out of hir mouth to fore his waye
She let downe fall, and went awaye,
For that he shall not be adrad.

Tho was this poure Bardus glad,
Thankede god, and to the stone
He goth, and taketh it vp anone,
And hath great wonder in his witte,
Howe that the beast hym hath aquitte,
Where that the mans son hath failed,
For whoun he had most trausiled.

But all he put in gods honde,
And turneth home, and what he fonde
Unto his wife he hath it shewde,
And thei that were bothe lewde,
Acorden, that he shulde it selle.

And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anone vpon the tale
The stone be profreth to the sale,
And right as he hym selfe it sette,
The jeweller anone forth fette
The golde, and made his payement,
Therof was no delaieement.

Thus whan this stone was bought and sold,
Homward with ioye many folde
This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
Hom to his hows, and that he nam
His gold out of his pours within,
He fonde his stone also therin:
Wherof for ioye his herte plaide,
Unto his wife and thus he saide.

Lo here my golde, lo here my stone.
His wife hath wonder therevpon,
And asketh hym howe that maye be.

Nowe by my trouth I not (quod he)
But I dare swere vpon a boke,
Unto my marchant I it toke,
And he it had, whan I went.

So knowe I nought to what entent
It is nowe here, but it be gods grace.
For thy to morowe in other place

I wille it fonde for to selle,
And if it woll not with hym dwelle,
But crepe in to my purse ageyne,
Than dare I sauely swere and seyne,
It is the vertue of the stone.

The morowe came, and he is gone
To seche about in other stede,
His stone to selle, and so he dede,
And lefte it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came els where,
In presence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome
His golde, fonde his stone withal.
And thus it felle bym oueral,
Where he it solde iu sondrie place,
Suche was the fortune, and the grace.
But so well maie nothyng be hid,
That it nis at last kid.

This fame goth about Rome
So serforth, that the wordes come
To the emperour Iustitian,
And he let sende for the man,
And asked hym, howe that it was.

And Bardus tolde all the cas,
Howe that the worme, and eke the beste,
Al though thei made no biheste,
His trauaile hadden well aquitte:
But he, whiche had mans witte,
And made his couenant by mouth,
And swore therto all that he couth,
To parte and gyue halfe his good,
Hath nowe foryete howe that it should,
As he, whiche wol no trouthe holde.

This emperour al that he tolde,
Hath herde, and thilke vnkyndnesse
He saide, he wolde hym selfe redresse.
And thus in courte of iudgement
This Adrian was than assent,
And the quarell in audience
Declared was in the presence
Of the emperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel speche tho,
And great wondryng among the prese.

But at last nethelese,
For the partie, whiche hath pleined,
The lawe hath demed, and ordeined
By hem, that were auised wele,
That he shal haue the haluen dele
Throughout of Adrians good.

And thus of thilke vnkinde blood
Stant the memorie vnto this daie,
Where that euery wise man maie
Ensamplen hym, and take in mynde,
What shame it is, to ben vnkynde,
Ageyne the whiche reason debateth,
And euery creature it hateth.

For thy my sonne in thy office
I rede the flee that ilke vice.
For right as the cronicle seith
Of Adrian, howe he his feith
Foryate for wordes couetise:
Ful oft in suche a maner wise
Of louers nowe a man maie see
Ful many, that vnkynde bee
For wel behote, and euel last
That is her life, for at last,
Whan that thei haue her wille do,
Her loue is after soone ago.
What sayst thou sonne to this cas?
My fader I wil saie alas,

That euer suche a man was bore,
Whiche whan he hath his trouthe swore,
And bath of loue what he wolde,
That he at any tyme sholde
Euer after in his hert finde
To sin fal, and to ben vnkinde.

But fader as touchend of mee,
I maie not stond in that degree.
For I toke neuer of loue why,
That I ne maie go therby,
And do my profite els where.
For any spede I finde there,
I dare wel thynken all about:
But I ne dare not speke it out:
And if I dorst, I wold pleine,
That she, for whom I suffer peine,
And loue bir euer a liche hote,
That nother yeue ne behote,
In rewardyng of my scruiage,
It list hir in no maner wise.
I wille not sey, that she is kinde,
And for to sey, she is vnkinde,
That dare I not by god aboue,
Whiche demeth euery herte of loue,
He wote, that on myd owne side
Shall none vnkindenes abide.
If it shall with my ladie dwelle,
Therof dare I no more telle.
Nowe good fader as it is
Tell me, what thinketh you of this?

My sonne of that vnkindship,
The whiche towarde thy ladiship,
Thou pleinst, for she woll the nought,
Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
For it maie be, that thy desire,
Though it brenne euer, as doth the fire,
Percase to hir honour misset,
Orels tyme come nought yet,
Whiche stant vpon thy destinee.
For thy my sonne, I rede thee,
Thynke well, what euer the befall.
For no man hath his lustes all:
But as thou toldest me before,
That thou to loue art nought forswore,
And hast doone no vnkindnesse,
Thou might therof thy grace blesse,
And leue nought that continuance,
That there maie be none suche greuance
To loue, as is vnkindship,
Wherof to kepe thy worship,
So as these olde bokes tale,
I shall the telle a redy tale.
Now herken, and be ware therby.
For I will tell it openly.

Hic ponit exemplum contra viros amoris ingratos.
Et narrat qualiter Theseus Aegaei filius consilio
fultus Ariadne regis Minos filie in domo, que
Labyrinthus dicitur, Minotaurum vicit, vnde
Theseus Ariadne sponsalia certissime promit-
tens, ipsam vna cum Phedra sorore sua a Creta
secum nauigio duxit, Sed statim postea obli-
to gratitudinis beneficio, Ariadnam ipsum saluan-
tem, in insula Chion spretam post tergum reli-
quit. Et Phedram Athenis sibi sponsatam in-
gratus coronauit.

MINOS, as telleth the poete,
The whiche whilom was kyng of Crete,

A sonne had, and Androchee
 He hight, and so befelle that hee,
 Unto Athenes for to lere
 Was sente, and so he bare hym there,
 For that he was of high lignage,
 Suche pride he toke in his corage,
 That he foryeten hath the schooles,
 And in ryot amonge the fooles,
 He did many thynges wronge,
 And vsed thilke life so louge,
 Til at last of that he wrought
 He fonde the mischiefe, whiche he sought,
 Wherof it fell, that he was slayne.
 His fader, whiche it herde sayne,
 Was wroth, and all that euer he might,
 Of men of armes he hym dight
 A stronge power, and forth he went
 Unto Athenis, where he brent
 The plaine countrey al aboute:
 The cities stode of hym in doute,
 As thei that no defence had
 Ageyne the power, whiche he lad.

Egeus, whiche was there kyng,
 His counsell toke vpon this thyng.
 For he was than in the citee:
 So that of pees in to treatie,
 Betwene Minos and Egeus
 Thei fell, and bene accorded thus:
 That kyng Minos fro yere to yere
 Receyue shal as thou shalt here
 Out of Athenis for truage
 Of men, that were of mighty age
 Parsons nyne: of whiche he shall
 His will don in speciall.
 For vengeance of his sonnes deth
 None other grace there ne goth
 But for to take the luyse,
 And that was don in suche a wise,
 Upon whiche stode a wonder cas.
 For that tyme so it was,
 Wherof that men yet rede and singe,
 Kyng Minos had in his kepyng
 A cruell monster, as seith the iest.
 For he was halfe man and halfe best,
 And Minotaurus he was bote,
 Which was begotten in a riote
 Upon Pasiphae, his owne wife,
 Whiles he was out vpon the strife,
 Of that great siege of Troie.
 But she, whiche lost hath all ioye,
 Whan that she sighe this monstre bore,
 Bad men ordeine anon therfore,
 And felle that ilke tyme thus,
 There was a clerke, one Dedalus,
 Whiche had ben of hir assent,
 Of that hir lorde, was so miswent,
 And he made of his owne witte,
 Wherof the remembrance is yit.
 For Minotaur had suche a hous,
 That was so stronge, and meruailous,
 That what man that within went,
 There was so many a sondry went,
 That he ne shulde nought come out,
 But gone amased all about:
 And in this house to locke and warde
 Was Minotaurus put in warde,
 That what life, that therin cam,
 Or man or best, he ouercam,
 And slough, and fedde hym ther vpon.
 And in this wise many one,

Out of Athenis for truage,
 Deuoured weren in that rage.
 For euery yere thei shopen hem so
 Tbei of Athenis er thei go
 Towarde that ilke wofull chance,
 As it was sette in ordinance,
 Upon fortune her lotte thei cast,
 Till that Theseus at laste,
 Whiche was the kynges sonne there,
 Amonges other that there were,
 In thilke yere, as it befelle,
 The lotte vpon his chance felle.
 He was a worthy knight withall.
 And whan he sigh his chance falle,
 He ferde, as though he toke none bede,
 But all that euer he might spede
 With hym, and with his felauship,
 Forth in to Crete he goth by ship,
 Where that the kyng Minos he sought,
 And profereth all that he hym oughte
 Upon the point of her accorde.

This sterne kyng, this cruell lorde
 Toke euery daie one of the nyne,
 And put hym in to the discipline
 Of Minotaure to be deuoured.

But Theseus was so fauoured,
 That he was kepte till at last,
 And the meane while he cast,
 What thyng hym were best to do.
 And felle, that Ariadne tho,
 Whiche was the daughter of Minos,
 And had herde the worthy los
 Of Theseus, and of his might,
 And sigh he was a lustie knight,
 Hir holle herte on hym she laide.

And he also of loue hir praide
 So ferforth, that thei were alone,
 And she ordeineth, that anone,
 In what maner she shuld hym saue,
 And aboue so, that she did hym haue
 A clewe of threde, of whiche within
 First at dore he shall begynne
 With hym to take that one ende:
 That whan he wold ageynward wende,
 He might go the same weye.

And ouer this so as I seye,
 Of pitche she toke hym a pelote,
 The whiche he shulde in to the throte
 Of Minotaure cast right.
 Suche wepon also for hym she dight.
 That he by reason maie not faile
 To make an ende of his bataile.
 For she hym taught in sondrie wise,
 Tille he was knowe of thilke emprise,
 Howe he this best shuld quelle.
 And thus shortly for to telle,
 So as this maiden hym had taught,
 Theseus with this monster faucht,
 And smote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
 And by the threde, so as he cam
 He goth ageyne, til he were out:
 So was great wonder all aboute.

Minos the tribute bath releced,
 And so was all the werre seced
 Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.

But nowe to speck of that swete,
 The whose beautee was withoute wan,
 This faire maiden Adrian:
 Whan that she sigh Theseus sounde,
 Was neuer yet vpon this grounde,

A gladder wight than she was tho.

Theseus dwelt a daie or two,
Where that Minos great cberre hym ded.
Theseus in a preuie sted
Hath with this maiden spoke and rownded,
That she to hym was abandouned
In al that euer she couth,
So that of hir lustie youth,
All pruely betwene hem twey,
The firste floure he toke away.
For he so faire tho behight,
That euer while he liue might,
He shuld hir take for his wife,
And as his owne hertes life
He wolde hir loue, and trouth beare.

And she, whiche might not forbare,
So sore loueth hym ageyne,
That what as euer he wolde seyne,
With all hir hert she it leueth.
And thus his purpose he acheuetb,
So that assured of his trouth
With hym she went, and that was routh

Phedra hir yonge suster eke,
A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
Fulfilled of all curiosie,
For susterhode and companie
Of loue, whiche was hem betwene,
To see hir suster be made a queene,
Hir fader leste, and forth she went
With hym, whiche all his first entent
Forrat within a litel throwe,
So that it was all ouer throwe,
Whan she best wend it shuld stonde.
The ship was blown for the londe
Wherin that thei sailled were.

This Ariadne had mochel fere,
Of that the wynde so lowde blew,
As she whiche of the sea ne knewe,
And praid for to reste a while.
And so felle, that vpon an yle,
Whiche Chio high, thei ben dreue,
Where he to hir leue hath yeue,
That she shall lond and take hir rest:
Thei was nothyng for hir best.
For whan she was to lond brought,
She, which that tyme thought nought
But all trouth, and toke no kepe,
Hath laide hir soft for to slepe:
As she whiche longe hath ben forwatched.
But certes she was euil matched,
And fer from all lous kinde.

For more than the beast vkinde
Theseus, whiche no trouth kept,
(While that this yonge ladie slept)
Fulfilled of all vkinde ship,
Hath all forgotten the goodship,
Whiche Ariadne hym had do,
And bad vnto the shipmen tho
Hale vp the saile, and nought abide,
And forth he gothe the same tide
Toward Athens, and hir on londe
He left, whiche laic nigh the stronde
Slepend, til that she awoke.
But whan that she cast vp hir loke
Toward the stronde, and sigh no wight,
Hir herte was so sore aflight,
That she ne wist what to thioke,
But drough hir to the water brinke,
Where she behelde the sea at large:
She sigh no ship, she sigh no barge

Als ferforth as she might keene:
Ha lorde (she said) whiche a sene,
As all the world shall after here
Upon this wofull woman here,
This worthie knight hath doone and wrought
I wend I had his lone bought,
And so deserued at nede,
Whan that he stode vpon his drede,
And eke the loue, he me behight.
It is great wonder, how he might
Towardis me now be vkinde,
And so to lette out of his minde
Thyng, which he said his owne mouth.
But after this, whan it is couth,
And drawe to the worldes fame,
It shall ben hyndrynce of his name.
For well he wote, and so wote I,
He yafe his trouthe bodily,
That he myn honour shulde kepe,
And with that worde she gan wepe
And soroweth more than enough.
Hir faire tresses she to drough
And with hir selfe she toke such strife,
That she betwene the deth and life
Swounende lay full ofte amonge:
And all was this on hym alonge,
Whiche was to loue vkinde so,
Wherof the wronge shall euermo
Stonde in cronike of remembrance,
And eke it asketh a vengeance

To ben vkinde in lous cas,
So as Theseus than was,
All though he were a noble knight.
For he the lawe of lous right
Forfaitid hath in all waye,
That Ariadne he put awaye,
Whiche was a great vkinde dede.
And after that, so as I rede,
Phedra, the whiche hir sister is,
He toke in stede of hir, and this
Telle afterwards to mekell teue,
For thioke vice, of whiche I mene.
Unkyndship where it falleth,
The trouthe of mans herte it palleth,
That he can no good dede acquite:
So maie he stonde of no merite
Towardes god, and eke also
Men calle hym the worldes fo.
For he no more than the fende
Unto none other man is frende,
But all toward hym selfe alone.

For thy my sonne in thy persone
This vice aboue all other flee.
My fader as ye teche me,
I thinke to do in this matere.

But ouer this I wolde fayn here,
Wherof I shall me sbrue more.

My good sonne as for thy lore,
After the reule of couetise,
I shall the propertee deuise
Of euery vice by and by.
Nowe herken, and be wel ware therby.

Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina
Floribus et iuncta virgine mella capit.

Hic tractat super illa specie cupida, que rapina
nuncupatur, cuius mater extorcio ipsam ad de-
seruiendum magnatum curiis specialius com-
mendauit.

In the lignage of Auarice
 My sonne yet there is a vice,
 His right name it is Rauine,
 Whiche hath a route of his rouine.
 Rauine amonge the maisters dwelleth,
 And with his seruantes as men telleth,
 Extorcion is nowe witholde.
 Rauine of other mens folde
 Maketh his larder, and payeth nought.
 For where as euer it maie be sought
 In his hous there shall no thyng lacke,
 And that ful ofte abieth the packe
 Of poore men, that dwelle aboute.
 Thus stant the commune people in doute,
 Whiche can do none amendement.
 For whan hym failleth paiement,
 Rauine maketh non other skille,
 But taketh by strength al that he wille.

So ben there in the same wise
 Louers, as I the shall deuise:
 That whan nought elles maie auaille,
 Anone with strength thei assaile
 And gette of loue the sesine,
 When thei se tyme by rauine.

For thy my sonne shriue the here,
 If thou hast ben Rauinere
 Of loue. Certes father no.
 For I my lady loue so.
 For though I were as was Pompeye
 That all the worlde me wolde obcey:
 Or els suche as Alsandre,
 I wolde nought do suche a selander.
 It is no good man, whiche so doth.

In good feith sonne thou saist soothe.
 For he that woll of puruance,
 By suche a wey his luste auauce,
 He shall it after sore abie,
 But if these olde ensamples lie.

Nowe good father telle me one,
 So as ye connen many one,
 Touchendé of loue in this matere.

Now list my sonne, and thou shalte here:
 So as it hath befall er this,
 In lous cause howe that it is,
 A man to take by rauine
 The preye, whiche is feminine.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in amoris causa raptores, Et narrat qualiter Pandion rex Athenas duas filias, videlicet Progneum et Philomenam habuit: Progne autem regi Tracie Therreo desponsata contigit, quod cum Tereus, ad instantiam vxoris sue Philomenam de Athen. in Traciam sororis visitationis causa secum quadam vice perduceret, in concupiscentiam Philomene tanta seueritate in Itinere dilapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue violentia rapine uigilantat eius oppressit, sed et ipsius linguam, ne factum detegeret forcipe mutauit, unde imperpetue memorie cronicam tanti raptoris austeritatem, miro ordine dii postea vindicarunt.

THERE was a riall noble kyng,
 A riche of all wordes thyng,
 Whiche of his propre euheritance
 Athenis had in gouernance,
 And who so thinketh therepon,
 His name was kyng Pandion.
 Two daughters had he by his wife,
 The whiche he loued as his life.

The first daughter Progne hight,
 And the seconde, as she well might,
 Was cleped faire Philomene,
 To whom fell after mochel tene.
 The father of his puruance,
 His daughter Progne wolde auance,
 And gafe hir vnto mariage
 A worthy kyng of high lignage,
 A noble knight eke of his bonde,
 So was he kud in euery londe.
 Of Trace he hight Thereus,
 The clerke Ouide telleth thus.
 This Thereus his wife boune lad,
 A lusty life with hir he had,
 Till it befelle vpon a tide,
 This Progne, as she lay hym beside,
 Bethought hir, howe that it might bee,
 That she hir suster might see,
 And to hir lorde hir will she saide
 With goodly wordes, and hym praide,
 That she to hir might go.
 And if it liked hym not so,
 That than be wolde hym selfe wende,
 Or els by some other sende,
 Whiche might hir dere suster grete,
 And shape, bowe that they might mete.

Hir lorde anone to that he herde
 Yafe his accorde, and thus answerde.
 I will (saide he) for thy sake,
 The wey after thy sister take
 My selfe, and bryng hir, if I maie,
 And she with that, there as she laye,
 Began hym in hir armes clippe,
 And kist hym with hir softe lippe,
 And saide: sire graunt mercy.
 And he anone after was redy,
 And toke his leue for to go.

In sory tyme did he so.
 This Thereus goth forth to shippe,
 And with hym his felaushippe.
 By sea the right cours he nau,
 Unto the country till he cam,
 Where Philomene was dwellynge,
 And of hir suster the tidynge
 He tolde, and tho thei weren gladd,
 And mochel ioye of hym thei made.
 The father and the mother hothe
 To leaue her daughter were lothe,
 But if thei were in presence:

And netheles at reuerence
 Of hym that wolde hym selfe trauaile,
 Thei wolde nought he shulde faile,
 And that thei prafde geue hir leue,
 And she that wolde not beleue,
 In all hast made hir yare
 Towarde hir suster for to fare
 With Thereus, and forth she went,
 And he with his hole entent,
 Whan she was fro hir frendes go,
 Assotteth of hir loue so,
 That his eie might he not witholde,
 That he ne must on hir beholde,
 And with the sight gan desire,
 And set his owne herte a fire:
 And fire, whan it to towne approacheth,
 To hym anone the strength accrocheth,
 Till with his bete it be deuoured,
 The towne ne may not be souccoured.
 And so the tyranne rauener,
 Whan that she was in his power,

And he therto sawe tyme and place,
As he that lost hath all grace,
Forgate, he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hir he ran,
Right as a wolfe, that taketh his praye.

And she began to crie and praye,
O father, o mother dere,
Nowe helpe. but thei ne might it here.
And she was of to litell might,
Defence ageyne so rude a knight
To make, whan he was so woode,
That he no reason vnderstode,
But helde hir vnder in such wise,
That she ne might not arise,
But laye oppressed and diseased,
As if a Gousbauke had seysed
A byrde, whiche durst not for fere
Remue. And thus this tyranne there
Beraft hir suche thyng, as men seyne,
May neuer more be yolden ageyne,
And that was the virginitee:
Of suche rauyn it was pitee.

But whan she to hir selfe come,
And of hir mischiefe hede nome,
And knewe, how that she was no maide,
With wofull herte thus she saide.

O thou of all men the werst,
Where was there euer man that derst
Do suche a dede, as thou hast do?
That daie shall falle, I hope so,
That I shall tell out all my fill,
And with my speche I shall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou hast doone to me by strength,
If that I amonge the people dwelle,
Unto the people I shall it telle.
And if I be within walle
Of stones closed, than I shall
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tell hem thy felonie,
And if I be the woddess wende,
There shall I tell all and ende,
And crie it to the byrdes out,
That they shall here it all aboute.

For I so lowde it shall reherse,
That my voice shall the heuen perce,
That it shall sowne in goddes eare.
A fals man, where is thy fere?
O more cruell than any best,
Howe hast thou holden thy behest,
Whiche thou vnto my sister madest?
O thou, whiche all loue vngladest,
And art ensample of all vntrewe:
Nowe wolde god my sister kewe
Of thyn vntrouthe, howe that it stode.

And he thau as a lion woode,
With his vnhappye handes stronge,
He caught hir by the tresses longe,
With the whiche he bonde both hir armes,
That was a feble dede of armes,
And to the gronde anone hir cast,
And out he clippeth also fast
Hir tonge, with a paire of sheres.
So what with blode, and whnt with teres,
Out of bir eyes, and of bir mouthe
He made hir faire face vncouth,
She laye swownange vnto the dethe,
There was vnneth any brethe.
But yet whan he hir tonge refte,
A litell parte therof he lefte:

But she withall no worde maie sowne,
But chitire, and as a byrde iargowne.
And neuertheles that woode hounde
Hir bodie hent vp fro the gronde,
And sent hir there, as by his will,
She shulde abide in prisone still
For euer mo, but nowe take hede,
What after felle of this misdede.
Whan all this mischiefe was befall
This Thereus, that foule hym falle,
Unto his cuntry home he tigh.
And whan he come his palais nigh
His wife already there hym kepte.
Whan he hir sigh, anone he wept,
And that he did for deceite.
For she began to aske hym streite,
Where is my sister? And he saide,
That she was dede, and Progne abraide.
As she that was a wofull wife,
And stode betwene hir deth and life,
Because she herde suche tidynge.
But for she sigh hir lord wepyng,
She wende nought but all trowth,
And had wel the more routh.
The perles were tho forsake
To hir, and blacke clothes take,
As she that was gentill and kynde,
In worship of bir sisters mynde,
She made a riche enterement.
For she fonde none amendement
To sighen or to sob more:
So was there gyle vnder the gore.
Nowe leaue we this kyng and queene,
And torne ayene to Philomene.

As I beganne to tell erste,
Whan she cam in to prison ferst,
It thought a kynges daughter strange
To make so sodeine a change
Fro welth, vnto so great a wo:
And she began to thynke tho,
Though she by mouth nothing praide,
Within hir herte thus she saide,
O thou almighty Iupiter,
That hic sittest, and lokest ferre,
Thou suffrest many wrongfull doynge,
And yet it is not thy willyngne.
To the there maie nothing ben hid,
Thou wost, howe it is betid.

I wolde I had not be bore.
Fur than had I nought forlore
My speche and my virginitee.
But good lorde all is in thee,
Whan thou therfo wolte do vengeance,
And shape my deliuerance.
And euer amonge this lady wepte.
And thought that she neuer kepte
To be a worldes woman more,
And that she wissheth euermore.
But ofte vnto bir sister dere
Hir herte speketh in this manere,
And said: O sister, if ye knewe
Of myn estate, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliuerance
Ye wold shape, and do vengeance
On hym, that is so fals a mau:
And netheles so as I can,
I will you sende some tokenyng,
Wherof ye shall haue knowlageyng
Of thyng, I wote that shall you lothe,
The whiche you toucheth, and me both.

And tho within a while as tite
She wafe a cloth of silke all white,
With letters and imagerie,
In whiche was all the felonie,
Whiche Thereus to hir hath do,
And lapped it to gether tho,
And sette hir signet therypon,
And sent it vnto Progne anon.

The messenger, whiche forth it bare,
What it amounted is nought ware,
And netheles to Progne he goth,
And priuely taketh hir the cloth,
And went again right as he cam:
The courte of hym none hede name.

Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
She wolde knowe how that it ferde,
And openeth that the man hath brought,
And wot therby, what hath be wrought,
And what mischiefe there is befall.
In swoone tho she gan downe fall,
And efte arose, and gan to stonde,
And efte she taketh the clothe on honde,
Behelde the letters, and thymages:
But at last of suche outrages

She saide: wepyng is nought the bote,
And swereth, if that she lue mote,
It shall be venged other wise:
And with that she gan hir auisse,
How first she might vnto hir wyn,
Hir sister, that no man within,
But onely thei, that were swore,
It shulde knowe, and shope therefore,
That Thereus nothing it wist:
And yet right as hir seluen liste,
Hir sister was deliuered soone
Out of prison, and by the moone
To Progne she was brought by nighte.

Whan eche of other had a sight,
In chambre there they were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous moue.
But Progne most of sorow made,
Whiche sigh hir sister pale and fade,
And specheles, and dishonoured,
Of that she had be defoured.
And eke vyon hir lorde she thought,
Of that he so vntruely wrought,
And had his espousaile broke,
She maketh auowe it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth downe
Wepyng in great deuocion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
She praid, and said than thus:

O ye, to whom no thyng astert
Of loue maie, for euery herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben aboue
The god and the goddess of loue,
Ye witen well, that euer yit
Withal my wille, and all my wit,
Sith first ye shope me to wedde,
That I laie with my lorde a bedde,
I haue ben trewe in my degree,
And euer thought for to bee,
And neuer loue in other place,
But all onely the kynge of Trace,
Whiche is my lorde, and I his wife.
But nowe alas this wofull strife,
That I hym thus ageinward finde
The most vntrewe, and most vnkinde,
That euer in ladies armes laie.
And wel I wote that he ne maie

Amend his wronge, it is so gret.
For to litell of me he lete,
Whan he myn owne sister toke,
And me that am his wife forsoke.

Lo thus to Venus and Cupide
She praid, and ferthermore she cride
Unto Apollo the highest,
And said: O mightie god of rest,
Thou do vengeance of this debate,
My sister and all hir estate
Thou wost, and how she hath forlore
Hir maidenhede, and I therfore
In all the worlde shall beare a blame,
Of that my sister hath a shame,
That Thereus to hir I sent.

And well thou wost, that myn entent
Was all for worship and for good.
O lorde, that geuest the liues foode
To euery wight, I prairie here,
These wofull sisters, that ben here,
And let vs nought to the ben loth,
We ben thyn owne women both.

Thus plaineth Progne, and axeth wreche,
And though hir sister lacke speche,
To hym, that all thynges wote,
Hir sorowe is not the lesse hote.

But he, that than herd them two,
Hym ought haue sorowed euermo.
For sorowe, whiche was hem betwene,
With signes plaineth Philomene.
And Progne saith, it shal be wreke,
That all the worlde therof shall speake.

And Progne tho sickenes feigned,
Wherof vnto hir lorde she pleined,
And preith, she mote her chambre kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and slepe.
And he hir graunteth to be so.
And thus to gether ben thei two,
That wolde hym but a litell good.
Nowe herken hereafter, how it stode
Of wofull auntries that befelle.

These sisters, that ben both felle,
And that was not on hem alonge,
But onely on the great wronge,
Whiche Thereus had hem do:
Thei shopen for to venge hem tho.

This Thereus by Progne his wife
A sonne hath, whiche as his life
He loueth, and Itys he bight.
His mother wist well she might
Do Thereus no more greue,
Than slea his childe, whiche was so leue.
Thus she that was as who saith madde
Of wo, whiche hath hir ouerladde,
Without insight of motherhed,
Forgate pitee, and lost drede,
And in hir chambre priuely
This childe without noyse or crie
She slough, and hewe hym all to peces:
And after with diuers spices
The flesshe, when it was so to hewe,
She taketh, and maketh therof a sewe,
With whiche the fader at his meate
Was serued, till he had hym eate,
That he ne wist, howe that it stode:
But thus his owne flesshe and bloode
Hym selfe deuoureth ageyne kinde,
As be that was to fore vnkinde.
And than er that he were arise,
For that he shulde bene agrise,

To shewen hym the childe was dede,
 This Philomene toke the hede
 Betwene two disshes, and all wrothe
 Tho came forthe the sisters bothe,
 And setten it vpon the borde.
 And Progne than began the word
 And seide: O werst of all wikke,
 Of conscience whom no prikke
 Maie stere, lo what thou hast do,
 Lo here ben nowe we sisters two.

O rauener, lo here thy preie,
 With whom so falsly on the weie
 Thou hast thy tyranny wrought,
 Lo nowe it is som dele abought:
 And better it shall: for of thy dede
 The worlde shall euer singe and rede,
 In remembrance of thy defame.
 For thou to loue hast done suche shame,
 That it shall neuer be forgote.

With that he sterte vp fro the mete,
 And shoue the borde in to the flore,
 And caught a sworde anone, and swore,
 That thei shulde of his hondes die.

And thei vnto the goddes crie
 Began, with so loude a steuene,
 That thei were herde vnto heuene,
 And in the twynkelyng of an eie
 The goddes, that the mischiefe seie,
 Her formes cbaunged all thre,
 Eche of hem in his degree
 Was turned in to a briddes kinde
 Duerseliche as men may finde,
 After the state that thei were ynned
 Her formes were set a twynne:
 And as it telleth in the tale
 The first in to a nightyngale
 Was shap, and that was Philomene,
 Whiche in the winter is not sene.
 For than be the leues falle,
 And naked ben the bushes alle.
 For after that she was a bridde,
 Hir wille was euer to be hid,
 And for to dwelle in priue place,
 That no man shuld see hir face
 For shame, whiche maie not be lassid
 Of thyng that was tofore passid,
 Whan that she lost hir maidenhol.
 For euer vpon hir womanhede.
 (Though that the gods wold hir change)
 She thynketh, and is the more strange,
 And holt hir clos the winter daie,
 But whan the wynter goth awaie,
 And that nature the goddessse
 Will of hir owne fre largesse,
 With herbes, and with flours both
 The felde, and the medowes clothe,
 And eke the woodds, and the greaues
 Ben hilled all with grene leaues,
 So that a bridde hir hide maie
 Betwene March, April, and Maie,
 She that the winter held hir clos
 For pure shame, and nought aros,
 Whan that she sigh the bowes thicke,
 And that there is no bare sticke,
 But all is hid with leaues grene,
 To woodde cometh this Philomene,
 And maketh hir firs yers flight,
 Where as she singeth daie and night:
 And in hir songe all openly
 She maketh hir plaint, and saith: O why

Why ne were I yet a maide?
 For so this olde wise said,
 Whiche vnderstood, what she ment,
 Hir notes ben of suche entent.
 And eke thei said, how in hir songe
 She maketh creat ioie, and mirthe amonge,
 And saith: ha nowe I am a bridde,
 Ha nowe my face may ben hid,
 Though I haue lost my maidenhede,
 Shall no man see my chekes rede.

Thus medleth she with ioie wo,
 And with her sorowe myrth also:
 So that of louses maladie
 She maketh diuers melodie,
 And saith: loue is a wofull blisse,
 A wisdom, whiche can no man wisse,
 A lustie feuer, a wounde softe,
 This note she rehersest ofte
 To hem, whiche vnderstonde hir tale.

Nowe haue I of this nightyngale,
 Whiche erst was cleped Philomene,
 Tolde all that euer wolde mene,
 Both of hir forme, and of hir note,
 Wherof men maie the storie note.

And of hir sister Progne I fnde,
 How she was tourned out of kynde
 In to a swalowe swift of wyng,
 Whiche eke in winter lieth swownyng
 There as she maie no thyng be sene,
 But whan the wodde is woxen grene,
 And comen is the sommer tide,
 Than fleeth she forth, and giuneth to chide,
 And chetereth out in hir langage,
 What falsehede is in mariage,
 And telleth in a maner speche
 Of Thereus the spouse breche:
 She wol not in the wooddes dwelle,
 For she wolde openlich telle,
 And eke for that she was a spouse,
 Amonge the folke she cometh to bouse,
 To do these wiues vnderstonde
 The falshode of her husbonde,
 That thei of hem beware also.
 For there be many vntrewe of tho.

Thus ben the sisters briddes bothe,
 And ben towarde the men so lothe,
 That thei ne will for pure shame
 To no mans honde be tame.
 For euer it dwelleth in her mynde,
 Of that thei fonde a man vnkynde,
 And that was fals Thereus,
 If suche one be amonge vs
 I note, but his condicion
 Men saie in euery region,
 Within towne and eke without,
 Nowe reigneth comonly about.
 And natheles in remembrance
 I will declare, what vengeance
 The goddes hadden hym ordined,
 Of that the sisters hadden pleined.
 For anone after he was chaunged,
 And from his owne kinde straunged,
 A lapyinke made he was.
 And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
 And on his heed there stont vp right
 A crest, in token of a knight.
 And yet vnto this day, men seith,
 A lapyinke bath lost his feith,
 And is the birde falsest of all.

Beware my sonne er the so fall.

For if thou be of suche couine,
To get of loue by rauine
Thy lust: it maie the falle thus,
As it befelle Theureus.

My father god forbede:
Me were leuer be fortrede
With wilde horses, and to drawe,
Er I ageine loue, and his lawe,
Did ony thyng, or loude or still,
Whiche were not my ladies will.
Men sayen, that euey loue hath drede:
So foloweth it, that I hir drede,
For I hir loue, and who so dredeth,
To please his loue and serue hym nedeth.
Thus maie ye knowe by this skill,
That no rauine doone I will
Ageine hir will, by suche a weye,
But while I liue, I will obeye,
Abydyng on hir cortesie,
If any mercy wolde hir pleie.

For thy my father, as of this
I wote nought I haue do ainsie.
But farthermore I you besche,
Some other pointe that ye me teche,
And asketh forthe if there be ought,
That I maie be the better tought.

Viuat vt ex spoliis grandi quam sæpe tumultu,
Quo graditur, populus latro perurget iter:
Sic amor ex casu poterit, quo capere prædam,
Si locus est aptus, cætera nulla timet.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quam
furtum vocant, cuius ministri alicuius legis of-
fensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa
quam aliter, suam quam sæpe conscientiam
offendunt.

WHAN Couetise in poure estate
Stont with hym selfe vpon debate,
Through lacke of his misgouernance,
Tbat he vnto his sustenance
Ne can no nother waie finde
To gett hym good: than as the blinde
Which seeth nought, what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, whiche men call
Of Robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thyng, whiche other men beswynke,
He getteth hym clothe, mete, and drinke:
Hym retcheth nought, what he begynne
Through thefte, so that he maie wynne.
For thy to make his purchas
He lieth awaytende on the paas,
Aud what thyng that he seeth ther passe,
He taketh his parte, or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take:
He can the pakkes well rausake,
So princely beareth none aboute
His golde, that he ne sint it oute,
Or other iewell what it bee,
He taketh it as his propretee,
In wooddes, and in feldes eke,
Thus robbery goth to seke,
Where as he maie his purchas finde.

And right so in the same kinde,
My good sone as thou might here,
To speke of loue in this mattere,
And make a very resemblance,
Right as a thefe maketh his cheuesance,

And robbeth mens gooddes aboute,
In woodde and felde, where he goth oute.

So bene there of these louers somme
In wilde stedes, where thei come,
And finden there a woman able,
And therto place cocuable,
Withouten leue, er that thei fare,
Thei take a parte of that chaffare,
Ye though she were a shepheardesse,
Yet wolle the lorde of wantonnesse
Assaie, all though she be vnmete.
For other mens good is swete.
But therof wote nothyng the wife
At home, whiche loueth as hir life
Hir lorde, and sit all daie wishyng
After hir lordes home comyng,
But whan that he cometh home at eue,
Anone he maketh his wife beleue.
For she nought els shulde knowe,
He telleth hir, how his hunt hath blow,
And howe his houndes haue well ronue,
And howe there shone a mery sonne,
And howe his hawkes flowne dele:
But he wol telle hir neuer a wele,
Howe he to loue vntrewe was,
Of that he robbed in the pas,
And toke his lust vnder the shawe
Ageyne loue, and ageyne his lawe.

Whiche thyng my sonne I the forbede.
For it is an vngoodly dele.

For who that taketh by robberie
His loue, he maie not iustifie
His cause: and so full oft sithe,
For ones that he hath ben blithe,
He shall ben after sorie thries.
Examples for suche robberies
I finde written as thou shalt here
Accordende vnto this mattere.

Hic loquitur contra istos in amoris causa pre-
dones, qui cum suam furtiue concupiscentiam
aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur, Et
narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam virginem
nomine Cornicem solam iuxta mare deambu-
lantem opprimere suo furto voluisset, super-
ueniens Pallas ipsam de manibus eius, virginitate
seruata gratius liberauit.

I REDY how whilom was a maide,
The fairest, as Ouide saide,
Whiche was in hir tyme tho,
And she was of the chamber also
Of Pallas, whiche is the goddesse,
And wife to Mars, of whome prowesse
Is youe to these worthy knightes.
For he is of so great nightes,
That he gouerneth the bataille,
Withouten hym maie nought auale
The stronce honde, but he it helpe,
There maie no knight of armes yeipe,
But he fight vnder his banere:
But nowe to speke of my mattere,
This faire freshe lustie maie,
Alone as she went on a daie
Upon the stronde for to plaie,
There came Neptunus in the waie,
Whiche hath the sea in gouernance,
And in his herte suche plesance
He toke, whan he this maiden sigh
That all his bert aros on high.

For he so sodenliche vware
Beheld the beautee, that she bare,
And cast anone within his herte,
That she bym shall no waie asterte,
But if he take in auantage
Fro thilke maide somme pillage,
Nought of the brooches ne the rynges,
But of some other smale thynges,
He thought parte, er that he went:
And hir in bothe his armes bent,
And put his honde towarde the cofre,
Where to robbe he made a profre,
That lustie treasure for to steale,
Whiche passeth other goodes fele,
And cleped is the maidenhead,
Whiche is the floure of womanhead.

This maide, whiche Cornix by name
Was hote, dredynge all shame,
Sigh, that she might nought debate:
And well she wist, he wolde algate
Fulfile his luste of robberie:
Anone began to wepe and crie,
And saide: O Pallas noble quene,
Shewe nowe thy might, and let be sene,
To kepe and saue myn houour,
Helpe that I lese nought my floure,
Whiche nowe vnder thy key is loke.

That worde was not so soone spoke,
Whan Pallas shope recouire
After the wille and the desire
Of hir, whiche a maide was:
And sodeinly vpon this cas,
Out of hir womanliche kinde
In to a briddes likenes I finde,
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothyng stall
Of such thyng that he wolde haue stole.

With fethers blacke as any cole
Out of his armes in a throuwe
She flieth before his cien a crowe,
Whiche was to hir a more delite,
To kepe hir maidenhead white,
Under the wede of fethers blacke,
In perles white than forsake
That no life maie restore agayne.

But this Neptune his herte in vayne
Hath vpon robberie sette.
The brid is flowe, and he was let,
The faire maide is hym escaped,
Wherof for euer he was betiaped,
And scorned of that he hath lore.

My sonne be thou ware therefor,
That thou no maidenhead stele,
Wherof men see diseases fele,
That haue happened in sondrie wise,
So as I shall the yet deuise
Another tale thervpon,
Whiche felle by olde daies gone.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in causa virgin-
tatis lese per predones, et narrat quod cum Cal-
isto regis Lichaoonis mire pulchritudinis filia,
suam virginitatem Diane conseruandam castis-
sima vouisset, Et in siluam, que Tegea dicitur,
inter alias ibidem nymphas moraturam se
transtulisset, Iupiter virginis castitatem subtili
furto surripuisse, quemdam filium, qui postea
Archas nominatus est, ex ea genuit, vnde Iuno
in Calistonem seuiens, eius pulchritudinem in

vrse turpissime deformitatem subito trans-
gauruit.

KYNGE Lichaon vpon his wife
A daughter had, a goodly life,
And clene maiden of worthy fame,
Calistona whose right name
Was cleped, and of many a lorde
She was besought, but hir accorde
To loue might no man wynue,
As she, whiche hath no lust therinne,
But swore within hir herte, and saide,
That she woll euer ben a maide.
Wherefore to kepe hir selfe in pces
With suche as Amadriades
Were cleped woodmaidens tho,
And with the nymphes eke also,
Vpon the sprynge of freshe welles,
She shope to dwelle, and no where elles.
And thus came this Calistona
Into the woodde of Tegea,
Where she virginitee behight
Unto Diane, and therto plight
Hir trowth vpon the bowes grene,
To kepe hir maidenhead clene.
Whiche afterwarde vpon a daie
Was priueliche stole awaie.
For Iupiter through his queintise
From hir it toke in suche a wise,
That sodenliche fourth withall
Hir wombe arose, and she to swall,
So that it might not be hid
And thervpon it is betid,
That Diane, whiche it herde telle
In priue place vnto a welle,
With Nymphes al a companie
Was come, and in a ragerie
She saide, that she bathe wolde,
And bad that euery maiden sholde
With hir all naked bathe also.
And tho began the priue wo,
Calistona wex rede for shame:
But thei that knewe not the game,
To whom no suche thyng was befall,
Anone thei made hem naked all,
As thei nothyng wolde hide,
But she withdrewe hir euer aside.
And netheles in the floode,
Where that Diana hir selfe stoode,
She thought to come vnperceiued:
But therof she was all deceiued.
For whan she came a litell nighe,
And that Diana hir wombe sighe,
She said: awaie thou foule best.
For thyme astate is not honest
This chast water for to touche.
For thou hast take suche a touche,
Whiche neuer maie ben hole ageyne,
And thus goth she, whiche was forleine,
With shame, and the Nymphes fledde,
Till whan that nature hir spedde,
That of a sonne, whiche Archas
Was named, she deliuered was.
And tho Iuno, whiche was the wife
Of Iupiter (wrothe and hastife
In purpose for to do vengeance)
Came forthe vpon thilke chaunce,
And so Calistona she spake,
And set vpon hir many a lacke

And said: a nowe thou arte take,
That thou thy werke might not forsake.
A thou vngoodly hypocrite,
Thou art greatly fur to write.
But nowe thou shalt full sore abie
That ilke stelthe of micherie,
That thou hast both take and do,
Wherof thy fader Lichao
Shall not be glad, whan he it wote,
Of that his daughter was so hote,
That she hath broken hir chast vowe:
But I the shall chastise nowe,
Thy great beautee shall be torned,
Through whiche that thou hast be mestorned.

Thy large fronte, thy eien graye
I shall hem change in other waye,
And all the feture of thy face
In suche a wise I shall deface,
That euery man the shall forbear.
With that the likenes of a beare
She toke, and was forshapen anone.
Within a tyme and therrpon
Befelle, that with a bowe in honde,
To hunte and game for to fonde
In to that woodde goth to plaie
Hir sonne Archas, and in his waie
It happeth that this beare came.
And whan that he good hede name,
Where that he stode vnder the bough,
She knewe hym well, and to hym drough,
For though she had hir forme lore,
The loue was nought lost therfore,
Whiche kinde hath set vnder his lawe.
Whan she vnder the woodde shawe
Hir childe beheld, she was so glad,
That she with both hir armes sprad,
As though she were in womanhed,
Toward hym come, and toke none helde
Of that he bare a bowe hente,
And he with that an arowe hath hent,
And gan to teise it in his bowe,
As he that can none other knowe,
But that it was a beste wilde.

But Iupiter, whiche wolde shilde
The moder, and the sonne also,
Ordeineth for hem both two,
That thei for euer were sauc.

But thus my sonne thou might haue
Ensample, howe that it is to flee,
To robbe the virginitee
Of a yonge innocent awaye.
And ouer this by other weye,
In olde bokes as I rede
Suche robberie is for to drede,
And namliche of thilke good,
Whiche euery woman that is good,
Desireth for to kepe and holde,
As whilome was by daies olde.
For if thou here my tale wele
Of that was tho, thou might somdele
Of olde ensamples taken hede,
Howe that the floure of maidenhede
Was thilke tyme holde in pris:
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it shall for euer stonde:
And for thou shalt it vnderstonde,
Nowe herken a tale nexte sewende
Howe maidenhede is to commende.

Hic loquitur de virginitatis commendatione, vbi

dicit, quod nuper Imperatores ob tanti status
dignitatem virginibus cedebant in via.

Of Rome amonge the gestes olde
I finde, howe that Valery tolde,
That what man was the emperor
Of Rome, he shulde done honour
To the virgin, and in the weye,
Where he hir mete, he shulde obeye
In worship of virginitee,
Whiche was tho a great dignitee,
Nought oneliche of the women tho,
But of the chaste men also
It was commended ouerail.
And for to speke in speciall,
Touchend of men ensample I finde.

Hic loquitur qualiter Phirinus iuuenum Rome
pulcherrimus, vt illesam suam virginitatem con-
seruaret, ambos oculos eruens vultus sui deco-
rem abominabilem constituit.

PHIRINUS, whiche was of mans kinde
Above all other the faireste
Of Rome, and eke the comliest:
That well was hir, whiche hym might
Beholde, and haue of hym a sight.
Thus was he tempted ofte sore,
But for he wolde be no more
Amonge the women so coueited,
The beautee of his face streited
He hath, and put out bothe his eien,
That all women, whiche it seine,
Than afterwarde of hym ne rought.
And thus his maidenhead he bought.

So may I proue wel for thy,
Above all other vnder the sky,
That maidenhead is for to preise.
Who that the vertues wolde peise,
Whiche, as the Apocalipsis recordeth,
To Christe in heuen best accordeth:
So may it shewe well therfore,
As I haue tolde it here to fore,
In heuen, and eke in erth also,
It is accepte to bothe two,
Out of his fleshe a man to liue,
Gregorie bath this ensample yeue,
And saith: it shall rather be tolde,
Liche to an angell many folde,
Than to the life of maus kinde,
There is no reason for to finde,
But onely through the grace aboue,
In fleshe without fleshely loue
A man to liue chaste here.
And netheles a man maie here
Of suche, that haue bene er this,
And yet there bene, but for it is
A vertue, whiche is selden wonne:
Nowe I this matter haue begonne,
I thinke tellen ouer more,
Whiche is my sonne for thy lore,
If that the liste to taken hede,
To trete vpon the maidenhede.

Vt rosa de spinis spineto preualt ortu,
Et lillii flores cespite plura valent:
Sic sibi virginitas carnis sponsalia vincit,
Aeternos factus quae sine labe parit.

THE boke seith, that a mans life
Vpon knightlode in a warre aud strife

Is set amonge his enemies,
The freyle flesshe, whose nature is
Ay redy for to spurne and fall,
The first foman is of all.
For thilke warre is redy aie,
It warreth night, it warreth daie,
So that a man hath neuer rest.
For thy is thilke knight the best,
Through might and graec of gods sonde,
Whiche that bataile maie withsonde,
Wherof yet dwelleth the memorie
Of hem. that some tyme the victorie
Of thilke deadly warre hadden :
The high prowesse, whiche thei ladden,
Wherof the soule stode amended,
Upon this erthe it is commended.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Valentinianus imperator,
cum ipse octogenarius plures pronuncias Romano
Imperio belliger subiugauit, dixit se super omnia
magis gaudere de eo, que contra sue carnis
concupiscentiam victoriam optinuisset, nam et
ipse virgo omnibus diebus vite sue castissimus
permanst.

AN emperor by olde daies
There was, and he at all assaies
A worthie knight was of his honde,
There was none suche in all the londe,
But yet for all his vasselage,
He stode vnwedded all his age,
And in cronike as it is tolde,
He was an hundred wynter olde.
But whan men wolde his dedes preise,
And his knighthode of armes preise,
Of that he did with his hondes,
Whan he the kynges of the londes
To his subiectioun put vnder:
Of all that preise hath he no wouder.
For he it set of none accounte,
And said, all that maie not amounte
Ayens a point, whiche he hath none,
That he his flesshe hath overcome.
He was a virgine, as he saide,
On that bataile his pris he laide.

Lo nowe my sonne auise thee.
Ye fader all this maie well bee.
But if all other dede so,
The worlde of men were soone ago,
And in the lawe a man maie finde,
Howe god to man by wey of kinde
Hath set the worlde to multiplie.
And who that woll hym iustifie,
It is enough to do the lawe.
And netheles your good sawe
Is good to kepe, who so maie,
I wol nought there ayen say naie.

My sonne take it as I saie,
If maidenhead be take awaye,
Without lawes ordinaunce,
It may not faile of vengeance,
And if thou wolte the soth witten,
Beholde a tale, the whiche is written
Howe that the kyng Agamemnon,
Whan he the citee of Lesbou
Hath wonne, a maiden there he fonde,
Whiche was the fairest of the londe,
In thilke tyme, that men wist
He toke of hir what hym list

Of thyng, whiche was most precious,
Wherof that she was daungerous.
This faire maide cleped is
Chryseis, the daughter of Chrisis,
Whiche was that tyme in speciall
Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his sacrifice:
So was it well the more vice.
Agamemnon was than in waye
To Troiwarde, and toke a waye
This maiden, whiche he with bym lad,
So great lust in hir he had.
But Phebus, which hath great disdain,
Of that his maiden was forlain,
Anone as he to Troie came,
Vengeance vpon this dede he name,
And sent a commune pestilence.

Thei soughten than her euidence,
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in so soderly.
And at laste redly
The cause and eke the man thei fonde.
And forth with al the same stounde
Agamemnon opposed was,
Whiche hath knowen all the cas
Of the folie, whiche he hath wrought :
And therupon mercy thei sought
Toward the god in sondrie wyse
With prayer and with sacrifice.
The maiden home ayene thei sende,
And yafe hir good enough to spende
For euer whiles she wolde liue.
And thus the sinne was forgyue,
And all the pestilence seced.

Lo what it is to ben encreced
Of loue, whiche is ylle wonne.
It were better nought begonne,
Than take a thyng without leue,
Whiche thou must after nedes leue,
And yet haue maugre forth with all.
For thy to robben quer all
In loues cause if thou begynne,
I not what ease thou shalt wynne.
My sonne be well ware of this.
For thus of robbery it is.

My father your exemplaris
In loues cause of robberie,
I haue it right well vnderstonde.
But ouer this howe so it stonde,
Yet wol I wite of your apprise,
What thyng is more of couetise.

Insidiando latens tempus rimatur et horam
Fur quibus occulto tempore furta parat :
Sic amor insidiis vacat, et sub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtiuos nocte fauente queat.

Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, quæ se-
cretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura ocu-
los rerum nesciente ea que cupit, tam per diem
quam per noctem absque strepitu clanculo fu-
ratum.

WITH couetise yet I finde
A seruant of the same kinde,
Whiche stelh is hote, and micherie
With hym is euer in companie.
Of whom if I shall telle soothe,
He stalketh as a peccocke doothe,

And taketh his preie so couerte,
That no man wote it in aperte.
For whan he wote the lorde from home,
Than woll he stalke about and come,
And what thyng he fint in his wey,
Whan that he seeth the men awy,
He stealeth it, and goth forth withal,
That therof no man knowe shall:
And eke full ofte he goth a night,
Without moone or sterre light.
And with his crafte the dore vnpiketh,
And taketh therein what hym liketh.
And if the dore be so shette,
That he be of his entre lette,
He will in at the wyndowe crepe
And while the lorde is fast a slepe,
He steleth, what thyng hym best list,
And goth his wey er it be wist,
Full ofte also by light of daie,
Yet woll he steale, and make assaie:
Under the cote his honde he put,
Till he the mans purs haue cut,
And risley that he fint therein:
And thus he auntehth hym to wyn,
And beareth an horn, and nought ne bloweth
For no man of his counsaile knoweth,
What he maie gette of his michyng,
It is all bille vnder the wyng.
And as an hounde that goth to folde
And hath there take what he wolde,
His mouth vpon the gras he wipeth,
And so with feigned chere hym slipeth,
That what as euer of shepe he strangle,
There is no man therof shall iangle,
And for to knowe who it dede
Right so dothe stelthe in euery stede,
Where as hym list his preie take,
He can so well his cause make,
And so well feigne, and so well glose,
That there ne shall no man suppose,
But that he were an innocent.
And thus a mans eie he bleut,
So that this crafte I maie remeue
Withouten helpe of any meue.
There be louers of that degree,
Whiche all her lust in priuete,
As who saith getten all by stelth,
And ofte attinen to great welth,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.
For loue awayteth euer, and casteth
Howe he maie stele, and catche his praie,
Whan he therto maie finde a way.
For be it night, or be it daie,
He taketh his parte, whan that he maie.
And if he maie no more do,
Yet woll he stele a cusse or two.
My sonne what saist thou therto?
Telle if thou didst euer so?
My father how? My sonne thus:
If thou hast stole any cusse,
Or other thyng, whiche therto longeth.
For no man suche theues longeth:
Telle on for thy, and saith the trouth.
My father naye, and that is routh.
For by my wille, I am a thefe,
But she, that is to me most lefe
Yet durst I neuer in priuete
Nought ones take hir by the knee
To steale of hir, or this, or that:
And if I durst, I wote well what.

And netheles but if I lie,
By stelth ne by robberie
Of loue, whiche fell in my thought,
To hir did I neuer nought.
But as men-seyne, where herte is failed,
There shall no castell be assailed,
But though I had hertes ten,
And were as stronge as all men,
If I be not myn owne man,
And dare not vsen, that I can,
I maie my selfe not recouere,
Though I be man neuer so pouere.
I beare an herte, and hirs it is
So that me faileth wit in this,
Howe that I shulde of myne accorde
The seruant lede ayenst the lorde.
For if my foote wolde owere go,
Or that my honde wolde els do,
What that my herte is there againe,
The remenant is all in valne,
And thus me lacketh all wele,
And yet ne dare I nothyng stele
Of thyng, whiche longeth vnto loue:
And eke it is so high aboute,
I maie not well therto areche,
But if so be a tyme of speche
Full selde, if than I stele maie
A worde or two, and go my waie.
Betwixte hir high estate and me
Comparison there maie none be:
So that I fele, and well I wote,
All is to heuy and to hote
To set on honde without leue.
And thus I mot algate leue
To stele, that I maie not take,
And in this wise I mote forsake
To hen a thefe ayen my wille
Of thyng, whiche I maie not fulfille.
For that serpent, whiche neuer slept,
The ftes of golde so well ne kepte
In Colebos, as the tale is tolde,
That my lady a thousand folde
Nis better zemed, and bewaked,
Where she be clothed, or be naked,
To kepe hir body night and daie
She hath a wardein redy aie,
Which is so wouderfull a wight,
That hyn ne maie no maos might
With sword, ne with no wepon daunte,
Ne with no sleight of charme enchant,
Wherof he might be made tame,
And Danger is his right name,
Whiche vnder locke, and vnder key,
That no man may it stele awy,
Hath all the tressour vnder fonge,
That vnto loue maie belonge:
The lest lokinge of hir eye
Maie not be stole, if he it sey.
And who so grutcheth for so lite,
He wold soonc set a wite
On hym, that wolde stele more,
And that me greueth wonder sorr.
For this prouerbe is euer newe,
That stronge lockes maken trewe
Of hem that wolden stele and pike.
For so wel can there no man slike
By hym ne by no other mene,
To whom Danger wol yeue or lene
Of that tressour he hath to kepe:
So though I wold stalke and crepe,

And waite on eue, and eke on morowe,
Of Danger shal I nothyng borowe:
And stele wel ne maie I nought.
And thus I am right wel bethought,
While Danger stout in his office,
Of stelth, whiche ye clepe a vice,
I shal be giltie ueuer mo.
Therefore I wold be w're ago
So fer, that I neuer of hym herde,
Howe so that afterward it ferde.
For thau I might yet percas
Of loue make some purchas
By stelth, or by some other waye,
That nowe fro me stont fer awaye.

But fader as ye tolde about
How stelth goth a night for loue,
I may not wel that pointe forsake,
That oft tymes I ne wake
On nightes, whan that other slepe.
But howe, I pray you take kepe,
Whan I am lodged in suche wise,
That I by night maie arise,
At some wyndowe and loken out,
And see the howsinge al about,
So that I maie the chamber knowe,
In whiche my ladie, as I trowe,
Lieth in hir bed, and slepeth soft:
Than is myn hert a thefe full ofte.
For there I stonde and beholde
The longe nightes, that ben colde,
And thynke on hir, that lieth there:
And than I wisse, that I were
Als wise as was Nectannus,
Or elles as was Protheus,
That couthen both of Nigromance,
In what likenesse, in what semblance,
Right as hym list hym selfe transforme.
For if I were of suche a forme,
I sey than I wolde flec
In to hir chamber for to see,
If any grace wold falle:
So that I might vnder the palle
Some thyng of loue pike and stele.
And thus I thinke thoughtes fele:
And though there of no thyng be soth,
Yet ease as for a tyme it doth.
But at last whan I finde,
That I am fall in to my minde,
And see, that I haue stonde longe,
And haue no profite vnderfonge:
Than stalke I to my bedde withi.
And this is all that euer I winne
Of loue, whan I walke on night,
My will is good, but of my might
Me lacketh both, and of my grace.
For who so that my thought embrace,
Yet haue I nought the better ferde.
My father lo, nowe haue ye herde,
What I by steith of loue haue do,
And howe my wille hath be therto,
If I be worthie to p'nanche,
I put it to your ordinance.

My sonne of stelth I the behete,
Though it be for a tyme swete,
At ende it dooth but litell good,
As by ensample howe that it stood
Whilom, I maie the tell nowe.

I pray you father tell me howe.

My sonne of him, whiche goth by daie
By wey of stelthe to assaie

In loues cause, and taketh his praie,
Ouide saide, as I shall saie
And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, whiche is good to holde.

Hic in amoris causa super isto latrocinio, quod de nocte contigit, ponit exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Leucothea Orcami filia in cameris subarcta matris custodia virgo preseruabatur, Phebus eius pulchritudinem concupiscens in conclaue domus clara luce subintrans, virginis pudicitiam matre absente deflorauit, vnde ipsa impregnata iratus pater filiam suam ad sepe-liendum vivam effodit, ex cuius tumulo forem, quem solsequium vocant, dicunt tunc consequenter primitus acresuisse.

THE poet, vpon this matere
Of stelth, wrote in this manere.
Venus, whiche hath the lawe in boude
Of thyng, whiche maie not be withstonde,
As she, whiche the tresoure to warde
Of loue, hath within bir warde,
Phebus to loue hath so constreigned,
That be without rest is peined
With all bis heate to coueyte
A maiden, whiche was warded streyte
Within chambre, and kepte so close,
That selden was, whan she disclose,
Goth with bir mother for to plaie,
Leucothea, so as men saie,
This maiden hight, and Orchamus
Hir father was: and befelle thus,
This daughter, that was kept so dere,
And had ben for yere to yere,
Under bir mothers discipline,
A cleue maide, and a virgine:
Vpon the wose natiuitee,
Of comely head, and of beautee
Nature hath set all that she maie
That liche vnto the freshe maie,
Whiche other monethes of the yere
Surmounteth: so without pere
Was of this maiden the feyture,
Wherof Phebus out of measure
Hir loneth, and on euery side
Awaiteth, if so may betide,
That he through any sleight might
Hir lustie maiden head vnright,
The whiche were all his worldes welth.

And thus lurkyng vpon his stelth,
In his awaite so longe he laie,
Till it befell vpon a daie,
That he through out hir chambre wall
Came in all sodeinliche, and stall
That thyng, that was to hym so liefe:
But wo the while, he was a thefe.
For Venus, whiche was enemye
Of thilke loues micherie,
Discouereth all the plaine caas
To Climene, whiche than was
Towarde Phebus his concubine.
And she to let the couine
Of thilke lone, deadly wrothe
To plein vpon this maide she goth,
And tolde hir father howe it stode:
Wherof for sorowe well nyght woode,
Vnto hir mother thus he saide:
Lo what it is to kepe a maide?
To Phebus dare I nothyng speke,

But vpon hir it shall be wreke,
So that these maidens after this
Mowe take ensample, what it is
To suffre her maideu head be stole,
Wherof that she the deth shall thole:
And bad with that, to make a pitte,
Wherin he hath his daughter sette,
As he that woll no pittee haue,
So that she was all quicke begraue,
And deide anone in his presence.
But Phebus, for the reuerence
Of that she had ben bis loue,
Hath wrought, through his power aboue,
That she spronge vp out of the molde
In to a floure, was named golde,
Whiche stonte gourmed of the sonne.

And thus whan loue is euill wonne,
Full ofte it cometh to repentaile.

My fader that is no meruaile,
Whan that the counsel is bewreyed:
But oft tyme loue hath pleyed,
And stolle many a priue game,
Whiche neuer yet cam in to blame
Whan that the thynges weren hid.
But in youre tale as it betid,
Venus discovereth all the cas,
And eke also brode daie it was,
Whan Phebus suche a stelthe wrought,
Wherof the maide in blame he brought,
That afterward she was so lore,
But for ye saiden nowe to fore,
Howe stelh of loue goth by night,
And doth his thynges out of sight,
Therof me lust also to here
A tale liche to the matere,
Wherof I might ensample take.

My good sonne for thy sake,
So as it befelle by daies olde,
And so as the poet it tolde,
Upon the nightes micherie,
Nowe herken a tale of poesie.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, quod de nocte
contingit. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum
Iole in quadam spelunca nobili, Thophis dicta,
sub monte Tmolus, ubi sylua Bacchi est, hospicio
pernoctarunt. Et cum ipsi variis lectis separatim
iacentes dormierunt, contigit lectum
Herculis vestimentis Iole, lectum quod Iole
pelle leonis, qua Hercules induebatur, operiri:
super quo Faunus a sylua descendens speluncam
subintravit, temptans si forte cum Iole sue
concupiscentie voluptatem, nesciente Hercule
furari posset. Et cum ad lectum Herculis muliebri
palpata veste ex casu peruenisset, putans
Iolen fuisse, cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur:
quem sentiens Hercules manibus apprehensum
ipsum ad terram ita fortiter allisit, vt
impotens sui corporis effectus vsque mane ibidem
requieuit, Vbi Saba cum Nymphis syluestribus
superueniens, ipsum sic illum deridebat.

THE mightiest of all men
Whan Hercules with Iolen.
Whiche was the lone of his courage,
To gether vpon a pilgimage
Towarde Rome shulden go,
It fell hem by the waie so,
That thei vpon a daie a caue
Within a roche founden haue,

Whiche was roiall and glorious,
And of entaile curious,
By name and Thophis it was hote:
The sonne shone tho wonder hote,
As it was in the somer tide.

This Hercules, whiche by his side
Hath Iolen his loue there,
Whan thei at thilke caue were,
He seyde, he thought it for the best,
That she hir for the hete rest
All thilke daie, and thilke night.
And she that was a lustie wight,
It liketh hir all that he seyde.
And thus thei dwell yet and pleyde
The longe daie, and so befill
This caue was vnder the hill
Of Tmolus, whiche was begrowe
With vines, and at thilke throwe
Faunus with Saba the goddesse,
By whom the large wilderness
In thilke tyme stode gouerned,
Were in a place, as I am lerned,
Nighe by, whiche Bacchus woodde hight.

This Faunus toke a great insight
Of Iolen that was nowe nighe.
For whan that he hir beauteie sighe,
Out of his wit he was assoted,
And in his herte it hath so noted,
That he forsoke the Nymphes all,
And sayde, he wolde, howe so it fall,
Assaie an other for to winne:
So that bis hertz thought within
He set, and cast, howe that it might
Of loue pike awaie by night,
That he by daie in other wise
To stele might not suffice:
And ther vpon bis time awaiteth,
Now take good hede howe loue assaiteth
Hym, whiche with all is ouercome.
Faire Iolen whan she was come
With Hercules in to the caue,
She sayde hym, that she wolde haue
His clothes of, and bisr bothe,
And eche of hem shuld other cloth,
And all was do right as she bad,
He hath hir in his clothes clad,
And cast on hir his golion,
Whiche of the skin of a lion
Was made, as he vpon the weie
It slough: and ouer this to pleie
She toke his great mase also,
And knit it at hir gyrdell tho:
So was she liche the man arraied,
And Hercules than hath assaied
To clothen hym in hir arrais:
And thus thei iape forth the daie,
Till that her souper redy were,
And whau thei hadden souped there,
Thei shopen hem to go to rest,
And as it thought hem for the best,
They bad, as for thilke night,
Two sondry beddes shuld be dight,
For thei togeder linge nolde,
Because that thei offer wolde
Upon the morowe her sacrifice.
The seruantes didden her office,
And sondry beddes made anone,
Wherin that they to rest gone
Eche by hem selfe in sondry place.
Faire Iolen hath set the mace

Besides hir beddes head aboute,
 And with the clothes of hir loue
 She hilled all hir bedde aboute:
 And he, whiche nothing had in doute,
 Hir wimple woude aboute his cheke,
 Hir kyrtell, and hir mantell eke,
 Abrode vpon his bedde he spredde:
 And thus thei slepen bothe a bedde.
 What of trauaile, what of wine,
 The seruantes like to drunken swine
 Began for to route faste.

This Faunus, whiche his stelth cast,
 Was than comen to the caue,
 And fonde thei were all saue
 Without noyse, and in he went,
 The derke night his sight blent,
 And yet it happed hym to go,
 Where Iolen a bedde tho
 Was layde alone for to slepe,
 But fur he wolde take kepe,
 Whose bedde it was, he made assaie,
 And of a lion where he laie
 The cote he fonde, and eke he feleth
 The mace, and than his herte keleth,
 That there durst he not abide,
 But stalketh vpon euery side,
 And sought about with his honde,
 That other bedde tyll that he fonde,
 Where laie bewympled a visage:
 Tho was he glad in his couraige.

For he hir kirtell fonde also,
 And eke hir mantell both two
 Bespred vpon the bed slofte.
 He made hym naked than, and softe
 Into the bed vnaire he crepte,
 Where Hercules that tyme slepte,
 And wende well it were she.
 And thus in stede of Iole
 Auone he profreth hym to loue.
 But he, whiche felte a man aboute,
 This Hercules hym threwe to grounde
 So sore, that thei haue hym founde
 Lyggende there vpon the morowe.
 And tho was nought a litell sorowe,
 That Faunus of hym selfe made,
 But els thei were all glade,
 And lough hym to scorne aboute.
 Saba with Nymphes all a route.
 Came downe to loke howe it ferde:
 And whan that thei the soth herde,
 He was beiaiped ouerall.

My sonne be thou ware with all
 To sechie suche micheries,
 But if thou haue the better spies,
 In aunter if the so betide,
 As Faunus did thilke tide:
 Wherof thou might be shamed so.

Myn holy fader certes no,
 But if I had right good leue,
 Suche micherie I thinke leue,
 My faynt herte woll not serue.
 For maugre wolde I not deserue
 In thilke place, where I loue.
 But fur ye tolden here aboute,
 Of couetise and his pillage,
 If there be more of that lignage,
 Whiche toucheth to my shrifte, I praie,
 That ye therof me wolde saie,
 So that I maie the vice eschewe.

Souue if I by order shewe

The vices, as thei stonde a rowe
 Of couetise, thou shalt knowe,
 There is yet one, whiche is the last,
 In whome there maie no vertue last.
 For he with god hym selfe debateth,
 Wherof that all the heuen hym hateth

Sacrilegus tantum furto loca sacra prophanat,
 Vt sibi sint agri, sic domus alma dei,
 Nec locus est, in quo non temptat amans, qui
 amat,ur,
 Si quæ posse nequit, carpere velle capit.

Hic tractat super vltima Cupiditatis specie, que
 sacrilegium dicitur, cuius furtum ea que altis-
 simo sanctificantur bona depredans, ecclesie
 tantum spoliis insidiatur.

THE high god, whiche all good
 Purued hath for maus foode,
 Of clothes and of mente and drynke,
 Bade Adam, that he shuld swynke,
 To getten hym his substance:
 And eke he set an ordinauce
 Upon a lawe of Moyses,
 That though a man be haueles,
 Yet shall he not by theft stele,
 But nowe a daies there ben fele,
 That woll no labour vndertake,
 But what thei maie by stelh take,
 Thei holde it sikerliche wonne.
 And thus the lawe is ouerronne,
 Whiche god hath set, and namely
 With hem that so vntuly
 The gooddes robbe of holy churche.
 The theft, whiche thei than wurchen,
 By name is cleped Sacrilege,
 Ayeu the whom I thinke allege,
 Upon the pointes as we ben taught,
 Stont Sacrilege, and elles nought.

The first point is for to saie,
 Whan that a thefe shall stele awaie
 The holy thyng from holy place.

The seconde is, if he purchase
 By waye of theft vnholly thyng,
 Whiche he vpon his knowlageyuge
 Fro holy place awaie toke.

The thirde point, as saie the boke,
 Is suche, as where as euer it be,
 In woode, in felde, or in citee,
 Shall no man stele by no wise,
 That halowed is to the seruisse
 Of god, whiche all thynges wotte.
 But there is nother cold ne hotte,
 Whiche he for god or man woll spare,
 So that the body maie wel fare,
 And that he maie the world escape,
 The heuen hym thynketh is but a iape.
 And thus the sooth for to telle,
 He rifeleth both boke and belle,
 So forth with all the remenant,
 To gods bows appertinant.

Where that he shulde bidde his bede,
 He doth his theft in holy stede,
 And taketh what thyng he fyt therin.
 For whan he seeth, that he maie wyu,
 He wonneth for no cursidnesse,
 That he ne breketh the holynesse,
 And doth to god no reuerence.
 For he hath lost his conscience,

That though the preste therefore curse,
He seith, he fareth not the wurse.
And for to speke it other wise,
What man that lasseth the franchise,
And taketh of holy church his praie,
I not what bedes he shall praie,
Whan he fro god, whiche hath yeue all,
The purpartie in speciall,
Whiche vnto Christe hym selfe is due,
Bynemeth, he maie not wel eschue
The peine comyng afterwarde,
For he hath made his forewarde,
With Sacrilige for to dwelle,
Whiche hath his heritage: in helle.

Hic tractat precipue de tribus sacrilegis, quorum vnus fuit Antiochus, alter Nabuzardan, tertius Nabugodonosor.

AND if we rede of tholde lawe,
I finde writte in thilke lawe
Of princes, howe there were three
Culpable sore in this degre.
That one of hem was cleped thus,
The proude kyng Antiochus.
That other Nabuzardan bight,
Whiche of his crueltee behight
The temple to distroie and waste:
And so he did in all haste.
The thirde, whiche was after shamed,
Was Nabugodonosor named:
And be Hierusalem put vnder,
Of sacrilige and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought.
Whiche Balthasar his heire about.

Nota descripta in pariete tempore regis Balthasar, quæ fuit, Mane Techel Phares.

WHAN Mane Techel Phares writte
Was on the walle, as thou might witte,
So as the bible it hath declared,
But for al that it is nought spared
Yet nowe a daie, that men ne pile,
And maken argument and skille
To sacrilige as it belongeth.
For what man that there after longeth,
He taketh none hede, what he dooth.
And if a man shall tell sooth
Of gile, and of subtiltee,
Is none so sigh in his degre,
To feigne a thyng for his beyete,
As is this vice, of whiche I trete:
He can so priuifliche pike,
He can so well his wordes slike,
To put awaie suspicion,
That in his excusacion
There shall no man defaute finde.

And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That stonden of his worde deceued,
Er his queintise be perceiued.
But netheles yet other while,
For all his stelth, and all his gile,
Of that he wolde his werke forsake,
He is atteint, and ouertake:
Wherof thou shalte a tale rede.

Hic loquitur de illis, qui laruata conscientia sacrilegium sibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum quidam Lucius Clericus, famosus et imperatori

notus, deum suum Apollinem in templo Rome de anulo suo, pallio, et barba aurea spoliasset, ipse tandem apprehensus, et coram imperatore accusatus, taliter se excusando ait: Anulum a deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ex sua largitate anulum hunc gratiose mihi obtulit. Pallium ex lamina aureo constructum tuli: quia aurum maxime ponderosum et frigidum naturaliter consistit. Vnde nec in estate, propter pondus, nec in hyeme propter frigus ad dei vestes vtile fuit: Barbam a deo deposui, quia ipsum patri suo assimilare volui. Nam et Apollo stetit absque barba, inuenis apparuit, Et sic ea que gessi non ex furto, sed ex honestate processisse manifeste declarauit.

ER Rome came to the creance
Of Christis feith it felle perchance,
Cesar, whiche tho was emperour,
Hym list for to doone honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an image vpon this,
The whiche was cleped Apollo,
Was none so riche in Rome tho.

Of plate of golde a berde he had,
The whiche his brest all ouer spradde.

Of golde also without faile
His mantell was of large entaile,
Be sette with perrey all about:
Forth right he straught his finger out,
Upon the whiche he had a ryng,
To seem it was a riche thyng,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,
Moste precious of all stones.

And fell that tyme in Rome thus,
There was a clerke one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man,
Of euery witte somewhat he can,
Out take that hym lacketh rule,
His owne estate to guyde and rule:
Howe so it stode of his spekyng,
He was not wise in his dooyng
But euery riote at last

Mote nedes falle, and maie not laste,
After the nede of his deserte:
So felle this clerke in pouerte,
And wist not howe for to rise,
Wherof in many a sondrie wise
He cast his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh ferre,
Till on a tyme that he come
Into the temple, and hede nome,
Where that the god Apollo stode.

He sigh the riches, and the good,
And thought he wolde by some waie
The treasure picke and stele awaie:
And therypon so sleighly wrought,
That his purpose about he brought,
And went awey vnaperceued:
Thus hath the man his god deceiued,
His ryng, his mantell, and his berde,
As he whiche nothing was aferde,
All priuily with hym he bare.
And whan the warleins were ware,
Of that her god despoiled was,
Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
Howe that a man for any wele,
Durste in so holy place stele,
And namely so great a thyng.

This tale came vnto the kyng.

And was through spoken ouerall,
 But for to knowe in special,
 What maner man hath do the dede,
 Thei soughten helpe vpon the nede,
 And maaden calculacion,
 Wberof by demonstration
 The man was founde with the good:
 In iugement and whan he stooode
 The kynge hath asked of hym thus:
 Sey thou vnseely Lucius,
 Why hast thou done this sacrilege?
 My lord, if I the cause allege,
 (Quod he ayene) me thynketh this,
 That I haue do nothyng amis.
 Thre pointes ther ben, which I haue do,
 Wberof the firste point stant so,
 That I the rynges haue take awaye:
 Unto that point this woll I saye,
 When I the god beheld about,
 I sigh, howe he his honde straught out,
 And profred me the rynges to yeue.
 And I, whiche wolde gladly liue
 Out of pouertes, through his largesse,
 It vnderfange, so that I gesse,
 And therof am nought to wite.

And ouermore I woll me quite,
 Of golde that I the mantell toke:
 Golde in his kynde, as sathe the boke,
 Is heuy both and colde also,
 And for that it was heuy so,
 Me thought it was no garnement
 Unto the god conuenient,
 To clothen hym the sommer tide.
 I thought vpon that other side,
 Howe gold is colde, and suche a clothe
 By reason ought to be lothe
 In wynter tyme for the chele.
 And thus thynkende thoughtes fele,
 As I myn eie aboute caste,
 His large berde than at laste
 I sigh, and thought anone therefor,
 Howe that his father hym before,
 Whiche stode vpon the same place,
 Was berdles, with a yongly face.
 And in suche wise, as ye haue berde,
 I toke away the sonnes berde,
 For that his father had nose,
 To make hem liche, and here vpon
 I aske for to ben excused.

Lo thus where sacrilege is vsed,
 A man can feigne his conscience,
 And right vpon suche euidence,
 In loues cause if I shall treate,
 There ben of suche small and great,
 If thei no leyfer finde elles,
 Thei wol not wonde for the belles,
 Ne though thei see the preest at masse,
 That thei wol leten ouerpasse,
 If that thei finde her loue there,
 Thei stonde and telle in hir ere,
 And aske of god none other grace,
 While thei ben in that holy place,
 But er thei gon some auantage
 There will thei haue, and som pillage
 Of goodly wordes, or of belieste,
 Or elles thei take at leste
 Out of hir honde a rynges or gloues,
 So nigh the weder thei will boue:
 As who saith, she shall not foryet,
 News I this token of hir haue gete.

Thus halowe thei the bie feste,
 Suche thefte maie no churche areste,
 For all is fuleth that hem liketh,
 To whom that elles it misliketh.

And eke right in the selfe kinde
 In great citices men may finde
 This lustie folke, that make hem gaye,
 And waite vpon the holy daye,
 In churches, and in minstres eke
 Thei gon the women for to seke.
 And where that suche one goth aboute
 To fore the fairest of the route,
 Where as thei sitten all a rewe,
 There wille he moste his body shewe,
 His croked kempt, and thervpon set
 An ouche, with a chapelet:
 Or elles one of grene leues,
 Whiche late come out of the greues,
 All for he shulde seme freshe.
 And thus he loketh on his flesshe,
 Right as an hauke, whiche hath a sight
 Upon the fowle, there he shall light,
 And as he were a fairie,
 He sheweth hym to for her eie
 In holy place, where thei sitte,
 Al for to make her hertes flitte.

His eie no where woll abide,
 But loke and prie on euery side
 On hir and hir, as hym best liketh.
 And other while a monge he siketh.

Thynketh one of hem that was for me,
 And so there thynken two or thre,
 And yet he loueth none of all,
 But where as euer his chance fall.
 And netheles to sey a sooth,
 The cause why that he so dooth,
 Is for to stele an herte or two
 Out of the churche er that he go.
 And as I said it here aboue,
 All that is sacrilege of loue.

For well maie be he steleth awaie
 That he neuer after yeld maie.
 Telle me for thy my some anone,
 Hast thou do sacrilege or none,
 As I haue said in this manere?

My fader as of this matere,
 I will you telle redily
 What I haue do, but truly
 I may excuse myn entent,
 That I neuer yet to churche went
 In suche maner, as ye me sbrue,
 For no woman that is on liue.
 The cause why I haue it laft,
 May be, for I vnto that crafte
 Am nothyng able for to stele,
 Though there be women not so fele.
 But yet wille I not sey this,
 Whan I am there any lady is,
 In whom lieth holy my quarele,
 Aud she to churche, or to chappelle
 Woll go to matens or to messe:
 That tyme I waite well and gesse,
 To churche I come, and there I stonde,
 And though I take a boke on honde,
 My countenance is on the boke,
 But toward hir is all my loke.
 And if so falle, that I prairie
 Unto my god, and somewhat saie
 Of Pater noster, or of Crede,
 All is for that I wolde spede.

So that my bede in holy churche
 There might som miracle wurche,
 My ladis herte for to chaunge,
 Whiche euer hath be to me so straunge:
 So that all my deuocion,
 And all my contemplacion,
 With all myn herte and my corage,
 Is onely set on hir ymage.
 And euer I waite vpon the tide,
 If she loke any thyng aside,
 That I me maie of hir aise,
 Anone I am with couetise
 So smite, that me were lefe
 To be in holy churche a thefe,
 But not to stele a vesturement.
 For that is nothing my talent.
 But I wolde stele, if that I might,
 A glad worde, or a goodly sight.
 And euer my seruice I profere,
 And namely when she woll goue offre.
 For than I lede bir, if I maie.
 For somewhat wolde I stele awaie.
 When I beclippe hir on the wast,
 Yet at lest I stele a taste:
 And other while grant mercy
 She saith, and so wyne I therby
 A lusty touche, a good worde eke.
 But all the remenant to seke,
 Is fro my purpos wonder ferre.
 So maie I saie, as I snide erre,
 In holy churche if that I woue,
 My conscience I wolde allowe,
 Be so that vp amendement,
 I might gete assignement,
 Where for to spede in other place,
 Suche sacrilege I holde a grace.
 And thus my father sooth to saie,
 In churche right as in the waie,
 If I might ought of loue take,
 Suche hansell haue I nought forsake.
 But finally I me confesse,
 There is in me no holynesse,
 While I hir see in holy stede:
 Aud yet for ought that euer I dede,
 No sacrilege of hir I toke,
 But if it were of worde or loke,
 Or els if that I hir frede,
 Whau I towarde offryng hir lede,
 Take therof what I take maie:
 For els beare I nought awaie.
 For though I wolde ought els haue,
 All other thynges bene so saue,
 And kepte with suche a priuilege,
 That I maie do no sacrilege.
 God wote my wil netheles,
 Though I must nedes kepe pees,
 And maugre myn so let it passe,
 My will therto is not the lasse,
 If I might other wise awaie.
 For thy my father I yon prai,
 Tell what you thinketh ther vpon,
 If I therof haue gilte or none.
 Thy will my sonne is for to blame,
 The remenant is but a game,
 That I haue the tolde as yit.
 But take this lore in to thy wit,
 That all thyng hath tyme and stede:
 The churche serueth for the bede,
 The chambre is of an other speche.
 But if thou wistest of the wreche,

Howe sacrilege it hath abought,
 Thou woldest better be betought,
 And for thou shalte the more amende,
 A tale I will on the dispende.

Hic in amoris causa super istius vitii articulo ponit exemplum, Et narrat pro eo quod Paris, Priami regis filius Helenam Menelai uxorem in quadam Grecie Insula a templo Veneris sacrilegus abduxit, illa Troie famosissima obsidia per vniuersa orbis climata diuulgata precipue causabat, ita quod huiusmodi sacrilegium non solum ad ipsius regis Priami, omniumque suorum interitum, sed ad perpetuam vrbis desolationem vindicte fomitem ministrabat.

To all men, as who saith, knowe
 It is, and in the worlde through blowe,
 Howe that of Troie Lamedon,
 To Hercules, and to Iason,
 Whan toward Colchos out of Greco
 By sea scilend vpon a pece
 Of londe of Troie reste preyde.
 But he wrothfully coneyde:
 And for thei founde hym so villeyne,
 Whan thei came in to Grece ageyne,
 With power, that thei get might,
 Towardes Troie thei hem dight:
 And there thei toke suche vengeance,
 Wherof stant yet the remembrance.
 For thei destroyed kyng and all,
 And leften but the brent walle.
 The grekes of Troiens many slowe,
 And prisoners thei toke enowe:
 Amonge the whiches there was one,
 The kynges daughter Lamedon,
 Essiona the faire thyng,
 Whiche vnto Thelamon the kyng
 By Hercules, and by thassent
 Of all the holle parliament,
 Was at his wille yeue and graunted.
 And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,
 And home thei tourne in suche manere.
 But after this, now shalt thou here
 The cause why this tale I telle,
 Upon the chanches that befelle.
 Kyng Lamedon, whiche deide thus,
 He had a sonne one Priamus,
 Which was nought thilke tyme at home:
 But whan he herde of this, he come,
 And fonde howe the citee was falle,
 Whiche he began anon to walle,
 And made there a citee newe,
 That thei, whiches other londes knewe,
 Tho seiden, that of lyme and stone
 In all the worlde so faire was none:
 And on that o side of the towne
 The kyng let make Iliou,
 That high toure, that stronge place,
 Whiche was adrad of no manace,
 Of quarele, nor of none engyne:
 And though men wolden make a myne,
 No mans crafte it might approche.
 For it was set vpon a roche.
 The walles of the towne about
 Hem stode of all the worlde no dout.
 And after the proporcion,
 Sixe gates were there of the towne,
 Of suche a forme, of suche entaile,
 That hem to see was great meruaile,

The diche weren brode and depre,
 A fewe men it might kepe
 From all the worlde, as semeth tho,
 But if the goddes weren fo.
 Great prees vnto that citee drough,
 So that there was of people enogh,
 Of burgeis that theria dwellen,
 There maie no mans tunge tellen,
 Howe that citee was riche and good.

Whan al was made, and all well stode,
 Kyng Priamus tho hym bethought,
 What thei of Grece whilom wrought,
 And what was of her sworde deuoured,
 And howe his sister dishonoured,
 With Thelamon awaie was lad.
 And tho thinkende he waxte vnglad,
 And sette anone a parliment:
 To whiche the lordes were assent.
 In many a wise there was spoke,
 Howe that thei mighteu ben awroke.
 But at the last netheles
 Thei saiden all, accorde and pees
 To setten euery parte in rest
 It thought hem than for the best,
 With reasonable amendelement.
 And thus was Anthenor forth sent,
 To aske Esiona ageyne,
 And witten what thei wolde seyne.

So passeth he the sea by barge
 To Grece, for to sey his charge,
 The whiche he saide redly
 Unto the lordes by and by.
 But where he spake in Grece aboute,
 He herde nought but wordes stoute,
 And naneliche of Thelamon:
 The maiden wolde he not forgone
 He saide for no maner thyng,
 And bad hym gone home to his kyng.
 For there gathe he nonc amende,
 For ought he couth do or sende.

This Anthenor ayene goth home
 Unto his kyng, and whan he come,
 He tolde, in Grece of that he herde:
 And howe that Thelamon answerde,
 And howe thei were at her aboute,
 That thei wol neither pees ne loue,
 But euery man shall done his best.
 But for men seyn, that night hath rest,
 The kyng bethought hym all that night,
 And erely whan the daie was light,
 He toke counsell of this matere.
 And thei accorde in this manere,
 That he withouten any lct,
 A certeyne tyme shulde set
 A parlement to ben auised,
 And in this wise it was auised.
 Of parlement he set a daie,
 And that was in the moneth of Maie.
 This Priamus had in his iight
 A wife, and Hecuba she hight:
 By whom that tyme eke had he
 Sounes siue, and daughters thre,
 Besiden hem and thirty mo,
 And weren knightes also tho,
 But not vpon his wife begete,
 But els where he might hem gete
 Of women, whiche he had knowe,
 Suche was the worlde that ilke throwe:
 So that he was of children riche,
 So therof was no man hym liche.

Of parlement the daie was come.
 There bene lordes all and some.
 Tho was prouounced and purposed,
 And all the cause was hem disclosed,
 Howe Anthenor in Grece ferde.
 Thei sitten all still and herde.
 And tho spake euery man aboute,
 There was alledged many a doute,
 And many a proude worde spoke also.
 But for the moste parte as tho,
 Thei wisten not what was the beste,
 Or for to warre, or for to reste.
 But be that was without fere
 Hector amonge the lordes there
 His tale tolde in suche a wise,
 And saide: Lordes ye ben wise,
 Ye knowen this, as well as I,
 Aboue all other most worthy
 Stant now in Grece the manhod,
 Of worthyues and of knighthod.
 For who so will it wel agrope,
 To hem belongeth all Europe,
 Whiche is the third parte euen
 Of all the worlde vnder the heuen:
 And we be but of folke a fewe.
 So were it reson to eschewe
 The perill, er we fall therin:
 Better is to leue than begin
 Thyng, whiche as maie not ben acheued.
 He is not wise, that finde hym greued,
 And doth so, that his greue be more.
 For who that loketh all tofore,
 And woll not see, what is behynde:
 He maie full ofte his harmes finde.
 Wicke is to stridue, and haue the worse,
 We haue encheson for to corse,
 This wote I well, and for to hate
 The grekes, but er that we debate
 With hem, that ben of suche a might,
 It is full good, that euery wight
 Be of hym selfe right well bethought.
 But as for me thus saie I nought.
 For while that my life woll stonde,
 If that ye take werre in honde,
 Falle it to best, or to the werst,
 I shall my seluen be the first
 To greuen hem, what cuer I maie,
 I wolde uot ones saie naie
 To thyng, which that your counceill demeth.
 For vnto me welle more it queueth
 The werre certes than the pees.
 But this I saie netheles,
 As me belongeth for to saie:
 Nowe shape ye the beste waie.
 When Hector hath saide his auisse,
 Next after hym tho spake Paris,
 Whiche was his brother, and aleyed,
 Whan hym best thought, thus he seyde.
 Stronge thyng it is to suffer wronge,
 And suffer shame is more stronge:
 But we haue suffred both two,
 And for all that yet haue we do
 What so we might to reforme
 The pees, whan we in suche a forme
 Sent Anthenor, as ye well knowe,
 And thei hir great wordes blowe
 Upon her wrongfull dedes eke.
 And who that woll not hym selfe meke
 To pees, and list no reason take,
 Men seyn, reason wil hym forsake.

For in the multitude of men
Is not the strength, for with ten
It hath be sene in trewe quarele:
Ayene an honderd false, dele,
And had the better of gods grace.
Thus hath befall in many place.
And if it like vnto you all,
I wille assaie howe so it falle,
Our enemies if I maie greuc.
For I bane caught a great beleue
Upon a point I wol declare.

This ender daie as I gan fare
To hunte vnto the great herte,
Whiche was tofore myn houndes sterte,
And euery man went on his side,
Hym to pursewe, and I to ride
Began to chase, and sooth to saie,
Within a while out of my waie
I rode, and nist where I was:
And slepe me caught, and on the grasse
Beside a welle I leyd me downe
To slepe, and in a vision
To me the god Mercurie came,
Goddesses thre with hym he nam,
Minerue, Venus, and Iuno:
And in bis honde an apple tho
He helde of golde, with letters writte:
And this he did me to witte,
Howe that thei put hem vpon mee,
That to the fairest of hem three,
Of golde that apple shulde I yeue.
With eche of hem, tho was I shryue,
And eche oue faire me behight:
But Venus saide, if that she might
That apple of my yeste gette,
She wolde it neuermore foryete,
And saide, howe that in Grece londe
She wold bryng in to myn honde
Of all this erth the fairest,
So that me thought it for the best,
To hir and yafe the apple tho.
Thus hope I well, if that I go,
That she for me wold so ordeine,
That thei matere for to pleine
Shull haue, er that I come ayene.

Nowe haue ye herde, that I wold seyne,
Say ye, what stant in your auis.
And euery man tho saide his,
And sondrie causes thei recorde:
But at last thei accorde,
That Paris shall to Grece wende
And thus the parliament toke ende.

Cassandra whan she herde of this,
The whiche of Paris sister is:
Anone she gan to wepe and wayle,
And saide alas, what may vs ayle:
Fortune with hir blynde whete
Ne wold nought let vs stonde wele.
For this I dare well vndertake,
That if Paris his way take,
As it is saide, that he shall do,
We ben for euer than vndo.
Tbe whiche Cassandra than hight,
In all the worlde as it beareth sight,
In bokes as men finde writte,
Is that Sybille, of whom ye witte,
That all men yet clepen sage:
Whan that she wist of this viage,
How Paris shall to Grece fare,
No woman might worse fare,

Ne sorowe more than she dede.
And right so in the same stede
Ferde Helenus, whiche was hir brotler,
Of prophery and suche another:
And all was holde but a iape,
So that the purpose, whiche was shape,
Or were hem lefe, or were hem lothe,
Was holde: and in to Grece goth
This Paris, with bis retenance.
And as it fell vpon his chance,
Of Grece he londeith in an ile,
And hym was tolde the same while
Of folke, whiche he began to freyne,
Tho was in theyle quene Heleyne:
And eke of countrees there aboute
Of ladies many a lusty route,
With mochel worthy people also.
And why thei comen theder tho,
The cause stode in suche a wise,
For worship and for sacrifice,
That thei to Venus wolden make,
As thei to fore had vndertake:
Some of good will, some of behest.
For than was hir highe fest
Within a temple, whiche was there.

Whan Paris wist, what thei were,
Anone he shope his ordinance
To gone to done his obeisance
To Venus, on hir holy daie:
And did vpon his best arsae.

With great richesse he hym behongeth,
As it to suche a lorde belongeth.
He was nought armed netheles,
But as it were in londe of pees:
And thus he goth forth out of ship,
And taketh with hym bis felauship,
In suche manere, as I you saie,
Unto the temple he helde his waie.
Tidyng, whiche goth ouerall,
To great and small forthe withall,
Come to the queenes eare, and tolde,
Howe Paris came, and that he wolde
Do sacrifice to Venus.

And whan she herde tell thus,
She thought, howe that it euer bee,
That she will hym abide and see.

Forth cometh Paris with glad visage
In to the temple on pilgrimage.
Where vnto Venus the goddessse
He yeueth, and offreth great richesse,
And prayeth hir, that he pray wolde.

And than aside he gan beholde
And see, where that this lady stode,
And be forthe in bis freshe mode
Goth there she was, and made hir chere,
As be well couth in his manere:
That of his wordes suche plesance
She toke, that all hir aueintance,
Als ferforth as the herte laye
He stale, or that he went awaye.
So goth he forthe, and toke his leue,
And thought anone, as it was eue,
He wolde doone his sacrilege,
That many a man shulde it abede.

Whan he to ship ayene was come,
To hym he hath his counsaile nome,
And all deuised the matere,
In suche a wise as thou shalt here.

Within night all priuely
His men he warneth by and by,

That thei be redy armed soone
For certeine thyng, whiche is to done.
And thei anone ben redy all,
And echone other gan to call,
And went hem out vpon the stronde,
And toke a purpose there a loude,
Of what thyng that thei wolden do,
Towarde the temple and forth thei go.

So felle it of deuocion,
Heleyne in contemplacion,
With many an other worthy wight,
Was in the temple and woke all night,
To bidde and praye vnto thimage
Of Venus, as was than vsage.
So that Paris right as hym list,
In to the temple er thei it wist
Came with his men all soderly,
And all at ones set askrie
In hem, whiche in the temple were.
For tho was muche peple there.
But of defence was no boote,
So suffren their, that suffre mote.

Paris vnto the quene wente,
And hir in both his armes hente
With hym, and with his felauship,
Aud forth thei beare hir vnto ship.
Up guth the saile, and forth thei wente:
And suche a wynde fortune hem sent,
Till thei the hauen of Troie caught,
Where out of ship anoue thei straught,
And gone hem forth towarde the towne:
The whiche came with procession
Ayene Paris, to sene his praie.
And euery man began to saie
To Paris, and to his felauship,
All that thei couthen of worship.
Was none so littell man in Troie,
That he ne made mirthe and ioie,
Of that Paris had wonnen Heleyne.

But all that mirthe is sorow and peyne
To Helenus, and to Cassandre.
For thei it tolden shame and sklandre
And losse of all the common grace,
That Paris out of holy place
By stelhth hath take a mans wife:
Wherof he shall lese his life,
And many a worthy man therto,
And all the citee be fordo,
Whiche neuer shall be made ayenc.
And so it fell right as thei seyne:
The sacrilege whiche he wrought
Was cause, why the grekes sought
Unto the towne, and it belaië,
And wolden neuer parte awaie,
Till what by sleight, and what by strength,
They had it wonne in brede and length,
And brente, and slayne, that was within.

Nowe se my sonne suche a synne
Is sacrilege in holy stede,
Beware therefore and bid thy bede,
And do nothyng in holy churche,
But that thou might by reason worche.

And eke take hede of Achilles,
Whan he vnto his loue chees
Polixena, that was also
In holy temple of Apollo,
Whiche was the cause why he diede,
And all his luste was leide aside.

And Troilus vpon Creseide
Also his first loue leyde

In holy place, and howe it ferle,
As who seith, all the worlde it herde:
Forsake he was for Dionede,
Suche was of loue his last mede.

For thy my sonne I wolde rede,
By this ensample as thou might rede,
Seche els where thou writte thy grace,
And ware the well in holy place,
What thou to loue do or speke,
In aunter if it so be wreke,
As thou hast herde me tell to fore.
And take good hede also therfore:
Upon the forme of auarice,
More than of any other vice,
I haue deuided in parties
The braunches, which of companies,
Through out the worlde in general,
Be nowe the leders ouer all.
Of couetise, and of periurie,
Of fals brocage, and of vaurie,
Of scarcenes and of vnkynndeship,
Which neuer drough to felauship.

Of robberie and of priue stelhth,
Whiche done is for the worldes welth,
Of rauine, and of sacrilege,
Which maketh the conscience agrege,
All though it maie riches atteyne,
It flourerth, but it shall not greyne
Unto the fruite of rightwisnesse.
But who that wolde do largesse
Upon the reule, as it is yeue,
So might a man in trouth liue
Toward bis god, and eke also
Toward the worlde: for both two,
Largesse awaiteth as belongeth,
To ueither part that he ne wrongeth:
He kepeth him selfe, he kepeth his freudes,
So stant he saufe to both his endes,
That he exceedeth no measure,
So well be can hym selfe measure,
Wherof my sonne thou shalt witte
So as the philosophe hath writte.

Prodigus et parcus duo sunt extremaque largus,
Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

Nota hic de virtute largitatis, que ad oppositum
auaricie inter duo extrema videlicet perci-
moniam et prodigalitatem specialiter consistit.

BETWIX the two extremities
Of vice, stout the properties
Of vertue, and to preue it so,
Take Auarice, and take also
The vice of prodigalitee
Betwyx hem liberalitee
(Whiche is the vertue of largesse)
Stant, and gouerneth his noblesse.
For the two vices in discorde
Stonde euer, as I fynde of recorde:
So that betwene her two debate
Largesse ruleth his astate.
For in suche wise as auarice,
As I to fore haue tolde the vice,
Through streit holding, and through scarcenes
Stant contrary to largesse:
Right so stant prodigalitee
Reuers, but nought in suche degree.
For so as auarice spareth,
And for to kepe bis treasour careth,

That other all his owne and more,
 Aye the wise mannes lore,
 Yeueth and dispendeth here and there,
 So that hym recheth neuer where,
 While he maie borowe, he wold dispende,
 Tyll at last he saith, I wende.
 But that is spoken all to late.
 For than is pouertee at gate,
 And taketh hym euen by the slene.
 For erst wold he uo wisdomed leue.
 And ryght as auarice is synne,
 That wolde his treasure kepe and wyne:
 Right so is prodigalitee.
 But of largesse in his degree,
 Whiche euen stant betwene the two,
 The high god and man also
 The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
 For he hym seluen fyrst amendeth,
 That ouer all his name spredeth,
 And to all other, where it nedeth
 He yeueth his good in suche a wise,
 That he maketh many a man arise,
 Whiche els shoulde falle lowe.
 Largesse maie not ben ynknowe.
 For what londe that he reigneth inne,
 It may not fayle for to winne
 Through his desert loue and grace,
 Where it shall faile in other place.
 And thus betwene to muche and lyte,
 Largesse, which is nought to wite,
 Holt euer forth the myddell waie.
 But who that wold torne awaie
 Fro that, to prodigalitee,
 Anone he leueth the propirtee
 Of vertue, and goth to the vice.
 For in suche wise as Auarice
 Leueth for scarsnesse his good name:
 Right so that other is to blame,
 Which through his waste mesure exceedeth.
 For no man wote what harme it bredeth,
 While that a man hath good to yeue,
 With great rowtes he maie leue,
 And hath his frendes ouerall,
 And eueriche of hym tell shall,
 The while he hath his full packe,
 They say: a good felawe is lacke.
 Whan it fayleth at last,
 Anone his prync thei ouercast.
 For than is there none other lawe,
 But lacke was a good felawe.
 Whan thei hem poore and nedie see
 They let hym passe, and fare well hee,
 All that he wend of companie
 Is than torned to folie.
 But nowe to speke in other kinde
 Of lone, a man maie suche fynde,
 That where thei come in euery route,
 Thei cast and wast her loue aboute,
 Till all her time is ouergone,
 And than haue thei loue none.
 For who that loueth ouerall,
 It is no reason, that he shall
 Of loue haue any propirtee.
 For thy my sonne auise thee,
 If thou of loue bast be to large.
 For suche a man is not to charge.
 And if it so be, that thou hast
 Dispended all thy tyme in wast,
 And set thy loue in sondry place,
 Though thou the substance of thy grace

Lese at the last it is no wonder.
 For he that put hym seluen vnder,
 As who saith, commyn ouer all,
 He leseth the loue speciall
 Of euery one, if she be wise.
 For loue shall nought beare his prise
 By reason, whan it passeth one,
 So haue I sen full many one,
 That were of loue wele at ease,
 Whiche after felle in great disease,
 Through wast of loue, that thei spent
 In sondry places where thei went.
 Right so my sonne I aske of the,
 If thou with prodigalitee
 Hast here and there thy loue wasted?
 My father nay, but I haue tasted
 In many a place, as I haue go,
 And yet loue I neuer one of tho,
 But for to driue fourth the daie.
 For leueth well, my herte is aye
 Withouten mo, for euermore
 All vpon one, for I uo more
 Desire, but hir loue aloue:
 So make I many a priue mone.
 For well I fele, I haue dispended
 My long loue, and not amended
 My spede: for ought I finde yit.
 If this be wast vnto your wit
 Of loue, and prodigalitee,
 Now good father demeth yee.
 But of o thyng I will me shriue,
 That I shall for no lone thriue,
 But if hir selfe will me reue.
 My sonne that I maie well leue.
 And netheles me semeth so,
 For ought that thou hast yet misdo
 Of tyme, whiche thou hast spended,
 It maie with grace ben amended.
 For thyng whiche maie be worth the coste,
 Perchauce is nother wast ne loste,
 For what thyng stant on auenture,
 That can no worldes creature
 Tell in certaine, howe it shall wende,
 Till he therof maie sene an ende:
 So that I note as yet therfore,
 If thou my sonne hast woane or lore.
 For ofte tyme, as it is sene
 Whan sommer hath lost all his grene,
 And is with wynter wast and bare,
 That hym is lefte nothing to spare,
 All is recouered in a throwe,
 The colde wyndes ouerblowe,
 And stilled ben the sharpe shoures,
 And sodeinliche ayene his floures
 The sommer happeneth, and is riche,
 And so perchase thy grace is liche.
 My sonne though thou be now pouer
 Of loue: yet thou might recouer.
 My fader certes grant mercy:
 Ye haue me taught so redily,
 That euer while I liue shall,
 The better I maie beware with all
 Of thyng, which ye haue said er this.
 But euermore how that it is
 Toward my shrifte, as it belougeth,
 To wit of other pointes me longeth,
 Wherof that ye me wolden teche,
 With all my herte I you beseeche.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUINTUS.

Est gula, quæ nostrum maculauit prima parentem,
 Ex vetito pomo quo dolet omnis homo,
 Hæc agit, vt corpus animæ contraria spirat:
 Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atque macer.
 Intus et exterius si quæ virtutis habentur,
 Potibus ebrietas conuiciata ruit.
 Mersa sopore labis, que Bacchus inebriat hospes
 Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

Hic in Sexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali
 vitio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et eiusdem qua-
 bus solummodo speciebus, videlicet ebrietate et
 delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscentis ob-
 lectamentum habundantius augmentatur.

INCIPIT LIBER SEXTUS.

THE great sinne originall,
 Which euery man in generall
 Upon his birth hath enuennomed,
 In paradise it was mistimed,
 Whan Adam of thilke apple bote,
 His swete morcell was to hote,
 Whiche dedly made the mankynde.
 And in the bokes as I finde,
 This vice, whiche so out of rule
 Hath set vs all, is cleped Gule:
 Of whiche the branches ben so great,
 That of hem all I woll not treat.
 But onliche as touchende of two
 I thinke to speke, and of no mo.
 Wherof the firste is dronkeship,
 Whiche beareth the cuppe felauship.
 Ful many a wonder doth that vice,
 He can make of a wisman nice,
 And of a foole, that hym shall seme,
 That he can all the lawe deme,
 And yeuc euery iudgement,
 Whiche longeth to the firmament,
 Both of the sterre, and of the moone:
 And thus he maketh a great clerke soone
 Of hym, that is a lewde man.
 There is no thyng, whiche he ne can
 While he hath dronkeship on honde:
 He knoweth the sea, he knoweth the stronde,
 He is a noble man of armes,
 And yet no strength is in his armes.
 There he was stronge enow to fore
 With dronkeship it is forlore,
 And all is changed his estate,
 And wexeth anone so foble and mate,
 That he maie neither go ne come,
 But all to gether he is benome
 The power both of honde and fote,
 So that algate abide he mote,
 And all his wittes he foryete,
 The whiche is to hym suche a lete,
 That he wote neuer, what he dooth,
 Ne whiche is fals, ne whiche is sooth,
 Ne whiche is daie, ne whiche is night,
 As for the tyme he knoweth no wighte,
 That he ne wote so muche as this,
 What maner thyng hym seluen is,
 Or he be man, or he be best,
 That holde I right a sory feast:
 Whan he, that reason vnderstoode,
 So sodeinliche is wexe woode,
 Or elles liche the deade man,
 Whiche nuther go ne speke can.
 Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
 But yet where he lieth woteth he nought,

Till he arise vpon the morowe,
 And than he saith: O whiche a sorowe
 It is for to be drinkeles,
 So that halfe dronke in suche a rees
 With drie mouth he sterte bym vp,
 And saith: Baille ca the cuppe,
 That made hym lese his wit at eue,
 Is than a morowe all his beleue.
 The cup is all that euer hym pleaseth,
 And also that hym most diseaseth.
 It is the cup whom he serueth,
 Whiche all cares from hym kerueth,
 And all bales to hym bryngeth.
 In ioye he wepeth, in sorowe he singeth.
 For dronkeship is so diuers,
 It maie no while stonde inuers.
 He drinketh the wine, but at last
 The wine drinketh him, and bynt him fast,
 And leith hym dronke by the walle,
 As hym, whiche is his bonde thralle,
 And all in his subiection,
 And liche to suche condicion,
 As for to speke it otherwise,
 It falleth that the most wise
 Ben other while of loue adoted,
 And so bewhapped and assoted,
 Of dronken men that neuer yet
 Was none, whiche halfe so lost his wit
 Of drinke, as thei of suche thynges do,
 Whiche cleped is the iolife wo,
 And wexen of her owne thought
 So dronke, that thei knowe nought
 What reason is, or more or lesse,
 Suche is the kinde of that sikenesse,
 And that is not for lacke of brayne:
 But loue is of so great a mayne,
 That where he taketh a herte on honde,
 There maie nothing his might withstonde.
 The wise Salomon was nome,
 And stronge Sampson ouercome.
 The knightly Dauid hym ne might
 Rescue, that he with the sight
 Of Bersabee ne was bestade.

Virgile also was ouerlade,
 And Aristotele was put vnder.

For thy my sonne it is no wonder,
 Yf thou be dronke of loue amonge,
 Whiche is aboue all other stronge.
 And if so is, that thou so bee,
 Telle me thy shrifte in priuitee.
 It is no shame of suche a thewe,
 A yonge man to be dronkelewe,
 Of suche phisike as I can a parte,
 And as me semeth by that arte,
 Thou shuldest by phisonomie
 Be shapen to that maladie
 Of louedronke, and that is routhe.

A holy fader all is trouthe,
 That ye me telle, I am be knowe,
 That I with loue am so bethrowe,
 And all my herte is so through sonke,
 That I am veriliche dronke:
 And yet I maie both speke and go:
 But I am ouercome so,
 And torned fro my selfe so cleue,
 That ofte I wote not what I meue,
 So that excusen I ne maie
 My hert fro the first daie,
 That I cam to my indie kithre,
 I was neuer yet sobre sithre:

Where I hir se, or se hir nought,
 With musynge of myn owne thought
 Of loue, whiche my herte assaileth,
 So dronke I am, that my witte faileth,
 And all my brayne is ouertorned,
 And my maner so mistorned,
 That I foryete all that I can,
 And stonde like a mas-d man.
 That ofte when I shulde plaie,
 It maketh me drawe oute of the waie
 In soleyne place by my selfe,
 As doth a laborer to delse,
 Whiche can no grntilmans chere,
 Or elles as a lewde frere,
 Wban he is put to his penance:
 Right so lese I my contenance.
 And if it nedes so betide,
 That I in companie abyde,
 There as I must daunce and synge,
 The houe daunce and carolyng,
 Or for to go the newe foote,
 I may not well heue vp my foote,
 If that she be not in the waie.
 For than is all my myrth awaie,
 And were anone of thought so full,
 Wherof my lymmes ben so dull
 I maie vnnethes gon the pas.
 For thus it is, and euer it was,
 Whan I on suche thoughtes muse
 The lust and myrth, that men vse,
 Whan I see not my lady byme:
 All is foryete for the tyme
 So ferforth, that my wittes chaungen,
 And all lustes for me straungen:
 That thei sein all truly,
 And swere, that it am not I.
 For as the man, which ofte drynketh
 The wine, that in his stomake synketh,
 Waxeth dronke ana wittes for a throwe,
 Right so my lust is ouerthrowe,
 And of mine owne thought so mate.
 I waxe, that to myn astate
 There is no lym wyll me serue,
 But as a drunken man I swerue,
 And suffre suche a passion,
 That men haue great compassion
 And eche by hym selfe mervailleth,
 What thyng it is, that me so ayleth.
 Such is the maner of my wo,
 Whiche time that I am hir fro,
 Till este ayene that I hir see:
 But than it were a nicetee
 To tell you how that I fare.
 For whan I maie vpon hir stare,
 Hir womanhead, hir gentilnesse,
 Myn herte is full of suche gladnesse,
 That ouerpasseth so my wit,
 That I wote neuer where it sit,
 But am so drunken of that sight,
 Me thinketh, that for the time I might,
 Right sterte through the wholle walle.
 And than I maie well, if I shall,
 Both synge and daunce, and lepe aboute,
 And holde forthe the lustie route.
 But netheles it falleth so
 Full ofte, that I fro hir go
 Ne may, but as it were a stake
 I stonde, auisement to take,
 And loke vpon hir faire face,
 That for the while out of the place,

For all the worlde ne might I wende,
 Such lust comth than into my mynde:
 So that without meate and drynke,
 Of lusty thoughtes, whiche I thinke,
 Me thinketh I might stonden cuer,
 And so it were to me leuer,
 Than suche a sight for to leue,
 If that she wolde yeu: me leue,
 To baue so mochell of my wille.
 And thus thinkende I stonde still
 Without blenching of mine eie,
 Right as me thought that I seie
 Of paradis the most ioie.
 And so there whyle I me reioie
 Unto my herte a great desyre,
 The whiche is hotter than the fire,
 All sodenliche vpon me renneth,
 That all my thought within brenneth,
 And am so ferforth ouercome,
 That I note where I am become:
 So that amonge tho hertes stronge
 In stede of drynke I vnderfonge
 A thought so swete in my courage,
 That neuer pyement, ne verage
 Was halfe so swete for to drynke.
 For as I wolde, than I thyoke,
 As though I were at mine aboue.
 For so through dronke I ain of loue,
 That all that my sottie demeth,
 Is soth, as than it to me semeth.
 And while I maie tho thoughtes kepe,
 Me thinketh as though I were a slepe,
 And that I were in goddes barme.
 But whan I see myn owne harme,
 And that I sodenliche awake
 Out of my thought, and hede take,
 Howe that the sottie stant in dede,
 Than is my sikernes in drede,
 And ioie torneth into wo.
 So that the herte is all ago
 Of suche sottie, as I was inne:
 And than ayenewarde I begynne
 To take of loue a newe thurst,
 Whiche me greueth all there wurst,
 For than cometh the blanche Feuer
 With chele, and maketh me so to cheuer,
 And so it coldeth at myn herte,
 That wonder is, howe I asterte
 In suche a poynte, that I ne deye.
 For certes there was neuer keye,
 Ne frosen ise vpon the walle
 More inly colde than I am all.
 And thus suffer I the hote chele,
 Whiche passeth other peynes fele,
 In colde I brenne, and fresse in bete,
 And than I drynke a bitter swete
 With drie lippe, and eien wete.
 Lo thus I temper my diete,
 And take a draught of suche relees,
 That all my wit is herceles,
 And all my hert there it sitte,
 Is, as who saith, without witte.
 So that I preue it by reason,
 In makynge of comparison
 There maie no ufference bee
 Betwix a dronken man and mee.
 But all the werst of cuericheoue
 Is euer, that I thurst in one.
 The more that my herte drynketh
 The more I maie, so that me thinketh

My thirst shall neuer be acquieit,
God shelde, that I be not dreynt
Of suche a superfluitee.

For wele I feele in my degree,
That all my witte is ouercast,
Wherof I am the more agast,
That in defaulte of lathship
Purchance in suche a drunkenship
I may be dead, er I beware.

For certes father this I dare
Beknowe, and in my shrifte telle,
But I a draught haue of that welle,
In whiche my deth is and my life:
My ioye is tourned in to strife,
That subre shall I neuer worthe,
But as a dronken man for worthe.
So that in loude where I fare,
The lust is lore of my welfare,
As be that maie no bote fynde.

But this me thinketh a wonder kynde.

As I am drunke of that I drynke
Of these thoughtes, that I thynke,
Of whiche I fynde no relces,
But if I myght netheles
Of suche a drynke as I coueyte,
So as me lust haue o receite
I shulde assobre and fare wele.
But so fortune vpon hir whele
On high me deigneth not to sette.
For euermore I fynde a lette,

The botiler is not my frende,
Whiche hath the key by the bende:
I may well wisse, and that is waste.
For well I wote so freshe a taste
(But if my grave be the more)
I shall assaiec neuermore.

Thus am I dronke of that I see.
For tastynge is defended me.
And I can not my seluen stanche,
So that my fader of this branche
I am gyltife, to telle trouth.

My sonne that me thinketh routh.
For loue dronke is the mischiefe
Aboue all other the most chief.
If he no lusty thought assaye,
Whiche may his sory thirst alaye,
As for the tyme yet it lesseth
To hym, whiche other ioye misseth.

For thy my sonne aboue all
Think well, how so it the befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou hast,
And let hem not be dronke in wast.

But netheles there is no wight,
That maie withstonde loues might,
But why the cause is, as I fynde,
But that there is diuerse kinde
Of loue dronke why men pleineth,
After the courte, whiche all ordeineth,
I will the telle the manere,
Now list my sonne, and thou shalt here.

Hic narrat secundum poetam, qualiter in suo
cellario duo dolia Iupiter habet, quorum primum
liquoris dulcissimi, secundum amarissimi plenum
consistit, ita quod ille, cui fatata est prosperitas,
de dulci potabit, Alter vero cui aduersabitur
poculum gustabit amarum.

For the fortune of every chance,
After the goddes purueance,

To man it groweth from aboue:
So that the spede of euery loue
Is shape there, er it befall.

For Iupiter abouen all,
Whiche is of goddes soveraine
Hath in his seller, as men saine,
Two tonnes full of loue drinke,
I hat maketh many a herte sinkr,
And many au herte also to flete
Or of the sowre, or of the swete.
That one is full of sucbe piement,
Whiche passeth all ententement
Of mans wit, if he it taste,
And maketh a ioyliffe herte in hast.

That other bitter as the galle,
Whiche maketh a mans hert palke,
Whose drunkenship is a sikenesse,
Through felynge of the bitternesse.
Cupide is botiler of bothe,
Whiche to the leefe, and to the lothe,
Yeueth of the swete, and of the soure:
That som laugh, and some loure.
But for so muche as he blinde is,
Full oft tyme he goth amis,
And taketh the badde for the good,
Whiche hyndreth many a mans foode
Withoute cause, and fortherth eke:
So ben there som of loue seke,
Whiche ought of reason to ben hole.
And som comen to the dole
In happe, and as hem seife lest
Drinke, vnderused of the best.

— And thus this blynde botiler
Yeueth ofte trouble in stede of chere,
And eke chere in stede of trouble.
Lo howe he can the hertes troube,
And maketh men dronke al vpon chance,
Withoute lawe of gouernance.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorowe all ouer rounne
Of loue dronke, and shall nougt greuen
So to be dronke euery euen.

For all is than but a game.
But when it is nougt of the same,
And he the better tonne draweth,
Suche drunkenship an herte gnaweth,
And febleth all a mannes thought,
That better hym were haue dronke nougt,
And all his breade haue eaten drie.
For than he leseth his lustie weie,
With droukeship, and wote not whither
To go, the waies beue so slider,
In whiche he maie percas so fall,
That he shall breke his wittes all.
And in this wise men ben drunke,
After the drinke thei haue dronke.

But all dronken not ylike.
For some shall singe, and some shall sike,
So that it me nothyng meruayleth
My sonne, of loue that the ayleth.

For I wel knowe by thy tale,
That thou hast dronken of the dwale,
Whiche bitter is, till god the sende
Suche grace, that thou might amende.

But sonne thou shalt bulde and praic,
In such a wise, as I shall saie,
That thou the lust well atteyue
Tby wofull thurstes to restreyne
Of loue, and taste the swetes,
As Bacchus did in his distres,

Whan bodiliche thurste hym hent,
In straunge londes where he went.

Nota hic qualiter potus aliquando sitienci precibus
adquiritur, Et narrat exemplum, quod cum
Bacchus de quodam bello ab Oriente repatrians
in quibusdam Libye partibus alicuius generis
potum non inuenit, fuis ad Iouem precibus,
apparuit et aries, qui terra pede percussit, sta-
timque fons emanauit, et sit potum potenti pe-
titiu preualuit.

THIS Bacchus, sonne of Iupiter
Was hote, and as he went fer,
By his fathers assignement
To make a werre in thorient,
And great power with hym he ladde,
So that the higher honde he hadde,
And victorie of his enmis,
And tourneth homwarde with his prise,
In suche a countrei whiche was drey
A meschiefe fell vpon the weye,
As he rode with his companye,
Nigh to the strondes of Libye,
There might thei no drinke finde
Of water, nor of other kinde:
So that hym selfe, and all his hoste
Were for default of drinke almoste
Destroyed: and than Bacchus praide
To Iupiter, and thus he saide:

O high father, that seest all,
To whom is reason, that I shall
Beseehe, and praic in euery nede,
Beholde my father, and take hede,
This full thurst, that we be inne
To staunche, and graunt vs fur to winne,
And saufe vnto the countrei fare,
Where that our lustic loues are
Waytende vpon our home conynge.
And with the voyce of his prayenge,
Whiche herde was to the goddes hic,
He sigh anone tofore his eie
A wether, whiche the grounde hath eburned,
And where he hath it ouerturned,
There spronge a welle fresshe and clere:
Wherof his owne botillere,
After the lustes of his wille,
Yaue euery man to drinke his fille.
And for this ilke great grace
Bacchus vpon the same place
A riche temple let arere,
Whiche euer shulde stonde there,
To thurstie men in remembrance.

For thy my sonne after this chance,
It sitte the well to taken bede,
So for to prey vpon thy nede,
As Bacchus preide for the well,
And thinke, as thou hast herde me tell,
Howe grace he gradde, and grace he had.
He was no foole, that first so rad.
For selden get a dombe man londe,
Take that prouerbe, and vnderstonde,
That wordes ben of vertue grette.
For thy to speke thou ne lette,
And aske, and preie crely and late,
Thy thurst to quenche, and thinke algate
The botillur, whiche beareth the keye
Is blynde, as thou hast herde me seye.
And if it might so betide
That he vpon the blynde side

Parcas the swete tonne araught,
Than shalte thou haue a lustie draught,
And waxe of loue dronke sobre.

And thus I rede thou assobre
Thyn herte, in hope of suche a grace.
For dronkeship in euery place,
To whether side that it turne,
Doth harme, and maketh a man to spurne,
And ofte falle in suche a wise,
Where he percas maie nought arise.

Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum qualiter
Tristram ob potum, quem Brangweyn in vau
ei porrexit de amore belle Isolde inebriatus
exitit.

AND for to loke in euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
So that it hath befall er this,
In euery mans mouth it is,
Howe Tristram was of loue dronke,
With bele Isolde whan thei dronke
The drinke, which Brangweine hem betoke
Er that kyng Marke his eme hir toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.

And eke my sonne, if thou wilt knowe,
As it hath fallen ouer more
In loues cause, and what is more
Of dronkeship for to drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,
Wherof thou might the better eschewe,
Of dronken men that thou ne sewe
The compaue in no manere,
A great ensample thou shalt here.

Hic de periculis ebrietatis causa in amore contin-
gentibus narrat, quod cum Perithous illam pul-
cherrimam Ipotatiam in vxorem duceret, quos-
dam qui Centauri vocabantur, inter alios vici-
nos ad nuptias inuitauit, qui viuo imbuti, none
nuptie fornicitatem aspicientes, duplici ebrie-
tate a mensa Ipotatiam a Perithoo marito suo
impetu rapuerunt.

THIS finde I write in poesie
Of thilke faire Ipotasie,
Of whose beautee there as she was
Spake euery man, and felle per cas,
That Perithous so hyn sped,
That he to wife hir shulde wed:
Wherof that he great ioye made,
And for he wolde his loue glade,
Ageyne the daie of mariage,
By mouthe bothe, and by message,
His frendes to the fest he praied,
With great worship and as men said,
He hath this yonge lady spoused.
And whan that thei were all housed,
And set and serued at mete,
There was no wyne, whiche maie beg-
teth
That there ne was plentie enough.
But Bacchus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by waie of dronkeship,
The greatest of the felauship,
Were out of reason ouer take,
And Venus, whiche hath also take
The cause most in special,
Hath yeue hem drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The lust, wherou a man deliteth.

And thus by double wey dronke
Of lust that like fire fonke
Hath made hem, as who seith, half woode,
That thei no reason vnderstoode,
Ne to none other thyng thei seyen,
But hir, whiche to fore her eien
Was wedded thilke same daie,
That freshe wife, that lustie maie,
Of hir it was all that thei thoughteu:
And so forth ber lusted saughten,
That thei, whiche named were
Centauri, at the feste there
Of one assent, of one accorde,
This yonge wife maugre hir lorde,
In suche a rage awaie forth ladden,
As thei, whiche none insight hadden,
But onely to her drunken fare,
Whiche many a man hath made misfare
In loue, als wel as other weye,
Wherof, if I shall more seye
Upon the nature of this vice,
Of custome, and of exercise,
The mans grace, bowe it fordooth,
A tale, whiche was whilom sooth,
Of foolles, that so drunken were,
I shall reherce vnto thyne ere,

*Hic loquitur specialiter contra vitium illorum,
qui nimia potatione ex consuetudine ebriosi
efficiuntur, Et narrat exemplum de Galba et
Vitello qui potentes in Hispania principes fue-
runt, sed ipse cotidiane ebri-tatis potibus assueti,
tanta vicinis intulerunt enormia, quod tandem
toto conclamante populo, pena sententie capi-
talis in eos iudicialiter diffinita est, qui prius-
quam morerentur, vt penam mortis alleuiarent,
spontanea vium ebrietate sopiti, quasi porci
semimortui gladio interierunt.*

I REDE in a cronicle thus
Of Galba, and of Vitellus,
The whiche of Spayne both were
The great-est of all other there,
And bothe of a condicion,
After the disposicion
Of glotony, and dronkship
That was a sorie felauship.
For this thou might wel vnderstonde,
That man maie welle not longe stoude,
Whiche is wine dronke of common vse.
For he hath lore the vertues,
Wherof reason shuld hym cloth:
And that was sen vpon hem both.
Men seyn, there is no iuidence,
Wherof to knowe a difference
Betwene the dronken and the woode.
For thei be neuer nother good.

For where that wine doth wit a weye,
Wisdomme hath lost the right weye,
That he no maner vice dredeth,
No more than a blynd man thredeth
His nedel by the sonne light:
No more is reison than of might,
Whan he with dronkship is blent.
And in this point thei weren sheyt,
This Galba both and eke Vitelle,
Upon the caus, as I shall tell,
Wherof good is to take hede.
For thei two through her dronkenhede,

Of wittes excitacion
Oppressed all the nacion
Of Spayne: for all foule vsaunce,
Whiche done was of continuance
Of hem, whiche all daie dronke were,
There was no wife ne maiden there,
What so thei were, or faire or foule,
Whom thei ne taken to defoule:
Wherof the londe was often wo,
And eke in other thynges mo
Thei wroughten many a sondrie wronge.
But howe so that the daie be longe,
The derck night cometh at last,
God wolde nought, thei shulden last,
And shope the lawe in suche a wise,
That thei through dome to the luisse
Be damned for to be forlore.
But thei, that had he tofore
Enclined to all dronkenesse,
Her ende than bare witness.
For thei in hope to asswage
The peine of dethe vpon the rage,
That thei lasse shulden feele,
Of wyne let fill full a meele,
And dronken till so was befall,
That thei her strengthes losen all,
Withouten wit of ony brayne,
And thus thei ben halfe deed slayne,
That hem ne greueth but a lite.

My sonne if thou be for to write
In ony point, whiche I haue saide,
Wherof thy wittes bene vnteide,
I rede clepe hem home ageyne.

I shall do fater as ye seyue,
Als ferforth as I maie suffice.
But well I wote, that in no wise,
The dronkship of loue aweye
I maie remue by no weye:
It stant nought vpon my fortune,
But if you list to commune
Of the seconde glotonie,
Whiche cleped is deliacie,
Wherof ye spake here to fore,
Beseeche I wolde you therefore.

My sonne as of that ilke vice,
Whiche of all other is the norice,
And stant vpon the retenue
Of Venus, so as it is due,
The propertee howe that it fareth,
The boke herafter nowe declareth.

Delitiæ cum diuitiis sunt iura potentium,

*In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gulae.
Non sunt delitiæ tales, quæ corpora pascent,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor maiori munere gaudet:
Cum data delitiis mens in amante fatur.*

*Hic tractat super illa specie gulae, quæ delicatiam
nuncupatur, cuius mollicies voluptuose carni
personis precipue potentibus queque compla-
centia corporaliter ministrat.*

Of this chapter, in whiche we trete,
There is yet one of suche diete,
To whiche no poore may attaine.
For all is past as paindeinaine,
And sondrie wyne, and sondry drinke,
Wherof that he woll cate and drinke.

His cookes ben for hym affaired,
 So that his body is awaited,
 That hym shall lacke no delite
 Als ferforth as his appetite
 Suffiaeth to the meates hote,
 Wherof the lustie vice is hote
 Of Gale the delicacie,
 Whiche all the holle progenie
 Of lustie folke bath vnder take
 To fede, while that he maie take
 Richesse, wherof to be founde
 Of abstinence he wote no bounde
 To what profite it shulde serue,
 And yet phisike of his conserue
 Maketh many a restraucion
 Unto his recreation :

Whiche wolde be to Venus lefe.
 Thus for the point of his relefe
 The cooke, whiche shal his meate araye,
 But he the better his mouth assaye,
 His lordes thonke shall ofte lese,
 Er he be serued to the chese.
 For there maie lacke not so lite,
 That be ne fint anone a wite.
 But his lust be fully serued,
 There hath no wight his thonke deserued.
 And yet for mans sustenance,
 To kepe and holde in gouernance,
 To hym that woll his helc geate
 Is none so good, as common meate.
 For who that loketh on the bokes,
 It seith, confection of cookes,
 A man hym shulde well anise,
 Howe be it toke, and in what wise.
 For who that vseth, that he knoweth,
 Full selden sikenes on hym groweth:
 And who that vseth meates straunge,
 Though his nature empayre and change,
 It is no wonder liefse sonne,
 Whan that he both ayene his wonne.
 For in sikenesse this I fynde,
 Usage is the seconde kynde
 In loue, als well as other wey.
 For as these holy bokes sey,
 The bodily delices all,
 In every poynt howe so thei fall,
 Unto the soule doue greuance.
 And for to take in remembrance
 A tale accordant vnto this,
 Whiche of great vnderstanding is
 To mans soule reasonable,
 I thinke tell, and is no fable.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos delicatos, et
 narrat de diuite et Lazaro, quorum gesta in
 euangelio Lucas euidentius describit.

OF Christis worde, who woll it rede,
 Howe that this vice is for to drede,
 In theuangile it telleth pleyne,
 Whiche mote algate be certene.
 For Christe hym selfe beareth witnessse :
 And though the clerke, and the clergesse
 In laten tonge it rede and syng,
 Yet for the more knowlecheynge
 Of trouthe, whiche is good to witte
 I shall declare, as it is writte
 In englishe, for thus it began.

Christe seith, there was a riche man.
 A myghty lorde of great astate,
 And he was eke so delicate

Of his clothyng that enery daie
 Of purple and bysse he made hym gaie,
 And ete and dranke therto his fyll,
 After the lustes of his wyll :

As he, whiche all stooode in delice,
 And toke none hede of thilke vice.

And as it shulde so betide,
 A poure lazar vpon a tide
 Came to the gate, and axed meate:
 But there might he nothyng geate
 His dedely huugre for to staunche.
 For he, whiche had his full paunche
 Of all lustes at borde,
 Ne deigneth to speake a worde,
 Onliche a cromme for to ycue,
 Wherof this poure might leue
 Upon the yeste of his almeste.
 Thus laie this poure in great distresse,
 A colde and hongred at the gate,
 For whiche he might go no gate,
 So was he woefully besene.

And as these holy bokes seyn,
 The boundes comen fro the halles,
 Where that this sicke man was falle,
 And as he laie there for to deie
 The woundes of his maladie
 Thei lickin, for to doone hym ease.
 But he was full of suche disease,
 That he maie not the deth escape:
 But as it was that time shape,
 The soule fro the body passeth :

And he, whom nothyng ouerpaseth,
 The high god vp to the heuen
 Hym toke, where he bath set hym euen
 In Abrahams barme on highe,
 Where he the heuens ioye sighe,
 And had all that he haue wolde,
 And fell as it befall sholde :

This riche man the same throwe
 With sodein deth was ouerthrowe,
 And forth withouten any went
 Unto the hell straught he went:
 The fende into the fyre bym drough
 Where that he had peinc enough
 Of flame, whiche that euer brenn
 And as his eie about renneth,
 Toward the heuen he cast his loke,
 Where that he sigh, and hede toke,
 How lazar set was in his see,
 Als farre as euer he might see,
 With Abraham, and than he praide
 Unto the patriarche and sayde:
 Sende lazar downe fro thilke sete
 And do, that he his finger wete
 In water, so that he maie droppe
 Upon my tonge, for to stoppe
 The great hete, in whiche I brenne.
 But Abraham answerde then,
 And sayd to hym in this wise:

Salomon. Qui obturat aures suas ad clamorem
 pauperum, ipse clamabit, et non exaudietur.

My sonne, thou the might anise,
 And take in to thy remembrance,
 Howe lazar had great penance,
 While he was in that other life,
 But thou in all thy lust iolife
 The bodily delices soughtest.
 For thy so as thou than wroughtest.

Nowe shalte thou take thy rewarde
Of deadly pryne here afterwarde
In hell, whiche shall euer last,
And this lazar nowe at last
This worldes pryne is ouerronne.
In heuen and hath his life begonne
Of ioye, whiche is endeles.

But that thou preidest netheles.
That I shall lazar to the sende,
With water on his finger ende,
Thyne hote tonge for to kele:
Thou shalt no suche graces fele.
For to that foule place of synne,
For euer in whiche thou shalt be inne,
Cometh none out of this place thider,
Ne none of you may come hider.
Thus be ye parted nowe a two.
The riche ayeneward cride tho:
O Abraham, sithe it so is
That lazar maie nought do me this,
Whiche I haue axed in this place,
I wolde praie an other grace.
For I haue yet bretherne fele,
That with my father bene a liue,
To gether dwellende in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I praie, that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he might wende
To warne hem, how the worlde is went,
That afterward thei be not shent
Of suche peines as thei drie.
Lo this I praie, and this I crie,
Howe I maie not my selfe ameide.

The patriarke anone sewende,
To this prairer answered Naie,
And saide hym, howe that euery daie
His bretherne might knowe and here
Of Moyses on erthe here,
And of prophettes other iuo,
What bem was best: And he saith no,
But if there might a man arise
From deth to life in suche a wise
To tellen hem, bowe that it were,
He saide thou of pure fere
Thei shulden well beware therby.

Quod Abraham, nay sikerly.
For if thei nowe will not obey
To suche, as teche hem the wey,
And all day teache, and all daie telle,
Howe that it stant of heuen and helie,
Thei will not than taken hede,
Though it befell so in dede,
That any deade man were arered,
To ben of hym no better lered
Than of an other man on liue.

If thou my sonne canst descriue
This tale, as Christe hym selfe it tolde,
Thou shalt haue cause to beholde,
To se so great an euidence,
Wherof the soth experience
Hath shewed openliche at eie,
That bodely delicacie
Of hym, whiche yeueth none almesse,
Shall after fall in great distresse,
And that was sene vpon the riche.
For he ne wolde vnto his licha
A cromme yeuen of his breadde,
Than afterwarde whan he was deade,
A droppe of water hym was werned.
Thus maie a mans wit be lerned

Of hem, that so delites taken,
Whan thei with death ben ouertaken,
That erst was swete is than sowre.
But be that is a gouernour
Of worldes ioye, if he be wise,
Within his herte he set no prise
Of all the worlde, and yet he vseth
The good, that he nothyng refuseth,
As he, whiche lorde is of the thynges,
The ouches, and the riche rynges,
The cloth of golde, and the perrie
He taketh: and yet the delicacie
He leueth, though he weare all this,
The best mete, that there is
He eateth, and drinketh the best drinke:
But howe that euer he eate or drinke,
Delicacie he put aweie,
As he, whiche goth the right weie,
Nought only for to fede and clothe
His body, but his soule bothe.
But thei that taken other wise
Her lustes, bene none of the wise.
But nowe a daie a man maie see
The worlde so full of vanitee,
That no man taketh of reason hede,
Or for to clothe, or for to fede:
But all is set vnto the vice,
To neuwe and chagen his delice.

And right so chaungeth bis astate,
He that of loue is delicate.
For though he had to his honde
The best wife of all the londe,
Or the fairest loue of all:
Yet wolde his herte on other fall.
And thinke hem more delicious,
Than he hath in his owne hous.
Men seyne it is nowe ofte so,
Ause hem well, thei that so do.
And for to speke in other waic,
Full ofte tyme I haue herde saie,
That he, whiche hath no loue acheued,
Hym thinketh that he is not relieued,
Though that his ladie make hym chere,
So as she maie in good manere
Hir honour, and hir name saue,
But he the surplus might haue,
Nothyng withstanding hir astate
Of loue more delicate,
He set hir chere at no delite,
But if he haue all his appetite.

My sonne if it with the be so,
Tell me? Myn holy father no.
For delicate in suche a wise
Of lone, as ye to me deuise,
Ne was I neuer yet gyltife.
For if I had suche a wife,
As ye speke of, what shulde I more:
For than I wolde neuer more,
For lust of any womanhede,
My herte vpon none other fede:
And if I did, it were a waste,
But all without suche repaste
Of lust, as ye me tolde aboute,
Of wife, or yet of other loue,
I faste, and maie no fode geate.
So that for lacke of deintie meate,
Of whiche an herte maie be fedde,
I go fastyng to my bedde.

But might I getten as ye tolde,
So mochel, that my lady wolde

Me fede with hir gladle semblaunt,
Though me lacke all the remenaunt:
Yet shulde I somdele ben abeched,
And for the tyme wel refreshed.

But certes fader she ne doth.
For in good feith to tellen soth,
I trowe, though I shulde sterue,
She wolde not hir eie swerue,
My herte with one goodly looke
To fede, and thus for suche a Cooke
I maie go fastinge euermo.
But if so is, that any wo
Maie fede a mans herte wele,
Therof I haue at euery mele,
Of plentie more than enough.
But that is of hym selfe so tough,
My stomake maie it not dede.
Lo suche is the delicacie
Of loue, whiche my herte fedeth.
Thus haue I lacke of that ine nedeth.
But for all this yet netheles,
I say not, I am gilteles,
That I somdele am delicate.
For els were I fully mate:
But if that I some lusty stoude
Of comforte and of ease founde,
To take of loue some repast.
For though I with full taste
The lust of loue maie not fele,
Myn hunger otherwise I kele,
Of smale lustes, whiche I pike,
And for a tyme yet thei like,
If that ye wisten, what I meane.

Nowe good sonne shriue the cleane
Of suche deinties as ben good,
Wherof thou takest thyn herts foode.

My father I shall you reherse,
Howe that my foodes ben diuerse,
So as thei fallen in degree.
One feedyng is of that I see:
An other is, of that I here:
The thirde, as I shall tellen here,
At groweth of myne owne thought,
And els shulde I liue nought.
For whom that faileth foode of herte,
He maie nought well the dethe asterte.

Nota qualiter visus in amore se continet delicatus.

OF sight is all my first foode,
Through whiche myne eie of all goode
Hath that to hym is accordant,
A lustie foode suffisant,
When that I go towarde the place,
Where I shall see my ladies face,
Myn eie, whiche is lothe to faste,
Begynneth anone to hungre so faste,
That hym thinketh of an houre three,
Till I there come, and he hir see:
And than after his appetite
He taketh a foode of suche delite,
That hym none other deintie nedeth,
Of sondrie sightes he hym feedeth.

He seeth hir face of suche coloure,
That fresher is than any flour.

He seeth hir front is large and playne,
Without frounce of any grayne.

He seeth hir eien liche an heuen,
And seeth hir nose streite and euen.

He seeth hir ruddy vpon the cheke,
And seeth hir redde lippes eke.

Hir chyune accordeth to the face,
All that he seeth is full of grace.

He seeth hir necke rounde and clene,
Therin maie no bone be seene.

He seeth hir handes faire and white.
For all this thynge without wite
He maie see naked at lest.
So is it well the more feste,
And well the more delicacie
Unto the feedyng of the eie.

He seeth hir -shape forth with all,
Hir body rounde, hir middell small,
So well begone with good arraie,
Whiche passeth all the lust of maie,
When he is mosto with soite showres
Full clothed in his lusty flowres.
With suche sightes by and by
Myn eie is fedde, but finally
When he the porte and the manere
Seeth of hir womannysshe chere,
Than hath he suche delite on honde,
Hym thinketh he might still stonde,
And that he hath full suffisance
Of luelode, and of sustenance,
As to his parte for euermo.
And if it thought all other so,
Fro then wolde he neuer wende,
But there vnto the worldes ende
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feeden hym vpon the sight.

For though I might stonden aie
In to the tyme of domes daie,
And loke vpon hir euer in one:
Yet whan I shulde fro hir gone,
Myne eie wolde, as though he faste
Ben hunger stormen also faste,
Till este ayene that he hir see:
Suche is the nature of myn eie.
There is no lust so deintefull,
Of whiche a man shulde not be full,
Of that the stomake vnderfongeth:
But euer in one myn herte longeth.
For loke howe that a goshauke ureth,
Right so dothe he, whan that he pireth
And tooteth on hir womanhede.
For he maie neuer fully fede
His lust, but euer a liche sore
Hym hongreth, so that he the more
Desireth to be fedde algate.
And thus myn eie is made the gate,
Through which the deinties of my thought
Of lust ben to myn herte brought.

Right as myn eie with his loke,
Is to myn herte a lustie Cooke
Of louses foode delicate:

Qualiter auris in amore delectatur.

RIGHT so myn eare in his state,
Where as mine eie maie not serue,
Can well my bertes thonke deserue,
And feden hym fro daie to daie
With suche deinties as he maie.

For thus it is, that ouer all,
Where as I come in speciall,
I maie here of my ladie price.
I here one saie, that she is wise,
An other saith, that she is good,
And some men seyaie, of worthy blood
That she is come, and is also
So fayre, that no where is none so.

And some men preise hir goodly chere.
Thus every thyng, that I maie here,
Whiche sowneth to my lady good,
Is to myn eare a lusty foode.

And eke myn eare hath ouer this
A deintie feaste, when so is
That I maie here hir seluen speke.
For than anone my faste I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trowth, and full of feyth
Thei ben, and of so great disporte,
That to myn eare great comferte
Thei done, as thei that ben delices.
For all the meates and the spices,
That any Lumbarde couth make,
Ne ben so lustie for to take,
Ne so farforth restauratife,
I sey as for myn owne lyfe,
As ben the wordes of hir mouth,
For as the wyndes of the south
Ben moste of all debonaire:
So when hir lust to speke faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertes leche.

And if it so befalle amonge,
That she carole vpon a songe,
Whan I it here, I am so fedde,
That I am fro my selfe so ledde,
As though I were in Paradise.
For certes as to myn auisse,
Whan I here of hir voyce the steuen,
Me thynkth it is a blisse of heuen.
And eke in otherwise also,
Full oft tyme it falleth so,
Myn ere with a good pittance
Is fed, of redinge of romance,
Of ldoyne, and of Amadas,
That whilome were in my cas:
And eke of other many a score,
That loued longe, er I was bore.
For whan I of her loues rede,
Myn ere with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Somtime I draw into memoire,
Howe sorowe maic not euer last,
And so hope cometh in at last,
Whan I none other foode knowe:
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a cherie feste:
But for to counten at lest
As for the while yet it easeth,
And somdele of my hert appeseth.
For what thinge to my ere spredeth,
Whiche is pleasant, somdele it easeth,
With wordes suche as be maie gete,
My lust in stede of other mete.

Lo thus my fader as I you seie
Of lust, the whiche myn eie hath seie,
And eke of that myn eare hath herde,
Full ofte I haue the better ferde:
And tho two bryngen in the thridde,
The whiche hath in myn herte amydde
His place take, to araic,
The lustie thoughtes whiche assaie
I mote, and nameliche on nightes,
Whan that me lacketh all sightes
And that min heringe is away,
Than is he redy in the wey
My rere souper for to make,
Of whiche my hertes foode I take.

Qualiter cogitatus impressiones leticie imaginatiuas cordibus inserit amantum.

THIS lustie cookes name is hote
Thought, which hath euer his pottes hote
Of loue boylend on the fire,
With fautasic, and with desire,
Of whiche er this full ofte he fedde
Myn herte, whan I was a bedde
And than he set vpon my borde
Bothe every sight, and every worde
Of lust, whiche I haue herde or seyne:
But yet is not my fest all pleyn,
But all of woldes, and of wissches,
Therof haue I my full disshes,
But as of felynge, and of taste,
Yet might I neuer haue o repast.

And as I haue sayd to forne,
I licke hony of the thorne,
And, as who seith, vpon the bridell
I chewe so that all is ydell,
As in effect the foode I haue.
But as a man, that wolde him saue,
Whan he is sicke, by medicine:
Right so of loue the famine
I fonde in all that euer I maie,
To fede and driue forthe the daie,
Till I maie haue the great fest,
Whiche all my honger might areste.

Lo suche ben my lustes three,
Of that I thynke, and here, and see.
I take of loue my fedinge,
With oute tastinge or felcinge.
And as the plouer doth of the eire
I lye, and am in good espere,
That for none suche delicacie
I trowe I do no glotenie.
And netheles to your auisse
Myn holy fader, that ben wise,
I recomende myn estate
Of that I haue ben delicate.

My sonne I vnderstonde wele,
That thou hast tolde here, every dele.
And as me thinketh by thy tale,
It ben delites wonder smaile,
Wherof thou takest thy loues foode.
But sonne, if that thou vnderstode,
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldest not be curious,
Upon the lust of thyn astate
To ben to hote or delicate:
Wherof that thou reason excede.
For in the bokes thou might rede,
If mans wisdom shall be sewed,
It ought well to ben eschewed,
As well by reason as by kynde,
Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic loquitur de delicacia Neronis, qui corporalibus deliciis magis adherens, spiritualia gaudia minus obtinuit.

THAT man that wolde hym well auisse,
Delicacie is to dispise,
Whan kynde accordeth not withall:
Wherof ensample speciall
Of Nero whylome maie be tolde,
Whiche ayens kynde manyfolde
His lustes toke, till at last,
That god hym wolde all ouercaste,

Of whom the cronike is so pleine,
Me lust no more of hym to seyne.
And netheles for glotonie
Of bodely delicacie

To knowe his stomake howe it ferde,
Of that no man tofore herde,
Which he within hym selfe bethought,
A wonder subtle thyng he wrought.

Three men vpon election
Of age, and of complection
Liche to hym selfe by all waie,
He toke towards hym to plaie,
And eate and dranke as well as hee,
Therof was no diuersitee.

For euery daie when that thei eate,
Tofore his owne bourde thei seate,
And of suche meate as he was serued,
All though thei had it not deserued,
Thei token seruice of the same:
But afterwarde all thilke game
Was into wofull earnest tourned.
For when thei were this souiorned,
Within a tyme at after mete
Nero, whiche had not foryete
The luster of his freel astate,
As he whiche all was delicate,
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his presence,
And to that one the same tide
A courser, that he shulde ride
Into the felde anone he badde,
Wherof this man was wonder gladd,

And goth to pricke and prauce aboute.
That other, while that he was out,
He layde vpon his bedde to slepe.
The thyrd, whiche he wolde kepe
Within his chambre faire and softe,
He gothe nowc vp nowe downe ful ofte
Walkynge a pace, that he ne slepte,
Till he whiche on the courser lepte
Was comen fro the felde ageyne.

Nero than (as bokes seyne)
These men did done take all three,
And slough hem, for he wolde see,
The whose stomacke was best defied.

And when he hath the sothe tried,
He founde, that he, whiche goth the pas,
Defied beste of all was:

Whiche afterwarde he vsed aie.
And thus what thyng vnto his paie
Was most pleasant, be leste none,
With ony lust he was begone,
Wherof the body might glade.
For he no abstinence made.
But most of all erthely thynges
Of women vnto the likynges,
Nero set all his hole herte.

For that lust hym shulde not asterte.
When that the thurst of loue him caught,
Where that hym list he toke a draught,
He spar-th nether wife ne maide,
That suche a nother, as men saide,
In all this worlde was neuer yit.
He was so dronke in all his wit
Through sondrie luster, whiche he toke,
That euer, while there is a buke,
Of Nero men shall rede and singe
Unto the worldes knowlechyng.

My good sonne as thou hast herde,
Far euer yet it hath so ferde,

VOL. II.

Delicacie in loues cas
Without reason is and was.
For where that loue is herte set,
Hym thinketh, it might be no bet,
All though it be not fully mete.
The luste of loue is euer swete.

Lo thus to gether of felouship
Delicacie and dronkship
(Wherof reason standt out of herre)
Haue made many a man erre
In loues cause moste of all.
For than howe so that euer it fall,
Witte can no reason vnderstonde,
But let the gouernance stonde
To wille, whiche than wexeth so wilde,
That he can not hym selfe shilde
Fro the perille, but out of fere
The waie he secheth here and there,
Hym retcheth not vpon what side.
For oft tyme he goth beside,
And doth such thyng without drede,
Wherof hym ought well to drede,
But when that loue assoteth sore,
It passeth all mens lore,
What lust it is, that he ordeineth,
There is no mans might restreyneth.
And of god taketh he none hede,
But lawes withouten drede,
His purpos for he wolde acheue,
Aynst the pointes of the beleue
He tempteth heuen, erthe, and helle,
Here afterward as I shall telle.

Dum stimulat amor, quicquid iubet orta vo-
luptas,

Audet, et aggreditur nulla timenda timens.
Omne quod astra queunt herbarum siue potestas,
Seu vigor inferni singula temptat amans.
Quod nequid ipse, deo mediante, parare sinistrum,
Dæmonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic sibi non curat ad opus quæ retia tendit,
Dummodo iudatam prendere possit auem.

Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicata omnis
pudicitie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad
carnalis concupiscentie promotionem sortilegio
magicam requirunt.

WHO dare do thing, whiche loue ne dare?
To loue is euery lawe vnware,
But to the lawes of his best
The fishe, the fowle, the man, the best,
Of all the worldes kynde lowteth.
For loue is he, which notlyng douteth,
In mannes herte where it sitte.
He counteth nought toward his witte,
The wo, no more than the wele,
No more the hete, than the chele,
No more the wete, than the drie,
No more to liue, than to die:
So that to fore ne behynde
He seeth no thyng, but as the blynde
Withoute insight of his courage,
He doth meruailes in his rage,
To what thyng that he wol hym drawe,
There is no god, there is no lawe
Of whom that he taketh any hede.
But as baiarde the blynde stede,
Till he falle in the ditche a midde,
He gothe there no man will hym bidde,

He stant so ferforthe out of rewle,
There is no witte, that maie hym reule.
And thus to tell of hym in soothe,
Full many a wonder thyng be doothe,
Thet were better to be lafte:
Amonge the whiche is withe crafte,
That somme men clepen sorcerie,
Whiche for to wyne his drewric,
With many a circumstance be vseth,
There is no point, whiche he refuseth.

Nota de autorum necnon et librorum tam naturalis quam execrabilis magice nominibus.

THE crafte, whiche that Saturnus fonde
To make pikes in the sonde,
That Geomance cleped is,
Ful ofte he vseth it amis:
And of the floodes his Hydromance,
And of the fire the Pyromance,
With questions eche one of tho
He tempteth ofte: and eke also
Aeremance in iudgement,
To loue he bryngeth of his assent.
For these craftes (as I finde)
A man maie do by waie of kinde:
Be so, it be to good entent.
But he goth all another went.
For rather er he shulde faile
With Nicromance he wolde assaile,
To make his incantacion,
With hote subfumigacion,
Thilke arte, whiche Spatula is hote,
And vsed is of common rote
Amonge painins, whiche that crafte eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thosez the greke,
He werbeth one and one by rowe:
Razel is not to bym vnknowe
The Salomones Candarie,
His Ideac, his Antonie,
The figure of the boke withall,
Of Balamuz, and of Gbenhall
The seale, and therpou thimage
Of Thebith, for his auantage
He taketh: and some what of Gibere,
Whiche helpliche is to this matere.
Babylla to hir sonnes seuen,
Whiche hath renounced to the heuen,
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,
He traceth ofte vpon the grounde,
Makyng his inuocacion,
And for full informacion
The schole, whiche Honorius
Wrote, he pursueth, and lo thus
Magike he vseth for to winne
His loue, and spareth for no sinne.
And ouer that of his sotie,
Right as he secheth sorcerie,
Of hem that bene magiciens,
Right so of the naturiens,
Upon the sterres from aboue,
His wey he secheth vnto loue,
Als ferre as be hem vnderstodeth:
In many a sondrie wise he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh sculpture,
He maketh writynge, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculacions,
He maketh his demonstracions,
His hours of astronomie
He kepeth, as for that partie,

Whiche longeth to the inspection
Of loue, and his affection.
He wolde in to the helle seche,
The deuell hym selfe to beseche,
If that he wist for to spede,
To gete of loue his lustie mede,
Where that he hath his herte set,
He bidde neuer fare bet,
Ne witte of other heuen more.
My sonne if thou of suche a lore
Has ben er this, I rede the leue.

Myn holy father by your leue,
Of all that ye haue spoken here,
Whiche toucheth vnto this matere,
To telle sooth right as I wene,
I wote not o worde, what ye mene.
I woll not saie, if that I couth,
Thet I nolde in my lustie youth,
Beneth in helle and eke aboue,
To wyn with my ladies loue,
Done al that euer that I might.
For therof haue I none insight,
Where afterwarde that I am become:
So that I wonne and ouercome
Hir loue, whiche I moste coueete.

My sonne that goth wonder streyte.
For this I maie well tell soothe,
There is no man whiche so doothe,
For all the crafte that he can caste,
That be ne bieth it at laste.
For often he that will begile,
Is guiled with the same guile.
And thus the guiler is beguiled,
As I fynde in a boke compiled
To this matere an olde histoire,
The whiche comth nowe to my memoire,
And is of great ensamplarie
A yene the vice of sorcerie,
Wherof none ende maie be good.
But howe whilome therof it stooth,
A tale, whiche is good to knowe,
To the my sonne I shall beknowe.

Nota contra istos ob amoris causam sortilegos, ubi narrat in exemplum, quod cum Ulysses a subuersione Troie repatriare nauigio voluisset, ipsum in Insula Cilli, ubi illa expertissima maga nomine Circes regnauit, contigit applicuisse, quem vt in sui amoris concupiscentiam exardesceret, Circes omnibus suis incantationibus vincere conabatur: Ulysses tamen Magica potentior ipsam in amore subegit, Ex qua filium nomine Telegonum genuit, qui postea patrem suum interfecit, et sic contra fidei naturam genitus, contra generationis naturam patricidium operatus est.

AMONGE hem, whiche at Troie were,
Vlysses at the siege there,
Was one by name in speciall,
Of whom yet the uemoriall
Abideth, for while there is a mouthe,
For euer his uame shall be couthe.

He was a worthy knight and kyng,
And clerke knowende of euery thyng,
He was a great Rhetorieu,
He was a great magicien,
Of Tullius the Rhetorike,
Of kyng Zoroastes the magike,
Of Ptoleme thastronomie,
Of Plato the philosophie,

Of Daniell tho slepie dremes,
Of Neptune the water streames,
Of Salomon and the prouerbes,
Of Macer all the strength of herbes,
And the phisike of Hippocras,
And liche vnto Pythagoras,
Of surgerie he knewe the cures :
But some what of his aunteres,
Whiche shall to my matter accorde,
To the my sonne I will recorde.
This king, of which thou hast herde sein,
Fram Troie as he goth home ageine
By ship, he founde the sea diuerse,
With many a windie storme reuerse:
But he through wisdom, which he shapeth,
Full many a great perill escapeth :
Of whiche I thynke tellen one,
Howe that maugre the nedell and stone,
Wynde driue he was all sodeynly
Upon the strondes of Cilly,
Where that he must abide a while.
Tway quenes weren in that yle,
Calypso named and Circes.
And whan thei herde, howe Vlisses
Is lounded there vpon the Riue:
For hym they senden also bliue.

With hym suche as he wold he nam,
And to the courte to hem be cam.

These quenes were as two goddesses,
Of arte magike sorceresses,
That that lorde cometh to that riusage,
Thei make hym loue in suche a rage,
And vpon hem assote so,
That thei wold haue, er that he go,
All that he hath of worldes good,
Vlisses well this vnderstoode.

Thei couthe muche, he couthe more :
Thei shape and cast ayenst hym sore,
And wrought many a subtil wile.
But yet thei might hym not begyle.
But of the men of his nauie
Thei two forshope a great partie.
Maie none of hem withstonde her hestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to bestes,
Some parte thei shopen in to foules,
To beres, tygres, apes, oules,
Orels by some other wey,
Ther myght nothyng hem disobey,
Suche crafte thei had aboute kynde,
But that arte couth thei not fynde,
Of whiche Vlisses was deceiued,
That he ne hath hem all weiued,
And brought hem in to suche a rote,
That vpon hym thei bothe assote.
And through the science of his arte
He toke of hem so well his parte,
That he begat Circes with childe :
He kepte hym sobre, and made hem wilde,
He set hym selue so aboute,
That with her good, and with her loue,
Who that therof be lief or lothe,
All quite in to his ship he gothe.

Circes to swolle bothe sides,
He lefte, and waiteth on the tides,
And straught through out the salte some
He taketh his cours, and comth hym home,
Where as be founde Penelope,
A better wife there maie none be :
And yet there bene enowe of good.
But who that hir goodshipp vnderstood,

Fro fyrst that she wifehode toke,
Howe many louses she forsoke,
And howe she bare bir all aboute,
There whiles that hir lorde was oute :
He might make a great auant
Amonge all the remenant,
That she, one of all the best,
Well might he set his herte in rest.

This kyng when he hir founde in bale,
For as he couthe in wysedome dele,
So couthe she in womanhede,
And whan she syth withouten drede
Hir lorde vpon his owne grounde,
That he was come safe and sounde,
In all this worlde ne might be
A gladder woman than was she.

The fame, whiche maie nought be hid,
Throughout the londe is soone kid :
Her kyng is comen home ayene,
There maie no man the full seyne,
Howe that thei weren all glade,
So mochell ioye of hym thei made.
The presentes euery daie bene newed,
He was with yettes all besuwed.

The people was of hym so glad,
That though none other man hem bad,
Tallage vpon hem selfe thei sette,
And as it were of pure dette
They yeue her goodes to the kyng :
This was a glad home welcomyng.

Thus hath Vlisses what he wolde,
His wife was suche as she be sholde,
His people was to hym subiecte,
Hym lacketh nothyng of delite

Horatius. Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia
filio

But fortune is of suche a sleight,
That whan a man is most on height,
She maketh hym rather for to falle.
There wote no man what shall befall.
The happes ouer maunnes hede
Ben honged with a tender threde,
That proued was on Vlisses.
For whan he was most in his pees,
Fortune gan to make hym verre,
And set his welthe oute of verre.

Upon a day as he was mery
As though ther might him no thinge derie,
Whan night was come, he goth to bedde,
With slepe and both his-eieu fedde.
And while he slepte, he met a sweuen :
Hym thought he sigh a statu euen,
Whiche brighter than the sonne shone,
A man it semed was it none :
But yet it was a figure
Most liche to mannishe creature,
But as of beutie heuenliche
It was most to an sungell liche.
And thus betwene sungell and man,
Beholden it this kyng began,
And suche a lust toke of the sight,
That fayue he wolde, if that he might
The forme of that figure embrace,
And goth hym forth toward that place,
Where he sigh that image tho,
And takth it in his armes two,
And it embraceth hym ageyne,
And to the kyng thus gan it seyne.

Vlysses vnderstond well this,
She token of our acquaintance is,
Here afterward to mochell tene
The loue that is vs betwene.
Of that we noue suche ioie make,
That one of vs the deth shall take,
Whan tyme cometh of destinee,
It maie none otherwise be.

Vlysses tho began to praie,
That this figure wolde hym saie,
What wight he is, that sayth hym so.

This wight vpon a speare tho
A pensell, whiche was well begone
Embroudred, sheweth hym anon
Thre fisses all of o colour,
In maner as it were a toure
Upon the pensell were wrought.

Vlysses knewe this token nought,
And prayth to witte in some partie,
What thyng it might signifie.
A signe it is, the wight answerde,
Of an empire, and forth he ferde
All sodeynly, whan he that sayd.

Vlysses out of slepe abrayle,
And that was right ayene the daie,
That lenger slepen he ne maie.

Men say, a man hath knowlegeynge,
Saue of hym selfe, of all thyng.

His owne chance no man knoweth,
But as fortune it on hym throweth.
Was neuer yet so wise a clerke,
Whiche might knowe all goddes werke,
Ne the secrete, whiche god hath sette
Ayene a man, maie not be lette.

Vlysses though that he be wise,
With all his witte in his ause,
The more that he his sweuen accounteth,
The lesse he wote, what it amounteth,
For all his calculacion,
He serth no demonstracion
As pleynly for to knowe an ende.
But netheles howe that it wende,
He drad hym of his owne sonne,
That maketh hym well the more astone,
And shope therefore anone withall,
So that within castell walle
Thelemachus his sonne he slette,
And ou hym stronge warde he sette,
The soothe farther he ne knewe,
Till that fortune him ouerthrewe.

But netheles for sikernesse,
Where that he might wit and gesse
A place strengest in his londe,
There let he make of lime and sonde
A strength, where he wolde dwell:
Was neuer man yet herde tell
Of suche an other, as it was,
And for to strength hym in that cas
Of all his londe the sikere
Of seruantes and the worthiest
To kepen hym within warde,
He set his body for to warde:
And made suche an ordinance
For loue, ne for aqueintance,
That were it erey, were it late,
Thei shuld let in at yate
No maner man, what so betid,
But if so were hym selfe it bid.

But all that mighte hym not auayle.
For whom fortune woll assayle,

There maie be no suche resistence,
Whiche might make a man defence,
All that shall be mote fall algate.

This Circes, whiche I spake of late,
On whom Vlysses hath begete
A childe, though he it haue foryete:
Whan tyme came, as it was wonne
She was deliuerde of a sonne,
Whiche cleped is of Telegonus.

This childe whan he was borne thus,
About his mother to full age,
That he can reason and langage,
In good estate was drawe forth.
And whan he was so mochell worth
To stonden in a mannes stede,
Circes his mother hath hym bede,
That he shall to his father go:
And tolde hym all to geder tho,
What man he was, that hym begate.

And whan Telegonus of that
Was ware, and hath full knowlechyng,
Howe that his fader was a kyng:
He prayth his moder fayre this
To go, where that his fader is.
And she hym graunteth that he shall:
And made hym redy forth with all.

It was that tyme suche vsance,
That euery man the conysaunce
Of his contre bare in his honde,
Whan he went in to straunge londe.
And thus was euery man therfore
Well knowe where that he was bore.
For espyall and mistrowynges
Thei did than suche thynges,
That euery man might other knowe.

So it be felle in that throwe,
Telegonus as in this cas,
Of his contrei the signe was
Thre fisses, whiche he shulde beare
Upon the pinon of a speare:
And whan that he was thus arraide,
And hath his harnes all assaide,
That he was rely eueridele,
His moder bad him, fare wele,
And saide hym, that he shulde swithe
His fader griete a thousand sith.

Telegonus his moder kist,
And toke his leue, and where he wist
His fader was, the waie namc,
Tyll he vnto Nachaie came,
Whiche of that londe the chiefe citee
Was cleped, and there asketh he,
Where was the kyng, and how he ferde,
And whan that he the sooth herde,
Where that the kyng Vlysses was
Alone vpon his hors great pas
He rode hym forth, and in his honde
He bare the signall of his londe,
With fisses thre, as I haue tolde.
And thus he went vnto that holde,
Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
The cause why he came, he telleth
Unto the kepars of the gate,
And wolde haue comen in there ate.
But shortlyr thei hym sayde naie.
And he als fayre as euer he maie
Besought, and tolde hem of this,
Howe that the kyng his fader is.

But thei with proude wordes great
Began to manace aud threte,

But he go fro the gate fast,
Thei wolden hym take and set fast.
Fro wordes vnto strokes thus
Thei felle, and so Telegonus
Was sore hurte, and well nigh dede
But with his sharpe speares bede:
He maketh defence, howe so it falle,
And wan the yate vpon hem all,
And hath slayne of the best fiue.
And thei ascriden als blin
Through oute the castell all aboute,
On euery side men come oute
Wherof the kynges herte afflight:
And he with all the hast he might
A speare caught, and forthe he gothe,
As he that was right woode for wrothe.
He sighe the gates full of bloode,
Telegonus and where he stode
He sighe also, but he ne knewe,
What man it was, but to hym threwe
His speare, and he sterte oute a side:
But destine, whiche shall betide,
Befell that ilke time so:
Telegonus knewe nothyng tho,
What man it was, that to hym caste:
And while his owne speare laste,
With all the signe therupon,
He cast vnto the kyng anon,
And smote hym with a dedly wounde,
Vlysses felle anone to grounde.

Tho euery man, the kyng the kyng
Began to crie, and of this thyng
Telegonus whiche sigh the caas,
Ou knes he felle, and saide alas,
I haue myn owne fader slayne,
Nowe wold I deie wonder fayne,
Nowe slea me, who that euer wille.
For certes it is right and skill.
He crieth, he wepeth, he seith therfore
Alas: that euer was I bore,
That this vnhappie destinee
So wofully comth in by mee.

This kyng, whiche yet hath life enough,
His herte ayen vnto hym drough,
And to that voyce an care he layde,
And vnderstode all that he saide,
And gan to speke, and sayde on high:
Bryng me this man: and when he sigh
Telegonus, his thought he sette
Upon the sweuen, whiche he mette,
And asketh, that he might see
His speare, on whiche the fisshes three
He sigh vpon the pensell wrought.
Tho wist he well, it faileth nought,
And bad hym, that he tell sholde,
Fro whens he came, and what he wolde.

Telegonus in sorowe and wo,
So as he might, tolde tho
Vnto Vlysses all the cas,
How that Circes his mother was:
And so forth saide hym euery dele,
Howe that his moder griete hym wele,
And in what wise she hym sent.

Tho wist Vlysses what it ment,
And toke hym in his armes softe,
And all blodend kist hym ofte,
And said: Sonne while I liue,
This infortune I the foryeue.

After his other sonne in haste
He sente, and he began hym haste,

And cam vnto his fader tite.
But whan he sigh hym in suche plite.
He wolde haue ronne vpon that other
Anone, and slayne his owne brother,
Ne had hen that Vlysses
Betwene hem made a corde and pees.
And to his heire Thelemachus
He had, that he Telegonus
With all his power shuld kepe,
Till he were of his woundes depe
All hole, and than he shulde hym yeue
Londe, where vpon he might liue.

Thelemachus whan he this herde,
Vnto his fader he answerde,
And seide: he wolde doone his wille.
So dwelle thei togeder stille
These bretherne, and the fader steruth.

Lo wherof sorcerie serueth:
Through sorcerie his lust he wan,
Through sorcerie his wo began,
Through sorcerie his loue he chese,
Through sorcerie his life he lese.
The child was gete in sorcerie,
The whiche did all his felonie.
Thing which was ayen kinde wrought,
Unkyndliche it was about,
The childe his owne fader slough,
That was vnkynship enough.

For thy take hede howe that it is,
So for to wyne loue amys,
Whiche endeth all his ioye in wo.
For of this arte I finde so,
That hath he do for loues sake,
Wherof thou might insample take
A great cronicke Emperiall,
Whiche euer in to memoriall
Amonge the men, howe so it wende,
Shall dwelle to the worldes ende

Hic narrat exemplum super eodem, qualiter Nectanabus de Egypto in Macedoniam fugit uisus Olympiadem Philippi regis ibidem tunc absentis uxorem arte magica decipiens, cum ipsa concubuit, magnumque ex ea Alexandrum sortel-gus genuit, qui natus postea cum ad erudiendum sub custodia Nectanabi commendatus fuisset, ipsum Nectanabum patrem suum ab altitudine cuiusdam turris in fossam profundam precipitans interfecit, Et sic sortilegus pro suo sortilegio infortunii sortem sortitus est.

THE high creatour of thynges,
Whiche is the kyng of all kynges,
Full many wonder worldes chance
Let slide vnder his sufferance,
There wote no man the cause whye,
But he, the whiche is almightye,
And that was proued whilom thus
Whan that the kyng Nectanabus,
Whiche had Egypte for to lede,
Bnt for he sigh tofore the dede,
Through magike of his sorcerie,
Wherof he couth a great partie,
His ennies to hym comeue,
From whom he might hym not defende:
Out of his owne londe he fledde,
And in the wise, as he hym dredde,
It felle, for all his witchecraft:
So that Egypte hym was becraft,

And he disguised fledde awaie
 By ship, and helde the right waie
 To Macedoyne, where that hee
 Arrueth at the chiefe citee.
 Thre yomen of his chambre there
 All only for to serue hym were,
 The whiche he trusteth wonder wele.
 Fer thei were trewe as ony stele,
 And hapheth, that thei with hym ladde
 Parte of the best good he hadde.
 Thei take lodgyng in the towne
 After the dsposicion,
 Where as hym thought best to dwell.
 He axeth than, and herde telle,
 Howe that the kyng was out go
 Upon a werre he had tho.
 But in that citee than was
 The quene, whiche Olympias
 Was bote, and with solemnittee
 The feste of hir natiuitee,
 As it befell, was than holde
 And for hir lust to be behold
 And preised of the people about,
 She shope hir for to rideu out
 At after meate all openly.
 Anone all men were redie,
 And that was in the moneth of Maie.
 This lusty quene in good araic
 Was sette vpon a mule white,
 Te sene it was a great delitie,
 The ioye that the citee made.
 With freshe thynges, and with glade
 The noble towne was all behonged,
 And euery wight was sore alonged
 To see this lustie ladie ride.
 There was great myrth on all side,
 Where as she passeth by the streate,
 There was ful many a tymbre beate,
 And many a maide carolende.
 And thus through out the towne plaiende
 This quene vnto the pleine rode,
 Where that she houed and abode,
 To se diuers games plaie.
 The lustie folke iust and tourmaye,
 And so forth euery other man,
 Whiche pley couth, his play began,
 To plesse with this noble quene.
 Nectanabus came to the grene
 Amonges other, and drough hym nigh:
 But whan that he this ladie sigh,
 And of hir beautee hede toke,
 He couth not withholde his loke
 To see nought els in the felde:
 But stode, and only hir behelde.
 Of his clothyng, and of his gere
 He was vniche all other there,
 So that it happeneth at laste,
 The quene vpon hym hir eie cast,
 And knewe, that he was straunge, anone.
 But he behelde hir euer in one,
 Without bleanchyng of his chere.
 She toke good hede of his manere,
 And wondreth, why he did so,
 And bad men shulde for hym go.
 He came, and did her reuerence.
 And she hym asketh in silence,
 From whens he cam, and what he wolde,
 And he with sobre wordes tolde.
 He saith: Madame a clerke I am,
 To you and in message I cam,

The whiche I maie not tellen here:
 But if it liketh you to here,
 It mote be saide so priuely,
 Where none shall be, but ye and I.

Thus for the tyme he toke his leue.
 The daie gothe forthe till it was eue,
 That euery man mote leue his werke,
 And she thought euer vpon this clerke,
 What thyng it is, that he wolde mene.
 And in this wise abode the quene,
 And ouerpaseth thilke night,
 Till it was on the morowe light.
 She sende for hym, and he came,
 With hym bis Astrolabe he name
 With pointes and cercles merueilous.
 Whiche was of fine golde precious.

And eke the heuenly figures
 Wrought in a boke full of peintures
 He toke this ladie for to shewe,
 And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
 The cours and the condicion.

And she with great affection
 Sate still and herde what he wolde.
 And thus whan he seeth tyme, he tolde,
 And feigneth with his wordes wise
 A tale, and seith in suche a wise.

Madame but a while a go,
 Where I was in Egypte tbo,
 And radde in schole of this science,
 It fell in to my conscience,
 That I vnto the temple went,
 And there with all my holle entent,
 As I my sacrifice dede,
 One of the goddes hath me bede,
 That I you warne priuely,
 So that ye make you redy,
 And that ye be nothyng agast.
 For he suche loue hath to you cast,
 That ye shall bene his owne dere,
 And he shall be your bedfere,
 Till ye conceiue and be with childe.
 And with that worde she wer all milde,
 And sumdele redde became for shame,
 And asketh hym the goddes name,
 Whiche so woll doone hir companye.

And he seide Amos of Labie.
 And she saith, that maie I not leue:
 But if I see a better preue.

Madame quod Nectanabus,
 In token that it shall be thus,
 This night for enforunacion
 Ye shall haue a vision,
 That Amos shall to you appere,
 To shewe and teche in what manere
 The thyng shall afterwarde befall.
 Ye oughten well abouen all
 To make ioye of suche a lorde.
 Fur whan ye be of one accorde,
 He shall a sonne of you begete,
 Whiche with his swerde shall win and gete
 The wide worlde in lengthe and brede.

All erthely kynges shall hym drede.
 And in suche wise I you behote
 Tho god of erth he shall be hote.

If this be sothe, tho quod the quene,
 This night (thou seyest) it shall be sene:
 And if it fall in to my grace,
 Of god Amos that I purchace,
 To take of hym so great worship:
 I woll do the suche ladiship,

Wherof thou shalt for euer mo
Be riche. And he hir thanketh tho,
And toke his leue, and forthe he wente,
She wist litell, what he ment.
For it was gyle and sorcerie,
All that she toke for prophecie.

Nectanabus through out the daie,
Whan he cam home, where as he laie,
His chambre he him selfe betoke,
And ouertorneth many a boke:
And through the crafte of artemage,
Of were he forged an ymage:

He loketh his equacions,
And eke the constellacions,
He loketh the coniunctions,
He loketh the recepcionis,
His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
And draweth fortune of his assent.

The name of queene Olimpias
In thilke image written was
Amiddes in the front aboue.

And thus to winne his lust of loue,
Nectanabus this werke hath dight,
And whan it came within night,
That every wight is fall a slepe,
He thought he wolde his time kepe,
As he, whiche hath his houre appointed.

And than fyrste he hath anoynted,
With sondrie herbes that figure:
And thervpon he gan coniure,
So that through his enchantement,
This ladie, whiche was innocent,
And wiste nothyng of this guile,

Mette, as she slepte thilke while,
Howe fro the heauen came a light,
Whiche all hir chambre made light:
And as she loketh to and fro,
She sigh, hir thought, a dragon tho,
Whose scherdes shynen as the sonne,

And hath his soft pas begonne,
With all the chere that he maie,
Towarde the bedde there as she laie,
Till he came to the beddes side,
And she laie still, and nothyng cride.

For he did all his thynges faire,
And was courteis, and debonaire.
And as he stode hir fast by,
His forme he chaungeth sodeinly,
And the figure of man he nome:
To hir and in to bedde he come,

And such thing ther of loue he wrought,
Wherof, so as hir than thought,
Through likenes of this god A mos,
With childe anone hir wombe aros,
And she was wonder glad withall.

Nectanabus, whiche causeth all,
Of this metred the substance,
Whau he seeth tyne his nycromance
He stynt, and nothyng more seyde
Of his carecte, and she abreyde
Out of hir slepe, and leueth dele,

That it is soth than euery dele,
Of that this clerke hir had tolde,
And was the gladder many folde,
In hope of suche a glad metrede,
Whiche after shall befall in dede.

She longeth sore after the daie
That she hir sweuen telle maie
To this gylour in priuete,
Whiche knewe it also well as shee.

And netheles on morowe soone,
She lefte all other thinge to doone,
And for him sent: and all the cas
She tolde hym pleyuely, as it was,
And sayde: howe thou well she wist,
That she his wordes might trist.

For she fonde hir auision
Right after the condicion,
Whiche he hir had tolde to fore,
And prayde hym hertely therefore,
That he hir holde couenant
So forth of all the remenant,
That she maie through his ordinance
Towardes god do suche plesance,
That she wakende might hym kepe
In suche wise, as she met a slepe.

And he that couth of gile enough,
Whan he this herde, for ioye he lough,
And seyth: Madame it shall be do.
But this I warne you therto
This night, whan that he comth to plaie
That there be no liefe in the waie,
But I, that shall at his likyng
Ordeine so for his comyng
That ye ne shall not of hym fayle.

For this madame I you counsaile,
That ye it kepe so priuee,
That no wight els, but we three
Hauē knowlechyng, howe that it is.
For els might it fare amis,
If ye did ought, that shuld him greue.

And thus he maketh hir to beleue,
And feigneth vnder guile feith.
But netheles all that he seyth,
She troweth: and ayene the night
She hath within hir chambre dight
Where as this guiler fast by,
Upon this god shall priuely
Awate, as he makth hir to wene.

And thus this noble gentill queene,
Whan she most trusted, was deceyued.

The night cam, the chambre is weied:
Nectanabus hath take his place,
And whan he sigh tyme and space,
Through the disceite of his magike,
He put hym out of mans like,
And of a dragon toke the forme,
As he, whiche wolde hym all conforme
To that she sawe in sweuen er this.

And thus to chambre come he is
The queene laie a bed, and sighe,
And hopeth euer, as he came nighe,
That he the god of Lubie were,
So hath she well the lesse fere.

But for he wolde hir more assure,
Yet este he changeth his figure,
And of a wether the likenesse
He tok in signe of his noblesse,
With large hornes for the nones
Of fine golde and riche stoues
A crowne on his head he bare,
And sodeinliche, er she was ware,
As he whiche all guile can,
His forme he torneth in to man,
And came to bedde, and she laie still,
Where as she suffreth all his will,
As she, whiche wende not misdo.
But netheles it hapneth so,
All though she were in parte deceiued,
Yet for all that she hath conceiued

The worthiest of all kithe,
Whiche euer was tofore or sith,
Of conquest, and of chivalrie,
So that through gile and sorcerie
There was that noble knight begonne,
Whiche all the worlde hath after wonne,

Thus fell the thyng, whiche fall shulde
Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
With gyle he hath his loue sped,
With gyle he came in to the bed,
With gyle he goth hym out ayene,
He was a shrewed chamberleyn,
So as to begyle a worthy quene,
And that on hym was after sene.
But netheles the thyng is do,
This fals god was soone go
With his deceite, and heldc hym close,
Till morow cam, that he arose:
And tho whan tyme and leiser was,
The quene tolde hym all the cas,
As she, that gyle none supposeth,
And of two pointes she hym apposeth.

One was, if that this god no more
Will come ayene: and ouermore,
How she shall stonden in accorde
With kyng Philip hir owne lorde,
When he comth home, and seeth hir grone.

Madame, he seith, let me alone,
As for the god I vndertake,
That whan it liketh you to take
His companie at any throwe,
If I a daie to fore it knowe,
He shall be with you on the night:
And he is welle of suche a might
To kepe you from al blame.
For thy comforte you madame,
There shall none other cause bee.
Thus toke he leue, and forth goth hee.
And tho began he for to muse,
Howe he the quene might excuse
Towarde the kyng, of that is falle,
And founde a craft amonges alle,
Through whiche he hath a sea foule danted
With his magike and so enchanted,
That he flew forth, whan it was night
Unto the kynges tent right,
Where that he laie amidde his hoste.
And whan he was a slepe moste,
With that the sea foule to him brought
An other charme, whiche he wrought
At home within his chamber stille.
The kyng he torneth at his wille,
And makth him for to dreame and see
The dragon, and the priuete, e,
Whiche was betwene him and the quene.
And ouer that he made him wene
In sweuen, howe that the god Amos,
Whan he vp fro the quene aros,
Toke forth a ringe, wherin a stone
Was set, and graue therupon
A sonne, in whiche whan he came nighe,
A lion with a swerde be sigh.
And with that prente, as he so mette,
Upon the quenes wombe he sette
A seale, and gota him forth his waie,
With that the sweuen went awaie.
And tho began the kyng awake,
And sighed for his wiues sake
Where as he lay within his tent,
And hath great wonder, what it mente.

With that he hasted him to rise,
Anone and sent after the wise.
Amonge the whiche there was one
A clerke, his name is Amphon:
Whan he the kynges sweuen herde,
What it betokeneth he answerde,
And saith, as sokerly as the lyfe
A god hath layne by thy wife,
And gotte a sonne, whiche shall wyne
The worlde, and all that is within.

As the lion is kyng of beastes,
So shall the worlde obeie his bestes,
Which with his swerde shal al be wonne,
Als ferre as shineth any sonne.

The kyng was doutife of this dome,
But netheles whan that he come
Ageyne into his owne londe,
His wife with childe great be founde,
He might not him selfen stere,
That he ne made hir beuie chere.
But he whiche couth of all sorowe,
Nectanabus vpon the morowe,
Through the deceite of Nicromance,
Toke of a dragon the semblance,
And where the kyng sat in his halle,
Cam in rampende amonge hem all,
With such a noise, and suche a rore,
That they agast were all so sore,
As though they shulde die anone:
And netheles he greueth none,
But goth towarde the deise on his:
And whan he cam the quene nie,
He stint his noyse, and in his wis,
To hir he profreth his seruice,
And laieth his head vpon hir barme.
And she with goodly chere hir arme
About his necke ayenwarde layde.
And thus the quene with him playde,
In sight of all men about:
And at last he gan to loute,
And obeysance vnto hir make,
As he that wolde his leuc take.
And sodenlie his lothly forme
In to an eghe he gan transforme,
And flew, and set him on a rayle,
Wherof the kyng had great meruaile.
For there he pruneth hym and piketh,
As doth an hauke, whan him well liketh:
And after that him seife he shoke,
Wherof that all the halic quoke,
As it a terremote were.
They seyden all, god was there.
In suche a rees and forth he figh.
The kyng, which all this wonder sigh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
Unto the quene made his mone,
And of foryeues he hir praide.
For than he knewe well, as he sayde,
She was with childe with a god.
Thus was the kyng without rod
Chastised, and the quene excused,
Of that she had ben accused.
And for the greater euidence,
Yet after that in the presence
Of kyng Philip, and other mo,
Whan they yode in the fildes tho,
A fesant came before hir eie,
The whiche anone, as they hir seie
Fleende, let an neie downe falle
And it to brake tofore hem alle.

And as they token therof kepe,
They sigh out of the shelle crepe
A litell serpent on the grounde,
Whiche rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in ayene he woll haue wonne,
But for the brenning of the sonne
It might not, and so he deide:
And therupon the clerkes seide,
As the serp-nt, when it was out,
Went enuiron the shelle aboute,
And might not torne in ayene.
So shall it fall in certeyne.

This childe the worlde shall enuironc,
And aboue all, the corone
Hym shall hefall, in his yonge age,
He shall desire in his corage,
Whan all the worlde is in his bonde.
To trnre ayene vnto the londe,
Where be was bore, and in his weye
Homerwarde he shall with poysou deye.

The kynge, whiche al this sigh and herde,
For that daie forth, howe so it ferde,
His ielousie hath all foryete:
But he, whiche hath the childe begete,
Nectanabus, in priuetece,
The tyme of his natiuitec.

Upon the constellation
Awayteth, and relacion
Maketh to the quene, how he had do,
And euery houre appoynteth so,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due tyme is bore
This childe: and forthwith therupon
There fell wonders many oue

Of terremote vniuersale.
The sonne toke colloure of stele,
And lost his light, the wyndes blew,
And many strengthes ouerthrowe,
The sea his propre kynde changeth,
And all the worlde his ferme strangeth.

The thunder with his fire leuen
So cruell was vpon the heuen,
That euery ertly creature
Tho thought his life in auenture.
The tempest at last sesseth,
The childe is kepte, his age encreceth:
And Alisander his name is hote,
To whom Calisthene, and Aristote,
To techen him philosophie
Entenden: and astronomie
(With other things, which he couth,
Also to teche him in his youth)
Nectanabus toke vpon honde,
But euery man maie vnderstando
Of sorcery howe that it wende,
It wolle him selfe proue at ende

And namely for to begile
A ladie whiche withoute gyle
Supposeth troutbe all that she hereth:
But often he, that euill stereth,
His ship is dreint therein a midde:
And in this cas right so betydede.
Nectanabus vpon a night,
Whan it was faire and sterre light,
This yonge lorde lad vpon highe
Aboue a towre, where as he sighe
The sterres, suche as he accounteth,
And saiethe, what eche of hem amounteth,
As though he knewe of all thynge,
Yet bath he no knowlechinge

What shall vnto him selfe befall.

Whan he hath tolde his wordes all,
This yonge lorde than him apposeth,
And asketh, if that he supposeth,
What deth he shuld him selfe deie,
He seith, or fortune is aweie,
And euery sterre hath lost his wonne,
Or els of mine owne sonne
I shall be slain, I maie not flee.

Thought Alisander in priuetece,
Herof this olde dotarde lieth.
And er that other ought aspieth,
All sodeinliche his olde bones
He shofe ouer the wall: at ones,
And saith hym: Lie downe there a parte,
Wherof nowe serueth all thyn arte?
Thou knewe all other mens chance,
And of thy selfe hast ignorance,
That thou hast sayd amonges all,
Of thy persons is not befall.

Nectanabus whiche hath his death,
Yet whiles hym lasteth life and brethe,
To Alisander be spake, and seyde:
That he with wrong blame on him leid.
Fro poynt to poynt and all the cas
He tolde, howe he his sonne was.

Tho he, whiche sorie was enough,
Out of the diche his father drough,
And tolde his mother, howe it ferde
In counsaile. And when she it herde,
And knewe the tokens, whiche he tolde,
She mist what she saie sholde,
But stode abashed, as for the while,
Of this magike, and all the gyle,
She thought, how that she was deceiued,
That she bath of a man conceiued,
And wende a god it had bee.
But nethelesse in suche degre
So as she might hir honour saue,
She shope the body was begraue.

And thus Nectanabus abought
The sorcerie, whiche he wrought,
Though he vpon the creatures,
Through his carectes and figures
The maistrie and the powr had,
His creatour to nought bym lad,
Ageyne whose lawe his crafte he vseth,
When he for lust his god refuseth,
And toke hym to the deuils crafte:
Lo what profite is hym belaste:
That thynge, through which he wend haue stonde,
First him exiled out of londe,
Which was his owne, and from a kynge
Made hym to be an vnderlynge:
And sythen to deceyue a quene,
That torneth hym to morbell tene,
Through lust of loue he gat hym hate,
That ende couth he nought abate,
His olde sleights, whiche he cast,
Yonge Alisandre hym ouercast.
His fader, whiche hym misbegat
He sloughe, a great mishappe was that.
But for o mys, an other mis
Was yolde, and so full ofte it is.

Nectanabus his crafte miswent,
And so it misfell hym, er he went.
I not what helpeth that clergie,
Whiche maketh a man to do folie,
And nameliche of Nicromance,
Whiche stont vpon the miscreance.

Nota qualiter rex Zoroastes statim cum ab vtero matris sue nasceretur gaudio magno risit, in quo pronosticum doloris subsequentis signum figurabatur. Nam et ipse detestabilis artis magice primus fuit inueutor, quem postea rex Surrie dira morte trucidauit, et sic opus operarium consumpfit.

AND for to see more euidence
Zoroastes, whiche the experience
Of arte magike first furth drough,
Anone as he was bore he lough,
Whiche token was of wo suyng.
For of his owne controuynge
He fond magik, and taught it forth,
But all that was him litell worth.
For of surry a worthy kyng,
Him slewe, and that was his endyng.
But yet through him this craft is vsed,
And he through all the worlde excused.
For it shall neuer well acheue,
That stont not right with the beleue,
But liche to wolle is euill sponne,
Who leseth hym selfe hath litell wonne.
And ende proueth euery thyng.

Saul, whiche was of fewes kyng,
Up peyne of deth forbad this arte:
And yet he toke therof his parte.

The phitonisse in Samarie
Yafe hym counsaile by sorcerie,
Whiche after felle to moche sorowe.
For he was slayne vpon the morowe.
To conne mochell thyng it helpeth,
But of to moche no maas yelpeth.

So for to loke on euery side,
Magike maie not well betide.

For thy my sonne I woll the rede,
That thou of these ensamples drede,
That for no lust of erthly loue
Thou seche so to come aboue,
Wherof as in the worldes wonder,
Thou shalt for euer be put vnder.

My good fader graunt mercy.
For euer I shall beware therby,
Of loue what me so befalle,
Suche sorcery abouen all,
Fro this day forth I shall eschewe,
That so ne wyll I not pursewe
My lust of loue for to seche.
But this I wolde you beseche,
Beside that me stant of loue,
As I you herd speke aboue,
Howe Alisandre was betaught
Of Aristotle, and so well taught
Of all that to a kyng belongeth,
Wherof my berte sore longeth
To witte what it wolde mene.

For by reasou I wolde wene,
But if I herde of thynges strange,
Yet for a tyme it shuld change
My peyne, and lisse me somdele.

My good sonne thou sayest welle.
For wisidome howe that euer it stonde,
To hym that can it vnderstonde,
Doth great profite in sondrie wise:
But touchend of so highe a prise,
Whiche is not vnto Venus knowe,
I maie it not my selfe knowe,
Whiche of hir courte am all forth drawe
And can nothyng but of hir lawe.

But netheles to knowe more,
As well as thou, me longeth sore:
And for it helpeth to commune,
All be thei nought to me commune
The scholes of philosophie:
Yet thinke I for to specifie,
In bokes as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mightest ben amended.
For though I be not all counninge,
Upon the forme of this writinge,
Some part therof yet I haue herde,
In this mater howe it hath ferde.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEXTUS.

Omnibus in causis sapiens doctrina salutem
Consequitur, nec habet quis nisi doctus opem.
Naturam superat doctrina viro quod et ortus,
Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit.
Non ita discretus hominum per climata regnat,
Quin magis vt sapiat, indiget ipse scholæ.

Quia omnis doctrina bona humano regimini salutem confert, In hac septimo libro ad instantiam amantis languidi intendit Genius illam, ex qua philosophi et Astrologi philosophie doctrinam regem Alexandrum imbuerunt, secundum aliquid declarare. Diuidit enim philosophiam in tres partes, quarum prima Theorica, secunda Rhetorica, tertia Practica nuncupata est, de quarum condicionibus subsequenter per singula tractabit.

INCIPIT LIBER SEPTIMUS,

I GENIUS the preost of loue,
My son as thou bast praid aboue,
That I the schole shall declare
Of Aristotle, and eke the fare
Of Alisander, howe he was taught,
I am somdele therof distraught.
For it is uot the matere
Of loue, why we sitten here
To shriue, so as Venus badde.
But netheles for it is gladdé,
So as thou saiest for thyn apprise,
To here of suche thynges wise,
Wherof thou might thy tyme lisse,
So as I can, I shall the wisse.
For wisidome is at euery throwe,
Aboue all other thyng to knowe,
In loues cause and els where.
For thy my sonne vnto thyn eare,
Though it be not in the registre
Of Venus, yet of that Calisthre
And Aristotle whilom writte
To Alisander, thou shalt witte.
But for the lores ben diuers,
I thinke first to the reherce
The matter of philosophie,
Whiche Aristotle of his clergie,
Wise and experte in the science,
Declared thilke intelligence,
As of the poyntes principle.
Wherof the first in speciale
Is Theorike, whiche is grounded
On him, which all the worlde hath founded,
Whiche comprehended all the lore.
And for to loken ouermore

Next of science the seconde
Is Rhetoric, whose faconde
Aboue all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in iudgement,
So well can no man speke as hee.
The last science of the three.
It is practike, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice,
And techeth vpon good thewes
To fle the companie of shrewes,
Whiche stant in disposicion
Of mannes fre election.

Practike enformeth eke the rewle,
Howe that a worthie kynge shall rule
His realme, both in werre and pees.

Lo thus dane Aristoteles
These three sciences hath decided,
And in nature also decided,
Wherof that eche of hem shall serue.

The first, whiche is the conserue
And keper of the remenante,
As that, whiche is most suffisante,
And chiefe of the philosophie.
If I therof shal' specifie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
Nowe herke, and kepe that thou it holde.

Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum,

Qui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoque iuuat nescire, sed illud,
Quod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.

Hic tractat de prima parte philosophie, qua
Theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata est
scientia, scilicet Theologia, Physica, et Mathe-
matica, Sed primo illam partem Theologicę de-
clarabit.

Or Theorike principale
The philosopher in speciale
The propirtees hath determined,
As thilke whiche is enlumined
Of wisdom, and of high prudence,
Aboue all other in his science,
And stant departed vpon three.
The first of whiche in his degree
Is cleped in philosophie,
The science of Theologie.
That other named is phisike,
The thirde is seide Mathematike.

Theologie is that science,
Whiche vnto man yeueth euidence
Of thyng, whiche is not bodily,
Wherof men knowe redily
The high almighty trinitee,
Whiche is o god in vnitee,
Withouten ende and begynnyng,
And creature of all thyng,
Of heuen, of erthe, and of hell,
Wherof (as olde bokes tell)
The philosopher in his reason
Wrote vpon this conclusion:
And of his wrytyng in a clause
He clepeth god the firste cause,
Whiche of hym selfe is thilke good,
Withouten whom nothyng is good,
Of whiche that euery creature
Hath his beyng, and his nature.
After the beyng of the thynges
There ben thre formes of beynges,

Nota quod triplex dicitur essentia. Prima tem-
poranea, qua incipit et desinit: Secunda por-
petua, que incipit, et nou desinit, Tertia sem-
piterna, que nec incipit, nec desinit.

THYNG, whiche began, and ende shall,
That thyng is cleped temporall.
There is also by other weye
Thyng, whiche began and shall not deye,
As soules, that ben spirituall,
Her beyng is perpetuell.

But there is one aboute the sonne,
Whose tyme neuer was bigonne,
And endles shall euer bee:
That is the god, whose magestee
All other thynges shall gouerne,
And his beyng is sempitern.

The god, to whom all honoure
Belongeth, he is creatoure.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That thei to him obeien all.
Withouten hym, what so befall
Her might is none and he maie all:
The god was euer and euer shall
And thei begonne of his assente.

The times al ben present
To god, and to hem all vnknowe,
But what hym liketh, that thei knowe.
Thus both an angel and a man,
The whiche of all, that god began,
Ben chief, obeien goddes might:
And be stont endeles vp right.

To this science ben priuce
The clerkes of diuinitee,
The whiche vnto the people preche
The feith of holy churche and teche,
Whiche in one cas vpon beleue
Stant more than thei can preue
By wey of argument sensible,
But netheles it is credible,
And doth a man great mede haue,
To hym that thinketh hym selfe to saue,
Theology in suche a wise
Of highe science and highe aprise,
Aboue all other stant vnlike,
And is the first of theorike.

Nota de secunda parte Theorice, que Physica
dicitur.

PHISIKE is after the seconde,
Through which the philosophre hath fonde.
To teche sondrie knowlechynges
Vpon the bodeliche thynges
Of man, of beast, of herbe, of stone,
Of fishe, of fowle, of enerichone,
That ben of bodily substance,
The nature and the circumstance.
Through this science it is full sought
Which vailleth and whiche vailleth nought.

Nota de tertia parte Theorice, que Mathematica
dicitur, cuius condicio quatuor in se continet
intelligentias, scilicet Arithmetica, Musicam,
Geometriam, et Astronomiam, Sed primo de
Arithmetice natura dicere intendit.

THE third point of Theorike,
Whiche cleped is Mathematike,

Deuided is in sondrie wise,
And stant vpon diners apprise.
The first of whiche is Arthmetike,
And the second is said Musike,
The third is eke Geometrie,
And the furth Astronomie.

Of Arthmetike the matere
Is that of whiche a man maie lere,
What Algorisme in nombre amounteth,
Whan that the wise man accounteth
After the formel proprete
Of Algorismes a, b, c.
By whiche multiplicacion
Is made, and diminucion
Of sommes by the experience
Of this arte, and of this science.

Nota de musica, que secunda pars artis mathematice dicitur.

THE secunde of mathematicke,
Whiche is the science of musike,
That teacheth vpon harmonie
A man to maken melodie
By voice and sounce of instrument,
Through notes of accordement,
The whiche men pronounce alofte,
Nowe sharpe notes, and nowe softe,
Nowe hie notes, and nowe lowe,
As by Gam vt, a man may knowe,
Whiche teacheth the prolacion
Of note, and the condicion.

Nota de tertia specie artis Mathematici, quam Geometriam vocant.

MATHEMATIKE of his science
Hath yet the thirde intelligence,
Full of wisdom and of clergie,
And cleped is Geometrie:
Through which a man hath the sleight
Of length, of brede, of depth, of height
To knowe the propozicion
By very calculacion
Of this science: and in this wise
These olde philosophes wise,
Of all this worldes erth rounde
Howe large, howe thicke was the grounde,
Contriued by the experience
The Cercle, and the circumference
Of euery thyng vnto the heuen,
Thei setten point and measure euen.
Mathematike aboute the erth
Of high science aboute the firth,
Whiche speketh vpon Astronomie,
And teacheth of the sterres hie,
Begynnyng vwarde fro the moone.
But first, as it was fur to doone,
This Aristotle in other thyng,
Unto this worthy yonge kynge
The kynde of euery element,
Whiche stant vnder the firmament,
Howe it is made, and in what wise,
Fro point to point he gan deuse.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creauit origo:
Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
Nostraque quadruplici complexio sorte creatur.
Corpore sique suo stat variatus homo.

Hic tractat de creatione quatuor elementorum,
scilicet terre, aque, aeris, et ignis, Necnon et
de eorum naturis, nam et singulis proprietates
singule attribuuntur.

TOFORE the creacion
Of ony worldes stacion,
Of heuen, of erthe, or eke of hell,
So as these olde bokes tell,
As sounce to fore the souge is set,
And yet thei ben to gether knet:
Right so the high purueance
Tho had vnder his ordenance
A great substance, a great matere,
Of whiche he wolde in his manere
These other thynges make and forme.
For yet withouten any forme
Was that matere vniuersall,
Which hight Ilem in speciall,
Of Ilem, as I am enformed,
These elementes ben made and formed.
Of Ilem elementes thei hote,
After the schole of Aristote,
Of whiche if more I shall reherse,
Foure elementes there ben diuerse.

Nota de terra, quod est primum elementum.

THE first of hem, men erthe call,
Whiche is the lowest of hem all:
And is his forme is shape rounde,
Substantiall, stronge, sad, and sounde
As that, whiche made is sufficient,
To beare vp all the remenant.
For as the point in a compas
Stant euen amidde, right so was
This erthe set, and shall abide,
That it maie swerue to no side.
And hath his centre after the lawe
Of kinde: and to that Centre drawe
Desireth euery worldes thyng:
If there ne were no lettynge.

Nota de aqua, quod est secundum elementum.

ABOUT the erthe kepeth his bounde
The water, whiche is the secunde
Of elementes: and all without
It enuironneth therthe about.
But as it sheweth nought for thy
The subtile water mightily,
Though it be of hym selfe softe,
The strength of the erth passeth ofte.
For right as veines ben of bloud
In man, right so the water flood
Therth of his cours makth ful of veines,
Als well the hilles as the pleines:
And that a man maie seen at eie.
For wher the hilles ben most hie,
There maie men well stremes finde.
So preueth it by waie of kinde,
The water higher than the londe.
And ouer this nowe vnderstonde.

Nota de aere, quod est tertium elementum.

AVER is the thirde of elementes,
Of whose kinde his aspirementes
Taketh euery liuisshe creature,
The whiche shall vpon erth endure:

For as the fishe, if it be drie,
Mote in default of water die:
Right so without aier or liue
No man, ne beast, might thriue,
The whiche is made of flessie and bone,
There is out take of all noue.

Nota quod aer in tribus periferis diuiditur.

THIS aier in periferis three
Deuided is of suche degree:
Beneth is one, and one amidde,
To whiche aboute is the thridde.
And vpon the deuisions,
There beu diuers impressions,
Of moyst, and eke of drie also,
Whiche of the sonne both two
Ben drawe, and baled vpon hie,
And maken cloudes in the skie,
And shewed is at mans sight,
Wherof by daie, and eke by night,
After the tymes of the yere,
Amonge vs vpon erth here,
In sondrie wise thynges falle.

Nota de prima aeris periferia.

THE firste perifer of all
Engendreth mist, and ouermore
The dewes, and the frostes hore,
After thilke intersticion,
In whiche thei take impression.

Nota de secunda aeris periferia.

FRo the seconde, as bokes seyne,
The moyst droppes of the reyne
Descenden in to the middel erth,
And tempreth it to sede and erth,
And doth to springe gras and floure:
And ofte also the great shoure
Out of suche place it maie be take,
That it the forme shall forsake
Of reyne, and in to snowe be torned.
And eke it maie be so sojourned,
In sondrie places vp alofte,
That in to hayle it tourneth ofte.

Nota de tertia aeris periferia.

THE thirde of aier, after the lawe,
Through suche matere as is vp drawe
Of drie thyng, as it is ofte,
Amonge the cloudes vpon lofte,
And is so close, it maie not out:
Than is it chased sore about,
Till it to fire and leyte falle,
And than it breketh the cloudes all,
The whiche of so great noyse craken,
That thei the fearefall thonder maken.
The thonder stroke smit, er it leyte,
And yet men sene the fire and leyte,
The thonder stroke er that men here.
So maie it well be proued here
In thyng, whiche shewed is fro ferre,
A mans eie is there nerre,
Than is the sounde to mans eare.
And netheles it is great feare
Both of the stroko, and of the fire,
Of whiche is no recouerie

In place where that thei descende,
But if god wolde his grace sende.

Nota qualiter ignes, quos motantur in aere, discurrere videmus, secundum varias apparentis formas, varia gestant nomina, quorum primus Assub, Secundus Capra saliens, tertius Eges, Et quartus Daali in libris philosophorum nuncupatus est.

AND for to speaken ouer this,
In this parte of the aire it is,
That men full ofte sene by night
The fire in sondrie forme alight:
Somtyme the fire drake it semeth,
And so the lewde people it demeth,
Somtyme it semeth as it were
A sterre, whiche that gliideth there.
But it is nether of the two,
The philosophre telleth so,
And seith: that of impressions,
Through diuers exaltacions
Upon the cause and the matere,
Men sene diuerse forme appere
Of fire, the whiche hath soudrie name.
Assub, he saith, is thilke same,
The whiche in sondrie place is founde,
Whan it is fall downe to grounde
So as the fire it hath aneled,
Like vnto slime, whiche is congeled.

Of exaltacion I finde
Fire keuled of the same kinde,
But it is of an other forme,
Wherof, if that I shall conforme
The figure vnto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this:
That it is like a goat skipende:
And for that it is suche semende,
It is hote Capra saliens.
And eke these Astronomiens
An other fire also by night,
Whiche sheweth hym to mans sight,
Thei clepen Eges, the whiche brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that renneth
Upon a corde, as thou haste sene,
When it with poudre is so besene
Of sulphur, and other thynges mo.

There is a nother fire also,
Whiche semeth to a mans eie
By nightes tyme, as though there lie
A dragon brennyng in the skie,
And that is cleped proprely
Daali, wherof men saie full ofte:
Lo where the fyrie drake a lofte
Fleeth vp in thaire: and so thei demen.
But why the fyres suche semen
Of sondry forme to beholde,
The wise philosophre tolde,
So as to fore it hath ben herde.

Lo thus my sonne it hath ferde
Of aire, the due propretee,
In sondry wise thou myght see.
And howe vnder the firmament
It is eke the thirde element
Whiche enuironeth both two,
The water and the lande also.

Nota de igne, quod est quartum elementum.

AND for to tell ouer this
Of elements, whiche the forth is

That is the fire in his degree
Whiche enuironeth thother three,
And is without moyste all drie.
But list now, what seythe the clergie.
For vpon hem, that I haue sayde
The creatour hath set and leyde
The kynde and the complexion
Of all mennes nacion.

Fourre elementes sondrie there bee,
Liche vnto whiche of that degree,
Amonge the men there bene also
Complexions fourre, and no mo:
Wherof the philosophre treteth,
That he nothyng behynde leteth,
And seith, howe that thei bene diuerse,
So as I shall to the reberce.

Nota hic qualiter secundum naturam quatuor elementorum, quatuor in humano corpore complexiones scilicet Melancolia, Fleugma, Sanguis, et Colera naturaliter constituuntur, vnde primo de Melancolia dicendum est.

HE whiche natureth euery kynde
The myghty god, so as I fynde
Of man, whiche is his creature
Hath so deuyded the nature:
That none tyll other well accordeth.
And by the cause it so discordeth,
The life, whiche feleth the sikennesse
Maie stonde vpon no sikennesse.

Of therthe, whiche is colde and drie
The kynde of man Melancolie
Is cleped, and that is the fyrste,
The most vngoodlyche, and the werste.

For vnto loues werke on night
Hym lacketh both will and might.
No wondre is in lustie place
Of loue though be lese grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of inaginacion,
Of dedes, and of wrathfull thoughte,
He freteth hym seluen all to noughte.

De complexione fleugmatis.

THE water, whiche is moyste and colde,
Maketh slime, whiche is manifolde
Foryetell, slowe, and very soone,
Of euery thyng whiche is to doone.
He is of kinde suffisant
To holde loue his couenant:
But that hym lacketh appetite,
Whiche longeth vnto suche delite.

De complexione sanguinis.

WHAT man that takth his kinde of their
He shall be light, he shall be fayre.
For his complexion is bloode,
Of all there is none so good.
For he hath both will and might
To please and paie loue his right.
Where as he hath loue vndertake,
Wronge is, if that he forsake.

De complexione colere.

THE first of his condicion
Appropreth the complexion,

Whose properties ben drie and hote,
Whiche in a man is coler hote,
It maketh a man ben enginous,
And swifte of fote, and eke yrouis.
Of conteke, and foole hastinesse
He hath a right great besinesse,
To thinke on loue and litell maie,
Though he be hote well a daie,
On night whan that he woll assaie,
He maie full euill his dettes paie

Nota qualiter quatuor complexiones quatuor in homine habitaciones diuisim possident.

AFTER the kynde of thelement
Thus stant a mans kynde went,
As touchend his complexion
Upon sondrie diuision,
Of drie, of moyst, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne sete
Appropred hath within a man.
And first to telle as I began,

Splendous melancolie.

THE splen is to Melancolie
Assigned for herbirgerie.

Pulmo domus fleugmatis.

THE moyst fleume, with the colde
Hath in the longes for his holde
Ordeined him a propre stede,
To dwell there as he is bede.

Epar domus sanguinis.

To the sanguine complexion
Nature of his inspection
A propre hous hath in the liuer,
For his dwelling made deliuer.

Fel domus colere.

THE drie coler, with his hete,
By weie of kynde his propre sete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philosophre telleth.

Nota de stomacho, qui vna cum aliis cordi specialius deseruit.

NOWE ouer this for to wite,
As it is in phisike write,
Of liner, of longe, of galle, of splene,
Thei all vnto the herte bene
Seruantes, and eche in his office
Entenden to don him seruaice,
As be whiche is chiefe lordg aboue.
The liuer makth him for to loue,
The longe giueth him wey of speche,
The gail scrueth to do wreche,
The splen doth him to laughe and plaie,
Whan all vnclennes is a waie.
Lo thus hath eche of hem his dede
To susteynen hem and fede.
In tyme of recreation
Nature hath increacion
The stomake for a comune koke
Ordeined so, as saith the boke

The stomake koke is for the ball,
 And boyleth meate for hem all
 To make hem mightie for to serue
 The herte, that he shall not sterue,
 For as a kynge in his empire
 Aboue all other is lorde and syre:
 So is the herte principall,
 To whom reason in speciall
 Is yeue, as for the gouernance.

And thus nature his purueance
 Hath made for man to liuen here.
 But god, whiche hath the soule dere,
 Hath formed it in other wise,
 That can no man pleyuely deuse.
 But as the clerkes vs enforme,
 That liche to god it hath a forme.
 Through whiche figure, and whiche likenease,
 The soule hath many an high noblesse
 Appropried to his owne kynde.
 But oft hir wittes ben made blynde,
 All oneliche of this ilke poynte,
 That hir abydyng is conioynte
 Forth with the body for to dwelle.
 That one desireth towarde helle,
 That other vpwarde to the heuen,
 So shall thei neuer stonde in euen.
 But if the flesshe be ouercome.
 And that the soule hath hully nome
 The gouernance: and that is selde,
 While that the flesshe him maie bewelde.

All erthely thyng, whiche god began,
 Was oonly made to serue man.
 But he the soule all onely made
 Hym seluen for to serue and glade.
 All other bestes that men fynde.
 Thei seruen vnto their owne kynde.
 But to reason the soule serueth,
 Wherof the man his thonke d'serueth,
 And get hym with his workes goode,
 The perdurable liues foode.

Hic loquitur vltimus de diuisione terre: que post
 diluuium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, scilicet
 Asiam, Affricam, et Europam diuidebatur.

Of what matere it shall be tolde,
 A tale liketh many folde
 The better, if that it be spoke pleyne.
 Thus thinke I for to tourne ageyne,
 And telle plenerly therfore
 Of the erth, wherof now tofore
 I spake, and of the water eke,
 So as these olde bokes speke,
 And set properly the bounde
 After the forme of Mappamounde,
 Through which the grounde by purparties
 Departed is in thre parties,
 That is Asie, Affrike, Europe,
 The whiche vnder the heuen cope
 Begripeth all this earth rounde,
 As ferre as stretcheth any grounde.
 But after that the high wreche,
 The water weyes let out seche
 And ouergo the billes hie,
 Whiche euery kynde made die,
 That vpon middell erth stooode,
 Out take Noe, and his bloode,
 His sonnes, and his daughters thre
 They were saue, and so was he.
 Her names, who that rede right,
 Sem, Cam, Iaphet, the bretherne bight,

And whan thiike almighty honde
 Withdrough the water fro the londe,
 And all the rage was awaie,
 And erth was the mans waie:
 The sonnes thre, of whiche I tolde,
 Right after that hem selfe wolde,
 This worlde departe they begonne,
 Asia, whiche laie to the sonue
 Upon the marche of Orient,
 Was graunted by commune assent
 To Sem, whiche was the sonne eldest.
 For that partic was the best,
 And double as muche as other two.
 And was that tyme bounded so,
 Wher as the foud, which men Nile calleth,
 Departed fro his cours, and falleth
 In to the sea Alexandrine,
 There taketh Asie first sesine
 Towarde the weste, and ouer this
 Of Canahim, where the fode is
 In to the great sea rennende,
 Fro that in to the worldes ende
 Estwarde Asie it is algates,
 Till that men comen to the gates
 Of paradise, and there ho.
 And shortly for to speke it so,
 Of Orient in generall
 Within his bounde Asie hath all.

De Affrica et Europa.

AND than vpon that other side
 Westwarde, as it fell thiike tide
 The brother, whiche was hote Cam,
 Vnto his parte Affrike nam.
 Iaphet Europe tho toke he,
 Thus parten they the worlde on thre.
 But yet there ben of londes fele.
 In Occident, as for the chele,
 In Orient as for the hete,
 Whiche of the people be forlete,
 As londe deserte, that is vnable.
 For it maie not ben habitable.

Nota de mare, quod magnum Occunum dicitur.

THE water eke hath sondry bounde
 After the londe, where it is founde,
 And takth his name of thiike londes,
 Where that it renneth on the strondes.
 But thiike sea, whiche hath no wane,
 Is cleped the greate Oceane:
 Out of whiche arise and come
 The hie floudes all and some.
 Is none so littell well springe,
 Whiche there ne takth his beginninge,
 And liche a man that lacketh brethe,
 By weie of kynde, so it gethe
 Out of the sea, and in ageyne
 The water as the bokes seyne.

Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto ele-
 mento, quod omnia sub celo creata infra suum
 ambitum continet, cui nomen orbis specialiter
 appropriatum est.

Of elementes the properties
 How that they stonden by degrees,
 As I haue tolde, nowe right thou here
 My good sonne all the matere

Of erthe, of water, ayre, and fire.
 And for thou sayst, that thy desire
 Is for to weten ouermore
 The forme of Aristotles lore,
 He saith in his ententement,
 That yet there is an element
 About the foure, and is the fift,
 Set of the highe goddes yfste,
 The whiche that Orbis cleped is.
 And therupon be tellet this,
 That as the shelle whole and sounde
 Encloseth all aboute rounde
 What thyng within a neic belongeth :
 Right so this Orbis vnderfongeth
 These elementes euerichone,
 Whiche I haue spoke of one and one.

But ouer this nowe take good hede

My sonne: for I woll procede
 To speake vpon Mathematike,
 Whiche grounded is on Theorique.

The science of Astronomie
 I thinke for to specifie,
 Without whiche to telle playne,
 All other science is in vayne
 Towarde the schole of erthly thynges.
 For as an egle with his wynges.
 Fleeth aboute all that men fynde:
 So doth this science in his kynde.

Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur

Ista, sed interium regula fallit opus.

*Vir mediante deo, sapiens dominabitur astris,
 Fata nec immerito quod nouitatis agunt.*

*Hic loquitur de artis Mathematicæ quarta specie,
 que astronomia nuncupatur, curæciam Astrologia
 socia connumeratur, Sed primo de septem
 planetis, que inter astra potentiores existunt,
 incipiendo a luna seorsum tractare intendit.*

BENETHE vpon this erthe here
 Of all thynges the matere,
 As tellen vs they, that ben lerned,
 Of thyng aboute it stont governed,
 That is to seyne of the planetes,
 The cheles bothe, and eke the betes,
 The chances of the worlde also,
 That we fortune clepen so.
 Amonge the miennes naciou
 All is through constellecion,
 Wherof that some man hath the wele:
 And some men haue diseases fele
 In lone as well as other thynges.
 The state of realmes, and of kynges.
 In tyme of pees, in tyme of werre
 It is conceiued of the sterre.
 And thus seyth the naturien,
 Whiche is an Astronmien.
 But the diuine saith otherwyse,
 That if men were good and wise,
 And pleasant vnto the godhede,
 They shulde not the sterres drede.

For one man, if hym well befalle,
 Is more worthe than he they all
 Towardes hym, that weldeth all.
 But yet the lawe originall,
 Which he hath set in the natures,
 Not worchen in the creatures,
 That therof maie be none obstacle:
 But if it stonde vpon miracle

Through praier of som holy man.
 And for thy so as I began
 To speke vpon astronomie,
 As it is write in the clergie,
 To telle howe the planetes fare
 Some parte I thinke to declare
 My sonne vnto thine audience.
 Astronomie is the science
 Of wisdom and of high conninge,
 Which makth a man of knowleching
 Of sterres in the firmament
 Figure, circle, and mouement
 Of eche of hem in sondrie place :
 And what betwene hem is of space,
 Howe so they moue or stonde fast,
 All this it tellet to the last.

Assembled with astronomie
 Is eke that ilke astrologie,
 The whiche in iudgement accounteth
 Thefecte, what euery sterre amounteth.
 And bowe they causen many a wonder
 To the climates, that stond hem vnder.

And for to telle it more pleine
 These olde philosophers seyne,
 That Orbis, whiche I spake of er,
 Is that, whiche we fro therthe a ferre,
 Beholde, and firmament it calle,
 In whiche the sterres stonden all.
 Amonge the whiche inspeciall
 Planetes seuen principale

There ben, that mans sight demeth
 By thozizont as to vs semeth.
 And also there ben signes twelue,
 Whiche haue her cercles by hem selue
 Compassed in the Zodiake :
 In whiche they haue her places take.
 And as they stonden in degree,
 Her cercles more or lesse bee
 Made after the proporcion
 Of the erthe, whose condicion
 Is set, to be fundament
 To susteine vp the firmament.

And by this skille a man maie knowe,
 The more that they stonde lowe,
 The more ben the cercles lasse,
 That causeth why that some passe
 Her due cours tofore an other.
 But nowe my lieue dere brother,
 As thou desyrest for to witte
 What I fynde in the bokes writte
 To telle of the planetes seuen,
 Howe that they stonde vpon the heuen:
 And in what point that they ben in,
 Take hede: for I woll begyn:
 So as the philosopher taught,
 To Alisander and it betought,
 Wherof that he was fully taught
 Of wisdom, which was him betought.

*Nota hic de prima planeta, que aliis inferior Iana
 dicitur.*

BENETHE all other stont the Moone,
 The whiche hath with the sea to doone
 Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe.
 Upon his chaunge it shall be knowe.
 And euery fishe, whiche hath a shelle,
 Mote in his gouernance dwelle
 To waxe and wane in his degree,
 As by the Moone a mau maie see:

And all that stont vpon the grounde,
Of his mo-rture it mote be founde.
All other sterres, as men fynde,
Ben shinende of her owne kynde:
Out take uney the moone light,
Whiche is not of him selfe bright,
But as he takth it of the wonne.
And yet he hath nought all ful wonne
His light, that he nis somdell derke:
But what the lette is of that werke,
In Almagest it telleth this.
The moones cercele so lowe is.
Wherof the sonne out of his stage
Ne seeth him not with full visage.
For he is with the grounde beshaded,
So that the moone is somdele faded,
And maie not fully shine clere.
But what man vnder his powere
Is bore, he shall his place chaunge,
And seche many londes straunge.
And as of this condicion
The moones disposition
Upon the londe of Alemayne
Is set, and eke vpon Britayne,
Whiche nowe is cleped Englonde.
For thei trauayle in euery londe.

De secunda planeta, que Mercurius dicitur.

Of the planetes the seconde
Above the moone hath take his bonde
Mercurie: and his nature is this,
That vnder him who that borne is,
In boke he shall be studious,
And in writinge curious,
And shoue and lustles to trauayle
In thinge, whiche els might auayle:
He loueth esse, he loueth rest,
So is he not the worthiest.
But yet with somdele be-nesse
His hert is set vpon richesse.
And as in this condicion
Theffecte and dispusicion
Of this planet, and of his chance
Is moste in Borgoyne, and in France.

De tercia planeta, que Venus dicitur.

NEXT Mercurie as wolle be-falle
Stont that planet, whiche men call
Venus: whose constellacion
Gouerneth all the nacion
Of louers, where thei spede or none.
Of whiche I trowe thou be one.
But whetherward thin happes wende
Shall this planet shewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo.
To some well, to some wo.
And netheles of this planet
The moste partie is softe and swete.
For who that therof takth his birth,
He shall desyre ioy and mirthe,
Gentill curtoys and debonaire
To speke his wordes softe and faire,
Suche shall he be by wey of kynde.
And ouer all where he maie fynde
Pleasance of loue, his herte boweth.
With all his might and there he woweth.
He is so ferforth amorous,
He not what thyng is vicious

Tochend loue, for that lawe
There maie no maner man withdrawe,
The whiche Venerien is bore
By wey of kinde, and therfore
Venus of louc the goddesse
Is cleped but of wantonnesse
The climate of hir lecherie
Is most comuue in Lumbardie.

Nota de sole, qui medio planetarum residens,
Astrorum principatum obtinet.

NEXT vnto this planete of loue
The bright sonne stont aboue,
Whiche is the hinderer of the night,
And fortherer of the daies light:
As he whiche is the worldes eie,
Through whome the lustie companie
Of foules by the morowe singe:
The freshe floures sprede and springe,
The highe tree the grounde beshaddeth,
And euery mans hert gladdeth.
And for it is the heade planete,
Howe that he sitteth in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what nobleie,
These bokes telle: and thus thei seie.

Nota de curru solis, neonon de vario eiusdem ap-
paratu.

Of golde glistrende spoke and whele
The sunne his carte hath faire and wele,
In whiche he sitte, and is croned
With bright stones emroned:
Of whiche if that I speke shall,
There be tofore inspeciall
Set in the front of his corone
Thre stones whiche no persone
Hath vpon erth, and the first is
By name cleped Leucachatis.
That other two cleped thus
Astroites and Ceraunus
In his corone, and also behynde,
By olde bokes as I fynde,
There ben of worthie stones thre
Set eche of hem in his degree,
Wherof a Christall is that one,
Whiche that corone is set vpon.
The seronde is an Adamant:
The thirde is noble and euenant,
Whiche cleped is Idriades.
And ouer this yet netheles
Upon the sides of the werke,
After the writinge of the clerke,
There sitten fise stones mo.
The Smaragdine is one of tho,
Iaspis, and Elitropius,
And Vendarides, and Iacinctus.
Lo thus the corone is beset,
Wherof it shineth well the bet.
And in suche wise his light to sprede,
Sit with his Diademe on head,
The sonne shinende in his carte:
And for to lede hym swithe and smarte,
After the bright daies lawe,
There ben ordeined for to drawe,
Four hors his chare, and him withall,
Wherof the names tell I shall.
Eritheus the first is bote,
The whiche is redde and shineth hote:

The seconde Acteos the bright:
Lampes the thirde courser bight:
And Philogens is the fcrth,
That bringen light vnto this erth,
And gone so swifte vpon the heuen,
In foure and twenty houres euen
The tarte with the bright sonne
Thei drawe, so that ouer ronne
Thei haue vnder the cercles hie
All midde erthe in suche an hie.

And thus the sonne is ouer all
The chiefe planete imperiall,
Above hym and beneath hym thre,
And thus betwene hem renneth he,
As he that hath the middel place
Amonge the seuen: and of his face
Ben glad all erthely creatures,
And taken after the natures
Her ease and recreation
And in his constelacion
Who that is bore in speciall,
Of good wille and of liberall
He shall be founde in all place,
And also stande in morchel grace
Toward the lordes for to serue,
And great profite and thonke deserue.

And ouer that it causeth yit
A man to be subtil of wit,
To worch in golde, and to be wise
In euery thyng, whiche is of prise.
But for to speken in what coste
Of all this erth he regueth moste,
As for wisdom it is in Grece,
Where is appropred thilke spece.

Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

MARS the planete bataillous
Next to the sonne glorious
Above stant, and doth meruailles
Upon the fortune of batailes.

The Conquerours by daies olde
Were vnto this planete hoide.
But who that his natiuitee
Hath take vpon the propirtee
Of Martis disposicion,
By wey of constelacion,
He shall be fers and full hastife,
And desirous of werre and strife.

But for to tellen redily
In what climate most commonly
That this planete hath his effecte,
Saide is, that he hath his aspecte
Upon the holy londe so caste,
That there is no pees stedfaste.

Nota de sexta planeta, que Iupiter dicitur.

ANONE Mars vpon the heuen
The sixte planete of the seuen
Stant Iupiter the delicate,
Whiche causeth pees, and no debate.
For he is cleped the planete
Whiche of his kynde softe and swete
Attempred all that to hym longeth,
And whom this planete vnderfongeth,
To stonde vpon his regiment,
He shall be meke and patient,
And fortunate to marchandie,
And lustie to delicacie

In euery thyng, whiche he shall do.
This Iupiter is cause also
Of the sciencie of light weikes,
And in this wise tellen clerkes,
He is the planete of delices,
But in Aegypte of his offices
He regueth moste in speciall.
For there ben lustes ouer all,
Of all that to this life befallth.
For there no stormie weder falleth,
Whiche might greue man or best:
And eke the londe is so honest,
That it is plentuous and plaine,
There is no idell grounde in vaine.
And vpon suche felicitie
Stant Iupiter in his degree.

De septima planeta, que reliquis celsior Saturnus
dictus est.

THE hiest and abouen all
Stant that planet, which men call
Saturnus, whose complexion
Is colde, and his condicion
Causeth malice and crueltie
To hym, whose natiuitee
Is set vnder his gouernance.
For all his werkes ben greuance,
And ennemie to mans hele,
In what degre that he shall dele.
His climate is in Orient,
Where that he is most violent.

Of the planetes by and by,
Howe that thei stonde vpon the skie,
Fro point to point as thou might here,
Was Alexander made to lere.

But ouer this touchende his lore
Of thyng, that thei hym taughten more
Upon the scholes of clergie,
Nowe herken the philosophie.

Postquam dictum est de septem planetis, quibus
singule septimane dies singulariter attribuan-
tur, diceudum est iam de duodecim signis, per
que. xii. menses anni variis temporibus effectus
varios assequuntur.

HE whiche departeth daie fro night,
That one derke, and that other bright,
Of seuen daies made a weke,
A monthe of foure wekes eke
He hath ordeined in his lawe.
Of monthes twelue, and eke forthdrawe
He hath also the longe yere.
And as he sette of his powere
Accordant to the daies seuen,
Planetes seuen vpon the heuen,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise:
To speke right in suche a wise
To euery monthe by hym selue,
Upon the heuen of signes twelue
He hath after his ordinnall
Assigned one in speciall,
Wherof so as I shall rehersen,
The tides of the yere diuersen.
But plainly for to make it knowe
Howe that the signes sit a rowe,
Eche after other by d-gree,
In substance and in properte,

The Zodiake comprehendeth
Within his cercle, and it appendeth.

Nota hic de primo signo, quod Aries dicitur, cui
mensis specialiter Marci appropriatus est.

Quo deus in primo produxit adese creata.

AND as it seith in Almageste
Of sterres twelue vpon this beste
Ben sette, wherof iu his degree
The wombe hath two, the head hath three,
The taile hath seuen, and in this wise,
As thou might here me deuise,
Stant Aries, whiche hote and drie
Is of hym selfe, and in partie
He is the recepte and the hous
Of mighty Mars the bataillous.
And ouermore eke as I finde,
The creature of all kinde
Upon this signe firste began
The worlde, whan that he made man,
And of this constellation
The very operacion

Avaieth, if a man therein
The purpose of his werke begin.
For than he hath of propertee
Good spede and great felicittee.

The twelue monethes of the yere
Attitld vnder the powere
Of these twelue siges stonde,
Wherof that thou shalt vnderstoude,
This Aries out of the twelue
Hath Marche attitld for hym selfe,
Whan euery bird shall chese his make,
And euery adder, and euery snake,
And euery reptile, whiche maie moue,
His might assaieth for to proue
To crepen out aycine the sonne,
Whan Vere his seasou hath begonne.

Secundum signum dicitur Taurus, cuius mensis
est Aprilis.

Quo prius occultas inuenit herba vias.

TAURUS the seconde after this
Of signes, whiche figured is
Unto a boolle drie and colde,
And as it is in bokes tolde,
He is the hows appertinant
To Venus somdele discordant.
This boolle is eke with sterres set,
Through whiche he hath his hornes knet
Unto the taile of Aries:
So is he not there sterreles.
Upon his brest eke eightene
He hath, and eke as it is sene,
Upon his taile stand other two,
His month assigned eke also
Is Aueril, whiche of showres
Ministreth wey vnto the floures.

Tertium signum dicitur Gemini, cuius mensis
Maius est.

Quo volucrum cantus gaudet de floribus ortis.

THE thirde signe is Gemlni,
Whiche is figured redily

Liche to two twinnes of man kinde,
That naked stonde: And as I finde,
Thei ben with sterres wel bego,
The head hath parte of thilke two,
That shine vpon the boolles taylor,
So ben thei both of o paralye,
But of the wombe of Gemini
Ben siue sterres not for thy:
And eke vpon the feete ben twey,
So as these olde bokes sey
That wise Ptholomeus wrote.
His propre monthe well I wote
Assigned is the lustie Maie,
Whan euery brydde vpon his laie
Emong the grene leues singeth,
And loue of his pointure stingeth,
After the lawes of nature,
The yongthe of euery creature.

Quartum signum Cancer dicitur, cuius mensis
Iunius est.

Quo falcat pratis pabula tonsor equis.

CANCER after the rule and space
Of signes halt the fourth place.
Like to the crabbe he hath semblance,
And hath vnto his retioance
Xvi. sterres, wherof ten,
So as these olde wise men
Discrue, he bereth on him tofore,
And in the middell two before,
And .iiii. he hath vpon his eude:
Thus goeth he sterred in his kende.
And of him selfe is moyste and colde,
And he is the propre hous and holde,
Whiche apperteineth to the Moone,
And doeth what longeth hym to doone.
The month of Iune vnto this signe
Thou shalte after the rule assigne.

Quintum signum Leo dicitur, cuius mensis Iulius
est.

Quo magis ad terras expandit Lucifer ignis.

THE fifta signe is Leo hote,
Whose kynde is sharpe drie and hote,
In whome the sonne hath herbergage,
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a lion, whiche in baillie
Of sterres hath his purpartie
The foure, whiche as Cancer hath
Upon his ende Leo tath.
Upon his head, and than neste
He hath eke foure vpon his breste.
And one vpon his taile behynde
In olde bokes as I fynde.
His propre month is Iule by name:
In whiche men plaien many a game.

Sextum signum Virgo dicitur, cuius mensis Au-
gustus est.

Quo vacuata prius pubes replet horrea messis.

AFTER Leo, Virgo the nexte
Of signes cleped is the sexte:
Wherof the figure is a mayde,
And as the philosopher sayde,

She is the welth and the risynge,
The lust, the ioy, and the likynge
Unto Mercurie: and sothe to saie
She is with sterres well besaie,
Wherof Leo hath lent hir one,
Whiche set on hie hir head vpon:
Hir wombe hath. v. hir fete also
Haue other fue: and euer mo
Touchende as of complexion,
By kyadly disposicion,
Of drie and colde this maiden is.
And for to tellen ouer this,
Hir month thou shalt vnderstonde,
Whan euery felde hath corne in honde,
And many a man his backe hath plied
Unto this signe is August applied.

Septimum signum Libra dicitur, cuius mensis September est.

Vinea quo Bacchum pressa liquore colit.

AFTER Virgo to reken in euen
Libra sit in the nombre of seuen,
Whiche hath figure and resemblance
Unto a man, whiche a balance
Beareth in his honde, as for to weye.
In boke and as it maie be leie,
Diners sterres to hym longeth,
Wherof on head he vnd rfongeth
First thre, and eke his wombe hath two,
And downe benethe. viii. other mo.
This signe is hote and moyst both,
The whiche thynges be not luth
Unto Venus, so that alofte
She resteth in his hous full ofte.
And eke Saturne often byed
Is in the signe and magnified.
His propre month is sayd Septembre,
Whiche y-ueth men cause to remembre,
If any sore be lefte behynde
Of thyng, whiche greue maie to kynde.

Octauum signum Scorpio dicitur, cuius mensis Octobris est.

Floribus exclusis hyems qui ianitor extat.

AMONGE the signes vpon the height
The signe, whiche is nombred eight,
Is Scorpio, whiche as season
Figured is a Scorpion.
But for all that yet nethelesse
Is Scorpio not sterlesse.
For Libra graunteth him his ende,
Of. viii. sterres, where he wende,
The whiche vpon his head assied
He beareth. and eke there ben deuised
Upon his wombe sterres thie,
An. l. viii. vpon his taile hath he,
Whiche of his kynde is moyst and colde,
And vnbehouely many folde.
He harmeth Venus and empeyreth,
Aut Mais vnto his hous repireth.
But ware whan thei togeder dwellen.
His propre monthe is, as men tellen,
Octobre, whiche bringeth the kalende
Of winter, that cometh next sewende.

Nonum signum Sagittarius dicitur, cuius mensis Nouembris est.

Quo mustum bibulo linquit sua nomina vno.

THE. ix. signe in Nouembre also,
Whiche foloweth after Scorpio,
Is cleped Sagittarius.

The whose figure is marked thus.
A monstre with a bowe on honde,
On whom that sondry sterres stonde,
Thilke. viii. of whiche I spake tofore,
The whiche vpon the tale ben lore
Of Scorpio the hede all fayre
Be sprede of the sagittaire,
And. viii. of other stonden euen
Upon his wombe, and other seuen
There stonden vpon his taile behinde:
And he is hote and drie of kinde.
To Iupiter his house is free,
But to Mercurie in his degre
(For thei be not of one assent)
He worcheth great empeirement.

This signe hath of his propertee
A month, whiche of dewtee,
After the seson that befalleth,
The plough oxe in winter stalleth,
And fyre into the halle he bringeth,
And thilke drinke, of whiche men singeth,
He turneth must in to the wine:
Than is the larder of the swine,
That is nouembre, whiche I mene,
Whan that the leaf hath lost his grene.

Decimum signum Capricornus dicitur, cuius mensis Decembris est.

Ipsa diem nauo noctemque giganti figurat.

THE tenthe signe drie and colde,
The whiche is Capricornus tolde,
Unto a gote hath resemblance:
For whose loue, and whose aqueintance
Within his hous to soiourne,
It liketh well vnto Saturne.
But to the Moone it liketh nought.
For no profit is there wrought.
This signe, as of his propertee,
Upon his head hath sterres thre,
And eke vpon his wombe two,
And twey vpon his taile also.
Decembre after the yerres formes,
So as the bokes vs enformes,
With daies shorte and nyghtes longe,
This ilke signe hath vaderfonge.

Undecimum signum Aquarius dicitur, cuius mensis Ianuarius est.

Quo Ianus vultum duplum conuertit in annum.

OF tho that sitten vpon the heuen
Of signes in the nombre enleuen,
Aquarius hath take his place,
And stant well in Saturnus grace:
Whiche do ellet in his herbergage.
But to the some he duth outrage.
This signe is veraily resembled
Liche to a man, whiche halte assembled
In either honde a water spout,
Wherof the stremes rannen out.
He is of kynde moyst and hote,
And he that of the sterres wote,

Saith, that he hath of sterres two
 Upon his head, and bene of tho,
 That Capricorne hath on his ende,
 And as the bokes maken mynde,
 That Ptholomeus made hym selue,
 He hath eke on his wombe twelue:
 And two vpon his ende stonde.
 Thou shalt also this vnderstonde,
 The frosty colde Ianuere,
 Whan comen is the newe yere,
 That Ianus with double face.
 In his chaire hath take his place,
 And loketh vpon bothe sides,
 Some dele towards the winter tides,
 Some dela towards the yere suende:
 That is the monthe belongende
 Unto this signe, and of his dole
 He yeueth the fyrste primrole.

Duodecimum signum Piscis dicitur, cuius mensis
 Februarius est.

Quo pluuie torrens riparum concitat amnes.

THE. xii. whiche is last of all
 Of signes, Piscis men it call,
 The whiche, as telleth the scripture,
 Beareth of two fishes the figure.
 So is he colde and moiste of kynde.
 And eke with sterres as I fynde
 Be set in sondry wise, as thus:
 Two of his ende Aquarius
 Hath lent, vnto his head, and two
 This signe hath of his owne also
 Upon his wombe: and ouer this
 Upon his eude also there is
 A nombre of twenty sterres bright,
 Whiche is to sene a wonder sight.
 Towards his signe in to his hous
 Comth Iupiter the glorious,
 And Venus eke with him accordeth
 To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
 The monthe vnto this signe ordeigned
 Is Februar, whiche is bereigned
 And with londfloodes in his rage
 At fordes letteth the passage.

Nowe hast thou herde the propretee
 Of signes, but in his degree
 Albumazare yet ouer this
 Saith, so as the erthe parted is
 In foure: right so ben deuised
 The signes twelue, and stonde assised,
 That eche of hem in his partie
 Hath his climate to iustifie:
 Wherof the fyrst regiment
 Towards the parte of Orient,
 From Antioche, and that cuntrye
 Governed is of signes thre:
 That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
 And towards thoccident also,
 From Armenie, as I am lerned,
 Of Capricorne it stant governed,
 Of Piscis, and Aquarius.
 And after hem I fynde thus,
 Southwarde fro Alisander forthe
 Tho signes, whiche most ben worth
 In gouernance of that Douaire
 Libra thei ben, and Sagittaire,
 With Scorpio, whiche is conioynt
 With hem to stonde vpon that poynt

Of Constantinople the citee
 (So as these bokes telleu mee)
 The last of this diuision
 Stant vatowarde Septemtrion,
 Where as by wey of uruiaucoe
 Aries hath the gouernance,
 Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
 Thus ben the signes proprely
 Deuided, as it is rehersed,
 Wherof the londes ben diuersed.

Lo thus my son, as thou might here,
 Was Alisander made to lere
 Of hem, that weren for his lore.
 But nowe to loken ouermore
 Of other sterres how thei fare,
 I thynke hereafter to declare,
 So as kyng Alisander in youth,
 Of hyn that suche signes couth,
 Enformed was tofore his eie
 By night vpon the sterres sie.

Hic tractat super doctrina Nectanabi dum ipse
 iuuenem Alexandrum instruit de illis precipue
 quindecim stellis, vna cum earum lapidibus et
 herbis, que ad artis Magice naturalis opera-
 tionem specialius conueniunt.

UPON sondry creacion
 Stant sondry operacion,
 Some worcheth this, some worcheth that,
 The fire is hote in his estate,
 And brenneth what he maie atteyne,
 The water maie the fyre restraine,
 The whiche is colde and moyst also,
 Of other thyng it fareth right so
 Upon the erthe amonge vs here.
 And for to speake in this manere,
 Upon the heuen as men maie fynde,
 The sterres ben of sondrie kynde,
 And worchen many sondrie thynges.
 To vs, that ben her vnderlynges.
 Amonge the whiche forth withall
 Nectauabis in speciall,
 Whiche was an Astronomien,
 Aud eke a great magicien,
 And vndertake hath thilke emprise,
 To Alisander in his apprise,
 As of magike naturele
 To knowe enformeth hym somdele
 Of certaine sterres what thei mene,
 Of whiche he seyth there ben fiftene.
 And sondrily to euerichone
 A gras belongeth and a stone:
 Wherof men worchen many a wonder
 To set thyge both vp and vnder.

Prima stella vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis Car-
 bunculus, et herba anabulia est.

To tell right as he began,
 The first sterre Aldeboran,
 The clerrest and the moste of all
 By right name men it call,
 Whiche liehe is of condicion
 To Mars, and of complexion
 To Venus, and hath thurpon
 Carbunculum his propre stone.
 His herbe is Annabulia named,
 Whiche is of great vertue proclaimed.

Secunda stella vocatur Clota, seu Pliades, cuius lapis Crystallium, et herba feniculus est.

THE seconde is not vertules,
Clota, or els Pliades
It hate, and of the moonnes kynde
He is: and also this I fynde,
He taketh of Mars complexion
And liche to suche condicion,
His stone appropred is Crystall.
And eke his herbe inspeciall
The vertuous Fenell it is.

Tercia stella vocatur Algor, cuius lapis Diamans, et herba helerorum nigrum est.

THE thirde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algos the clerc rede,
Whiche of Saturne, as I maie rede,
His kynde taketh, and eke of Ioue
Complexion to his behoue.
His propre stone is diamant.
Whiche is to hym moste acordant.
His herbe, whiche is to hym betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

Quarta stella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis Saphirus, et herba Marrubium est.

So as it falleth vpon lotte
The fourth sterre is Alhaiotte,
Whiche in the wise as I saide er,
Of Saturne and of Iupiter
Hath take his kinde, and there vpon
The saphir is his propre stone,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The whiche accorden both two.

Quinta stella vocatur Canis maior, cuius lapis Berillus: et herba sauina est.

AND Canis maior in his like
The fiftre sterre is of mngike,
The whose kynde is venerien,
As saith this astronomien.
His propre stone is saide Berille:
But for to worche and to fulfillle
Thynge, whiche to this science falleth,
There is an herbe, whiche men calleth
Sauayne, and that behoueth nede
To hym, that woll his purpose spede

Sexta stella vocatur canis minor, cuius lapis Achatiss, et herba primula est.

THE sixte sewende after this
By name Canis minor is:
The whiche sterre is Mercuriall
By wey of kynde, and furth withall
As it is written in the carte,
Complexion he taketh of Marte:
His stone and herbe (as seith the schole)
Beu Achates and Primerole.

Septima stella vocatur Arial, cuius lapis gargonza, et herba cclidonia est.

THE scuenth sterre in speciall
Of this science is Arial,

Whiche sondrie nature vnderfongeth.
The stone, which propre vnto him longeth
Gorgonza proprely it hight,
His herbe also, whiche he shall right
Upon the worchyng as I mene,
Is Caidouc fresshe and grene.

Octava stella vocatur Ala corui, cuius lapis honochinus, et herba lappacia est.

STERRE Ala corui vpon height
Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
Whiche of his kinde mote performe
The will of Marte, and of Saturne:
To whom Lappacia the gret
Is herbe, but of no beyete.
His stone is Honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote.

Nona stella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis Smaragdus, et herba salgea est.

THE nynthe sterre faire and wele
By name is hote Alaezele,
Whiche taketh his propre kinde thus,
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His stone is the grene Emeraude,
To whom is geuen many a laude.
Saulge is his herbe appertenant
Abouen all the remenant.

Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis laspis, et herba plantago est.

THE tenth sterre is Almareth,
Whiche vpon life and vpon detb,
Through kinde of Iupiter and Marte,
He doth what longeth to his parte.
His stone is laspe, and of plantaine
He hath his herbe soueraine.

Undecima stella vocatur venenas, cuius lapis Adamas, et herba Cicoria est.

THE sterre enleuenth is Venenas,
The whose nature is, as it was
Take of Venus, and of the Moone
In thynge, whiche he hath for to doone
Of Adamant is that perrie,
In whiche he worceth his maistrice.
Thilke herbe also, which hym befalleth,
Cicorea the boke hym calleth.

Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheta, cuius lapis Topasion, et herba Rosmarium.

ALPHETA in the nombre set,
And is the twelste sterre yet.
Of Scorpio whiche is gouerned,
Aud takth his kinde, as I am lerned,
Aud bath his vertue in the stone,
Whiche elped is Topasion.
His herbe propre is rosemarine,
Whiche shapen is for his couine.

Tertia decima stella vocatur Cor Scorpionis, cuius lapis Serdis, et herba Astrologia est.

OF these sterres, which I mene,
Cor Scorpionis is threttene,

The whos nature Mart and Ioue
 Haue youen vnto his behoue.
 His herbe is Astrologie,
 Which foloweth his astronomie.
 The stone which that this sterre allowth,
 Is Sardis, whiche vnto hym bowth.

Quarta decima stella vocatur botercadent, cuius
 lapis Crisolitus, et herba saturea est.

THE sterre, whiche stand next the last,
 Nature of him this name cast,
 And clepen him Botercadent,
 Whiche of his kind obedient
 Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
 His stone is called Crisolitus,
 His herbe is cleped Satureie,
 So as these olde bokes seie.

Quinta decima stella vocatur Cauda scorpionis,
 cuius lapis Calcidonis, et herba maiorana est.

BUT nowe the laste sterre of all
 The taile of Scorpio men call,
 Whiche to Mercurie and to Saturne
 By wey of kynde mote returue
 After the preparacion
 Of due constellacion.
 The Calcidone vnto hym longeth,
 Whiche for his stone he vnderfongeth,
 Of Maioran his herbe is grounded.
 Thus haue I said, how thei ben founded
 Of every sterre in speciall,
 Whiche hath his berbe and stone withall,
 As Hermes in his bokes olde
 Witnessse bereth, of that I tolde.

Nota hic de auctoribus illis, qui ad Astronomic
 scientiam pre ceteris studiosius intendentes,
 libros super hoc distiuctis nominibus composue-
 runt.

THE science of Astronomic,
 Whiche principall is of clerגיע
 To deme betwene wo and wele
 In thynges that bene naturele,
 Thei had a great trauaile on honde,
 That made it firste ben vnderstoude,
 And thei also, whiche ouermore
 Her studie set vpon this lore:
 Thei wesen gracious and wise,
 And worthy for to bere a prise.
 And whom it liketh for to witte
 Of hem that this science writte.

One of the first, whiche it wrote
 After Noe, it was Nembrote,
 To his disciple Ichoniton,
 And made a boke furth ther vpon,
 The whiche Megastre cleped was.

An other auctor in this cas
 Is Arachel, the whiche men note,
 His boke is Abbateneh hote,

Dane Ptolome is not the lest,
 Whiche maketh the boke of Almagest.
 And Alfraganus doth the same,
 Whose boke is Cathenus by name.
 Gebus and Alpetragus eke,
 Of palmestry, whiche men seke,
 The bokes made. And ouer this,
 Full many a worthy clerke there is,
 That written vpon this clerגיע,
 The bokes of Altemetrie,

Planemetrie, and eke also,
 Whiche as belongeth bothe two,
 So as thei bene naturiens,
 Unto these astronomiens,
 Men seeue that Abrahau was one.
 But whether that he wrote or noue,
 That finde I not, and Moyes
 Eke was an other: but Hermes
 Aboue all other in this science
 He had a great experience.
 Through hym was many a sterre assised,
 Whose bokes yet ben auctorised,
 I maie not knowen all tho,
 That written in the tyme tho
 Of this science, but I fiude
 Of iudgement by waie of kinde,
 That in oue point thei all accordeu
 Of sterres, whiche thei recorden,
 That men maie see vpon the heuen.

There ben a thousande sterres euen,
 And two and twenty to the sight,
 Whiche ben of hem selfe so bright,
 That men maie deme what thei bee
 The nature and the propertee.

Nowe hast thou heard in suche a wise
 These noble philosophers wise
 Enformeden this yonge kyng,
 And made hym haue a knowlechyng
 Of thyng, whiche first to the partie
 Belongeth of philosophie,
 Whiche Theorike cleped is,
 As thou tofore hast herle er this.
 But nowe to speke of the seconde,
 Whiche Aristotle hath also founde,
 And techeth howe to speke faire,
 Whiche is a thyng full necessaie
 To counterpaie the balance,
 Where lacketh other suffisance.

Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere.
 Principio poterunt veraque sine placere.
 Herba, lapis, sermo tria sunt virtute repleta:
 Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

Hic tractat de secunda parte philosophie, cuius
 nomen Rhetorica facundus efficit. Loquitur
 etiam de eiusdem duabus speciebus, scilicet
 Grammatica et Logica, quarum doctrina Rhetor
 sua verba perornat.

ABOUE al erthly creatures
 The high maker of natures
 The worde to man hath youe alone,
 So that the speche of his persone,
 Or for to lese, or for to winne,
 The hertes thought, whiche is withinne,
 May shewe, what it wolde meue,
 And that is no where els sene
 Of kynde with none other best,
 So shulde he be the more honest,
 To whom god yafe so worthy a yifte,
 And loke well that he ne shifte
 His wordes to none wicked vs,
 For worde, the teacher of vertuse
 Is cleped in philosophie.
 Wherof touchende this partie
 Is Rhetoric the science
 Appropred to the iocurrence
 Of wordes that ben reasonable,
 And for this arte shall be vailable,
 With goodly wordes for to like:
 It hath Grammer, it hath Logike,

That seruen both vnto the speche.

Grammer, first hath for to teche
To speake vpon congruitee.

Logike hath eke in his degree
Betwene the trouth and the falshe
The pleyne wordes for to shede :
So that nothyng shall go beside,
That he the right he shall decide :
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good astate,
And peace sustained vpon alofte
With easy wordes and with softe,
Where strengthe shulde let it falle.

The philosophre amonges alle
For thy commendeth this science,
Whiche hath the reule of eloquence,
In stone and gras vertue there is:
But yet the bokes tellen this,
That worde aboue all erthly thynges
Is vertuous in his dooynges,
Where so it be to yuell or good.

For if the wordes semen good,
And bene well spoke at mans eare.
Whau that there is no trouth there,
Thei doone full ofte full great deceite.
For whan the worde to the conceite
Discordeth in so double a wise,
Suche Rhetoric is to dispise
In euery place, and for to drede,

For of Vlysses thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troie is funde,
His eloquence, and his facunde
Of goodly wordes, whiche he tolde,
Hath made, that Authenor him solde
The towne, whiche he with treason wan.
Worde hath begyled many a man.

With worde the wilde beast is daunted,
With worde the serpent is enchanted.
Of wordes amonge the men of armes
Ben woundes heled with the charmes.
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath vnder his discipline
Of sorcerie the carectes.

The wordes ben of sondrie sectes
Of euill, and eke of good also.
The wordes maken of frende fo,
And fo of frende, and peace of werre,
And werre of peace, and out of herre
The worde the worldes cause entriketh,
And reconcileth who on hym liketh.

The worde vnder the cope of heuen
Set euery thyng or odde or euen.
With worde the hight god is pleased.
With worde the wordes ben appeased.
The softe worde the loude styleth,
Where lacketh good the worde fulfilleth
To make amendes fur the wronge.

Whau wordes medien with the songe,
It doth plesance well the more.
But for to loke vpon this lore,
Howe Tullius his Rhetorike
Compouneth, there a man maie pike,
How that he shall his wordes set.
How he shall lose, how he shall knet,
And in what wise he shall pronouce
His tale pleyne without frounce,
Wherof ensample if thou wilt seche,
Take hede and rede whilome the speche.

Nota de eloquentia Iulii in causa Catiline contra

Syllanum et alios tunc verbis Romane continen-
tes.

Of Iulius, aud Cicero,
Whiche consull was of Rome tho :
Of Cato eke, and Silene
Beholde the wordes hem betwene.

Whan the treason of Catiline
Discouered was and the couine
Of hem, that were of his assent
Was knowe and spoke in parliament,
And asked howe, and in what wise
Meu shulde doone hym to luywe,
Syllanus first his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The common profite for to saue :
He saide how treason shulde haue
A cruell dethe. And thus thei speake,
The Consull both and Cato eke,
And saiden, that for suche a wronge
There maie no peyre be to stronge.
But Iulius with wordes wise
His tale tolde all other wise,
As he whiche wolde his deth respite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The iudges through his eloquence,
Fro dethe to torne the senteuca
And set her hertes to pitee.

Nowe tolden thei, nowe tolde he,
Thei spoken pleyne after the lawe,
But he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other weie
Spekende. and thus betwene the twey
To treate vpon this iudgement
Made eche of hem his argument :
Wherof the tales for to here,
There maie a man the schole lere
Of Rhetoric the eloquence,
Whiche is the seconde of science,
Touchende to philosophie :
Wherof a man shall iustifie
His wordes in disputeson,
And knitte vpon conclusion
His argument in suche a forme,
Whiche maie the pleyne trouth enforme,
And the subtille cautele abate,
Whiche euery trewe man shall debate.

Practica quæcumque statum pars tertia philoso-
phie,

Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe via,
Sed quanto maior rex est, tanto magis ipsum
Ex schola concernit, quo sua regaa regit.

Hic tractat de tertia parte philosophie, que practica vocatur: cuius species sunt tres, scilicet
Ethica, Economica, et Politica, quarum doctrina
regia magestas in suo regimine ad honoris
magnificentiam per singula dirigitur.

THE firste, whiche is Theorike,
And the seconde Rhetorike
Sciences of philosophie,
I haue hem tolde as in partie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
To Alisandre: and nowe I wolde
Tell of the thirde, what it is,
The whiche Practike cleped is.
Practike stont vpon the thynges
Towarde the gouernance of kynges :

Wherof the fyrste Etike is named,
The whose science stant proclaimed
To teche of vertue thilke rule,
Howe that a kynge bym selfe shall rule
Of his morall condicion,
With worthie disposicion.
Of good liuing in his persone,
Whiche is the chiefe of his corone.
It maketh a kynge also to lerne
Howe be his bodie shall gouerne.
Howe he shall wake, how he shall slepe,
How that he shall his helc kepe.
In meate, in drynke, in clothyng eke,
There is no wysedome for to seke,
As for the reule of his persone,
The whiche that this science all one
No techeth, as by wiae of kynde,
That there is nothyng lefte behynde.

That other thyng, whiche to Practike
Belongeth, is Economike,
Whiche techeth thilke honestee,
Through whiche a kynge in his degree
His wife and childe shall reule aud gie,
So forth with all the companie,
Whiche in his housholde shall abide,
And his estate on euery side
In suche manere for to lede,
That he his housholde ne mislede,

Practike hath yet the thirde apprise,
Whiche techeth howe and in what wise,
Through his purueid ordinance
A kynge shall set in gouernance
His realme: and that is Policie,
Whiche longeth vnto regalie,
In tyme of werre, in time of pees
To worship and to good encrees
Of clerke, of knight, and of marchant,
And so forth all the remenant
Of all the common people aboute,
Within borgh and eke without
Of hem that ben artificers,
Whiche vsen craftes and misters,
Whose arte is cleped Mechanike:
And though they be not all like,
Yet netheles how so it fall,
O lawe mote gouerne hem all,
Or that they lese, or that they winne
After the state that they ben inne.

Lo thus this worthy yonge kyuge
Was fully taught of euery thyng,
Whiche might yeue entendement
Of good rule, and good regiment
To suche a worthy prynce as he.
But of very necessitie
The philosopher hym bath betake
Fyue pointes, which he hath vndertake
To kepe and holde in obseruance,
As for the worthy gouernance,
Whiche longeth to his regalie
After the rule of policie.

Moribus ornatus regit hic, qui regna moderna
Certius expectat sceptra futura poli.
Et quia ueredita virtus supereminet omnes,
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

Hic secundum policiam tractare intendit precipue
super quinque regularum articulis, que ad principis
regimen obseruandum specialius existunt,
quarum prima veritas nuncupatur, per quam
uereditus sit sermo regis ad omnes.

To euery man belongeth lore.
But to no man belongeth more
Than to a kynge, whiche hath to lede
The people, for his kynched
He maie hem both saue and spille,
And for it stont vpon his wille,
It sit hym well to be aised,
And the vertues which are assised
Unto a kynges regiment,
To take in his entendement.
Wherof to tellen as they stonde,
Hereafterwarde now woll I fonde.
Amonge the vertues one is chiefe,
And that is Trough, whiche is liefie
To god, and eke to man also.
And for it hath ben euer so,
Taught Aristotle (as he well couth)
To Alisander howe in his youth
He shulde of Trough thilke grace
With all his holl herte embrace:
So that his worde be trewe and pleyne
Towarde the worlde: and so certeyne,
That in hym be no double speche.
For if men shoulde trouthe seche,
And finde it not within a kynge,
It were an vsittende thyng.
The worde is token of that within,
There shall a wouthie kynge begin
To kepe his tonge, and to be trewe,
So shall his price ben euer newe.
Ause hym euery man to fore,
Ind be well ware, er be be swore:
For afterwarde it is to late,
If that he wolde his worde debate.
For as a kynge in speciall
Above all other is principall
Of his power, so shulde he be
Moste vertuous in his degree.
And that nise well be signified.
By his corone and specified.

The golde betoketh excellence,
That men shulde doone hym reuerence,
As to her liege souerayne.

The stones, as the bokes sayne,
Commended bene in treble wise.
Firate they ben harde, and thilke assise
Betokeneth in a kynge constance,
So that there shall no variance
Be founde in his condicion.

And also by descripcion
The vertue, whiche is in the stones,
A very signe is for the nones
Of that a kynge shall be honest,
And bolde trewely bis behest
Of thyng, whiche longeth to kinghed.

The bright coloure, as I rede,
Whiche is in the stones shynynge,
Is in figure betokenynge.
The cronike of this worldes fame,
Whiche stante vpon his good name.

The circle, which is rounde aboute,
Is token of all the loude aboute,
Whiche stant vndur his hierarchie,
That he it shall well kepe and gie.
And for that trouthe howe so it falle
Is the vertue souerayne of alle,
That longeth vnto regiment,
A tale, whiche is euident,
Of trouthe in commendacion,
Towarde thyn eufornacion

My sonne hereafter thou shalt here
Of a cronike in this matere.

Hic narrat qualiter Darius, filius Itapsis, soldanus Persie, a tribus suis cubicularibus, quorum nomina Harpages, Monachas, et Zorobabel, dicta sunt nomina, questionis sigillatim interrogauit, vtrum rex aut mulier, aut viro maioris fortitudinis vim optineret. Ipsi vero varia opinione respondentibus, Zorobabel vitimus afferit, quod mulier sui amoris complacentia tam regis quam vini potenciam excellit. Addidit insuper finali conclusioni dicens, quod veritas super omnia vincit. Cuius responsio ceteris laudabilior acceptabatur.

As the cronike it doth reherce,
A soldan whilome was of Persce,
Whiche Dares hight, and Itapsis
His fader was: and sothe it is,
Of his lignage, as by discente,
The regne of thilke empire he hent.

And as he was him selfe wise,
The wise men he helde in prise:
And sought hem oute on eury side,
That towarde him they shulde abide.
Amonge the whiche thre there were,
That most seruice vnto him bere.
As they, whiche in his chamber lighen,
And all his counceile herde and sighen.
Her names ben of strange note,
Harpages was the first hote,
And Monachas was the secounde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde

In the cronike was the thirde,
This Soldan what so him betide,
To hem he trust most of all,
Wherof the case is so befall.
This lorde, whiche bath conceites depe,
Upon a night when he hath slepe,
As he whiche hath his wit disposed
Touchende a poynt hem hath opposed.

The kinges question was this,
Of thinges thre whiche strongest is
The wine, the woman, or the kyng,
And that thei shulde vpon this thinge
Of her answer auised bee,
He yeue hem fully dayes thre.
And hath bihote hem by his seyth,
That who the best reason seyth,
He shalle receiue a worthy mede.

Upon this thinge thei token hede,
And stoden in disputacion:
That by diuers opinion
Of argumentes, that thei haue holde,
Harpages fyrst his tale tolde,
And saide, howe that the strength of kinges
Is mightiest of all thinges.
For kinge hath power ouer man.
And man is he, whiche reason can,
As he whiche is of his nature
The most noble creature
Of all tho that god hath wrought,
And by that skille it semeth nougth
(He saith) that any ertly thinge
Maie be so mightie as a kyng.

A kyng maie spille, a kyng maie saue,
A kyng maie make a lorde a knaue,
And of a knaue a lorde also,
The power of a kyng stout so,

That he the lawes ouerpasseth.
What he will make lesse, he lasseth.
What he will make more, he moeth.
And as a gentill faucone soreth,
He fleeth, that no man hym reclaimeth.
But he alone all other tameth.
And stante hym selfe of lawe free.

Lo thus a kynges might, saith he,
(So as his reason can argue)
Is strongest, and of most value.

But Monachas saith other wise,
That wine is of the more imprise,
And that he sheweth by this waie.
The wyne full ofte taketh awaie
The reason fro the mans lierte.

The wine can make a creple sterce,
And a deliuer man vnwelde.
It maketh a blynde man to behelde,
And a bright eyed seme derke.
It maketh a leude man a clerke,
And fro the clerke the clergie
It taketh awaie, and cowardie
It tourneth in to hardinesse,
Of auaricie it maketh largesse.
The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In whiche the soule, whiche is good,
Hath chosen hir a restyng place,
While that the lyfe hir woll embrace.

And by this skille Monachas
Answerd hath vpon this cas,
And seith, that wine by wey of kinde
Is thinge, whiche maie the bertes binde
Wele more than the regalie.

Zorobabell for his partie
Seid, as him thought for the best,
That women ben the mightiest.

The kyng and the vinour also
Of women comen both two.
And eke he saide: howe that manhede,
Through strengthe vnto the womandede
Of loue, where he wyll or none,
Obeye shall, and therupon
To shew of women the maistrice,
A tale, whiche he sighe with eie,
As for ensample he tolde this.

Nota hic de vigore amoris, qui inter Cirum reem
Persarum et Apemen Besazis filiam ipsius regis
concupinam spectante tota curia expericabatur.

Howe Apemen of Besasis
Whiche daughter was, in the palcis
Sittende vpon his high dcis
When he was hostes in his ire
Towarde the great of his empyre,
Cirus the kinge tyran she toke,
And only with hir goodly loke
She made him debonaire and meke,
And by the chin, and by the cheke
She luggeth him right as hir list,
That now she iapeth, and now she kist,
And doth with him what euer hir liketh,
Whan that she loureth, than he siketh,
And whan she gladeth, he is glad,
And thus this kinge was overlad
With hir, which his lemman was.

Amonge the men is no solas,
If that there be no woman there.
For but if that the woman were,

This worldes ioye were away.

This is trouthe, that I you seye.

To knighthode, and to worldes fame,

Thei make a man to drede shame,

And honour for to be desired.

Through the beautee of hem is fired

The darte, the whiche Cupide throweth,

Wherof the iolife payne groweth,

Whiche all the worlde hath vnderfote.

A woman is the mans bote

His lyfe, his deth, his wo, his wele.

And this thyng maie be shewed wele,

Howe that women ben good and kynde,

For in ensample this I fynde.

Nota de fidelitate coniugis, qualiter Alcesta vxor
Admeti vt maritum suum viuificaret seipsam
morti spontanee subegit.

WHAN that the duke Admetus laie

Sicke in his bedde, that euery daie

Men waiten, whan he shulde dey,

Alcest his wife goth for to prey,

As she whiche wolde thonke deserue,

With sacrifice vnto Minerue,

To witte answere of the goddesse,

Howe that hir lorde of his sicknesse,

Wherof he was so wo beseyne,

Recouer might his hele ayene.

Lo thus she cride, and thus she praide,

Till at last a voyce hir saide,

That if she wolde for his sake

The maladie suffre and take,

And die hir selfe, he shulde liue.

Of this answere Alcest hath yeue

Unto Minerue great thonkyng,

So that hir deth, and his liuyng

She chese with all hir hole entent,

And thus accorded home she went.

In to the chambre whan she came,

Air housbande anone she name

In bothe hir armes, and hym kist,

And spake vnto hym, what hir list

And therupon within a throwe,

The good wife was ouerthrowe,

And died, and he was holle in hast.

So maie a man by reason taste,

Howe nexte after the god aboue

The trouthe of women and the loue,

Is mightiest vpon this grounde,

And most behouely manyfolde.

Lo thus Zorobabell hath tolde

The tale of his opinion:

But for small conclusion,

What strengest is of erthly thynges,

The wine, the women, or the kynges,

He saith, that trouthe aboue hem all

Is mightiest, howe euer it fall.

The trouthe howe so it euer come,

Maie for nothyng ben ouercome.

It maie well suffre for a throwe,

But at last it shall be knowe.

The prouerbe is, who that is trewe,

Hym shall his while neuer rewe.

For how so that the cause wende,

The trouthe is shames at ende,

But what thyng that is trouthles,

It maie not well be shames.

And shame hyndereth euery wight.

So proueth it, there is no might

Without trouthe in no degree

And thus for trouthe of his decree

Zorobabell was most commended.

Wherof the question was ended,

And he receiued hath his mede.

For trouthe, (whiche to mannes nedc)

Is most behoueliche ouer all.

For thy was trouthe in speciall

The fyyste poynt in obseruance

Betake vnto the gouernance

Of Alisandre, as it is sayde,

For therupon the grounde is layde

Of euery kynges regiment,

As thyng, whiche moste conuenient

Is for to set a kyng in euen,

Bothe in this worlde, and eke in heuen.

Absit auaricia, ne tangat regia corda,

Cuius enim spolis excoriatur humus.

Fama colit largum volutans per sæcula regem,

Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.

Hic tractat de regie maiestatis secunda policia :
quam Aristoteles largitatem vocat, cuius virtute
non solum propulsata auaricia, regis nomen
magnificum extollatur, sed et sui subdicionum
diuiciarum habuandancia incuiores efficiuntur.

NEXT after Trouth the seconde,

In policie, as it is founde,

Whiche serueth to the worldes fame,

In worship of a kynges name,

Largesse it is, whose priuilege

There maie no auarice abreg.

The worldes good was first commune

But afterwarde vpon fortune

Was thiike common profit cessed,

For whan the people stode enressed,

And the lignages woxen great,

Anone for singular boxet

Drough euery man to his partie,

Wherof come in the fyrste enuie,

With great debate and werres stronge,

And last amonge the men so longe,

Till no man wist, who was who,

Ne whiche was frende, ne whiche fo,

Till at laste in euery londe

Within hem selfe the people fonle,

That it was good to make a kyng,

Whiche might appesen all this thyng,

And yeue right to the lignages,

In partyng of her hercetes.

And eke of all her other good.

And thus aboue hem all stode

The kyng vpon his regalie,

As he whiche hath to iustifie

The worldes good fro couetise.

So sit it well in all wise,

A kyng betwene the more and lesse

To sette his herte vpon largesse

Towarde hym selfe, and eke also

Towarde his people: and if not so:

That is to sayne: if that he bee

Towarde hym selfe large and free,

And of his people take and pille:

Largesse by no wey of skylle

It maie be saide, but auarice,

Whiche in a kyng is a great vice.

Nota super hoc quod Aristotelis ad Alexandrum
exemplificauit de exactionibus regis Chaldeo-
rum.

A KYNGE behoueth eke to flee
The vice of prodigalitee,
That he measure in his expence
So kepe, that of indigence
He maie be saufe: for who that nedeth,
In all his werke the wers he spedeth.

As Aristotle vpon Caldee
Ensample of great auctoritee
Unto kynge Alisaunder taught
Of thilke folke, that were vnsaught
Towarde her kynge for his pillage.
Wherof he had in his courge,
That he vnto thre poyntes entende,
Where that he wolde his good dispende.

First shulde he loke howe that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yestes, whiche he wolde yeue,
So might he well the better liue.

And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Whiche ought for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben dispended.

He mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thynges all,
Se the decertes of his men,
And after that thei bene of ken,
And of astate, and of merite
He shall hem largelich acquite,
Or for the warre, or for the pease,
That none honour fall in discrece,
Whiche might torne in to diffame,
But that he kepe his good name,
So that he be not holde vnkynde.
For in cronike a tale I fynde,
Whiche speaketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterwarde as thou shalte here.

Hic secundum gesta Iulii exemplum ponit, qualiter
rex suorum militum, quos probos agnouerit,
indigentiam largitatis sue beneficiis releuare te-
netur.

IN Rome to pursue his right
There was a worthe poore knight,
Whiche came alone for to seyne
His cause, when the courte was pleyne,
Where Iulius was in presence;
And for him lacketh of dispeuse,
There was with hym none aduocate
To make plee for his astate.

But though hym lacke for to plede,
Hym lacketh nothings of manhede.
He wist well his purse was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte alayed
To the emperour, and thus he sayed.

O Iulius lorde of the lawe,
Beholde my counceyll is withdrawe
For lacke of golde, to thine office.
After the lawe of iustice,
Helpe, that I had counseyte here
Upon the trouthe of my matere.
And Iulius with that anone
Assigned him a worthy one.

But he him selfe no worde ne spake.

This knight was wroth, and foude a lake

In the Emperour: and saide thus.

O thou vnkynde Iulius,
When thou in thy batayle were
Up in Aufrike, and I was there,
My might for thy rescous I dyd,
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had:
But here I fynde the so bad,
That the ne list to speake o worde
Thyne owne mouthe, or of thyn horde
To yeue a foreyn me to helpe,
Howe shulde I than me be yelpe
Fro this day forth of thy largesse,
When suche a great vnkynnesse
Is founde in suche a lorde as thou?

This Iulius knewe well enowe,
That all was soth, whiche he hym tolde:
And for he wolde not ben holde
Vnkynde, he toke his cause on honde,
Aud as it were of goddes sonde
He yaued hym good enough to spende
For euer vnto his liues ende.

And thus shulde euery worthe kynge
Take of his knightes knowlegynge,
When that he sigh they hadden nede.
For euery seruice axeth mede.
But other, whiche haue not deserued
Through vertue, but of iapes serued,
A kynge shall not deserue grace,
Though he be large in suche a place.

Hic ponit exemplum de rege Antigono, qualiter
dona regia secundum maius et minus, equo dis-
cretione moderauda sunt.

It sitte well euery kynge to haue
Discrecion, when men hym craue,
So that he maie his gyfte wite,
Wherof I fynde a tale write,
Howe Cinichus a powre knight,
A somme, whiche was oner might
Praised of his kinge Antigonus.

The kinge answerd to him thus,
And saide, howe suche a yefte passeth
His poore estate: and than he lasseth,
And asketh but a litell peny,
If that the kynge wolde yeue hym ony.
The kinge answerd, it was to smalle
For him, which was a lorde rialle,
To yeue a man so litell thinge.
It were vnworship in a kyuge.

By this ensample a kynge maie lere,
That for to yeue is in manere.
For if a kinge his tresour lasseth
With out honour, and thankelesse passeth,
When he him selfe will so begile,
I not who shall compleine his while,
Ne who by right him shall releue.
But netheles this I helene,
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth euery man his houde
To set vpon necessitee.

And eke his kinges rialtee
Mote euery liege man comferte
With good and bodie to supporte,
When thei see cause resonable.
For who that is not entendable
To holde vp right his kinges name.
Him ought for to be to blame.

Nota hic secundum Aristotelem qualiter principum prodigalitas, paupertatem inducit communem.

OF policie and oner more
To speke in this mater more,
So as the philosopre tolde,
A kinge after the reule is holde
To modife, and to adresse
His yestes vpon suche largesse,
That he measure nought excede.

Sal. Sic aliis benefacito, vt tibi non nocias.

FOR if a kinge falle in to nede,
It causeth ofte sundry thinges
Whiche arc vngoodly to the kynges.
What man wille not bim selfe mesure,
Men seen full ofte, that measure
Him hath forsake: and so doth hee,
That vseth prodigalitee,
Whiche is the mot'er of pouerte,
Wherof the londes ben deserte,
And namely when thilke vice
A boue a kinge stant in office,
And hath with holde of his partie:
The couetous flaterie:
Whiche many a worthy kyng deceiuet,
Er he the fallace perceiuet
Of hem, that seruen to the glose.
For thei that conne please and glose,
Ben as men tellen, the norices
Unto the fostringe of the vices,
Wherof full ofte netheles
A kyng is blamed gyteles.

Qualiter in principum curiis adulatores trispliciter grauitate offendunt.

A PHILOSOPHER, as thou shalt here,
Spake to a kyng of this matere,
And seyde hym well how that flatours
Coulpable were of thre errors.
One was towards the goddess hie,
That weren wroth of that they sie
The mischief, whiche befall shulde
Of that the fals flatour tolde
Towards the kyng. An other was:
When thei by sleight and by fallas
Of feigned wordes, make hym wene,
That blacke is white, and blew is greue,
Touchende of his condicion.
For when he doth exturcion,
With many an other vice mo,
Men shall not fynde one of tho
To grutche or speake there ageine,
But bolden vp his oyle, and seyne:
That all is well, what euer he doth.
And thus of fals thei maken soth,
So that her kynges eie is blent,
And wote not howe the worlde is went.

The thirde error is harme commune,
With whiche the people mote commune
Of wronges, that thei bringen inne.
And thus they werchen treble sinne,
That ben flatours about a kyng.
There might be no worse thyng
About a kynges regalie.
Thau is the vice of flaterie.
And netheles it hath ben vsed.
That it was neuer yet refused,

As for to speke in courte riall.
For there it is most speciall,
And maie not longe be forbore.
But when this vice of hem is bore,
That shulde the vertues forth brynge,
And trouthe is torned to lesyng:
It is, as who seith against kynde,
Wherof an olde ensample I fynde.

Hic loquitur super eodem, et narrat, quod cum Diogenes et Aristippus philosophi a scholis Athenarum ad Cartaginem, vnde orti fuerunt reuertissent, Aristippus Curie principis sui familiaris adhesit: Diogenes vero in quodam manicomio suo studio vacans permansit: et contigit, qui cum ipse quodam die ad finem orti sui super ripam herbas quas elegerat, ad olera lausseret, Superuenit ex casu Aristippus, dixitque ei: O Diogenes, certe si principi tuo placere scires tu ad olera tua lauanda non indigeres. Cui ille respondit: O Aristippe, Certe si tu olera tua lauare scires, te in blanditiis et adulationibus principi tuo seruire uon oporteret.

AMONGE these other tales wise
Of philosophers in this wise
I rede hwe whilome two there were,
And to the schole for to lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Her frendes when they were of age,
Hem seide: and thre they studen longe,
Till thei suche lore haue vnd-ronge,
That in her tyme they surmounte
All other men: that to accounte
Of hem was tho the great fame.

The firste of hem his right name
Was Diogenes than hote,
In whom was founde no riote.
His felawe Aristippus hight,
Which moche couthe, and moche might.
But at last soothe to seyne
They both turnen home ayene
Unto Carthage, and schole lete.
This Diogenes no beyrte
Of worldes good, or lasse or more
Ne sought for his longe lere,
But toke hym only for to dwelle
At home: and as the boke telle,
His house was nigh to a riuer
Beside a brigge as thou shalt here.
There dwellt he, and takth his rest,
So as it thought hym for the best
To studie in his philosophie,
As he, which wolde so defie
The worldes pompe on eury side.

But Aristippe his boke a side
Hath leyde: and to the courte he wente
Where many a wyle, and many a wente
With flaterie and wordes softe
He caste, and hath compassed ofte
Howe he his prince might please.
And in this wise he gate hym ease,
Of vayne honour and worldes good,
The londes rule vpon hym stode.
The kyng of hym was wondre glad,
And all was do, what thyng he had,
Bothe in the courte, and eke without.
With flaterie be brou:ht about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Whiche was a yeue the state of clerke:

So that philosophie he lefte,
And to riches hym selfe up lefte.

Lo thus had Aristippe his will.
But Diogenes dwelte still
At home, and loked on his boke,
He sought not the worldes croke
For vayne honour, ne for richesse,
But all his hertes besinesse
He sette to be vertuous.

And thus within his owne hous
He liueth on the subsistence
Of his hauinge, and fell perchance
This Diogene vpon a daie,
And that was in the mouth of maie,
Whan that these herbes ben holsome,
He walketh for to gether some
In his gardeine, of whiche his ioutes
He thought to haue, and thus aboutes
Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
He set him than downe and piketh,
And wishe his herbes in the floode,
Vpon the whiche his garden stode
Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere,
And hapneth while he sitteth there,
Cam Aristippus by the streate
With many hors and routes greate,
And straught vnto the bregge he rode,
Where that he houed and abode.
For as he cast his eie nigh,
His felawe Diogene he sigh,
And what he dede he sigh also,
Wherof he saide to him tho.

O Diogene god the spede.
It were certes litel nede
To sitte here and wortes pike,
If thou thy prince coudest like,
So as I can in my degree.
O Aristippe (ageayne quod he)
If that thou coudest so as I
Thy wortes picke truly,
It were as litell nede or lasse,
That thou so worldly wold compass
With flaterie for to serue:
Wherof thou thynekst for to deserue
Thy princes thonke, and to purchase
How thou might stonde in his grace,
For gettyng of a littell good.
If thou wolt take in to thy mode
Reason: thou might by reason deme,
That so thy prince for to queme,
Is not to reason accordant.
But it is greatly discordant.

Vnto the scholes of Athene.
Lo thus answerde Diogene
Ageyne the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men seyne thesamplarie
Of Aristippe is well receiued.
And thilke of Diogene is weyued.
Office in courte, and golde in coffe
Is now, men seyn, the philosopher,
Whiche hath the worship in the hall.
But flaterie passeth all
In chambre, whom the court auanceth.
For vpon thilke lotte it chanceth
To be beloued nowe a daie.

Nota exemplum cuiusdam poete de Italia, qui
Dantes vocabatur.

I NOT if it be ye or naie,

Howe Dante the poete answerde
To a flatour, the tale I herde.

Vpon a strife betwene hem two,
He said hym, there ben many wo
Of thy seruantes than of myne.
For the poete of his couine
Hath none, that wil hym cloth and fede:

But a flatour maie rule and lede
A kyng with all his lunde about.
So stant the wise man in dout
Of hem, that to foly drawe.
For suche is now the common lawe
And as the commune voyce it telleth,
Where nowe that flaterie dwelleth
In euery londe vnder the sonne,
There is full many a thinge begonne,
Whiche were better to be lefte,
That hath be shewed nowe and este.

But if a prince him wolde rule
Of the Romayus after the reule,
In thilke tyme as it was vsed,
This vice shulde be refused,
Wherof the princis ben assoted.
But where the playne trouth is noted,
There maie a prince wel conceyue,
That he shall nought him selfe deceyue
Of that he hereth wordes playne.
For him ther nought by reason playne,
That warned is, er hym be wo,
And that was fully proued so,
Whan Rome was the worldes chiefe,
The sooth sayer tho was leefe,
Whiche wolde not the trouth spare,
But with his worde, playne and bare,
To thempour his sothes tolde,
As in cronike it is witholde,
Here afterwarde as thou shalt here,
Acordent vnto this matere.

Hic etiam contra vicium adulationis ponit exemplum: et narrat, quod cum nuper Romanorum imperator contra suos hostes victoriam obtinisset, et cum palma triumphi in urbem redire debuisset, ne ipsum inanis glorie altitudo super extolleret, licitum fuit pro illo die, quod vnus quisque priora, que sue condicionis agnosceret, in aures suas apcius exclamaret: vt sic gaudium cum dolore compesceret, et adulantum voces, si que fuerant, pro minimo computaret.

To see this olde ensamplarie,
That whilom was no faterie
Towarde the princis, wel I finde,
Wherof so as it comthe to mynde
My sonne a tale vnto thin ere
(While that the worthy princes were
At Rome) I thiuke for to telle.
For whan the chanches so befelle,
That any emperour as tho
Victorie had vpon his fo,
And so furth came to Rome agayne,
Of treble honour he was certayne.
Wherof that he was magnified.

The firste, as it is specified,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
The chare, in whiche he shuld ride,
Foure white stedes shulde it drawe.
Of Iupiter by thilke lawe
The cote he shulde were also.
His prisoners eke shulden go

Endlonge the chare on eyther honde,
 And all the noblesse of the londe
 Tofore and after with him come
 Ruled, and broughten him to Rome,
 In token of his chualirie:
 And for none other flaterie.
 And that was shewed forth with all,
 Where he satte in his chare riall,
 Beside him was a riband set,
 Whiche had his worde so heset
 To thempourer in all his glorie
 He saide: take in to momorie,
 For all this pompe, and all this pride
 Let no iustice gon a side,
 But knowe thy selfe, what so befall.
 For men seen often tyme falle
 Thing, whiche men wende siker stonde.
 Though thou victorie haue on bonde,
 Fortune maie not stonde alway:
 The whele perchaunce another daye
 Maie turne, and thou ouer throwe,
 There lasteth no thing but a throwe.

With these wordes and with mo,
 This ribaulde, whiche sate with him tho,
 To thempourer his tale tolde.
 And ouermore what euer he wolde,
 Or were it euyl, or were it good,
 So playnly as the trouth stood,
 He spareth not, but spekeith it oute.
 And so might euery man aboute
 The daie of that solemnitee
 His tale tell as wele as hee,
 To thempourer all openly.
 And all was this the cause why,
 That while he stode in his noblesse,
 He shulde his vanitee expresse
 With suche wordes as he herde.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, et narrat, quod eodem die, quo imperator intronisatus in palacio suo regio ab conuiuium in maiori leticia sedisset, ministri sui sculptores procederant alta voce dicentes: O imperator dic nobis, cuius forme, et ubi tumbam sculpture tue faciemus: ut sic morte remorsus huius vite blandicias obtemperat.

Lo nowe bowe thiike tyme ferle
 Towarde so highe a worthy lorde.
 For this I finde eke of recorde,
 Whiche the cronike hath auctorized,
 What emperour was entronized,
 The fyrst day of his corone,
 Where he was in his royall throne,
 And held his fest in the palcis,
 Sittend vpon his hie deis,
 Witball the luste that maie be gete,
 Whan he was gladest at his mete,
 And euery minstrell had plaide,
 And euery disour had saide
 What most was pleasant to his ere:
 Than at last came in there
 His masons, for thei shulde craue,
 Where that he wolde be begraue,
 And of what stone his sepulture
 Thei shulden make, and what sculpture
 He wolde ordeigne therupon.
 Tho was there flatterie none,
 The worthy prince to beipe,
 The kyng was otherwise shape

With good counsaile: and otherwise
 Thei were hem selfe than wise,
 And vnderstoden well and knewen,
 Whan suche softe wyudes blewen
 Of flatterie in to her eare,
 Thei setten nought ber hertes there.
 But whan thei herde wordes feigned,
 The playne trouth it hath disdeigned
 Of hem that weren so discrete.
 Tho toke the flaterer no beyete
 Of hym, that was his prince tho.
 And for to prouen it is so
 A tale, whiche befell in dede,
 In a cronike of Rome I rede.

Hic inter alia gesta Cesaris narrat vnum exemplum precipue contra illos, qui cum in aspectu principis aliis sapienciores apparere vellent, quandoque tamen simulate sapiencie talia committunt, perquam ceteris stultiores in fine comprobantur.

CEsar vpon his royall trone,
 Where that he sat in his persone,
 And was hiest in all his pris,
 A man, whiche wolde make hym wise,
 Fell downe knelende in his presence,
 And did him suche a reuerence,
 As though the highe god it were.

Men hadden great meruaile there
 Of the worship, whiche he dede.

This man aros fro thilke stede,
 And forth with all the same tide
 He goth him vp, and by his side
 He set hym downe, as pere and pere,
 And saide: If thou that sittest here
 Arte god, whiche all thynges might,
 Than haue I worshipped a right,
 As to the god: and other wise
 If thou be not of thilke assise,
 But art a man, suche as am I,
 Than maie I sit the fast by,
 For we be bothe of o kynde.

Cesar answerde, and saide: O blynde
 Thou art a fole, it is well sene
 Upon thy selfe. For if thou wene
 I be a god, thou doste amis
 To sit, where thou seest god is.
 And if I be a man also,
 Thou hast a great foly do,
 Whan thou to suche one as shall deie,
 The worship of thy god alweie
 Hast yeuen so vnworthily.

Thus may I proue redily,
 Thou art not wise. And thei that hered,
 Howe wisely that the kyng answerde,
 It was to hem a newe lore,
 Wncrof thei dreden hym the more,
 And brought nothyng to his ere,
 But if it trouthe and reason were.
 So ben there many in suche a wise,
 That frigen wordes to be wise
 And all is veriaie flatterie
 To hym, whiche can it well asprie.

Nota qualiter isti circa principem adulatores potius a curia expelli quam ad regie maiestatis munera acceptari pollicia suadente, deberent.

The kynde flatterour can not loue,
 But for to bryng hym scife aboute.

For howe that ener his maister fare,
 So that hym selfe stonde out of care,
 Him retcheth nought. And thus full ofte
 Deceiued bene with wordes softe
 The kynges, that ben innocent.
 Wherof as for chastement
 The wise philosophre saide:
 What kyng that so his treasure laide
 Upon suche folke, he hath the lesse.
 And yet ne doth he no largesse,
 But harmeth with his owne honde
 Hym selfe, and eke his owne londe:
 And that many a sondry weye,
 Wherof if that a man shall seye,
 As for to speake in generall,
 Where suche thyng falleth ouer all,
 That any kyng him selfe misrule,
 The philosophre vpon his reule
 In speciall a cause set,
 Whiche is and euer hath be lette
 In gouernance, aboute a kyng
 Upon the mischiefe of the thinge,
 And that, he seith, is flaterie:
 Wherof tofore as in partie,
 What vice it is, I haue declared.
 For who that hath his wit bewared
 Upon a flatour to beleue,
 Whan that be weneth best achieue
 His good worlde, it is meste fro.
 And for to prouen it is so,
 Ensamples there be many one,
 Of whiche if thou wolt knowe one,
 It is behouely for to here,
 What whilom fell in this matere.

Hic loquitur vterius de consilio adulantum, quom fabulis principis aures organitate veritatis auditum capere nequunt, Et narrat exemplum de rege Achab, pro eo, quod ipse propheticas fidelia Michee recusauit, blanditiis, que adulantis Zedechie adhesit, rex Syrie Benedab in campo bellator ipsum diuino iudicio deuentum interfecit.

AMONGE the kynges in the bible
 I fynde a tale, and is credible,
 Of hym that whilom Achab hight
 Whiche had all Israel to right.
 But who that coude glose softe,
 And flatter, suche he sette alofte
 In great estate, and made hem riche:
 But they that speken wordes liche
 To trouthe, and wolde it not forbear,
 For hem was none estate to bear,
 The courte of suche toke none hede,
 Till at last vpon a nede
 That Benedad kyng of Surrie
 Of Israel a greate partie,
 Whiche Ramoth Galaad was hote,
 Hath seised: and of that riote
 He toke counceyle in sondry wise,
 But not of hem, that weren wise.
 And nethcles vpon this cas
 To stengthen him, for Iosephas
 Whiche than was kyng of Iudee,
 He sende for to come, as hee,
 Whiche through frendship and alliance
 Was nexte to hym of acquaintance.
 For Ioram sonne of Iosaphat,
 Acabs daughter wedded hath,

Whiche hight faire Goodelie.
 And thus cam into Samarie
 Kyng Iosaphat, and he founde there
 The kyng Achab: and when thei were
 Together spekende of this thyng,
 This Iosaphat saicth to the kyng,
 Howe that he wolde gladly here
 Some true prophet in this matere,
 That he his counsaile might yeue,
 To what poynt it shall be dreue.

And in that tyme so befelle
 There was suche one in Israel,
 Whiche sette hym all to flaterie,
 And he was cleued Sedechie:
 And after hym Achab hath sent.
 And he at his commandement
 Tofore hym cam: and by a sleight
 He hath vpon his head on height
 Two large hornes set of bras.
 As he whiche all a flattour was,
 And goth rampende as a lion,
 And cast his horne vp and downe:
 And bad men ben of good espere.
 For as the hornes persen the eire,
 He saith, withouten resistence,
 So wist he well of his science,
 That Benedad is discomite.

When Sedechie vpon this plite
 Hath tolde this tale vnto his lorde
 Anone thei were of his acorde
 Prophetes false many mo,
 To beare vp oyle, and al the
 Aftermen that, whiche he hath tolde:
 Wherof the kyng Achab was bolde,
 And yaued hem yestes all aboute.

But Iosaphat was in great doute,
 And helde fantasme all that he herde.
 Praiende Achab howe so ferde,
 If there were any other man,
 The whiche of prophetic can,
 To here him speke er that thei gone.
 Quod Achab than, there is one,
 A brothel, whiche Micheas hight:
 But he ne comth nought in my sight.
 For he hath longe in prisone leyn,
 Him liked neuer yet to seyn,
 A goodly worde to my pleasance.
 And nethcles at thine instance
 He shall come out: and than he maie
 Saie, as he saide many a daie.
 For yet he saide neuer wele.

The Iosaphat began some dele
 To gladen hym in hope of trouthe,
 And bade withouten any slouthe,
 That men hym shulde fette anone.

And thei that were for hym gone,
 Whan that thei comen where he was,
 Thei tolden vnto Micheas
 The maner howe that Sedechie
 Declared hath his prophetic.
 And therupon thei praien hym faire,
 That he will saie no contraire.
 Wherof the kyng maie be displeased.
 For so shall euery man be eased.
 And he maie helpe hym selfe also.

Micheas vpon trouthe tho
 His herte set, and to hem saithe:
 All that belonged to his faith
 (And of none other feigned thinge)
 That wolt he tell vnto the kyng,

As ferre as god hath yeue hym grace.
Thus came this prophete in to place,
Where he the kynges will herde,
And he therto anone answerde,
And saide vnto hym in this wise:

My liege lorde for my seruice,
Which trewe bath stonde euer yit,
Thou haste with prisone me acquite.
But for all that I shall not gosse
Of trouthe as far as I suppose,
And as touchende of thy batayle.
Thou shalte not of the sothe fayle.

For if it like the to here,
As I am taught in that matere,
Thou myght it vnderstonde soone.
But what is afterwarde to doone
Auisse the, for this I sie,
I was tofore the trone on hie,
Where all the worlde me thought stode,
And there I herde and vnderstode
The voyce of god with wordes clere,
Axende, and sayde in this manere:
In what tbinge maie I best begyle
The kyng Achab, and for a whyle
Upon this poynt they speken fast.
Tho sayd a spirite at last,
I vndertake this emprise.

And god hym axeth in what wise.
I shall (quod he) deceue and lie
With flatrende prophetic,
In suche mouthes, as he leueth.
And he, whiche all thinge acheueth,
Bad hym go forth, and do right so.

And ouer this I sigh also
The noble people of Israel
Dispers, as shepe vpon an hille
Without a keper vnaraied:
And as they wenten about astraied
I herde a voyce vnto hem seyue:

Goth home in to your houe ayene,
Til I for you haue better ordeined,
Quod Sedechi thou hast feigned
This tale, in angringe of the kyng,
And in a wrahte vpon this thinge
He smote Miche vpon the cheke.

The kinge him hath rebuked eke,
And euery man vpon him cride.
Thus was he shente on euery side,
Ayene and in to prisone ladde.
For so the kinge him selfe badde.
The trouthe might nought ben herde,
But afterward as it hath ferde
The dede proueth his entent.
Achab to the batayle went.
Where Benedad for all bis shelde
Him slough, so that vpon the felde
His people goth aboute a straie.
But god, whiche all thinges maie,
So doth, that they no mischiefe haue.

Her kyng was dead, and they be saue,
And home ageyn in goddes pees
They wente, and all was founde sees,
That Selechie hath saide tofore:

So sit it well a kyng therefore
To loue them, that trouthe mene.
For at last it will be sene,
That flaterie is nothinge worthe.

But nowe to my matter forthe,
As fur to speken ouer more,
After the philosophers lore,

The thirde poynte of policie
I thinke for to specific.

Propter transgressos leges statuuntur in orbe,
Vt viuant iusti regis honore viri.
Lex sine iusticia, populum sub principis vmbra
Deuiat, vt rectum nemo videbit iter.

Hic tractat de tercia principum legis policia que
iusticia nominata est, cuius condicio legibus in
corrupta vnicuique quod suum est equo pondere
distribuit.

WHAT is a londe, where men be none?
What ben the men, whiche are allone,
Without a kynges gouernance?
What is a kyng in his ligeance,
Where that there is no lawe in londe?
What is to take lawe on honde,
But if the luges ben trewe?

These olde worldes with the newe
Who that will take in euidence
I here maie he se experience,
What thinge it is to kepe lawe,
Through which wronges be withdrawe,
And rightwisenes stante commended,
Whereof the reignes ben amended.

For where the lawe maie commune
The lordes forth with the commune,
Eche hath his propre deutee,
And eke the kynges rialtee
Of bothe his worship vnderfongeth,
To his estate as it belongeth:
Whiche of bis high worthinesse
Hath to gouerne rightwisnesse,
As he whiche shall the lawe guide.

And netheles vpon some side
His power stant aboue the lawe,
To yeue both and to withdrawe
The forfet of a mannes life.
But thinges, whiche are excessiffe
Ayen the lawe, he shall not do
For loue, ne for hate also.

Imperatoriam maiestatem non solum armis sed
etiam legibus oportet esse armatam.

THE mightes of a kinge be gret:
But yet a worthie kinge shall let
Of wronge to done, all that he might.
For he whiche shall the people right,
It sit well to his regalie
That he him selfe first iustifie
Towardes god in his degre.
For his estate is elles free
Towarde all other in his persone,
Saue onely to the god alone,
Whiche will hym selfe a kyng chastise,
Where that none other maie suffice.

So were it good to taken hede,
That fyrst a kyng his owne dede,
Betwene the virtue and the vice,
Refresse, and than of his iustice
To set in euen the balance
Towardes other in gouernance,
That to the poore, and to the riche
His lawes mighten stonden liche,
He shall excepte no persone.
But for he maie uot all hym one

In sondry places do iustice,
He shall of his riall office
With wise consideracion
Ordeine his deputacion
Of suche judges, as ben lerned,
So that his people be govern'd
By hem, that true ben and wise.
For if the lawe of couetise
Be set vpon a iudges loude:
Wo is the people of thilke loude.
For wronge maie not hym seluen hide.
But els on that other side,
If lawe stonde with the right,
The people is glad, and stont vpright.
Where as the lawe is reasonable
The common people stant meuable.
And if the lawe torne a mis,
The people also mistorned is.

Nota hic de iusticia Maximini imperatoris, qui
cum alicuius provincie custodem sibi constitu-
ere volebat, primo de sui nominis fama procla-
macione facta ipsius condicionem diligentius
inuestigabat.

AND in ensample of this matere
Of Maximin a man maie here,
Of Rome whiche was emperour:
That whan he made a governour
By weie of substitution,
Of prouince or of region,
He wolde first enquire his name,
And lete it openly proclame
What man he were, or cuill or good.
And vpon that his name stode
Enclined to vertue or to vice,
So wolde he set him in office:
Or elles put hym all aweye.
Thus helde the lawe his right weye,
Which fonde no let of couetise.
The worlde stode than vpon the wise,
As by ensample thou might rede,
Aud holde it in the minde I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus incorruptis: et
narrat qualiter Caius Fabricius nuper Rome con-
sul nuntius a Samnitibus sibi oblatum renuit
dicens, quod nobilius est aurum possidentes do-
minio subiugare, quam ex auri cupiditate domini
libertatem amittere.

In a cronike I fynde thus,
Howe that Caius Fabricius,
Whiche whilome was consul of Rome,
By whome the lawes yrede and come.
Whan the Samnites to hym brought
A somme of goide, and him besought
To don he in fauour in the lawe.
Toward the golde he gan him drawe,
Wherof in all mennes loke
Parte vp in his boude be toke,
Whiche to his mouth in all haste
He put it for to smelle and taste,
And to his eie, and to his ere
But he ne founde no comforte there.
And than he gan it to despise,
And tolde vnto hem in this wise:
I not what is with golde to thriue
Whan none of all my wittes fue
Finde sauour ne delite therein.
So is it but a nice sinus

Of golde to ben to couetouse.
But he is riche and gloriouse,
Whiche hath in his subieccion
The men, whiche in possession
Ben riche of golde, and by this skill,
For he maie all daie whan he will,
Or be hem left or be hem lobe
Iustice done vpon hem both.
Lo thus he sayd, and with that worde
He threwe tofore hem on the borde
The golde out of his honde anone:
And sayd bein, that he wolde none.
So that he keppe his libertee
To do iustice and equitee,
Without lucre of suche richesse.
There ben nowe fewe of suche I gesse.
For it was thilke tymes vsed,
That euery iudge was refused,
Whiche was not frende to common right,
But thei that wolden stonde vp right,
For trouthe only to do iustice
Preferred were in thilke office,
To deme and iudge common lawe,
Which nowe men sayn is all withdrawe,
To sette a lawe and kepe it nought,
There is no commune profite sought.
But aboue all netheles
The lawe, whiche is made for pees,
Is good to kepe for the beste.
For that setteth all men in reste.

Hic narrat de iusticia nuper Conradi imperatoris,
cuius tempore alicuius reuerencia persone aliqui
seu precum interuencione quacunqve vel auri
redempcione legum statuta commutari seu redi-
mi nullatenus poterunt.

THE rightful emperor Conrade
To kepe pees suche lawe made,
That none within the citee
In disturbance of vnitee
Durst ones meuen a matere.
For in his tyme, as thou myght here,
What poynte that was for lawe sette,
It shulde for no good be lette,
To what persone that it were:
And this brought in the common fere,
Why euery man the lawe drad.
For there was none, whiche fauour had.

Nota exemplum de constantia iudicis, ubi narrat
de Carmidotirome nuper consule, qui cum
sui statuti legem nescius offendisset, Romani
que super hoc penam sibi remittere voluissent,
ipse propria manu, ubi nullus alius in ipsum iu-
dex fuit, sui criminis vindictam executus est.

So as these olde bokes sayne
I fynde writte, howe a romayne
Whiche consul was of the pretoure
Whose name was Carmidotirome
He sette a lawe for the pees,
That none but he be wepenes
Shall come into the counseyle hous.
And elles as malicious
He shall ben of the lawe dede.
To that statute, and to that rede
Accorden all, it shall be so,
For certeyne cause whiche was the.

Nowe list what fill thereafter soone.
 This Consul had for to doone,
 And was in to the felde ridde,
 And thei hym had longe abidde,
 That lordes of the counseyle were,
 And for hym sende, and he cam there
 With swerde begirde, and hath foryete,
 Till he was in the counseyle sete.
 Was none of hem that made speche,
 Till he hym selfe it wolde seche,
 And fonde out the default hym selfe.
 And than he sayde vnto the twelfe,
 Whiche of the senate weren wise.
 I haue dresued the iuise
 In haste that it were do.

And thei hym sayden all no.
 For well thei wist it was no vice:
 Whan he ne thought no malice
 But oneliche of a litell slouth,
 And thus thei leffen as for routh
 To do iustice vpon his gylte,
 For that he shulde not be spylte.
 And whan he sigh the maners howe
 Thei wolde him saue, he made auowe
 With manfull herte, and thus he sayde.
 That Rome shulde neuer abraide
 His heires, whan he were of dawe,
 That her auncestre brake the lawe.
 For thy er that thei weren ware
 Forthwith the same swerde he bare
 The statute of his lawe kepte,
 So that all Rome his dethe bewepete.

Nota quod falsi iudices mortis pena puniendi sunt.
 Narrat enim qualiter Cambyses rex Persarum
 quendam iudicem corruptum excoorari viuum
 fecit, eiusque pelle cathedram iudicalem operiri
 constituit. Ita quod filius suus super patris
 pellem postea pro tribunali sessurus, iudicii
 equitatem euidentius memoraretur.

In another place also I rede,
 Where that a ludge his owne dede
 He woll nought venge of lawe broke,
 The kynge hath him selfe wroke.
 The greate kynge, it whiche Cambyses
 Was hote, a ludge lawles
 He founde, and in to remembrance,
 He did vpon him suche vengeance.

Out of his skin he was bellaine
 All quicke: and in that wise slaiue,
 So that his skin was shape all mete,
 And nailed on the same sete,
 Where that his sonne shulde sitte,
 Auise him if he wolde sitte
 The lawe for the couetise,
 There sawe he redis his iuise.

Thus in default of other ludge
 The kynge mote otherwile iudge,
 To holden vp the right lawe.
 And for to speke of the olde dawe,
 To take ensample of that was tho,
 I finde a tale written also,
 Howe that a worthie prince is holde
 The lawes of his londe to holde.
 Fyrst for the high goddess sake,
 And eke for that him is betake
 The people for to guide and lede.
 Whiche is the charge of his kinge hede.

Hic ponit exemplum de principibus illis, non solum
 legem statuente illam conseruant, sed vt com-
 mune bonum adageant, propriam facultatem
 diminuunt. Et narat, quod cum Athen. prin-
 cepts subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habun-
 dantia diuites et vmanimes congruis legibus stare
 fecisse volens, ad vtilitatem reipublice leges il-
 las firmitus obseruari peregre profecisse finxit,
 sed prius iuramentum solemnepne a legiis suis
 sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi vsque in reditum
 sunn leges suas nullatenus infringerent, quibus
 iuratis peregrinationem suam in exilium absque
 reditu perpetuo delegauit.

In a cronike I rede thus
 Of the rightfull Lycurgus,
 Whiche of Athenes prince was,
 How he the lawe in euery cas,
 Wherof he shulde his people rule,
 Hath set vpon so good a rule,
 In all this worlde that citee noue
 Of lawe was so well begone,
 Forthwith the trouthe of gouernance,
 There was amonge hem no distance,
 But euery man hath his encrees,
 There was without werre pees,
 Without eniue loue stoode,
 Richesse vpon the commune good,
 And not vpon the singular,
 Ordeined was, and the power
 Of hem, that weren in estate,
 Was saufe, wherof vpon debate
 There stode nothinge, so that in rcate
 Might euery man his herte reste.

And whan this noble rightfull kynge
 Sigh how it ferde all this thinge,
 Wherof the people stode in ease,
 He whiche for euer wolde please
 The high god, whose thonke he sought,
 A wonder thinge than he bethought,
 And shope, if that it might be,
 Howe that his lawe in the citee
 Might afterwarde for cuer laste.
 And therupon his witte he caste,
 What thinge hym were best to seyne,
 That he his purpose might atteine.
 A parlement and thus he sette
 His wisdome where that he be set
 In audience of great and smale,
 And in this wise he tolde his tale:

God wote, and so ye woten all,
 Here afterwarde howe so it fall,
 Yet in to nowe my will hath bee
 To do iustice and equitee,
 In fordringe of commune profritte,
 Suche hath ben euer my delite,
 But of one thinge I an be knowe,
 The whiche my wil is that ye knowe.
 The lawe, whiche I toke on honde,
 Was all togeder of goddess sonde,
 And nothinge of myne owne wil,
 So mote it nedre endure yit,
 And shall do lenger, if ye wil.
 For I wol tell you the skil.

The god Mercurius, and no man,
 He hath me taught, all that I can
 Of suche lawes as I made,
 Wherof that ye ben all glade:
 It was the god, and nothinge I,
 Which did all this: And nowe for thy

He hath commanded of his grace,
That I shall come in to a place,
Which is foreine out in an yle,
Where I mote tarie for a while
With him to speke, and he hath bede,
For as he saieþ, in thilke stede
He shall me suche thiuges telle,
That euer while the worlde shall dwell,
Athens shall the better fare.
But first er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that my lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
There whiles that I shall be oute,
For thy to setten oute of doubt
Both you and me, thus woll I prairie,
That ye me wolde assure and saie
With suche an othe, as ye will take,
That eche of you shall vndertake
My lawes for to kepe and holde.

They sayden all, that they wolde.
And there vpon thei swore there othe,
That fro that tyme, that he gothe,
Till he to hem come ageyne,
They shuld his lawes well and pleyne
In euery poynt kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Lycurgus his wille:
And toke his leue, and forth he went.
But list nowe well to what entent
Of rightwisnesse he did so.

For after that he was ago,
He shope him neuer to be founde,
So that Athens, which was bounde,
Neuer after shuld be releded,
Ne thilke good lawe seced,
Whiche was for commune profit sette,
And in this wise he hath it knette.
He whiche the commune profite sought
The kyng his owne estate ne rought.

To do profite to the commune
He toke of exile the fortune,
And left of prince thilke office
Onely for loue and for iustice,
Through which he thought, if that he might
For euer after his deth, to right
The citee, whiche was him betake,
Wherof men ought ensample take,
The good lawes to auance,
With hem whiche vnder gouernance
The lawes haue for to kepe.
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that first lawes founde,
Als ferre as lasteth any bounde
Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
And if it like to the knowe
Some of her names, howe they stonde,
Nowe herken, and thou shalt vnderstonde.

*Hi ad eorum laudem, qui iusticie causa leges statu-
erunt aliorum nomina specialius commemo-
rator.*

Of euery benefite the merite
The god hym selfe it wol acquite.
And eke full ofte it falleth so,
The worlde it woll acquite also.
But that maie not ben euenliche,
The god he yeueth the heuen riche,
The worlde yeth onely but a name,
Whiche stont vpon the good fame
Of hem, that done the good dede.
And in this wise double mede

Receiuen thei, that done well here,
Wherof if that the lyst to here,
After the fame as it is blowe,
There might thou well the soth knowe,
Howe thilke honest besynesse
Of hem, that first for rightwisnesse
Amonge the men the lawes made,
Maie neuer vpon this earth fade.
For euer while there is a tonge,
Her name shall be redde and songe,
And holde in the cronike write:
So that the men it shulden wite
To spoken good, as thei well oughten
Of hem, that firste the lawes soughten,
In fordrynge of the worldes pees.
Unto the Hebrewes was Moyses
The fyrste: and to the Aegyptiens
Mercurius: and to Troiens
Fyrst was Numa Pompilius:
To Athenes Lycurgus
Yaue fyrst the lawe, vnto gregoyis
Foroneus hath thilke voyce,
And Romulus of romayns:
For suche men that ben vilayns
The lawe in suche a wise ordeineth,
That what man to the lowe pleyneþ,
Be so the iudge stande vpright,
He shall be serued of his right.
And so ferforth it is befall,
That lawe is come amonge vs all.
God leue it mote well bene holde,
As euery kyng therto is bolde.

For thyng, whiche is of kynges sette,
With kynges ought it not be lette.
What kyng of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe be maie no royalme kepe.
Do lawe awaie, what is a kyng?
Where is the right of any thyng?
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a kyng well vnderstonde,
As he whiche is to lawe swore,
That if the lawe be forlore
Withouten execucion,
It makth a londe turne vp so down,
Whiche is vnto the kyng a sclaudre.
For thy vnto kyng Alisandre
The wise philosophre badde,
That he hym selfe fyrste be ladde
Of lawe, and forth than ouer all
To do iustice in general:
That all the wyde londe aboute:
The iustice of his lawe doute:
And than shall he stonde in rest.
For therto lawe is one the best
Above all other erthly thyng
To make a liege drede his kyng.

But howe a kyng shall gete hym loue
Towarde the higne god aboue,
And eke amonge the men in erthe,
This nexte poynt, whiche is the ferthe
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the schole secheth
What policie that it is,
The boke reberseth after this.

*Nil rationis habens, vbi velle tyrannica regna
Stringit amor populi, transiet exul ih:
Sed pictas, regum que conseruabit in æuum
Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deu-*

Hic tractat de quarta principum regiminis policia,
que pietas dicta est, per quam principes erga
populum misericordes effecti, misericordiam alt-
tissimi gratius consequuntur.

It nedeth not, that I delate
The price, whiche preised is algate,
And hath bene euer, and euer shall,
Wherof to speake in speciall,
It is the vertue of Pitee,
Throughe whiche the hie maiestee
Was stered, when his sonne alight,
And in pitee the worlde to right,
Toke of the mayde flesshe and blood:
Pitee was cause of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben all saue.
Well ought a man pitee to haue,
And the vertue to set in price
When he hym selfe, whiche is all wise
Hath shewed, why it shall be preised.
Pitee maie not be counterpeised
Of tyrannie with no peise.
For pitee makth a kyngte curteise
Both in his worde and in his dede.

It sit well eury liege drede
His kyngte, and to his best obeye,
And right so by the same weie
It sit a kyngte to be pitous
Towardes his people and gracious
Upon the reule of gouernance.
So that he worche no vengeance,
Whiche maie be cleped crueltee.

Iustice whiche doth equitee,
Is dredfull, for he no man spareth.
But in the londe whan pitee fareth,
The kyngte maie neuer fayle of loue.
For pitee through the grace aboue,
So as the holy boke affermed,
His reigne in good estate confermed,

Thapostell Iames in this wise
Seyth, what man shulde do luise,
And hath no pitee forth with all,
The dome of hym, whiche demeth all,
He maie bin selfe full sore drede,
That him shall lacke vpon the nede
To fynde pitee, whan he wolde.
For who that pitee woll beholde,
It is a poynte of Christes lore.

And for to loken ouermore
It is behouely, as we fynde,
To reason and to lawe of kinde.

Cassodore in his apprise telleth,
The reigne is saufe, where pitre dwelleth.

And Tullius his tale auoweth,
And sayth, what kyngte to pitee boweth,
And with pitee stont ouercome,
He hath that shelde of grace nome,
Whiche the kyngtes yeueth victoyre.

Of Alisandre in his histoyre
I rede, howe he a worthy knight,
Of sodeyn wrath, and not of right,
Foriudged hath: and be appcleth.
And with that worde the kyngte quareleth,
And saith, None is aboute me.

That wote I well my lorde (quod he)
Fro tby lordship apple I nought,
But fro thy wrath in all my thought
To thy pitee stant uyn apple.

The kyngte, which vnderstode him wele,

Of pure pitee yaued him grace.

And eke I rede in other place,
Thus saide whilologie Constantine:
What emperour that is encline
To pitee for to be seruiant,
Of all the worldes remenant
He is worthy to ben a lorde.

In olde bokes of recorde
Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
Traian the worthy debonaire.
By whome that Rome stode gouerned:
Upon a tyme, as he was lerned
Of that he was to famillier,
He sayde vnto that canceller,
That for to be an emperour
His will was not for vaine honoure,
Ne yet for reddour of iustice,
But if he might in his office
His lordes and his people please,
Him thought it were a greater ease
With loue her hartes to him drawe,
Than with the drede of any lawe.
For whan a thyngte is done for doubte.
Full ofte it comth the wers aboute.
But where a kyngte is pitous,
He is the more gracious:
That mocheill thriste him shall betide,
Whiche els shulde torne a side.

2saliter Iudeus pedester cum pagano equitante
itinerauit per desertum, et ipsum de fide sua in-
terrogauit.

To do pitee, supporte, and grace
The philosophre vpon a place
In his writyngte of daies olde,
A tale of great ensample tolde
Unto the kyngte of Macedoyne,
Howe betwene Cair and Babylyone:
Whan comen is the somer hete,
It happneth two men for to mete,
As thei shulde entre in a paas,
Where that the wilderness was,
And as thei went forth spekenle
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man asketh of that other,
What man art thou my liefe brother?
Thiche is thy creance and thy feyth?

I am painim, that other sayth:
And by the lawe, whiche I vse,
I shall not in my feyth refuse
To louen all men yliche,
The poore bothe and eke the riche.
Whan thei be glad I shall be glad,
And sorie whan thei ben bestad.
So shall I liue in vniute
With euery man in his degree.
For right as to my selfe I wolde,
Right so towardes all other sholde
Be gracious and debonaire.
Thus haue I tolde the softe and faire
My faith, my lawe, and my creance.
And if the list for acquaintance
Nowe telle what maner man thou art.
And he answerde vpon his part,
I am a iewe, and by my lawe
I shall to no man be felawe
To kepe hym trouth in worde ne dede:
But if he be without drede

A very iewe right as am I
For els I may trewly
Bereue hym both life and good.
The painym herde, and vnderstoode,
And thought it was a wonder lawe.

And thus vpon their sondrie sawe
Talkende both forth thei went.
The daie was hote, the sonne brent,
The paynim rode vpon an asse,
And of his catell more and lasse
With hym a riche trusse he lad.

The iewe, whiche all vntrouth had,
And went vpon his fete beside,
Bethought hym howe he might ride,
And with his wordes slie and wise
Unto the paynim in this wise
He sayde: O nowe it shall be sene
What thyng it is, thou woldest mene.
For if thy lawe be certeyne,
As thou hast tolde, I dare well scyne,
Thou wolt beholde my distresse,
Whiche am so full of werinesse,
That I ne maie vnto go,
And let me ride a myle or two.
So that I maie my holy ense.

The paynim wold hym not displease
Of that he spake, but in pitee
It list him for to knowe and see
The pleynt, whiche that other made:
And for he wolde his herte glade
He light, and made hym nothyng straunge,
Thus was there made a newe chaunge.
The paynim goth, the iewe alofte
Was sette, vpon his asse softe.
So gone thei forth carpende faste,
On this, on that, till at laste
The paynim might go no more,
And prayed vnto the iewe therfore
To suffre hym ride a litell while.
The iewe, whiche thought him to begyle,
Anone rode forthe a great pase,
And to the paynim in this case
He sayde: Thou hast do thy right
Of that thou hadst me behight
To do succour vpon my nede,
And that accordeth to the dede,
As thou art to the lawe holde.

And in suche wise, as I the tolde,
I thynke also for my partie
Vpon the lawe of lewite
To worche and do my duete.
Thin asse shall go furth with mee,
With all thy good, whiche I haue seced,
And that I wote thou art disced,
I am right glad, and not mispaide.
And whan he hath these wordes saide,
In all haste he rode awaie.

This paynim wote none other waie,
But on the grounde he kneleth euen,
His handes vp to the heuen,
And saide: O highe sothfastnes,
That louest all rightwisenesse,
Unto thy dome lorde I appele,
Beholde and deme my quarele,
With vnable herte I the beseeche,
The mercy bothe and eke the wreeche
I set all in thy iudgement.
And thus vpon his marrement
This paynim hath made his preiere.
And than he rose with dreery clere,

And goth hym forth, and in his gate,
He caste his eie aboute algate,
The iewe if that he might see.
But for a tyme it might not bee,
Till at last ayene the night,
So as god wolde he went aright,
As he, whiche helde the highe weye.
And than he sighe in a valeye,
Where that the iewe liggende was
All bloody dead vpon the gras,
Whiche strangled was of a lion,
And as he lokod vp and down.
He fonde his asse fast by,
Fortbe with his harneis redily
All hote and sounde as be it leste,
Whan that the iewe it hym bereste.
Wherof he thanked god knelende.

Lo thus a man maie knowe at ende,
Howe the pitous, pitee deserueth.
For what man that to pitee serueth,
As Aristotle it bereth witnesse,
God shall his fomen so redresse,
That thei shall aie stonde vnder fote.
Pitee men seyne is thilke roote,
Wherof the vertues springen all.
What infortune that befall
In any londe, lacke of pitee
Is cause of thilke aduersitee.

And that aldaie maie shewe at eie,
Who that the world discretele sie.
Good is that euery man therfore
Take hede of that is saide tofore.
For of this tale, and other enowe
These noble princes whylum drowe
Her euicence and her apprise,
As men maie fynde in many wise,
Who that these olde bokes rede.
And though thei ben in erthe dead,
Her good name maie not deie,
For pitee, whiche thei wold obie
To do the dedes of mercy.

And who this tale redly
Remembreth, as Aristotle it tolde,
He maie the wille of god beholde
Vpon the poynt as it was ended,
Wherof that pitee stode commended,
Whiche is to charitee felawe,
As thei that kepon bothe o lawe.

Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, vbi
narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenis contra
Dorruces bellum gerere deberet, consulto prius
Apoline responsum accepit, quod vnum de du-
bus, videlicet aut seipsum in prelio interficere, et
populum suum saluare, aut seipsum saluum
ferri, et populum interficere eligere oporteret,
Super quo rex pietate motus plebisque sue
magis quam proprii corporis salutem affectans,
mortem sibi preeligit, Et sic bellum aggressus
pro vita multorum solus interit.

Of pitee for to spake wel pleyne,
Whiche is with mercie wel beseyne,
Full ofte he wold hym selfe pseyne
To kepe an other fro the peyne.
For C autes the mother is
Of pitee, whiche nothyngz amis
Can suffre, if she it maie amende.
It sit to euery man liuende
To be pitous, but none so wele
As to a kyng, whiche on the whele

Fortune hath set shotten all.

For in a kynge, if so befall
That his pitee be ferme and stable,
To all the londe it is railable
Ouely through grace of his persone.
For the pitee of hym alone
Maie all the large royalmes saue.
So sit it well a kynge to haue
Pitee. For this Valerie tolde,
And sayd: howe that by daies olde
Codrus, whiche was in all his degre
Kynge of Athenes the citee,
A werre he had ayenst Dorence,
And for to take his euidence,
What shall befall of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him first counsaile
With Apollo, in whom he triste,
Through whose answer thus he wiste,
Of two poyntes, that he might chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese,
And in bataile him selfe deye:
Or els the seconde weie
To seen his people discomfite.

But he, whiche pitee hath perfitte.
Upon the poynte of his beleue,
The people thought to releue,
And chese hym selfe to be dead.

Where is nowe suche an other head
Whiche wolde for the lymmes die?

And nethelke in some partie
It ought a kynges herte sterc,
That he his liege men forbere.
And eke towarde his enemies
Full ofte he maie deserue prise
To take of pitee remembrance,
Where that he might do vengeance.
For whan a kinge hath the victorie,
And than he drawe in to memoire
To do pitee in stede of wreche,
He maie not faile of thilke speche,
Wherof aristote the worldes fame
To yeue a prince a worthie name.

Hic ponit exemplum de victorioso principis pietate
era aduersarios suos, Et narrat, quod cum Pompeius
Romanorum Imperator regem Armenie
aduersarium suum in bello victum cepisset, cap-
tum que vinculis alligatum Rome tenuisset,
tyrannidis iracundie stimulo postponens, pietatis
mansuetudinem operatus est: dixit enim, quod
nobilius est regem facere quam deponere. super
quo dictum regem absque vlla redemptione non
solum a vinculis absoluit, sed ad sui regni cul-
men gratuita voluntate coronatum restituit.

I REDE howe whilome that Pompeie
To whom that Rome most obeie,
A warre had in Iupartie
Ayenst the kynge of Armenie,
Whiche of longe tyme had hym greued,
But at last it was acheued:
That be this kynge discomfite hadde,
And forthe with hym to Rome ladde
As prisoner, where many a daie
In sorie plite and poore he laie.
The corone on his head deposed,
Within walles fast enclosed.

And with full great bounlities
He sufferth his aduersitiese.

Pompeie sigh his pacience,
And toke pitee with conscience,

To that vpon his high deys
So fore all Rome in his paleys,
As he that wolde vpon hym rewe,
Lette yeue hym his corone newe,
And his estate all full and playne,
Restoreth of his reigne againe.
And saide: it was more goodly thyng
To make than vdone a kynge
To hym, whiche power had of bothe.

Thus thei that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet iustice netheles
Was kepte, and in nothinge offended.
Wherof Pompeie is yet commended.
There maie no kynge hym selfe excuse,
But if iustice he kepe and vse,
Whiche for to eschewe crueltee
He mote attempte with pitee.

Of crueltee the felonie
Engendred is of tyrannie,
Ayeue the whose condicion
God is hym selfe the champion.
Whose strength no man maie withstonde.
For euer yet it hath so stonde,
That god a tyranne ouer ladde,
But where pitee the raigne ladde,
There might no fortune last,
Which was greuous, but at last
The god hym selfe it bath redressed.
Pitee is thilke vertue blessed,
Whiche neuer let his maister fall.
But crueltee thoughte it so fall,
That it maie reigne for a throwe,
God woul it shall be ouerthrowe
Wherof ensamples ben enowe
Of hem, that thilke merrell drowe.

Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica potestate
principatum optinentes, iniquitatis sue malicia
gloriantur, Et narrat in exemplum qualiter Le-
ontius tyrannus pius Iustinianum non solum a
solio imperatorie maiestatis fraudulenter expul-
sit, sed vt ipse inhabilis ad regnum in aspectu
plebis efficeretur naso et labris abscisis, ipsum
tyrannice mutilauit: deus tamen, qui super om-
nia pius est, Tiberio superueniente vna cum
adiutorio Therbellis Bulgare regis Iustinianum
interfecto Leontio, ad imperium restitui miseri-
corditer procurauit.

Of crueltee I rede thus,
Whan the tyranne Leontius
Was to thempire of Rome arriued,
Fro whiche he hath with strength priued
The pietous Iustinian,
As he whiche was a cruell man,
His nose of and his typpes both
He cutte, for he wolde him lothe
Unto the people, and make vnabie.
But he whiche all is inmerciable,
The high god ordeineth so,
That he withiu a tynie also,
Whan he was strengest in his yre,
Was shouen oute of his empyre.
Tiberius the power hadde,
And Rome after his will he ladde.
And for Leouce in suche a wise
Ordeineth that he toke luse
Of nose and typpes both two:
For that he did another so,

Which more worthy was than hee
 Lo whiche a falle hath crueltee,
 And pitee was sette vp ageyne.
 For after that the bokes seyne,
 Therbellis kynge of Bulgarie,
 With helpe of his chiuallrie,
 Iustinian hath vnprisoned,
 And to thempire ageyne coroned.

Hic loquitur vltimus de crudelitate Siculi tyranni,
 necnon et de Berillo eiusdem consiliario: qui ad
 tormentum populi quendam taurum eneam ty-
 rannica coniectura fabricari constituit, in quo
 tamen ipse prior proprio crimine illud exigente
 vsque ad sui interitus expirationem iudicialiter
 torquebatur.

In a cronike I finde also
 Of Siculus, whiche was eke so
 A cruell kynge like the tempest,
 The whom no pitee might arrest.
 He was the firste, as bokes seie,
 Upon the sea whiche founde galeie,
 And let hem make for the werre,
 As he, whiche all was out of herre
 Fro pitee and misericorde.
 For therto couthe he not acorde,
 But whom he might sleyne, he slough,
 And therof was he glad enough.
 He had of counceill many one,
 Amonge the whiche there was one,
 By name whiche Berillus hight,
 And he bethought hym, how he might
 Unto this tyranne do likynge.
 And of his owne imaginynge
 Lete forge and make a bulle of bras,
 And ou the syde cast there was
 A dore, where a man maie in,
 When he his payne shall begin
 Through fire, which that men put vnder.
 And all this did he for a wonder.
 That whan a man for payne cryde,
 The bull of bras, whiche gapeth wyde,
 It shulde seme, as though it were
 A beluynge in a mans ere,
 And not the crienge of a man.
 But he, whiche all sleightes can,
 The diuell, that lieth in hell fast,
 Hym that it cast halie ouercast,
 That for a trespas, whiche he dede,
 He was put in the same stede.
 And was hym selfe the first of all,
 Whiche was in to that payne fall,
 That he for other men ordeyneth.
 There was no man that hym compleineth.
 Of tyrannie and crueltee
 By this ensample a kynge maie see
 Hym selfe, and eke his counceill bothe,
 Howe they ben to mankynde lothe,
 And to the god abhominable.
 Ensamples that ben concordable
 I fynde of other princes mo,
 As thou shalt here of tyme ago.

Nota hic de Dionysio tyranno, qui mire crudeli-
 tatis severitate etiam hospites suos ad detoran-
 dum equis suis tribuit, cui Hercules tandem su-
 perueniens victum impium impietate sua pari
 morte concludit.

THE greate tyranne Dionyse,
 Whiche mans life set of no prise,
 Unto his horse full ofte he yafe
 The men, in stede of corne and chafe.
 So that the hors of thikke stode
 Dreuouerden the mannes bloode,
 Till fortune at laste came,
 That Hercules hym ouercame.
 And he right in the same wise,
 Of this tyranne tooke the luse,
 As he tyll other men hath do,
 The same deth he died also.
 That no pitee hym hath socourde,
 Tyll he was of his hors deuourde.

Nota hic de consimili Lychaontis tyrannia qui
 carnes hominum hominibus in suo hospicio ad
 vescendum dedit, cuius tormam condicioni si-
 milem coequans ipsum in lupum transformauit.

OF Lychaon also I fynde,
 How he ayene the lawe of kynde
 His hoste slough, and in to meate
 He made hir bodies to ben eate
 With other men within his hows.
 But Iupiter the glorios,
 Whiche was commued of this thyng.
 Vengeance vpon this cruel kynge
 So toke, that he fro mannes forme
 In to a wolfe he let transforme.
 And thus the crueltee was kid,
 Whiche of longe tyme he had hid.
 A wolfe he was then openly,
 The whose nature priuely
 He had in his condicion.
 And vnto this conclusion
 That tyrannie is to despise
 I fynde ensample in sondrie wise,
 And nameliche of hem full ofte,
 The whom fortune hath set alofte
 Upon the werres for to wyne.
 But howe so that the wronge begynne
 Of tyrannie it maie not laste,
 But suche as thei done at laste
 To other men, suche on hem falleth.
 For ayene suche, pitee calleth
 Vengeance to the god aboue.
 For who that hath no tender loue
 In sauynge of a mans life,
 He shall be founde so giltife,
 That whan he wolde mercie craue
 In tyme of nede he shall none haue.

Nota qualiter leo hominibus stratis percit.

OF the nature this I fynde
 The fiers lion in his kynde,
 Whiche goth rampende after his praie,
 If he a man fynde in his waie,
 He will hym sleyn, if he withstonde.
 But if the man couthe vnderstoode
 To fall anone tofore his face,
 In signe of mercie and of grace,
 The lion shall of his nature
 Restrigne his Ire in suche measure,
 As though it were a beste tamed,
 And torne aweie halfyng ashamed,
 That he the man shall nothyng greue.
 Howe sholdt than a prince acheue

The worldes grace, yf that he wolde
 Destroic a man, whan he is yolde,
 And stante vpon his mercy alle?
 But for to speake in specialee,
 There haue be suche, and suche there bee
 Tyrannes, whose nertes no pitee
 Maie to no poynt of mercie ple,
 That thei vpon her tyrannie
 Ne gladen him the men to slea.
 And as the rages of the sea
 Ben vnpiuous in the tempeste:
 Right so maie no pitee areste
 Of crueltee the great vitrage,
 Whiche the tyranne in his corage
 Engendred hath, wherof I fynde
 A tale whiche comth now to mynde.

Hic loquitur precipue contra tyrannos illos, qui
 cum in bello vincere possunt, humani sanguinis
 effusionem saturari nequeunt: et narrat in ex-
 emplum de quodam Persarum rege, cuius nomen
 Spartachus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente
 bellicosus et victoriosus, quoscumque gladio vincere
 poterat, absque pietate interfici constituit.
 Sed tandem sub manu Tomiris Masagetarum
 regine in bello captus, quam diu quesiuit
 seueritatem pro seueritate finaliter inuenit.
 Nam et ipsa quoddam vas de sanguine Per-
 sarum plenum ante se afferre decreuit, in quo
 caput tyranni vsque ad mortem mergens dixit:
 O tyrannorum crudelissime semper esuriens san-
 guinem sitis, ecce iam ad saturitatem sangui-
 nem bibe.

I REDE in olde bokes thus,
 There was a duke, whiche Spartacus
 Men clepe, and was a warriour,
 A cruell man a conquerour
 With stronge power, the whiche he had.
 For this condicion he had,
 That where hym hapneth the victoire,
 His lust and all his most gloire
 Was for to slee, and not to saue.
 Of raunsome wolde he no good haue
 For sauynge of a mans life,
 But all gothe to the swerde and knife,
 So leefe hym was the mans life.
 And netheles yet thus it stode,
 So as fortune aboute went,
 He fell right heire, as by discent
 To Pers, and was coroned kynge.
 And whan the worship of this thyng
 Was fall: and he was kynge of Pers,
 If that thei weren fyrst diuers
 The tyrannies, whiche he wrought.
 A thousand folde well more he sought
 Than afterwarde to do malice,
 Till god vengeance ayene the vice
 Hath shape: For vpon a tide,
 Whan he was hieste in his pride,
 In his rancour, and in his hete,
 Ayene the queene of Masagete.
 Whiche Tomiris that tyme might
 He made warre all that he might,
 And she whiche wolde hir londe defende,
 Hir owne sonne ayene him sende,
 Whiche the defence hath vndertake:
 But he discomfite was and take.
 And whan this kynge hym had in bonde,
 He woll no merry vderstonde,

But dyd hym slea in his presence.
 The tidyng of this violence
 Whan it cam to the mothers eare,
 She sende anone aie wide whera
 To suche frendes as she had,
 A great power till that she lad.
 In sondrie wise and tho she cast,
 Howe she this kynge maie ouercast.
 And at last accorded was,
 That in the daunger of a pas,
 Through whiche this tyranne shuld pas,
 She shope his power to compas
 With strength of men, by suche a wey,
 That he shall not escape aye.
 And when she had thus ordeined,
 She hath hir owne body feigned
 For feare as though she wolde flee
 Out of hir londe: And whan that hee
 Hath berde, howe that this ladie fledde,
 So fast after the chase he spedde,
 That he was founde out of araye.
 For it betid vpon a daie,
 In to the paas whan he was fall,
 The embusshementes to breken all,
 And hym beclipte on euery side,
 That flee ne might he not aside.
 So that there weren dead and take
 Two hundred thousande for his sake,
 That weren with hym of his hoste.
 And thus was leyd the great boste
 Of hym, and of his tyrannie.
 It halpe no mercy for to crie
 To hym, whiche whitome did none.
 For he vnto the queene anone
 Was broughte: and whan that she hym se,
 This worde she spake, and said on he:
 O man, whiche out of mans kynde,
 Reason of man hast lefte behynde,
 And liued worse than a beste,
 Whom pitee might none areste
 The mannes blode to sbede and spille:
 Thou hadst neuer yet thy file.
 But nowe the laste tyme is come
 That thy malice is ouercome,
 As thou till other men hast do,
 Nowe shall he do to the right so.
 Tho had this lady that men shulle
 A vessell brynge, in whiche she wolde
 Se the vengeance of his luisse,
 Whiche she began anone deuisse,
 And toke the princis, whiche he ladde,
 By whom his chiefe counsell he hadde,
 And while hem lasteth any breth
 She made hem blede to the deth
 Into the vessell where it stode.
 And whan it was fulfid of bloode,
 She cast this tyranne therin,
 And sayde him: Lo thus might thou winne
 The lustes of thine appetite,
 In bloode was whitom thy delite,
 Nowe shalte thou drinken all thy fill
 And thus oneliche of goddes wille
 He whiche that wolde hym selfe straunge
 To pitee, fonde mercy so straunge,
 That he without grace is lore.
 So maie it well shewe the more,
 That crueltee hath no good ende,
 But pitee howe so that it wende,
 Makth that god is merciable,
 If there be cause reasonable,

Why that a kyng shall be pitous,
But els if he be doutous
To sleen in cause of rightwisenesse,
It maie be saide no pitousnesse,
But it is pusillanimitie.
Whiche every pryncce shulde flee.
For if pitee measure exceede,
Knyghthode maie not alwey procede
To do justice vpon the right.
For it belougeth to a knight,
As gladly for to fight as reste,
To set his liege people in reste,
Whan that the warre vpon hem falleth.
For hem he mote, as it befalleth,
Of his knyghthode, as a lion
Be to the people a champion
Without any pitee feigned.
For if manbode be re-straigned,
Or be it pees, or be it warre,
Iustice goth all out of herre,
So that knyghthode is set behynde.
Of Aristotles lore I fynde,
A kyng shall make good visage,
That no man knowe of his courage
But all honour and worthynesse.
For if a kyng shall vpon gesse,
Without veray cause drede,
He maie be liche to that I rede.
And though that be like a fable,
Thensample is good and reasonable.

Hic loquitur secundum philosophum dicens, quod sicut non decet principes tyrannica impetuositate esse crudeles, ita nec decet timorosa pusillanimitate esse vecordes.

As it by olde daies fille
I rede whilome that an hille
Up in the londes of Archade
A wonder drowfull noyse it made,
For so it fil that ylke daie
This hille on his chidinge laie.
And whan the throwes on him come,
His noyse liche the daie of dome
Was ferefull in a mannes thought
Of thinges, which that thei se nought:
But well thei herden all aboute
The noise, of whiche thei were in doubt,
As thei that wenden to be lore
Of thinge, whiche than was vnore.
The nere this hil was vpon chance
To take his deliuerance,
The more vnboxomly he cride:
And every man was fledde aside
For drede, and lefte his owne hows,
And at last it was a mows,
The whiche was bore, and to norice
Betake: and tho thei helde hem nice.
For they withouten cause dradde.

Thus if a kyng his herte ladde
With every thinge that he shall here,
Full ofte he shulde change his chere,
And vpon fantasie drede,
Whan that there is no cause of drede.

Nota hic secundum Horacium de magnanimo laide, et pusillanimo Thersite.

HORACE to his pryncce tolde,
That him were kuer, that he wolde

Upon knyghthode Achilles sewe
In tyme of warre, than eschewe
So as Thersites did at Troie.
Achilles all his hole ioye
Set vpon armes for to fight.
Thersites sought all that he might
Unarmed for to stonde in reste,
But of the two it was the beste,
That Achilles vpon the nede
Hath do, wherof his knyghtlybede
Is yet commended oueralle.
Kyng Salomon in speciall
Saith, As there is a tyme of pees,
So is a tyme netheles
Of warre, in whiche a pryncce algate
Shall for the common right debate,
And for his owne worship eke.
But it behoueth not to seke
Onely the warre for worship:
But to the right of his lordship,
Whiche he is bolde to defende:
Mote every worthy pryncce entende
Betwene the simplesse of pitee,
And the foole hast of crueltee.
Where stonte the very hardynesse,
There mote a kyng his herte adresse.
Whan it is tyme, to forsake,
And whan tyme is, also to take
The deadly warrs vpon bonde,
That he shall for no drede woude,
If rightwiseness be witball.
For god is mighty ouer all
To further every mans trouthe,
But it be through his owne slouthe,
And namely the kynges nede
It maie not fayle for to spede.
For he stante one for hem all,
So mote it well the better fall.
And well the more god fauoureth,
Whan he the commune righte scourereth.
And for to see the soth in dede
Beholde the bible, and thou might rede
Of great ensamples many one,
Wherof that I will tellen one.

Hic dicit, quod princeps iusticie causa bellum nullo modo timere debet. Et narrat qualiter dux Gedeon cum solis trecentis viis quinque reges scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amoitatorum, Amoreorum et Iebuseorum, cum eorum exercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus est, gracia cooperante diuina, victorioso in fugam conuertit.

UPON a tyme as it befelle
Aynst Iude and Israell,
Whan soudry kynges come were
In purpos to doastroie there
The people, whiche god kepte tho,
And stoude in thilke daies so,
That Gedeon, whiche shulde lede
The goddes folke, toke him to rede,
And sende in all the loude aboute,
Tyl he assembled hath a route
With .xxx. thousande of defeuce
To fight and make resistance,
Agayne the whiche hem wolde assayle.
And netheles that one bataile
Of thre, that weren enemies,
Was double more than was all his,

Wherof that Gedeon him drad,
That he so litell people had.
But he whiche all thinge maie helpe,
Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his angell sente,
And bad, er that he further wente,
All openly that he do crie
That euery man in his partie,
Whiche wolde after his owne wille
In his delite abide stille
At home in any maner wise,
For purchase, or for couetise,
For luste of loue, or lacke of herte,
He shuld nought aboute sterte,
But holde him stille at home in pees.
Wherof vpon the morowe he lees
Well. xx. thousande men and mo,
The whiche after the crie ben go.

Thus was with him but onely lefte
The thride parte, and yet god ofte
His angel sende and saide this
To Gedeon: If it so is,
That I thyn helpe shall vndertake,
Thou shalt yet lease people take,
By whom my wil is that thou spede.
For thy to morowe take good hede,
Unto the flood whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Up in his hande, and lappeth so,
To thy parte chese oute all tho
And him whiche wery is to swinke,
Upon his wombe and lieth to drynke.
Forsake and put hem all aweye.
For I am mightie all weye,
Where as me list my helpe to shewe
In good men, though thei be fewe.
This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Upon the morowe, and euery dele,
As god him bad, right so he dede.
And thus there lefte in that stede
With him thre hundred, and no mo,
The remenant was all ago.
Wherof that Gedeon merueilleth,
And theron with god counceileth
Pleinyng, as ferforth as he dare.

And god, whiche wolde be were ware
That he shulde spede vpon his right,
Hath bede hem go the same night,
And take a man with him to bere
What shall be spoke in this matere
Amonge the lichen enemies,
So may he be the more wise,
What afterwarde him shall befall.

This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he trist moste,
By night toke towarde thilke hoste,
Whiche lodged was in a valeie,
To here what thei wolden seie.
Upon his foote and as he ferde,
Two sarasines spekende he herde:
Quod one, arede my sweuen aright,
Whiche I met in my slepe to night.

Me thought I sigh a barly cake,
Whiche fro the hille his wey hath take,
And com rollende downe at ones,
And as it were for the nones,
Forth in his cours so as it ran,
The kynges tente of Madian,
Of Amaleche, of Amorie
Of Amon, and of Iebusie

And many another tente mo,
With great ioye as me thought tho,
It threwe to grounde and ouer cast,
And all his host so sore agaste,
That I awoke for pure drede.

This sweuen can I well arede,
Quod the other sarasine anone,

The barly cake is Gedeon,
Whiche fro the hille downe sodentlie
Shall come, and set suche a skrie
Upon the kinges, and vs both,
That it shall to vs all lothe.
For in suche drede he shall vs brynge,
That if we haden flight of wynges,
The weye one foote in dispaire
We shall leue, and slee in the ayre.
For there shal nothing him withstonde.

Whan Gedeon hath vnderstonde
This tale, he thonketh god of all,
And priueliche ageyne he stalle,
So that no life him hath perceiued.
And than he hath fully conceiued.
That he shall spede: and thervpon
The night sewend he shope to gone
This multitude to assaile.

Nowe shalt thou here a great meruaile,
With what wisdom that he wrought.
The litell people, whiche he brought,
Was none of hem that he ne hath
A potte of erthe, in whiche he tath
A tight breynng in a cresset,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other honde beside.

And thus vpon the nightes tide
Duke Gedeon whan it was derke,
Ordeineth hym vnto his werke,
And parted than his folke in thre,
And chargeth hem, that thei ne dee.
And taught hem how thei shulde askrie
All in o voice par companie.
And what worde thei shulde eke speke,
And bowe thei shulde her pottes breke
Echeone with other, whan thei herde
That he hym selfe fyrst so ferde.
For whan thei cam into the stede,
He bad hem do right as he dede.

And thus stalkende forth a paas
This noble duke whan tyme was
His pottes to brake, and loude ascride,
And tho thei brake on euery side,
The trompe was nought for to seke,
He blew, and so thei blowen eke
With suche a noyse amonge hem all,
As though the heuen shulde fall.

The hill vnto her voyce answerde.
This hoste in the valeie it herde,
And sighe how that the hill a light,
So what of heryng and of sight,
Thei caught suche a sodeine fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holly thei forsoke,
That thei none other good ne toke,
But onely with her body bare
Thei fledde, as doth the wilde hare.
And euer vpon the hille thei blew,
Till that thei sigh tyme and knew,
That thei be fled vpon the rage.
And whan thei wiste their auantag.
Thei fill auone vpon the chace.
Thus might thou se, how gods grace

Unto the good men auaileth
But els oft tyme it faileth
To suche as be not well disposed.
This tale nedeth not to be glosed.
For it is openly shewed,
That god to hem that ben well thewed,
Hath yeue and graunted the victoie,
So that the sample of this histoie
Is good for euery kyng to holde.

First in hym selfe that he beholde,
Yf he be good of his liuyng:
And that the folke, whiche he shall brynge,
Be good also, for than be maie
Be glad of many a mery daie,
In what that euer he hath to doone.
For he whiche sitte aboute the moonn,
And all thyng maie spille and spede,
In euery cas, and euery nede,
His good kyng so well adresseseth,
'That all his fo men be represseth:
So that there maie no man hym dere.
And also well he can forbere,
And suffre a wicked kyng to falle
In handes of his fomen all.

Hic dicit, quod ubi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, principes illos sub potestate sua, quos iusticie aduersarios agnouerit occidere de iure tenentur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Saul regem Agag in bello deuictum iuxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse diuino iudicio non solum a regno Israel priuatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

NOWE ferthermore if I shall seyn
Of my matere, and tourne ageyn
To speke of Iustice and Pitee,
After the rule of rialtee.

This maie a kyng well vnderstonde,
Knighthode mote be take on honde
Whan that it stont vpon the nede,
He shall no rightfull cause drede,
No more of warre than of pees,
If he wyll stonde blameles.

For suche a cause a kyng maie haue,
Better it is to slec than saue.
Wherof thou might ensample fynde,
The high maker of mankynde
By Samuel to Saul badde,
That he shall nothyng ben adrad
Agayne kyng Agag for to fight.
For this the godhedc hym behight,
That Agag shall be ouercome.

And whan it is so ferforth come,
That Saul hath hym discomfite,
The god bad make no respite,
That he ne shulde hym slea anone.
But Saul let it ouergone,
And did not the gods beste.

For Agag made a great beheste
Of raunsome, whiche he wold giue,
Kyng Saul suffreth hym to liue,
And feigneth pitee forth withall.
But he, whiche seeth and knoweth all,
The hie god, of that he feigneth,
To Samuel vpon hym pleyneth,
And sende hym worde: for that be lest
Of Agag that he ne bereste
The lyfe, he shall not onely die
Hym selfe, but fro his regalie

He shall be put for euermo,
Nought he, but eke his heyre also,
That it shall neuer come ageyn.

Hic narrat vterius super eodem, qualiter Dauid in extremis iusticie causa vt Ioab occideretur, absque vlla remissione filio suo Salomoni inuinxit.

THUS might thou see the soth pleyne,
That of to muche, and of to lite,
Upon the princes stant the wite.
But euer it was a kynges right
To do the dedes of a knight.
For in the hondes of a kyng
The dethe and life is all o thyng,
After the lawes of iustice.

To sleen it is a deedly vice,
But if a man the dethe deserue.

And if a kyng the life preserue
Of hym, whiche ought for to die,
He seweth not the ensamplarie,
Whiche in the bible is euident,
Howe Dauid in his testament,
Whan he no lenger might leue,
Unto his sonne in charge hath geue,
That he Ioab shall slea algate.

And whan Dauid was gone his gate,
The yonge wise Salomone
His fathers beste did anone,
And slewe Ioab in suche a wise,
That thei that herden the iuse,
Euer after drede hym the more,
And god was eke well payd therfore,
That he so wolde bis herte plie,
The lawes for to iustife.
And yet he kepte forth withall
Pitee, so as a prince shall,
That he no tyrannie wrought.
He fonde the wisdom, whiche he sought,
And was so rightfull netheles,
That all his life he stode in pees,
That he no deadly warres had.
For euery man his wisdom drad.
And as he was hym selfe wise,
Ryght so the worthy men of prise
He hath of his counseyle withholde.
For that is euery prince holde
To make of suche his retinue,
Whiche wise ben: and remue
The foolles, for there is nothyng,
Whiche maie be better about a kyng
Than counseyle, which is the substance
Of all a kynges gouernance.

Hic dicit, quod populum sibi commissum bene regere super omnia principi laudabilius est. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Salomon, vt populum bene regeret, ab altissimo sapientiam specialius postulauit, omnia bona patriter cum illa sibi habundancius aduenerunt.

In Salomon a man maie see,
What thyng of most necessitee
Unto a worthy kyng belongeth.

Whan he his kyngdome vnderfongeth,
God bad hym chese what he wolde,
And sayde hym, that he haue sholde,
What he wolde aske, as of o thyng.

And he whiche was a newe kyng

Forth therevpon his boone prayde
To god, and in this wise sayde:
O kynge, by whom that I shall reigne,
Yeue me wisdom, that I my reigne,
Forth with the people, whiche I haue
To thyn honour maie kepe and saue.

Whan Salomou his boone hath taxed,
The god of that whiche he hath axed,
Was right well payde, and granteth soone,
Not all ouely, that he his boone
Shall haue of that, but of richesse,
Of hele, of pees, of hie noblesse,
For with wysdome at his askynges,
Whiche stant aboute all other thynges:

Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie magis-
tatis imperium aucto omnia sauo consilio diri-
gendum est.

But what kyng will his reigne saue,
First bym behoueth for to haue,
After the god and his beleue,
Suche counceile, whiche is to beleue,
Fulfilde of trouth, and rightwisenes:
But aboute all in his noblesse,
Betwene the reddour and Pitee,
A kynge shall do suche equitee,
And set the balance in euen,
So that the high god of heuen,
Aud all the people of his noblee,
Lowenge vnto his name seie.
For most aboute all erthly good,
Where that a kynge hym selfe is good,
It helpeh, for in other weye
If so be that a kynge forsweye,

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achiui.

FULL ofte er this it hath be seine
The comen people is ouerleyn,
And hath the kynges synne about,
All though the people agilte nought.
Of that the kynge his god misserueth,
The people takth that he deserueth
Here in this worlde, but elles where
I not howe it shall stonde there.
For thy good is a kynge to triste,
Fyrst to hym selfe, as he ue wist
None other helpe but god allone,
So shall the rule of his persone,
Within hym selfe through prouidence,
Ben of the better conscience.
And for to finde eusample of this,
A tale I rede, and soth it is.

Hic de Lucio imperatore exemplum ponit, qualiter
princeps sui nominis famam a secretis consilia-
riis sapienter inuestigare debet, et si quid in ea
sinistrum inueniat, prouisa discretione ad
dexteram conuertat.

In a cronike it telleth thus,
The kynge of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre vpon a night
The stewarde of his hous a knight,
Forth with his chamberleine also
To counceile had both two,
And stoden by thy chymnee
To gether spekende all thre.

And hapneth that the kynges foole
Sat by the fire vpon a stole,
As he that with his bable plaide,
But yet he herde all that thei saide,
And therof toke thei no hede.
The kynge hem axeth what to rede,
Of suche matere as cam to mouth.
And thei him tolde, as thei couth.
Whan all was spoke, of that thei ment:
The kynge with all his bole entent
Then at lasteth berm axeth this,
What kynge men tellen that he is:
Emonge the folke touchinge his name,
Or it be price or it be blame,
Right after that thei herden sayne,
He bad hem for to telle it playne,
That they no poynt of soth forbear
By thilke feyth, that they hym bear.

The stewarde first vpon this thing
Gafe his answeere vnto the kynge:
And thought glose in this matere,
And saide, als ferre as he can here,
His name is good, and honorable.
Thus was the stewarde fauourable,
That be the trouth playne he tolde.

The kynge than axeth, as he shulde,
The chamberleine of his auisse.

And he that was subtile and wise,
And somdele thought vpon his feyth,
Hym tolde, howe all the people seyth,
That of his counseyle were trewe,
Thei wist than well and kewe,
That of hym selfe he shulde be
A worthy kynge in his degree.
And thus the counseyle he accuseth
In party and the kynge excuseth.

The foole, whiche herde of all this cas,
What tyme as gods will was
Sigh, that thei sayden not enough,
And hem to scorne both lough.
And to the kynge he sayd tho:
Syr kyng, if that it were so,
Of wisdom in thyn owne mode
That thou thy selfe were good,
Thy counceil shuld not be bad.
The kynge therof meruayle had,
Whan that a foole so wisely spake,
And of hym selfe fonde oute the lacke
Within his owne conscience.

And thus the foolles euidence,
Which was of gods grace inspired
Makth good counceile was desired.

He put awaie the vicious,
And toke to hym the vertuous.
The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well dispended,
The people was no more oppressed:
And thus stode every thyng redressed.
For where a kynge is propre wise,
And hath suche as him selfe is,
Of his counceil, it maie not faile,
That every thyng ne shall auale.
The vices than gon away,
And every vertue holte his wey:
Wherof the hie god is pleased,
And all the londes folke eased.

For if the comon people crie,
And than a kynge list not to plis
To here, what the clamore wolde,
And otherwise than he shulde,

Disdeigneth for to done hem grace,
It hath be seene in many place,
There hath be fall great contraire,
Aud that I finde of ensamplaire.

Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi potius existunt, Et narrat, qualiter pro eo quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres, senium sermonibus renuncians, dicta iuuenum preelegit, de duodecim tribibus Israel a domio suo decem penitus amisit, et sic cum duabus tantummodo illius postea regnauit.

AFTER the deth of Salomone,
Whan thilke wise kyng was gone,
And Roboas in his persone
Receiue shulde the corone,
The people vpon a parlement
Auised were of one assent,
And all vnto the kyng thei preide
With commune voys and thus thei sayde:

Our liege lorde we the besече,
That thou receiue our humble speche,
And graunt vs, whiche that reason wil,
Or of thy grace, or of thy skil,
Thy fader while he was aliue,
Aud might both graunte and priue
Upon the werkes whiche he had,
The common people streicte lad,
Whan he the temple made newe.
Thinge whiche men neuer afore knewe,
He brought vp than of his tallge,
And all was vnder the visage
Of werkes, whiche he made tho.
But nowe it is befall so,
That all is made right as he seide,
And he was riche whan he deid.
So that it is no maner nede,
If thou therof wilt taken hede,
To pillen of the people more,
Whiche longe tyme hath be greued sore.

And in this wise as we the seie,
With tender berte we the preie,
That thou relese thilke dette,
Whiche vpon vs thy father sette.
And if the like to doone so,
We ben thy men for euerno
To gone and comen at thy heste.

The king, whiche herde this requeste,
Saith, that he wil ben auised,
And hath therof a tyme assised,
And in the while, as he him thought,
Upon this thing counsel he sought.
And firste the wise knightes olde,
To whome that he his tale tolde,
Counseillen him in this manere,
That he with loue, and with glad chere
Foryeue and graunte all that is asked,
Of that his fader had tasked.
For so he maie his reigne acheue
With thing which shall hem litell greue.

The kyng hem herd, and ouer passeth,
And with this other his wit compasseth,
That yonge were, and nothinge wise,
And thei these olde men despise,
And sayden: Sir it shall be shame
For cuer vnto thy worthie name,
If thou ne kepe not thy ryght
(While thou arte in thy yonge might)

Whiche that thyne olde fader gate:
But saie vnto the people plate,
That while thou liuest in thy londe,
The leste finger of thine honde
It shall be strengier ouer all,
Than was thy fathers body all.
And thus also shall be thy tale,
If he hem smote with rodde smale,
With scorpions thou shalt hem smite.
And where thy fader toke a lite,
Thou thynkest take michell more:
Thus shalt thou make hem drede sore
The great herte of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in seruage.

This yonge kyng hym hath conformed
To done as he was last enformed,
Whiche was to him his vndoynge.
For whan it came to the spekyng,
He hath the yonge counceile holde,
That be the same wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.

And whan they herden the sentence
Of his malice, aud the manace,
Anone tofore his owne face
Thei haue him vterly refused,
Aud with full great reproue accused:
So they began for to rauue,
That he hym selfe was fayne to saue.
For as the wyde wode rage,
Of wyndes maketh the sea sauage,
And that was caulme bryngeth to wawe,
So for default and grace of lawe
The people is stered all at ones,
And forth they gone out of his wones,
So that of the lignages twelfe,
Two tribes onely by hem selfe
With hym abiden, and no mo.
So were thei for euerno
Of no returne without espeire
Departed from the rightfull heire
Of israel, with common voyce,
A kyng vpon her owne choyce
Amonge hem selfe anone thei make,
And haue her yonge lorde forsake.
A powre knight Ieroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas
Whiche rightfull heire was by descent,
Lo thus the yonge cause went.
For that the counceile was not good,
The reigne fro the rightfull blood
Euer afterwarde deuided was.
So maie it prouen by this cas,
That yonge counceile, which is to warme,
Er men beware doth ofte harme.
Olde age for the counceile serueth,
And lusty youth his thouke deserueth
Upon the traueile, whiche he dooth,
Aud both for to sey a soothe,
By sondrie cause for to haue,
If that he will his reigne saue,
A kyng behoueth every daie:
That one can, and that other maie,
Be so the kyng hem bothe rule,
Or elles all goth out of rule.

Nota questionem cuiusdam philosophi, vtrum
regno conuenientius foret principin cum malo
consilio optare sapientem, quam cum sano con-
silio ipsam eligere insipientem.

AND vpon this matere also
 A question betwene the two
 Thus written in boke I fonde.
 Where it be better for the londe
 A kyngc hym selfe to be wise,
 And so to beare his owne prise,
 And that his counceile be not good:
 Or otherwise if it so stode,
 A kyngc if he be vicious,
 And his counceile be vertuous.
 It is auswerde in suche a wise,
 That better it is, that thei be wise,
 By whom that the counceile shall be gone.
 For thei ben many, and he is one,
 And rather shall an one man
 With fals counceile, for ought he can,
 From his wisdom be made to fall,
 Than he alone shulde hem all
 Fro vices vnto vertue change.
 For that is well the more straighte.
 For thy the londe maie well be glad,
 Whose kyngc with good counceile is lad
 Whiche sette hym vnto rightwisnes:
 So that his high worthinesse
 Betwene the reddour and pitee,
 Doth mercie forth with equitee.
 A kinge is holden ouer all
 To pitee, but in speciall
 To hem, where he is moste beholde,
 They shulde his pitee most beholde,
 That ben the lieges of the londe.
 For thei ben euer vnder his honde,
 After the gods ordenance,
 To stoude vpon his gouernance.

Nota adhuc precipue de principum erga suos subditos debita pietate, legitur enim qualiter Anthonius a Scipione exemplificatus, dixit, quod mallet vnum de populo sibi commisso virum saluare, quam centum ex hostibus alienigenis in bello perdere.

OF temperour Anthonius
 I finde, howe that he saide thus:
 Howe him were leuer for to saue
 One of his liges, than to haue
 Of enemies an hundred dede.
 And thus he lerned as I rede
 Of Scipio, whiche had bee
 Consul of Rome, and thus to see
 Diuers ensamples howe thei stoude,
 A kinge whiche hath the charge on honde
 The common people to gouerne,
 If that he wil, he maie well lerne.
 Is none so good to the plesance
 Of god, as is good gouernance.
 And every gouernance is due
 To pitee, thus I maie argue,
 That pitee is the foundement
 Of every kynges regiminte.
 If it be medled with iustice,
 Thei two remeuen all vice,
 And ben of vertue most available
 To make a kinges roylme stable.
 Lo thus the foure poyntes tofore
 In gouernance, as thei be bore
 Of trouthe first and of largesse,
 Of pitee, forth with rightwisnesse,
 I haue hem tolde, and ouer this
 The first poynte, so as it is

Set of the rule of policie,
 Whereof a kyngc shall modifie
 The fleshy lustes of nature,
 Nowe thinke I telle of suche measure,
 That both kinde shall be serued,
 And eke the lawe of god obserued.

Corporis et mentis regem decet omnis honestas,
 Nominis vt famam nulla libido ruat.
 Omne quod est hominis effemiat illa voluptas,
 Sit nisi magnanimi cordis vt obstat ei.

Hic tractat secundum Aristotelem de quinta principum policia, que castitatem concernit, cuius honestas impudicitie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime inudiciam specialius pre-seruat.

THE male is made for the femele,
 But where as one desireth fele,
 That nedeth nought by wey of kynde.
 For whan a man maie redy finde
 His owne wife, what shulde he seeke
 In strange places to besече,
 To borowe another mans plough,
 Whan he hath geare at home enough
 Affayted at his owne beste,
 And is to hym wel more honeste,
 Than other thinge, whiche is vnknowe.
 For thy shulde every good man knowe
 And thinke, howe that in mariage
 His trouthe pitte, lieth in morgage,
 Whiche if he breke, it is falsehode,
 And that discordeth to manhode,
 And namely towards the great,
 Whereof the bokes all trete.

So as the philosophe tetheth
 To Alisander, and him betwexeth
 The lore, howe that he shall measure
 His bodie, so that no measure
 Of fleshy lust he shulde excede.
 And thus forth if I shall procede
 The fyfte poynte, as I sayd ere,
 Is Chastitee, whiche seldc where
 Comth nowe a daies in to place.
 And nethelesse but it be grace
 Aboute all other in speciall
 Is none that chaste maie ben all.
 But yet a kynges high estate,
 Whiche of his order as a prelate,
 Shall be anynte and sanctified:
 He mote be more magnified
 For dignitee of his corone,
 Than shulde another lowe persone,
 Whiche is not of high emprise.
 Therefore a prince hym shulde aduise,
 Er that he fell in suche riote,
 And namely that he ne assote
 To change for the womanhed
 The worthinesse of his manhed.

Nota de doctrina Aristotelis, qualiter princeps vt animi sui iocunditatem prouocet, mulieris formosas crebro aspicere debet: caueat tamen ne mens voluptuosa torpescens ex carnis fragilitate in vitium dilabatur.

OF Aristotle I haue well radde,
 Howe he to Alisander badde.
 That for to gladden his corage
 He shulde beholden the visage

Of women, whan that thei ben faire:
 But yet he set an examplaire,
 His body so to guide and rule,
 That he ne passe not the rule,
 Wherof that he bim selfe begyle.
 For in the woman is no gyle.
 Of that a man him selfe by wapeth,
 Whan he is owne witte beiapeth,
 I can the woman well excuse.
 But what man will vpon hem muse
 After the folissh impression
 Of his imaginacion,
 Within him selfe the fire he bloweth,
 Wherof the woman nothyng knoweth,
 So may she nothyng be to wite,
 For if a man him selfe excite
 To drenchen, and will nought forbear.
 The water shall no blame bear,

What maie the golde though men coueit?
 If that a man will loue streit,
 The woman hath hym nothyng bounde,
 If he his owne hert wounde,
 She maie not let the folie,
 And though so fill of companie,
 That he might any thyng purchase,
 Yet maketh a man the first chace.
 The woman fleetb, and be purseweth,
 So that by wey of skill it seweth,
 The man is cause howe so befall,
 That he full ofte sith is falle,
 Where that he maie not well arise.

And netheles full many wise
 Befooled haue hem selfe er this:
 As nowe a daies yet it is
 Amonge the men and euer was,
 The stronge is febleste in this taas.

It sit a man by wey of kynde
 To loue, but it is not kinde,
 A man for loue his wit to lese.
 For if the month of Iule shall frese,
 And that December shall be hote,
 The yere mistorneth well I wote.

To seen a man from his estate
 Through his sottie effeminate,
 And leue that a man shall dooc,
 It is as hose aboute the shooe
 To man, whiche oughte not to be vsed.
 But yet the worlde hath ofte accused
 Full great princes of this dede,
 Howe thei for loue hem selfe inlede,
 Wherof manhode stode behinde,
 Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Sardapallus Assiriorum princeps, muliebri oblectamento effeminatus sue concupiscentie torporem, quasi ex consuetudine adhibebat, ab Arbactore Medorum super hoc insidiante in sul feruoris maiori voluptate subitis mutationibus extinctus est.

THESE olde gestes tellen thus
 That whilome Sardanapalus,
 Whiche helde all hole in his empire
 The great kyngdome of Assire,
 Was through the slouth of his corage
 Fall into the ilke fire rage
 Of loue, whiche the men assoteth,
 Wherof hym selfe he so rioteth,
 And waxeth so ferforth womannishe,
 That ageyn kynde, as if a disshe

Abide wolde vpon the londe,
 In women suche a luste be fonde,
 That he dwelte euer in chambre stille,
 And only wrought after the wille
 Of women, so as he was bede,
 That seldome whan in other stede,
 If that he wolde wendon oute,
 To seeu howe that it stode aboute.
 But there he kiste, and there he plaid,
 Thei taughten hym a lace to braied,
 And weue a purs, and to enfle
 A perle: And fell thilke while
 One Arbactus, the prince of Mede,
 Seeth the kyng in womanhede,
 Was falle fro chivalrie,
 And gate hym helpe, and companie,
 And wrought so, that at laste
 This kyng out of his reigne he caste,
 Whiche was vndone for euer mo.
 And yet men speaken of hym so,
 That it is shame for to here,
 For thy to loue is in manere.

Nota qualiter David amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus exercuit.

KYNGE David had many a loue:
 But netheles alwaie aboute
 Knighthode he kepte in suche a wise,
 That for no flessbely couetise
 Of lust to ligge in ladies armes,
 He lefte not the luste of armes.
 For where a prince his lustes sueth,
 That he the warre not pursueth,
 Whan it is tyme to bene armed:
 His coultre stant full ofte harmed,
 Whan the enemies be ware bolde,
 That thei defence none beholde,
 Full many a londe hath so be lore,
 As men maie rede ofte tyme afore,
 Of hem that so her eases soughten,
 Whiche after thei full dere abouten.

Hic loquitur qualiter regnum lasciuie voluptatibus deditum, de facili vincitur: Et ponit exemplum de Cyro rege Persarum, qui cum Lidoe mira probitatis strenuissimos, sibi que in bello aduersantes nullo modo vincere potuit, cum ipsi tandem pacis tractatum dissimilans, concordiam finalem stabilire finxit, super quo Lydi postea per aliquod tempus armis insoluti sub pacis tempore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipiens in eos armatus subito irruit, ipsosque inde sensibiles vincens suo imperio tributarios subiugauit.

To morchell ease is nothyng worthe.
 For that setteth euery vice forthe,
 And euery vertue put a backe,
 Wherof price turneth in to lacke.
 As in cronike I maie reherse,
 Whiche telleth, howe the kyng of Perse
 That Cyrus hight, a warre hadde
 Ageinst the people, whiche he dradde,
 Of a cuntry, whiche Lydos hight.
 But yet for ought that he do might,
 As in bataile vpon the warre,
 He had of them alwaie the warre.
 And whan he sighe, and wist it wele,
 That he by strength wan no delu:

Than at laste he caste a wile
This worthy people to begyle,
And toke with hem a feigned pees,
Whiche shulde lasten endeles,
So as he sayde in wordes wise,
But be thought all in other wise.
For it betid vpon the caas,
Whan that this people in rest was,
Thei token eases many folde,
And worldes ease (as it is tolde)
By waie of kynde is the norice
Of euery luste, whiche toucheth vice.

Thus whan thei were in lustes fall,
The warres bene forgotten all.
Was none, whiche wolde the worship
Of armes, but in idelshipp,
Thei putten businesse awaie,
And toke hem to daunce and plaie.
But moste aboute all other thynges
Thei token hem to the likynge
Of fleshely lustes, that chastitee
Receiued was in no degree:
But euery man doth what him liste.

And whan the kynge of Perse it wiste,
That thei vnto folie entenden,
With his power, whan thei lest wenden,
More sodeinly than doth the thunder
He came, for cuer and put hem vnder.
And thus hath lecherie lore
The londe, whiche had be tofore
The beste of hem, that were tho.

Nota qualiter facta bellica luxus infortunat. Et
narrat, quod cum rex Amolech hebreis sibi in-
sultantibus resistere nequit, consilio Balaam
mulieres regni sui pulcherrimas in castro he-
breorum misit, qui ab ipsis contaminati sunt.

AND in the bible I finde also
A tale, like vnto this thinge,
Howe Ameleche the painmy kynge,
Whan that he might by no weye
Defende his londe, and put awaie
The worthy people of Israell.
This sarasin, as it befelle
Through the counceile of Balaam,
A rout of faire women nam,
That lustie were, and of yonge age,
And bad hem go to the linage
Of these hebrewes: and forth thei went,
With eyen grey, and browes beut,
And well araied euerichone.
And whan thei comen were anone
Amonge thebrews, was none in sight,
But catche who that catche might,
And eche of hem his lustes sought,
Whiche after they full dere abought.
For grace anone began to faile,
That whan thei comen to bataile,
Than afterwarde in sory plite
Thei were take and discomfite.
So that within a litell throwe
The might of hem was ouerthrowe,
That whilome were wont to stonde,
Till Pluinees the cause on londe
Hath take, this vengeance last:
But than it ceased at laste.
For god was payde, of that he dede.
For where he fonde vpon a stede
A couple, whiche misferred so,
Throughout he smote hem both two,

And let hem ligge in mens eie,
Wherof all other, whiche hem sie,
Eosampled hem vpon the dede,
And prayden vnto the godhede,
Her olde synnes to amende.
And he whiche wolde his mercy sende,
Restored hem to newe grace.

Thus maie it shewe in sondry place
Of chastitee howe the chennesse
Accordeth to the worthinesse
Of men of armes ouer all.
But moste of all in speciall
This vertue of a kynge belongeth.
For vpon his fortune it hongeth,
Of that his londe shall speede or spille.
For thy but if a kynge his will
Fro lustes of his fleshe bestreine,
Ageyn hym selfe he maketh a treyne,
Into the whiche if that he slide,
Hym were better go beside.

For euery man maie vnderstonde,
Howe for a tyme that it stonde,
It is a sorie lust to like,
Whose ende maketh a man to sike,
And tourneth ioyes in to sorowe.
The bright sonne by the moouwe
Bethineth not the derke night,
The lusty yongth of mans wight
In age but it stonde wele,
Mistorneth all the last whele.

Hic loquitur qualiter principum irregularia volup-
tas eos a semita recta multotiens deuiare com-
pellit. Et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui
ex sue carnis concupiscentia victus, mulierum
blandimentis in sui scandalum deos alienos co-
lere presumebat.

THAT enery worthy prince is holde
Within hym selfe to beholde,
To see the state of his persone,
And thinke, howe there be ioyes none
Upon this erthe made to laste:
And how the fleshe shall at last
The lustes of his life forsake:
Hym ought a great ensample take
Of Salomon, whose npetite
Was holly sette vpon deuite
To take of women the plesance,
So that vpon his ignorance
The wyde worlde meruaileth yit,
That he, whiche all mens wit
In thilke tynne hath ouerpassed,
With fleshy lustes was so tassed,
That he whiche ledde vnder the lawe
The people of god, hym selfe withdrawe
He hath fro god in such a wise,
That he worship and sacrifice
For sondrie loue in sondrie stede
Vnto the fals gods dede.
This was the wise Eccle-iaste,
The fame of whom shall euer laste,
That be the mightie god forsoke
Ageyn the lawe whan hee toke
His wyues and the concubines
Of hein that were sarasines,
For whiche he did idolatrie.
For this I rede of his sotie,
She of Zilonie so him ladde,
That he knecloude his armes spraddle

To Asthoreth with great humblesse,
 Whiche of her loude was the goddesse.
 And she that was of Moabite
 So ferforth made hym to delite
 Through lust, which all his wit deuoureth,
 That he Chamos hir god honoureth.
 An other Anonite also
 With loue bim hath assoted so,
 Hir god Moloche that with encence
 He sacreth, and doth reuerence
 In suche a wise as she hym bad.
 Thus was the wyseste ouerlad
 With blynde lustes, whiche he sought.
 But be it afterwarde abought.

Nota hic qualiter Achias propheta in signum,
 quod regnum post mortem Salomonis ob eius
 peccatum a suo herede dimineretur, pallium
 suum in duodecim partes scidit, vnde decem
 partes Ieroboë filio Nabat, qui regnaturus pos-
 tea successit, precepto dei tribut.

FOR Achias Silonites,
 Whiche was prophet er his deces,
 While he was in his lustes all,
 Betokeneth what shall after falle.
 For on a daie, when that he mette
 Ieroboam the knight he grette,
 And bad hym, that he shulde abide
 To here what hym shall betide.
 And forth withall Achias cast
 His mantell of, and also fast
 He cut it in to peces twelfe,
 Wherof two partes vnto hym selfe
 He kepte, and all the remenant,
 As god hath set his coucnant,
 He toke vnto Ieroboas,
 Of Nabat whiche the sonne was,
 And of the kynges courte a knight,
 And saide hym, suche is gods might.
 As thou haste sene departed here
 My mantell, right in suche manere
 After the dethe of Salomon
 God hath ordeined therrpon,
 This reigne than he shall diuide,
 Whiche tyme eke thou shalt abide,
 And vpon that diuision
 The reigne as in proporcion,
 As thou hast of my mantell take,
 Thou shalt receiue I vndertake.

And thus the sonne shall abide
 The lustes and the lecherie
 Of hym, whiche nowe his father is.
 So for to taken hede of this
 It sit a kynges will to be chaste:
 For els he maie lightly waste
 Hym selfe, and eke his reigne bothe,
 And that ought every kynges to lothe,
 O whiche a sinne violent,
 Wherof so wise a kynges was shent,
 That he vengeance of his persone
 Was not enough to take alone,
 But afterwarde, when he was passed,
 It hath his heritage lassed,
 As I more openly tofore
 The tale tolde: And thus therefore
 The philosophier vpon this thinge
 Writte, and counseled to a kynges,
 That he the forfete of luxure
 Shall tēpre, and rule of suche measure,

Whiche be to kynde sufficient,
 And eke to reason accordant.
 So that the lustes ignorance
 Be cause of no misgouernance,
 Through whiche that he be ouertrowe
 As he that will no reason knowe.
 For but a mans wit be swerued,
 When kynde is duliche serued,
 It ougt of reason to suffice.
 For if it fall hym otherwise,
 He maie the lustes sore drede.

For of Anthonie thus I rede,
 Whiche of Seuerus was the sonne,
 That he his life of commune wonne
 Yauē holly vnto thilke vice,
 And ofte tyme he was so nice,
 Wherof nature hir hath compleined
 Vnto the god, whiche hath disdeigned
 The warkes whiche Anthonie wrought
 Of luste, whiche he fulle sore abought.
 For god his forfete hath so wroke,
 That in cronike it is yet spoke.
 But for to take remembrance
 Of speciall misgouernance,
 Through couetise and iniustice,
 Forth with the remenant of vice,
 And naneliche of lecherie,
 I fynde write a great partie
 Within a tale, as thou shalt here,
 Whiche is thensample of this matere.

Hic loquitur de Tarquinio Rome nuper impera-
 tore, necnon et de eiusdem filio nomine Arrous,
 qui omnium viciorum varietate repleti tam in
 homines quam in mulieres innumera scelera
 perpetrarunt.

So as these olde gestes seyne
 The proude tyranissh Romeyne
 Tarquinus, whiche was than kynges,
 And wrought many a wrongfull thynges.
 Of sonnes he had many one,
 Amonge the whiche Arrous was one,
 Liche to his father in maneres,
 So that within a fewe yeres,
 With treason and with tyrannie,
 Thei wonne of londe a great partie,
 And token hede of no iustice,
 Whiche dewe was to her office
 Upon the rule of gouernance,
 But all that euer was plesance,
 Vnto the flesshes lust, thei toke.
 And fill so, that thei vndertoke
 A werre, whiche was nought achened,
 But often tyme it had hem greued,
 Ageyne a folke, whiche than hight
 The Gabiens, and all by night
 Thus Arrous when he was at home
 In Rome, a preuy place he nome
 Within a chamber, and bete hym selfe,
 And made hym woundes .x. or twelfe
 Vpon the backe, as it was sene.
 And so forth with his hurtes grene
 In all the haste that he maie
 He rofe, and cam that other daie
 Vnto Gabie the citee,
 And in he went: and when that he
 Was knowe, anone the yates were shet,
 The lordes all vpon hym set
 With drawe swerles vpon honde,
 And Arrous wolde hem not wistonde,

And saide, I am here at your wille,
As lefe it is that ye me spille
As if myn owne father dede.
And forth withiu that same stede
He praide hem that thei wolde see,
And tolde hem in what de:ree
His father, and his bretherne bothe,
Whiche as he sayd weren wrotie,
Hym had beaten and reuiled,
And out of Rome for euer exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleue,
And saide: if that he might acheue
His purpos, it shall well be yolie,
Be so that thei hym helpe wold.

Whan that the lordes had sene,
Howe wofully he was besene,
Thei toke pitie of his greue.
But yet it was hem wouder leue,
That Rome hym had exiled so.

The Gabiens by counseye tho
Upon the goddes made hym swear,
That he to hem shall trouth beare,
And strength hem with all his might.

And thei also hym hath behight
To helpen hym in his quarele.
Thei shope than for his hole,
That he was bathed and auoynt
Till that he was in lusty poynt,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all holle the citee lad
Right as he wolde hym selfe deuse:
And than he thought hym in what wise
He might his tyrannie shewe,
And toke to his counseile a shrewe,
Whom to his father forth he sent.
And in his message he tho went,
And praied his father for to saie
By his auisse and synde a waie,
How thei the citee might wyne,
While he stooode so well thern.

And whan the messenger was come
To Rome, and hath in counseile nome
The kyng: it fell purchance so,
That thei were in a gardeine tho
This messenger forth with the kyng.
And whan he had tolde the-thinge,
In what maner that it stooode:

And that Tarquinius vnderstooode:
By the message, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in honde a yerde,
And in the gardeyne as thei gone,
The lilly cropper one and one,
Where that thei weren sprongen out,
He smote of, as thei stooode about:

And saide vnto the messengere,
Lo this thyng, whiche I do nowe here,
Shall be in stede of thyn answer.
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou shalt vnto my sonne telle.

And he no lenger wolde dwille,
But toke his leue, and goth withall
Unto his lorde, and tolde hym all,
Howe that his father had do.

Whan Arrous herde hym tell so,
Anone he wist what it ment,
And therto set all his entent
Till he through fraude and trecherie
The princes heades of Gabie
Hath smiten of, and all was wonne,
His father cam tofore the sonne

In to the towne with the Romeyns,
And toke and slewe the citezeyns
Without reason or pitee,
That he ne spareth no degree.
And for the spede of his conqueste
He let do make a riche feste,
With a solempne sacrifice
In Phebus temple, And in this wise
Whan the Romayne assembled were
In presence of hem all there,
Upon the anter when all was dight,
And that the fyres were a light,
From vnder the auter sodeinly
An hidous serpent openly
Cam out, and hath deuoured all
The sacrifice, and eke withall
The fyres queynt: and forth anone,
So as he came, so is he gone
In to the depe: grounde ayene,
And euery man began to seyne:
A lorde, what maie this signifie?
And therypon thei praie and crie
To Phebus, that thei mighten knowe
The cause: and he the same throwe
With gastli voyce, that all it berde,
The Romains in this wise answerde,
And sayd, how for the wickednes
Of pride, and of vnrightwisenes,
That Tarquine and his sonne hath do,
The sacrifice is wasted so
Whiche might not beu acceptable
Upon suche sinne abhominable.
And ouer that yet he hem wisseth,
And saith, whiche of hem first kysseth
His mother, he shall take wreche
Upon the wronge: and of that speche
Thei ben withiu her hertes glade,
Though thei outward no semblance made,
There was a knight, which Brutus hight,
And he with all the haste he might
To grounde fill, and there he kiste:
But none of hem the cause wiste,
But wende that he had spoured
Perchance, and so was ouertourned.
But Brutus all an other ment.
For he knewe well in his entent,
Howe therthe of euery mans kynde
Is mother: but they weren blynde,
And sighe not so ferre as hee.
But when thei leften the citee,
And comen home to Rome ageyn:
Than euery man, whiche was Romeine,
And moder hath, to hir he bende,
And kist, and eche of hem thus wende
To be the fyrste vpon the charce,
Of Terquine for to do vengeance,
So as thei herden Phebus seyne.
But euery time hath his certeyne,
So must it nedes than abide,
Till afterwarde vpon a tide:

Hic narrat, quod cum Tarquinius in obsidione ciuitatis Ardee, vt eam destrueret, intentus fuit, Arrous filius eius Romam secreto adiens in domo Collatini hospitatus est, vbi de nocte illam castissimam dominam Lucretiam inagiata fraude vi oppressit, vnde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cum Tarquinio patre suo, tota clamante Roma, imperpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

TARQUINIUS made vnskilfully
A werre, whiche was fast by,
Ageyn a towne with walles stronge,
Whiche Ardea was cleped longe,
And cast a sege there aboute,
That there maie no man passen oute.

So it befelle vpon a night
Arrous, whiche had his souper dight,
A parte of the chiuallrie
With hym to suppe in companie
Hath bede: and whan thei comen were,
And sette at supper there,
Amonge her other wordes glade
Arrous a great spekyng made,
Who had tho the best wife
Of Rome, and thus began a strife.
For Arrous saith, he hath the best.
So iangen thei withouten rest,
Till at laste one Collatine
A worthy knight, and was cosine
To Arrous, saide him in this wise,

It is (quod he) of none emprise
To speke a worde, but of the dede,
Wherof it is to taken hede.

Anone for thy this same tyde
Lepe on thy hors, and let vs ride,
So maie we kuowe both two
Unwarely what our wiues do,
And that shall be a trewe assaie.

This Arrous saith not ones naie,
On horsebacke anone thei lepte,
In suche manere and nothing slepte.
Ridende forth till that thei come
All priuelle within Rome,
In strange place and downe thei light,
And take a chambre oute of sight.

Thei be disguised for a throwe,
So that no life shulde hem knowe.
And to the paleis first thei sought,
To se what thyng the ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrous made a vaunt,
And thei hir sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of myrthes and of bordes.
But amonge all other wordes
She spake not of hir husbonde,
And whan thei had all vnderstonde
Of thilke place what hem liste,
Thei gone hem forth that nonc it wist.

Beside thilke yate of bras,
Collacea whiche cleped was,
Where Collatine hath his dwellynge,
There founden thei at home sittyng
Lucrece his wife all enuiroaed
With women, whiche were abandoned
To werche, and she wrought eke withall,
And bad hem haste, and said it shall
Be for myn husbondes ware:
Whiche with his shelde and with his speare
Lieth at siege in great disease,
And if it shulde hym not displease,
Nowe wolde god, I had byn here.
For certis tyll that I maie here
Some good tidyng of his estate,
My herte is euer vpon debate.
For so as all men w. tresse,
He is of suche an hardinesse,
That he can not hym self spare,
And that is all my moste care,
Whan thei the walles shulde assaile.
But if my wishes might assaile,

I wolde it were a groundles pit,
Be so the siege were vnkuit,
And I my husbonde sie.
With that the water in hir ie
Arose, that she ne might it stoppe,
And as men sene the dew bedroppe
The leues and the floures eke:
Right so vpon hir white cheke:
The wofull salte terres felle.

Whan Collatine hath herde hir telle
The meynyng of hir trewe herte,
Anone with that to hir he sterte,
And sayd: Lo my good dere,
Nowe is he come to you here,
That ye moste louen as ye seyne.
And she with goodly cberre ageyne
Beclipt him in hir armes smale.
And the colour, whiche erste was pale
To beautee than was restored,
So that it might not be mored.

The kynges sonne, which was nigh,
And of this lady herde and sigh
The thynges, as thei ben befall,
The reason of his wittes all
Hath loste: for loue vpon his parte
Cam than, and of his fire darte
With such a wounde him bath through smite,
That he must nedes fele and wite
Of thilke blinde maladie,
To whiche no cure of surgerie
Can helpe, but yet netheles
At thilke tyme he helde his pes,
That he no countenance made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he coude in his manere,
He spake, and made frendly chere,
Tyl it was tyme for to goe.

And Collatine with him also
His leue toke, so that by night,
With all the haste that thei might,
Thei riden to the siege ageyn.
But Arrous was so wo besein
With thoughtes, which vpon him ronne,
That he all by the brode sonne
To bedde goth, not for to reste,
But for to thinke vpon the beste,
And the fairest forth with alle,
That euer he sigh, or euer shalle,
So as him thought in his corage,
Where he portreid hir image,

Fyrst the fetures of hir face,
In whiche nature had all grace
Of womanlie beutee besette,
So that it might not be bette.
And howe hir yelowe heare was tressed,
And hir atyre so well adressed.
And howe she wepte, al this he thought.
And howe she spake, and how she wrought,
That he foryeten bath no dele,
But all it liketh him so wele,
That in the worde nor in the dede
Hir lacked nought of womaude.

And thus this tyrannische knight
Was soupled, but not halfe aright.
For he none other hede toke,
But that he might by some croke,
All though it were ageyne hir wille,
The lustes of his flesh fulfill,
Whiche loue was not reasonable.
For where honour is r. incuabile,

It ought well to ben aduised :
 But he whiche hath his lust assised
 With medlid loue and tyrannie,
 Hath founde vpon his trecherie
 A weye, whiche he thinketh to holde,
 And sayth : fortune vnto the bolde
 Is fauorable for to helpe.

And thus within him selfe to yelpen,
 As he whiche was a wide man
 Vpon his treason he began.
 And vp he sterte, and forth he wente
 On hersbacke, but his entente
 There knewe no wight, and he name
 The nexte waie, till he came
 Unto Collacea the gate
 Of Rome, and it was somede late,
 Right euen vpon the sonne sette.
 And he whiche had shape his nette
 Hir innocence to betraye,
 And as it shulde thio mishappe,
 As priuely as euer he might
 He rode, and of his hors alight
 Tofore Collatines Inne,
 And all frendeliche goth him in,
 As he that was cosin of house.

And she, whiche is the good spouse
 Lucrece, whan that she hym sighe,
 With goodly chere drewe hym nighe,
 As she, whiche all honour supposeth,
 And hym, so as she dare, opposeth
 Howe it stode of hir husbonde.

And he tho did hir vnderstonde
 With tales feigned in this wise,
 Right as he wolde him selfe deuise.
 Wherof he might hir herte gladdie,
 That she the better chere made,
 Whan she the gladdie wordes herde,
 Howe that hir husbande ferde.
 And thus the trouthe was deceiued
 With slic treason, whiche was receiued
 To hir, whiche mente all good.
 For as the festes than stode
 His souper was right wel arraied :
 But yet he hath no worde assaied
 To speke of loue in no degree,
 But with couert subtilitee
 His frendly speches he affaiteth,
 And as the tigre his tyme awaiteth,
 In hope for to catche his praie.

Whan that the bordes were awaie,
 And thei haue souped in the halle,
 He saith, that slepe is on him falle,
 And praith, he mote go to bedde.
 And she with all haste spedde,
 So as hir thought it was to doone,
 That euery thinge was redie soone.
 She brought him to his chamber tho,
 And toke hir leue, and forth is go
 In to hir owne chambre by :
 And she that wende certeynly
 Haued had a frende, and had a fo,
 Wherof fill after mochell wo.

This tyranne though he lie softe,
 Oute of his bedde arose full ofte,
 And goeth aboute, and leied his ere
 To herken, till that all were
 To bedde gone, and slepten faste.
 And than vpon hym selfe he caste
 A mantel, and his swerde all naked
 He toke in honde, and she vnawaked

A bedde laie : but what she mette
 God wote, for he the dore vnshette
 So priuely, that none it herde,
 The softe paas and forth he ferde
 Into the bedde, where that she slepte,
 All sodeinly and in he crepte,
 And hir in bothe his armes toke,
 With that this worthy wyfe awoke,
 Whiche through tendresse of womanhed,
 Hir royce hath loste for pure drede,
 That one worde speke she ne dare,
 And eke he bade hir to beware.
 For if she made noyse or crie,
 He sayd, his swerde laie faste bie
 To see hir, and hir folke aboute.
 And thus he brought hir herte in doute,
 That like a lambe, whan it is cessed
 In wolues mouth, so was diseased
 Lucrece whiche he naked fonde,
 Wherof she swooned in his honde,
 And, as who saith, laie dede oppressed.
 And he whiche all him had adressed
 To luste, toke than what him liste,
 And goth bis weye, that none it wist,
 In to his owne chambre ageyn,
 And cleped vp his chamberleyn,
 And made hym redie for to ride.
 And thus this lecherous pride
 To hors lepte, and forth he rode.
 And she whiche in hir bed abode,
 Whan that she wist he was agone,
 She cleped after light anone,
 And vp arose longe er the daie,
 And cast aweie hir freshe araie,
 As she whiche hath the worlde forsake,
 And toke vpon the clothes blake.
 And euer vpon continuinge
 Right as men see a welle springe,
 With eien full of wofull teares
 Hir heare hangynge aboute hir eares
 She wepte, and no man wist whie.
 But yet amonge full pitouslie
 She praied, that thei nolden dretche
 Hir husbonde for to fetchen,
 Forthwith hir fader eke also.
 Thus be thei comen bothe two,
 And Brutus came with Collatine,
 Whiche to Lucrece was cosine,
 And in thei wenten all three
 To chambre, where thei might see
 The wofullest vpon this molde,
 Whiche wepte, as she to water sholde.
 The chambre dore anone was stoke
 Er thei haue ought vnto hir spoke.
 Thei see hir clothes all disgised,
 And howe she hath hir selfe despised,
 Hir heare hangynge vnkempte aboute.
 But netheles she gan to lowte,
 And knele vnto hir husbonde.
 And he wolde fayne haue vnderstonde
 The cause, why she fared so.
 With softe wordes asked tho :
 What maie you be my god swete ?
 And she, whiche thought hir selfe vnmete,
 And the lest worthe of women alle,
 Hir wofull chere lete downe falle
 For shame, and coude vnnetthes loke,
 And thei therof good heile toke,
 And praiden hir in all waie,
 That she ne spare for to saie

Unto hir frendes, what hir aileth,
Why she so sore hir selfe bewaileth,
And what the sooth wolde mene,

And she whiche bath hir sorowe grene,
Hir wo to tell then assaid,
But tender shame hir worde delaied,
That sondry tymes as she mente
To speke, vpon the poynte she steute
And thei hir beden euer in one

To telle forth, and there vpon,
Whan that she sighe she must nede,
Hir tale betwene shame and drede
Sbe tolde, not without peyne.

And he whiche wolde hir wo restreyne,
Hir husband, a sory man,
Comforteth hir all that he can,
And swore, and eke hir fader bothe,
That thei with hir be not wroth,
Of that is do ageinst hir wille,
And praiden hir to be stille.

For thei to hir haue all foryeue

But she whiche thought not to leue,
Of hem will no foryeuenesse,
And said: of thilke wickednesse,
Whiche was to hir body wrought,
All were it so she might it nought,
Neuer afterwarde the worlde ne shall
Reprouen hir: and forthwithall,
Or any man therof be ware,
A naked swerde the whiche she bare
Within hir mantell priuely,
Betwene hir hondes sodenly
She toke, and through hir herte it thronge,
And fill to grounde, and euer amonge,
Whan that she fill, so as she might,
Hir clothes with hir honde she right.

That no man downwarde fro the knee
Shuld any thyng of hir see,

Thus laie this wife honestly,
All though she died wofully.

Tho was no sorowe for to seke,
Hir husbunde and hir father eke
A swoune vpon the body felle,
There maie no mans tonge telle,
In whiche anguishe that thei were.

But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Towarde hym selfe his hert kepte,
And to Lucrece anone he lepte,
The bloody swerde and pulleth out,
And swore the gods all aboute,
That he therof shall do vengeance:
And she tho made a countenance,
Hir dedly eie and at laste
In thonkyng as it were vp cast,
And so behelde hym in the wise,
While she to loke maie suffice.

And Brutus with a manly herte
Hir husbunde hath made vp sterte,
Forth with hir father eke also,
In all haste and saide hem tho,
That thei anone without lette
A bere for the body fette:
Lucrece and therupon blendend
He laide, and so forth out criend
He goth vnto the market place
Of Rome: and in a litell space
Through crien the citee was assembled,
And euery mans hert trembled,
Whan thei the soth herde of the cas,
And there vpon the counseyle was

Take, of the great and of the smale:
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam in to remembrance
O' synne the continuance,
Whiche Arrous had do tofore.
And eke lonze tyme er he was bore
Of that his father had do
The wronge came in to place tho,
So that the common clamour tolde
The newe shame of synnes olde.
And all the towne began to crien:
Awey awey the tyrannise
Of lecherie and couetise.

And at laste in suche a wise
The father in the same while
Forth with the soune thei exile,
And taken better gouernance.
But yet an other remembrance,
That rightwisenes and lecherie
Accorden not in companie,
With hym that hath the lawe on honde,
That may a man well vnderstonde,
As by a tale thou shalte witte
Of olde ensample as it is writte

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter Lucius
Virginis dux exercitus Romanorum vnicam filiam
pulcherrimam habens, cum quodam nobili
viro nomine Ilicio, ut ipsam in uxorem duceret
finaliter concordauit. Sed interim Appius Clau-
dius Imperator virginis formositatem, ut eam
violaret concupiscens, occasiones, quibus ma-
trimonium impedire, ipsam quod ad sui usum ap-
prehendere posset, subdola conspiratione fieri
coniectauit, et cum propositum sui desiderii
productis falsis testibus in Iudicio, Imperator
habere debuisset: pater tunc ibidem presens
extracto gladio filie sue pectus mortali vulnere
per medium transfudit, dicens, malo mihi de
filia mea virginem habere mortuam, quam in
sui scandalum meretricem seruare viuentem.

At Rome whan Appius,
Whose other name was Claudius,
Was gouernour of the citee,
There fyll a wonder thyng to see,
Touchend a gentill mayde, as thus:
Whome Lucius Virginus
Begeten had vpon his wife,
Men saiden, that so faire a life
As she, was not in all the towne.
This fame, whiche goth vp and downe,
To Claudius came in his ere,
Wherof his thought anone was there,
Whiche all his herte hath sette a fyre,
That he began the floure desyre,
Whiche longoth vnto maidenhede,
And sende, if that he might spede
The blynde lustes of his wille.
But that thyng he might not fulfille.
For she stoude vpon mariage,
A worthy knight of great lignage
(Ilicius whiche than bight)
Accorden in hir faders sight
Was, that he shuld his daughter wed.
But er the cause were fully spedd
Hir fader, whiche in Romanie
The ledyng of the chualrie
In gouernance hath vudertake
Spon a werre, whiche was take,

Gothe out with all the strength he had
Of men of armes whiche he had.
So was the mariage lefte,
And stode vpon accord till etfe.

The kynge, whiche herde tell of this,
Howe that this maide ordeined is
To mariage, thought a nother,
And had thilke time a brother,
Whiche Marcus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of suche riote,
Right as the kynge hym selfe was,
Thei two togider vpon this caas
In counceyle founden out the weye,
That Marcus Claudius shal seye,
Howe she by weye of counanete
To his seruice apurtenante
Was holle, and to none other man.
And there vpon he saith he can
In euery poynt witness take,
So that she shall it not forsake.

Whan that thei had shape so
After the lawe whiche was tho,
While that hir fader was absente,
She was somoned and assente
To come in presence of the kynge,
And stode in answere of this thyng.

Hir frendes wisten all wele,
That was falshede euery dele,
And comen to the kynge, and saiden
Upon the comune lawe and praiden,
So as this noble worthy knight
Hir fader for the common right
In thilke tyme, as was befall,
Laie for the profite of them all
Upon the wilde felde armed,
That he ne shulde not ben harmed
Ne shamed, while that he were oute.
And thus thei preiden all aboute,

For all the clamour that he berde,
The kinge vpon his luste answerde,
And yaued hem onely daies two
Of respite: for he wende tho,
That in so shorte a tyme appere
Hir fader might in no manere.

But as therof he was deceiued.
For Lilius had all conceiued
The purpos of the kynge tofore,
So that to Rome ayene therfore
In all haste he came ridende,
And lefte vpon the felde liggende
His host, till that he came ageyne.

And thus this worthy capitayne
Appered redy at his daie.
Where all that euer reasone maie
By lawe in audience he dooth,
So that his daughter vpon sooth,
Of that Marcus hir had accused,
He hath tofore the courte excused.

The kynge, which saw his purpose faille,
And that no sleight might auayle,
Incombred of his lustes blyude
The lawe tourneth out of kynde,
And halfe in wrathe as though it were,
In presence of hem all there,
Deceiued of concupiscence,
Yaued for his broder the sentence:
And bad hym, that he shulde cease
This mayde, and make hym well at ease.
But all within his owne entent,
He wist how that the cause went,

Of that his brother bath the wite,
He was hym selfe for to wite.
But thus this maiden had wronge,
Whiche was vpon the kynge alonge,
But aceyne hym was none apele,
And that the father wist wele.
Wherof vpon the tyrannie,
That for the luste of lecherie
His daughter shuld be disceiued,
And that Ilicius was weined
Untruly from the mariage:
Right as a lyon in his rage,
Whiche of no drede set account,
And not what pitee shulde amount,
A naked swerde he pulled out,
The whiche amonges all the rout
He threst through his daughters side,
And all aloude thus he cride:

Lo take hir there thou wrongfull kynge.
For me is leuer vpon this thyng
To be the father of a maide,
Though she be dead, than if men saide,
That in hir life she were shamed,
And I therof were euill named.

Tho had the kynge men shulde areste
His body, but of thilke heste
Like to the chased wilde bore
The houndes whan he feleth sore
To throwe, and goth forth his wey:
In suche a wise for to sey
This worthy knight with swerde in honde,
His wey made, and thei hym wonde,
That none of hem his strokes kepte,
And thus vpon his hors he lepte,
And with his swerde droppying all bloode,
Whiche within his daughter stode,
He came there as the power was
Of Rome, and folde hem all the cas:
And sayd hem: that thei might lere
Upon the wronge of this matere,
That better it were to redresse
At home the great vnrighthynesse,
Than for to warre in strange place,
And lese at home ber owne grace.

For thus stant euery mans life
In ieopardie for his wife,
And for his daughter, if thei bee
Passyng an other of beautee.

Of this meruaile, whiche thei sie
So apparant afore her eie
Of that the kynge hath hym misbore,
Her othes thei laue all swore,
That thei will stonde by the right.

And thus of one accord vpright
To Rome at ones home ageyne
Thei torne, and shortly for to seyne,
This tyrannie cam to mouth,
And euery man saith, what he couth,
So that the preuie trecherie,
Whiche set was vpon lecherie,
Cam openly to mannes care,
And that brought in the common feare,
That euery man the perill dradde
Of hym, that so hem ouerlad.
For thei or that were worse faille,
Through common counseile of hem all
Thei haue hir wrongfull kyng deposed.
And hem, in whom it was supposed
The counceyle stode of his ledyng,
By lawe vnto the dome thei bryng.

Where thei receiuen the penance,
That longeth to suche gouernance.
And thus the vuchaste was chastised,
Wherof thei might ben aduisid,
That shulde afterwarde gonerne,
And by this coudience lerne,
Howe it is good a kyngeschewe
The luste of vice, and vertue sewe.

Hic inter alia castitatis regimen concernentia loquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius status sacramentum quasi continentiam equiparans etiam honeste delectationis regimine moderari decet, Et narrat in exemplum qualiter pro eo quod illi septem viri, qui Sare Raguellis magis propter concupiscentiam quam propter matrimonium voluptuose nupserunt, vnus post alium omnes prima nocte a demone Asmodeo sigillatim iugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
Whiche toucheth to the policie
Of chastitee in speciall.
As for conclusion finall,
That every lust is to eschew,
By great ensample I maie argewe,
Howe in Rages a towne of Mede
There was a maide, and as I rede
Sara she hight, and Raguelle
Hir father was: and so befelle
Of bodie bothe and of visage
Was none so faire of the lignage,
To seche amonge hem all, as shee,
Wherof the riche of the citee
Of lustie folke, that couden loue,
Assoted were vpon hir loue,
And axen hir for to wedde.
One was, whiche at last spedde,
But that was more for likinge
To haue his lust, thao for weddyng,
As he within his herte caste,
Whiche hym repynteth at laste.
For so it felle the first night,
When he was to the bedde dight,
As he, whiche nothinge god besecheth,
But all onely his lustes secheth.
A bedde er he was fully warme,
And wolde haue take hir in his arme,
Asmode, whiche was a fende of helle,
And serueth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in suche a wise,
Was redy there, and thilke emprise,
Whiche he hath set vpon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his necke bath with a two.
This yonge wife was sorie tho,
Whiche wist nothinge what it ment.
And netheles yet thus it went,
Not onely for this fyrst man,
But after right as he began,
Sixe other of hir husbandes
Asmode hath take in to his hondes.
So that thei all a bedde dride,
Whan thei hir hande towarde hir leyde,
Nought for the lawe of mariage,
But for that ilke firie rage,
In whiche that thei the lawe exceede.
For who that wolde take hede,
What after fill in this matere,
There might he well the sooth here.

Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in companie
Hath taught hym, howe to be honest.
Asmode wan nought at thilke feste:
And yet Thobie bis wille had,
For he his lust so goddely ladde,
That both lawe and kynde is serued,
Wherof he hath hym selfe preserued,
That he fill not in the sentence,
Of whiche an open euidence
Of this ensample a man maie see,
That whan likyng in the degree
Of mariage maie forsweie,
Well ought hym than in other weie
Of lust to be the better aduisid.
For god the lawe hath assided
As well to reason as to kynde,
But he the beastes wolde bynde
Onely to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature,
God gaue hym reason forth withall,
Wherof that he nature shall
Upon the causes modifie,
That he shall do no lecherie.
And yet he shall his lustes haue,
So ben the lawes both saue,
And every thinge put out of sclander,
As whilom to kyng Alisander
The wise philosopher taught,
Whan he his first lore caught,
Not onely vpon chastitee,
But vpon all honestee.
Wherof a kyng hym selfe maie taste,
How trewe, how large, how iust, how chast
Hym ought of reason for to bee,
Forth with the vertue of pitee,
Through which he mai great thonke deserue
Toward his god, that he preserue
Hym, and his people in all welthe,
Of peas, richesse, honour, and helthe
Here in this worlde, and elles eke.
My sonne as we tofore speke
In shrifte, so as thou me seidest,
And for thin ease as thou me preidest,
Thy loue throwes for to lusse,
That I the wolde telle and wisse
The forme of Aristotles lore:
I haue it seide, and somdele more
Of other ensamples, to assaie
If I thy peines might alaie
Through any thynge, whiche I can saie.
Do waic my father, I you prairie,
Of that ye haue vnto me tolde,
I thanke you a thousande folde.
The tales sounden in mine ere,
But yet my herte is elles where,
I maie my selfe not restreygne,
That I name euer in loues peyne.
Suche lore coude I neuer gete,
Whiche might make me foryete
O poynte, but if so were I slepte,
That I my tides aie ne keppte
To thinke on loue, and on his lawe,
That hert can I not withdrawe.
For thy my good fader dre
Leue, and speke of my matere,
Touchend of loue as we begonne,
If that there be ought ouer ronnc,
Or ought foryete, or leste behynde,
Whiche fallth vnto loues kynde

Wherof it nedeth to be shriue,
Nowe asketh, so that while I liue
I might amende, that is amis.

My good dere sonne yis,
Thy sbrifte for to make playne
There is yet more for to sayne
Of loue, whiche is vnauised.
But for thou shalt ben well aduised
Unto my shrifte, as it belongeth,
A poynte, whiche vpon loue hongeth,
And is the laste of all tho,
A wyl the telle, and than ho.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEPTIMUS.

Quæ fauet ad vicium vetus hæc modo regula con-
Nec noue econtra qui docet ordo placat. [fert
Cæcus amor dudum non dum sua lumina cæpit,
Zuo Venus impositum deuia fallat iter.

Post quam ad instantiam amantis confessi confessor
Genius super his que Aristoteles regem
Alexandrum edocuit, vna cum aliarum cronicarum
exemplis seriose tractauit, iam vltimo in
isto octauo volumine ad confessionem in amoris
causa regrediens tractare proponit, super hoc
quod non nulli primordia nature ad libitum vo-
luptuose consequentes, nullo humano rationis
arbitrio, seu ecclesie legum impositione a suis
excessibus debite refrenantur; vnde quatenus
amorem concernit amantis conscientiam pro
finali sue confessionis materia Genius rimari
couatur.

INCIPIT LIBER OCTAVVS,

THE mightie god, whiche vnbegonne
Stonte of hym selfe, and hath begonne
Al other thinges at his wyl,
The heuen him liste to fulfill
Of all ioye, where as hee
Sit entronised in his sec,
And hath his angels hym to serue,
Suche as him liketh to preserue,
So that thei mowe nought forsweie,
But Lucifer he put aweie,
With al the route apostasied
Of hem that ben to him alied,
Whiche out of heauen in to helle,
From angels in to fendes felle,
Where that there nis no ioye of light,
But more derke than any night,
The peyne shall ben endelesse,
And yet of fires netheles
There is plentee, but thei ben blake,
Wherof no sight maie be take.

Thus whan the thinges ben befall,
That Lucifers court was fall,
Where deadly pride hem hath conucied,
Anone forthwith it was purucied
Through hym whiche all thinges maie.

He made Adam the sixte daie
In paradise and to his make
Him liketh Eue also to make,
And bad hem crece and multiplie,
For of the mans progenie,
Whiche of the woman shall be bore,
The nombre of angels, whiche was lore,

Whan thei oute of the blisse felle,
He thought to restore and file
In heuen thilke holy place,
Whiche stode tho voyde vpon his grace,

But as it is well wist and knowe,
Adam and Eue but a throwe,
So as it shuld of hem betide,
In Paradise at thilke tide
Ne dwelten, and the cause whie
Ne dwelt in the boke of Genesis,
As who saith, all men haue herde,
Howe Rhabphael the fyrie swerde,
In honde toke and droue hem out,
To gete her liues foode aboute
Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre saith to this matere,
As he by reuelacion
It had vpon a vision,

Howe that Adam and Eue also
Virgines comen bothe two
In to the worlde and were asbamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To loue, and taught hem thilke lore,
That firste thei kiste, and ouer more
Thei done, that is to kynde due,
Wherof thei hadden faire issue.

A sonne was the firste of all,
And Cain by name thei him call.
Abel was after the seconde,
And in the geste as it is founde,
Nature so the cause ladde,
Two daughters eke dame Eue hadde,
The firste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankynde to begynue:
For thy that tyme it was no synne
The suster to take the brother,
Whan that there was of choise none other.

To Cain was Calmana betake,
And Delbora hath Abel take,
In whom was gete natheles
Of worldes folke the first ences,
Men sein that nede hath no lawe.
And so it was by thilke dawe,
And laste vnto the seconde age,
Till that the great water rage
Of Noe, whiche was saide the flood,
The worlde, whiche than in synne stood,
Hath dreinte, out take liues eight.
Tho was mankynde of litell weight.

Scm, Cam, Iaphet, of these thre,
That ben the sonnes of Noe,
The worlde of mans nacion
In to multiplicacion
Was restored newe ageyne,
So ferforth as these bok-s seyne,
That of hem thre, and her issue
There was so large a retinue
Of nations seuentie and two,
In sondrie place eche one of tho
The wide worlde haue enhabited.
But as nature hem hath excited
Thei toke than litell hede
The brother of the susterhede,
To wedde wiues, till it came
In to the tyme of Abraham,
Whan the thirde age was bygonne,
The nede tho was ouercome.
For there was people enough in londe.
Thau at firste it came to honde,

That sisterhode of mariage
 Was torned in to cosinage:
 So that after the right line
 The cosyn weddeth the cosine.
 For Abraham e: that he deied
 This charge vpon his seruant leied,
 To hym and in this wyse spake,
 That he his sonne Isaac
 Do wedde for no worlde good,
 But onely to his owne blood.
 Wherof the seruant as he badde,
 Whan he was deade, his sonne hath ladde
 To Bethuel, where he Rebecke
 Hath wedded with the white necke.
 For she, he wist well and sighe,
 Was to the childe cosine nyghe.
 And thus as Abraham hath taught,
 Whan Isaac was god betought,
 His sonne Jacob did also,
 And of Laban the daughters two,
 Whiche was his eme, he toke to wife,
 And gate vpon hem in his life,
 Of hir fyrst whiche highte Lie,
 Syr sonnes of his progenie:
 And of Rachel two sonnes eke,
 The remenant was for to seke,
 That is to sein of foure mo,
 Wherof he gate on Bila two,
 And of Zilpha he had eke twey.
 And these twelue, as I the sey
 Through prouidence of god hym selfe,
 Ben saide the Patriarkes twelfe.
 Of whom as afterwarde befel
 The tribus twelfe of Israel
 Engendred were, and ben the same,
 That of hebrewes thow halden name,
 Whiche of Labred in aliance
 For euer kepten thilke vsance
 Most comouly till Christe was bore,
 But afterwarde it was forlore
 Amonge vs that ben baptised.
 For of the lawe canonised
 The pope hath bode to the men,
 That none shall wedden of his kyn,
 Ne the seconde, ne the third.
 But though that holy church bid
 So to restreyn mariage,
 There ben yet vpon loues rage
 Full many of suche nowe a daie,
 That taken where thei take maie.
 For loue, whiche is vnbesain
 Of all reason, as men sein,
 Through sotie, and through nicetes
 Of his voluptuosities,
 He spareth no condicion
 Of kynne, ne yet religion,
 But as a cocke amonge the hennes,
 Or as a stalon in the fennes,
 Whiche goth amonge all the stooode:
 Right so can he no more good,
 But taketh what thyng comth next to honde.
 My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
 That suche delite is for to blame.
 For thy if thou hast ben the same
 To loue in any suche manere.
 Tell forth therof, and shrine the here?
 My fader naie, god wote the soothe,
 My feyre is not in suche a boothe,
 So wilde a man yet was I neuer,
 That of my kyune or leue or leuer

Me lust loue in such a wise.
 And eke I not for what emprise
 I shulde assote vpon a nonne,
 For though I had hir loue wonne,
 It might into no price amounte,
 So therof set I none acounte.
 Ye maie well aske of this and that,
 But sothely for to tell plat,
 In all this worlde there is but one,
 The whiche my herte hath ouergone.
 I am toward all other free.

Full well my sonne nowe I see,
 Thy worde stonte euer vpon o place,
 But yet therof thou hast a grace,
 That thou the might so well excuse
 Of loue, suche as some men vse,
 So as I spake of nowe tofore.
 For all suche tyme of loue is lore,
 And like vnto the bitter swete.
 For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
 He shall well felen at laite,
 That it is sower, and maie not laste.
 For as a morcell enuonened:
 So hath suche loue his luste mistimed
 And great ensamples many one
 A man maie fynde thervpon.

Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii
 feruore inflammans, ita incestuosos effecit, vt
 neque propriis sororibus parcent. Et narrat
 exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Caius Caligula
 tres sorores suas virgines coitu illicito opressit,
 deus tanti sceleris peccatum non ferens, ipsum
 non solum ab imperio, sed a vita iusticia vindice
 priuauit. Narrat eciam aliud exemplum super
 eodem, qualiter Amon filius Dauid fatui amoris
 concupiscencia preuentus, sororem suam Thamar
 a sue virginitalis pudicia inuitam deflorauit,
 propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absolon postea
 interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio inuitus
 redemit.

At Rome fyrste if we begyn.
 There shall I fynde howe of this syn
 An emperour was for to blame,
 Gaius Caligula by name,
 Whiche of his owne sisters three
 Berefte the virginitee.
 And whan he had hem so forleyn,
 As he, whiche was all vileyn,
 He did hem oute of londe exile.
 But afterwarde within a while
 God hath berefte him in his ire
 His life, and eke his large empire.
 And thus for likeinge of a throwe,
 For euer his lust was ouerthrowe.
 Of this soty also I fynde,
 Amon his suster ageyn kynde,
 Whiche hight Thamar, he forlaye,
 But he that lust another daie
 Abought, whan that Absolon
 His owne broder there vpon,
 Of that he had his suster slente,
 Toke of that synne vengeance,
 And slough him with his owne honde.
 And thus vakynde, vakynde fonde.

Hic narrat qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsius concupiscencia carnali copula cognouit duoque
 ex eis filios scilicet Moab et Amos progeniuit:

quorum postea generatio prava et exasperans
contra populum dei in terra saltem promissionis
vario graamine quam sepius insultabat.

AND for to see more of this thinge,
The bible maketh a know'legeinge,
Wherof thou might take euidence
Upon the same experience,
Whan Lothes wife was ouergone,
And shape vnto the salte stone,
As it is spoke vnto this daie,
By both his daughters than he laie.
With childe he made hem both great,
Till that nature hem wolde lette,
And so the cause about ladde,
That eche of hem a sonne had.
Moab the fyrst, and the seconde
Amon, of whiche, as it is founde,
Cam afterwarle to great ences
Two nacions: and netheles
For that the stockes were not good,
The branches mighten not beu good.
For of the false Moabites,
Forth with the strength of Amonites
Of that thei were first misget,
The people of god was ofte vpset
In Israell and in Iudee.

As in the bible a man maie see.
Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
Thou might thy selfe be besaie
Of that thou hast of other herde.
For euer yet it hath so ferde
Of loues lust, if so befall,
That it in other place falle,
Than it is of the lawe sette.
He whiche his loue hath so besette,
Mote afterwarde repent hym sore.
And every man is others lore,
Of that befall in tyme er this,
The present tyme, whiche now is,
Maie ben enformeil, how it stode,
And take that hym thyneketh good,
And leue that, whiche is nought so:
But for to loke of tyme ago,
Howe lust of lone exceedeth lawe,
It ought for to be withdrawe.
For every man it shulde drede,
And nameliche in his sibrede,
Whiche tourneth oft to vengeance,
Wherof a tal in remembrance,
Whiche is a longe processe to here,
I thiuke for to tellen here.

Omnibus est communis amor, sed imoderatus
Que facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamen vnde Venus attractat corda videre
Que rationis erunt, non ratione finit.

Hic loquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantum
cotus, Et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno
rege Antiocho, qui vxore mortua propriam
filiam violauit, et quia filie matrimonium penes
alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exit edictum.
quod si quis eam in vxorem peterit, nisi quod-
dam problema questionis, quam ipse rex pro-
posuerat, veraciter soluere, capitali sententia
puniretur, super quo veniens tandem discretus
iuuenis princeps Tyri Appolinus questionem
soluit, Nec tamen filiam habere potuit, sed rex
indignatus ipsam propter hoc in mortis odium

recollegit, Vade Appolinus a facie regis fugiens,
quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter
amorem pericula passus est.

Of a cronike in daies gone,
The which is cleped Pantcone,
In loues cause I rede thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche toke
His firste name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had adoughter hem betwene.
But such fortune cam to hunde,
That deth, which no kyng maie withstond,
But every life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke away.

The kyng, whiche maie mochel mone,
Tho stode, as who saith, all hym one
Without wyfe: but netheles
His daughter, whiche was preles
Of bewtee, dwelt about hym stille.
But whan a man hath weith at wille
The flesh is frell, and falleth ofte,
And that this maide tendre and softe,
Whiche in hir fathers chamber dwelte,
Within a tyme wist and felte:
For likynge of concupience,
Without insight of conscience,
The fader so with lustes blente,
That he cast all his hole entente
His owne daughter for to spille.
The kyng hath leiser at his wille,
With strengthe and whan he tyme seye
The yonge maiden he forleie.
And she was tender, and full of drede,
She couth not hir maydenhede
Drede: and thus she hath forlore
The flour, whiche she hath longe bore.
It helpeth not all though she wepe,
For thei that shulde hir bodie kepe
Of women, were absent as than.
And thus this mayden goeth to man.
The wilde fader thus deuouereh
His owne flesh, whiche none socouereh,
And that was cause of mochel care.

But after this vnkinde fare
Out of the chamber goeth the kyng.
And she laie still, and of this thinge
Within her selfe suche sorowe made,
There was no wight, that might hir glade
For fere of thilke horrible vice.

With that came in the norice,
Whiche fro childhode hir had kepte,
And asketh, if she had slepte,
And why hir chere was vnglad.

But she, whiche hath ben ouerlad,
Of that she might not be wreke,
For shame couth vnethes speke.
And nethelesse mer-y the praied
With wepyng eie, and thus she saied.

Alas my suster wele awie
That eu'r I sigh this ilke daie.
Thinge whiche my bodie firste begate
In to this worlde, onelich that
My worldes worship hath berefte.
With that she swouneth nowe and este,
And euer wisheth after deth,
So that welnie hir lacketh breth.

That other, whiche hir wordes herde,
In comforynge of hir answerde,

To lete hir faders foule desyre
 She wist no recouerire,
 Whan thinge is do, there is no bote,
 So suffren thei that suffren mote:
 There was none other, whiche it wist.
 Thus hath this kynge all that hym liste
 Of his likinge and his plesance,
 And last in suche a continuance,
 And suche deite he toke therein,
 Him thought that it was no sin.
 And she durst him no thinge withseye.
 But fame, whiche goeth euery weye
 To sondry reignes all aboute,
 The great beautee telleth oute
 Of suche a mayde of his parage.
 So that for loue of mariage
 The worthie princes come and sende,
 As they, whiche all honour wende,
 And knewe no thinge, howe that it stode.

The fader whan he vnderstood,
 That thei his daughter thus besought,
 With all his wit he cast and sought,
 Howe that he mighte fynde a lette,
 And suche a statute then he sette,
 And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
 That what man his daughter axeth,
 But if he couth his question
 Assoyle vpon suggestion
 Of certeyn thinges, that befell,
 The whiche he wolde vnto him tell,
 He shulde in certeyn lese his hede.
 And thus there were many dede,
 Her heades stondinge on the gate,
 Till at last longe and late,
 For lacke of answer in this wise
 The remenante, that weren wyse,
 Eschewden to make assaie.

De aduentu Appolini in Antiochiam, vbi ipse
 filiam regis Antiochi in vxorem postulauit.

¶ II. it befel vpon a daie
 Appolinus the prince of Tyre,
 Whiche hath to loue a great desire.
 As he whiche in his high moode,
 Was likinge of his hote bloode
 A yonge, a freshe, a lustie knyght,
 As he laie musyng on a nyght
 Of the tidinges, whiche he herde,
 He thought assaie howe that it ferde.
 He was with worthie companie
 Araied, and with good nauie
 To ship he goeth, the winde him driueth,
 And sailleth, till that he arineth
 Saufe in the porte of Antioche.
 He londeth, and goeth to approche
 The kynges courte, and his presence.
 Of euery naturall science,
 Whiche any clerke him couth teche,
 Him couthe enough: and in his speche
 Of wordes he was eloquente.
 And whan he sigh the kyng present,
 He praieth, he mote his daughter haue.
 The kyng againe began to craue,
 And tolde hym the condicion,
 Howe fyrst vnto his question
 He mote answer, and faile nought,
 Or with his heed it shall be bought.

And he him asketh, what it was.

Questio regis Antiochi: scelere vehor, materna
 carne vescor, quero patrem meum matris mee
 virum, vxoris mee filium.

THE kyng declareth him the caas
 With sterue worde and stordie chere,
 To him and saide in this manere.

With felonie I am vp bore,
 I ete, and haue it not forlore
 My moders flesshe whose husbonde
 My fader for to seebe I fonde,
 Whiche is the sonne eke of my wife
 Herof I am inquisitife.
 And who that can my tale saue,
 All quite he shall my daughter haue.
 Of his answer and if he faile,
 He shall be dead withouten faile.
 For thy my sonne, quod the kyng,
 Be well aduisid of this thyng,
 Whiche hath thy life in iopardie.

Appollinus for his partie,
 Whan he that question had herde,
 Unto the kyng he hath answerde.
 And hath reherced one and one
 The poyntes, and saide thervpon.
 The question, whiche thou hast spoke,
 If thou wylte, that it be vnloke,
 It toucheth all the priuitee

Between thyn owne childe and ther,
 And stonke all holle rpon you two.
 The kyng was wondre sorie tho,
 And thought, if that he said it oute,
 Then were he shamed all aboute.
 With shie wordes aud with felle,
 He sayth: My sonne I shall the telle,
 Though that thou be of littell witte,
 It is no great meruaile as yit,
 Thin age maie it not suffice.
 But loke well thou nought despise
 Thyn owne life: for of my grace
 Of thirtie daies full a space
 I graunte the to ben aduisid.

And thus with leue and tyme assised
 This yonge prince forth he wente,
 And vnderstode well what it mente.
 Within his herte as he was lered,
 That for to make hym afered,
 The kyng his time hath so delaied.
 Wherof he drad and was amaied
 Of treson, that he deie shulde.
 For he the kyng his southe tolde.
 And sodeinly the nightes tide,
 That more wolde he nought abide,
 All priuely his barge he hente,
 Aud home ageyne to Tyre he wente.
 And in his owne witte he saied,
 For drede if he the kyng bewrayed,
 He knewe so well the kynges herte,
 That deth ne shulde he nought aserte,
 The kyng him wolde so purswe.
 But he that wolde his deth eschewe,
 And kneue all this tofore the honde,
 Forsake he thought his owne londc,
 That there wolde he not abide.
 For well he knewe that on some side
 This tyranne of his felonie,
 By some mauere of trecherie,

To greue his bodie will not leue.

De fuga Appollini per mare a regno suo.

FOR thy withouten takinge leue
As priuiliche as thei might,
He goeth him to the sea by night,
Her shippes that ben with whete laden,
Her takill redie tho thei maden,
And haleth fayle, and forth thei fare.

But for to tellen of the care,
That thei of Tyre began tho,
Whan that thei wist he was ago,
It is a pitee for to here.

Thei losten lust, thei losten chere,
Thei toke vpon hem suche penance,
There was uo songe, there was no daunce,
But every myrthe and melodie
To hem was then a maladie.

For vulust of that auenture
There was no man whiche toke tonsure.
In deadly clothes thei hem clothe,
The bathes and the stewes bothe
Thei shit in by euery wey :

There was no life whiche lust pley,
Ne take of any ioye kepe.

But for hir liege lorde to wepe,
And euery wight saith as he couth,
Alas the lustie floure of youth,
Our prince, our head, our gouernour,
Through whom we stonden in honour,
Without the commune assent,
That soleyly is fro vs went.

Suche was the clamour of hem all.

Qualiter Thaliartus miles, vt Appollinum veneno
intoxicaret, ab Antiocho in Tyrum missus, ipso
ibidem non inuenito Antiochiam rediit.

BET see we nowe what is befall
Upon the fyrst tale playne,
And tourne we therto agayne.

Antiochus the great syre,
Whiche full of rancour and of yre
His herte bereth so as ye herde,
Of that this prynce of Tyre answerde.

He had a felowe bacheler,
Whiche was his preuie counceyler,
And Thaliart by name he hight,
The kynge a stronge poyson hym dight
Within a boxe, and golde therto,
In all haste and bad hym go
Streight vnto Tyre, and for no coste
Ne spare, till he had lost

The prynce, whiche he wolde spille.
And whan the kynge hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galeye
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wynde is good, thei seilen blieue,
Tyll he toke londe vpon the riue
Of Tyre, and forth with all anone
Into the borough he gan to gone,
And toke his inue, and bode a throwe.
But for he wold nought be knowe,
Disguised than he goth hym out.
He sigh the wepyng all about,
And axeth, what the cause was.

And thei hym tolde all the cas,
Howe sodeynly the prynce is go.
And whan he sigh, that it was so,

And that his labour was in vayne,
Anone he tourneth home agayne.
And to the kynge whan he cam nigh,
He tolde of that he herde and sigh,
Howe that the prynce of Tyre is fled.
So was he come ageyne vusped.

The kynge was sorie for a while,
But whan he sigh, that with no wile
He might acheue his crueltee,
He stynt his wiath, and let hym bee.

Qualiter Appolinus in portu Tharsis applicuit, vbi
in hospicio cuiusdam magni viri nomine Stran-
gulionis hospitatus est.

BUT ouer this nowe for to telle
Of aduentures that befelle
Unto this prince, of whiche I tolde.

He bath his right cours forth holde
By stone and nedell, till he cam
To Tharse, and ther his londe he nam.

A bourgeois riche of golde and fee
Was thilke tyme in that citee,
Whiche cleped was Stranguilio,
His wyfe was Dionyse also.

This yonge prince, as saith the boke,
With him his herbergage toke.

And it befell that citee so
Before tyme, and than also,
Through stronge famyn, which hem lad,
Was none, that any wheate had.

Appolinus, whan that he herde
The mischeffe howe the citee ferde,
All freliche of his owne giste
His wheate amouge hem for to shifte,
The whiche by ship he had brought,
He gaue, and toke of hem right nought.

But sithen fyrst this worlde began,
Was neuer yet to sucbe a man
More ioye made, than thei hym made.

For thei were all of hym so glade,
That thei for euer in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance

Of hym, and in a commen place
Thei set it vp: so that his face
Might euery maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton ouergylte.

Thus hath he nought his yeste spilt.

Qualiter Hellicanus ciuis Tyri Tharsim veni-
ens Appolinum de insidiis Authiochi prenun-
ciauit.

UPON a tyme with a route,
This lorde to pley goeth hym oute:
And in his waie of Tyre he mette
A man, whiche on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Whiche praide his lorde to haue insight
Upon hym selfe: and saide hym thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if that he might hym spille
That other thought, and helde hym stille,
And thanked hym of his warnyng,
And bad hym telle no tidyng,
Whan he to Tyre cam home ageyne,
That he in Tharse hym had seyne.

Qualiter Appolinus portum Tharsis relinquent
cum ipse per mare nauigio securiorem quesierit.

superveniente tempestate naus cum omnibus
preter ipsum solum in eadem contentis iuxta
Pentapolum periclitabatur.

FORTUNE hath euer be muable,
And maie no while stonde stable.
For nowe it hirh, nowe it loweth,
Nowe stant vpriht, nowe ouerthroweth,
Nowe full of blisse, and nowe of bale,
As in the tellynge of my tale
Here afterwarde a man maie lere
Wiche is great routh for to here.

This lorde, whiche wold done his best,
Within hym selfe hath litell rest,
And thought he wolde his place change,
And seke a countrei more straunge.
Of Tharsiens his leue anone
He toke, and is to shippe ygone.
His cours he name with saile vp drawe,
Where as fortune doth the lere
And sheweth, as I shall reherse,
Howe she was to this lorde diuerse,
The whiche vpon the sea she ferketh,
The wynde arose, the wetber derketh,
It blew, and made suche tempeste,
None anker maie the ship arrest,
Whiche hath to broken all his gere.
The shipmen stode in suche a fere,
Was noue that might him selfe bestere,
But euer awaite vpon the lere,
Whan that thei shulden drenche at ones,
There was enough within the wones,
Of wepyng, and of sorowe tho.
The yonge kynge maketh mochel wo,
So for to see the ship traouile.
But all that might him nought auile.
The mast to brake, the sayle to roofe,
The ship vpon the wawes droufe,
Till that thei see the londes coste.
Tho made a rowe the leste and moste,
Be so thei mighten come a londe.
But he whiche hath the sea on honde,
Neptunus wolde nougt accorde,
But all to brake cable and corde
Er thei to londe might approche,
The ship to claue vpon a roche,
And all goth downe in to the depe.
But he that all thinge maie kepe,
Unto this lorde was merciable,
And brought him saue vpon a table,
Whiche to the lande him hath vpbore,
The remenant was all forlore.
Therof he made mochel moue.

Qualiter Appolinus nudus super litus iactabatur,
vbi quidam piscator ipsum suo collobio vestiens,
ad vrbe[m] Pentapolum direxit.

THUS was this yonge lorde alone
All naked in a poure plite.
His colour, which was whilom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sure a cale,
That he wist of him selfe no bote,
It helpe him no thyng for to mote,
To gete ageyn that he hath lore,
But she which hath his deth forlore
Fortune, though she will not yelp,
All so deynly hath sente him helpe,

Whan him thought all grace aweie,
There came a fisher in the weye,
And sigh a man thre naked stonde.
And whan that he hath vnderstonde
The cause, he hath of hym great routh,
And onely of his poure trowth,
Of suche clothes as he hadde,
With great pitee this lorde he cladde.
And he hym thinketh as be sholde,
And saith hym, that it shall be yolde,
If euer he gete his state ageyne,
And praith, that he wolde hym seyne,
If nigh were any towne for hym.

He sayde ye, Pentapolim,
Where both kynge and queene dwellen,
Whan he this tale herde telleu,
He gladdeth hym, and gan beseeche,
That he the wey hym wolde teche.
And he hym taught: and forth he went,
And praid god with good entent,
To sende hym ioye after his sorowe,
It was nought passed yet midmorowe.

Qualiter Appolino Pentapolum adueniente, ludus
gimnasii per vrbe[m] publice proclamatus est.

THAN afterwarde his wey he nam,
Where soone vpon the noone he cam.
He ete sucbe as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to see the towne aboute,
And cam there as he fonde a route
Of yonge lustie men withall.
And as it shulde tho befalle,
That daie was set of suche asise
That thei shulde in the londe gyse,
As was herde of the people seie,
Her commune game thau pleye.
And cried was, that thei shulde come
Unto the game all and some
Of hem that ben deliuer and wight,
To do suche maistrie as thei might.
Thei made hem naked as thei stoude.
For so that ilke game wolde,
And it was the custome, and vse,
Amonge hem was no refuse.
The flour of all the towne was there,
And of the courte also there were,
And that was in a large place,
Right euen before the kynges face,
Whiche Arthescates than bight.
The pley was pleyed right in his sight.
And who moste worthie was of dede,
Receue he shulde a certaine mede,
And in the citee beare a price.
Appolinus, whiche ware and wise
Of euery game couth an ende,
He thought assaie, howe so it wende:

Qualiter Appolinus ludum gimnasii vincens, in
aula regis ad cenam honoreffice ceptus est.

AND fill amonge hem into game,
And there he wanne bym suche a name,
So as the kynge hym selfe accounteth,
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the price aboute hem all.
The kynge bad, that in to his halle
At supper tyme he shuld be brought.
And he cam than, and lefte it nought,

Without companie alone.
Was none so semely of persone,
Of visage, and of limmes bothe,
If that he had what to clothe.
At souper tyme netheles
The kynge amiddes all the pres
Let cl'pe hym vp amonge hem all,
And bad his marshall of his hall,
To setten hym in suche degre
That he vpon hym might see.
The kynge was soone sette and serued,
And he whiche had his prise deserued
After the kynzes owne worde,
Was made begyn a middel borde,
That both kynge and quene hym sie.
He sette, and cast about his eie,
And sawe the lordes in estate,
And with hym selfe were in debate,
Thynkende what he had lore,
And suche a sorowe he toke therfore,
That he sat euer stille, and thought,
As he whiche of no meate rought.

Qualiter Appolinus in cena recumbens, nihil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submisso capite, maxime ingemescibat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus Citheram pietens cunctis audientibus, citherando vltra modum complacuit.

THE kynge behelde his heuinesse,
And of his great gentilnesse
His daughter, which was fayre and good,
And at the borde before him stooede,
As it was thiike tyme vsage,
He bad to go on his message,
And funde for to make him glade.
And she did as hir fader bade.
And goth to him the softe paas,
And asketh whens, and what he was,
And praithe he shulde his thoughts leue.

He saith, madame by your leue,
My name is hotc Appoiinus,
And of my riches it is thus,
Upon the sea I haue it lore,
The contrei, where as I was bore,
Where that my londe is, and my rente
I leste at Tyre, whan that I wente,
The worship there, of whiche I ought,
Unto the god I there tought.
And thus togider as thei two speke,
The tearis rannie downe by his cheke.
The king, whiche therof toke good kepe,
Had great pitee to see him wepe.
And for his daughter sende ageyn,
And praid hir fayre, and gan to sayn,
That she no lenger wolde dretche,
But that she wolde anone forth fetche
Hir harpe, and done al that she can
To glad with that sory man.
And she to doone hir faders hest,
Hir harpe fet, and in the feste
Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,
Hir selfe next to this man she sette.
With harpe both and eke with mouth
To him she did, all that she couth,
To make him chere, and euer he sigheth,
And she him asketh, howe him liketh.
Madame certes wel, he saied.
But if ye the measure plaied,
Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,
It were a gladd thinge for to here.

A leue syr, tho quod she,
Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see,
Of what measure that ye mene.
Tho praithe the kinge, tho praithe the quene,
Forth with the lordes all arowe,
That he somme myrthe wolde shewe.

He takth the harpe, and in his wise
He tempreth, and of suche assise
Synginge he harpeth forth with all,
That as a voyce celestiall
Hem thought it sowued in her ere,
As though that it an angell were,
They gladen of his melodie
But moste of all the companie,
The kynges daughter, whiche it herda
And thought eke of that he answerde.
Whan that it was of hir apposed,
Within hir herte hath well supposed,
That he is of great gentilnesse.
His dedes ben therof wittnesse,
Forthwith the wisdomie of his lore,
It nedeth not to seche more.

He might not haue suche manere,
Of gentill blood but if he were,
Whan he hath harped all his fille,
The kinges hest to fulfille,
A weie goth dishe, a waie goth cup,
Down goth the borde, the cloth was vp,
Thei risen, and gone oute of the halle.

Qualiter Appolinus cum rege pro filia sua crudeliter retentus est.

THE kynge his chamberleyn let calle,
And bad, that he by all weye
A chamber for this man purueie,
Whiche nighe his owne chambre bee.
It shall be do me lorde quod hee.
Appolinus, of whom I mcne,
Tho toke his leue of kynge and quene,
And of the worthie maide also,
Whiche praid vnto hir fader tho,
That she might of the yonge man
Of the sciences, whiche he can,
His lore haue. And in this wise
The kynge hir graunteth hir apprise
So that hym selfe therto assent.
Thus was accorded er thei wente,
That he with all that euer he maie
This yonge fayre freshe maie
Of that he couth shulde enforme.
And full assented in this forme,
Thei token leue as for that night,

Qualiter filia regis Appolinum ornato apparatu vestiri fecit, Et ipse ad puelle doctrinum in quam pluribus familiariter intendebat, vnde placata puella in amorem Appolini exardescens, infirmabatur.

AND whan it was on morowe right
Unto this yonge man of Tyre,
Of clothes, and of good attyre,
With golde and siluer to dispense
This worthy yonge ladie sende.
And thus she made hym well at ease,
And he with all that he can please
Hir serueth well and faire ageine.
He taught hir, till she was certeyne

Of harpe, citole, and of riote,
With many a twene, and many a note,
Upon musike, vpon measure.
And of hir harpe the temprure
He taught hir eke, as he well couth.

But as men seyne, that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuance
This mayde fill vpon a chance,
That loue hath made hym a quarele
Ageyne hir youth freshe and frele.
That maugre where she wolde or nought,
She mote with all hir hertes thought,
To loue and to his lawe obey.
And that she shall full sore obeie.
For she wote ueuer what it is,
But euer amonge she feleth this
Touchinge vpon this man of Tyre,
Hir herte is hote as any fyre.
And otherwhile it is a cale.
Nowe is she redde, nowe is she pale,
Right after the condicion

Of hir imagination.
But euer amonge hir thoughtes all
She thought, whan so maie befall,
Or that she laugh or that she wepe,
She wolde hir good name kepe
For fere of womannys shame.

But what in earnest what in game
She stant for loue in suche a plite,
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drynke; of nightes rest,
As she that note what is the best.
But for to thynke all hir file
She helde hir ofte tymes stille
Within hir chamber, and goth not out.
The kyng was of hir lyfe in doute,
Whiche wist nothyng what it ment.

Qualiter tres filii principum filiam regis sigillatim in uxorem suis supplicationibus postularent.

But fill a tyme, as he out wente
To walke, of princes sonnes three
There came, and fill to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondrie wyse
Besought, and profereth his reyse,
So that he might his daughter haue.
The kyng, which wold hir honour saue,
Sairth, she is sicke, and of that speche
Tho was no time to besече,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad, and write his owne wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.

And whan she wist howe that it stood,
And had her billes ouerseyne,
Thei shukle haue answer ageyne.
Of this counseyle thei weren glad,
And written, as the kyng hem bad,
And euery man his owne boke
Into the kynges honde betoke.
And he it to his daughter sende,
And praide hir for to make an ende
And write ageyne hir owne honde,
Right as she in hir bert fonde.

Qualiter filii regis omnibus aliis relictis Appolinum in maritum prolegit.

THE billes weren well receiued,
But she hath all her loues weiued:

And thought tho was tyme and space
To put hir in hir faders grace,
And wrote ageyne, and thus she sayde.

The shame, which is in a mayde,
With speche dare not be vnloke,
But ia writynge it maie be spoke.
So write I to you fader thus,
But if I haue Appolinus
Of all this worlde what so betide,
I wil none other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile,
I wot right wel withoute faile,
Ye shall for me be douchterles.
This letter came, and there was prese
Tofore the kinge, there as he stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
He yaued hem answer by and by.
But that was doone so priuely,
That none of others counceile wiste.
Thei toke her leue, and where hem list
Thei wente forth vpon their wey.

Qualiter rex et regina in maritagium filie sue cum Appolino consencierunt.

THE kyng ne wold nought bewrey
The counceil for no maner hie,
But suffreth till he time sie
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath vnto counceill nome
This man of Tyre, and late hym see
The letter, and all the priuter,
The whiche his daughter to him sente.

And he his knee to grounde bente,
And thougth him and hir also.
And er thei wente then a two,
With good herte, and with good corage,
Of full loue and full mariage

The kinge and he be bole accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the daughter, howe it stode,
The yefte of all this worldes good
Ne shuld haue made hir halfe so blithe,
And forth with all the kinge als swith,
For he wold haue hir good assent,
Hath for the quene hir moder sente.

The quene is come: and whan she herde
Of this mater, howe that it ferde,
She sigh debate, she sigh disease,
But if she wolde hir daughter please.
And is therto assented full,
Whiche is a dede wonderfull.

For no man knewe the soth cas,
But he hym self, what man he was,
And nethelesse so as hem thought,
His dedes to the soth wrought,
That he was come of gentil blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
And as therof is no dispeire,
For she shall be hir faders heyre,
And he was able to gouerne.
Thus wyll thei not the loue werne
Of him and hir in no wise,
But all accorded thei deuise
The daie and tyme of mariage,
Where loue is lorde of the corage
Him thinketh longe, er that he spede,
But at laste vnto the dede.

Qualiter Appolinus filie regis nupsit, et prima nocte cum ea concubiens ipsam impregnauit.

THE time is come, and in hir wise,
With great offrynge and sacrifice
Thei wedde, and make a great feste,
And every thyng was right honeste
Within hous, and eke withoute
It was so doone, that all aboute,
Of great worship, and great noblesse,
There cried many a man largesse
Unto the lordes high and loud.
The knightes, that be yonge and proude,
Thei iuste firste, and after daunce:
The daie is go, the nightes chaunce
Hath derked all the bright sonne,
This lorde, whiche hath his loue wonne,
Is go to bed with his wife,
Where as thei lede a lustie life,
And that was after somdele sene,
For as thei pleiden hem betwene,
Thei gete a childe betwene hem two,
To whom fill after mochell wo.

Qualiter ambassiatores a Tyro in quadam nau
Pentapolim venientes, mortem regis Antiochi
Appolino nunciauerunt.

NOW haue I tolde of the spousesailes,
But for to speake of the meruailes,
Whiche afterwarde to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.

It fell a daie thei riden oute,
The kinge, and quene, and all the route,
To pleien hem vpon the stronde,
Where as thei seen towarde the londe
A ship sailyng of great arraic.
To knowe what it mene maie
Till it be come thei abide,
Than see thei stonde on euery side
Eudlonge the shippes borde to shewe,
Of penounceals a ryche rewe.

Thei asken, whens the ship is come.
Fro Tyre anone answerde some.
And ouer this thei saiden more
The cause why thei comen fore
Was for to seche, and for to fynde
Appollinus, whiche is of kynde
Her liege lorde: and he appereth,
And of the tale whiche he hereth,
He was right glad: for they hym tolde,
That for vengeance, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men maie witte,
With thonder and lghtnyng is forsmitte.
His daughter hath the same chance:
So ben thei both in o balance.

For thy our liege lorde we seie,
In name of all the londe, and preie,
That leste all other thyng to doone,
It like you to come soone,
And see your owne liege men,
With other that ben of your ken,
That liuen in longynge and desyre,
Till ye be come ageyne to Tyre.

This tale after the kyng he had
Pentapolin all ouersprad.
There was no ioye for to seche.
For every man it had in speche,
And saiden all of one accorde:
A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde.
That thought vs first an heuines,
Is shape vs uowe to great gladnes.

Thus goth the tydyng euer all.

Qualiter Appolino est vxore sua impregnata a
Pentapoli versus Tyrum nauigantibus contigit
vxorem mortis articulo angustiatam, in nau
filiam, que postea Thaisis vocabatur, parere.

BUT nede he mote, that nede shall,
Appollinus his leue toke,
To god and all the londe betoke,
With all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.

The kyng and quene sorowe made,
But yet somdele thei were glade
Of suche thyng, as thei herle tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
The whiche was euer meke and milde,
And wolde not departe hym fro,
Suche loue was betwene hem two.

Lichorida for hir office
Was take, whiche was a norice,
To wende with this yonge wife,
To whom was shape a wofull life.
Within a tyme, as it betid,

Whan thei were in the sea amid,
Out of the north thei see a cloude,
The storme arose, the wyndes loude
Shei blewen many a dredefull blaste,
The welken was all ouercaste:
The derke night the sonne hath vnder,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moone, and eke the sterres bothe
In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,
Wherof their bright loke thei bide,

This yonge ladie wepte and cride,
To whom no comforte might auaille,
Of childe she began trauaile
Where she laie in a caban close,
Hir wofull lorde fro hir arose,
And that was longe or any morowe,
So that in anguyshe and in sorowe
She was deliuered all by night
And deide in euery mannes sight.
But nethelesse for all this wo
A maide chyld was bore tho.

Qualiter Appollinus mortem vxoris sue planxit.

APPOLLINUS when he this knewe,
For sorowe a swoone he ouerthrewe,
That no man wist in hym no life.
And whan he woke, he said: a wife,
My ioye, my lust, and my desyre,
My welth, and my recouerie,
Why shall I liue, and thou shalt die?
Ha thou fortune I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
A herte, why ne wilt thou berst,
That forth with hir I might passe?
My peynes were well the lasse.
In suche wepyng, and suche crie
His dead wife, whiche laie hym bie,
A thousande sithes he hir kiste,
Was neuer man that sawe ne wiste
A sorowe, to his sorowe liche,
Was euer amonge vpon the liche,
He fill swounyng, as he that thought
His owne deth, whiche he sought

Unto the goddess all above,
 With many a pitous worde of loue:
 But suche wordes as tho were
 Herde neuer no mannes eare
 But onely thilke, whiche he saide.
 The maister shipman came and praide
 With other suche, as ben therio,
 And saine, that he maie nothinge win
 Ageyne the deth, but thei hym rede
 He be well ware, and take hede:
 The sea by weie of his nature
 Receiue maie no creature,
 Within hym selfe as for to holde,
 The whiche is dead. For thy thei wolde,
 As thei counceilen all about
 The dead bodie casten out.
 For better it is, thei saiden all,
 That it of hir so befall,
 Than if thei shulden all spille.

Qualiter suadentibus nautis corpus vxoris sue mor-
 tue in quadam cista plumbo et ferro obtusa, que
 circumligata Appolinus cum magno thesauro vna
 cum quadam littera sub eius capite scripta re-
 cludi, in mari projicere fecit.

THE kynge, which vnderstode her will,
 And knewe her counsaile that was trewe,
 Began ageyn his sorowe newe,
 With pitous herte, and thus to seie,
 It is all reason that ye preye.

I am (quod he) but one alone,
 So wolde I not for my persone,
 There fell suche aduersitee,
 But whan it maie no better bee,
 Doth than thus vpon my worde,
 Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
 That it be firme with lead and pitche.
 Anone was made a coffre sicke
 All redie brought vnto his honde.
 And whan he sawe, and redie fonde
 This coffre made, and well englued,
 The dead bodie was besewed
 In cloth of gulde, and leide therin.
 And for he wolde vnto hir win
 Upon some coste a sepulture
 Under hir head in aduenture
 Of golde he lye sommes great,
 And of jewels stronge beyete,
 Forth with a letter, and sayd thus.

Copia littere capiti vxoris sue supposita.

I KYNGE of Tyre Appolinus
 Doth all men for to witte,
 That here and see this letter writte,
 That helpeles without rede
 Here lieth a kynges daughter dede,
 And who that happeth hir to finde,
 For charitee take in his mynde,
 And do so, that she be begraued:
 With this treasure, whiche he shall haue.

Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
 Thei haue anone the coffre stoke,
 And bounden it with yron faste,
 That it maie with the waves last,
 And stoppen it by suche a weie
 That it shall be within dreie,

So that no water might it greue.
 And thus in hope, and good beleue
 Of that the corps shall well ariue,
 Thei cast it ouer borde as bliue.

Qualiter Appolinus, vxoris sue corpore in mare
 proiecto, Tyrum relinquens, cursum suum ver-
 sus Tharsim nauigio dolens arripuit.

THE ship forth on the wawes went.
 The prince hath changed his entent,
 And saith, he will not come at Tyre
 As than, but all his desire.
 Is firste to sailen vnto Tharse.
 The wyndie storme began to scarce,
 The sonne aris, the weder clereth,
 The shipman, which behinde stereth,
 Whan that he saw the wyndes saught,
 Towards Tharse his cours he straught.

Qualiter corpus predictae defunctae super litus
 apud Ephesum quidam medicus nomine Ceri-
 mone, cum aliquibus suis discipulis inuenit, quod
 in hospicio portans, et extra cistam ponens
 spiraculo vite in ea adhuc inuento, ipsam pleue
 sanitati restituit.

BUT nowe to my matere ageyn,
 To telle as olde bokes seyne,
 This dead corps, of whiche ye knowe,
 With wynde and was forth throwe,
 Nowe here, nowe there, till at last
 At Ephesus the sea vpcast
 The coffre, and all that was therin.
 Of great meruaile nowe began
 Maie here, who that sitteth still.
 That god will saue maie not spill.
 Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
 There cam walkynge vpon the stroude,
 A worthie clerke, and surgien,
 And eke a great physicien,
 Of all the londe the wisest one,
 Whiche hight maister Cerimone.
 There were of his disciples some.
 This maister is to the coffre come,
 He peyseth there was somewhat in,
 And bad hem beare it to his inne,
 And goeth him selfe forth with alle.
 All that shall falle, falle shall.

Thei comen home, and tarie nought.
 This coffre in to his chamber is brought,
 Whiche that thei finde faste stoke,
 But thei with craft it haue vnloke.
 Thei loken in, where as thei founde
 A body deade, whiche was wounde
 In cloth of golde, as I saide ere.
 The tresour eke thei founden there,
 Forthwith the letter whiche thei rede,
 And tho thei token better hede.
 Unsowed was the body soone,
 As he that knewe, what was to doone,
 This noble clerke with all haste
 Began the veynes for to taste,
 And sawe hir age was of youthe.
 And with the craftes, whiche he couth,
 He sought and founde a signe of life.
 With that this worthie kinges wife
 Honcstlie thei token oute,
 And mayden fyres all aboute.

Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
 And with a shete warmed ofte
 Hir colde breste began to heate,
 Hir herte also to flacke and beate,
 This maister hath hir euery ioynte
 With certain oyle and balsam anynte,
 And put a licour in hir mouthe,
 Whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe.
 So that she couereth at laste.
 And first hir rien vp she caste,
 And when she more of strength caught,
 Hir armes both forth she straught,
 Helde vp hir honde, and pitouslie
 She spake, and said, where am I?
 Where is my lorde, what worlde is this?
 As she that wote not howe it is.

But Cerimone the worthie liche
 Answerde anone vpon his speche,
 And saide: madame ye ben here,
 Where ye be saue, as ye shall here
 Here afterwarde, for thy as nowe
 My counceil is comforteth you.
 For tristeth wel withoute faile,
 There is no thinge, which shall you faile,
 That ought of reason to be do.
 Thus passen thei a daie or two.

Qualiter vxor Appolini sanata, domum religionis
 petit, vbi sacro velamine munita, castam omni
 tempore vout.

THEI speke of nought as for an ende,
 Til she began somdele amende,
 And wist hir selfe, what she mente.
 Tho for to knowe hir hole entente.
 This maister asketh all the caas,
 Howe she cam there, and what she was.

Howe I came here, wote I nought,
 Quod she, but well I am bethought
 Of other thinges all about,
 Fro poynte to poynte and tolde him oute,
 As ferforthly as she it wist.

And he hir tolde howe in a chiste
 The sea hir threwe vpon the londe,
 And what tresour with hir he fonde,
 Whiche was all redy at hir wille,
 As he that shope him to fulfille
 With al his night, what thinge he sholde.

She thonketh him, that he so wolde,
 And all hir herte she discloseth,
 And saith him wel, that she supposeth,
 Hir lorde be dreint, hir childe also.
 So sawe she nought but all wo.
 Whereof as to the worlde no more
 Ne wil she tome, and praieth therefore,
 That in some temple of the citee,
 To kepe and holde hir chastitee,
 She might amonge the women dwell.
 When he this tale berde tell,
 He was right glad, and made hir knownen,
 That he a daughter of his owen
 Hath, whiche he wil vnto hir yeue
 To serue, while thei both liue,
 In stede of that, whiche she hath loste.
 Al onely at his owne coste,
 She shall be rendred furth with hir.

She saith, graunte mercy leue sir,
 God quite it you, there I ne maie.
 And thus thei driue forth the daie

Till time cam, that she was hole.
 And tho thei toke her counseyle hole
 To shape vpon good gouernance,
 And made a worthie pureiaince
 Ageyne daie, when thei be veiled.
 And thus when that thei were counselled,
 In blacke clothes thei them cloth,
 The daughter and the lady both,
 And yode hem to religion.
 The feste, and the profession,
 After the rule of that degree,
 Was made with great solemnitee
 Where as Diane is sanctified.
 Thus stant this lady iustified,
 In ordre, where she thynketh to dwelle.

Qualiter Appolinus Tharsim nauigans, filiam suam
 Thaisim Strangulioni et Dionysie vxori sue edu-
 caudum commendauit, et deinde Tyrum adit,
 vbi cum inestimabili gaudio a suis receptus est.

BUT nowe ageinwarde for to telle
 In what plite that hir lorde stode in.

He saileth, tyll that he maie wyne
 The bauen of Tharse, as I saide ere.
 And when he was arriued there,
 Tho was it through the citee knowe,
 Men might see within a throwe,
 As who saith all the towne at ones
 Thei come ageyne hym for the nones
 To yeuen hym the reuerence,
 So glad thei were of his presence.

And though he were in his corage
 Diseased, yet with glad visage
 He made hem chere, and to his inne,
 Where he whylom soiourned in,
 He goth hym straught, and was receiued.
 And when the prees of people is weiued,
 He taketh his hoste vnto hym tho
 And saith: My frende Strangulio,
 Lo thus, and thus it is befall:
 And thou thy selfe arte one of all,
 Forthwith thy wife, whiche I most trist.
 For thy if it you both list,
 My daughter Thaise by your leue
 I thinke shall with you bileue
 As for a tyme: and thus I prae,
 That she be kepte by all waie.
 And when she hath of age more,
 That she be set to bokes lore.
 And this auowe to god I make,
 That I shall neuer for hir sake
 My berde for no likynge shaue,
 Till it befall, that I haue
 In couenable tyme of age
 Besette hir vnto mariage.

Thus thei accorde, and all is welle:
 And for to resten hym somdele,
 As for a while he ther soiourneth,
 And than he taketh his leue, and tourneth
 To ship, and goth hym home to Tyre,
 Where euery man with great desyre
 Awaiteth vpon his comynge,

But when the ship cam in sailynge,
 And perceiuen that it is he,
 Was neuer yet in no citee
 Suche ioye made, as thei tho made.
 His herte also began to glade
 Of that he seeth his people gladd.
 Lo thus fortune his bappe hath ladde,

In sondry wise he was trauailed,
But how so euer he be assailed,
His later ende shall be good.

*Qualiter Thaisis vna cum Philotenna Srangulionis
et Dionysie filia, omnis sciencie et honestatis
doctrina imbuta est, sed et Thaisis Philotennam
precellens in odium mortale per inuidiam a
Dionysia recollecta est.*

AND for to speke howe that it stode
Of Thaise his daughter, where she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the cronike telleth
She was well kepte, she was well loked,
She was well taught, she was well boked:
So well she sped hir in hir youth,
That she of euery wysedome couth,
That for to seche in euery londe
So wise an other no man fonde,
Ne so well taught at mannes cie.
But wo worth euer false enuie.
For it befell that tyme so,
A daughter hath Srangulio,
Whiche was cleped Philotenne,
But fame, whiche will euer renne
Came all daie to hir mothers eare,
And saith, where euer hir daughter were
With Thaise set in any place,
The common voyce, the comon grace
Was all vpon that other mayde,
And of hir daughter no man sayde.

Who was wroth but Dionyse than?
Hir thought a thousande yere till whan
She might be of Thaise wreke,
Of that she herde folke so speke.
And fill that ilke same tide,
That dead was trewe Lichoride,
Whiche had be seruant to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at case,
For she bath than no seruise,
But onely through this Dionyse,
Whiche was her deadly enemie:
Through pure treason and enuie,
She that of all sorowe can,
Tho spake vnto hir bondeman,
Whiche cleped was Theophilus,
And made hym swere in counceill thus,
That he suche tyme as she hym set,
Shall come Thaise for to fette,
And lede hir out of all sight,
Where that no man hir helpe might,
Upon the stronde nighe the sea,
And there he shall this maiden slea.

This chorles herte in a trance,
As be whiche drad hym of vengeance,
Whan tyme cometh an other daie:
But yet durst he not saie naie,
But swore, and said he shulde fulfill
Hir hestes at hir owne will.

*Qualiter Dionysia Thaisim vt occideret, Theophilo
seruo suo tradidit, qui cum noctanter longius ab
vrbe ipsam prope litus maris interficere propo-
suerat, pirate ibidem latitantes Thaisim de manu
carnificis eriperunt, ipsam que vsque ciuitatem
Mitenenam ducentes, euidem Leoniu scortorum
ibidem magistro vendiderunt.*

THE treason and eke tyme is shape,
So full that this churlishe knape

Hath lad this maiden where he wolde
Upon the stronde, and what she sholde
She was adrad, and he out brayde
A rusty swerde, and to bir saide,
Thou shalt be dead: alas quod she,
Why shall I so? Lo thus quod he
My ladie Dionyse bath bede,
Thou shalt be murdred in this stede.

This maiden tho for feare shright,
And for the loue of god all might
She preith that for a litell stounde,
She might knele vpon the grounde
Towarde the heuen for to craue
Hir wofull soule that she maie saue.
And with this noyse, and with this crie,
Out of a barge faste by,
Whiche hid was there on scomer fare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this felon. and he to go.
And she began to crie tho,
A mercy helpe for goddes sake.
In to the barge thei hir take,
As theus shulde, and forth thei wente.
Upon the sea the wynde hem bent,
And maulgre where thei wolde or none,
Tofore the weder forth thei gone.
There helpe no saile, there helpe none ore,
Forstormed, and forblowen sore
In great peril so forth thei driue,
Till at laste thei arriue
At Mitelene the citee.

In lauen saufe and whan thei bee,
The maister shipman made him boune,
And goth hym out in to the towne,
And profereth Thaise for to selle.

One Leonin it herde telle,
Whiche maister of the bordel was,
And bad hym go a redie pas
To fetchen hir: and forth he went,
And Thaise out of his barge he heat,
And to the bordeler hir solde.
And that he by hir body wolde
Take auauntage, let do crie,
That what man wolde his lecherie
Attempte vpon bir maidenhede,
Laie downe the golde, and he shulde spede.
And thus whan he hath cried it out,
I sight of all the people about.

*Qualiter Leouinus Thaisin ad lupanar destinavit,
vbi dei gracia preuenta, ipsius virginitatem nul-
lus violare potuit.*

HE ladde bir to the bordell tho,
No wonder though she were wo,
Close in a chambre by hir selfe,
Eche after other ten or twelfe
Of yonge men in to hir went.
But suche a grace god hir sent,
That for the sorowe, whiche she made,
Was none of hem, which power hade
To done hir any vilanie.

This Leonin let euer asprie,
And wayteth after great beyete.
But all for nought she was forlete,
That no man wolde there come.

Whan he therof hath bede nome,
And knewe, that she was yet a mayde,
Unto his owne man he sayde,

That he with strength ageyne hir leue,
Tho shulde bir maydehode bereue.
This man goth in, but so it ferde,
Whan he hir wofull pleintes herde,
And he therof hath take kepe,
Hym list better for to wepe,
Than do ought elles to the game.
And thus she kepte bir selfe fro shame,
And kneled downe to therthe and prayde
Unto this man, and thus she sayde:

If so be, that thy maister wolde,
That I his good encrees sholde,
It maie not falle by this weie,
But suffre me to go my weye
Out of this hous, where I am in,
And I shall make hym for to wyn
In some place els of the towne,
Be so it be of religiowne,
Where that honest women dwelle.
And thus thou might thy maister telle,
That whan I haue a chambre there,
Let hym do crie aie wide where,
What lorde, that hath his daughter dery,
And is in will that she shall lere
Of suche a schole that is trewe,
I shall hir teche of thynges newe,
Whiche that none other woman can
In all this londe. And tho this man
Hir tale hath herde, he goth ageyn,
And tolde vnto his maister theyrn,
That she hath seyde: and therrpon,
Whan that he sawe beyete none
At the bordell because of hir,
He bad his man go and spir
A place, where she might abide,
That he maie wyne vpon some side
By that she can: but at lest
Thus was she saufe of this tempest.

Qualiter Thaisi a lupanari virgo liberata, inter
sacras mulieres hospicium habens, scientias,
quibus edocta fuit, nobiles regui puellas ibidem
edocbat.

HE hath hir fro the bordell take,
But that was uot for goddes sake,
But for the lucre, as she hym tolde,
Nowe comen tho, that comen wolde
Of women in her lustie youth
To here and see, what thinge she couth.
She can the wisdome of a clerke,
She can of any lustie werke,
Whiche to a gentill woman longeth,
And some of hem she vnderfongeth
To the citole, and to the harpe,
And whome it liketh for to carpe
Prouerbes and demaundes slie,
An other suche thei neuer sie,
Whiche that science so well taught,
Wherof she great giftes caught,
That she to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus hir name is so begonne
Of sondrie thynges, that she techeth,
That all the londe to hir secheth
Of yonge women, for to lere.

Qualiter Theophilus ad Dionysiam mane rediens
affirmavit se Thaisim occidisse, super quo Dio-
nysia vna cum Strangulione marito suo dolorem
in publico confingentes, exequias et sepulturam

honorifice, quantum ad extra subdola coniecta-
tione fieri constituerunt.

Nowe lette we this mayden here,
And speke of Dionyse agayne,
And of Theophile the vilayne,
Of whiche I spake of nowe tofore,
Whan Thaise shulde haue be forlore.
This false chorle to his ladie
Whan he cam home all priuely,
He saith: Madame slayne I haue
This mayde Thaise, and is begraue
In priuy place, as ye me bede.
For thy madame taketh hede,
And kepe counceyle, howe so it stonde.
This fende, whiche hath this vnderstound,
Was glad, and weneth it be sooth.
Now se hereafter how she dooth,
She wepeth, she crieth, she compleyneth,
And of sickenes, whiche she feyneth
She saith, that Thaise sodeynly
By night is dead, as she and I
To gether lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recorde,
And all is leued, that she seyth:
And for to yeue a more feith
Hir husbonde, and eke she both
In blacke clothes thei hem cloth,
And make a great enterement.
And for the people shall be blent,
Of Thaise as for the remembrance.
After the rial olde vsance,
A tombe of laton noble and riche,
With an ymage vnto hir liche
Liggyng, aboue therrpon,
The made, and set it vp anon.

Hir epitaphe of good assise
Was writte about: and in this wise
It spake, O ye that this beholde,
Lo here lieth she, the whiche was holdo
The fairest, and the flour of all,
Whose name Thaisi men call.
The kyng of Tyre Appolinus
Hir father was, nowe lieth she thus,
Fourtene yere she was of age,
Whan deth hir toke to his viage.

Qualiter Appolinus in regno suo apud Tyrum ex-
istens, parlamentum fieri constituit.

THUS was this false treason hid,
Whiche afterward was wyde kid,
As by the tale a man shall here,
But to declare my matere
To Tyre I thynke tourne ageyne.
And telle, as the cronikes seyne.

Whan that the kyng was comen home,
And hath lefte in the salte fome
His wife, whiche he maie not foryete,
For he some comfote wolde gete,
He lette sommonne a parlement,
To whiche the lordes weren assent,
And of the tyme he hath ben out,
He seeth the thynges all about,
And tolde hem eke howe he hath fare
While he was out of londe fare,
And praide hem all to abide:
For he wolde at some tide
Do shape for his wiues mynde,
As he that wolde not be ynkinde.

Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the sacrifice,
The feast rially was holde,
And therto was he well beholde.
For suche a wife as he had one,
In thilke daies was there none.

Qualiter Appolinus post parlamentum Tharsim
pro Thaise filia sua querenda adiit, qua ibidem
non inuenta abinde nauigio recessit.

WHAN this was done, then he him thought
Upon his doughter, and besought
Suche of his lordes, as he wolde,
That thei with him to Tharse sholde
To fette his doughter Thaise there,
And thei anone all relie were.
To ship thei gone, and forth thei went,
Till thei the hauen of Tharse hente.
Thei londe, and faile of that thei seche
By couerture and sleight of speche.
This false man Strangulio,
And Dionyse his wife also,
That he the better trowe might,
Thei ladde hym to haue a sight,
Where that hir tombe was arraied,
The lasse yet he was mispayde.

And netheles so as he durst,
He curseth, and sayth all the wurst
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Whiche can no siker wey finde.
For hym she neweth euer amonge,
And medleth sorowe with his songe,
But sithe it maie no better be,
He thonketh god, and forth goth he
Sailyng towards Tyre ageyne.
But sotheynly the wynde and reyne
Began vpon the sea debate,
So that he suffre mote algate.

Qualiter nauis Appolini ventis agitata portum
vrbis Mitelene in die quo festa Neptuni cele-
brari consueuerunt, applicuit, sed ipse pro do-
lore Thaisis filie sue, quam mortuam reputabat,
in fundo nauis obscuro iacens lumen videre
noluit.

THE lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
Wherof full ofte tyme he pleyneith,
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath tofore assaied.
So that for pure sorowe and care,
Of that he seeth this worlde so fare,
The rest he leueth of his caban,
That for the counsel of no man,
Ageyne therin he nolde come,
But hath beneth his place none,
Where he wepyng alone laie,
There as he sawe no light of daie.
And thus tofore the wynde thei drieue,
Till longe and late thei arriue
With great distresse, as it was sene
Upon this towne of Mitelene,
Whiche was a noble citee tho.
And happeneth thilke tyme so,
The lordes both, and the commune
The high festes of Neptune
Upon the stronde at riuage,
As it was custome and vsage

Solempneliche thei be sigh.
Whan thei this strange vessel sigh
Com in, and hath his saile aualed,
The towne therof bath spoke and taled.

Qualiter Atenagoras vrbis Mitelene princeps nauim
Appolini inuestigans, ipsum sic contristatum
nihil que respondentem consolari satagebat.

THE lorde, whiche of that citee was,
Whose name is Atenagoras,
Was there, and saide, he wolde see,
What ship it is, and who they be,
That ben therin: and alter soone,
Whau that he sigh it was to doone,
His barge was for him arraied,
And he goeth forth, and hath assaied,
He fonde the ship of great araic:
But what thyng it amounte maie,
He sigh thei maden heuy chere,
But well him thiuketh by the manere,
That thei ben worthie men of blood,
And asketh of hem howe it stoude:
And thei him tellen all the cas,
Howe that her lorde fordrue was,
And whiche a sorowe that he made,
Of whiche there maie no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lorde maie see.
But thei him tolde it maie not bee.

For he lieth in so derke a place,
That there maie no wight see his face.
But for all that though hem be lothe,
He fonde the ladder, and downe he goeth,
And to him spake but none answere
Ageine of him he might he here,
For ought that he can do or seyne,
And thus he goeth him vp ageyn.

Qualiter precepto principis, vt Appolinum conso-
laretur, Thaisis cum cithera sua ad ipsum in
obscuro nauis, vbi iacebat, producta est.

THO was there spoke in many wise
Amonges hem, that weien wise,
Nowe this, nowe that, but at last
The wisdom of the towne thus cast,
That yonge Thaise was assent.
For if there be amendement
To glad with this wofull kyng,
She can so muche of euery thyng,
That she shall glad him anone.

A messenger for hir is gone,
And she came with hir harpe in honde,
And saide hem, that she wolde fonde
By all the weies, that she can,
To glad with this sory man.
But what he was, she wist nought
But all the ship hir hath besought,
That she hir witte on him dispende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And sayn: it shall be well aquit.

Whan she hath vnderstonden it,
She goeth hir doune, there as he laie,
Where that she harpeth many a laie.
And like an angell songe with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any tbyng he herde.

And whan she sawe that he so ferde,
She falleth with hym vnto wordes,
And telleth him of sondrie bordes,

And asketh him demandes strange,
Whereof she made his herte change,
And to hir speche his eare he leyde
And hath meruaile, of that she sayde.
For in proverbe, and in probleme
She spake, and bad he shulde deme,
In many a subtle question.
But he for no suggestion
Whiche towarde hym she coude sterc,
He wolde not one worde answer.
But as a mad man at laste,
His head wepyng away he caste,
And halfe in wrath he bad hir go.
But yet she wolde not do so,
And in the derke forth she gothe,
Till she hym toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hir with his honde
He smote: and thus when she him fonde
Diseased, courteisly she sayde,
Auoy my lorde, I am a mayde,
And if ye wyst, what I am,
And out of what linage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so saluage.
With that he sobreth bis courage,

Qualiter sicut deus destinavit patri filiam inuentam recognovit.

AND put away his heuie chere.
But of hem two a man maie lere,
What is to be so sibbe of bloode,
None wist of other howe it stodee,
And yet the father at laste
His herte vpon this mayde caste.
That he hir loueth kyndely.
And yet he wist neuer why,
But all was knowe er that they went.
For god wote her hole entent,
Her hertes both anone discloseth.
This kyng, vnto this maide opposeth,
And asketh first, what is hir name,
And where she lerned all this game,
And of what kyn she was come
And she that bath his wordes uome,
Auswereth, and saith: my name is Thaise,
That was sometyme well at aise.
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There I lerned, till I was spedde
Of that I can: my father eke
I not where that I shulde hym seke,
He was a kyng men tolde me.
My mother dreint in the see.
Fro poynt to poynt all she hym tolde,
That she hath longe in herte holde,
And neuer durst make hir mone,
But onely to this lorde allone,
To whom hir herte can not hele,
Tourne it to wo, tourne it to wele,
Tourne it to good, tourne it to harme.
And he tho toke hir in his arme,
But suche a ioye as he tho made,
Was neuer sene, thus ben they glade,
That sory hadden be toforen,
Fro this daie fortune hath sworne
To set hym vpwarde on the whele.
So goth the worlde, now wo, now wele.

Qualiter Athenagoras Appolinum de nauis hospiciu honorifice recollegit, et Thaisim, patre consensiente, in vxorem duxit.

THIS kyng hath founde newe graec,
So that out of his derke place,
He goth hym vp in to the light,
And with hym cam that swete wight
His daughter Thaise, and forth auoued
Thei buthe into the caban gone,
Whiche was ordeined for the kyng,
And there he did of all bis thyng,
And was araied rially,
And out he cam all opeuly,
Where Athenagoras he foude,
Whiche was lorde of all the londe.
He prieth the kyng to come and see
His castell bothe, and his citee.
And thus thei goue forth all in fere
This kyng, this lorde, this maiden dere.
This lorde tho made hem riche feste,
With enery thyng, whiche was honeste
To plesch with this worthy kyng:
Ther lacketh hem no maner thyng.
But yet for all his noble arae
Wiuces he was vnto that daie.
As he that yet was of yonge age.

So fill ther in to his corage
The lustie wo, the glad payne
Of loue, whiche no man restrayne
Yet neuer might as now tofore.
This lorde thynketh all this world lora,
But if the kyng will doone hym grace,
He waiteth tyme, he waiteth place,
Hym thought bis herte wold to breke,
Till he maie to this maide speke,
And to hir fader eke also.
For marriage, and it fyll so,
That all was doone, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded hym as for hir lorde,
Thus hen they all of one accorde.

Qualiter Appolinus, vna cum filia et eius marito nauim ingredientes, a Mitilena vsque Tharsim cursum proposuerunt, sed Appolinus in somnis admonitus versus Ephesum, vt ibidem in templo Diane sacrificaret, vela per mare diuertit.

WHAN all was done right as they wolde,
The kyng vnto his sonne tolde
Of Tharse thiike traiterie,
And said, howe in his companie
His daughter and him seluen eke,
Shall go vengeance for to seke.
The shippes were redie soone.
And when they sawe it was to doone,
Without let of any went,
With saile vp drawe forth they wente
Towarde Tharse vpon the tide:
But he that wote what shall betide,
The hie god, whiche wolde hym kepe,
Whan that this kyng was fast a slepe
By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
To sayle vnto another stede.
To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in all wise,
That in the temple amongest all
His fortune, as it is befalle,
Touchyng his daughter, and his wife,
He shall be knowe vpon his life.

The kinge of this auision
 Hath great imaginacion,
 What thinge it signifie maie.
 And nethelesse when it was daire,
 He bad cast anker, and abode.
 And while that he on anker rode,
 The wynde, that was tofore straunge,
 Upon the poynte began to change,
 And torneth thider, as it sholde.
 Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
 And bad the maister make hym yare,
 Tofore the wynde for he wolde fare
 To Ephesum, and so he dede.
 And when he came into the stede,
 Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
 With all the haste he maie and foudeth
 To shapen him in suche a wise,
 That he maie by the morowe arise,
 And doone after the mandement
 Of hym, whiche hath hym tbidir sent.
 And in the wise that he thought,
 Upon the morowe so he wrought.
 His doughter, and his sonne he nome,
 And forth to the temple he come,
 With a great route in companie,
 His yestes for to sacrifice.

The citezens tho herden saie
 Of suche a kyng that came to praie
 Unto Diane the goddessse,
 And lefte all other besinesse,
 Thei comen thider for to see
 The kinge and the solempnitee.

Qualiter Appolinus Ephesum in templo Diane
 sacrificans, vxorem suam ibidem relatum in
 uenit, qua secum assumpta nauum versus Ty-
 rum regressus est.

With worthis knyghtes enuironed
 The kyng hym selfe hath abandoned
 To the temple in good entente.
 The dore is vp, and in he wente,
 Where as with great deuocion,
 Of holy contemplacion,
 Within his herte he made his shrifte:
 And after that a riche yifte
 He offrith with great reuerence,
 And there in open audience,
 Of hem that stoden all aboute,
 He tolde hem, and declareth out
 His happe, such as him is befallle,
 There was no thyng foryete of alle.
 His wyfe, as it was goddes grace,
 Whiche was professed in the place,
 As she that was abbess there,
 Unto his tale hath leied hir ere.
 She knewe the voyce, and the visage:
 For pure ioye as in a rage
 She straught to hym all at ones,
 And fill a swoune vpon the stones,
 Wherof the temple flore was paued.
 She was anone with water laued
 Till she came to hir selfe ageyne,
 And than she began to seyne:

A blessed be the high sonde
 That I may se my husbande,
 Whiche whilom he, and I were one.

The kyng with that knewe hir anone,
 And toke hir in his arme, and kist,
 Aud all the townc this soone it wist.

Tho was there ioye many folde.
 For euery man this tale bath tolde.
 As for miracle, and weren glade.
 But neuer man suche ioye made,
 As doth the kyng, which hath his wife.
 And whan men herlic how that bir life
 Was saued, aud by whom it was,
 Thei wondred all of suche a cas.
 Through all the londe arose the speche
 Of maister Cerimon the leche,
 And of the cure whiche he dede.
 The kyng hym selfe tho bath bede,
 And eke the quene forth with hym,
 That he the towne of Ephesum
 Will leue, and go where as thei bee.
 For neuer man of his degree
 Hath do to hem so mychell good.
 And he his profite vnderstoode,
 And granteth with hem for to wende.
 And thus thei maden there an ende,
 And token leue, and gone to ship
 With all the hole felauship.

Qualiter Appolinus vna cum vxore et filia sua
 Tyrum appliciuit.

THIS kyng, whiche now hath his desire,
 Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tyre.
 Thei badden wynde at will tho,
 With topsayle coole, and forth thei go.
 And stryken neuer till thei come
 To Tyre, where as thei haue nome
 And londen hem with moche blisse,
 There was many a mouth to kisse,
 Eche one welcometh other home.
 But whan the quene to londe come,
 Aud Thaise hir doughter by hir side,
 The whiche ioye was thilke tide
 There maie no mans tunge telle.
 Thei sayden all, here cometh the welie
 Of all womannis grace.
 The kyng hath take his roiall place,
 The quene is in to chambre go.
 There was great fest araided tho.
 Whan tyme was thei gone to mete,
 All olde sorowes ben foryete,
 And gladem hem with ioyes newe,
 The discoloured pale hewe
 Is now become a ruddy cheke,
 There was no mirth for to seke.

Qualiter Appolinus Athenagoram cum Thaise
 vxore super Tyrum coronari fecit.

BUT euery man hath what he wolde,
 The kyng as he well coude and sholde
 Makth to his people right good chere.
 And after soone, as thou shalt here,
 A parlement he had sommoned,
 Where he his doughter hath coroned,
 Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
 That on his kyng, that other quene.
 And thus the fathers ordinance,
 This londe hath set in gouernance,
 And sayde that he wolde wende
 To Tharse, for to make an ende
 Of that his doughter was betrayed,
 Wherof were all men well paid,
 And said, howe it was for to done.
 The shippes weren redy soone.

Qualiter Appolinus a Tyro per mare versus Tharsim iter arripiens, vindictam contra Strangulionem Dionysiam vxorem suam pro iniuria, quam ipsi Taisi filie sue intulerunt iudicialiter assecutus est.

A STRONGE power with him he toke,
Upon the skie he cast his loke,
And sigh the wynde was couenable,
Thei hale vp ancre with the cable,
Thei saile on hie, the sterc on bonde,
Thei sailen, till thei come a londe
At Tharse nygh to the citee.

And whan thei wisten it was hee,
The towne hath done hym reuerence.

He telleth hem the violence,
Whiche the traitour Strangulio
And Dionyse bym had do
Touchynge his daughter, as ye herde.
And whan thei wist, how it ferde,
As he whiche pees and loue sought,
Unto the towne this he besought.
To done him right in iugement.

Anone thei weren both assente,
With strengthe of men and comeo soone,
And as hem thought it was to doome,
Atteynt thei weren by the lawe,
And demed so honged and drawe,
And brent, and with wynde to blowe,
That all the worlde it might knowe.
And vpon this condicion,
The dome in execution
Was put anoue withoute faile.
And cuery man hath great meruaile,
Whiche herde tellen of this chance,
And thonked goddes puruenance,
Whiche doth mercy forth with iustice.
Slain is the morderer, and the morderice
Through very trowth of rightwisnesse,
And through mercy saue is simplesse
Of hir, whom mercy preserueth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deserueth.

Qualiter Artestrate Pentapali rege mortuo, ipsi de regno epistolas super hoc Appolino direxerunt, Vnde Appolinus vna cum vxore sua in idem aduenientes, ad decus imperii cum magno gaudio coronati sunt.

WHAN all this thinge is doone and ended,
This kinge, which loued was and freuded
A letter hath, which came to hym
By ship fro Pentapolim,
In whiche the loude hath to him writte,
That he wolde vnderstonde and witte,
Howe in good mynde and in good pees
Dead is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof thei all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her liege lorde,
That he the letter wol receyue,
And come, his reigne to receiue:
Whiche god hath yue him, and fortune.
And thus besought the commune,
Forthwith the great lordes all.

This kinge sighe howe it is befall.
Fro Tharse and in prosperitee
He toke his leue of that citee,
And goeth him in to ship ayene.
The wynde was good, the sea was pleyne,
Hem nedeth not a riffe to slake,
Til thei Pentapolim haue take.

The londe whiche herde of that tydinge
Was wonder glad of his cominge,
He resteth him a daie or two,
And toke his counceil to him tho,
And set a tyme of parlement,
Where al the londe of one assente,
Forthwith his wife haue him croned,
Where all good him was forsoned.

Lo what it is to be well grounded.
For he hath first his loue founded
Honestly as for to wedde,
Honestly his loue he spedde,
And had chyl dren with his wife,
And as him liste he led his life.
And in ensample his life was writte,
That all louers mighten witte
Howe at laste it shal be sene
Of loue what thei wolden mene.

For see nowe on that other side,
Antiochus with all his pride,
Whiche sette his loue vnkynedly,
His ende had soley nly,
Set ageyn kynde vpon vengeance,
And for his lust hath his penance.

Lo thus my sonne might thou lere,
What is to loue in good manere,
And what to loue in other wise,
The mede ariseth of the seruice,
Fortune though she be not stable,
Yet at sometime is faourable
To hem, that ben of loue trewe.
But certes it is for to rwe,
To see loue agein kynde falle.
For that makth sore a man to falle,
As thou might of tofore rede.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede
To let all other loue aweie,
But if it be through suche awcie,
As loue and reason wold accorde.
For elles if that thou discorde,
And take luste as doeth a beste,
Thy loue maie nought ben honeste.
For by no skil that I finde
Suche luste is nought of loues kynde

Confessio amantis, vnde pro finali conclusione consilium confessoris impetrat.

My fader howe so that it stonde,
Your tale is herde, and vnderstonde,
As thinge, whiche worthis is to here
Of great ensample and great mater,
Wherof my fader god you quite.
But in this poynte my selfe acquite
I maie right wel, that cuer yit
I was assoted in my wit,
But onely in that worthy place,
Where all lust and all grace
Is set, if that Danger ne were:
But that is all my moste fere.
I not what ye fortune acompte,
But what thinge Dager maie amounte
I wot wel: for I haue assaied.
For whan myn hert is beste araid,
And I haue all my wit through sought
Of loue to besече hir ought,
For all that cuer I sike maie,
I am concluded with a naie,
That o syllable hath oner throwe
A thousand wordes on a rowe

Of such as I best speke can,
Thus am I but a leude man.

But fader, for ye ben a clerke
Of loue, and this matere is derke,
And I can euer lenger the lasse,
(But yet I maie not lete it passe)
Your holt counseil I beseche,
That ye me by some weye teche,
What is my best, as for an ende.

My sonne vnto the trouth wende
Nowe woll I for the loue of thee,
And lete al other tryfles be.

Hic super amoris causa finita confessione, Confessor Genius ea, que sibi salubrius expediunt sano consilio finaliter iniungit.

THE more that the nede is hie,
The more it nedeth to be slie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde,
I haue well herde and vnderstonde,
My sonne, all that thou hast me said :
And eke of that thou hast me praied
Nowe at this tyme, that I shall,
As for conclusion final,
Counseyl vpon thy nede set,
So thinke I finally to kette
Thy cause, there it is to broke,
And make an ende of that is spoke.

For I behight the that gifte
First whan thou come vnder my shrifte,
That though I towarde Venus were,
Yet spake I suche wordes there,
That for the presthode, whiche I haue,
Myn order, and my state to saue,
I sayde, I wolde of myn office
To vertue more than to vice
Encline, and teche the my lore.
For thy to spoken ouermore
Of loue, whiche the maie auaille.

Take loue, where it maie auaille.
For as of this, whiche thou arte in
By that thou seest it is a sinne,
And sinne maie no price deserue,
Withoute price and who shall serue,
I note what profit might auaille.
This foloweth it, if thou trauaile
Where thou no profit hast ne price,
Thou arte towarde thy selfe vnwise :
And sith thou mightest lust atteine.
Of euery lust the ende is peine.
Of euery peyne is good to flee,
So is it wonder thinge to see,
Why suche a thyng shall be desyred,
The more that a stocke is fired
The rather in to ashe it torneth.
The foote, which in the weye sporneth,
Full ofte his hrade hath ouerthrowe.
Thus loue is blynde, and can not knowe,
Where that he goeth, till he be fadde,
For thy but if it so befalle
With good counceyle that he be ladde,
Hym ought for to ben a dradde.
For counceyl passeth all thinge
To him, whiche thinketh to ben a kinge,
And euery man for his partie
A kyngdome hath to iustifie,
That is to sein his owne dome.
If he misrule that kyngdome,
He leseth him selfe, that is more,
Thaa if he luste ship and ore,

And all the wordes good with alle.
For what man that in speciall
Hath not him selfe, he hath not eis,
No more the perles than the shels,
All is to him of o value,
Though he had all his retinewe
The wide worlde right as he wolde,
Whan he his herte bath not with holde
Towarde hym selfe, all is in vaine.
And thus my sonne I wolde sayne,
As I said er, that thou arise
Er that thou fall in suche a wise,
That thou ne might thy selfe recouer.
For loue whiche that blynde was ener,
Makth all his seruantes blynde also.

My sonne and if thou haue ben so,
Yet is it tyme to withdrawe,
And set thyn herte vnder that lawe,
The whiche of reason is gouerned,
And not of wille : and to be lerned
Ensample thou hast many one
Of nowe and eke of tyme a gone,
That euery lust is but a while,
And who that will him selfe begyle
He maie the rather be disceiued.

My sonne nowe thou hast conceiued
Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
Here afterwarde it shall be sene,
If that thou leuc vpon my lore.
For I can do to the no more,
But teche the, the right weie,
Nowe chese, if thou wilt liue or deie.

Hic loquitur de controuersia, que inter confessorum et amantem in fine confessionis versabatur.

My fader so as I haue herde
Your tale, but it were answerde,
I were mocheill for to blame.
My wo to you is but a game,
That feleth not of that I fele.
The felynge of a mans hele
Maie not be likened to the herte,
I nought though I wolde a sterte,
And ye be fre from all the peyne
Of loue, wherof I me pleyne,
It is right easy to commaunde
The herte, whiche fre goeth on the launde,
Not of an ore what him eileth,
It falleth ofte a man merueileth,
Of that he seeth another fare.
But if he knewe him selfe the fare,
And felte it, as it is in soth,
He shulde do right as he doth,
Or elles wors in his degree.
For well I wote, and so do yee,
Thas loue hath euer yet ben vsed,
So mote I uede ben excused.

But fader if ye wolde thus
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Be frendly toward my quarele,
So that my herte were in hele
Of loue, whiche is in my breste,
I wote well that a better preste
Was neuer made to my behoue,
But all the while that I houe
In none certeyn betwene the two,
I not where I to wele or wo
Shall torne : that is all my drede.
So that I not what is to rede.

But for finall conclusion,
I thynke a supplicacion,
With plaine wordes and expresse,
Writte vnto Venus the goddesse,
The whiche I praie you to bere,
And brynge ageyne a good answers.

Tho was betwene my preste and mee
Debate, and great perplexitee.
My reason vnderstoode hym wele,
And knewe it was not euery dele,
That he hath said, but not for thy
My will hath nothyng set ther by.
For towchinge of so wise a porte
It is vnto loue no disporte.

Yet might neuer man beholde
Reason, where loue was witholde.
Thei be not of o gouernance.

And thus we fellen in distance
My preste and I, but I spake fayre,
And through my wordes debonayre,
Than at last we accorden,
So that he saith, he will accorden
To speke, and stonde on my side
To Venus both and to Cupide,
And bad me write, that I wolde,
And said me truly that he sholde
My letter bere vnto the quene.
And I sat downe vpon the grene,
Fulfulled of loues fantasie,
And with the teres of mine eie,
In stede of ynke, I gan to write
The wordes, whiche I woll endite.
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in my letter I sayde thus.

*Hic tractat formam cuiusdam supplicationis, quam
ex parte amantis per manus Genii sacerdotis
sui, Venus sibi porrectam acceptabat.*

THE wofull peyne of loues maladie,
Ageine the whiche maie no phisike assaile,
My herte hath so be wapped with soaie,
That where so that I reste or trauaile,
I fynde it euer redy to assaile
My reason, whiche can not hym defende,
Thus seche I help, wherof I might amende.

Fyrst to nature if that I me complayne,
There finde I howe that euery creature
Somtime a yere hath loue in his demayne,
So that the litell wrenne in his measure
Hath of kynde loue vnder his cure,
And I but one desyre, whiche I mis,
So but I, hath euery kynde his blis.

The reason of my witte it ouerpasseth,
Of that nature techeth me the weie
To loue, and yet no certeyn she compasseth,
How shal I spede and thus betwene the tweie
I stonde, and not if I shall liue or deie.
For though reason ageyn my will debate,
I may not flee, that I ne louc algate.

Upon my selfe this like tale come,
Howe whilom Pan, whiche is the god of kinde,
With loue wrestled, and is ouercome.
For euer I wrestle, and euer I am behynde,
That I no strengthe in all my herte finde,
Wherof that I maie stonden any throwe,
So fer my wit with loue is ouerthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe craue,
Or helpes he shall his nede spille,
Plainly throughout my wittes all I haue,
But none of hem can helpe after my will,
And also well I might sit stille,
As praie vnto my lady of any helpe:
Thus wote I not wherof my selfe to yelp.

Unto the great loue and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke swete tonne,
Whiche vnder keie, in his cellere amide
Lieth couched, that fortune is ouercome:
But of the bitter cuppes I haue begonne,
I not howe ofte, and thus I finde no game,
For euer I aske and euer it is the same.

I see the worlde stonde euer vpon change,
Now windes lowde, now the weder softe,
I maie see eke the great moone change,
And thing whiche now is low is este alofte,
The dredfull werres in to pes full ofte
Thei torne, and euer is Daunger in o place,
Whiche niill ebaunge his will to do me grace,

But vpon this the great clerke Ouide
Of loue whan he makth his remembrance,
He sayth: there is the blynde god Cupide,
The which hath loue vnder his gouernance,
And in honde with many a frie launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll not hele,
And that somdele is cause of my quarele.

Ouide eke sayth, that loue to performe
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddesse,
But whan she takth counseill with Saturne,
There is no grace, and in that tyme I gesae
Began my loue, of which myn beuinesse
Is now and euer shall, but if I spede,
So wot I not my selfe what is to rede.

For thy to you Cupide and Venus both,
With all my hertes obeisance I praie,
If ye were at fyrst tyme wrothe,
Whan I began to loue, I you saye
Nowe stynte, and do this fortune awaye,
So that Daunger, which stont of retinewe
With my lady, his place may renewe.

O thou Cupide god of loues lawe,
That with thy darte brennyng hast set a fire
My herte, do that wounde be withdraw,
Or yeue me salue, suche as I desyre.
For seruice in thy courte withouten hyre
To me, whiche euer hath kept thin heste
Maie neuer be to loues lawe honeste.

O thou gentell Venus loues quene,
Without gille thou dost on me thy wrech,
Thou wotest my pain is euer alich grene,
For loue, and yet I maie it not areche:
Thus wolde I for my last worde besече,
That thou my loue acquite, as I deserue:
Or elles do me playfully for to sterue.

*Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus accepta amantis sup-
plicatione, iudicate ad singula respondit.*

WHAN I this supplicacion,
With good deliberacion,
In suche a wise as ye uowe witte,
Had after myn entente writte

Unto Cupide and to Venus,
 This preest, whiche hight Geniis,
 It toke on honde to presente,
 On my message and forth he wente
 To Venus, for to wit hir wille:
 And I bode in the place stille,
 And was there but a litell while,
 Not full the mountnaunce of a mile,
 When I behelde, and sodeinly
 I sigh where Venus stode me by.
 So as I might vnder a tree
 To grounde I felle vpon my knee,
 And pried hir for to do me grace,
 She cast hir chere vpon my face,
 And as it were haluyng a game,
 She asketh me, what was my name.
 Madame I saide, Iohan Gower.

Now Iohan, quod she, in my power
 Thou must as of thy loue stonde.
 For I thy bille haue vnderstonde,
 In whiche to Cupide and to mee
 Somdele thou hast complayned thee,
 And somedele to nature also,
 But that shall stonde amonge you two.
 For therof haue I not to doone,
 For nature is vnder the mooune
 Maistresse of euery liues kynde.
 But if so be, that she maie fynde
 Some holy man, that wyl withdrawe
 Hir kyndely lust ageine hir lawe,
 But selde whan it falleth so.
 For fewe men there ben of tho.

But of these other enoughe there bee,
 Whiche of her owne nicitee,
 Agein nature and hir office,
 Deliten hem in sondrie vice:
 Wherof that she full ofte hath pleined,
 And eke my courte it hath disdeigned,
 And euer shall: for it recryueth
 None suche, that kynde so discryueth.

For all oneliche of gentill loue
 My courte stont, all courtes aboue,
 And taketh uone into retinewe,
 But thyng, whiche is to kynde dewe,
 For els it shall be refused:
 Wherof I holde the excused.
 For it is many daies gone,
 That thou amonge hem were one,
 Whiche of my courte hast be witholde,
 So that the more I am beholde
 Of thy disease to commune,
 And to remewe that fortune,
 Whiche many daies hath the greued.
 But if my counsaile maie be leued,
 Thou shalt be eased er thoo go
 Of thilke vnsely joly wo,
 Wherof thou saist thyn hert is fared,
 But as of that thou hast desyred,
 After the sentence of thy bille,
 Thou must therof doone at my will,
 And I therof me woll aduise:
 For be thou hole, it shall suffice,
 My medicine is not to seke,
 The whiche is holsome to the seke,
 Not all perchance as ye it wolde,
 But so as ye by reason sholde,
 Accordant vnto loues kynde.
 For in the plite, whiche I the fynde,
 So as my courte it hath awarded,
 Thou shalt be duely rewarded.

And if thou woldest more craue,
 It is no right that thou it haue.

Qui cupit id, quod habere nequit, sua tempora perdit

*Est vbi non posse velle, salute caret.
 Non æstatis opus gelidus hirsuta capillos
 Cum calor abscessit æquiparabit hyems.
 Sicut habet Maius non dat natura decembri,
 Nec poterit compar floribus esse lutum.
 Sic neque decrepita senum iuuenile voluptas
 Floret in obsequium, quod Venus ipsa petit.
 Conueniens igitur foret, vt quod cana senectus
 Attigit, vltierus corpora casta colant.*

*Hic contra quoscumque viros inueteratos amoris
 concupiscentiam affectantes loquitur Venus,
 huiusque amantis confessi supplicationem quasi
 deridens, ipsum pro eo quod senescit, debilis
 est, multis exhortationibus insufficientem re-
 darguit.*

*Venus which stant without lawe,
 In none certine, but as men drawe
 Of Ragman vpon the chance,
 She leith no prise in the balance,
 But as hir liketh for to weie,
 The trewe man full ofte awie
 She put, whiche hath hir grace bede,
 And sette an vntreue in his stede.
 Lo thus blindly the world she demtch
 In loues cause, as to me semeth,
 I not what other men wolde seyn,
 But I algaic am so beseyne,
 And stonde as one amongst all,
 Whiche am oute of hir grace fall:
 It nedeth take no witesse.*

*For she, whiche saide is the goddessse,
 To whether parte of loue it wende,
 Hath sette me for a finall ende
 The prynt wherto that I shall holde.
 For whan she hath me well beholde,
 Haluyng of scorne she sayd thus:
 Thou wost well that I am Venus,
 Whiche all onely my lustes seeche.
 And well I wote though thou besече
 My loue, lustes ben there none,
 Whiche I maie take in thy persone,
 For lones luste and lockes bore
 In chamber accorden neuermore.
 And though thou feigne a yonge corage,
 It sheweth well by thy visage,
 That olde grisell is no fole,
 There ben full many yeres stole
 With the, and suche other mo,
 That outwarde feignen youth so,
 And ben within of poorē assaie.
 My herte wolde, and I ne maie,
 Is nought beloued nowe a daies,
 Er thou make any suche assaies
 To loue, and faile vpon thy fete,
 Better is to make beaw retreatte
 For though thou mightest loue attyne,
 Yet were it but an idell peine,
 Whan thou arte not suffisant,
 To holde loue his couenante,
 For thy take home thy herte againe,
 That thou trauaile not in vayne,
 Wherof my courte maie be disceiued,
 I wote, and haue it wel conceiued,*

Howe that thy wille is good enough.
 But more behoueth to the plough,
 Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
 So sit it wel, that thou beknowe
 Thy feble estate er thou beginne
 Thing, wher thou might none ende winne,
 What bargein shulde a mau assaie,
 Whan that him lacketh for to paie?
 My sonne if that thou well bethought,
 This toucheth the, foryete it nought,
 The thinge is torned in to was,
 The whiche was whilome grene gras,
 Is withered beie, as time nowe:
 For thy my counseil is that thou
 Remembre well, howe thou arte olde.

*Qualiter super derisoriam Veneris exhortacionem
 contristatus anians, quasi mortuus in terram
 corruit, ubi ut sibi videbatur, Cupidinem cum
 innumera multitudine nuper amantum variis
 turmis assistenciam conspicebat.*

WHAN Venus hath hir tale tolde,
 Than I bethought was all aboute,
 And wist wel withouten doubtte,
 That there was no recouerie,
 And as a man the blase of fyre
 With water quenchetb, so ferde I,
 A colde me caught sodeynly,
 For sorowe that my herte made,
 My dedely face pale and fade
 Becam, and swoune I fil to grounde.
 And as I laie the same stounde,
 Ne fully quicke, ne fully deade,
 Me thought I sawe tofore myn head
 Cupide with his bowe bente,
 And like vnto a parlement,
 Whiche were ordeined for the nones,
 With him cam all the worlde attones
 Of gentill folke, that whilome were
 Louers, I sawe bem all there.
 Forth with Cupide in sondry rowtes.
 Myn eie I caste all aboutes,
 To knowe amonge hem who was who:
 I sigh where lustie youth tho,
 As he whiche was a capitaync,
 Before all other vpon the playne
 Stode with his rout well begon.
 Her heades kempt, and thervpon
 Garlondes, not of one colour
 Some of the lefe, some of the floure,
 And some of great perles were.
 The newe guise of Beme was there,
 With sondry thynges well deuised
 I see, wherof thei be queintised:
 It was all lust, that thei with ferle.
 There was no songe that I ne herde,
 Whiche vnto loue was touchyng.
 Of Pan, and all that was likyng,
 As in pipynge of melodie
 Was herde in thilke companie.
 So loude that on euery side
 It thought that all the heuen cride
 In suche accorde, and suche a soune
 Of bumbarde, and of clarioune,
 With cornemuse, and shalmcle,
 That it was halfe a mannes bele
 So glad a noyse for to here
 And as me thought in this manere

All fresse I sigh hem sprynge and daunce,
 And do to loue her entendance.
 After the lust of youtthes heste,
 There was enough of ioy and fest.
 For euer amonge thei laugh and pley,
 And put Care out of the weie,
 That he with hem ne sat ne stode.
 And ouer this I vnderstode,
 So as myn eare might arcehe,
 The most matere of her speche

*De nominibus illorum nuper amantum, qui tunc
 amanti spasmato aliqui iuuenes, aliqui senes
 apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga
 deum quam deam amoris pro sanitate amantis
 recuperanda multiplicatis precibus misericordi-
 ter instabant.*

It was of knighthode and of armes:
 And what it is to ligge in armes
 With loue, whan it is acheued.
 Ther was Tristram, which was beloued
 With bele Isolde: and Lancelot
 Stode with Gonnor: and Galahot
 With his lady: and as me thought,
 I sawe where lasyn with hym brought
 His loue whiche Creusa hight.
 And Hercules, whiche mochell might,
 Was there, bearyng his great mace.
 And most of all in thilke place
 He peyueth hym to make chere
 With Iolen, which was hym dere.
 Theseus though he were vntrewe
 To loue, as all women knewe,
 Yet was he there netheles
 With Phedra, whiche to loue he ches.
 Of Greece eke there was Thelamon,
 Whiche fro the kyng Laomedon
 At Troie his daughter refte away
 Eseasoned as for his prairie,
 Whiche take was, whan Iason cam
 Pro Colchos, and the citee nam,
 In vengeance of the fyrste hate,
 That made hem after to debate,
 Whan Priamus the newe towne
 Hath made. And in a visiwne
 Me thought that I sigh also
 Hector, forth with his bretheroe two,
 Hym selfe stode with Penthasilee,
 And nexte to hym I might see,
 Where Paris stode with fayre Helaine,
 Whiche was his ioye soueraine.
 And Troilus stode with Creseide:
 But euer amonge though he pleide
 By semblant, he was heuy chered.
 For Diomede, as hym was lered,
 Claimeth to be his partinere.
 And thus full many a bachelere,
 A thousande mo than I can seyne,
 With yough I sigh there well beseyne,
 Forth with her loues glad and blith.
 And some I sigh, whiche ofte sitho
 Complaynen hem in otherwise.
 Amonge the whiche I sawe Narcise,
 And Piramus, that sory were.
 The worthy greke also was there
 Achilles, whiche for loue deied.
 Agamemnon eke as men seied,
 And Menelaie the kyng also
 I sigh, with many an other mo,

Whiche hadden be fortun'd sore
In loues cause: And ouermore,
Of women in the same caas
With hem I sigh where Dido was
Forsake, whiche was with Aeneas.
And Phillis eke I might see,
Whom Demophon deceiued had.
And Ariadne hir sorowe lad,
For Theseus hir sister toke,
And hir vnkindly forsok.

I sigh there eke amonge the pries
Complaynyng vpon Hercules,
His fyrst loue Deianire,
Whiche set him afterwarde a fyre.
Medea was there eke, and pleyneeth
Upon Iason, for that he feigneth,
Without cause and toke a newe,
She saide, fie on all vntrewe.

I sigh there Dridamie,
Whiche had loste the companie
Of Achilles, whan Diomed
To Troie him fet vpon the nede.
Amonge these other vpon the grenc
I sigh also the wofull queene
Cleopatras, whiche in a graue
With serpentes hath hir selfe begraue
All quicke, and so she was to tore,
For sorowe of that she had lore
Antonie, whiche hir loue hath be.

And forth with hir I sigh Thisbe,
Whiche on the sharpe swerdes poynte,
For loue deied in vpon poynte.
And as myn care it might knowe,
She sayde, wo worth all slowe.

The plaint of Proigne and Philomene
There herde I what it wolde mene,
How Thereus of his vntrouthe
Undid hem both, and that was routhe.

And next to hem I sawe Canace,
Whiche for Machayr hir faders grace
Hath lost, and deied in wofull plite.

And as I sigh in my spirite,
Me thought amonge other thus
The daughter of kyng Priamus
Polixena, whom Pyrrus slough
Was there, and made sorowe enough:
As she whiche deied gylltes
For loue, and yet was loueies.

And for to take the disporte
I sawe there some of other porte,
And that was Circes, and Calypse,
That couthen do the moone clypse,
Of men and chaunge the liknesse,
Of artmagike sorceresse,
Thei helde in honde many one
To loue, whether thei wolde or none.

But aboue all that that there were
Of women I sawe foure there,
Whose name I herde most commended.
By hem the courtes stode all amended.
For where thei comen in presence,
Men deden hem the reuerence,
As though thei had ben goddesses
Of all the worlde, or empresses.

And as me thought, an ere I leide,
And herde, how that these other seid :

Lo these ben the foure wiuies,
Whose feith was proued in her liues
For in ensauple of all good,
With mariage so thei stodee,

That fame, whiche no great thing hideth,
Yet if cronicke of hem abideth.

Penelope that one was hote,
Whome many a knight hath loued hote,
While that hir lorde Vlysses laie
Full many a yere and many a daie
Upon the great siege of Troie:
But she, whiche hath no wordes ioye,
But onely of hir husbonde,
While that hir lorde was out of londe,
So well she kept hir womanhede,
That all the worlde therof toke hede,
And namliche of hem in Grece.

That other woman was Lucrece,
Wife to the Romayn Collatine.
And she constringed of Tarquine
To thinge, which was ayenst hir will,
She wolde not hir seluen still,
But deied onely for drede of shame,
In kepnyng of hir good name,
As she whiche was one of the beste.

The thirde wife was bote Alceste
Whiche whan Admetus shulde die
Upon his great maladie,
She praied vnto the goddes so,
That she resceiueh all the wo,
And deied hir selfe, to gyue him life:
Se where this were a noble wife.

The fourth wife, whiche I there sigh,
I herde of hem that were nyghe,
Howe she was cleped Alceone,
Whiche Ceix hir lorde allone,
And to no mo hir bodie kepte:
And whan she sigh him drenche, she lepte
Into the wawes, where he swam,
And there a sea foule she becam:
And with hir wings she him besprad
For loue that she to him had.

Lo these foure weren tho,
Whiche I sigh as me bethought
Amonge the great companie,
Whiche loue had for to gie.
But yougthe, whiche in speciall
Of loues courte was marshall,
So bezie was vpon his laie,
That he none hede, wher he laie
Hath take, And than as I behelde,
Me thought I sigh vpon the felde,
Where Elde came a softe paas
Towarde Venus, there as she was
With him great companie he ladde,
But not so fele as youth had.
The moste parte were of great age,
And that was sene in her visage,
And not for thy so as they might,
Thei made hem yongely to the sight.
But yet I herde no pipes there
To make mirth in mannes ere,
But the musike I might knowe:
For olde men, which sowned lowe
With harpe, and lute, and with citole,
The houe daunce, and the carole,
In suche a wise as loue hath bede,
A softe paas thei daunce and trede,
And with the women otherwhile
With sobre chere awonge thei smile.
For laughter was there none on hie.
And netheles full well I sie,
That thei the more queinte it made
For loue in whom thei weren glade.

And there me thought I might see
The kinge Dauid with Bersabee,
And Salomon was not withoute
Passinge an hondreth in a route
Of wyues and of concubines,
Iewes eke and sarazines
To him I sighe all intendant,
I not where he were suffisant.
But netbeles for all his witte
He was attached with that writte,
Whiche loue with his honde enseleth,
From whom none erthly man appeleth.
And ouer this, as for no wonder
With his lion, whiche he put vnder,
With Dalida Sampson I knewe,
Whos loue his strength all ouerthrowe.
I sawe there Aristotile also,
Whome that the queene of Grece also
Hath brided, that in thilke tyme
She made him sucbe a silogesime,
That he foryate all his logike,
There was none arte of his practike,
Through whiche it might ben excluded,
That he ne was fully concluded
To loue, and did his obeisance.

And eke Virgile of acquaintance
I sigh, where he the maiden praid,
Whiche was the daughter, as men sayd,
Of themperour whilome of Rome.
Sortes and Plato with him come,
So did Ouide the poete,
I thought than howe loue is swete,
Whiche hath so wise men reclaimed,
And was my selfe the lasse ashamed,
Or for to lese or for to wyne
In the mischief that I was in.
And thus I laie in hope of grace:
And when they comen to the place,
Where Venus stode, and I was falle,
This olde men with one voyce alle
To Venus praiden for my sake.
And she that mighte not forsake
So great a clamour, as was there,
Lete pitee come in to hir eide:
And forth with all vnto Cupide
She praieth, that he vpon his side
Me wolde through his grace sende
Some comforte, that I might amende
Upon the caas, which is befall.
And thus for me thei praiden all
Of hem that weren olde aboute,
And eke some of the yonge route,
And of gentiles and pure trouth
I herde hem tel, it was great routhe
That I withouten helpe so ferde.
And thus me thought I laie and herde.

Hic tractat, qualiter Cupido amantis senectute
confracti viscera perscrutatus, ignita sue concu-
piscencie tela ab eo penitus extraxit, quem Ve-
nus postea absque calore percipiens, vacuum
reliquit, Et sic tandem prouisa senectus rati-
onem inuocans, hominem interjorem peiprius
amore inuocatum mentis sanitati plenius res-
taurauit.

CUPIDE, whiche maie hurte and hele
In lous cause, as for my hele,
Upon the poynthe which hym was preyd
Cam with Venus, where I was leyde

Swoundend vpon the grene gras,
And as me thought anone there was
On euery side so great prees,
That euery life began to prees,
I wote not wel howe many score,
Suche as I spake of nowe tofore
Louers, that comen to beholde
But most of hem that were olde,
Thei stoden there at thilke tide
To see what ende shall betide
Upon the cure of my sotie.
Tho might I here great partie
Spkende, and eke his owne aduis
Hath tolde, one that, another this.
But amonge all this I berde,
Thei weren wo, that I so ferde,
And saiden that for no riote,
An olde man shulde not assote.
For as thei tolden redily,
There is in him no cause why,
But if he wolde him selfe be uice,
So were he well the more nice.
And thus desputen some of tho:
And some saiden no thunge so,
But that the wilde lous rage
In mannes life forbereth none age,
While there is oyle for to fire
The lampe is lightly set a fire,
And is full herde er it be queinte,
But onely if he be some seinte,
Whiche god preserueth of his grace.
And thus me thought in sondrie place,
Of hem that walken vp and doune,
There was diners opiniou.
And so for a while it last,
Til that Cupide to the laste,
Forthwith his moder ful aduised,
Hath determined and deuised,
Unto what poynthe he woll descende,
And all this tyme I was liggende
Upon the grounde tofore his cien.
And thei that my disease sien,
Supposen nought I shulde liue:
But he, whiche wolde than yeus
His grace, so as it maie bee,
This blynde gud, whiche maie not see,
Hath groped, til that he me fonde:
And as he put forth bis honde
Upon my body, where I laie,
Me thought a frie launceaie,
Which whilom through my hert he cast,
He pulleth oute, and also fast
As this was do, Cupide nam
His wey, I not where he becam:
And so did all the remenant,
Whiche vnto him was entendant,
Of hem that in a vision
I had a reuelacion,
So as I tolde nowe tofore.
But Venus went nought therfore,
Ne Genius, whiche thilke tyme
Aboden both fast byme,
And she whiche maie the hertes binde
In lous cause, and eke vubynde,
Er I out of my traunce arose,
Venus whiche helde a boxe close,
And wolde not I sholde deie,
Toke out, more colde then ony keye,
An ointement: and in suche poynthe
She hath my wounded herte auointe,

My temples, and my reyns also:
 And forth with al she toke me tho
 A wonder myrrour for to holde,
 In whiche she bad me to beholde,
 And take hede, of that I seie.
 Wherin anone my hertes eie
 I cast, and sawe my colour fade,
 Myn eien dim, and all vnglad,
 My chekes thinne, and all my face
 With elde I might see deface.
 So riueld, and so wo besain,
 That there was no thinge full ne pleyn.

I sawe also myn heares hore,
 My will was tho to see no more
 On whiche for there was no pleasance.
 And then into my remembrance
 I drewe myn olde daies passed,
 And as reason it hath compassed.

Quod status hominis mensibus anni equipe-
 ratur.

I MADE a likenes of my selue
 Unto the souiry monthes tweluc,
 Wherof the yere in his estate
 Is made, and stant vpon debate,
 That like to other none accordeth.
 For who the tymes wel recordeth,
 And than at Marche if he begin,
 Whan that the lustie yere comth in,
 Till Auguste be paste and Septembre
 The mighty yongth he maie remembre,
 In whiche the yere hath his dednite
 Of grasse, of lefe, of floure, of fruite,
 Of corne, and eke the winy grape,
 And afterwarde the tyme is shape
 To frost, to snowe, to wynde to rayne,
 Till este that Marche be come agayne.
 The winter woll no sommer knowe,
 The grene lefe is ouerthrowe,
 The clothed erth is than bare,
 Dispoiled is the sommer fare,
 That erst was hete, is than chele,
 And thus thinkende thoughtes fele,
 I was out of my swowne affraide,
 Wherof I sigh my wittes straide,
 And gan to clepe hem home ageyne.
 And whan reason it herde seyne,
 That loues rage was aweye,
 He cam to me the right weye:
 And hath remeued the sotie
 Of thilke vnwise fantasie,
 Wherof that I was wont to plain,
 So that of thilke fryr paine
 I was made sobre, and hole enough.
 Venus behelde me than, and lough,
 And asketh, as it were in game,
 What loue was? and I for shame.
 Ne wist, what I shulde answer:
 And netheles I gan to swere,
 That by my trowth, I knewe him nought,
 So ferre it was out of my thought,
 Right as it had neuer be.

My god sonne, tho quod she,
 Nowe at this tyme I leue it wele,
 So goth the fortune of my whele.
 For thy my counceile is thou leue.

Madame, I said, by your leue,
 Ye weten well, and so wote I,
 That I am vnbehouely

Your courte, fro this day, for to serue.
 And for I maie no thonke deserue,
 And also for I am refused,
 I praiu you to ben excused.
 And netheles as for to laste,
 While that my wittes with me laste,
 Touchende my confession,
 I axe an absolusion
 Of Genius, er that I go.

The preest anone was redy tho,
 And sayde: Soune as of thy shrifte,
 Thou hast full pardon, and foryifte,
 Forgyete it thou, and so will I.

My holy father graunt mercy
 Quod I to hym, and to the queene
 I fill on knees vpon the grene,
 And toke my leue for to wende.
 But she that wolde make an ende,
 As therto, whiche I was most able,
 A paire of bedes blacke as sable
 She toke, and hynged my necke about.
 Upon the gaudees all without
 Was writte of golde pur reposer.

Lo thus she sayd, lohan Gower,
 Nowe thou art at last caste,
 Thus haue I for thin ease caste,
 That thou of loue no more seche.
 But my will is, that thou beseche,
 And pray hereafter for the pees,
 And that thou make a pleyne releas

To loue, whiche taketh litell hede
 Of olde men vpon the nede,
 Whan that the lustes ben awey,
 For thy to the nis but o wey,
 In whiche let reason be thy guye.
 For he maie soone hym selfe misgyde,
 That seeth not the perill tofore.

My sonne be well ware therefore,
 And kepe the sentence of my lore,
 And tarie thou in my courte no more:
 But go there vertue morall dwelleth:
 There ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
 Whiche of longe tyme thou haste writte.

For this I do the welle to witte,
 If thou thyn bele wilt purchase,
 Thou might not make sute and chace,
 Where that the game is not prouable,

It were a thyng vnreasonable,
 A man to be so ouersaie.
 For thy take hede of that I saie.
 For in the lawe of my commune
 We be nought shape to commune
 Thy selfe and I neuer after this.
 Nowe haue I seyde all that there is
 Of loue, as for thy finall ende,
 Adeu, for I mote fro the wende.
 And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
 As my disciple and my poete.

For in the floures of his youth,
 In sondrie wise, as be well couth
 Of ditees, and of songes glatte,
 The whiche he for my sake made,
 The loude fulfilled is ouer all,
 Wherof to hym in speciall
 Aboute all other I am most holde.
 For thy nowe in his daies olde
 Thou shalt hym tell this message,
 That he vpon his later age,
 To sette an ende of all his werke,
 As he whiche is myu owne clerke,

Do make his testament of loue,
As thou hast done thy shrifte aboue,
So that my courts it maie recorde.

Madame, I can me well accorde,
(2uod I) to telle as ye me bid.
And with that worde it so betid
Out of sight all soodeynly,
Enclosed in a sterred skie,
Venus, whiche is the queene of loue,
Was take in to hir place aboue,
More wist I not where she becam.
And thus my leue of hir I nam.

And forth with al that same tide
Her preest, whiche wolde not abide,
Or me be lefe, or me be lothe,
Out of my sight furth be goth.
And I was lefte withouten helpe,
So wist I not wberuf to yelp,
But that onely I had lore
My tyme, and was sorie therfore.

And thus bewhaped in my thought,
Whan all was tourned in to nought,
I stood amased for a while,
And in my selfe I gan to smile,
Thynkende vpon the bedes blake,
And howe thei were me betake,
For that I shulde bid and praie:
And whan I sawe none other waie,
But onelie that I was refused,
Unto the life, whiche I had vsed
I thought neuer torne ageyne.
And in this wise soth to seyne
Homwarde a softe pas I went,
Where that with all myn hole entent,
Upon the point that I am shriue,
I thinke bide, while I lue.

Parce precor Christe, populus quo gaudet iste
Anglia ne triste subeat, rex summe resiste
Corrige quosque status fragilis, absolue reatus:
Vnde deo gratus vigeat locus iste beatus.

HE whiche witbin daics scuen,
This large worlde, forth with the heuen,
Of his eternall prouidence,
Hath made, and thilke intelligence
In mans soule reasonable
Hath shape to be perdurable:
Wherof the man of his feture
Aboue all erthly creature
After the soule is immortall,
To thilke lorde in speciall,
As he whiche is of all thynges,
The creatour, and of the kynges
Hath the fortunes vpon honde,
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I praie,
That he this londe in siker waic:
Will sette vpon good gouernance.
For if men take in remembrance,
What is to lue in vnitee,
There is no state in bis degree,
That ne ought to desire pes,
Withoute whiche it is no les
To seche and loke in to the laste,
There maie no worldeas ioye last.

Fyrst for to loke the clergie,
Hem ought well to iustifie
Thyng, whiche belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie, and to procur

Our pees, towarde the heuen aboue,
And eke to set rest and loue
Amonge vs on this erthe here,
For if thei wrought in this manere
After the rule of charitee,
I hope that men shulden see
This londe amende: and ouer this
To seche and loke howe that it is
Touche of the chiuallrie,
Whiche for to loke in some partie
Is worthie for to be commended,
And in some parte to be amended,
That of her large reteneue
The londe is full of maynteneue,
Whiche causeth that the commune right,
In fewe countreis stont vpriht.
Extorcion, contecke, rauine
With holde ben of that couine.
All daie men here great complaint,
Of the disease, of the constraint,
Wherof the people is sore oppressed,
God graunt it mote be redressed,
For of knighthode thordre wolde,
That thei defende and kepe sholde
The common right, and the franchise
Of holy churche in all wise:
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof serueth shelde and spere.
But for it goth owe other waie,
Our grace goth the more awie.

And for to loken ouermore
Wherof the people plainen sore
Towarde the lawes of our londe,
Men sein that trouth hath broke his bonde,
And with brocage is gone awie,
So that no man see the weie,
Where for to fynde rightwisenesse.

And if men seke sikernesse,
Upon the lucre of marchandise,
Compassement and trecherie
Of singular profite to winne,
Men sayne is cause of mochell sime,
And namely of diuision,
Whiche many a noble worthie towne
Pro welth, and fro prosperitee
Hath brought to great aduersitee.
So were it good to be all one.
For mochell grace therypon,
Unto the citees shulde fall,
Whiche might auaile to vs all,
If these estates amended were,
So that the vertues stoden there,
And that the vices were awie,
Me thynketh I durste than seie,
This londes grace shulde arise,

But yet to loke in otherwise,
There is astate, as ye shall here
Aboue all other on erthe here,
Whiche hath the londe in his balance,
To hym belongeth the ligeance
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde is all forthdrawe
The marchant and the laborer,
So stant it all in his power
Or for to spille, or for to saue,
But though that he suche power haue,
And that his nightes ben so large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To whiche that euery kyng is swore.
So were it good, that he therfore

First vnto rightwisenes entende,
 Wherof that he hym selfe amende
 Towarde his god, and leue vice,
 Whiche is the chiefe of his office.
 And after all the remenant
 He shall vpon bis couenant
 Gouverne, and lede in suche a wise,
 So that there be no tyrannise,
 Wherof that he his people greue:
 Or elles maie he nought achueue.
 That longeth to his regalie.
 For if a kyng will iustifie
 His londe, and hem that ben within,
 First at hym selfe he mot begin
 To kepe and rule his owne estate,
 That in hym selfe be no debatē
 Towarde his god: for otherwise
 Ther maie none ertbly kyng suffise
 Of his kyngdome the folke to lede,
 But he the kyng of heuen drede.
 For what kyng sette hym vpon pride,
 And takth his lust on euery side,
 And will not go the right weie,
 Though god his grace cast aweie
 No wonder is, for at last
 He shall well witte, it maie not last
 The pompē whiche be secheth here.
 Eut what kyng that with humble chere
 After the lawe of god escheweth
 The vices and the vertues seweth:
 His grace shall not be suffisant
 To gouerne all the remenant,
 Whiche longeth vnto his duetee:
 So that in his prosperitee
 The people shall not be oppressed,
 Wherof his name shall be blessed
 For euer: and be memorialle.

Hic in fine recapitulat super hoc, quod in principio
 libri promisit se in amoris causa specialius tra-
 ctaturum, concludit enim, quod omnis amoris de-
 lectacio extra charitatem nihil est, qui manet in
 cbaritate, in deo manet.

AND nowe to speke as in finale,
 Touchende that I vnderloke,
 In englysshe for to make a boke,
 Whiche stant betwene earnest and game,
 I haue it made, as thilke same,
 Whiche aske for to be excused,
 And that my boke be not refused
 Of lered men, whan thei it see
 For lacke of curiositee
 For thilke schole of eloquence
 Belongeth not to my science,
 Upon the forme of Rhetorike
 My wordes for to peinte and pike,

As Tullius somtyme wrote,
 But this I knowe, and this I wote,
 That I haue done my trewe peyne,
 With rude wordes, and with pleyne
 In all that euer I couthe and might,
 This boke to write, as I behight.
 So as sikenes it suffer wolde,
 And also for my daies olde
 That I am feble and impotentē,
 I wote not howe the worlde is wente:
 So pray I to my lordes all,
 Now in min age, howe so befallē,
 That I mot stonden in their grace.
 For though me lacke to purchase
 Her worthie thonke, as by deserte,
 Yet the simplesse of my pouerte
 Desyreth for to do plesance
 To hem, vnder whose gouernance
 I hope siker to abide.
 But nowe vpon my last tide
 That I this boke haue made and writte,
 My muse dothe me for to witte,
 And sayth, it shall be for my beste,
 Fro this daie forth to take reste,
 That I no more of loue make,
 Whiche many a herte hath ouertake,
 And ouertorned as the bynde
 Fro reason in to lawe of kynde.
 Where as the wisdom goeth aweie,
 And can not see the right weie,
 Howe to gouerne his owne estate:
 But euery daie stant in debate
 Within him selfe, and can not leue.
 And thus for thy my final leue
 I take nowe for euer more
 Without makinge any more
 Of loue, and of his deadly hele,
 Whiche no phisicien can hele.
 For his nature is so diuers,
 That it hath euer some trauers,
 Or of to muche, or of to lite,
 That playnly maie no man delite:
 But if him faile or that or this,
 But thilke loue, whiche that is
 Within a mannes herte affirmed,
 And stante of charitee confirmed:
 Suche loue is goodly for to haue,
 Suche loue maie the body saue,
 Suche loue maie the soule amende,
 The bighe god suche loue vs sende
 Forthwith the remenaunt of grace,
 So that aboute in thilke plaoc,
 Where resteth loue, and all pees,
 Our ioye maie be endelees.

AMEN.

THE
POEMS

OF

JOHN SKELTON.



Salve plus decies quot sunt momenta dierum,
Quot generum species, quot res quot nomina rerum,
Quot prati flores, quot sunt in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt in equore naues,
Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,
Quot Cæli stellæ, quot sunt in orbe puellæ,
Quot sancti Romæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,
Quot sunt virtutes, tot vobis mitto salutes.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN SKELTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS eccentric satyrst, descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, was born towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, and appears to have studied in both universities. Wood claims him for Oxford, although without conceiving that he was a very honourable addition to his list of worthies. The late Mr. Cole, in his collections for the Athenæ Cantabrigienses, is of opinion that he belongs to Cambridge, partly because he alludes to his being curate of Trompington in 1507, and mentions Swaffam and Sobam, two towns in Cambridgeshire, and partly because there occurs the name of one *Schelton*, M.A. of Cambridge in the year 1484. On the other hand, Wood reckons him of Oxford, from the authority of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian library: and in the preface of Caxton's Translation of the *Æneids* he is said to have been "lately created poet laureate in the unyversite of Oxenforde," and to have been the translator of some of the Latin classics.

This laureatship, however, it must be observed, was not the office now known as pertaining to the court, but was a degree conferred at the university. Churchyard, in the poem prefaced to Skelton's works, says

Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
And past in schoels ye knoe.

This honour appears to have been conferred on him about the year 1489, and if our author was the Schelton discovered by Mr. Cole, he had now left Cambridge for Oxford; but Mr. Malone says that, a few years after this, he was permitted to wear the laurel publicly at Cambridge, and had been previously honoured by Henry VII. with a grant to wear either some peculiar dress, or some additional ornament in his ordinary apparel. In addition to this, it may be inferred from the titles of some of his works that he was poet laureate to king Henry VIII.; but Mr. Malone has not been able to

See the editor's preface to the edition of 1736. C.

discover whether he received any salary in consequence of this office*. The origin of the royal laureat is somewhat obscure. According to Mr. Warton he was only a graduated rhetorician employed in the service of the king, and all his productions were in Latin, until the time of the Reformation, which, among other advantages, opened the way to the cultivation of the English tongue.

In the page where Skelton mentions his being curate of Trompington, he informs us that he was at the same time (1507) rector of Dis in Norfolk, and probably had held this living long before. Tradition informs us that his frequent buffooneries in the pulpit excited general censure. Of what nature those buffooneries were we cannot now determine, but it is certain that at a much later period the pulpit was frequently debased by irreverent allusions and personal scurrilities. There appear to have been three subjects at which Skelton delighted to aim his satire; these were the mendicant friars, Lilly the grammarian, and cardinal Wolsey. From what we find in his works, his treatment of these subjects was coarse enough in style, and perhaps illiberal in sentiment, and there is some reason to think that he did not preserve a due reverence for the forms and pomp of the established religion, which above all other faults would naturally tend to bring him into disgrace and danger. Those who felt his satire would be glad to excite a clamour against his impiety; and it must be allowed that the vices of his age are frequently represented in such indelicate language, as to furnish his enemies with the very plausible reproach, that he was not one of those reformers who begin with themselves.

But although we can now have very little sympathy with the injured feelings of the begging friars, it is not improbable that some of his poems or ballads might very justly rouse the vigilance of his diocesan, the bishop of Norwich, who, Mr. Warton thinks, suspended him from his functions. Anthony Wood asserts that he was punished by the bishop for "having been guilty of *certain crimes as most poets are*." According to Fuller, the "crime of *most poets*" in Skelton's case was his keeping of a concubine, which yet was at that time a less crime in a clergyman than marriage. Skelton, on his death-bed, declared that he conscientiously considered his concubine as his wife, but was afraid to own her in that light; and from this confession and the occasional liberties he has taken with his pen in lashing the vices of the clergy, it is not improbable that he had imbibed some of the principles of the Reformation, but had not the courage to avow them unless under the mask of such satire as might pass without judicial censure.

With respect, however, to Wolsey, his prudence appears to have deserted him, as he felt bold enough to stigmatize the personal character of that statesman, then in the plenitude of his power. Whether such attacks were made in any small poems or ballads, or only in his poem of *Why come ye not to Court?* is not certain; but the latter does not appear to have been printed until 1555, and was too long to have been easily circulated in manuscript. Wolsey, however, by some means or other, discovered the abuse and the author, and ordered him to be apprehended. Skelton took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster abbey, where the abbot Islip afforded him protection until his death, which took place June 21, 1529, not long before the downfall of his illustrious prosecutor. He was interred in St. Margaret's church-yard, with the inscription

I. Skeltonus Vates Pierius hic situs est.

* Malone's *Life of Dryden*, vol. i. p. 83. where the reader will find a very useful appendix to Mr. Warton's discoveries on the nature of the office of laureat. C.

Skelton appears to have been a more considerable personage, at one time at least, than his contemporaries would have us to believe. It is certain that he was esteemed a scholar, and that his classical learning recommended him to the office of tutor to prince Henry, afterwards king Henry VIII. who, at his accession, made him royal orator, an office so called by himself, the nature of which is doubtful, unless it was blended with that of laureat. As to his general reputation, Erasmus in a letter to Henry VIII. styles him *Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen*, a character which must have either been inferred from common opinion, or derived from personal knowledge. Whatever provocation he gave to the clergy, he was not without patrons who overlooked his errors and extravagancies for the sake of his genius; and during the reign of Henry VII. he had the enviable distinction of being almost the only professed poet of the age. Henry Algernon Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, one of the very few patrons of learned men and artists at that time, appears to have entertained a high regard for our author. In a collection of poems magnificently engrossed on vellum for the use of this nobleman, is an elegy on the death of the earl's father written by Skelton. This volume is now in the British Museum; but the elegy may be seen in Skelton's works, and in Dr. Percy's Relics.

When a favourite author betrays grossness and indecency, it is usual to inquire how much of this is his own, and how much may be referred to the licentiousness of his age? Warton observes that it is in vain to apologize for the coarseness, obscenity, and scurrility of Skelton, by saying that his poetry is tinged with the manners of his age, and adds that Skelton would have been a writer without decorum at any period. This decision, however, is not more justly passed on Skelton than it ought to be on others in this collection whom it has been the fashion to vindicate by an appeal to the manners of their age. The manners of no age can apologize for the licentiousness of the writer who descends to copy them. There are always enough in an age that has a court, a clergy, and a people, to support the dignity of virtue and to assert the respect due to public decency. If we knew more minutely of the manners of our country in those remote periods, it would probably be found that licentiousness has upon the whole been more discouraged than patronised by the public voice.

Although it is impossible to lessen the censure which Skelton incurred among his contemporaries, and immediate successors, it is but fair to say that his indelicacies are of no very seductive kind; that they are obscured by cant words and phrases no longer intelligible, or intelligible but to few; and that the removal of them is a matter of less trouble and less injury to the collection than his biographers, who have copied one another, would insinuate. As to his poetry, Mr. Warton's character may in general be followed with safety, and ought to be preserved with the respect due to so excellent a critic.

"Skelton's characteristic vein of humour is capricious and grotesque. If his whimsical extravagancies ever move our laughter, at the same time they shock our sensibility. His festive levities are not only vulgar and indelicate, but frequently want truth and propriety. His subjects are often as ridiculous as his metre: but he sometimes debases his matter by his versification. On the whole, his genius seems better suited to low burlesque, than to liberal and manly satire. It is supposed by Caxton, that he improved our language; but he sometimes affects obscurity, and sometimes adopts the most familiar phraseology of the common people." After quoting some lines from

the Boke of Colin Cloute, Mr. Warton remarks that these are in the best manner of his petty measure, which is made still more disgusting by the repetition of the rhymes; but allows that in the poem called *The Bouge of Court, or the Rewards of a Court*, the author, by "adopting the more grave and stately movement of the seven-lined stanza, has shown himself not always incapable of exhibiting allegorical imagery with spirit and dignity."

Skelton, however, is very unequal, although his natural bias, and what he seems most anxious to revert to, is comic buffoonery. That the author of the *Prayers to the Trinity*, and the lines on the death of lord Percie, could have written the *Tunning of Elinour Rummung*, is almost incredible. His multiplied repetition of rhymes, arbitrary abbreviations of the verse, cant expressions, hard and sounding words newly coined, and patches of Latin and French, Warton supposes to be peculiar, though not exclusively to our author; but his new-coined words and Latin and French phrases occur so often, that other critics appear to have been too hasty in asserting that he wrote only for the mob. There is occasionally much sound sense, and, it is to be feared, much just satire on the conduct of the clergy, which we know was such as to justify the plunder of the church by Henry VIII. in the eyes of the people at large. As a poet, however, Skelton contributed very little to the improvement of the poetical style, and seems often more disposed to render versification ridiculous. His vein of humour is copious and original, and had it been directed to subjects of legitimate satire, and regulated by some degree of taste, he might have been thought more worthy of a place in a collection of English poets, and more credit would have been given to what he insinuates, that he was disliked and reviled for having honestly, though bluntly, exposed the reigning follies of his day. Mrs. Cooper calls him, with some degree of truth, "the restorer of invention in English poetry;" and by Bradshaw, a very indifferent poet of the fifteenth century, he is complimented as the *inventive* Skelton.

His works have hitherto been ushered into the world without much care. It yet remains to explain his obscurities, translate his vulgarisms, and point his verses. The task would require much time and labour, with perhaps no very inviting prospect of recompense. Besides the works now before the reader, Mr. Ritson⁵ has given a list of pieces, the most of which are easily accessible, and might have been added to the present collection had they appeared to throw any important light on the character of the author, or of his age. But Mr. Ritson thinks it utterly incredible that "the *Nigramansir*," described by Warton, as printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1504, ever existed.

⁵ In his *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 102. C.

THE
EDITOR'S PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1736.

THE following poems having been lately recovered from the obscurity in which they had the fate to be concealed for many years, the editor, instead of introducing them to the public, with a panegyric on their author, thinks it a more modest proceeding, to leave the judgment of his merit, as a poet, to those who have this opportunity of reading his productions; but as some account of his life may possibly be expected on this occasion, it was thought proper to collect the following particulars, on that subject, from the Athenæ Oxonienses of Mr. Wood, who relates them in this manner.

John Skelton, the eminent poet of his time, was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland; and having been educated at the university of Oxford, became highly renowned among men, for his poetry and philosophy. Afterwards, taking holy orders, he was made rector of Dysse in Norfolk, where, and in the diocess, he was esteemed more fit for the stage, than the pew or pulpit. The reader is now to know, that one John Skelton was made vicar of Dultyng in the diocess of Bath and Wells, anno 1512, upon the promotion of Hugh Ynge to the see of Meath in Ireland; where having continued some years without a degree (as some chancellors, archdeacons, nay priors, abbats, and deans, have so done in their respective times and places) did retire to Oxon, study there with leave from his diocesan, and in July 1518, (10. Hen. VIII.) was admitted to the extraordinary reading of any book of the decretals, that is to the degree of bachelor of decrees, which some call the canon law. The next year I find him to be made rector of Westquamtoked, in the said diocess, by the name and title of John Skelton bachelor of decrees, and, in 1525, rector of Clotwortley there. But this John Skelton I cannot take to be the same with him that was the poet, and rector of Dysse; who having been guilty of certain crimes (as most poets are) at least not agreeable to the coat, fell under the heavy censure of Richard Nykke, bishop of Norwich, his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans, in his writings. In which also, reflecting on the actions of cardinal Wolsey, he was so closely pursued by his officers, that he was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islip the abbat, and continued there to the time of his death. Erasmus, in an epistle to king Henry VIII. stiles this poet, *Britanicarum Litterarum Lumen et Decus*, and of the like opinion were many of his time. Yet the generality saw, that his witty discourses were biting, his laughter opprobrious and scornful, and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting.

At length, our poet dying in his sanctuary, was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret, within the city of Westminster in 1529, 21 Henry VIII. Over his grave was this inscription soon after put. *Johaunes Skeltonus Vates pierius hic situs est. Animam egit (ejicit) 21 Junii An. Dom.*

MDXXIX. Near to his body was afterwards buried an old court poet, called Thomas Churchyard, and not in the church porch, as certain old rhymes tell you, beginning thus :

Come Ajecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard in a church-porch.

I find another John Skelton, who lived in the time of king Henry IV. but he was a doctor of divinity and a dominican, and therefore I conceive it the reason why Baleus stileth this poet doctor of divinity, which no other author, beside himself, doth. Another John Skelton I find, who was confirmed abbat of Whitby in Yorkshire, (upon the death of Thomas Rolton) by the archbishop of York, 6 Nov. 1413.



INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

If slouth and tract of time,
 (That wears eche thing away)
 Should rust and canker worthy artes,
 Good works would soen decay.
 If suche as present are,
 For goeth the people past:
 Our selus should soen in silence slepe,
 And loes renom at last.
 No soyll nor land so rude,
 But som odd men can shoe:
 Than should the learned pas unknowne,
 Whoes pen and skill did floe.
 God sheeld our slouth wear sutch,
 Or world so simple nowe:
 That knowledge scaept without reward,
 Who sercheth vertue throwe
 And paints forth vyce aright,
 And blames abues of men:
 And shoes what lief desarus rebuke,
 And who the prayes of pen.
 You see howe forrayn realms,
 Advance their poets all:
 And ours are drowned in the dust,
 Or flog against the wall.
 In Fraunce did Marrot raigne,
 And neighbour thear vnto
 Was Petrark, marching full with Dantte:
 Who erst did wouders do
 Among the noble Grekes,
 Was Homere full of skill:
 And where that Quid norisht was,
 The soyll did flourish still
 With letters hie of style:
 But Virgill wan the fraes,
 And past them all for deep engyen,
 And made them all to gae
 Upon the bookes he made:
 Thus eche of them you see
 Wan prayse and fame and honor had,
 Eche one in their degrec.
 I pray you then my friendes,
 Disdaine not for to vewe
 The workes and sugred verses fine,
 Of our raer poetes newe
 Whoes barborus language rued,
 Perhaps ye may mislike,
 But blame them not that ruedly playes
 If they the ball do strike.
 Nor skorne not mother tunge,
 O babes of Englishe breed,
 I haue of other language seen,
 And you at full may reed,
 Fine verses trimly wrought,
 And coutcht in comly sort,
 But neuer I nor you I troe,
 In sentence plaine and short.
 Did yet beholde with eye,
 In any forraine tonge,
 A higher verse a staetly style,
 That may be read or song,
 Than is this daye in deede
 Our Englishe verse and ryme:
 The grace wherof doth touch the gods,
 And reach the cloudes somtime.

Thorow earth and waters deepe,
 The pen by skill doth passe:
 And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
 And shoes vs in a glasse,
 The vertu and the vice,
 Of erry wyght alyue:
 The hony combe that bee doth make,
 Is not so sweete in hyue,
 As are the golden leues,
 That drops from poets head:
 Which doth surmount our common talke
 As farre as dros doth lead.
 The floure is sifted cleane,
 The bran is cast aside.
 And so good corne is knowen from chaffe,
 And each fine graine is spide.
 Peers plowman was full plaine.
 And Chausers spreet was great:
 Earle Surry had a goodly vayne,
 Loril Vaus the marke did beat.
 Aud Phaer did hit the pricke,
 In thinges he did translate:
 And Edwards had a special gift,
 And diuers men of late,
 Hath helpt our Englishe tonge,
 The first was baes and brute
 Ohe shall I leaue out Skeltons name,
 The blossome of my frute,
 The tree wheron in deed,
 My branchis all might groe,
 Nay Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,
 And past in scholes ye knoe,
 A poet for his arte,
 Whoes iudgment suer was hie,
 And had great practies of the pen,
 His works they will not lie.
 His terms to taunts did lean,
 His talke was as he wraet:
 Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
 And skilful of the staet.
 Of reason riop and good,
 And to the haetfull mynd,
 That did disdain his doings still,
 A skornar of his kynd.
 Most pleasant euery way,
 As poets ought to be:
 And seldom out of princis grace,
 And great with eche degre.
 Thus haue you heard at full,
 What Skelton was in deed:
 A further knowledge shall you haue,
 If you his bookes do reed.
 I haue of meer good will,
 Theas verses written heer:
 To honour vertue as I ought,
 And make his fame apeer,
 That whan the garland gay,
 Of lawrel leanes but lact,
 Small is my pain, great is his praye,
 That thus sutch honour gae.

Finisq; Churchyard.



POEMS

OF

JOHN SKELTON.

SKELTON LAUREATE ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS.

AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES EMPYSONED WITH
SCLAUNDER AND FALSE DETRACTIONS,
&c.

Quid detur tibi aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam? Psalm C. xliij.

Deus destruet te, in finem euellet te, & emigrabit te de tabernaculo tuo. & radicem tuam de terra viventium. Psalm lxxvii.

AL maters wel pondred, and wel to be regarded
How shuld a fals lying tung then be rewarded
Such tunges shuld be torne out by the harde rootes
Hoyning like hogges that groynis and wrotes.

Dilexisti omnia verba precipitationis lingua dolosa. vbi. s. &c.

For as I haue rede in volumes olde
A fals lying tunge is harde to withholde.
A sclaunderous tunge, a tunge of a skolde
Worketh more mischiefe than can be tolde.
That if I wist not to be controlde
Yet somewhat to say I dare well be bolde
How some delite for to lye, thycke and threfolde.

Ad sannam hominem redegit comite et graphic.

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye what
I made (he said) a windmill of an olde mat.
If there be none other mater but that,
Than ye may commaunde me to gentil Cok wat.

Hic notat (purpuraria arte) intextas literas Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum ante et retro.

For before on your brest, and behind on your
In Romaine letters I neuer founde lack. (back,

In your crosse rowe, nor Christ crosse you spede,
Your Pater noster, your Aue, nor your Crede.
Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde,
He saith vntruly, to say, that I would
Controlle the cognisaunce of noble men:
Either by language, or with my pen.

Pedagogium meum de sublimiori Minerua constat esse. ergo. &c.

My scole is more solem, and somewhat more haute
Than to be founde in any such faute.

Pedagogium meum male sanos maledicos (sibulis conplosisque mantibus) explodit. &c.

My scoles are not for vnthriftes vntaught,
For frantick faitours half mad, and half straught
But my learning is of an other degree,
To taunt them like liddrous, lewde as thei bee.

Laxent ergo antennam elationis sue inflatam vento vanitatis. li. ille. &c.

For though some be liddred, and list for to rayle,
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuaile.
Then let them vale a bonet of their proud sayle.
And of their taunting toies rest with il hayle.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vtilitas. &c.

There is no noble man wil iudge in me,
Any such foly to rest or to be.
I care muche the lesse what euer they say,
For tunges vntayde be renning a stray.
But yet I may say safely, so many wel letted
Embrawdred, enlased together, and fetted.
And so little learning, so lowly allowed:
What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?
But ye are so full of vertibilite,
And of frenetyke folabilite,
And of melancoly mutabilite.

That ye would coarte, and enforce me.
Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre.
And I to suffre you lewdly to ly,
Of me, with your language full of vilany.

Sicut nouocla acuta fecisti dolum, vbi. s.
Malicious tungen, though they haue no bones,
Are sharper then swordes, sturdier then stones.

Lege philostratum de vita tyanei Apollonij.
Sharper then raysors. that shaue and cut throtes.
More stinging theu scorpions that stang Pharaotis

Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.
More venomous and much more virulent,
Then any poysoned tode, or any serpent.

Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis, ad domestica recurramus. &c. li. ille.

Such tungen unhappy hath made great division.
In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion.
Of fals fickil tungen, suche cloked collusion.
Hath brought nobil princes to extreme confusion.

Quicquid loquantur vt effeminantur ita effantur. &c.

Somtime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tungen atame.
But men take upon them nowe all the shame.
With skolding and sklaundering make their tungs lame.

Novarum rerum cupidissimi. captatores. delatores. adulatores. inuigilatores. deliratores, &c. id genus li. ille.

For men be now tratlers and tellers of tales,
What tidings at Totman, what newis in Wales?
What shippis are sailing to Scalis malis
And all is not worth a couple of nut shalis
But lering and lurking here and there like spies.
The devil tere their tungen and pike out their ies.

Then ren they with lesinges, and blow them about.
With he wrate such a bil withouten dout.
With, I can tel you what such a man said,
And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd.

De more vulpino gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabricant. li. ille.

In auspiciatum. male ominatum. infortunatum se fateatur habuisse horoscopum quicumque malolixerit vati Pierio. S. L. &c.

But if that I knewe what his name hight,
For clatering of me, I would him some quight.
For his false lying, of that I spake neuer,
I could make him shortly repent him for euer.
Although he made it neuer so tough,
He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

Cerberus horrendo baratri latrans, sub antro. Te rodaturque voret lingua dolosa (precor.)

A fals double tunge is more fiens and fell,
Then Cerberus that cur couching in the kenel of hel

Wherof hereafter, I thinke for to write,
Of fals double tungen in the dispite.

Recipit se scripturum opus sancte, laudabile, acceptabile, memorabileque, & nimis honorificandum.

Disperdat dominus vniuersa labia dolosa & linguam magniloquam.

Why were ye Calliope,
embrawdred with leit-ers of golde ?

SKELTON LAUREATE ORATO. REG. MAKETH THIS
ANSWERE &c.

CALLOPE

As ye may se
Regent is she

Of poet: s al
Whiche gaue to me
The high degre
Laureat to be.

Of fame royall
Whose name enrolde
With silk and golde

I dare be bolde

Thus for to were
Of her I holde

And her housholde
Though I waxe olde

And somdele sere
Yet is she fayne

Voyde of disdayn
Me to retayne

Her seruiture.
With her certayne

I wyll remayne
As my souerayne

Most of pleasure.

Maulgre touz ma'heureux.

LATINUM CARMEN SEQUITUR.

Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?

RESPONSIO EJUSDEM VATIS.

CANDIDA Calliope vatum regina, coronans
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro,
Hanc ego Pierius, tauto dignabor honore
Dum mihi vita tranet, dum spiritus hos regit artus
Quamquam conficior senio marcescoq; sensim
Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,
Assensuque suo placidis parebo cæmenis
Inclita Calliope & semper mea maxima cura est.

Hæc Pierius omni Spartane liberior.

CALLOPE.

Musarum excellentissima,
speciosissima, formosissima,
Heroicis preest versibus.

FINIS.

ARRECTYNGE my syght towards the zodiake
The signes xij. for to beholde a farre
Whan Mars retrograunt reuersed his backe
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular
Put up his sworde, for he coude make no warro
And whan Lucina plenary dyd shyue
Scorpion ascendyng degrees twyse nyne.

In place alone, than musyng in my thought
How all thing passeth, as doth the somer flowre
On euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought
Howe often fortune varyeth in an howre
Now clere wether, forth with a stormy showre

All thyng compassed, no perpetuyte,
But nowe in welthe, nowe in aduersyte.

So depely drowned I was in this dumpe
Encraumpysed so sore was my conceyte
That me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe
Of an oke, that somtyme grēwe full streyghte
A myghty tre and of a noble heyght
Whose beaute blasted was with the boysturs winde
His leaues loste, the sappe was from the rynde.

This stode I in the frytty forest of Galtres
Enskowd with sylt of the myry mose
Where hartes belluyng embosed with distres
Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose
Fewe men can tell where the hynde calfe gose.
Faire fal the forster that so wel can bate his hounde
But of my purpose now turne we to the grounde.

Whyllis I stode musyng, in this meditacion
In slumbryng I fell, and halfe in a slepe
And whether it were of ymaginacion
Or of humors superflue, that often will crepe
In to the brayne by drynkyng ouer depe
Or it proceded of fatall perswasion
I can nat tell you what was the occasion.

But sodaynly at ones as I me aduysed
(As one in a trans or in an extasy)
I sawe a pauyllon wondrously disguised
Garnysed freshe after my fantasy
Enbachyde with perle and stones preciously
The grounde engrosed and bet with bourne gold
That passyng goodly it was to be holde

Within that a princes excellent of porte
But to recounte her riche abilyment
And what estates to her dyd resort
Therto am I full insufficiencyent
A goldesse immortal she dyd represent
As I harde saye dame Pallas was her name
To whom supplied the royall queene of fame.

THE QUEENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

PRINCES most pusant of hygh preeminence
Renowned lady aboue the sterry heyn
All other trauncydinge of very congruence
Madame regent of the sciences seyn
To whose astate all noblenesse most lenen
My supplicacion to you I arrecte
Wherof I besече you to tendre the effecte.

Nat unremembred it is unto your grace
Howe ye gaue me a ryall commaundement
That in my courte Skelton shulde have a place
Bycause that he his tyme studiously hath spent
In your seruice: and to the accompyssment
Of your request, registred is his name
With laureate triumphe in the courte of Fame

But good madame the accustome and vsage
Of auncient puetes ye wote full wele hath bene
Them selfe to embusy with all their whole corage
So that theyr workes myght famously be sene
In figure wherof they were the laurell grene
But howe it is, Skelton is wunder slacke
And as we dare we fynde in him a lacke.

For ne were onely he hath your promocion
Out of my bokes full soone I shulde hym rase
But sithle he hath tasted of the su:ced pociou
Of Heliconis well: refreshed with your grace
And wyll nat endeuar hymselfe to purchase

The fauour of ladyes with wordes electe
It is syttyng that ye must hym correcte.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUEENE OF FAME.

THE sum of your purpose as we are aduysed
Is that our seruaunt is somewhat to dull
Wherein this ansuere for hym we haue com-
prised

Howe ryuers ren nat till the spryng be full
Better a dumme mouthe than a brayneles scull
For if he gloriously publysshe his matter
Than men will saye howe he doth but flatter.

And if so him fortune to write true and plaine
As somtyme he must vices remorde
Than some wyll say he hath but lytell brayne
And how his wordes with reasou will nat accorde
Beware, for wrytyng remayneth of recorde
Displease nat an hundred for one mannes plea-
sure
Who wryteth wysely hath a great treasure.

Also to furnysshe better his excuse
Ouide was banysshed for such a skyll,
And many mo, whom I coude enduce.
Juuenal was thret parde for to kyl
For certayne inuictiucs: Yet wrote he none yll
Saugne he rubbed some vpon the gall,
It was not for hym to abyde the triall.

In general wordes I say nat greatly nay
A poet somtyme may for his pleasure taunt
Spekyng in parabes, howe the fox, the grey,
The gander, the goose, and the huge oliphant
Went with the peocke agaynst the f. saint
The lesarde came leaping and sayd that he must
With helpe of the ram lay all in the dust.

Yet dyuerse there be industriouse of reason
Som what wolde gadder in their coniecture
Of suche an endarked chaptre some season
Howe be it, it were harde to construe this lec-
ture

Sophisticated craftely is many a confecture
An other mannes mynde diffuse is to expounde
Yet harde is to make but some faute be founde.

THE QUEENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME with fauor of your benigne suffraunce
Unto your grace than make I this motiue
Wherto make ye me hym to auance
Unto the rowme of laur-at promotyue?
Or wherto shulde he haue the prerogative
But yf he had made some memoriall
Wherby he myght have a name immortal?

To passe the tyme in sloughtfull ydelnesse
Of your royall palais it is nat the gyse
But to do somewhat eche man doth hym dresse
For howe shulde Cato els be called wyse
But that his bokes, which he dyd deuyse
Recorde the same? Or why is had in mynde
Plato, but for that he lefte wrytyng behynde

For men to loke on? Aristotille also
Of philosophers called the principall.
Olde Diogines, with other many no
Demosthenes that oratour royall
That gaue Eschines suche a cordiall
That banished was he through his proposicion
Agaynst whom he coude make no contradic-
tion.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

SOFT my good syster, and make there a pauses
 And was Eschines rebuked as ye say?
 Remembre you well, poynt well that clause
 Wherefor than rased ye nat away
 His name? Or why is it I you praye,
 That he to your court is goynge and commyng
 Sith he is thus blamed for defaute of counnyng?

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

MADAME your apposelle is well inferred
 And at your auantage quicklye it is
 Touched: and harde for to be barred
 Yet shall I answere your grace as in this
 With your reformation if I say amis
 For but if your bounte dyd me assure
 Myne argument els could nat longe endure

As tonchyng that Eschines is remembered
 That he so shulde be, me semeth it fyttyng
 All be it great parte he hath surrendered
 Of his honour, whose dissuasyue in wryttinge
 To corage Demosthenes was moche excityng
 In settinge out freshely his crafty persuasion
 From whiche Eschines had none euasion

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is
 Onely proceeded, for that he did outray [bruted
 Eschines: whiche was nat shamefully confuted
 But of that famous oratour I say
 Whiche passed all othre: wherfore I may
 Amonge my recordes suffre him named.
 For though he wer vanquished yet was he nat
 shamed

As Hierome in his preamble frater Ambrosius
 From that I haue sayd in no poynt doth vary
 Wherin he reporteth of the coragious
 Wordes. that were moche consolatory
 By Eschines rehersed, to the great glory
 Of Demosthenes, that was his utter fo
 Fewe shall ye fynde or none that will do so.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

A THANKE to haue ye haue well deserved,
 Your mynde ye can maynteyne so apparently
 But a great parte yet ye haue reserved
 Of that must folow than consequently
 Or els ye demeane you inordinatly
 For if ye laude hym, whom honour hath opprest
 Than he that dothe worst is as good as the best.

But whom that ye favour, I se well hath a name
 Re he neuer so lytell of substance
 And whom ye loue nat, ye wyll put to shame
 Ye counterwey nat euynly your balaunce
 As well foly as wysdome oft ye do auance
 For reporte ryseth many dyuers wayes
 Some be moche spoken of for makynge of frayes

Some haue a name for theft and bribery
 Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse
 Some men be made of for their mockery
 Som careful cokolds, some haue their wiues curse
 Som famous witwoldes, and they be moche wurse
 Som liddrons, som losels, som naughty packes
 Som facers, som bracers, som make gret cracks.

Some dronken dastards with their drye soules.
 Some sluggyshe slouens that slepe day and night
 Ryot and Reuell be in your courte roules

Maintenance and Mischeffe these be men of
 myght

Extorcion is counted with you for a knyght
 These people by me haue none assignement
 Yet they ryde and renne from Carilll to Kent.

But lytell or nothyng ye shall here tell
 Of them that haue vertue by reason of counnyng
 Whiche soueraynely in honoure shulde excell
 Men of suche matters make but mummyng
 For wysdome and saduesse be set out a sunnyng
 And suche of my seruautes as I haue promoted
 One faute or other in them shalbe noted

Eyther they wyll say he is to wyse
 Or elles he can nought but whan he is at scole
 Proue his wytte sayth he at cardes or dyce
 And ye shall well fynde he is a very fol
 Twyshe, set hym a chayer or reche him a stole
 To syt hym upon, and rede Jacke a thrummils
 bibil

For truly it were pits that he sat idyll.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO DAME PALLAS.

To make repugnance againe that ye haue said
 Of very dutie it may nat well accorde
 But your benign suffrance for my discharge I laud
 For that I wolde nat with you fall at discorde
 But yet I beseeche your grace that good recorde
 May be brought forth suche as can be founde
 With laureat triumphe why Skelton shulde be
 crounde.

For elles it were to great a derogacion
 Unto your palais out noble courte of Fame
 That any man vnder supportacion
 Without deseruing shulde haue the best game
 If he to the ample encrease of his name
 Can lay any warkes that he hath compiled
 I am content that be be nat exiled

From the laureat senate: by force of proscricpion
 Or elles ye knowe well I can do no lesse
 But I must bannysse him from my iurisdiction
 As he that aqueynteth hym with Idelnesse
 But if that he purpose to make a redresse
 What he hath done let it be brought to syght
 Graunt my petition, I aske you but ryght.

DAME PALLAS TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

To your request we be well condiscended
 Call forth, let se where is your clarionar
 To blowe a blaste with his longe breth extended
 Eolus your trumpet that knowen is so farre
 That bararag bloweth in euery marciall warre
 Let hym blowe uowe, that we may take a weve
 What poetes we haue at our retynewe.

To se if Skelton wyll put hym selfe in prease
 Among the thickest of all the hole route
 Make noise ynoughc, for claterars loue no peace
 Let se my syster, nowe spede you, go aboute
 Anone I say this trumpet were founde out
 And for no man hardely let hym spare
 To blowe bararag, tyll both his eicu stare.

SKELTON POETA.

FORTHE with there rose among the throng
 A wonderfull noyse, and on euery syde
 They presed in fast, some thought thei were to
 long

Some were to hasty, and wolde no man byde
 Som whispred, som rowned, som spake, and som
 cride
 With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue
 out
 Some ran the next waye, some ran about.

There was sunge to the quene of Fame
 He plucked him backe, and he went afore.
 Nay hold thy tunge quoth an other let me haue
 the name
 Make rowme said an other ye prese all to sore
 Som sayd, holde thy peas you gettest here no
 more

A thousande thousande I sawe on a plump
 With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe:

That longe tyme blew a full tymorous blaste
 Like to the Boriall wyndes, when they blowe
 That towres, and townes, and trees downe cast
 Droue clowdes together like dryftes of snowe
 The dredefull dinne droue all the route on a row
 Som trembled, som gined, som gasped, some gased
 As people halfe peuisb or men that were mased

Anone all was whyshte, as it were for the
 nones
 And eche man stode gasyng and staryng upon
 other

With that there come in wonderly at ones
 A murmur of minstrels, that suche an other
 Had I neuer sene, some softer some louder
 Orpheus the Thracian harped melodiously
 With Amphion, and other musis of Archady

Whose heuenly armony was so passing sure
 So truly proporcioned, and so well dyd gree
 So duly entuned with euery measure
 That in the forest was none so great a tre
 But that he daunced for ioye of that gle
 The huge myghty okes them selfe did auance
 And lepe from the hilles to lerne for to daunce

In so muche the stumpe wherto I me lente
 Sterte all at ones an hundred fote backe
 With that I sprange up towards the tent
 Of noble dame Pallas, wherof I spake
 Where I sawe came after I wote full litel lacke
 Of a thousande poetes assembled to gether
 But Phebus was forniest of al that came theder

Of laurell leaues a cronell on his heed
 With heares enrisped yolowe as the golde
 Lamentynge Daphnes, whom with the darte of
 leed

Cupide hath stryken so that she ne wolde
 Concente to Phebus to haue his harte in holde
 But for to preserue her maydenhead clene
 Transformed was she into the laurell grene.

Medled with inurning the most part of his
 muse

O thou gatfull harte, was euer more his songe
 Daphnes my derlyng why do you me refuse?
 Yet loke on me, that loued you haue so longe
 Yet haue compassion vpon my paynes stronge
 He sange also, howe the tre as he did take
 Betwene his armes he felte her body quake

Than he assurred into this exclamacion
 Unto Diana the goddess immortal
 O merciles madame harde is your constellacion

So close to kepe your cloyster virginall
 Euharded adyuant the sement of your wall
 Alas what ayle you to be so ouerthwart
 To banysshe pite out of a maydens harte?

Why haue the goddess shewed me this crueltie
 Sith I contruyed first principles medycynable
 I helpe all other of their infirmyte
 But nowe to helpe my selfe I am not able
 That profiteth all other is nothinge profitable
 Unto me, alas that herbe nor gresse
 The feruent axes of loue can not repress.

O fatal fortune what haue I offended?
 Odious disdayne why raist you me on this facyon?
 But sith I haue lost nowe that I entended
 And may nat attayne it by no mediacion
 Yet in remembrance of Daphnes transformacion
 All famous poetes ensuyge after me
 Shall weare a garlande of the laurell tre

This said, a great nombre folowed by and by
 Of poetes laureat of many diuerse nacions
 Parte of their names I thinke to specifie
 First olde Quintilian with his Declamations
 Theocritus with his bucolicall relations
 Hesiodus the Icononucar,
 And Homerus the freshe historiar.

Prince of eloquence Tullius Cicero,
 With Salust agaynst Lucius Catiline
 That wrote the history of Jugurtha also,
 Ouide enshryned with the Musis nyne,
 But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Lucan with Stacius in Achillides
 Perseus presed forth with problemes diffuse
 Virgill the Mantuan with his eneidis
 Juuenal satirray that men makythe to muse
 But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes

There Titus Liuius hym selfe dyd auance
 With decadis historious which that he meugleth
 With waters the amount the Romayn in sub-
 stance.

Ennius that wrote of marciall warre at length
 But blessed Bacchus potenciall god of strengthe
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Aulus Gellius that noble historiar,
 Orace also with his newe poetry
 Maister Terence the famous comicar,
 With Plautus that wrote many a comedy
 But blessed Bacchus was in their company
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Senec full sobraly with his tragedies,
 Boece recomforted with his philosophic,
 And Maximiane with his madde ditties,
 Howe dutyng age wolde iape with yonge foly
 But blessed Bacchus most reuerent and holy
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

There came John Boccas with his volumes grete
 Quintus Cursius full craftly that wrote
 Of Alexander: and Macrobius that did treata

Of Scipions dreame what was the true probate
But blessed Bacchus that neuer man forgate
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Pogius also that famous Florentie
Musted there among them with many a mad
tale

With a frere of Fraunce men call syr Gaguine
That frowned ou me full angerly and pale
But blessed Bacchus, that bote is of all bale
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes.

Plutarke and Patrarke two famous clarkes
Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name
With Vincentius in speculo that wrote noble
warkes

Propercius aud Pisandros poetes of noble fame
But blessed Bacchus that mastrise oft doth frame
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These notable poetes refreshed their throtes.

And as I thus sadly among them aduysed
I saw Gower, that first garnished our englishe
rude

And maister Chaucer, that nobly entreprised
How that our englishe myght freshely be en-
newed

The monke of Bury than after them ensued
Dane John Lydgate: these englishe poetes
thre

As I ymagened repayred unto me.

Together in armes as bretherne embrased
Their apparell farre passing beyond that I can
tell

With diamantes and rubies their taberdes were
trased

None so riche stones in Turkey to sell
They wanted nothyng but the Laurell,
And of their bounte they made me goodly chere
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

MAISTER GOWER TO SKELTON.

BROTHER Skelton your endeourment
So haue ye done, that meretoriously
Ye haue deserued to haue an eulement
In our collage about the sterry skye
Bycause that ye encrease and amplifie
The bruted Britons of Brutus Albion
That welnere was lost whan that we were gone.

POETA SKELTON TO MAISTER GOWER.

MAISTER Gower I haue nothyng deserued
To haue so laudabyle a commendacion
To yow thre this honor shalbe reserued
Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion
How all that I do is vnder reformation
For only the substance of that I entend
Is glad to please and loth to offend.

MAISTER CHAUCER LAWREAT POETE TO SKELTON.

COUNTERWAYING your busy diligence
Of that we beganne in the supplement
Enforced are we you to recompence
Of all our holle collage by the agreement
That we shall brynge you personally present
Of noble Fame before the quenes grace
In whose courte poynted is your place.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

O NOBLE Chaucer, whose pullished eloquence
Our Englishe rude so freshely hath set out
That bounde are we with all due reuerence
With all our strengthe that we can bryng about
To owe to you our seruice, and more if we mowe
But what shulde I say, ye wote what I entend
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offend.

MAISTER LYDGATE TO SKELTON.

So am I prevented of my bretherne twayne
In rendrynge to you thankes meretory
That welnere nothyng there doth remayne
Wherwith to gyeue you my regraciatory
But that I poynt you to be protonotory
Of Fames courte, by all our holle assent
Aunaced by Pailas to laurell preferment.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

So haue ye me far passing my merites extolled
Maister Lydgate of your accustomed
Bounte, and so gloriously ye haue enrolled
My name. I knowe well beyonde that I am able
That but if my warkes therto be agreable
I am elles rebuked of that I entend
Whiche glad am to please and loth to offend

So finally, whan they had shewed their deuse
Under the forme as I sayd before
I made it straunge, and drew: backe ones or
twise

And euer they presed on me more and more
Tyll at the last they forced me so sore
That with them I went where they wold me bringe
Unto the paylyon, where Pailas was syttyng

Dane Pailas commanded that they shuld me
conuay

Into the riche palace of the quene of Fame,
There shall he here what she to hym wyl say
Whan he is called to answer to his name,
A crye anone forthwith she made proclame
All orators and poetes shoulde thider go before
With all the prease that there was lesse and
more.

Forthwith I say: thus wandring in my thought
Howe it was, or elles within what howres
I cannot tell you, but that I was brought
Into a palace, with turrettes and towres
Engalared goodly with halles and bowres
So curiously, so craftly, so counnyngly wrought
That all the worlde I trowe and it were sought

Such an other there could no man fynde
Wherof partly I purpose to expounde
Whiles it remayneth fresche in my mynde
With Turks and grossolites enpaue was the
ground

Of birral embosed were the pyllers round
Of elephanes tethe were the palace gates
Enlougenged with many goodly plates

Of gold; entached with many a precious stone
An hundred stepes mountynge to the halle
One of iasper, an other of whales bone,
Of diamantes poynted, was the rocky wall.
The carpettes within and tappettes of pall
The chambres hanged with clothes of Arace
Enauated with rubies the vaute was of this

Thus passed we forth. walking unto the pretory
 When the postis wer enbulioned with saphirs indy
 Englased glitteryng with many a clere story [blew
 lacinetes and smaragles out of the forth they
 Unto this place all puetes there dyd sue [grew.
 Wherin was set of Fame the noble queene
 All other transcudyng most richely besene

Under a glorious clothe of estate
 Prett all with orient perles of garnate
 Encrowded as empress of all this worldly fate
 So yally, so richely, so passyngly ornate
 It was excellynge beyonde commune rate
 This house enuiron was a myle about
 If xii. were let in. xii. hundred stode without

Than to this lady and souerayne of this palace
 Of persucantes there presed in many with diuers
 tale

Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thrace
 Of Lymerek, of Lorein, of Spaine, of Portugale
 From Napuls, from Nauern, and from Rouncuale
 Some from Flaunders, some from the see custe
 Some from the maine lande, some from the French
 host.

With how doth the north, what tydinges in the
 The west is wyndy, the east is met-ly welc [south
 It is harde to tell of euery mannes mouthe
 A sylpper holde the taylor is of an ele
 Aud be halteth often that hath a kyby hele
 Some shewed his safe conduct, some shewed his
 chaft
 Some loked ful smothely, and had a fals quart.

With Sir I praye you a litell tyne stande backe
 And let me come in to deluyer my letter
 An other tolde, howe shypes went to wracke
 There were many wordes smaller and greater
 With I as good as thou, I faith and no better.
 Some came to tell treuthe, some came to lye.
 Some came to flatter, some came to spye,

There were I saye of all maner of sortes
 Of Dertmouth, of Plymouth, of Portesmouth also
 The burgeis and the bayliues of the v. portes
 With nowe let me come, and nowe let me go
 And all tyme wandred I thus, to and fro,
 Tyll at the laste these noble poetes thre
 Vnto me sayd, lo Syr nowe ye may se,

Of this hyghe courte the dayly busynes
 From you must we, but nat longe to tary
 Lo hither cometh a goodly maistres
 Occupation, Fames registry.
 Which shal be to you a sou rayne accessory
 With singular pleasures to dryue away the tyme
 And we shall se you agayne or it be pryme.

When they wer past, and went forth on their
 way

This gentilwoman, that called was by name
 Occupation, in ryght goodly araye
 Came towarde me, and smyled halfe in game.
 I sawe her smile, and than I dyd the same
 With that on me she cast her goodly loke
 Vnder her arme me thought she had a boke.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

I.YKE as the lark vpon the somers daye
 When Titan radiant burnisheth his beemes bright
 Mounteth on hie, with hir melodius laye

VOL. II.

Of the son shyne engladed with the lyght
 So am I supprised with pleasure and deliyght
 To se this houre nowe, that I may saye
 Howe ye are welcome to this court of araye

Of your aquryntaunce I was in tymes paste
 Of studious doctrine whan at the port salu
 Ye fyrst arryued, whan broken was your maste
 Of worldly trust, than dyd I you reskw
 Your storme dryuen shyp I repared newe
 So well entacted, what wynde so euer blow
 No stormy tempest your barge shall ouerthrow

Welcome to me as hertly as herte can thinke,
 Welcome to me with all ny holle desyre
 And for my sake spae neyther pen nor ynke
 Be well assured I shall aquyte your byre.
 Your name recountyng beyonde the land of Tire
 From Sydney to the mount Olynpian
 From Babyll towre to the hills Caspian.

SKELTON POETA ANSWERETH.

I THANKED her moche of her most noble offer
 Affaunsyng her myne hole assurance
 For her pleasure to make a large profer
 Empryntyng her wordes in my remembraunce
 To owe her my seruiue with true perseuerance
 Come on with me she sayd, let vs nat stande
 And with that worde she toke me by the hande

So passed we forth into the forsayd place.
 With such communicacion as came to our mynle
 And than she sayd, whyles we haue time and
 space

To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat finde
 To passe the tyme with. but let vs wast no wynd
 For yuell janglers haue but lytell brayne
 Wordes be swordes and harde to call agayne

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large
 Enwalled about with the stony flynnt
 Strongly enbateld muche costious of charge
 To walke on this wal, she bed I should natstint
 Go softly she said, the stones be full glyat
 She went before and had me take good holde
 I sawe a thousande yates newe and olde

Than questioned I her what these yates ment,
 Wherto she answered, and brieflye me tolde
 Howe from the Est vnto the Occident
 And from the South vnto the North so colde,
 These yates she said, whiche that ye beholde
 Be issues and portes from all maner of nacions
 And seriously she shewed me their deuomina-
 cions.

They had wrytynge some Greke, some Ebrew,
 Some Romayne letters as I vnderstode
 Some were olde writen, some were writen new,
 Some caretis of Cald, some French was ful good
 But one gate specially, where as I stode
 Had grauen in it of Calcidony a capitall. A.
 What gate call ye this? and she sayd Anglia

The buyldyng therof was passing commenda-
 ble
 Wheron stode a lybbard crowned with gold and
 stones

Terrible of countinaunce, and passing formidable
 As quickly touched as it were fleshe and bones
 As gastly that glaris, as grimly that gronis

R

As fiercely frowning as he had ben fyghtyng
And with his forme fote, he shoke forth this writ-
ing.

Cacosinthon ex industria.

Formidanda nimis Iouis ultima fulmina tollis
Vnguibz ire parat loca singula liuida curuis
Quam modo per Phebes nummos raptura Celeno;
Arma, lues, luctus, fel, uis fraus barbara tellus
Mile modis erras odium tibi querere martis.
Spreto spinto cedat saucia roseto.

THAN I me lent and loked ouer the wall
Innumerable people pressed to euery gate
Shet were the gates, they might wel knocke and cal
And turne home a ayne, for they came al to late
I here demaunded of them and their astate
Forsothe quoth she, these be haskardes and ry-
dicers, cauders, tumbliers with gambaudes. [baudes

Fordrers of loue, with bauldrie aqcynted
Braynles blynkardes that blowe at the cole
False forgers of money for coy nage attynted
Pope holy hypocrites as they were golde and hole,
Poule hatchettes that prate well at euery ale pole
Ry it, reueler, rayler, brybery, thefte,
With other condicions that well might be lefte.

Some fayue themself foles, and wold be called
wyse

Some meddling spies, by craft to grope thy minde
Some disdaynous daurockes that al men dispise
False flatterers that faune the, and curies of kynd
That spake faire before the, and shrewdly behynde
Hither they come crowding to get them a name
But hayled they be homwarde with sorow and
shame

With that I herde gunnes rushe out at ones
Bowns, bowns, bowns, that all they out cryde
It made some limpe legged and brused their bones
Some were made pynyshe porishly pynke eyde
Tha' euermore after by it they were aspyde
And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap
For a gunstone I say had all to lagged his cap.

Raged and darged and cunninggly cut
The blast of the brymston blew away his braine
Mased as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut
And sir amonge all me thought I sawe twayne
The one was a tumbler that afterwarde agayne
Of a dyssour a deuyll way grewe a gentelman
Pers prate r the seconde that quarells began

With a pellet of peuis-benes thei had such a
stroke
That al the dayes of their lyf shal stick by their
ribbes

Foo, foisty baudias som smelled of the smoke
I saw diuers that were caried away thens in cribbes
Dasyng after dotrels lyke drunkardes that dribbes
These tutnials with taunpins were touched and
tapped
Moche mischef I hight you among them ther
happed

Somtyme as it semeth whan the mone lyght
By means of a grosely endarked clowde,
Solainly is eclipsed in the wynter nyght
In like maner of wyse, a myst dyd vs shrowde
But wel may ye thiinke. I was nothyng powde
Of that auctures, whiche made me sore agaste
In darknes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last

The clowdes gon to clere, the mist was rarified
In an herber I sawe brought where I was
There byrdes on the brere sange on euery syde
With aleyes ensanded about in compas
The bankes inturfed with singular solas
Enrailed with rosers, and vines engraped
It was a new comfort of sorowes escaped

In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cast
With pyres of golde, engushyng out streames
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past
En-wymnyng with roches, barbils, aud breames
Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
Englisterd that ioyous it was to beholde
Than fathermore about me my sight I reuolde

Where I sawe growyng a goodly laurell tre
Eutedured with leaue, continually grene,
Aboue in the top a byrle of Araby
Men call a phenix: her wynges bytwene
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkes full kene
With branchies and boughes of the swete olyue
Whose flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatue.

Azeynst all infections, with rancour enflamed
Ageinst all baratous bruisiours of olde
It passed all bawnes that euer were named
Or gumines of Saby so deryly that be solde
There blew in that garden a soft pipling colde
Enbreythng of zephirus with his pleasnt kynde
Al frutes and flowres grewe there in their kynde.

Dryades there daunsed vpon that goodly soile
With the nyne muses Pierides by name
Phyllis and Testalis there tressers with oyle
Were newly enbybed: and rounde about the same
Grene tre of laurell, moche solacious game
They made with chapplettes and garlandes grene
And foremost of al dame Flora the quene

Of somer so formally she foted the daunce
Ther Cinteus sat twinklyng vpon his harpe-
strings

And Jopas his instrument dyd auance
The pumes and stories auncient in brynges
Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thynges
Of wandryng of the mone the course of the son
Of men and of bestes, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasioned the shewes of rayne
Of fyre elemental in his supreme spere
And of that pole artike, whyche doth rcmayne
Behynde the tayle of Vrsa so clere
Of Plades he preched with their drowsy chere
Immoystred with mislyng and ay droppying dry
And where the two trions a man shoulde espye.

And of the wynter dayes that hye them so fast
Aud of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe
And of the somer dayes, so longe that done laste
And of their short nightes: he brought in his
songe

How wronge was no right, and right was no wrong.
There was counteryng of carols in meter and in
uerse

So many, that longe it were to rehcerce.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

HOWE say ye? is this after your appetite?
May this content you and your mery mynde?
Here dwelleth pleasure, with lust and delyte

Continuall comfort here ye may fynde
Of welthe and solace nothyng lefte bebynde
All thyng couenably here is contruyed
Wherwith your sprites may be reuyed.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

QUESTIONLES no doubt of that ye saye
Jupiter himselfe this life myght endure
This ioye exceedeth all worldly sport and playe
Paradyse, this place is of synclar pleasure
O well were hym that herof might be sure
And here to inhabe, and aye for to dwell
But goodly maystres one thyng ye me tell.

OCCUPATION TO SKELTON.

Of your demaunde shew me the content
What it is, and where vpon it standes
And if there be in it any thyng ment,
Wherof the answere restyth in my bandes
It shall be losed ful some out of the bandes
Of scrupulus doubt wherfore your mid discharge
And of your will the playnnes shewe at large

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

I THANKE you goodly maistres to me most benign
That of your bountie so well haue me assured
But my request is nat so great a thyng
That I ne force what though it be discurd
I am nat wounded but that I may be cured
I am nat laden of lyldyrnes with lumpes
As dased doterdes that dreame in their dumpes.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

NOWE what ye meane I trowe I coniect
God gyue you good yere ye make me to smyle
Nowe by your fayth is nat this theffect
Of your question ye make all this whyle
To vnderstande who dwelleth in yone pile [diddil
And what blunderer is yonder that playeth diddil
He fyndeth false mesures out of his fonde fiddil]

Interpolata (que industrius postulat interpre-
teum) satyra in uatis aduersarium.

Tressis Agasonis species prior, altera Dau.
Aucupium culicis dum limis torquet ocellum.
Concipit. aligeras rapit, opetit, aspice muscas.
Maia quoque fouet, fouet aut que iupiter, aut que
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, Algida Luna,
Si tibi contingat uerbo aut committere scripto
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant precordia culpa?
Ihinc ruit in flammis, stimulan hunc urget et illum
Inuocat ad rixas, uanos tamen excitat ignes.
Labra mouens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.
18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

His name for to knowe if that ye lyst
Enuious rancour truly be hight
Beware of him I warne you: for if ye wÿst
How dangerous it were to stande in bis lyght
Ye wold nat deale wyth him though that ye might
For by his deuillische drift and graces provision
An holle realme he is able to set at dyuision.

For whan he speketh fairest than thinketh he
most il
Ful gloriously can he glose, thy mynd for to fele
He wyl sett men a feighting and syt himselfe styll
And merke lyke a smythly cur at sperkes of stele
He can neuer leaue warke whyles it is wele

To tell all his touches it were to great wonder
The deuyll of hell and he be seldome asouder

Thus talking we went forth in at a postern gate,
Turning on the right hande, by a wynding stayre
She brought me to a goodly chambr of astate,
Where the noble countes of Surrey in a chaire
Sate honorably, to whom dyd repayre
Of ladyes a beuy, with all dewe reuerence
Syt downe fayre ladyes and do your diligence

Come forth gentilwomen I pray you she said
I haue contruyed for you a goodly warke
And who can worke best nowe shalbe assayd
A cronell of laurell with verdures light and darke
I haue deuised for Skelton my clerke
For to his seruice I haue suche regard
That of our bountie we wyl hym rewarde.

For of all ladyes he hath the librery
Their names recountyng in the court of Fame
Of all gentywomen he hath the scruteny
In Fames courte reportyng the same
For yet of women he neuer sayd shame [call
But if they were countrefettes that women them
That list of their lewdnesse with him for to brale.

With that the tappettes and carpettes were layde
Wheron these ladyes softly myght rest
The saumpler to sowe on, the laces to enbrayde
To weaue in the stole some were full prest
With slates, with tauels, with hedelles wel drast
The frame was brought forth with his weauyng pin
God giue them good spede their warke to begiu.

Some to embrowder put them in prease
Wel gyding their glotton to kepe streight their silk,
Some pyrling of golde their worke to encrease
With fingers smale, and handes as white as mylk
With reche me that skayoe of tewly sylike
And wynde me that botoume of suche an hewe
Grene, red, tawney, whyte, purple, and blewe,

Of broken warkes wrought many a goodly thing
In castyng, in turnyng, in florishing of flowres
With burres rowgh and buttons surffilyng
In nedyll warke raysyng byrdes in bowres
With uertue embesed all tymes and howres
And truly of their bountie thus were they bent
To worke me this chaplet, by good aduisement.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

BEOHOLDE and se in your aduertisement,
Howe these ladies and gentywomen all
For your pleasure do theyr endeuourment
And for your sake, howe fast to warke they fall
To your remembrance wherfore ye must call
In goodly wordes pleasauntly comprised
That for them some goodly conceyte be deuised.

With propre captacions of beneuolence
Ornately pullyshed after your faculte
Sith ye must nedes afforce it by pretence
Of your profession vnto humanite
Commensyng your proces after their degree
To eche of them rendring thanks commendable
With sentence fructuous, and termes couenable.

POETA SKELTON ANSWERETH.

ADVANSYNG my selfe some thanke to deserue
I me determyned for to sharpe my pen
Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Mincrue

She to vouché safe me to enforme and ken
To Mercury also hertely prayed I then
Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assyst
To gyde and to gouerne my dredful trembling fist

As a mariner that amased is in a stormy rage
Hardly be stad and dryuen is to hope
Of that the tempestous wynde will aswage
In trust wherof comfort bis heart doth grope
From the anker he cutteth the gabill rope
Committeth al to God, and letteth his ship ryde
So I besecche Jesu now to be my gyde.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE COUNTES OF SURREY.

AFTER all duly ordred obeysaunce
In humble wyse as lowely as I maye
Vnto you madame I make reconisaunce
My lyfe enduryng I shall both wryte and saye
Recounte, reporte, reheise without delaye
The passyng bountie of your noble estate
Of honour and worship which hath the formar date.

Lyke to Argiua by iust resembllaunce
The noble wyfe of Poliimites kyng
Prudent Rubeca, of whom remembraunce
The bible maketh, with whose cbaste luyng
Your noble demenour is counterwayng
Whose passing bounte, and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.

The noble Pamphilia queene of the Grekes land
Habilimentes royall founde out industriously
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hande
Many diuises passyng curiously
Whom ye represent and exemplify
Whose passyng bounte and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

As dame Thamaris whiche toke the kyng of
Cyrus by name, as writeth the story. (Perse,
Dame Agrippina also I may reherse
Of gentill corage the parfite memory
So shall your name endure perpetually
Whose passyng bounte and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

TO MY LADY ELISABETH HOWARD.

To be your remembraunce madame I am bounde
Lyke to Aryna maydenly of porte
Of vertue and connyng the well and perfit grounde
Whom dame nature, as well I may reporte
Hath freshly enbeautied with many a goodly sorte
Of womanly fetures, whose florishing tender age
Is lusty to loke on, plesauant, demure, and sage

Goodly Creseid: fayrer than Polyxene
For to enuyne Pandarus appetite
Troilus I trowe, if that he had you sene
In you he wolde haue set his holle delyte
Of all your beaute I suffice nat to write
But as I sayd your flori-hyng tender age
Is lusty to loke on, plesauant, demure, and sage.

TO MY LADY MYRRILL HARWARDE.

My lytell lady I may nat leaue behynde
But to do you seruiçe nodes nowe I must
Benigne curtyse of gentill harte and mynde
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discust
Longe to enioye pleasure, delyte, and lust,
The embudded blossoms of roses redde of hewe
With lilies white your beauty doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde
That of Aconcius whan she founde the byll
In her bosome, lorde howe she was afrayde
The rudly shamefastnes in her vysage fyll
Which maner of abaschement became her not yll
Right so madame the roses redde of hewe
With lilyes whyte your beauteie doth renewe.

TO MY LADY ANNE DAKERS OF THE SOUTH.

ZEUSIS that enpictured fayre Helene the queene
You to deuise his crafte were to seke
And if Apelles, your countenaunce had sene
Of porturature, which was the famous Greke
He could not deuise the lest point of your cheke
Princes of youthe and flowre of goodly porte
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

Paregall in honour vnto Penelope
That for her trouth is in remembraunce had
Fayre Dianira surmountyng in beauteie
Demure Diana womanly and sad
Whose lusty lokes make heuy hartes glad
Princes of youthe, and flowre of goodly porte
Uertue, counnyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

TO MAISTRES MARGARY WENTWORTHE.

WITH margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantyll
Is of your maydenhede,
Playnely I can nat glose
Ye be as I deuine
The praty primerose
The goodly columbyne.

With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede
Benygne, courteise, and meke,
With wordes well deuysed
In you who lyst to seke
Be vertues well comprysed.

With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET TYLNEY.

I YOU assure
Ful well I knowe,
My busy cure
To you I owe
Humbly and lowe
Commending me
To your bounte.

As Machareus
Fayre Canace
So I, I wys
Endeuoure me
Your name to se
It be enrolde.
Written with golde
Phedra ye may
Well represent
Intentyue ay
And diligent
No tyme myspent
Wherefore delyte
I haue to wryte

Of Margarite
Perle orient
Lode sterre of lyght
Moche relucent
Madame regent
I maye you call
Of vertues all.

TO MAISTRES IANE BLENNER-HAISET.

WHAT thoughe my penne waxe faynt
And bath smalle lust to paynt
Yet shall there no restraynt
Cause me to cease,
Amonge this prease,
For to encrease
Your goodly name.
I wyll my selfe applye
Truste me ententyuely
You for to stellifye
And so obserue
That ye ne swarue
For to deserue
Immortal fame.

Sith maistres Iane Haiset
Small flowres helpte to sette
In my goodly chappelet
Therefore I rendre, of her the memorie
Vnto the legende of fayre Leodomie.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL PENNELL.

BY saynt Mary my lady
Your mammy and your dady
Brought forthe a goodly baby
My mayden Isabell,
Refларыnge rosabell.
The flagraunt cammamell,
The ruddy rosary,
The souerayne rosemary
The praty strawberry,
The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well sette,
The propre violet.
Eonewed your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre,
After the Aprile showre.
Sterre of the morowe graye,
The blossome on the spraye,
The fresheste flowre of Maye.
Maydenly demure,
Of woman hede the lure,
Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an heuenly helthe,
It were an endlesse welthe,
A lyfe for God hymselfe,
To here this nyghtyngale
Amonge the byrdes smale,
Warbelynge in the vale
Dug, dug, iug, iug,
Good yere and good lucke,
With chucke, chucke, chucke, chucke.

TO MAISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY.

MIRRY Margarete
As midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre
With solace and gladnes
Moch mirth and no madnes
All good aud no badnes

So ioyously
So maydenly
So womanly
Her demencyge
In eucry thyng
Far, far passyng
That I can endite
Or suffice to write
Of mirry Margarete
As midsomer flowre
Gentill as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre
As pacient and as stylle
And as ful of good wil
As fayre Isiphill
Coliander
Swete pomaander
Good Cassander
Stefast of thought
Wel made, wel wrought
Far may be sought
Erst that ye can fynde
So curteise so kynde
As mirry Margarete
This midsomer flowre
Gentyll as faucoun
Or hauke of the towre.

TO MAISTRES GERETRUDE STATHAM.

THOUGHE ye were harde harted
And I with you thwarted
With wordes that smarted,
Yet nowe doutles, ye gyue me cause
To wryte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude
With vertue well renude.
I wyll that ye shalbe
In all benignite, lyke to dame Pasiphe.
For nowe doutlesse, ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude.
With virtue well renude.
Partly by your counsell.
Garnysshed with laurell.
Was my freshe coronell.
Wherfore doutles
Ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude
With vertue well renude.

TO MAISTRES ISABELL KNIGHT.

BUT if I shulde aquite your kyndnes
Els say ye myght
That in me were great blyndnes
I for to be so myndies
And coulde nat write
Of Isabell Knight
It is nat my custome nor my gyse
To leaue behynde
Her, that is both womanly and wyse
And specially whiche glad was to dcuyse
The meanes to fynde
To please my mynde.
In helpyng to warke my laurel grene,
With sylke and golde
Galathea the mayde wel be sene.

Was neuer halfe so fayre as I wene
Which was extokle, a thousand folde
By Maro the Mantuan prudent
Who lyst to rede,
But and I had leysyer competent
I coude shewe you suche a president
In very dede, howe ye excede.

OCCUPACION TO SKELTON.

WITHDRAWE your hand, the tyme passeth faste
Set on your heed this laurell which is wrought
Here you nat Eolus, for you bloweth a blaste
I dare well saye, that ye and I be sought.
Make no delay, for now ye must be brought
Before my ladsys grace, the quene of Fame,
Where ye must briefly answer to your name.

SKELTON POETA.

CASTYNG my syght the chambre about
To se howe duly, eche thyng in ordre was
Toward the dore as we were commyng out
I sawe maister Newton syt with his compas
His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas
Deuysyng in picture by his industrious wit
Of my laurell the proces euery whittle.

Forth with vpon this as it were in a thought
Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate these three
Before remembered, me courteisely brought
Into that place, where as they left me
Where all the sayd poetes sat in their degre
But when they saw my laurell richely wrought
All other besyde were countrefet they thought.

In comparison of that whiche I ware
Some preysed the perle, some the stones bryght
Well was hym that ther vpon might stare
Of this warke they had so great deliyght
The sylke, the golde, the flowres fresh to sight,
They sayd my laurell was the goodlyest
That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best,

In her estate there sate the noble quene
Of Fame, perceyuyng howe that I was cum
She wondred me thought at my laurell grene
She loked hautely, and gaue on me a glum
There was amonge them no word than but mum
For eche man herkened what she wolde to me say
Wherof in substauce I brought this awaye.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO SKELTON.

MY frende sith ye are before vs here present,
To answer vnto this noble audience
Of that shalbe reasoned ye must be content
And for as moche as by the hye pretence
That ye haue nowe by the preeminence
Of laureat triumphe, your place is here reserved
We will vnderstande howe ye haue it deserued.

SKELTON POETA TO THE QUENE OF FAME.

RYGHT high and mighty princes of astate
In famous glory all other transcending
Of your bounte the custumable rate
Hath ben ful often, and yet is attending
To all that to reason is condisceyding
But if hasty credence by maintenance of myght
Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght.

But suche euidence I thynke for to euince,
And so largely to lay for myue indempnyte
That I trust to make mine excuse

Of what charge soeuer ye lay against me
For of my bokes, parte ye shal se
Which in your recordes I know wel be enrolde
And so occupacion your register me tolde.

Forthwith she commanded I shuld take my place
Caliope pointed me where I shoulde sit
With that. Occupacion pressed in a pace
Be mirry she sayd, be nat a ferde a whit
Your discharge herevnder myn arme is it
So than commaunded she was vpon this
To shewe her boke: and she sayd here it is.

THE QUENE OF FAME TO OCCUPACION.

YOUR boke of remembrance we wil now that ye
If any recordes in nombre can be found [rede
What Skelton hath compiled and written in dede
Rchersyng by ordre, and what is the grounde
Lct se nowe for hym, howe ye can expoude
For in our court ye wote wel his name can nat rise
But if he write oftener than ones or twyse.

SKELTON POETA.

WITH that of the boke losende were the claspes
The margent was illumined all with golden railles
And bice enpictured, with grassoppes and waspes.
With butterflies, and freshe pecoche tailles.
Enfloured with flowres and slymy snayles,
Enuiued pictures well touched and quickly [siky
It would haue made a man hole that had be right

To beholde, howe it was garnished and bound,
Encouerde ouer with golde of tissue fine
The claspes and bullions were worth a. M. pounce
With balassis and carbuncles the borders dyd
With aurum musicum euery other lyne [shyne
Was writen: and so she dyd her spede
Occupacion immediatly to rede.

Occupacion readeth and expoundeth some part
Of Skeltons bokes and balades with dities of plea-
sure: in asmoche as it were to longe a proces
to reherce by name, that he hath compiled. &c.

Of your oratour and poete laureate
Of Englande, his warkes here they begyne
In primis the boke of Honorouse astate
Item the boke howe men shoulde be synne
Item royall demenaunce, worshyp to wyane
Item the boke to speke well or be styll.
Item to lerne you, to dye whan ye will.

Of vertue also, the souerayne enterlude
The boke of the rosari, prince Arthurs creacion
The false faith that now goth which daily is renude
Item his dialogues of ymagination
Item Antomedon of loues meditacion
Item newe grammar in Englishe compiled
Item Bouge of courte, where drede was begylled

His comedy, Achademios called by name
Of Tullis familiars the transacion
Item good aduisement that braineles doth blame
The recule against Gaguine of the French nacion
Item the Popyngay that hath in commendacion
Ladies and gentilwomen suche as deserued
And suche as be countrefettes they be reserved.

And of soueraintie a noble pamphlet.
And of magnificence a notable mater
Howe countrefet countenance of the new get

With crafty conueyaunce doth smater and flater
And cloked collusion is brought in to elater
With courtly abusion who printeth it wel in minde
Moch doublenes of the world therein he may
finde.

Of manerly maistres Margery mylke and ale
To her he wrote many waters of myrth
Yet thoughte I saye it, therby lieth a tale
For Margery wynded and brake her hynder gyrth
Lorde howe she made moche of her gentill byrth
With gingerly go gingerly her taile was made of
hay
Go she neuer so gingerly her honestie is gone
awaye.

Harde to make ought of that is naked nought
This fustian maistres and this giggishe gase
Wonder is to write what wrenches she wrought
To face out her folly with a mydsomer unase
With pitche she patched her pitchier should nat
crase
It may well ryme but shrewdly it doth accorde
To pyke out honestie of suche a potsborde.

Patet per uersus.

Hinc puer hinc natus? uir coniugis hinc spo-
liatus
Iure thori? est? fetus deli. de sanguine cretus.
Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo,
Si queris qualis? meretrix castissima talis.
Et reliis et talis, et reliqualis.

A good berynge of these olde talis
Fynde no mo such from Wanfete to Walis.

Et reliqua. Omelia de diuersis tractatibus.

Of my ladys grace at the contemplacion
Out of Frenche into Englishe prose
Of mannes lyfe the peregrinacion
He dyd translate, interprete, and disclose
The treatise of triumphes of the redde rose:
Wheriu many stories are brevely containyd.
That vntremembred longe tyme remainyd.

The duke of Yorkes creauncer whan Skelton was
Nowe Henry the viii. kynge of Englande
A treatise he deuysed, and brought it to pas
Called Speculum Principis, to beare in his hande
Therin to rede, and to vnderstande
All the demenour of princely astate
To be our kynge of God preordinate.

Also the tunning of Elinor Rummyng
With Colin Clout, John Yue, with Joforth
Jacke

To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng
In honest myrth parde requireth no lacke
The white appereth the better for the blacke
And after conueyaunce as the worlde gese
It is no folly to vse the Walshmannes hose.

The vmbles of venison, the botels of wyne
To faire maistres Anne, that shuld haue be sent
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Where it became, and whither it went
And howe that it was wantonly spent.
The balade also of the mustaric tarte
Suche problemes to paint it length to his arte.

Of one Adam all a knaue late dead and gone
Dormiat in pace like a dormous
He wrote an cpitaph for his graue stone

With worles deuout and sentence Egerdous
For he was euer agaynst Goudes house
All his delite was to braule and to barke
Agayne holy church, the prest, and the clarke.

Of Philip Sparowe the lamentable fate
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce
Deuisd by Skelton after the fuur-rall rate
Yet some there be there with that take greuaunce
And grugge tharat with frowning countenance
But what of that? harde it is to please all men
Who lyst amende it, let hym set to his penne.

For the gyse now adayes,
Of some iangelynge da iayes
Is to discommende
That they can nat amende
Thoughte they wolde spende
All the wittes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Philippe Sparowes graue
His dirige, her commendacion
Can be no derogation
But myrthe and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to myscoutent
With Philippis enterment
Alas that goodly mayde
Why should she be afrayde?
Why should she take shame,
That her goodly name
Honorably reported,
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate, with ladies of astate?

I conjure the Philip Sparowe
By Hercules that hell dyd harowe
And with a venemous arwe
Slewe of the Epidaurus
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaurus, or Hippocentaurus
By whose myght and mayne
An hart was slayne, with hornes twayne
Of glitteryng golde, and the apples of golde
Of Heperides with holde
And with a dragon kepte
That neuer more slepte
By marciall strength, he wan at length.
And slewe Gerione, with thre bodyes in one
With mighty corage, daunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage.

Of Diomedes stabyll, he brought out a rabill
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses
And with myghty luggynge
Wrastelynge and tuggynge
He plucked the bull, by the horned scul
And offred to Cornucopia,
And so forthe per cetera
Also by Hecates bowre
In Plutos gastly towre.

By the vgly Eumenides,
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent,
That in hell is neuer brent.
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames,
And all the dedely names,
Of infernall posty
Where soules frye and rosty.

By the stygial fode, and the stremes wode
Of Cocytus botumlesse well.

By the feryman of hell
Caron with his berde hore
That roweth with a rude ore,
And with his frounsed fore toppe
Gydeh his bote with a proppe.

I coniure Philippe and call
In the name of kyuge Saul,
Primo regum expres, he bad the Phitones
To wytche crafte her to dres,
And by her abusions,
And damnable illusions,
Of mervyolous conclusions,
And by her supersticions,
And wonderfull condicions,
She rayved vp in that stede
Samuel, that was d-de.

But wheder it were so, he were idem innumero.
The selfe same Samuel,
Howe be it to Saul he dyd tell
The Philistinis should hym askrye
And the nexte daye he should dye,
wylly my selfe discharge
To lettred men at larze.

But Philip I coniure the
Nowe by these names thro
Diana in the woddess grene,
Luna that so bryght doth shene,
Proserpina in hell, that thou shortly tell
And shewe nowe vnto me,
What the cause may be, of this perplexite.

Inferias Philippe tuas Scroupe pulchra Ioanna
Instantior peccit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudet est sero, minor est iufamia vero

Than suche as haue dislayned,
And of this worke complayned,
I praye God they be pained
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or thre,
That folowe as ye maye se.

Luride cur liuor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ fata volucrum,
Est tamen inuidia mors tibi continua.

The grouting and the groining of the groning
Also the mourning of the mapely rote [swyne
Howe the grene couerlet suffred great pync.
Whan the flec net was set for to catche a cote
Strake one with a byrdbolt to the heart rote
Also a deuoute prayer to Moyses hornes
Metrifid merily, medled with scornes.

Of paintes that were played in ioyous garde
He wrate of a mows through a mul wall
Howe a doe cam tripping in at the rere warde
But lorde howe the parker was wroth with all
And of castell Angell the fenestral
Glittryng and glistryng aud gloriously glased
It made some mennes eyen dasyld and dased.

The repete of the recule of Rosamundes bowre
Of his pleasant paine there and his glad destres
In plantyng and plucking a propre ieloffer flowre
But howe it was, some were to recheles
Nat withstandyng it is remedeles
What myght she say? what myght he do therto?
Though Jack sayd nay: yet mok ther lost her sho.

Howe than lyk a man he wan the Barbican
With a saute of solace at the lronge last
The colour deedly, swart, blo, and wan

Of Exeone her lambe is dede and past
The cheke and the necke but a shorte cast
In fortunes fauour euer to endure
No man lyuyng he sayth can be sure.

Howe danie Minerva first found the oliue tre.
she red
And plantid yet wber neuer before was none,
vnsured
An hynde vuhurt it by casuelle, nat bled
Recouerid whan the forster was gone, and sped
The hartes of the herd began for to grone, and fled
The houndis began to yerne and to quest: and
died
With lyttell busines standeth mocbe rest. in bed.

His ipeptomis of the myller and his ioly make
How her ble was bryght as blossom on the spray
A wanton wenche and well coulde bake a cake
The myllar was loth to be out of the way
But yet for all that be as be may
Whether he rode to Swasshamu or to Some
The myllar durst nat leaue his wyfe at home

With wofully arayd and shamefully betrayde
Of his making deuoute medytacions
Vexilla regis he deuysed to be desplayde,
With Sacris solempnus, and other contemplanacions
That in them comprised consideracions
Thus passeth he the time both night and day
Somtime with sadaes, somtime with play

Though Galene and Dioscorides
With Hippocrates, and mayster Aūicen
By their phisike doue many a man ease
And though Albumasar can the enforme and ken
What constellacions ar good or had for men:
Yet whan the raine raineth and the gosc winketh
Litell wotteth the gosling what the gosc thinketh

He is nat wise agaywe the streame that strueth
Dun is in the mire, dane reche me my spur
Nedes must he ren that the deuil dreyueth
Whan the stede is stolen sparre the stable dur
A gentyll hounde shoulde neuer playe the kur
It is soone aspyed where the thore pricketh
And well woteth the cat whose berde she licketh

With Marione clarione sol lucerne
Grande iuir, of this Frenche prouerbe olde
How men were wont for to discern
By candelunys daye, what wether shoulde holde
But Marione clarione was caught with a colde
And all ouercast with cloudes vnkinde
This goodly flowre with stormes was vntwiude

This ieloffer gentill, this rose, this lilly flowre,
This prime rose pereles, this propre violet,
This delicate dasy, this straubery prately set,
This columbyn cler and freshest of colour
With frowarde frostis alas was all to fret
But who way haue more vngacious life
Than a childes byrle and a knaues wife?

Thinke what ye will
Of this wanton byll.
By Mary Gipeie
Quod scripsi scripsi
Vxor tua sicut Vitis
Habetis in custodiam

Custodite sicut scitis.
Secundum Lucam. &c.

Of the bone horns of Assbrige beside Barcaustede
That goodly place to Skelton most kynde,
Where the sange royall is, Christis blode so rede
Whereon he mortified after his mynde. [finde
A plesanter place than Assbrige is, hard were to
As Skelton reheiseth with wordes fewe and playne
In his distichon, made on verses twaync.

Fraximus in cliuo frondetque Viret sine riuo.
Non est sub diuo similis sine flumini uiuo.

The nacion of foles he lefte nat behinde,
Item Apollo that whirled up his chare,
That made some to saurre and snufe in the winde
It made thm to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
Which (if they be happy) haue cause to beware
In rymyng and raylyng with him for to mell
For drede that he lerne them theyr. A.B.C. to spell.

POETA SKELTON.

WITH that I stode vp, halfe sodaynly afrayde
Suppieng to Fame, I besought her grace
And that it wolde please her full tenderly I prayd
Out of her bookes Apollo to rase.
Nay syr she sayd, what so iu this place
Of our noble courte is ones spoken out
It muste nedes after ren all the worlde aboute.

God wote these worles made me full sad
And whan that I sawe it wolde no better be
But that my pcticion wolde nat be had,
What shoulde I do, but take it in gret
For by Jupiter and his high maiestye,
I dyd what I coulde to scarpe out the scrolles
Apollo to rase out of her raginan rolles.

Nowe here of it erketh me lenger to wryte,
To Occnacion, I wyll agayne resort
Whiche redde on styll, as it came to her syght
Rendrynge my deuiss I made in disporte
Of the mayden of Kent called comforte
Of louers testaments and of theyr wanton willis
And howe Iollas loued goodly Phillis.

Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of freshe Latine into our Englysshe playne,
Recounyng commodites of many a strange nacion
Who redeth it ones wolde rede it agayne
Six volumes engrosed together it doth contayne.
But whan of the laurell she made rehearsall
Al orators and poetes with other great and smal

A thousande thousande I trowe to my dome
Triumpha triumpha they criid all about [Rome
Of trumpettes and clarions the noyse went to
The sterry heuen me thought shoke with the shout
The ground roned and trembled that noyse was
so stout
The queene of Fame commaunded, shet fast the
And therwith sodaynly out of my slepe I woke

My minde of the great din was somdele amased
I wyped myn eyen for to make them clere
Thau to the heauen sphericall upwarde I gased
Where I sawe Janus with his double chere
Makyng his almanak for the newe yere
He turned his trickes his volu. ll ran fast
Good lucke this newe yere the olde yere is past.
Mens tibi sit consulta petis? sic consule menti,
Emula sis Iani, retro speculetur & ante.

Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum,
Ite Britannorum lux o radiosa Britannum
Carmina nostra pium Vestrum celebrate Catullum
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Adonis erat.
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Homerus erat.
Barbara cum lacio pariter iam currite Versu.
Et licet est Verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,
Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet:
Est inuis inculca nec inea Caliope.
Nec uos pœniteat liuoris tela subire.
Nec uos pœniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,
Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,
Innuuis nec enim musa Nasonis erat.

LENGUY.

Go little quaire
Demeane you faire
Take no dispaire
Though I you wrate
After this rate
In Englishe letter
So muche the better
Welcome shall ye
To some men be
For Latin warkes
Be good for clarkes
Yet nowe and then
Some Latin men
May happely loke
Vpon y-ur boke
And so procede
In you to rede
That so in dede
Your fame may sprede
In lengthe and brede
But that I drede
You shall haue nede
You for to spede
To harnes bryght
By force of might
Agaynst enuy
And obloquy
And wote ye why
Nat for to fyght
Agaynst dyspyght
Nor to derayne
Batayle agayne
Scornfull disdayne
Nor for to chyde
Nor for to hyde
You cowardly
But courteisly
That I haue pende
For to defende
Vnder the banner
Of all good maner
Vnder protection
Of sad correction
With toleracion
And supportacion
Of reformation
If they can spyce
Circumspectly
And worde defaced
That might be rased
Els ye shall praye
Them that ye may
Continue styll
With theyr good wyll.

Ad serenissimam Maiestatem Regiam, pariter

cum Domino Cardinali Legato a latere honorificatissimo &c.

LAUTRE ENVOY.

PERGE liber, celeberrum prouus regem venerare
Henricum octauum, resonans sua premia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere & fiat memor ipse precare,
Prebende, quam promiset mihi credere quondam.
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spemque metum.

Twene hope and drede
My lyfe I lede Small sekernes.
But of my spele
How be it I rede
Both worde and dede In noblenes.
Should be agrede
Or els. &c.

=====

**THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOUGE OF
COURTE.**

In Autumpne whan the sonne in vyrgyne
By radyante hete enyryped hath our coine
Whan Luna full of mutabylyte
As emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our pole artyke, smylynge halfe in scorne
At our ioly, and our vnstedfastnesse
The tyme whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,

I callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely
Vnder as courte termes as coulde be
Can touche a trowth, and cloke subtilly
With fresshe vterauce full sentencyously
Dyuerse in style some spared not vryce to wryte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte

Wherby I rede, their renome and their fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure
I was sore moued to a forse the same
But ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to illumine she sayd I was to duller
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle

And not to wryte, for he so wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his conynge is
His heed maye be harde, but fible is brayne
Yet haue I knowen suche er this
But of reproche surly he maye not mys
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawn and
That I ne wyste what to do was beste [cast
So sore enured that I was at the laste
Enforced to slepe, and for to take some reste
And to lye downe as soone as I my dreste
At Harwyche porte slumbrynge as I laye
In myne hostes house called Powers keye

Me thought I sawe, a shyppe goodly of sayle
Come saylyng furth into that hauen brood
Hr takelyng ryche and of hys apparayle
She hast an anker and there she laye at rode
Marchauntes her borded to se what she had
Therein they founde royall marchaundyse
Fraghted with pleasure of what ye could deuise

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde
Araunge all other I put my selfe in prouce
I than there could I none aquentaunce ynde
There was moche noyse anone one cryed cese
Sharpely commaundyng eche man ho de his pcece
May ters he sayd, the shyp that ye here se
The Bowge of courte it byghte for certeynte.

The owner thereof is lady of estate
Whous name to tell is dame sauance here
Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate
But who will haue it muste paye therfore dere
This royall chaffre that is shypped here
Is called fauoure to stonde in her good grace
Than should ye se there pres-ynge in a pace.

Of one and other that wolde this lady se
Which sat behynde a traues of syke lyne
Of gulde of tessew the fynest that myght be
In a trone whiche ferre clere dyd shyne
Than Plebus in his spere celestyne
Whous beauteie honoure goodly porte
I haue to lytell conynge to reporte

But of eche thyng there as I toke hede
Amonge all other was wryten in her trone
In golde letters this worde whiche I dyd rede
Garde le fortune que est mauelz et bone
And as I stode redyng this verse my selfe alone
Her chyef gentylwoman daunger by her name
Gau me a taunte and sayd I was to blame.

To be so pette to prese so proudly uppe
She sayd she trowed that I had eaten sause
She asked yf euer I dranke of sauces cuppe
And I than softly answered to that clause
That so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause
Than asked she me Syr so God the spede
What is thy name? and I sayd it was Drede.

What moued the quod she hydder to come
Forsoth quod I to bye some of your ware
And with that worde on ye she gau a glome
With browes bente and gan on me to stare
Full daynously and fro me she dyd fare
Leyunge me stondynge as a mased man
To whome there came another gentiwoman.

Desire her name was and so she me tolde
Sayenge to me brother be of good chere
Abasshe you not but hardely be bolde
Auaunce your selfe to aproche and come nere
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere
Yet I auyse you to speke for ony drede
Who spareth to speke, in faith he spareth to sped

Maistres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce
That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene
But this another I haue but smale substaunce
Peace quod Desyre ye speke not worth a bene
Yf ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
A precious jewell no rycher in this londe
Bone auenture haue here nowe in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith let se as ye can
In Bowge of courte cheuysaunce to make
For I dare saye that there nys ertly man
But and he can bone auenture take
There can no fauoure nor frendshyp him forsake
Bone auenture may bryngye you in suche case
That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thyng I warne you er I goo
She that styreth the shyp make her your frende
Maystres quod I, I praye you tel me why so
And how I may that waye and meanes fynde
Forsoth quod she how euer blowe the wynde
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our shyppe
Whom she hateth shall ouer the sbyp borde skyp.

Whome she loueth of all pleasure is riche
Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe
Whome she hateth she casteth in the dyche
For whan she frouneth she thinketh to make a fray
She cherysshed hym and hym she chasseth away
Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure
In fayth quod she by bone auentur.

Thus in a row of marchautes a grete route
Sued to fortune that she wolde be theyr frynde
They thronge in faste and flocked her aboute
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde
She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde
Of Bouge of court she asketh what we wold haue
And we asked fauoure, and fauoure she vs gaue.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

DREDE.

THE sayle is vp fortune ruleth our helme
We wante no wynde to passe nouer all
Fauoure we haue tougher then any elme
That will abide and neuer frome vs fall
But vnder honie offtime lieth bytter gall
For as me thoughte in our shippe I did see
Full subtell persones in nombre foure and thre

The first was Fauell full of flaterie
With fables false that well coude fayne a tale
The seconde was Suspecte whiche that dayly
Mydempte eche man with face deedly and pale
And Harry Haster that well coude picke a male
With other foure of theyr affynyte
Dysdayne, Ryotte, Dyssymuler, Subtylte.

Fortune theyr frende with whom oft she dyd
daunce
They coude not fayle they thought they were so
sure

And ofentimes I wold myselfe auance
With them to make solace and pleasure
But my dysporte they coude not well endure
They said they hated for to dele with Drede
Than Fauell gan with fayre speche me to fede.

FAUELL.

NOTHINGE ertly that I wonder so sore
As of our conninge that is so excellent
Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store
So vertuously that hath his dayes spent
Fortune to you gyftes of grace hath lente
Lo what it is a man to haue conninge
All ertly tresoure it is surmountinge

Ye be an apte man as ony can be found
To dwell with vs and serue my ladies grace
Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounce
I herde her speke of you within shorte space
When there were dyuerse that sore did you manace
And though I saye it, I was myselfe your frend
For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkinde

But this one thyng ye may be sure of me
For by that Lorde that bought dere all mankind
I cannot flatter I must be playne to the
And ye nede ought man shew to me your minde
For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall fynde
Whyles I haue ought by God you shalte not lacke
And if nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke

Naye naye be sure whiles I am on your syde
Ye may not fall truste me ye maye not fayle
Ye stande in fauoure and fortune is your gyde
And as she wyll so shall our greates shyppe sayle
These lewd cok witts shall neuermore preuaile
Againste you hardely therefore be not afrayde
Fare well till soone but no worde that I sayde.

DREDE.

THAN thanked I him for his great gentylnes
But as me thought he ware on him a cloke
That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes
Me thoughte of wordes that he had full a poke
His stomake stuffed offetymes dyde rebok
Suspycon me thoughte mett hym at a brayde
And I drewe nere to herke, what they two sayde

In fayth quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde
of me

Why what than wylte thou lette men to speke
He sayth he cannot well accorde with the
Twysssem quod Suspecte goo playe him I ne reke
By Chryst quod Fauell Drede is soleyne freke
What lete vs holde hym vp man for a whyle
Ye so quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle

And whan he came walkinge soberly
With whom, and, ha, and with a croked loke
Me thoughte his heed was full of gelousy
His eyen rollynge his hondes fast theyr quoque
And to my wardle the straighte way he toke
God sped brother to me quod he than
And thus to talk with me he began,

SUSPICION.

YE remembre the gentylnan ryght now [spake
That commaund with you me thought a party
Beware of hym for I make God auowe
He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your face
Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place
For there is none that dare well other truste
But I wolde tell you a thyng and I durste

Speke he a fayth no worde to you of me
I wote and he dyde ye wolde me tell
I haue a fauoure to you wherof it be
That I muste shewe you muche of my counselle
But I wonder what the deuyll of hell
He sayd of me whan he with you dyd talke
By myne aduyse vse not with him to walke

The soueraynst thyng that any man may haue
Is lital to saye, and much to here and se
For but I trusted you so God me saue
I wolde nothing so playne be
To you ouely me thynke I durste shryue me
For nowe am I plenaryly dysposed
To shewe you thyngs that may not be disclosed.

DREDE.

THAN I assured hym my fydelyte
His counsyle secrete neuer to dyscure
Yf he could fynde in herte to truste me

Els I prayed hym with all my besy cure
To kepe it hymselfe for than he myght be sure
That no man erthly could hym bewreye
Whyles of his myud it were lockte with the keye

By God quod he this and thus it is
And of his mynde he shewd me al and some
Farre well quod he we will talke more of this
So he departed there he wolde be come
I dare not speke I promised to be dome
But as I stode musinge in my minde
Haruy Haster came lepinge light as linde,

Vpon his breste he bare a versinge boxe
His throte was clere and lustely coude fayne
Me thought his gowne was all furred with foxe
And euer he sauge, sithe I am nothyng plaine
To kepe him from pikinge it was a grete paine
He gased on me with his gotishe berde
Whan I loked on him me purse was half aferde.

HERUY HASTER.

Syr God you saue why loke ye so sadder
What thinge is that I maie do for you
A wonder thinge that ye waxe not madde
For and I studic sholde, as ye do nowe
My witte wolde waste I make God auowe
Tell me your minde me thinke ye make a verse
I could it skan and ye wolde reherse

But to the pointe shortelie to procede
Wber hath your dwelling ben er ye came here
For as I trowe I haue sene you in dede
Er this whan that ye made me roiall chere
Holde vp the helme loke vp and lete God stere
I wolde be merie what wind that euer blowe
Heue and how rombelow row the bote Norman
rowe

Princes of youghte can ye singe by rote
Or shall I saie with you a feloship assaie
For on the booke I cannot singe a note
Wolde to God it wolde please you some daye
A ballade booke before me for to laye
And lerne me to singe (ke mi fa sol)
And when I faile bobbe me on the noll

Loo what is to you a pleasure great
To haue that coninge and waies that ye haue
By Goddes soule I wonder howe ye gete
Soo great pleasure or who to you it gaue
Sir pardone me I am an homelie knaue
To be with you thus pette and thus bolde
But ye be welcome to our houssholde

And I dare saie there is no man here inne
But wolde be glade of your companie
I wiste neuer man that so soone coude winne
The fuaoure that ye haue with my lady
I praye to God that it maie neuer dy
It is your fortune for to haue that grace
As I be saued it is a wonder case

For as for me I serued here many a daie
And yet vnneeth I can haue my lyuynge
But I requyre you no worde that I saie
For and I knowe any erthly thyng
That is agayne you ye shall haue wetyng
And ye be welcome syr so God me saue
I hope hereafter a freude of you to haue.

DREDE.

With that as he departed so fro me
Anone there mette with hym as me thoughte
A man, but wonderly besene was be
He loked hawtie he sette eche man at noughte
His gawdy garment with scornes was all wrought
With indygnacion lyned was his boode
He frowned as he wolde swere by cockes blode.

He bote the lyppe he loked passynge coye
His face was belymmed as byes had hym stounge
It was no tyme with hym to jape nor toye
Euuye hath wasted his lyuer and his lounge
Hatred by the herte so had hym wrounge
That he loked pale as ashes to my syghte
Dysdayne I weue his comerous crabes hyghte

To Heruy Haster than he spake of me
And I drewe nere to harke what they two sayde
Now quod Dysdayne as I shall saued be
I haue grete scorne and am ryght euyll apayed
Than quod Heruy why arte thou so dysmayde
By Chryst quod he for it is shame to saie
To se Johan Dawes that came but yesterdaye

How he is now taken in conceyte
This doctour dawcocke Drede I wene he hyght
By Goddes bones but yf we haue some sleight
It is lyke he wyll stonde in your lyghte
By God quod Heruy and it so happen myghte
Lete vs therfore shortly at a worde
Fynde some mene to caste hym ouer the borde

By him that me bought than quod Dysdayne
I wonder sore he is in suche conceite
Turde quod Haster I wyll the nothyng sayne
There must for him be layde some prety beyte
We tweyny I trowe be not without dysceyte
Fyrste pycke a quarell and fall out with him then
And so outface hym with a carde of ten,

Forthwith he made on me a proude assawte
With scornfull loke meuyd all in moode
He wente about to take me in a fawte
He frounde he stared he stampped where he stooode
I loked on hym I wende he bad be woode
He set the arme proudly vnder the syde
And in this wise be gan with me to chyd.

DYSDAYNE.

REMEMBREST thou what thou sayd yester
Wilt thou abide by the wordes againe [nyghte:
By God I haue of the now grete dispite
I shall the angrer ones in euery vaine
It is grete scorne to se suche an haue
As thou arte one that came but yesterdaie
With vs olde seruauntes suche waisters to plaie

I tell the I am of countenance
What wenest I were, I trowe you know not me,
By Goddes woundes but for displeasance
Of my querrell soone wolde I venged be
But no force I shall ones mete with the
Come whan it will oppose the I shall
What som euer auenture thereof fall

Trowest thou dreuill I saie thou gawdie knaue
That I haue deinte to se the cherished thus
By Goddis side my sworde thy berde shall shaue
Well ones thou shalt be chermid I was
Naie strawe for tales thou shalt not rule vs

We be thy betters and so thou shalt vs take
Or we shall the out of thy clothes shake.

DREDE.

WITH that came Ryotte rushing al at ones
A rustie galande to ragged and to rente
And on the borde he whirled a paire of bones
Quarter treye dewes he clattered as he went
Noue haue at all by saint Thomas of Kente
And euer he threwe and kyst I wote nere what
His here was growen thorowc out his hat

Than I behylde how he dysgyssed was
His heed was heuy for watchinge ouer night
His eyeu blered his face shone like a glas
His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myght
His rumpe he wente so all for somer light
His bose was garded with a lyste of grene
Yet at the knee they were broken I wente

His cote was checkerd with patches rede and
Of kyrkeby kendall was his shorte demye [blewe
And av he sange in fayth decon thou crewe
His elbowe bare be ware his gere so nye
His nose droppinge, his lippes were full drye
And by his syde his whynarde and his pouche
The deuyll myght dance therin for any crouche

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a potta
And oestriche fcedder of a capons taylor
He set vp frasshely vpon his hat alofte
What reuell route quod he and gan to raylor
How ofte he hit lenet on the taylor
Of felycy fetewe and lytell prety cate
Howe ofte he knocked at her klycket gate

What should I tell more of his rybaudrye
I was ashamed so to here hym prate
He had no pleasure but in harlotrye
Ay quod he in the deuylls date
What art thou I sawe the nowe but late
Forsoth quod I in this courte I dwel nowe
Welcome quod Ryote I make God auowe.

RYOT.

AND syr in fayth why comste not vs amonge
To make the mery as other felowes done
Thou must sware and stare man aldaye longe
And wake all nyght and slepe tyll it be none
Thou mayste not studye or muse on the mone
This woride is nothing but ete drynke and slepe
And thus with vs good company to kepe

Plucke vp thyne berte vpon a mery pinne
And let vs laugh a plucke or twayne at nale
What the deuyll man myrth is here within
What lo man se here of dyce a bale
A brydelynge caste fur that is in thy male
Noue haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde
Eye on this dyce they be not worth a turde

Haue at the hasarde or at the dosen browne
Or els I pas a penny to a pounce.
Now wolde to God thou wold leye money down
Lorde how that I wolde caste it full rounde
Ay in my pouche a buckell I haue founde
The armes of Calyce I haue no coyne nor crosse
I am not happye I renne ay on the losse

Now renne muste I to the stews syde
To wete yf malkyn my knman haue gete ought
I lcte her to hyre that men may on her ryde

Her armes easy ferre and nere is soughte
By Goddis sydes syns I her thyder broughte
She hath gotte me more money with her taylor
Than hath some shyppe that into bordewe sayle

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare
I durste aucture to journey to Fraunce
Who rydeth on her he nedeth not to care
For she is trussed for to breke a launce
It is a curtel that well can wynch and prounce
To her wyl I now all my pouerty lege
And tyll I come I haue here myne hat to plege.

DREDE.

GONE is this knaue this rybaude foule and leude
He ranne as faste as euer that he myghte
Vnthryftynes in him maye well be shewed
For whome tyborne groneth both daie and nighte
And as I stode and caste asyde my syghte
Dasdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon
Standynge in sadde commuicacyon

But there was poyntyng and noddynge with the
And many wordes sayd in secrete wyse [hede
They wandred ay and stode styll in no stede
Me thoughte alwaye Disymular dyde dcouyse
Me passynge sore myne berte than gan aryse
I dempte and drede their talkynge was not good
Anone Dyssimular came where I stode

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne
That one was lene and lyke a pynded ghost
That other loked as he wolde ue haue slayne
And to me warde as he gan for to coast
When that he was euen at me almoost
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue
Wheron was wryten this worde myscheffe

And in his other sleue me thought I sawe
A spoone of golde, full of hony swete
To fede a fole, and for to preye a dawe
And on that sleue these wordes were wrette
A fals abstracte cometh frome a fals concrete
His hode was syde his cope was roset graye
These were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.

DYSSYMLACYON.

How do ye maister ye loke so soberly
As I be saued at the dredful daye
It is a perilous vyce this enuy
Alas a counynge man ne dwelle maye
In no place well but folcs with fraye
But as for that conninge hath no fou
Saue him that noughte can scripture saith soo.

I knowe your vertue and your lytterkture
By that lytell conninge that I haue
Ye be maligned son: I you ensure
But ye haue crafte your selfe alwaie to saue
It is grete skorne to se a misproude knaue
With a clerke that conning is to prate
Let them go, lowse them in the deuylls date

For all be it that this longe not to me
Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delynge
Right now I spake with one I trowe I se
But what a strawe I maye not tell all thing
By God I saie there is grete herte brenning
Betwene the personne ye wote of Jou
Alas I coulde not dele so with an yew

I wold eche man were as playne as I
It is a worlde I saye to here of some
I hate this fayninge fye upon it fye
A man can not wote where to become
I wis I coulde tell but humlery home
I dare not speke we be so layde awaite
For all our courte is full of desceite

Now by saint Frauncys that holy man and frere
I hate this wayes agayne you that they take
Where I as you I wolde ryde them full nere
And by my trouthe but yf an ende they make
Yet wyl I saye some wordes for your sake
That shall them angrè I holde thereon a grote
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stoppyng oyster in my poke
I trust me and yf it come to a nede
But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke
Yf ye could he otherwyse agrede
And so I wolde it were so God me spede
For this maye brede to a confusyon
Without God make a good conclusyon.

Naye se where yonder stondesth the teder man
A flaterynge knaue and false he is God wote
The dreuill stondesth to herken and he can
It were more thryfte he bought him a new cote
It will not be, his purse is not on fote
All that he wereth it is borowed ware
His wytte is thynne his hode is threde bare.

More could I saye but what this is ynowe
Adewe till soone we shall speke more of this
Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe
Amendes may be of that is now a mys
And I am your syr so haue I blys
To euery poynte that I can do or saye [dawe
Gyue me your houde fare well and haue good

DREDE.

SODAYNLY as he departed me fro
Came pressynge in one in a wonder araye
Er I was ware behynde me he sayde bo
Than I astonyed of that sodeyne fraye
Sterte all at ones I liked nothyng his playe
For yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche
He had plucte out the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garment straye
I haue not sene suche an others page
For he coude well upon a casket wayte
His body all pounsed and garded lyke a cage
Lyghte lynne fynger he toke none other wage
Harken quod he lo here myue houde in thyne
To vs welcome thou art by saint Zyntyne.

DISCEYTE.

BUT by that lorde that is one two and thre
I haue an errande to rounde in your ere
He tolde me so by God ye may trust me
Parte remembre whan ye were there
There I wynged on you, wote ye not where
In (A) loco I mene iuxta (B)
Woo is hym that is blinde and mayc not se

But to here the subtylte and the crafte
As I shall tell you yf ye will harke agayn
And whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte
To holde myne honde by God I had grete payne
For forthwyth threde I had hym slayne
But that I drede, mordre wolde come oute
Who delecth with shrewes, hath nede to loke about.

DREDE.

AND as he rounded thus in myne ere
Of false collusion confetryd by assente
Me thought I se lewde felowes here and there
Came for to slee me of mortal entente
And as they came the shypborde fast I hente
And thoughte to lepe, and euen with that woke
Caughte penne and yuke and wrote this lityll boke

I wolde therewith no man were myscontente
Besechyng you that shall it se or rede
In euery poynte to be indyfferente
Syth all in substauce of slumbryng dooth pro-
I wyl not saye it is matter in dede [cede
But yet oflyme, such dremes be founde trewe
Now constwe ye, what is the resydewe.

Thus endeth the Bouge of Courte.

SKELTON LAUREATE, &c.

HOW THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY LYRE A COW-
ARD KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY WITH
AN HUNDRED THOUSANDE TRATLANDE SCOTTES
AND FAINT HARTED FRENCHMEN: BESIDE
THE WATER OF TWEDE, &c.

REIOYSE Englande
And vnderstande
These tidings newe
Whiche be as trewe
As the gospell:
This duke so fell Of Albany
So cowardly
With all his hoost
Of the Scottyshe coost
For all theyr boost
Fledde like a beest.
Wherefore to ieste
Is my delyght
Of this cowarde knyght
And for to wright
In the dyspyght
Of the Scottes ranke
Of Huntley banke
Of Lowdyan. Of Locryan
And the ragged ray
Of Galaway.

Dunbar, Dunde
Ye shall trowe me
False Scottes are ye
Your hartes sore faynted
And so attaynted
Lyke cowardes starke
At the castell of Warke
By the water of Twede
Ye had euill spede.
Lyke cankerd curres
Ye loste your spurres
For in that fraye
Ye ranne awaye
With bey dogge hay.
For sir William Lyle
Within shorte whyle
That valiaunt knyght
Putte you to flyght
By his valyaunce
Two thousande of Fraunce
There he putte backe
To your great lacke

And vtter shame
 Of your Scottysse name.
 Your chefe cheftayne
 Voyde of all brayne
 Duke of all Albany
 Than shamefully
 He recured backe
 To his great lacke
 Whan he berde tell
 That my lorde Amrell
 Was comyng downe
 To make hym frowne
 And to make hym lowre
 With the nobl powre
 Of my lorde Cardynal.
 As a hoost royall
 After the auncient manner
 With saint Cubertes banner
 And saint William's also
 Your capitayne ranne to go
 To go to go to go
 And brake vp all his boost
 For all his crake and bost
 Lyke a cowarde knyght
 He fledde and durst nat fyght:
 He ranne away by night
 But now must I
 Your duke ascry, of Albany
 With a worde or twayne
 In sentence playne:
 Ye duke so doutty
 So sterne so stoutty
 In shorte sentens
 Of your pretens
 What is the gronde:
 Breuely and rounde
 To me expounde
 Or els wyll I
 Euydently
 Shewe as it is
 For the cause is this
 Howe ye pretende
 For to defende
 The yonge Scottyshe kyng
 But ye meane a thyng
 And ye coude bryng
 The matter about
 To putte his eyes out
 And put hym downe
 And set hys crowne
 On your owne heed
 Whan he were deed
 Such trechery: and traytory
 Is all your cast.
 Thus ye haue compast
 With the Frenche kyng
 A fals rekenyng
 To enuade Englande
 As I vnderstande.
 But our kyng royall
 Whose name ouer all
 Noble Henry the eyght
 Shall cast a bryght
 And sette suche a snare
 That shall cast you in care
 Both kyn: Fraunces and the
 That knowen ye shall be
 For the moost recrayd
 Cowardes afraid
 And falsest forsworne
 That euer were borne.

O ye wretched Scottes
 Ye puaunt pypottes
 It shalbe your lottes
 To be knytte vp with knottes
 Of halters and ropes
 About your traytours throtes:
 O Scottes pariured
 Unhaply vred
 Ye may be assured
 Your falshod disured
 It is and shal be.
 From the Scottish se
 Unto Gabione
 For ye be false echone
 False and false agayne
 Neuer true nor playne
 But fery, flatt r and fayne
 And euer to remayne
 In wretched beggary
 And maungy misery
 In lousy lothsunnesse
 And scabbed scorfynesse
 And in abhominacion
 Of all maner of nacion
 Nacion moost in hate
 Proude and poore of state:
 Twyt Scot go kepe thy den
 Mell nat with Englyshc men
 Thou dyd nothing but barke
 At the castell of Warke:
 Twyt Scot yet agayne ones
 We shall breke thy bones
 And hang you vpon poles
 And byrne you all to colles
 With twyt Scot, twyt Scot twyt
 Walke Scot go begge a byt
 Of brede, at ylke mannes becke
 The fynde Scot breke thy uecke
 Twyt Scot agayne I saye
 Twyt Scot of Galaway
 Twyt Scot, shake thy dogge hay
 Twyt Scot thou ran away
 We set nat a flye
 By your duke of Albany
 We set nat a prane
 By such a dronken drane
 We set nat a myght
 By such a cowarde knyght
 Suche a proude palyarde
 Suche a skyrgaliarde
 Suche a starke cowarde
 Suche a proude pulltrowne
 Suche a foule Coystrowne
 Suche a doutty dagswayne
 Sende him to Fraunce agayne
 To bring with hym more brayne
 From kynge Fraunces of Frauns
 God sende them bothe myschauns:
 Ye Scottes all the rable
 Ye shall neuer be hable
 With vs for to compare
 What though ye stampe and stare
 God sende you sorow and care
 With vs whan euer ye mell
 Yet we bear away the bell
 Whan ye cankerd knaues
 Must crepe into your caues
 Your heedes for to hyde.
 For ye dare nat abyde.
 Sir duke of Albany
 Right inconueniently

Ye rage and ye raue
 And your worshyp deprave
 Nat lyke duke Hamylicar
 With the Romayns that made war
 Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball
 Nor lyke duke Hasdruball
 Of Cartage iu Aphrike
 Yet somewhat ye be lyke
 In some of their condicions
 And their false sedycions
 And their dealyng double
 And their weywarde trouble:
 But yet they were bolde
 And manly manyfolde
 Their enemyes to assaile
 In playn felde and battayle.

But ye and your boost
 Full of bragge and boost
 And full of waste wynde
 Howe ye wyll beres lynde
 And the deuyl downe dyng
 Yet ye dare do nothyng
 But lepe away lyke frogges
 And hyde you vnder logges
 Lyke pygges and lyke hogges
 And lyke maunty dogges.
 What an army were ye?
 Or what actyuyte?
 Is in you beggers braules
 Full of scabbes and scaules:
 Of vermyne and of lyce
 And of all maner vyce.

Syr duke: nay syr ducke
 Syr drake of the lake: sir ducke
 Of the donghyll, for small lucke
 Ye haue in feates of warre
 Ye make nought but ye marre
 Ye are a fals entrusar
 And a fals abuser
 And an vntrewe knyght
 Thou hast to lytell myght
 Agaynst Englande to fyght
 Thou art a graceles wyght
 To put thy selfe to flyght
 A vengeance and dispight
 On the must nedes lyght
 That durst nat byde the sight
 Of my lorde Amrell
 Of chivalry the well
 Of knighthode the flour
 In euery marciall shoure
 The noble erle of Surrey
 That put the in suche fray
 Thou durst no felde derayne
 Nor a batayle mayntayne
 With our stronge captaine
 For you ran home agayne
 For feare thou shoulde be slayne
 Lyk a Scottyshe ketryng
 That durst abyde no rekyng
 Thy hert wolde nat serue the
 The fynde of hell mot sterue the

No man hath harde
 Of such a cowarde
 And such a mad ymage
 Caried in a cage:
 As it were a cotage
 Or of suche a maument
 Caryed in a tent
 In a tent: nay nay
 But in a mountayne gay

Lyke a great bill: for a wyudmil
 Therein to couche styl
 That no man hym kyll
 As it were a gote
 In a shepe cote
 About hym a parke
 Of a madde warke
 Men call it a toyle
 Therin lyke a royle
 Sir Dunkanye dared
 And thus ye prepared
 Your carkas to kepe
 Lyke a sely shepe
 A shepe of Cottyswolde
 From rayne and from colde
 And from raynning of rappes
 And suche after clappes
 Thus in your cowardly castell
 Ye decte you to dwell
 Such a captayne of fors
 He made no great fors
 If that ye had tane
 Your last dredly bane
 With a gon stone
 To make you to grone
 But hyde the sir Topias
 Nowe into the castell of Bas
 And lurke there lyke an as
 With some Scottyshe as
 With dugges dugges dugges
 I shrewe thy Scottishe lugges
 Thy munpynnys and thy crag
 For thou can not but brag
 Lyke a Scottyshe hag
 Aduer nowe sir wrig wrag
 Aduer sir dalayrag
 Thy mellyng is but mocking
 Thou mayst giue vp thy coking
 Gyue it up. And cry creke
 Lyke an huddy peke:

Whereto shuld I more speke
 Of suche a farly freke
 Of suche an horne keke
 Of suche an bolde captayne
 That dare nat turne agayne
 Nor durst nat crak a worde
 Nor durst nat drawe his swerde
 Agaynst the lyon white
 But ran away quyte
 He ran away by nyght
 In the owle flyght
 Lyke a cowarde knyght
 Aduer cowarde adue
 Fals knight and mooste vntreue
 I render the fals rebelle
 To the bingande fende of helle.

Harke yet sir duke a worde
 In earnest or in borde
 What haue ye villayn forged?
 And virulently dysgorged
 As though ye wolde parbrake
 Your auans to make
 With words embosed
 Ungraciously engrosed
 Howe ye wyll vndertake
 Our oyall kyng to make
 His owne realme to forsake
 Suche lewde langage ye spake:

Sir Dunkan in the deuill waye
 Be well ware what ye say.

Ye saye that he and ye
 Whyche he and ye? let se
 Ye meane Fraunces French kyng
 Shulde bring about that thing
 I say thou lewde lurdayne
 That neyther of you twayne
 So hardy nor so bolde
 His countnaunce to beholde
 If our moost royall Harry
 Lyst with you to vary
 Full soone ye should miscary
 For ye durst nat tarry
 With hym to stryue a stownde
 If he on you bot frounde
 Nat fur a thousande ponde
 Ye durst byde on the grounde
 Ye wolde ryn away rounde
 And cowardly tourne your backes
 For all your comly crackes
 And for feare par case
 To loke hym in the face
 Ye wolde defoyle the place
 And ryn your way apace
 Though I trym you thys trace
 With Englyshe somewhat base
 Yet sana voster grace
 Therby I shall purchace
 No displeaunt rewarde
 If ye wele can regarde
 Your cankarde cowardnesse
 And your shamfull doublenesse

Are ye nat frantyeke madde?
 And wretchedly bestadde
 To rayle agaynst his grace
 Tbat shall bring you full bace
 And set you in suche case
 That bytwene you twayne
 There shalbe drawn a trayne
 That shalbe to your payne
 To flye ye shalbe fayne
 And neuer tourne agayne :

What wold Fraunces our friar?
 Be suche a false liar
 So madde a cordylar
 So madde a murmurar
 Ye muse somewhat to far
 All out of joynt ye jar
 God let you neuer thriue
 Wene ye daucockes to drie
 Our kyng, out of his reime
 Ge heme ranke Scot ge heme
 With foude Fraunces French kyng
 Our mayster shall you brynge
 I trust to lowe estate
 And mate you with chek mate :

Your braynes are ydell
 It is tyme for you to byrdell
 And pype in a quibyle
 For it is impossible
 For you to bring about
 Our kyng fur to drie out
 Of this his realme royall
 And lande imperiall
 So noble a prince as he
 In all actyuite
 Of hardy merciall actes
 Fortunate in all his faytes :
 And nowe I wyll me dresse
 His valiaunce to expresse

Though insufficient am I
 His grace to magnify
 And laude equiuallently
 Howe be it loyally
 After myne allegyaunce
 My pen I will aunace
 To extoll his noble grace
 In spyght of thy cowardes face
 In spyght of king Fraunces
 Deuoyde of all nobles
 Deuoyde of good corage
 Deuoyde of wysdome sage
 Mad: frantyeke, and sauage
 Thus he dothe disparage
 His blode with foude dotage :
 A prince to play the page
 It is a rechelesse rage
 And a lunatyke ouerage
 What though my stile be rude?
 With trouthe it is ennewde
 Trouth ought to be rescude
 Trouthe should nat be subdude
 But nowe will I expoude
 What noblenesse dothe aboude
 And what honour is founde
 And what vertues be resydent
 In our royall regent
 Our perelesse president
 Our kyng most excellent:

In merciall prowes
 Lyke vnto Hercules
 In prudence and wysdom
 Lyke vnto Salamon
 In his goodly person
 Lyke vnto Absolon
 In loyaltie and foy
 Lyke to Ector of Troy
 And his glory to iucres
 Lyke to Scipiades
 In royal mageste
 Lyke vnto Ptholome
 Lyke to duke Josue
 And the valiaunt Machube:

That if I wolde reporte
 All the roiall sorte
 Of his nobilyte
 His magnanymyte
 His animosite
 His fragalite
 His lyberalite
 His affabilite
 His humanyte
 His stabilite
 His humilite
 His benignite
 His royall dignyte,
 My lernyng is to small
 For to recount them all.

What losels than are ye
 Lyke cowardes as ye be
 To rayle on his astate
 With wordes inordinate.
 He rules his cominalle
 With all benignite
 His noble baronage
 He putteth them in corage
 To exployte dedes of armys
 To the damage and harmys
 Of suche as be his foos
 Whereuer he rydes or goos

His subiectes he dothe supporte
Maintayne them with comforte
Of his moste princely porte
As all men can reporte:

Than ye be a knappishe sorte
Et faitez a luy grant torte
With your enbowed iawes
To rayle on hym lyke dawes
The fende scrache out your mawes:

All his subiectes and he
Moost louyngly agre
With hole hart and true mynde
They synde his grace so kynde
Wherwith he doth them bynde
At houres to be redy
With hym to lyue and dye
Their bodyes and their gode
And to spende their hart blode
With hym, in all dystresse
Alway in redynesse.
To assyst his noble grace
In spyght of thy cowardes face
Moost false attaynted traytour
And false forsworne faytour.

Auaunte cowarde crrayed
Thy pride shalbe alayd
With sir Fraunces of Fraunce
We shall pype you a daunce
Shall tourne you to myschauns:

I rede you luke about
For ye shalbe diuyn out
Of your lande in shorte space
We will so folowe in the chace
That ye shall haue no grace
For to tourne your face
And thus saint George to borowe
Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

LENOUY.

Go lytell quayre quickly
Shew them that shall you rede
How that ye are lykely
Ouer all the worlds to sprede:

The fals Scottes for dreed
With the duke of Albany,
Beside the water of Tweed
They fled full cowardly.

Though your Englishe be rude
Barryne of eloquence
Yet breuely to conlude
Grounded is your sentence
On trouthe, vnder defence
Of all trewe Englyshemen
This mater to credence
That I wrate with my pen.

SKELTON LAUREAT: OBSEQUIOUS AND LOYAL.

TO MY LORDE CARDYNALS RIGHT NOBLE
GRACE, &c.

LENOUY.

Go lytell quayre apace
In moost humble wyse
Before his noble grace
That caused you to deuise
This lytel enterprise
And hym moost lowly pray
In his mynde to comprise
Those wordes his grace dyd saye
Of au animas gray.

Je, Foy enterment
En sa boue grace.

THE BOKE COMPILED BY MAISTER SKELTON,
POET LAUREATE CALLED

SPEAKE PARROT.

My name is parrot, a bird of paradise
By nature deuised, of a wonderous kynd
Dienteli dieted, with diners delicate spice
Tyl Euphrates that floud, driueth me into Inde
Where men of that cuntry, bi fortune me find
And send me, to great ladyes of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date

A cage curiously caruen, with siluer pin
Properly painted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therein
These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers flour
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my houre
With speke parrot I prai you, ful courteously thei
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety popagey [say

With my becke bent, my litle wanton eye
My feders freshe, as is the enrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche rubye
My lyttle legges, my fete both fete and cleane
I am a minion, to wayt vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lyle pretty foole
With ladies I learne, and go with them to scole.

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh pretely
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In Lattyn, in Ebrew, Araby and Caldey
In Greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As Percus that poet, doth report of me
Zuis expeditit psitaco suum Chaire.

Howse Frenche of Parrise, parrot can learne
Prononnyng my purpose, after my porterte
With perliez bien, parrot ou parlez rien
With Duche, with Spanish, my tonge can agre
In English, to God parrot can supple
Christ saue king Henry the eight our roial king
The red rose in honour, to flourish and spring.

With Katherin incomparable: our roial quene
also [grace
That pareles pomgarnet Christ saue her noble
Parrot sauius, habier castiliano
With si dasso de costo, in Turkey and in Trace
Vis consilii exiers, as teacheth me Horace
Mole ruit sua, whose dices at pregnante.

My lady maisters, dame Philology
Gauc me a gift, in my nest when I lay
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely
Now pandez mory, wax franticke som men saye
Pronexes or freneses, may not hold her way
An almon nowe for parrot, delicately drest
In salue festa dies toto, their doth best

Moderata iurant, but toto doth excede
Discression is mother of noble vertues all
Niden agan, in Greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their prouinciall
When wilfulnes, is vicar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, parrot par ma foy
Ticez vous parrot, tenez vous coye.

Besy, besy, besy, and besines agayne
 Que pensez voz parrot, what meneth this besines
 Vitulus in Oreb, troubled Arous brayn
 Melchisedecke mercifull, made Moloc merciles
 To wise is no vertue, to meddling, to restles
 In measure is treasure, cum sensu marturato
 Ne tropo saung, ne tropo matu

Aram was fired, with caldies fire called Ur
 Job was brought up, in the land of Hus
 The liuage of Lot, toke supporte of Assur
 Jerehoseth is Ebrue, who list the law discus
 Peace parrot ye prate, as ye were ebruis
 Howst the lyuer god, van hemrick ic seg
 In popeting grew percs, whan parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinnin meg
 Hop Lobin of Lowdeon, wold haue a bit of bread
 The Jebet of Baldoock, was made for Jacke leg
 A narow vufethered, and without an bed
 A bakyppe without blowyng, standeth in no sted
 Some run to far before, some run to far behinde
 Some be to churlish, and some be to kynd.

Id dien serueth for erstrych fether
 Ic diun, is the language of the land of Beme
 In Afric tongue, Byrsa is a tonge of letber
 In Palestina, there is Jerusalem
 Collustrum now for parrot, whit bred and swete
 creme

Our Thomase sbe doth trip, our Jenet sbe doth
 shail
 Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a faire greue tayle

Morysh myne owne shelf, the ostermonger say
 Fate, fate, fate, ye trysh water lag
 In flettering fables, men fynde but lytel fayth
 But moveatur terra, let the world wag
 Let syr wrig wrag, wrastle wyth sir declarag
 Euery man, after his maner of wayes
 Pawbe vene aruer, so the Welche man sayes

Suche shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop
 Of auncient Aristippus, and such other mo
 I gather together, and close in my crup
 Of my wanton conceyt, unde deproton
 Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
 Sacro vatum, wherof to you I breake
 I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke :

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
 With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
 Ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
 Meate, meate for parrot: meate I say how
 Thus diuers of language, by learning I grow
 With bas me swete parrot: has me swete swete
 To dwel amonge ladies, parrot is mete.

Parrot, parrot, parrot, praty popigay
 With my beke I can pyke, my tytle pretty too
 My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
 Lyke a wanton whan I will, I rele to and froo
 Parrot cau say, Cesar, aue, also
 But parrot, hath no fauour to Esebon
 Aboue all other byrdes, set parrot alone.

Ulula, Esebon, for Jeremy doth wepe
 Sion is in sadnes, Rachel ruly doth luke
 Madionita, Jetro, our Moyses kepeth hys shepe
 Gedeon is zon, that Zalmane vnderloke
 Oreb and Zeb, of Judicium rede the boke

Now Gebal, Amon, and Amoloch, hark, hark,
 Parrot pretendeth to be a bibil clarke.

O Esebon Esebon, to the is come agayne
 Seon the regent amororum
 And hog that fat hog, or basan dothe retayne
 The crafty coistrounus canaueorum
 And assilum, whilom, refugium miserorum
 Nou phauum sed prophauum, standeth in little
 sted
 Ulula Esebon, for icpt is starke ded.

Estbon, Maribon, Wheston, nexte Barnet
 A trim tram for an hors mil it wer a nise thing
 Deintes for dammoysels, Chaffer far fet
 Ho ho doth barkwel, but lough ho ruleth the ring
 From scarpary to tartari renountherin doth spring
 With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich
 2uod magnus est dominus ludas Scarioth. [wot

Ptholomie, and haly were cunningg and wise
 In the vol vel, in the quadrant, and in the astroloby
 To prognosticate truli the chauce of fortunes dise
 Some trete of their tirikis, with some of astrology
 Some pseudo propheta with chiromancy
 If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
 Honour with renoune, will renne of that side

Manon calon

Agaton quod parato. In Greca

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to prate
 For auna lingua greca, ought to be magnified
 If it wer wond perfitely, and after the rate
 As lingua latina, in schole matter occupied
 But our Grekis, their Greke so wel haue applied
 That they cannot say in Greke, riding by the way
 How hosteler, fetchie my horse a bottel of bay.

Neither frame a silogisme, in phriessesomorum
 Formalter & grecs, cum medio termino
 Our Grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicorum
 For though ye can tel in Greke what is phornio
 Yet ye scke out your Greke, in Capricornio
 For they scape out good scripture, and set in a
 gal

Ye go about to amend, and ye mar all.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
 And yet he would be rekened, pro Ariopagita
 And some make distinctions, multipliciter
 Whether ita were before non, or non before ita
 Nether wise nor well lerned but like berinophra-
 dita

Set Sophia aside, for euery Jacke raker.
 And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

In achademia parrot, dare no probleme kepe
 For grevisari, so occupieth the chayre
 That latinum fari, may fal to rest and slepe
 And syllogisari, was drowned at Sturbridge faire
 Trimale, and quatrinals, so sore now they appair
 That parrot that popagay, hath pity to beholde
 How the rest of good lerning, is rouled up and
 trolle

Albertus de modo significandi
 And Donatus, be dryuen out of schole
 Prisiens hed broken, now handy dandy
 And interdidascolos, is rekened for a fole
 Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
 With da caionales, is cast out of the gate
 And da racionales, dare not shew his pate,

Plaut si in his comedies, a child shal now rehers
 And medit with Quintilian, in his declarations
 That pety Caton, can scantly construe a verse
 With Aucto, in Greco, and such solempn saluta-
 cions
 Can skantly the tensis, of his conjugacions
 Setting their mindes, so much of eloquence
 That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hote sen-
 tence

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, cum gariopholo
 For parrot to pike vpon, his brayne for to stable
 Swete synammum stickes, and pleris commusco
 In paradise, that place of pleasure perdurable
 The progeny of parrottis, were faire and fauorable
 Now in valle Ebron, Parrot is fayne to fede
 Christ crosse and sanct Nicolas, parrot be your
 good pede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
 Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmate
 Elencum, or elles, Entimaticum
 For legicions to luke on, somewhat sophistic
 Retorcions and oratours, in freshe humanite
 Support parrot, I pray you which your suffrage
 ornat
 Of confuse tantum, avoyding the checkmate

But of that suposicion, that called is arte
 Confuse distributiue, as parrot hath deuised
 Let euery man, after his merit, take hys part
 For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised
 No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprised
 But that metaphora, alegoria with all
 Shall be his protection, his paus and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough nor no flected
 py
 Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
 Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butterfly
 Parrot is no stamring stare, that men call a star-
 ling
 But parrot is mine own dere harte, and my der-
 ling
 Melpomene the fair maid, she burnished his beke
 I pray you let parrot haue libertie to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrde for a lady
 God of his goodnes framed and wrought
 Whan parrot is dead she doth not putrify
 Ye all thinge mortall shall turn vnto noughte
 Except unuanes soule, that Christ so dere bought
 That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall
 Make much of parrot, that popegay royal.

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat
 He made you of nothing, by his magisty
 Pointe wel this probleme, that parrot doth prate
 And remembre among, how parrot and ye
 Shall lepe from this life, as merye as we be
 Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches and worldly luste
 Parrot saith plainly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus parrot doth pray you
 With heart most tender
 To reken with this recule now
 And it to remember
 Psitacus ecce cauo nec sunt mea carmina phebo
 Digna scio Tamen est
 Picua camena deo.

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum
 In piercorum Catbalago numeratum
 Galathea.

Itaque Consolamini inuicem
 In uerbis istis.
 Candidi lectores callide callete
 Vestrum fauete, psitacum.
 Galathea.

Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus
 Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus

Vita & anima
 Zoe kai psyche
 Aquinates Amen,

Concubunt grece, Non
 est hic sermo pudicus

Ergo Actica dictamina
 Suus plumbilamina
 Vel spuria Vitulamina
 Auertat hoc Vxania.

Amen amen
 And set to a. d.
 And then it is amend
 Our new found a. b. c.
 Cum ceteris
 paribus.

ON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE PRINCE
 KYNGE EDWARD THE FORTH,

PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.

MISEREMINI mei, ye that be my frendes
 This worlde hath formed me down to fall
 How may I endure when that euery thyng endes
 What creature is borne, to be eternall
 Now there is no more but pray for me all
 Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
 And xxii. yeares ruled this imperiall
 Some vnto pleasure, and some to no liking
 Mercy I aske of my misdoynge
 What auaileth it, friends to be my fo
 Sith I can not resist, nor amend your complain-
 zua ecce nunc in puluere dormio. [ing

I slepe now in moldc, as it is naturall
 As earth vnto earth, hath bis reuerture
 What ordeyned God, to be terrestriall
 Without recours, to the earth of nature
 Who to liue euer, may be sure
 What is it to trust, on mutabilite
 Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
 For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
 To presume therpypon, it is but a vanitie
 Not certaine: but as a chery fayre ful of wo
 Raynged not I of late: in grate felicite
 Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe, such one as I
 While lady fortune with me had continuance
 Graunted uot she me, to haue victory
 In England to raine, and to contribute France
 She tokc me by the hand, and led me a daunce
 And with her sugred lips, on me smyled
 But what for her dissembled countenance
 I could not beware, til I was begiled
 Now from this world, she hath me excild
 Whan I was lothest, hens for to go
 And I am in age, but as who saith a child.
 Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not contente
Without remembraunce, that I should dye
And more ouer to incroche, redy was I bente
I knew not how long, I should it occupy
I made the tower stronge, I wyst not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Tetersall
I amended Douer, on the mountayne hie
And London I prouoked, to fortify the wal
I made Notingham, a place royal
Wyndsor, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them al
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now, my conquest and victory
Where is my riches, and my royal araye
Where be my coursers, and my horses by
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play
As vanite to nought, al is wandred away
O lady Besse, longe for me may ye cal
For I am departed, til domes day.
But love ye that lord, that is soveraygne of all
Where be my castels, and buildinges royall
But Winsore alone, nowe I have no mo
And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why shoulde a man, be proud or presume hie
Saint Bernard, therof nobly doth treat
Sythe a man, is nothing but a sacke of sterccori
And shall returne, vnto wormes meate
Whye, what came of Alexander the great
Or elsse of stronge Sampson, who cau tell
Wher no wormes ordened, theyr flesh to feate
And of Salomon, that was of wit the well
Absolon, profered his heare for to sel
Yet for al his beutie, wormes eat him also
And I but late in honour did excell
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I have played my pageyond, now am I paste
Ye wot well all, I was of no great yeld
This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
When death approacheth, then lost is the felde
When sithen this worlde, me no longer up helde
Nor nought wold conserue me, here in my place
In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yealde
Humbly beseching, the God of his grace
O ye curtesse commens, your hartes vnbrace
Beningly now to pray for me also
For right wel you know, your kyng I was
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST THE SCOTTES.

Against the proud Scottes clatterryng
That neuer wyll leave theyr tratlyng
Wan they the felde, and lost theyr kyng
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

Lo these fond Scottes.
Aud tratling Scottes
How they are blind.
In their owne minde
And will not know.
Their ouerthrow
At Braxston more.
They are so stowre

So frantike mad.
They say they had
And wan the felde.
With speare and shield
That is as trew.
As blacke is blew
And grene is gray.
What euer they say
Jemmy is dead.
And closed in leade
That was theyr own king.
Fye on that winning.

At Floddon hills,
Oure bowes our bylles
Slewe all the floure.
Of theyr honour.
Are not these Scottes.
Foles and sotts
Suche boste to make.
To prate and crake
To face to brace.
All voyde of grace
So proud of hart.
So ouerthwart
So out of frame.
So voyd of shame
As it is enrold.
Wrytten and told
Within this quaire,
Who list to repair
And ther in reed.
Shal find in deed
A mad reckeniug.
Considering all thing
That the Scottes may sin.
Fye on the winning

WHEN THE SCOTTE LYUED.

Jemmy, ye scornefull Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
As solempe summer for to be
It greeth nought for your degre
Our kyng of England for to fight
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might
Ye for to send, such a citacion
It shameth al your noughty nacion
In comparison, but kyng koppingyng
Unto our prince, anointed kyng
Ye play Hop Lobbya of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can
Ye may be lord of Locrian
Chryst sence you, with a fryng pan
Of Edingborow, and sainte Jonis towne
Adieu syr sommer, cast of your crowne.

WHEN THE SCOT WAS SLAYNE.

CONTINUALLY I shall remember
The mery month of September
With the xi. day of the same
For than began, our myrthe and game
So that now I haue deuised
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy
To wryte some lyttell tragedy
For no manner consideration
Of any sorrowful lamentation
But for the special consolacion
Of al our royal Englysh nacion
Melpomene, O muse tragediall
Unto your grace, for grace now I call

To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe
 I lumine me, your poet, and your scribe
 That with mixture of aloes and bitter gall
 I may compound, confectures for accordiall
 To angr the Scottes, and Irish kiteringes withal
 That late were discomfort, with battaile marcial
 Thalia, my muse, for you also call
 To touche them with tauntes of your armonye
 A medley to make, of mirth with sadnes
 The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
 And now to begyn, I wyll me adres
 To you rebersyng, the somme of my proces.

KYNGE JEMMY, Jemmy, Jocky my joye
 Summond our king, why did ye so
 To you, nothing it did accord
 To summon our king, your soueraigne lorde
 A kyng a summer, it was great wonder
 Know ye not suger, and salt asonder
 Your summer to saucey, to malepert
 Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
 Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye
 Nor worth thre skippes of a pye
 Syr skyr galyard, ye were so skit
 Your wil, than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your aly
 Your franticke fable, not worth a fly
 Freuche kyng, or one or other
 Regardid you should your lord your brother
 Trowed ye sir Jemy, his noble grace
 From you sir Scot, would tourne his face
 With gup syr Scot, of Galawey
 Now is your pryde fall to decay
 Male vrid, was your fals entent
 For to offende your president
 Your lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is figured, Melchisedecke
 And ye were disloyall Amatecke
 He is oure noble Scipione
 Annoynted kyng, and ye were none
 Thoughte ye vntrulye your father haue slayne
 His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
 And ye proude Scot, Dundie, Dunbar
 Parly ye were, his homager
 And suter to his parliament
 For your vntruthe, now are ye shent
 Ye bare yourself, somewhat to bold
 Therefore ye lost, your copy hold
 Ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
 Lost is your game, ye are cbecke mate
 Unto the castell of Norram
 I understande, to sone ye came
 At Branxston more, and Fludden hilles
 Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
 Against you gaue so sharpe a shower
 That of Scotland, ye lost the flower
 The white lyon: there rampaunte of moode
 He raged and rente out your hart bloude
 He the white, and you the red
 The white there slewe the red starke ded
 Thus for your guerdon quyt are ye
 Thanked be God in trinite
 And swete saint George our ladyes knyghte
 Your eye is oute, adewe good nyghte.
 Ye were starke mad to make a fray
 His grace beyng out of the way
 But by the power and might of God
 For your tayle ye made a rod
 Ye wanted wit, sir at a worde
 Ye lust your spurs: ye lost your sword

Ye might haue busked you to huntly banks
 Your pryde was peuysh to play suche pranks
 Your pouerte could not attayne
 With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Nauerne, ye myght take heed
 Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
 An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame
 That he is kyng, withoute a reame
 And for exauple, he woulde none take
 Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
 Your wealthe, your joy, your sport, your play
 Your braggyng bost, your royal aray
 Your heard so brym, as bore at baye
 Your seuen systers, that gun so gay
 All haue ye lost, and caste awaye.
 Thus fortune hath turned you: I dare wel saye
 Now from a kyng, to a clot of clay
 Oute of robes, ye were shaken
 And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked
 For lacke of grace, hard was your hap
 The popes cures, gaue you that clap.

Of the out yles, the rough foted Scottes
 We haue wel eased them of the bottes
 The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken Danes
 At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr banes
 It is not sitting, in tower and towne
 A summer, to were a kynges crowne
 Fortune on you, therefore did frowne
 Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
 Syr summer now, where is your crowne
 Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne
 Syr Summer, now ye haue lost your crowne
 Quod Skelton laureate, oratoure to kynges most
 royal estate.

SCOTIA redactam formam prouinciaz
 Regis parabit nutibus Angliaz:
 Alioquin (per desertum sin) super cherubim
 Cherubin, seraphim, seraphinque ergo, &c.

UNTO DIVERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS
 RYMING AGAINSTE THE SCOT JEMMY.

I AM now constrayned
 With words nothyng fayned
 This inuective to make. For som people sake
 That lyst for to iangell
 And waywardly to wrangell
 Againste this my makinge
 Their males thereat shakynge
 At it reprehending. And venemously stingyng
 Rebukynge and remordyng
 And nothyng accordyng

Cause they haue none other
 But for that he was bys brother
 Brother vnaturall. Unto our kyng royall
 Against whom he dyd fichte
 Falslye agaynst all ryghte
 Lyke that vntrue rebell
 Falsle Cayne agaynst Abell.

But who so therat pyketh mood
 The tokens are not good
 To be true Englysh blood
 For if they understood
 His traitourly dispyght
 He was a rccrayed knyghte
 A subtil systmatike
 Righte neare an heritike
 Of grace out of the state
 And died excommuniicate

And for he was a kynge
The more shamefull rekenyng
Of hym shoulde men reporte
In earnest and in sporte
He scantlye loueth oure kyng
That grudgeth at this thinge
That caste suche ouerthwartes
Percease haue hollowe hartes.

SI VERITATEM DICO, QUARE NON CREDITIS MIHI.
CHORUS DE DYS CONTRA SCOTTES, CUM OMNI
PROCESSIONALI FESTIVITATE SOLEMPNISAVIT
HOC EPITOMA. XII. DIE SEPTEMBERIS. &c.

SALVE festa dies toto resonabilis ævo
Qua Scottus Iacobus obrutus ense cadit
Barbara Scottorum gens perfida plena malorum
Vincitur ad Norram, uertitur inque fugam
Vasta palus sed campestris (borie memoratur
Brauxion more) scottis terra perosa fuit
Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub montibus altis.
Quæ valide inuadens dissipat angli manus
Millia Scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pinguis humus
Pars animas miseri miseris, misere sub umbras
Pars ruit in foueas, pars subiit latebras
Iam quid agit Iacobus, damnorum germine cretus
Persidus. Ut nemroth lapsus ad ima ruit
Dic modo Scottoram dudum malesane malorum
Rector nunc regeris mortuus ecce iaces
Sic Leo te Rupidus Leo candidus inclitus ursit
Quo Leo in Rubinis ultima fata luis
Anglia duc choreas resonent tua tympana psallas
Da laudes Domino. Da pia vota Deo.

HÆC LAUREATUS SKELTONIS REGINÆ ORATOR
CHORUS DEDIS. &c SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA
CONTRA GALLOS, &c. CANTAUIT SOLEMNITER
HOC ELOGIUM IN PROFESTO DII
IOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

SALVE festa dies toto memorabilis ævo.
Qua rex Henricus Gallico bella premit
Henricus rutilans Octauus hostis in armis
Tir winne gentis inœnia strauit humi
Sceptra Anglorum bello validissimus hector
Francorum gentis colla superba terit
De Cleremount clarus dudum dic galle superbe
Vnde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis?
Discite Francorum gens cetera capta, Britannum
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi
Gloria Cappadocis diuæ miles quæ Mariæ
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gestum
Anglica gens referat semper, ouansque canat
Per Skeltonida laureatum,
Oratorem regium.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOOKE, INTITULED,
WARE THE HAWKE.

Prologus Skeltonidis laureati super Ware the
Hawke.

THIS worke deuised is
For such as do amis
And specially to controule
Suche as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They cannot be excused

By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the daw
To hawke or else to hunte
From the aulter to the funte
With crye vnreuerente
Before the sacramente
Within the holy church boundis
That of our faith, the ground is
That pryest that hawkes so
All grace is farre him fro
He semeth a sismatike
Or else an heritike
For faith in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaynte
Of suche mysadused
Parsons, and disgised
This boke we haue deuised
Compenislye comprised
No good priest to offend
But such dawes to amend
In hope that no man shall
Be miscontent withall.

I shall you make relacion
By waye of apostrofacion
Under supportacion
Of your pacient tolleracion
How I Skelton laureat
Deuised and also wrate
Upon a lewde curate
A parson benefited
But nothing well aduised
He shall be as now names
But he shall not be blameles
Nor he shall not be shameles
For sure he wrought amis
To hawke in my church of Dis
This fonde frantike fauconer
With hys poluted pawtner
As priest vnreuerent
Straight to the sacrament
He made his hawke to fly
With hogrons showte and crye
The hye aulter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke down al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyses and Arons rod
Or that he thence yede
His hawke should pray and fede
Upon a pigeons inawe
The bloude ran downe raw
Upon the aulter stone
The hawke tyred on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chace
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambawdis.

OBSERVATE

His second hawke waxed gerye
And was with flying wery
She had flow in so oft
That on the rude loft
She perked her to rest
The fauconer then was prest,
Came running with a dow
And cryed stow stow stow
But she would not bowe

He then to be sure
 Called her with a lure
 Her meate was very crude
 She had not wel endure
 She was not cleane ensaymed
 She was not wel reclaimed
 But the fawconer unfayned
 Was much more febler brained
 The hawke had no lyst
 To come to his fyst
 She loked as she bad the fronce
 With that he gave her a bounce
 Ful vpon the gorge
 I wyl not fayne nor forge
 The hawke with that clap
 Fell down with euil hap
 The church dores wer sparred
 Fast bolted and barred
 Yet with a prety gin
 I fortuneted to come in
 This rebell to beholde
 Whereof hym I contrould
 But he sayd that he wolde
 Agaynst my mynde and will
 In my churche hawke styll.

CONSIDERATE.

On saint John decollacion
 He hawked on this facion
 Tempore, vesperrarum
 Sed, non secundum Sarum
 But like a marche harum
 His braynes were so parum
 He sayde he would not let
 His houndes for to fet
 To hunte there by lyberte
 In the dispite of me
 And to halowe there the fove
 Downe went my offeryng box
 Boke bel and candell
 Al that he might handell
 Cross staffe, lectrine and banner
 Fel done on this manner.

DELIBERATE.

With troll, citracc and trouy
 They ranged hankin bouy
 My church all about
 Thys fawconer gan shoute
 These be my gospellers
 These be my pistillers
 These be my queristers
 To help me to sinze
 My hawkes to matters ring
 In this priestly giding
 His hawke then flew vpon
 The rode with Mary and John
 Delt he not lyke a fon
 Delt he not lyke a daw
 Or elise is this God:es law
 Decrees or decretals
 Or holy sinodals
 Or elase prouincials
 Thus within the wals
 Of holy churche to deale
 Thns to ringe a peale
 With his hawkes belles
 Doutles suche lusels
 Make the church to be
 In smal auctorite

A curate in speciall
 To snapper and to fall
 Into this open crime
 To loke on this were time

VIGILATE.

But who so that lokes
 In the officials bokes
 Ther her may see and reed
 That this is matter in deed
 How be it mayden meed
 Made them to be agreed
 And so the scribe was feed
 And the Pharasaye
 Than durst nothing say
 But let the matter slip
 And made truth to trip
 And of the spirituall law
 They made but a gew gaw
 And toke it out in drynke
 And this the cause doth shrink
 The church is thus abused
 Reproched and polluted
 Correction hath no place
 And al for lacke of grace

DEPLORATE.

Loke now in Exodi
 And de arca domini
 With regum by and by
 The Bibel wyl not lye
 How the temple was kept
 How the temple was wept
 Where sanguis taurorum
 Aut sanguis vitulorum
 Was offered within the wals
 After ceremonials
 When it was poluted
 Sentence was executed
 By way of expiacion

DIUINITATE.

Then much more by the rote
 Where Christes precious blood
 Daily offred is
 To be poluted this
 And that he wished with all
 That the downes donge downe might
 fall
 into my chalis at mas
 When consecrated was
 The blessed sacrament
 O priest unreverent
 He sayde that he would hunt
 From the altur to the fuit

REFORMATE.

Of no tyrande I rede
 That so farre dyd excede
 Neither yet Dioclesian
 Nor yet Domisian
 Nor yet croked Cacus
 Nor yet dronken Baccus
 Nother Olibrius nor Dionisius
 Nother Phalaris
 Rehersed in valery
 Nor Sardanapall
 Unhappiest of all
 Nor Nero the worst
 Nor Clawdius the curst

Nor yet Egeas
 Nor yet syr Pherumbas
 Notber Zorobabell
 Nor cruell Jesabell
 Nor yet Tarquinius
 Whome Titus Liuius
 In writinge doth enroll
 I have red them poll by poll
 The storye of Aristobel
 And of Constantinobel
 Whiche citey Miscreantes wan
 And slue many a christen man
 Yet the Sowden nor the Turke
 Wrought neuer such a worke
 For to let their hawkes flye
 In the church of Saint Sophy
 With much matter more
 That I kepe in store

PENSITATE.

Then in a tabel playne
 I wrote a verse or twayne
 Whereat he made disdayue
 The pekyshe parsons brayne
 Coulede not reache nor attaine
 What the sentence mente
 He sayde for a croked intent
 The wordes were paruerted
 And this he ouerthwarted
 Of the whiche processe
 Ye maye knowe more expresse
 If it please you to loke
 In the residue of this booke.

HERE AFTER FOLLOWETH THE TABLE.

LOKE on this tabul
 Whether thou art abul
 To rede or to spel
 What these verses tel.

Sicculo luturis est colo bunraaid
 Nixphedras uisaram caniueter tauntantes.
 Raterplas Natanbrianum sudus itaugenus,
 18. 10. 2. 11. 19. 4. 13. 3. 3. 1. tennalet.
 Cartula stet precor hæc vello temeranda petulco
 Hos rapiet numeros non homo sz mala bos.
 Ex parte. Rem carte aduerte aperte, pone
 musam arethusam hauc.

Whereto shoulde I rehers
 The sentence of my vers.
 In them be no scholes
 For braynsicke franticke foles
 Construas hoc, domine Dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.
 Maister Sophista
 Ye simplex, silogista
 The deuelyshe dogmatista
 Your hawke on your lista
 To hawke when your lista
 In ecclesia ista domine caecipisti
 With thy hawke on thy fisty
 Nunquid sic dixist. Nunquid sic fecisti
 Sed vbi hoc legisti
 Aut vnde hoc, doctor Dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.
 Doctor Dialectica
 Where finde you in Ipotetica
 Or in Cathagoria. Latina, siue dorica
 To vse your hawkes, forica
 In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuresorio

Unde hoc, domine Dawcoke.

Ware the hawke.

Saye to me Jacke Haris
 2uare accuparis ad sacramentum altaris
 For no reuens thou spares
 To shake my pygeons federis
 Super arcam federis
 Unde hoc, doctor Dawcocke
 Ware the hawke.

Sir dominus vobiscum par accupium
 Ye made your hawke to cum
 Desuper candelabrum
 Christi crucifixi
 To fede vpon your fistye
 Dic inimice crucis Christi. Ubi didicisti
 Facere hoc, domine Dawcocke
 Ware the hawke.

Apostata Julianus
 Nor yet Nestorianus
 Thou shalt no where rede
 That they dyd such a dede
 To let theyr hawkes fly
 Ad ostium tabernaculi
 In quo est corpus Domini
 Cauē hoc, doctor Dawcocke
 Ware the hawke.

This doutlesse ye raud
 Dis churche ye thus depraud
 Wherefore as I be saued
 Ye are therefore be knaued
 2uare, quia euangelia
 Concha, et conchelia
 Ancipiter, et sonalia
 Cetera, quoque talia
 Tibi sunt equalia
 Unde hoc domine Dawcocke
 Ware the hawke.

Et relis et ralis et reliqualis
 From Granada to Galis
 From Winchelsee to Wales
 Non est brainsicke tales
 Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestia
 That singges with a chalis
 Construas hoc doctor Dawcocke
 Ware the hawke.

Masel witles smery smyth
 Hampar with your hammer vpon thy styth
 And make here of a sickel or a saw
 For though ye live a hundred yere ye shal
 dye a daw
 Vos valetē doctor indiscrete

SKELTONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIUM IOHANNEM
 DECOLLATUM IN CUIUS PROFESTO FIEBAT HOC
 ACCUPIUM.

O MEMORANDA dies qua decolare Iohannes Accu-
 pium facit haud quendam quod fecerit infra eccle-
 siam de dis uiolans sua sacra sacrorum rector de
 Whiphostocke doctor cognomine Daucocke, et
 dominus Wodcocke, probatis. probat hic. probat
 hæc hoc.

Libertas veneranda pils concessa poetis, discendi
 est quecunque placent quecunque iuyabunt te vel
 quecunque valent iustas defendere causas vel
 quecunque valent stolidos mordere petulcos.
 Ergo dabis veniam.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREAT.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To bastye of sentence
To fearse for none offence
To scarce of your expens
To large in negligence
To slacke in recompens
To hawte in excellence
To lighte intelligence
And to lyghte of credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banyshed thence
And also dame Prudence
With sober pacience.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede

Then withoute collusyon
Marke well this conclusion
Thorowe suche abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto greate confusion
A nobell man may fall
And hys honoure appall
That yf ye thinke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
Then the deuill take all

All nobell men of this take hede. &c.

QUOD SKELTON LAUREATE.

Ye may heare now, in this rhyme
How euery thing, must haue a time.

TIME is a thing, that no man may resist
Time is transitory, and irruocable
Who saith the contrary, time passeth as him list
Time must be taken, in season couenable
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thing hath time, who can for it prouide
Bide for time who wil, for time wil no man abide
Tyme to be sad, and time to play and sporte
Time to take rest, by way of recreation
Tyme to study, and time to use comfort
Tyme of pleasure, and time of consolation
Thus time bath his time, of diuers mauer facion
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repast
Tyme to be liberal, and time to make you wast
Tyme to travel, and time fur to rest
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thi peace
Time woulde be used, when time is best
Time to begin, and time for to cease
And when time is, put thy self in prease
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backe
The rotes take their sap, in time of veru
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene
In time of haruest, men their corne shere
In time of winter th: north wind waxeth kene
So bitterly biting, the floures be uot sene
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes bore
That time is, when people must lue upon the store
Quod Skelton laureate.

A PRAYER

TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O RADIANT luminary of light interminable
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might

Of heauen and earth. O Lorde incomperable
Of al perfections the essenciall most perfighte
O Maker of maunkind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth euery
place

Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al arguments of reason, which far doth exceede
Whose deite doutles, is indisuisible
From whom al goodnes, and vertue doth procede
Of thy support, al creatures haue nede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought and dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

TO THE SECONDE PARSONE.

O RENIGNE Jesu, my souerain lorde and kynge
The only sonne of God, by filiaciu
The second parson, without beginning
Both God and man, our faith maketh plain relacion
Mary the mother, by way of incarnaciu
Whose glorious passion, our soules doth reniue
Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy piteous woundes siue

O pereles prynee, paynted to the death
Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo
For my redemption, gauē vp thy vrytal breathe
Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy deadly wo
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruatiue
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes siue.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

O FIRY sentence, inflamed with all grace
Eukyndeling hertes, with brandes charitable
The endless rewarde of pleasure and solace
To the Father, and the Son, thou art communicable
In vnitae, which is inseperable
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against al suggestions deadly, and dampnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropried, the Holy Ghost by
The third parson, one God in Trinite [name
Of perfy loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
O mirroure of mekenes, peace and tranquilitye
My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all storms, of hard aduersitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.
Amen.

Quod Skelton laureate.

Here after foloweth the boke called Elinour
Rumming.

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR
RUMMING.

PER SKELTON LAUREATE.

TELL you I chill
If that ye wyll

A woman who sold ale near Leatherhed in
Surrey. C.

A while be still
Of a comelye gyll
Tbat dwelt on a hyll
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age
For her visage
It woulde asswage
A mannes courage

Her lothelye leare
Is nothyng cleare
But vglye of cheare.
Droupye and drowsye
Scurvy and lowsy
Her face all bowsey
Comelye crinkled
Wonderously wrynkled
Lyke a roste pigges eare
Brystled with here

Her lewde lyppes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a ropye rayne
A gummy glayre
She is vglye fayre
Her nose some dele hoked
And camousye croked
Neuer stoppinge
But ener dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe

Her cryen gowndye
Are full vnsowndy
For they are bled
And she graye beared
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would have pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingured and thumbed
Gently joynted
Gresed and annointed
Up to the knockles
The bones her buckles
Together made faste
Her youtbe is farre paste
Foted lyke a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyl iet
Lyke a iolly set
In her furred socket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene
It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye yeare
And so it dothe appeare
Aud the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wythered lyke haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Uppon the holye daye
When she dothe her araye
And girdeth in her getes
Stitched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vppon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade

Wrythen in a wonder wise
After the Sarazins gise
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim tram
Uppon her brayne panne
Like an Egiptian
Capped aboute
Whan she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She driueth downe the dewe
With a paire of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a gose
With her blauket hose
Her shone smered with talow
Gresed vpon dyrt
That baudeth her skyrt

PRIMUS PASSUS.

And this comelye dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Rumminge
At home in her wounyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certaine stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a tonnishe gyb
The deuell and she be sib.

But to make vp my tale
She brueth nopye ale
And maketh therof poorte sale
To traouellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to swinkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyl nothing spare
But dryncke tyll they stare
And bringe them selfe bare
With now away the marc
And let vs sley care
As wise as an hare

Come who so wil
To Elinour on the hit
With fill the cup fill
And sit there by still
Earelye and late
Thither commeth Kate
Cislye and Sare
With theyr legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnsweete
With their heles dagged
Theyr kyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With titters and tatters
Brynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr mighte runnyng
To Elynoure Rummyng
To haue of her tunning
She leaneth them of the same
And thus begineth the game

Some wenches come vnbrased
Wyth theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foul drabbes
All scurny with scabbes
Some be flye bytten
Some skewed as a kythen

Some with a sho cloute
 Bynde their heades aboute
 Some have no herclace
 Theyr lockes about their face
 Theyr tresses untruste
 All full of vnluste
 Some looke strawrye
 Some cawrye mawrye
 Full untidyge tegges
 Lyke rotten egges
 Such a lewde sorte
 To Elynoure resorte
 From tyde to tyde
 Abyde abyde
 And to you shall be toulde
 Howe her ale is soulde
 To mawte and to molde

SECUNDUS PASSUS

Some have no monye
 That thither comnye
 For their ale to paye
 That is a shrewde aray
 Elinoure swared naye
 Ye shall not beare awaye
 My ale for noughte
 By him that me boughte
 With hey dogge haye
 Have these dogges awaye
 With gette me a staffe
 The swyne eate my draffe
 Strike the hogges with a clubbe
 They haue dronk vp mi swilling tub
 For be there never so much prese
 These swine go the hye dese
 The sowe with her pygges
 The bore his taile wrygges
 Against the hye bench
 With so, ther is a steich
 Gather vp thou wench
 Sest thou not what is fall
 Take vp drit and all
 And beare out of the hal
 God geue it il preuing.
 Clenly as euel cheuing
 But let us turne plain,
 Ther we left againe
 For as ill a patch as that.
 The hens run in the masufat
 For they go to roust
 Straight ouer the ale ioust
 And donge whan it commes
 In the ale tunnes
 Then Elinour taketh.
 The mash bol and shaketh
 The hennes donge away.
 And skommeth it in a tray
 Where as the yest is.
 With her maungy fistis
 And sountime she blens
 The donge of her hennes
 And the ale together.
 And sayth gossip come hither
 This ale shal be thicker
 And floure the more quicker
 For I may tel you
 I learned it of a Jewe
 Whan I began to brew
 And I have founde it trow
 Druke nowe while it is new

And ye may it broke
 It shall make you loke
 Younger than ye be
 Yeres two or thre
 For ye may prove it by me
 Behold she sayd and see
 How bright I am of ble
 Ich am not cast away
 That can my husband saye
 Whan we kysse and playe
 In luste and in likyng
 He colleth me his whiting
 His mullinge and his nittine
 His nobbet and his connye
 His sweting and hys honny
 With basse my prety bonny
 Thou arte worthe good and monny
 This make I my falyre fanny
 Tyll that he dreme and dronnaye
 For after all oure sport
 Than will he rout and snort
 Then swetely together we ly
 As two pygges in a sty.

To cease me smeth best
 And of this tale to reast
 And for to leaue this letter
 Because it is no better
 And because it is no swetter
 We wyl no farther ryme
 Of it, at this time
 But we wyl turne playne
 Where we left agayne.

TERTIUS PASSUS.

Some instede of coine and monny
 Will come and bryng her a conny
 Or else a pot with honni
 Some a knife and some a sponse
 Some bryng their hose, some ther shone
 Some ran a good trot
 With a skyllet or a pot
 Some fyll their pot full
 Of good Lemster woll
 An huswife of truste
 Whan she is a thrust
 Suche a webbe can spyn
 Her thryfte is full thyn
 Some go strayghte thyther
 Be it slaty or slider
 They holde the hye waye
 They care not what men saye
 Be that us be maye
 Some lothe to be espyde
 Some start in at the backe syde
 Ourr the hedze and pale
 And all for the good ale
 Some renne tyll they swete
 Drying with them malt or whete
 And dame Elinoure entreat
 To byrle them of the best
 Than cometh an other gest
 She swered by the rode of rest
 Her lyppea are so drye
 Without drynke she must dye
 Therefore fyll it by and by
 And haue here a pecke of ry
 Anome cometh another
 As drye as the other
 And wyth her dothe bryng
 Mele, salt, or other thing

Her harness girdle, her wedding ringe
To paye for hir scot
As cometh to her lot
Som briugeth her husbandes hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her bis cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flaxe and with tow
With hey aud with howe
Syt we down a rowe
And dryncke tyll we blowe
And pype tiriye tyrlowe

Some layde to pledge
Theyr hatchet and their wedge
Their hekel and their rele
Their rock, their spinning whele
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharrow
Their ribskin and their spindell
Theyr nedel and their thimbell
Here was scante thryfte
Whan they made such shyfte
Their thrust was so great
They asked never for meate
But drinke still drynke
And let the cat winke
Let vs washe oure gomme
From the dry crommes

QUARTUS PASSUS.

Some for very nede
Lay down a skain of threde
And some a skain of yarne
Bothe beanes and pease
Small chaffer dothe ease
Sometime, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brassepan
Her coloure was full wan
She ran in al the haste
Unbrased and vnlaste
Tawnye swart and swallowe
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I swear by all hallowe
It was a stare to take
The deuill in a brake.

And than came haltynge Jone
And broughte a gambone
Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was testye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspy
And bad Elynoure go bet
And fylt in gool meate
It was dere that was farre fet

Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tongue was verry quicke
But she spake somewhat thicke
Her felowe did stammer and stut
But she was a foule slut
For her mouthe fomed
And her bellye groned
Jone saye she had eaten a fyest
By Christe sayde she thou lyst
I haue as swete a breathe
As thou with shamefull deathe
Then Elinour sayd, ye callettes
I shall breake your palettes

Without ye nowe crase
And so was made the dronken peace
That thider came droncken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tidinges in Wales.
And of sainct James in Gales
And of the Portyngales
With lo gossip I wis
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben greate warre
Betwene Temple barre
And the crosse in Cheape
And there came an heape
Of mil stones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Lo here is an olde tippet
And ye wil geuc me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fell in a wyknynge
With a bariye hooe
She pyste wherc she stooe
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wyth a cup
Of new ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But supped it vp at ones
She founde therein no bones

QUINTUS PASSUS.

Now in cometh another rabel
Fyrst one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadel
And there began a fabel
And clatterynge aud a babell
Of foles silly
That had a fole with willy
With iast you, and gup gillye
She coulde not lye stillye
Then came in a genet
And swarc by sainct Bennet
I dranke not this seunet
A draughte to my paye
Elynoure I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pilch of gray
I weare skinnes of conye
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
And broughte a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottel
But she had lost the stoppel
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therwith the hole.

Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A frying pan and a slice
Elynoure made the pryce
For gool ale eche whit.

Than starte in mad Kyt
That had lytle wyt
She semed some deale seke
Aud brought vp a peny cheke

To dame Elinoure
 For a draughte of lycour.
 Than Margery milke ducke
 Her kirtell she did vp tucke
 An ynche aboue her kne
 Her legges that ye might se
 But they were sturdy and stubbled
 Mighty pestels and clubbed
 As fayre and as white
 As the fote of a kite
 She was somewhat foule
 Croke necked lyke an owle
 And yet she broughte her fees
 A cantel of Essex chese
 Was well a fote thicke
 Full of maggottes quicke
 It was huge and greate
 And mightye stronge meate
 For the deuill to eate
 It was tarte and punyete
 Another sorte of sluttis
 Some broughte walnutes
 Some apples, some pearis
 Some brought their clippinge sheres
 Some broughte thys and that
 Some broughte I wote neare what
 Some broughte theyr husbandes hat
 Some podynges and lynkes
 Some tripes that stinkes
 But of all thys thronge
 One came them amonge
 She semed halfe a leche
 And began to preach
 Of the tewesday in the weke
 When the mare doth keke
 Of the vertue of an vnset leke
 Of her husbandes breke
 With the feders of a quaille
 She could to bourde on sayle
 And with good ale barnie
 She could make a charm
 To healpe with all a styche
 She semed to be a wytche
 And another brought two goslings
 That wer noughty froslings
 Some brought them in a wallet
 She was a cumlye callet
 The goslinges were untide
 Elinour began to chide
 They be wrethocke thou haste brout
 They ar shyre shaking nought

SEXTUS PASSUS.

Maud ruggy, thither skipped
 She was vglye hipped
 And vglye thicke lipped
 Like an onion sided
 Like tan ledder hidid
 She had her so guided
 Betwene the cup and the wall
 That she was there with all
 Into a palsey fall
 With that her hed shaken
 And her bandes quaked
 Ones heade wold haue aked
 To se her naked
 She dranke so of the dregges
 The dropsy was in her legges
 Her face glistring lyke glasse
 All foggye fat she was

She had also the goutte
 In all her joyntes aboute
 Her breth was soure and stale
 And smelled all of ale
 Suche a bedfellowe
 Wold make one cast his crow
 But yet for all that
 She drancke on the mashe fat
 There came an olde rybibe
 She halted of a kybe
 And had broken her shyn
 At the threshold cummyng in
 And fell so wyde open
 That one myght se her token
 The deuil there on be wroken
 What nede all this be spoken
 She yelled lyke a calfe
 Ryse vp on God's halfe
 Sayde Elynoure Rummyng
 I be shrew the for thy cummyng
 As she at her did plucke
 Quake, quake, sayde the ducke
 In that lampatrams lap
 With fye, couer the shap
 Wyth sum dip flap
 God geue it yll happe
 Sayde Elynoure for shame
 Lyke an honest dame
 Up she stearte, halfe lame
 And skantlye coulede go
 For payne and for wo

In came another dant
 Wyth a gose and a gaut
 She had a wide wesant
 She was nothyng pleassant
 Nerked lyke an oliphant
 It was a bullifant
 A gredy cormerante
 Another brought her garlik beds
 Another brought her bedes
 Of jet or of coale
 To offer to the ale pole
 Some brought a wimble
 Some brought a thymble
 Some brought a silke lace
 Some brought a pincase
 Some her husbandes gowne
 Some a pillowe of downe
 Some of the napery
 And all this shyfte they make
 For the good ale sake

A straw said bele stande vtter
 For we haue egges and butter
 And of pigeons a payre.

Then sterte forthe a fisgigge
 And she brought a bore pigge
 The flesh thercof was ranke
 And her breath strongly stanke
 Yet or she wente she dranke
 And gate her greate thancke
 Of Elynoure for her ware
 That she thittler bare
 To paye for her share
 Nowe trulye to my thinkynge
 This is solempne drinkyng

SEPTIMUS PASSUS.

Soft quoth one high sibbil
 And let me with you bibbil

She sate downe in the place
With a sorye face
Why wormed about
Garnished was her snoute
With here and there a puscull
Lyke a scabbed muscull
This ale sayde she is noppie
Let us sippe and soppie
And not spil a droppe
For so mote I hoppie
It coleth well my coppie

Dame Elynoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
A cloute of London pinnes
And with that she beginnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swinge up a quart
At ones for her part
Her paunche was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed
Had she not hyed apace
She had defoyled the place

Than began the sport
Amonge that drunken sort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make all thyng cleane
Ye wote well what we meane

But syr amonge all
That sate in that hall
There was a pricke me deintie
Sate lyke a saintye
And began to paintye
As though she wouide fainty
She made it as koy
As a lege demoy
She was not halfe so wise
As she was peuysh nyse
She sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
And called for our dame
Elynoure by name
We supposed I wys
That she rose to pisse
But the verye grounde
Was for to compoude
With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I baue no penny nor grote
To pay sayd she, God wot
For washinge of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Bere them to your chaumber
Then Elynour dyd them hide
Wythin her beddes syde
But some than sat righte sad
That nothyng had
There of theyr one
Neyther gelt nor pawue
Suche were there nienny
That had not a penny
But whan they should walke
Were faync with a chalke
To score on the balke
Or score on the tayle
God geue it yll hayle
For my fyngers ythe
I have written to mych
Of this mad mummyng
Of Elynoure Rummyng

Thus endeth the gest
Of this worthy fest.
2uod Skelton laureat.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIG-
NANTIAM DISTICON.

QUAMVIS insanis, quamvis marcescis inanis
Iuuidi cantamus, hæc loca plena locis

Bien men souieut.

Omnes feminas, quæ vel nimis bibulæ sunt, vel
quæ sordida labe squaloris, aut quam Spurca
feciditatis macula, aut verbosa laquaritate notantur,
poeta inuitat ad audiendum hunc libellum, &c.

Ebria, squalida, sordida fæmina, prodiga verbis
Huc currat, properet veniat sua facta libellus
Iste volutabit: Præan sua plectra sonando
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.

FINIS.

2uod Skelton laureate.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITTE BOKE WHICH
HATH TO NAME,

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT,

Compiled by Mayster Skelton poete laureate.

The refulcent mirror for all prelates and presidents
as well spirituall as temporall sadly to luke
vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hastye of sentence
To feare for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in negligence
To slacke in recompence
To haue in excellence
To lyght intellygence
And to lyght in credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banished thence.
And also dame Prudence
Wyth sober Pacience
All noble men, &c.

Than without collusion
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusion
And by suche illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honoure appall
And yf ye thynke thys shal
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyll take all, &c.

Hæc vates ille, de quo loquuntur in illis.

FOR age is a page
For the court full unmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor basse her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe asswage and refrayne
Than wyll age haue corage
To come to court agayne.

But

Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in arerage
Doth renne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche maye
And wyth suche forage
Hunte the boskage
That hartes wyl runne awaye
Bothe hartes and hundes
With all good mindes
Fare well, than haue good day
Than haue good day adew
For defaute of resew
Some men may happely rew
And theyr heades mew
The time doth faste ensew
That haies begin to brew
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale will be to trew
In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew, &c.

DICKEN, thou crew doutles
For trueley to expresse
There hath be much exces
With banketyng braynesse
With ryoting rechles
With gambaudyng thryftles
With spend, and waste witles
Treating of truce restlesse
Pratyng for peace peablesse
They cuntryng at Cales
Wrangle vs on the wales
Chief counceleur was careles
Gronyng grouching graceles
And to none entent
Our talwod is all brent
Our fagottes are all spent
We may blow at the cote
Our mare hath cast her fole
And Mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do thertoo
An end of an old song
Do right and uo wrong
As right as a rammes horne
For thrift is threde bare worne
Our shepe are shrewdlye shorne
And troutbe is all to torne
Wisdome is laught to scorne
Fauel is false forsworne
Jauel is nobly borne
Hauel and Haruy bafter
Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
We shall heare more hereafter
With polling and shauyng
With borowyng and crauyng
With reuyng and rauyng
With swearing and staruyng
There vayleth no reasonyng
For wil doth rule al thyng
Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
Heruleth alway styl
Good reason and good skyl

They may garlicke pill
Cary sackes to the mil
Or p-scodde they may shil
Or els go roste a stone
There is no man but one
That bath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he doth is right
As right as a cammocke croked
Thys bil wel ouer loket
Clereley perceiue we may
There went the hare awaye
The hare, the fox, the gray,
The hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.

God send vs better lucke, &c.

TWIT Andrew, twit Scot
Get heme, ge scourte thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the pope of Rome
To weaue all in one lomc
A webbe of Lyse wulce
Opus male dulce.
The deuill kyse his cule
For whiles he doth rule
All is warse and warse
The deuill kyse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be muche worse
From Baumberow to Bothambar
We haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
Wyth gup leuel suse
Our mony madly sent
And more madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whether they went?
From Winchely to Rye
And all not worthe a flye
From Wentbridge to Hull
Our army waxeth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a Scot slayne
Yet the good erle of Surray
The French men he doth fraye
Aud vexeth them day by day
With all the power he maye
The Frenchemen he bath fainted
And made their hertes attained
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his succoure
The French men he bath so mated
And their courage abated
That they are but halfe men
Like foxes in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all
Like heons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes
But yet they ouer shoote us
With crownes and with scutus
With scutes and crowns of golde
I drede we are bought and solde
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the cardinals hat
They shoote all at that
Out of their stronge townes
They shote at him with crowacs

With crownes of gold embriased
 They make him so amased
 And his eyen so dased
 That he ne see can
 To know God nor man
 He is set so hye
 In his ierarchy
 Of frantike frenesy
 And folysh fantasy
 That in the chambre of stars
 All matters there he mars
 Clapping his rod on the borde
 No man dare speake a word
 For he hath all the saying
 Without any renyaing
 He rolleth in his recordes
 He saith, how say ye my lordes?
 Is not my reason good
 Good euin good Robin hood
 Some say yes. And some
 Sit still as they were dome
 Thus thwarting ouer thome
 He ruleth al the roste
 With bragging and with boste
 Borne vp on euery syde
 With pompe and with pryde
 With trumpe vp alleluya
 For dame Philargerya
 Hath so his hart in hold
 He loueth nothyng but gold
 And Asmodeus of hel
 Maketh his membres swel
 With Dalyda to Mell
 That wanton damse-ll
 Adew philosophia
 Adew theologia
 Welcome dame Simonia
 With dame Castrimergia
 To drynke and for to eate
 Sweet Ipcoras and swete meate
 To kepe his fleshe chaste
 In Lente for a repaste
 He eateth capons stewed
 Fesaunt, and partriche mewed—
 Spareth neyther mayd ne wyfe
 This is a postels lyfe
 Helas my hart is sory
 To tell of vayne glory
 But now vpon this story
 I wyll no further riue
 Tyll another time

Tyll another time.

WHAT newes what newes
 Small newes that true is
 That be worth two kues
 But at the naked stewes
 I vnderstande howe that
 The sygn of the Cardinal hat
 That inne is now shit vp
 With gup whore gup, nowe gup
 Gup Gilliam Trauillian
 With iast you I say Iulian
 Wyll ye beare no coles
 A many of maresolles
 That occupy their holes
 Full of pocky moles.
 What heare ye of Lancashire
 They were not payd theyr hyre
 They are fell as any fyre

What heare ye of Cheshyre
 They haue layde all in the myre
 They grudge and soyde
 Their wages were not payde
 Some sayde they were afrayde
 Of the Scottishe hoste
 For all their crake and boste
 Wilde fire and thunder
 For all this worldly wonder
 A hundred myle a sunder
 They were whan they were next
 That is a true text

What heare ye of the Scottes
 They make vs all sottes
 Popyng folysh dawes
 They make vs to pyll strawes
 They play their old praukes
 After huntly bankes
 At the streme of Banokes burne
 They did vs a shrewde turne
 Whan Edward of Karnaruan
 Lost all that his father wan

What here ye of the lord Dakers
 He maketh vs lacke rakers
 He sayes we are but crakers
 He calleth vs Engliand men
 Stronge harted lyke an hen
 For the Scottes and he
 To well they do agree
 With do thou for mee
 And I shal do for thee
 Whiles the red hat doth endure
 He maketh himself cocke sure
 The red hat with his lure
 Bryngeth al thinges vnder cure

But as the world nowe goose
 What heare ye of the lord Rose
 Nothyng to purpose
 Not worth a cockly fose
 Their hertes be in their hose
 The erle of Northumberland
 Dare take nothing on hand
 Our barons be so bolde
 Into a mouse hole they wold
 Runne away and creep
 Like a many of sheep
 Dare not loke out a dur
 For drede of the maystife cur
 For drede of the bouchers dog
 Wold wirry them like an hog

For and this curre do gnar
 They must stande all a far
 To holde vp their hand at the bar
 For all their noble bloude
 He pluckes them by the hood
 And shakes them by the care
 And bryng them in suche feare
 He baiteth them lyke a beare
 Lyke an oxe or a bul
 Their wittes he sayth are dul
 He saith they have no bryue
 Their estate to maintaine
 And make to bowe their knee
 Before his maister.

Judges of the kintes lawes
 He countes them foles and dawes
 Sergeautes of the coyfe eke
 He sayeth they are to seke
 In pleating of their case
 At the commune place

T

Or at the Kinges benche
 He wringeth them such a wrenche
 That all our learned men
 Dare not set theyr peine
 To plete a true triall
 Within Westmin-ster hall
 In the Chauncery where he sittes
 But suche as he admittes
 None so hardy to speake

He saith, thou huddy peake
 Thy learning is to lewd
 Thy toung is not well thewde
 To seeke before our grace
 And openly in that place
 He rages and he raues
 And calls them cankerd knaues
 Thus royally he doth deale
 Under the kinges brode seale
 And in the Checker he them checkes
 In the Ster chambre he nods and becks
 Aud beareth him there so stout
 That no man dare rout
 Duke, eale, baron, nor lorde
 But to his sentence mast accorde
 Whether he be knight or squyer
 All men folow his desyre
 What say ye of the Scottish kyng
 That is another thing
 He is but an yonglyng
 A tall worthy striplyng
 Her is a whispring and a whipling
 He should be hither brought
 But and it were well sought
 I trow all will be nought
 Not worth a shittel cocke
 Not worth a soure calstocke

There goeth many a lye
 Of the duke of Albany
 That of should go his head
 And brought in quicke or dead
 And all Scotland oures
 The mountenaunce of two houres

But as some men fayn
 I drede of some false trayn
 Subtly wrought shalbe
 Under a fained treat
 But within monethes three
 Men may happely see
 The trechery, and the pranks
 Of the Scottishe banks

What heare ye of Burgonions
 And the Spanyardes onions?
 They haue slain our Englishmen
 About three score and ten
 For al your amitee
 No better they agree
 God saue my lord! Admirrell

What heare ye of Muttrel?
 There wyth I dare not mel
 Yet what heare ye tell
 Of our graund counsel?
 I could say some what
 But speake ye no more of that
 For drede of the red hat
 Take peper in the nose
 For than thyne head of gose
 Of by the hard arse
 But there is some trauars
 Betwene some and some
 That makes our aire to glum

It is some what wrong
 That his berde is so long
 He morneth in blacke clothing
 I pray God saue the kyng
 Where euer he go or ride
 I pray God be his guide
 Thus will I conclude my stile
 And fall to rest a wbyle

And so to rest a while, &c.

ONCE yet agayn
 Of you I wold fraine
 Why come ye not to courte
 To which court?
 To the kinges court
 Or to Hampton court?
 Nay to the kinges court
 The kynges court
 Should haue the excellence
 But Hampton court
 Hath the preeminence
 And Yorkes place
 With my lordes grace
 To whose magnificence
 Is all the confluence
 Sutes and supplications
 Embassades of all nacions
 Straw for law canon
 Or for the law common
 Or for lawe ciuill
 It shall be as he wyll
 Stop at law tancrete
 An abstract or a concrete
 Be it soure be it sweete
 His wisdom is so discrete
 That in a fume or an hete
 Warden of the Flete
 Set him fast by the fete
 And of his royal poure
 Whan him lyst to loure
 Than haue him to the Toure
 Saunz aulter remedy
 Haue him forth by and by
 To the Marshalsy
 Or to the Kinges benche
 He diggeth so in the trench
 Of the court royall
 That he rugeth them all
 So he dothe vndermynde
 And such sleighes dothe synde
 That the kinges mynde
 By him is subuertet
 And so streately coarted
 In credensing his tales
 That al is but nutshales
 That any other sayth
 He hath in him such faith
 Now, yet al this might be
 Suffred and taken in gree
 If that, that he wrought
 To any good end wer brought
 But all he bryngeth to nought
 But God that me deare bought
 He beareth the king on hand
 That he must pyl his land
 To make his cofers rych
 But he layeth al in the dyche
 And vseth such abuson
 That in the conclusion
 All commeth to confusion

Perceiue the cause whye
 To tell the trouth plainlye
 He is so ambitious
 So shameles, and so vicious
 And so superstitious
 And so much obliuious
 From whens that he came
 That he falleth in Acisiam
 Which truly to expresse
 Is a forgetfulnes
 Or wyful blindnes
 Wherwith the Sodomites
 Lost their inward sightes
 The Gommorians also
 Were brought to deadly wo
 As scripture recordes
 A cecitate cordis
 In the Latyn synge we
 Libera nos Domine
 But this mad Amalecke
 Like to Amamelek
 He regardeth lordes
 No more than pot shordes
 He is in suche elacion
 Of his exaltacion
 And the supportacion
 Of our soueraine lord
 That God to recorde
 He ruleth al at will
 Without reason or skyll
 Howbeit they be prymordiyall
 Of hys wretched originall
 And his base progeny
 And his gresy genealogy
 He came of the sanke roiall
 That was cast out of a bouchers stall.
 But howe euer he was borne
 Men would haue the lesse scorne
 If he could consider
 His byrth and rowme together
 And call to bis mynde
 How noble and how kynde
 To hym he hath founde
 Our souerayne lord, chief ground
 Of all thys prelacy
 And set hym nobly
 In great auctorite
 Out from a low degre
 Which he can not see
 For he was parde
 No doctour of deuinitie
 Nor doctour of the law
 Nor of none other saw
 But a pore maister of arte
 God wot had little part
 Of the quatriuials
 Nor yet of triuials
 Nor of philosophye
 Nor of philology
 Nor of good pollicy
 Nor of astronomy
 Nor acquainted worth a ny
 With honourable Haly
 Nor with royal Ptholomy
 Nor with Albumasar
 To treat of any star
 Fyxt or els mobil
 His Latin tounge doth hobbyl
 He doth but clout and cobbel
 In Tullis facultie
 Called humanitie

Yet proudly he dare pretend
 How no man can bim amend
 But haue ye not heard this
 How an one eyed man is
 Wel sighted, when
 He is amonge blynd men.
 Than our proces for to stable
 This man was ful vnable
 To reche to such degre
 Had not our prince be
 Royall Henry the eyght
 Take him in such conceyte
 That he set him on height
 In exemplyfing
 Great Alexander the king
 In writing as we finde
 Which of his royal minde
 And of his noble pleasur
 Transcending out of measure
 Thought to do a thyng
 That pertaineth to a kyng
 To make vp one of noughth
 And made to him be brought
 A wretched pore man
 Which bis liuing wan
 With planting of leckes
 By the dayes and by the weekes
 And of this pore vassal
 He made a kyng royal
 And gaue him a realme to rule
 That occupied a showel
 A mattoke, and a spade
 Before that he was made
 A kyng, as I haue told
 And ruled as he wold
 Such is a kynges power
 To make within an hower
 And worke such a miracle
 That shalbe a spectacle
 Of renowne and worldly fame
 In likewise now the same
 Cardinall, is promoted
 Yet with lewd conditions hoted
 As hereafter bene noted
 Presumpcion and vain glorie
 Enuy, wrath, and lechery
 Couctes, and gluttony
 Slothful to do good
 Now frantike, now starke wode
 Shuld this man of such mode
 Rule the swerde of myght
 How can he do right
 For he wyll as soone smyght
 His freend, as bis foe
 A prouerbe longe a go
 Set vp ye wretche on hye
 In a trone triumphantly
 Make him a great estate
 And he wil play checke mate
 With royall maistee
 Count hym self as good as he
 A prelate potencially
 To rule vnder Bellyall
 As ferce and as cruell
 As the feende of hel
 His seruantes meniall
 He dothe reuile and brall
 Lyke Mahound in a play
 No man dare him withsaye
 He hath dispyght and scorne
 At them that be wel borne

He rebukes them and rayles
 Ye horsons, ye vassayles
 Ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
 Ye ribands, not worth two plumms
 Ye rainbeaten beggars ragged
 Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged
 With stoupe thou hauel
 Renne thou iauel
 Thou peuish pie pecked
 Thou losel long necked
 Thus daily they be decked
 Taunted and checked
 That they are so wo
 They wot not whether to go.

No man dare come to the speche
 Of this gentel Jacke breche
 Of what estate he be
 Of spiritual dignitie
 Nor duke of hie degree
 Nor marques, earle, nor lord
 Which shrewdly dotb accord
 Thus he borne so base
 All noble men should out face
 His countinaunce lyke a kayser
 My lord is not at layser
 Sir ye must tary a stound
 Tyl better layser be found
 And sir, ye must daunce attendaunce
 And take pacient sufferance
 For my lordes grace
 Hath now no time nor space
 To speake with you, as yet

And thus they shal syt
 Chuse them syt or sit
 Stand, walke, or ride
 And his laiser abide
 Parchaunce half a yere
 And yet neuer the mere

This dangerous dowsipere
 Like a kinges pere
 And within this sixteen yere
 He wold have ben right fayn
 To haue ben a chaplayn
 And haue takn right great pain
 With a pore knight
 What so euer he hight
 The chief of his own counsel
 They can not well tell
 Whan they with him should mel
 He is so fierce and fel
 He rayles and he rates
 He calleth them doddy pates
 He grines and he gapes
 As it were Jacke Napes
 Such a mad Bedlem
 For to rule this realm
 It is a wonderous case
 That the kinges grace
 Is toward him so minded
 And so farre blinded
 That he can not perceiue
 How he doth him disceyue
 I doubt leas by sorsery
 Or such other loselry
 As witch craft, or charming
 For he is the kinges derlyng
 And his sweete hart rote
 And is gouerued by this mad koothe
 For what is a man the better
 For the kynges letter

For he wil tere it a sunder
 Wherat much I wonder
 How such a hody poule
 So boldly dare controule
 And so malapertly withstand
 The kynges owne hand
 And settes not by it a mite
 He sayth the kyng doth wryte
 And wryteth he wot not what
 And yet for all that
 The kyng his clemency
 Despenseth with his demensy

But what his grace doth thinke
 I haue no pen or ynke
 That therwith can mel
 But wel I can tel
 How Franuces Petrarke
 That much noble clerke
 Writeth how Charlemaine
 Could not him self refrayne
 But was rauisht with a rage
 Of a lyke dotage
 But bowe that came aboute
 Rede ye the story out
 And ye shal finde surely
 It was by nicromansy
 By carectes and coniuracion
 Under a certayne constellation
 And a certyne fumigacion
 Under a stone on a gold ryng
 Wrought to Charlemain the kynz
 Whiche constraigned him forcibly
 For to loue a certaine body
 Aboue all other inordinatlye
 This is no fable nor no lie
 At Acon it was brought to pas
 As by mine auctor tried it was
 But let my masters mathematical
 Tel you the rest, for me they shall
 They haue the ful intelligence
 And dare vse the experience
 In there absolute conscience
 To practique such abolecte science
 For I abhor to smatter
 Of one so deullyshe a matter
 But I will make further relacion
 Of this Isagogicall colation
 How master Gaguine the crownicler
 Of the feates of war
 That were done in Franuce
 Maketh remembraunce
 How kyng Lewes of late
 Made up a great estate
 Of a pore wretched man
 Wherof much care began
 Wherof much care began
 Johannes Balua was his name
 Mine auctor writeth the same
 Promoted was he
 To a cardinals dignitie
 By Lewes the kyng aforesayd
 With him so wel apayd
 That he made him hys chaunceler
 To make all, or to mar
 And to rule a^c him liste
 Tyl he checked at the fiste
 And agayne all reason
 Committed open treason
 And against his lord souerain
 Wherefore he suffred pain

Was heded drawn and quarterd
 And dyed stinkyngly martred
 Loe yet for all that
 He ware a cardinals hat
 In him was small fayth
 As mine auctor sayth
 Not for that I meane
 Suche a casuelty should be seene
 Or suche chauce should fal
 Unto our cardinal.
 Almightye God I trust
 Hath for him discuste
 That of force he muste
 Be faythfull, true and iuste
 To oure most royal kynge
 Chief rote of his makyng
 Yet it is a wylde mouse
 That can bylde his dwelling house
 Within the cattes eares
 Withouten drede or feare
 It is a nice reconing
 To put al the gouernyng
 All the rule of this land
 Into one mans hand
 One wise mans bead
 May stand somewhat in stede
 But the wittes of many wyse
 Much better can deuise
 By their circumspection
 And their sad direction
 To cause the commune weale
 Longe to endure in heale
 Christ kepe king Henry the eyght
 From trechery and disceipt
 And graunt him grace to know
 The faucon from the crow
 The wolfe from the lambe
 From whens that maistife came
 Let him neuer confounde
 The gentil greyhound
 Of this matter the ground
 Is easy to expound
 And some may be perceuyed
 How the world is conueyed
 But harke my frend one worde
 In earnest or in borde
 Tel me now in this stede
 Is maister Mewt as dead
 The kinges French secretary
 And his vntrue aduersary
 For he sent in writing
 To Fraunces the French kynge
 Of our masters counsel in euery thing
 That was a perillous rekenyng
 Nay, nay, he is not dead
 But he was so payned in the head
 That he shall neuer eat more bred
 Now he is gone to another stede
 With a bul under lead
 By way of commission
 To a straunge iurisdiction
 Called Diminges Dale
 Farre beyonde Portyngale
 And bath his pasporte to pas
 Ultra sauro matas
 To the deuil syr Sathanas
 To Pluto and syr Bellyal
 The deuils vicare generall
 And to his colledge conuentual
 As wel calodemonial

As to cacademoniall
 To puruey for our cardinall
 A palace pontificall
 To kepe his court prouinciall
 Upon articles iudiciall
 To contend and to striue
 For his prerogatiue
 Within that consistory
 To make sommous peremptorye
 Before some prothouotory
 Imperial or papal
 Upon this matter mysticall
 I haue told you part, but not all
 Here after perchaunce I shall
 Make a large memoriaall
 And a further rehearsall
 And more paper I thinke to blot
 To the court why I came not
 Desiring you about all thing
 To kepe you from laughyng
 Whan ye fall to redyng
 Of this wanton scrowle
 And pray for Mewtas soule
 For he is wel past and gone
 That wold God euery chone
 Of his affinitie
 Were gone as wel as he
 Amen, amen, say ye
 Of your inward charitie.
 Amen.
 Of your inward charitie.

It were greate ruche
 For writinge of truthe
 Auye manne shoulde be
 In perplexitie
 Of displeasure
 For I make you sure
 Where trowth is abhord
 It is a playne recorde
 That there wantes grace
 In whose place
 Dothe occupye
 Full vngraciously
 Fals flattery
 Fals trechery
 Fals bryberye
 Subtyle Sym Sly
 Witth mad folye
 For who can best lye
 He is best set by
 Thau farewell to thee
 Welthfull felicitiee
 For prosperitie
 Awaye than wyl flee
 Than muste we agree
 With pouertye
 For misery
 With penurye
 Miscrably
 And wrothedly
 Hathe made Askry
 And oute crye
 Folowyng the chase
 To dryue away grace
 Yet sayest thou percase
 We can lacke no grace
 For my lordes grace
 And my ladyes grace
 With trey deuse ase

And ase in the face
 Some haute and some bace
 Some daunce the trace
 Euer in ome case
 Marke me that chace
 In the tennis play
 For sinke quater trey
 Is a tal man
 He rob, but we ran
 Hay the gye and the gan
 The graye goose is no swan
 The waters were wan
 And beggers they ban
 And they cursed Datan
 De tribu Dan
 That this worke began
 Palam et clam
 With Balak aud Balam
 The golden ram
 Of Flemmyng dam
 Sem, Japheth, or Cam?
 But how come to pas
 Your cupboorde that was
 Is turned to glasse
 From siluer to brasse
 From golde to pewter
 Or els to a newter
 To copper, to tyn
 To leade, or alumyn
 A goldmyth your mayre
 But the chefe of your fayre
 Might stand now by potters
 And suche as sel trotters
 Pytchars and potshordes
 This shrewdly accordes
 To be a cupborde for lordes
 My lord now and sir knyghte
 Good euen and good nyghte
 For now sir Tristram
 Ye muste weare buckram
 Or Canuas of Cane
 For silkes or wane
 Our royals that shone
 Our nobles are gone
 Amonge the Burgonions
 And Spanyardes onyons
 And the Flanderkyngs
 Gyl sweates and Cate spinnes
 They are happy that wynnes
 But Englande may well say
 Fye on this winnyng away
 Now nothing, but pay pay
 With laughte and lay downe
 Borough, citie and towne
 Good springe of Lanam
 Muste counte what became
 Of his clothe makyng
 He is at such takyng
 Though his purse wax dul
 He must tax for his wil
 By nature of a new writ
 My lordes grace nameth it
 A quia non satisfait
 In the spight of his teeth
 He must pay agayne
 A thousand or twayn
 Of his gold in store
 And yet he payde before
 And hundred pound and more
 Which pincheth hym sore

My lordes grace wil bryng
 Downe thys hye spryng
 And bryngte it so lowe
 It shal not euer flow
 Suche a prelate I trow
 Were worthy to row
 Thorow the streytes Marocke
 To the gybbet of Baldock
 He wold dry vp the streames
 Of nine kynges realme
 Al riuers and wels
 Al waters that swels
 For with vs he so mels
 That within England dwels
 I would he were somwhere els
 For els by and by
 He will drinke vs so dry
 And sucke vs so nye
 That men shall scantly
 Haue penny or halpenny
 God saue hya noble grace
 And graunt him a place
 Endlesse to dwel
 With the deuill of hel
 For and he were there
 We need neuer feare
 Of the feendes blacke
 For I vndertake
 He wold so brag and crake
 That he wold than make
 The deuils to quake
 To shudder and to shake
 Lyke a fier drake
 And with a cole rake
 Bruse them on a brake
 And binde them to a stake
 And set hel on fyre
 At his owne desire
 He is such a grym syre
 And such a potestolate
 And suche a potestate
 That he wold breke the braynes
 Of Lucifer in his chaines
 And rule them eche one
 In Lucifers trone
 I would he were gone
 For amonge vs is none
 That ruleth, but he alone
 With oute all good reason
 And all oute of season
 For Folam Peason
 With him be not geson
 They grow very ranke
 Upon euery bauke
 Of his herbers greene
 With my lady bright and sheene
 On their game it is seen
 They play not al cleen
 And it be as I weene
 But as touching discretion
 With sober direction
 He kepeth them in subiection
 They can haue no protection
 To rule nor to guide
 But all must be tryde
 And abide the correction
 Of him with ful affection
 For as for wytte
 The deuill speed whitte

But brainsicke and braynesse
 Witles and reachlesse
 Careles and shamelesse
 Thriftles and gracelesse
 Togither are bended
 And so condiscended
 That the commune welth
 Shal neuer haue good helth
 But tattered and tugged
 Ragged, and rugged
 Shauen and shorne
 And all threde bare worne
 Such gredines
 Such nedines
 Miserablenes
 With wretchednes
 Hath brought in distres
 And much heauines
 And great dolour
 England the flour
 Of relucen honour
 In old commemoracion
 Most royal English nacion
 Now all is out of facion
 Almost in desolacion
 I speake by protestacion
 God of his miseracion
 Send better reformation
 Lo, for to do shamefully
 He iudgeth it no foly
 But to write of his shame
 He saythe we are to blame
 What a frensi is this
 No shame to do amys
 And yet he is a shamed
 To be shamefully named
 And oft prechours be blamed
 Bycause they haue proclaimed
 His madnes by writing
 His simplenes resiting
 Remording and biting
 With chiding and with siting
 Shewyng him Goddes laws
 He calleth the preachers dawes.
 And of holy scriptures sawes
 He counteth them for gigawes
 And putteth them to scilence
 And with wordes of violence
 Like Pharao, void of grace
 Did Moyses sore manase
 And Arou sore he thret
 The word of God to let
 This Maumet in likewise
 Against the church doth rise
 The prechoure he deth dispise
 With crakyng in such wise
 So bragging all with bost
 That no prechour almost
 Dare speake for hys lyfe
 Of lordes grace, nor his wyfe
 For he hath such a bul
 He may take whome he wul
 And as many as him likes
 May eat pigges in Lent for pykes
 After the sectes of heretikes
 For in Lent he wil eate
 Al maner of fleshe mcate
 That he can any where geat
 With other abusions greate
 Whereof to trete
 It wold make the deull to swete

For all priuiledged places
 He brekes and defaces
 All places of religion
 He hath them in derision
 And maketh such prouision
 To driue them at diuision
 And finally in conclusion
 To bring them to confusion
 Sainet Albons to recorde
 Wherof this vngracions lorde
 Hath made him self abbot
 Against their willes god wot
 Al this he doth deale
 Vnder strength of the great seall
 And by his legacy
 Which madly he doth applye
 Unto an extrauagancye
 Pyked out all good law
 With reasons that ben raw
 Yet when he toke first his hat
 He said he knew what was what
 Al justice he pretended
 Al thinges should be amended
 Al wronges he wold redress
 Al iniuries he wold repres
 Al periuries he wold oppresse
 And yet this graceles elfe
 He is perinred himseife
 As plainlye it dothe appere
 Who list to enquire
 In the registry
 Of my lord of Cantorbury
 To whome he was professed
 In thre pointes expressed
 The first to do him reuerence
 The second to owe him obedience
 The third with whole affection
 To be vnder his subiection
 But now he maketh obiection
 Under the protection
 Of the kinges great seale
 That he setteth neuer a deale
 By his former othe
 Whether God be pleased or wroth
 He maketh so proud pretence
 That in his equipolens
 He iudgeth him equiualent
 With God omnipotent
 But yet beware the rod
 And the stroke of God
 The apostel Peter
 Had a pore miter
 And a pore cope
 When he was create pope
 Fyrst in Antioche
 He did neuer approche
 Of Rome to the see
 Wyth suche dignitie
 Sainet Dunstan what was he
 Nothing he saieth lyke to me
 There is a diuersitie
 Betwene him and me
 We passe hym in degre
 As legatus a latere
 Ecce sacerdos magnus
 That wyll hed vs and hange vs
 And straightly strangle vs
 That he maye fang vs
 Decree and decretall
 Constitucion prouinciall

Nor nol awe canonieall
 Shal let the preest pontificall
 To sit in causa sanguinis
 Now God amende that is amis
 For I suppose that he is
 Of Jeremy the whisking rod
 The flayle, the scourge
 Of almighty God
 This Naman Sirus
 So fel and so irous
 So ful of melancholy
 With a flap before his eye
 Men wene that he is pocky
 Or els his surgions they lye
 For as far as they can spy
 By the craft of surgery
 It is manus Domini
 And yet this proud Antiochus
 He is so ambitious
 So elate, and so vicious
 And so cruel harted
 That he will not be conuerted
 For he setteth God a parte
 He is now so overthwart
 And so payned with panges
 That al his trust hanges
 In Balthosor, which healed
 Domingos nose, that was whiled
 That Lumberdes nose meau l
 That standeth yet awry
 It was not healed alderbest
 It staudeth somewhat on the west
 I meane: Domingo Lomelyn
 That was wonte to win
 Muche mouy of the kyng
 At the cardes and haserding
 Balthosor that healed Domingos pose
 From the puskilde pocky pose
 Now with his gummes of Araby
 Hath promised to hele our cardinals eie
 Yet some surgions put a dout
 Lest he will put it clean out
 And make hym lame of his nether limbs
 God send hym sorow for his sinnes
 Sum men might aske a question
 By whose suggestion
 I toke on hand this warke
 Thus boldly for to barke
 And men liste to harke
 And my wordes marke
 I wyl answere lyke a clerke
 For truly and vnfayned
 I am forebly constrained
 At Juuina's request
 To wryght of this glorious gest
 Of this vaine glorious beast
 His fame to be increast
 At every solempne feast
 Quia difficile est
 Satiram non scribere?
 Now master doctour, how sayc ye
 What so euer your name be
 What though ye be namelesse
 Ye shall not escape blamelesse
 Nor yet shal scape shamelesse
 Mayster doctor in your degre
 Your self madly ye ouer see
 Blame Juuinall and blame not me
 Maister doctour diricum
 Omne animi vicium, &c.

As Juuinall doth record
 A sma'll defeaute in a great lorde
 A lytle crype in a greate estate
 Is muche more inordinate
 And more horrible to beholde
 Than any other a thousand fold
 Ye put to blame ye wot nere whome
 Ye may weare a cockes coome
 Your fond hed in your furred hood
 Hold ye your tounge ye can no good
 And at more conuenient time
 I may fortune for rime
 Somwhat of your madnesse
 For small is your sadnesse
 To put any man in lacke
 And say yll behynde hys backe
 And my wordes marke trulye
 That ye cannot byde thereby
 For Smegma non est sinomomum
 But de absentibus nil nisi bonum
 Complaine or do what ye will
 Of your complaint it shal not skill
 This is the teour of my bil
 A daucocke ye be, and so shalbe still
 Sequitur epitoma
 De morbiloso Thoma
 Nec unum obscuro
 De Poliphemo, &c.

PORRO perbelle dissimulatum
 Iulum Pandulphum tantum legatum
 Tam formidatum nuper prelatum
 Naman Syrum nunc longatum
 In solitudine jam commoratum
 Neapolitano morbo gravatum
 Malagmate, cataplasmati statum
 Pharmacopola ferro foratum
 Nihilo magis alleviatum
 Nihilo melius aut medicatum
 Relictis famulis ad famulatum
 Quod tollatur infamia
 Sed major patet insania
 Amodo ergo Ganea
 Abhorreat ille Ganeus
 Dominus male Cretecus
 Aptius Dictus Tetricus
 Phanaticus freneticus
 Graphicus sicut Metricus
 Autumat.

HOC genus dictaminis
 Non egit examinis
 In centiloquio nec centimetro
 Honorati Grammatici Mauri.
 Decasticon virulentum in galeratum,
 Licaonta marinum, &c.
 Proh dolor, ecce maris lupus &
 nequissimus, ursus
 Carnificis vitulus Britonumque
 bubulcus iniquus
 Conflatus, vitulus, vel Orb vel
 Salmata, vel Zeb.
 Garduus, & crudelis Asaph qui
 Datan reprobatus
 Elaudus & Achitophel, regis
 scelus omne Britannum
 Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
 Confundit ubique
 Non sacer iste, Thomas
 Sed duro corde, Goleas
 Quem gestat Malus

sathane caret (obsecro culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
hunc versus lege cautum
Asperius nihil est misero

Apostropha ad Londini cives (citando mulum
asino aureo galerato) in occursum asini, &c.

EXCITAT asinus multum mirabile, visu
Calcibus O vestro cives occurite Asello
Qui regnum regemque regit qui vestra gubernat
Predia, divitias, nummos, gasas, spoliando.

Dixit alludens, immo illudens perodoxam de
asino aureo galerato. xxxiii.

Hec vatis ille, de quo loquuntur mille.

FINIS.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITTLE BOKE CALLED
COLYN CLOUT,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON POET LAU-
REATE.

Quis consorgat mecum adversus malignantes? aut
quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniqui-
tatem? Nemo domine.

WHAT can it availe
To dryue forth a snyale
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges taile
To ryme or to rayle
To write or to indyte
Eyther for delite
Or els for despite
Or bookes to compile
Of diuers maner of style
Vyce to reuile
And sinne to exyle
To teache or to preche
As reason wyll reach
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat
He wotteth nauer what
Nor wherof he speaketh
He cryeth and he creaketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters
He meddes and he smatters
He gloses and he flatters
Or if he speake plaine
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole
Let him go to scoole
A three footed stole
That he may downe syt
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede
The deuyl they say is dead
The deuill is dead,

It may wel so be
Or els they wold see
Otherwise and fice
From worldly vanitie
And soule covetousnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falsenesse

Varyablenesse

With vnstabilenesse

And if ye stand i dout
Who brought this ryme about
My nome is Colyn Clout
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely bagge
For though my ryme be ragged
Tattered and iagged
Rudely rayne beaten
Rusty and moothe eaten
If ye talke well therewith
It hath in it some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
For the temporalty
Accuseth the spiritualty
The spiritual agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon temporall men
Thus eche of other bletcher
The tone against the tother
Alas they make me shoder
For iu hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The prelates ben so haut
They say and loke so hie
As though they wold fye
About the sterry sky
Lay men say indede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to fede
But plucke away and pul
The feces of their wull
Unnethes they leve a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for theyr connyng
A glumming and a mummyng
And make therof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
Al to have promocioun
There is their whole deuocioun
With money, if it will hap
To rath the forked cap
Forsoth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd
What trow ye they say more
Of the byshoppes lore
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herke Jacke and Gyl
When they put vp a bil
And judge it as they will
For other mens skill
Expounding out their clauses
And leaue their owne causes
In their principal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But ire and venire
And sol fa, so aaimire
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire
In their jurisdictions
Through temporall afflictions
Men say they haue prescriptions
Against the spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions

And whiles the heades doe this
 The remnaunt is amis
 Of the clergy all
 Both great and small
 I wot neuer how they warke
 But thus the people carke
 And surely thus they say
 Bysshoppes if they may
 Sinal houses wold kepe
 But slumbre forth and slepe
 And assay to crepe
 Within the noble walles
 Of the kinges halles
 To fat their bodies full
 Their soules lame and dul
 And haue ful litle care
 How cuil their shepe fare
 The temporality say plain
 How bishoppes disdain
 Sermons for to make
 Or such labour to take
 And for to say trouth
 A great part is ful slouth
 But the greatest part
 Is for they haue but smal art
 And right sclender cunningg
 Within their heades winningg
 But this reason they take
 How they are able to make
 With their gold and treasure
 Clerkes out of measure
 And yet that is a pleasure
 How be it some there bee
 Almost two or three
 Of that dignity
 Full worshipful Clerkes
 As appeareth by their werkes
 Like Aaron and Ure
 The wolfe from the dore
 To wary and to kepe
 From their gostly shepe
 And their spiritual lammes
 Sequestred from rammes
 And from the herded gotes
 With their hery cotes
 Set nought by gold ne grottes
 Their names if I durst tel.
 But they are lothe to mel
 And lothe to hang the bel
 About the cattes necke
 For dred to haue a checke
 They are fain to play, cruz deck
 How he it they are good men
 Much harted lyke an hen
 Their lessons forgotten they haue
 That Becket them gaue
 Thomas manum mittit ad fortia
 Spernit damna spernit opprobria
 Nulla Thomam frangit injuria
 But now euery spirituall father
 Men say they had rather
 Spende muche of their share
 Than to be combed with care
 Spende, nay but spare
 For let see who that dare
 Shoe the mockish mare
 They make her wuch and kicke
 But it is not worthe a leeke
 Boldnesse is to seeke

The churche for to defende
 Take me as I intende
 For lothe I am to offende
 In thys that I haue pende
 I tell you as men say
 Amend when ye may
 For usque ad montem fare
 Men say ye cannot appare
 For some say ye hunt in parkes
 And hanke on hobby larkes
 And other wanton warkes
 When the night darkes.
 What hath laymen to doe
 The gray gosse for to shoe
 Lyke houndes of hell
 They cry and they yell
 How that ye sell
 The grace of the Holy Gost
 Thus they make their best
 Through euery cost
 How some of you do eat
 In Lenton season flesh meat
 Fesauntea patriche and cranes
 Men call you therfore prophanes
 Ye picke no shrympes nor pranes
 Saltfish, stockfish nor herring
 It is not for your wearing
 Nor in holy Lenton season
 Ye wil neither beanes ne peason
 But ye looke to be let loose
 To a pygge or to a goose
 Your george not endowed
 Without a capon stewed
 Or a stewed cocke
 Under her surfled smocke
 And her wanton wodcocke
 And how when ye geue orders
 In your prouincial borders
 As insipientes
 Some are insufficientes
 Some parum sapientes
 Some nihil intelligentes
 Some valde negligentes
 Some nullum sensum habentes
 But bestially and vntaught
 But whan they haue once caught
 Dominus vobiscum by the hed
 Than renne they in euere stede
 God wot with dronken nolles
 Yet take they cures of soules
 And woteth neuer what they rode
 Pater noster nor Crede
 Construe not worth a whistle
 Nether Gospel nor Pistle
 Theyr Mattins madly sayde
 Nothing deuoutly praid
 Their learning is so small
 Their prymes and houres fal
 And tepe out of their lippes
 Lyke sawdust or dry chippes
 I speake not now of al
 But the moste parte in general
 Of suche vagabundus
 Spraketh totus mundus
 How some syng let abundus
 At euery ale stake
 With welcome hake and make
 By the bread that God brake
 I am sorry for your sake

I speake not of the god wif
 But of their apostles lyfe
 Cum ipsis uel illis
 Qui manent in villis
 Est uxor uel ancilla
 Welcome Jacke and Gilla
 My pretie Petronylla
 And you wil be stilla
 You shall haue your wylla
 Of such pater noster pekes
 All the worlde speakes.

In you the faut is supposed
 For that they are not apposed
 By iust examinacion
 By conning and conuersation
 They haue none instruction
 To make a true construction
 A priest without a letter
 Without his vertue be greater
 Duntlesse were much better
 Upon him for to take
 A mattocke or a rake
 Alas for very shame
 Some can not declyne their name
 Some cannot scarsly rede
 And yet will not drede
 For to kepe a cure,
 And in nothing is sure
 This domine vobiscum
 As wy:e a Tom a thrum
 A cbaplayne of truste
 Layth all in the dust

Thus I Colin Clout
 As I go about
 And wandryng as I walke
 I heare the people talke
 Men say for syuer and golde
 Miters are bought and sold
 There shall no clergy appose
 A myster nor a crosse
 But a full purse

A straw for Goddes curse
 What are they the worse
 For a simoniacke,
 Is hnt a hermoniacke
 And no more ye make
 Of symony men say
 But a childes play

Ouer this the forsayd laye
 Report how the pope maye
 A holy anker call
 Out of the stony wall
 And hym a bysshopp make
 If he on him dare take
 To kepe so hard a rule
 To ryde vpon a mule
 Wyth golde all be trapped
 In purple and paule be lapped
 Some hatted and some capped
 Rycheley be wrapped
 God wot to theyr great paynes
 In rotchettes of fine raynes
 Whyte as morowes mylke
 Their tabertes of fine silke
 Their stirops of mixt golde begarded
 Their may no cost be spared
 Their moyles golde doth eate
 Theyr neighbours dye for meat.
 What care they though Gill sweat

Of Jacke of the Noke
 The porc people they yoke
 With sommons and citacions
 And excommunications
 Aboute churches and market
 The hysbop on his carpet
 At home full soft doth syt
 This is a fearful fynt
 To heare the people iangle
 Now warelly they wrangle
 Alas why do ye not handle
 And them all mangie
 Full falsly on you they lye
 And shamefully you ascry
 And say as vnruly
 As the butter fly
 A man might say in mocke
 Ware the wethercocke
 Of thee steple of Poules,
 And thus they hurt their soules
 In sclauderyng you for truth
 Alas it is great ruthe
 Some say ye sit in trones
 Like prynces aquilonis
 And shryne your rotten bones
 With pearles and precious stones
 But how the commons groues
 And the people moues
 For preestes and for lones
 Lent and neuer payde
 But from day to day delaid
 The commune welth decayd
 Men say ye are tunge tayde
 And therof speake nothing
 But dissimuling and glosing
 Wherefore men be supposing
 That ye geue shrewd counsel
 Against the commune wel
 By polling and pillage
 In cities and village
 By taxyng and tollage
 Ye haue monks to haue the culerage
 For coueryng of an old cottage
 That committed is a collage
 In the charter of dottage
 Tenure par service de sottage
 And not par service de socage
 After old segnyours
 And the learning of Littleton tenours
 Ye haue so ouertbwarted
 That good lawes are subuerted
 And good reason peruerted
 Religious men are fayne
 For to turne agayne
 In secula seculorum
 And to for-ake their corum
 And vagabundare per forum
 And take a fyne meritorium
 Contra regulam morum
 Aut blacke monacorum
 Aut canonicorum
 Aut Bernardinorum
 Aut crucifixorum
 And to synge from place to place
 Lyke apotataas
 And the selfe some game
 Begon and now with shame
 Amongest the sely nunes
 My lady oow she runnes

Dame Sybly our abbesse
 Dame Dorotbo and lady Besse
 Dame Sare our pryoresse
 Out of theyr cloyster and quere
 With an heuye cheere
 Must cast vp their blacke vayles—
 What Colin there thou shailes
 Yet thus with yll hayles
 The lay fee people rayles
 And all they layc
 Ou you prelates and say
 Ye do wrong and no righte
 To put them thus to flight
 No Matins at midnight
 Boke and chalis gone quite
 Plucke away the leades
 Ouer theyr heades
 And sel away theyr beis
 And al that they haue els
 Thus the people tels
 Kayles lyke rebels
 Rede shrewdly and spels
 And wyth foundations mels
 And talke lyke titiuelles
 How ye breake the deades willes
 Turne monasteris into water millis
 Of an abbey ye make a graunge
 Your workes they say are straunge
 So that theyr founders soules
 Haue lost theyr beade roules
 The mony for theyr masses
 Spent among wanton lasses
 The Diriges are forgotten
 Their founders lye there rotten
 But where theyr soules dwel
 Therwith I wil not mel
 What could the Turke do more
 Wyth all bys false lore
 Turke, Sarazen or Jew
 I report me to you
 O merciful Jesu
 You support and rescite
 My stile for to directe
 It may take some effect
 For I abhorre to wryte
 How the lay fee despite
 You prelates that of ryght
 Should be lauternes of light
 Ye lue they say in delyte
 Drowned in deliciis
 In gloria et diuiciis
 Into honorable honore
 In gloria et splendore
 Fulgurantes haste
 Videntes parum caste
 Yet swete meat bath soure sauce
 For after gloria laus
 Christ by crueltie
 Was nayled vpon a tree
 He payed a bitter pencion
 For mans redemption
 He dranke eisel and gall
 To redeme vs withall
 But swete Ipcras ye drynke
 With let the cat winke
 Ich wot what eche other thynk
 How be it per assimule
 Some men thinke that ye
 Shall haue penaltie
 For your iniquity

Note what I say
 And beare it wel awaye
 If it please not the ologys
 It is good for astrologis
 For Ptholme told me
 The Sunne somtime to bee
 In Ariete
 Ascendent a degree
 What Scorpion descending
 Was so then pretending
 All fatal for one
 That shall sit on a trone
 And rule all things alone
 Your teeth whet on this bone
 Amongst you euery chone
 And let Collyn Clout haue none
 Maner of cause to mone
 Lay salve to your own sore
 For els as I sayd before
 After gloria laus
 May come a soure sauce
 Sory therfore am I
 But trowth can neuer lye
 With language thus poluted
 Holy church is bruted
 And shamefully confuted
 My pen now wyll I sharpe
 And wrest vp my harpe
 With sharpe twinking trebels
 Agaynst al such rebels
 That labour to confound
 And bring the church to the ground
 As ye may daily see
 Howe the laye fee
 Of one affinitee
 Consente and agree
 Agaynst the church to be
 And the dignitee
 Of the byshoppes fee
 And eyther ye be to bad
 Or els they are mad
 Of this to report
 But vnder your supporte,
 Tyll my dying day
 I shall bothe wryte and say
 And ye shall do the same
 How they are to blame
 You thus to diffame
 For it maketh me sad
 How that the people are glade
 The church to depraue
 And some there are that raue
 Presuming on their wit
 Whan there is neuer a whit
 To maintaine argumentes
 Against the sacramentes
 Some make epilogation
 Of highe predestination
 And of residenation
 They make interpretation
 Of an awquard facion
 And of the prescience
 Of diuine essence
 And what ipostats
 Of Christes manhode is
 Such logike meu wyl chop
 And in their fury hope
 Whan the good ale sop
 Dothe daunce in their fore top
 Both women and men
 Such ye may wel know and ken

That agayn presthode
 Their malice spred abrode
 Railing hainously
 And dislainously
 Of priestly dignities
 But their malignities
 And some haue a smarke
 Of Luthers sacke
 And a brenning sparke
 Of Luthers warke
 And are somewhat suspect
 In Luthers sect
 And some of them barke
 Clatter and carpe
 Of that heresy art
 Called Wicleuista
 The deuclishe dogmatista
 And some be Hus-ians
 And some bee Arrians
 And some be Pollegians
 And make much varians
 Betwene the clergy
 And the temporality
 How the church hath to mickel
 And they haue to litel
 And bring him in materialities
 And qualified qualities
 Of pluralities
 Of tryalities
 And of tot quottes
 They commune like Scottes
 As commeth to their lottes
 Of prebendaries and deanes
 How some of them gleanes
 And gathered up the store
 For to catch more and more
 Of persons and vicaries
 They make many outryes
 They cannot kepe theyr wiuies
 From them for theyr lyues
 And thus the losels striues
 And lewdly says by Christ
 Agaynste the sely priest
 Alas and wel awaye
 What ayles theym thus to saye
 They mought be better aduised
 Then to be disgised
 But they haue enterprysed
 And shamefullye surmised
 How prelacy is sold and bought
 And come vp of nought
 And where the prelates be
 Come of low degre
 And set in maiesty
 And spirituall dignity
 Farwel benignity
 Farwell simplicitye
 Farwel humilitey
 Farwel good charity
 Ye are so puffed wyth pryde
 That no man may abide
 Your high and lordly lokes
 Ye cast up then your bokes
 And vertue is forgotten
 For then ye wyl be wroken
 Of euery light quarel
 And cal a lord a iauel
 A knight a knaue to make
 Ye boste, ye face, ye crake
 And vpon you take

To rule king and kayser
 And if you maye haue layser
 Ye bryng all to nought
 And that is all your thought
 For the lordes temporall
 Their rule is very small
 Almost nothing at all
 Men say how ye appal
 The noble bloud royal
 In earnest and in game
 Ye are the lesse to blame
 For lordes of noble bloude
 If they wel understand
 How conning might them aunce
 They would pype yow another daunce
 But noble men borne
 To learne they haue scorene
 But hunt and blowe an borne
 Leape over lakes and dikes
 Set nothing by politikes
 Therefore ye kepe them base
 And mocke them to their face
 This is a petious case
 To you that ouer the wheele
 Lordes must couch and knele
 And breake theyr hose at the knee
 As daily men may see
 And to remembraunce call
 Fortune so turneth the ball
 And ruleth so ouer all
 That honour hath a great fall.
 Shal I tel you more, ye shal
 I am loth to tel all
 But the communalty ye call
 Idols of Babilon
 De terra Zabulon
 De terra Neptalym
 For you lore to go trim
 Brought vp of poore estate
 Wyth pryde inordinate
 Sodaynly vpstarte
 From the dong cart
 The mattockes and the shule
 To reynge and to rule
 And haue no grace to thynke
 How they were wont to drynke
 Of a lether bottell
 With a knaush stoppel
 Whan mamockes was your meate
 With mould bread to eat
 Ye would none other geate
 To chew and to gnaw
 To fil therwith your maw
 Lodged in the strawe
 Couching your drousy heades
 Somtime in lousy beddes
 Alas this is out of minde
 Ye grow now out of kynde
 Many one haue but windle
 And make the commons blinde
 But qui se existimat stare
 Let him wel beware
 Least that his fote slip
 And haue such a trip
 And falle in such decay
 That all the world myght say
 Come down on the diuels way
 Yet ouer all that
 Of byshops they chat
 That though ye ronnad your heare
 An ynche about your care

And aures patentis
 And parum intendencis
 And your coursers be trapped
 Your cares they be stopped
 For maister adulator
 And doctour assentator
 And blandior blandiris
 With mentor mentiris
 They folow your desyres
 That ye can not espie
 And so they blere your eye
 How the male doth wrye

Alas for Gods will
 Whye sytte yc prelates styl
 And suffer all this yll
 Ye bishoppe of estates
 Shoude open the brode gates
 For your spiritual charge
 And confort at large
 Like lanternes of light
 In the peoples sighte
 In pulpettes antentike
 For the wele publike
 Of priesthod in this case
 And always to chase
 Suche manner of sismatikis
 And halfe heretikes
 That wold intoxicate
 That wold conquinat
 That wold contaminate
 And that wold violate
 And that wold derogate
 And that wold abrogate
 The church is high estate
 After this manner rates
 The whyche shoude be
 Bothe franke and free
 And haue their liberty
 And of antiquity
 It was ratefyed
 And also gratefyed
 By holy sinodals
 And buls papals
 As it is res certa
 Conteygned in Magna Carta.

But maister Damian
 Or some other man
 That clerkely is, and can
 Wel scripture expound
 And textes grounde.
 His benefice worth ten pound
 Or skant worth twenty marke
 And yet a noble clerke
 He must do this werke
 As I know a part
 Some maysters of art
 Some doctours of law
 Some learned in other saw
 As in diuinitie
 That hath no dignitie
 But the pore degree
 Of the vniuersitie
 Or elsse frere Fredericke
 Or els frere Dominike
 Or frere Hugulius
 Or frere Agustinus
 Or frere Carmelus
 That gostly can heale vs
 Or elsse if we maye
 Get a frere Graye

Or elsse of the order
 Uppon Grenewiche border
 Called obseruaunce
 And a frere of Fraunce
 Or elsse the pore Scot
 It muste come to his lot
 To shote forth his shot
 Or of Babuell beside Bery
 To postell vpon a kyrry
 That woude it shoude be noted
 How scripture should be coted
 And so clerke promoted
 And yet the frere doted

Men say
 But your auctority
 And your noble fee
 And your dignitie
 Shoude be imprinted bitter
 Then all the freres letter
 For yf ye wolde take payne
 To preache a worde or twayne
 Though it were neuer so playne
 With clauses two or three
 So as they mighte be
 Compendiously conueyed
 Those wordes should be more weid
 And better perceued
 And thankfully receued
 And better shoude remayne
 Amonge the people playne
 That wolde your wordes retayne
 And reherse them agayne
 Than a thousand thousand other
 The blaber, barke and blotter
 And make a Wal-hman's hose
 Of the text and of the glose

For protestation made
 That I will not wade
 Farther in this brooke
 Nor farther for to looke
 In deuising of this boke
 But answer that I may
 For my self always
 Eyther analogice
 Or els ratbatorice
 So that in diuinitie
 Doctors that learned be
 Nor bachelers of that faculty
 That hath taken degre
 In the vniuersitie
 Shall not be objected for me.

But doctour Bullatus
 Parum litteratus
 Dominus doctoratus
 At the brode gatus
 Doctour Daupatus
 And bachelor bacheloratus
 Dronken as a mouse
 At the ale house
 Taketh his pillion and his cap
 At the good ale tap
 For lacke of good wyne
 As wyse as Robin swine
 Under a notaries signe
 Was made a diuine
 As wise as Waltons calfe
 Must preache a goddes halfe
 In the pulpyt solempny
 More meet in a pillory
 For by saint Hillary

He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther silosiare
Nor of emptimeniare
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence.

And yet he will mel
To amend the gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel neuen
What they do in hauen
Nor how far Temple bare is
From the seven starres

Nowe will I gue
And tel of other mou
Semper protestando
De non impugando
The foure orders of fryers
Thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiters at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryar God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatteryng for a new cote
And for to haue hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to lese
Eyther corne or mault
Sometime meaie and sault
Sometime a bacon flicke
That is three fingers thicke
Of larde and of grace
Their couent to encrease

I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerve and to Maude
Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the lawe
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne
But it is an olde sayd saw
That neede hath no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some wil neyther golde ne grotas
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle
Wil know a rauen from a rayle
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Against curates repine
And say properly they are sacerdots
To shryue, assoyle and reles
Dame Margeries soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing himselve therout
But by the helpe of Christian clout

Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiuit de paradiso
When they agaiu thither shall come
De hoc petimus consilium

And through all the world they go
With dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand
Al maner of abiections
For bishops haue protections
They say to do correctionis
But they haue no affectionis
To take the sayd directions
In such maner of cases
Meu say they beare uo facus
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
Their hartes are so faynted
And they be so ataynted
With coueitous and ambicion
And other supersticion
That they be deafe and dum
And play scylens and glum
Can say nothing but mum.

They occupy theym so
With singng placebo
They wil no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their worldly ease
Than to take on hand
Worshyp to wythstande

Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good quarells
The lay men call them barrells
Full of glotony
And of hypocrisye
That counterfaytes and paints
As they were saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grauitie
And sygnorytie
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of their prediall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare set
Al is fyshe that cometh to net
Building royally
Thier mancions curiously
With turrettes and with toures
With halles and with boures
Stretching to the starres
With glasse windowes and barres
Hangyng about the wallis
Clothes of golde and pallas
Arras of ryche araye
Freshe as flowes in Maye
Wyth dame Dyana naked
Howe lustye Venus quaked
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
For to shote a crowe
At her tyrl tylowe
And how Paris of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the queene
With such storyes by den
Their chambres wel be seen

With triumphes of Cesar
 And of his Pompeius war
 Of renowne and of fame
 By them to get a name
 Nowe all the world stares
 How they ryde in goodly chaires
 Conueyed by olyphantes
 With launiat garlandes
 And by vnycornes
 With their senely hornes
 Upon these beastes riding
 Naked boyes striding
 With wanton wenches winkyng
 Now truly to my thiakyng
 That is a speculation
 And a mete meditation
 For prelates of estate
 Their courage to abate
 From worldly wontonnes
 Their chambre thus to dres
 With such parfettes
 And all such holynes
 How be it they let down fall
 Their churches cathedral
 Squire knight and lord
 That the church remord
 With all temporal people
 They runne against the steeple
 Thus talkyng and tellinge
 How some of you are mellynge
 Yet soft and fayre for swellyng
 Beware of a queennes yelling
 It is a besy thing
 For one man to rule a kyng
 Alone and make rekenyng
 To gouerne oucr all
 And rule a realme royall
 By one mannes wit
 Fortune may chaunce to fit
 And when he weneth to syt
 Yet may he mysse the quission
 For I red a preposicion
 Sum regibus dimicare
 Et omnibus dominare
 Et supra te prauare
 Wherefore he hathe good vre
 That can himself assure
 How fortune wyl endure
 Than let reason you support
 For the communalte
 That they haue great wonder
 That ye kepe them so vnder
 Yet they meruayle so muche lesse
 For ye play so at the chesse
 As they suppose and gesse
 That some of you but late
 Hath played so checkmate
 With lordes of great estate
 After such a rate
 That they shall mel nor make
 Nor vpon them take
 For kyng nor kayser sake
 But at the pleasure of one
 That ruleth the rest alone.
 Helas, I saye Helas
 Howe maye this come to passe
 That a man shall heare a masse
 And not so hardy on his head
 To loke on God in forme of bread
 But that the paryshe clerke
 There vpon must herke

Aud graunt him at his askyng
 For to see the sacryng
 And how may this accord
 No man to our souerayne lordes
 So hardy to make sute
 Nor to excute
 His commaundement
 Without the assent
 Of our president
 Not to expresse to his person
 Without your assentacion
 Graunt him his licence
 To preace to his presence
 Nor to speake to him secretly
 Openly nor preunly
 Without his president be by
 Or els his substitute
 Whome he wyl depute
 Neither earle ne duke
 Permitted by saint Luke
 And by sweet saint Marke
 This is a wonderous warke
 That the people talke this
 Somewhat there is amis
 The deull cannot stop their mouthes
 But they will talk of suche uncouthes
 All that euer they ken
 Against all spiritual men.
 Whether it be wronge or ryghte
 Or els for dispighte
 Or howe euer it hape
 Theyr tounge thus do clap
 And through such detraction
 They put you to your action
 And whether they say truly
 As they may abide therby
 Or els that they do lye
 Ye know better than I
 But now, debetis scire
 And groundlye audire
 In your conuenire
 Of this prænuire
 Or els in the myre
 They say they will you cast
 Therefore stand sure and fast.
 Stand sure and take good foting
 And let be al your motyng
 Your gasing and your totyng
 And your parcial promoting
 Of those that stand in your grace
 But oide seruauntes ye chase
 And put them out of their place
 Make ye no murmuracion
 Though I write after this facion
 Though I Colyn Clout
 Among the whole route
 Of you that clearkes be
 Take vpon me
 Thus copiously to write
 I do it not for no despite
 Wherefore take no disdain
 At my stile rude and playne
 For I rebuke no man
 That vertuous is, why than
 Wreke ye your anger on me
 For those that vertuous be
 Haue no cause to say
 That I speake out of the way.
 Of no good byshop speake I
 Nor good prest of the claryg

Good frere nor good chanon
 Good nunne, nor good canon
 Good monke, nor good clerke
 Nor of no good werke
 But my recountyng is
 Of them that do amys
 In spraking and rebelling
 In hindering and disauniling
 Holy church our mother
 One against another
 To vse such dispising
 Is all my whole wryting
 To hinder no man
 As neare as I can
 For no man haue I named
 Wherefore should I be blamed
 Ye ought to be ashamed
 Against me to be greued
 And can tell no cause why
 But that I wryte trulye
 Then if any ther be
 Of high or low degree
 Of the spirituality
 Or of the temporaltey
 That doth thinke or wene
 That his conscience be not clenc
 And feleth hymselfe sicke
 Or touched on the quicke
 Such grace God them send
 Themself to amend
 For I wyll not pretend
 Any man to offende
 Wherefore as thinketh me
 Great ydeottes they bee
 And lylte grace they haue
 This treatisc to depraue
 Nor wil heare no preaching
 Nor no vertuous teaching
 Nor wil haue no resiting
 Of any vertuous wryting
 Wil know none intelligence
 To reforme their negligence
 Bat liue stil out of facion
 To their owne damnation
 To do shame, they haue no shame
 But they wold no man should them blame
 They haue an euil name
 But yet they will occupy the same
 With them the wordes of God
 Is counted for no rod
 They count it for a railinge
 That nothing is auaying
 The preachers with euil hailing
 Shal they vaunt vs prelates
 That be their prymates:
 Not so hardy on their pates
 Harke how the losel prates
 With a wide wesäunte
 Auauante sur Guy of Gaunt
 Auauante lewde preest auant
 Auauant syr doctoure Dyuers
 Prate of thy mattens and thy masse
 And let oure matters passe
 How darest thou Daucocke mel?
 How darest thou losell
 Alligate the gospel
 Against vs of the counsel
 Auant to the deuill of hel
 Take him warden of the Flete
 Set him faste by the fete

I say lyuetaunant of the Toure
 Make this lurdn for to loure
 Lodge him in litle ease
 Fele him with beanes and pease
 The Kinges bench or Marshalsey
 Haue him thether by and by
 The villaine preacheth openly
 And declareth oure villany
 And of our fre simplesse
 He says that we are rechesse
 And full of wyfulnessse
 Shameles, and merciles
 Incorrigible and insaciate
 And after this rate
 Against vs doth prate
 At Paules crosse or els where
 Openly at Westminster
 And saynt Mary spittel
 They set not by us a whistel
 At the Austen fryers
 They count vs for lyers
 And at saynt Thomas of Akers
 They carpe vs lyke crakers
 How we wyl rule al at will
 Without good reason or skyl
 And say how that we be
 Full of parcialitie
 And how at a pronge
 We turne right to wrong
 Delay causes so longe
 That right no man can fong
 They say many matters be born
 By the right of a rammes horne
 Is not this a shamefull scorne?
 To be treated thus and torne.
 How may we thus indure
 Wherefore we make you sure
 Ye preachers shalbe yawde
 Some shalbe sawde
 As noble Ezechias
 The holy prophet was
 And some of you shall dye
 Lyke holy Jeremy
 Some hanged some slayn
 Some beaten to the brayne
 And we wil rule and rayne
 And our matters maintaine
 Who dare say there agayne
 Or who dare dyslaine
 At your pleasure and wil
 For be it good or be it yll
 As it is, it shalbe stil
 For al master doctour of ciuill
 Or of diuine, or doctour Dryuill
 Let him cough, roughe or snuill
 Renne God, renne deuill
 Renne who may renne best
 And let take all the rest
 We set not a nut shel
 The way to beauen or to hel.
 Lo, this is the gise now a dayes
 It is to drede men sayes
 Least they bee saducies
 As they be sayd sayne
 Which determine playne
 We shoulde not rise agayue
 At dreadful domes daye
 And so it semeth they play
 Which hate to be corrected
 When they bee infected

Nor wyl suffer this boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Prynted for to be
For that no man should see
Nor rede in any scrolles
Of their drunken nulles
Nor of their noddie polles
Nor of theyr sely soules
Nor of some witles pates
Of diuers great estates
As well as other men

Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to rest
Me semeth it for the beste.

The fore castel of my ship
Shall glide and smoothly slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye floude
Shote anker and lye at rode
And sayle not farre a brode
Til the cooste be clere
That the lode starre appere
My shyp now wyl I pere
Towarde the port Salu
Of our Sauour Jesu
Such grace that he us sende
To rectify and amend
Things that are amis
Whan that his pleasure is,
In opere imperfecto
In opere semper perfecto
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH

A LITTLE BOKE OF PHILIP SPAROW,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

PLA ce bo
Who is there who
Di le xi,
Dame Margery
Fa re my my
Wherefore and why why
For the soule of Philip Sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Amonge the nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And for al Sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules
Pater noster qui
With an Aue maria
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your mood.

WHAN I remembre agayne
How my Philip was slaine
Neuer halfe the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesebe
As than befell to me
I wept and I wayled
The teares down hayled
But nothing it auailed
To call Philip agayne
Whom Gib our cat bath slayne.

Gib I say our cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loued beste
It cannot be exprest
My sorrowful heavynes
But al without redres

For within that stound
Half slumbryng in a sounde
I fell downe to the ground
Unneth I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But when I did behold
My Sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behokl and see
What heauines did me pange
Wherwith my handes I wrange
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life welnye remained

I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my Sparowes life
O mayden widow and wife
Of what estate ye be
Of hie or low degre
Great sorow then ye might se
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beat
My visage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breathe.

Heu heu me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dominum cum tribularer clamavi
Of God nothing els craue I

But Philips soule to kepe
From the marces deepe
Of Acherontes wel
This is a floud of hel
And from the grete Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from foule Alecto
With visage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras eddes
From rufflinge of Philips fethers
And from her fry sparklings
For burning of bis wiuges
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure
And from the dennes darke
Wher Cerberus doth barke
Whom Theseus did afray
Whom Hercules did out tray
As famous poetes saye
For that hel bounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound
With gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Phillip preserued maye bee
Amen say ye wyth me,

Do mi nus
Helpe now sweet Jesus
Leuavi oculos meos in montis
Wold God I had Xenophontis.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philip Sparowes sake

So feruently I shake
 I fele my body quake
 So vrgently I am broughte
 Into careful thought
 Like Andromaca Hectors wife
 Was weary of her lyfe
 When she had lost her joy
 Noble Hector of Troy
 In like maner also
 Encreaseth my deadly woe
 For my Sparow is go
 It was so prety a foole
 It wold syt on a stoule
 And learned after my scoole
 For to keepe his cut
 With Phillip kepe your cut.
 It had a veluet cap
 And wold syt upon my lap
 And seke after smal wormes
 And sonetime white bread crommes
 And many times and ofte
 Betwene my brestes soft
 It wold lye and rest
 It was propre and prest
 Sometime he wold gaspe
 When he saw a waspe
 A flye or a gnat
 He would fly at that
 And pretely he would pant
 When he saw an ant
 Lord how he wold pry
 After the butter fly
 Lord how he wold hop
 After the gressop
 And whan I sayd, Phyp Phip
 Then he wold leape and skip
 And take me by the lip
 Alas it wyl me sloe
 That Philip is gone me fro
 Si in i qui ta tes
 Alas I was euil at ease
 De profundis clamavi
 When I saw my Sparow dye.

NOWE after my dome
 Dame Sulpicia at Rome
 Whose name registred was
 For euer in tables of bras
 Because shee did pas
 In poesy to endyte
 And eloquently to write
 Though she wold pretend
 My Sparow to commend
 I trow she could not amende
 Reporting the vertues al
 Of my Sparow royal
 For it would come and go
 And fle so to and fro
 And on me it wold leape
 Whan I was asleape
 And his fethers shake
 Wber wyth bee wold make
 Me often for to wake
 And for to take him in
 Upon my naked skin
 God wot we thought no syn
 What though he crept so low
 It was no hurt I trow
 He did nothinge perdee
 But syt vpon my knee

Philip though bee were nise
 In hym it was no vise
 Phillip had leau to go
 To pike my little too
 Phillip myght be hold
 And do what he wold
 Phillip would seke and take
 All the flees blake
 That he could there espye
 With his wanton eye
 O pe ra
 La sol fa fa
 Confitebor tibi domine toto corde meo
 Alas I wold ride and go
 A THOUSAND mile of grunde
 If any such might be founde
 It were worth an hundreth pounce
 Of kyng Cresus golde
 Or of Artalus the old
 The ryche prynce of Pargame
 Who so list the story to see
 Cadinus that his sister sought
 And he should be boughte
 For gold and fee
 He should ouer the see
 To wete, if he coulede bryng
 Any of the spryng
 Or any of the bloude
 But who so vnderstode
 Of medias arte
 I wold I had a paste
 Of her crafty magike
 My Sparow thao shoulde be quycke
 Wyth a charme oy twaine
 And play with me agayne
 But al this is in vaine
 Thus for to complaine
 I toke my sampler ones
 Of purpose for the nones
 To sow wyth stiches of silke
 My Sparow white as mylke
 That by representacion
 Of his image and facion
 To me it might importe
 Some pleasure and comfort
 For my solace and sporte
 But whan I was sowing his beke
 Me thought my Sparow dyd speake
 And open his prety bill
 Saying, maid ye are in wil
 Again me for to kil
 Ye pricke me in the head
 With that my needle ware red
 Me thought of Philyps bloude
 Mine here right vspode
 And was in such a fraye
 My speche was taken awaye
 I kest downe that there was
 And sayd alas, alas
 How commeth this to pas
 My fingers d ad and col.
 Could not my sampler hold
 My needle and threde
 I throu awaye for drede
 The best now that I may
 Is for his soule to pray.
 A porta inferi
 Good Lord haue mercie
 Upon my Sparowes soule
 Written in my bede roule

Au di vi vo cem
 Juphet Cam and Sem
 Ma gni fi cat
 Shew me the right path

To the hills of armonye
 Wherfore the birdes yet cry
 Of your fathers bote
 That was somtime a fote
 And now they lye and rote
 Let some poetes wryte
 Deucacons foud it highte
 But as verely, as ye be
 The naturall sonnes three
 Of Noe the patriarke
 That made that great arke
 Wherin he had apes and owles
 Beastes, byrdes and foules
 That if ye can fynde
 Any of my Sparowes kynde
 God sende the soule good rest
 I woulde yet haue a nest
 As prety and as prest
 As my Sparow was
 But my Sparow dyd pas
 All Sparowes of the wod
 That were since Noes foud
 Was neuer none so good
 King Philip of Macedony
 Had no such Philip as I
 No no sir hardely.

That vengeance I aske and cry

By way of exclamacion
 On al the whole nacion
 Of cattes wilde and tame
 God send them sorow and shame
 That cat specially
 That slew so cruelly
 My litle prety Sparow
 That I brought vp at Carow.

O cat of churlishe kynde
 The feend was in thy minde
 Whan thou my byrd vntwynde
 I wolde thou haddest ben blynd
 The leopardes sauge
 The lyons in their rage
 Might catche the in their pawes
 And gnaw the in their jawes
 These serpentes of Libany
 Might sting the venomously
 The dragons with their tungen
 Might poison thy liuer and lunges
 The manticors of the mountaynes
 Mighte feed them on thy braines

Melanchates that hound
 That plucked Acteuo to the grounde
 Gaue him his mortal wound
 Chaunged to a deere
 The story doth appere
 Was chaunged to an harte
 So thou foule cat, that thou arte
 The selfe same hounde
 Might the confound
 That his own lord bote
 Mighte bite asunder thy throte

Of Inde the greedy gripes
 Might teare out all thy tripes
 Of Arcady the beares
 Might plucke awaye thine cares
 The wilde wolfe Licson
 Bite asondre thy backe bone

Of Ethna the brenning hyl
 That day and night brenneth styl
 Set in thy taylor a blase
 That al the world may gase
 And wonder vpon thee
 From Occion the greates sea
 Unto the lies of Orchadye
 From Tilbery fery
 To the playne of Salisberye
 So traiterously my bird to kyll
 That neuer ought the euill will
 Was neuer bird in cage
 More gentil of corage
 In doing his homage
 Unto his soueraine
 Alas I say agayne
 Death hath departed vs twayne
 The false cat hath the slaine
 Fare well Phillip adewe
 Our Lorde thy soule rescewe
 Farewell without restore
 Farewell fur euermore
 And it were a Jew
 It wold make one rew
 To se my sorow new
 These vilanus false cattes
 Were made for mise and rattes
 Aud not for byrdes small
 Alas my face waxeth pale
 Telling this pyteous tale
 How my byrd so fayre
 That was wont to repayre
 And go in at myspayre
 And crepo in at my gor
 Of my goune before
 Flickering with his winges
 Alas my hert it stynges
 Remembering prety thynges
 Alas myne hart it sleeth
 My Philips doleful death
 Whan I remember it
 How prety it would sit
 Many tymes and oft
 Upon my finger aloft
 I played with him tittel tattel
 And fed him with my spatell
 With his bil betwene my lips
 It was my prety Phips
 Many a prety kusse
 Had I of his swete musse
 And now the cause is thus
 That he is slayne me fro
 To my great payne and wo
 Of fortune, this the chaunce
 Standeth at varyaunce
 Oft time after pleasauce
 Trouble and greuaunce
 No man can be sure
 Alway to bare pleasure
 As wel perceiuo ye may
 How my disport and playe
 From me was taken awaye
 By Gyb our cat sauge
 That in furious rage
 Caught Philip by the head
 And slue him there starke dead.
 Kyrie eleyeson
 Christe eleyeson.
 Kyrie eleyeson.
 For Philip Sparowes soule
 Set in our bead roule

Let us now whisper
A pater noster.

Lauda anima mea dominum.
To weep with me loke that yr come
All maner of byrks in your kynd
See none be left behynd
To morning loke that ye fawl
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep, and some to praye
Euery bird in his lay
The goldfinch the wagtaile
The iangling jaye to rayle
The flecked pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter
And robyn red breste
He shalbe the preest
The requiem masse to syng
Loftly warbeling
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow
The lark with his long toe
The spinke and the martinet also
The shouelar with his brode beck
The doterell that folish pecke
And also the mad coote
With a balde face to toote
The felde fare and the snyts
The crowe and the kyte
The rauen called ro fe
His playne songe to solfe
The partychyche, the quayle
The plouer wyth vs to wayle
The wodhackle that singeth churre
Horsly as hee had the murre
The lusty chaunting nightingale
The poppingaye to tel her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the gospel at masse
The maus with her whistell
She rede there the pistell
But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe
Our chaunters shalbe your cuckoue
The culuer, the stockedoue
With puwyt the lapwing
The versycles shal syng
The bitter with his bumpe
The crane with his trumpe
The swan of Menander
The goose and the gander
The ducke and the drake
Shal watche at thys wake
The pecocke so proude
Because hys voyce is loud
And hath a gloryous tale
He shal syng the grayle
The owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to houle
The heron so gaunte
And the cormoraunte
Wyth the fesuant
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlish choug
The rout and the kough
The barnacle the bussard
With the wilde mallard
The diuendop to sleep
The water hen to weep

The puffin, and the tele
Honey they shall dele
To pore fulke at large
That shalbe theyr charge
The senew, and the titmuse
The wodcocke with the long nose
The threstill with her warblinge
The starling with her brablinge
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fishes to fray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtill most true
At this Placebo.

We may not well forgo
The councing of the co
The storke also
That maketh this nest
In chimneys to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye

The estridge that wil eate
And horshowe so greate
In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat
His stomake doth freat
He cannot wel fly
Nor syng tunably
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assayd
To solf a aboue Ela
Fa lorell fa fa
Ne quando
Male cantando
The best that we can
To make him our belman
An let him ring the bells
He can do nothing els,
Chaunteclere our cocke
Must tell what is of the clocke
By the astrologye
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuer taught
By Albumazer
The astronomer
Nor by Ptholomy
Prince of astronomy
Nor yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
That no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whome now and then
Hee plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred
The bird of Arabye
That potentiallye
May neuer dye
And yet there is none
But one alone
A phenix it is
This herse that must blis
With armaticke gunnes
That cost great summes
The way of thurification
To make fumigacion

Swete of reffarye
 And redolent of ayre
 This corse for sence
 With great reuerence
 As partiarke or pope
 In a blacke cope
 Whiles he senseth
 He shal syng the verse
 Libera me
 In de la sol re
 Softly bremole
 For my Sparowes soule
 Plinni sheweth al
 In his story natural
 What he doth finde
 Of the phenix kinde
 Of whose incineracion
 There riseth a new creacion
 Of the same facion
 Wythout alteration
 Sauing that old age
 Is turned into corage
 Of fresh youth agayne
 This matter true and playne
 Playne matter indeed
 Who so lyst to rede
 But for the egle doth fly
 Hyest in the sky
 He shalbe thy sedeane,
 The quere to demean
 As prouost principall
 To teach them their ordinall
 Also the noble fawcon
 With the gerfawcon
 The tarsel gentil
 They shall morne softe and still
 In theyr amisse of gray
 The sacre with them shal say
 Dirige for Philips soule
 The goshauke shal haue a roul
 The queresters to controule
 The lanners and marlions
 Shall stand in their mourning gounes
 The hobby and the musket
 The sensers and the crosse shall set
 The kestrel in al this warke
 Salbe holy water clarke
 And now the darke cloudy night
 Chaseth away Phebus bryght
 Taking his course toward the weste
 God send my Sparows soule good rest
 Requiem eternam dona eis domine
 Fa fa fa my re
 A por ta in fe ri
 Fa fa fa my my
 Credo videre bona domini
 I pray God Philip to Heven may fie
 Domine exaudi oracionem meam
 To Heaven he shal from Heuen be came
 Do mi nus vo bis cum
 Of al good praiers God send him sum
 Oremus.
 Deus cui proprium est miserere & parcere
 Ou Philips soule haue pity.
 For he was a prety cocke
 And came of a gentill stocke
 And wrapt in a maakens smock
 And cherished full daintely
 Tyll cruel fate made him to dye
 Alas for doleful desteny

But whereto shuld I
 Lenger morne or cry?
 To Jupiter I call
 Of Heauen imperial
 That Philip may fly
 About the sterry sky
 To treade the prety wren
 That is our ladies ben
 Amen, amen, amen
 Yet one thing is behinde
 That now cometh to mind
 An epitaphe I wold haue
 For Phillips graue
 But for I am a mayle
 Timorous, halfe afrayde
 That neuer yet assaye
 Of Elycones well
 Where the muses dwell
 Though I can redc and spell
 Recount rreport and tell
 Of the talles of Caunterbury
 Some sad stories, some merry
 As Palomon, and Arcet
 Duke Theseus and partelc
 And of the wife Bath
 That worketh much scathe
 Whan her tale is told
 Among huswies bold
 How she controid
 Her husbundes as she wold
 And them to dispise
 In the homeliest wise
 Bring other wies in thought
 Their husbundes to set at naught
 And though that red haue I
 Of Gawen and fyr Guy
 And tel can a great peece
 Of the golden fleece
 How Jason it wan
 Like a valiaunt man
 Of Arturs round table
 With his knights commendable
 And dame Gaynour bys quene
 Was somewhat wanton I wene
 How syr Launcelote de lake
 Many a speare brake
 For his ladies sake
 Of Tristom and kyng Marke
 And al the whole warke
 Of bele I sold his wife
 For whom was much strife
 Some say she was lyght
 And made her husband knyght
 Of the common hall
 That cuckoldes men call
 And of sir Libius
 Named Disconius
 Of quarter fylz Amunde
 And how they were sommond
 To Rome to Charlemayne
 Upon a great payne
 And how they rode each one
 On Bayard Mountalbon
 Men se him now and then
 In the forest Arden
 What though I can frame
 The stories by name
 Of Judas Machabeus
 And of Cesar Julius

And of the loue betwene
 Paris and Viene
 And of the duke of Hannyball
 That made the Romaynes al
 For drede and to quake
 How Scipion did wake
 The cite of Cartage
 Which by his vnnmerciful rage
 He beat down to the ground
 And though I can expound
 Of Hector of Troy
 That was al their ioye
 Whome Achilles slue
 Wherfore all Troy did rue
 And of the loue so hote
 That made Troylus to dote
 Upon fayre Cresseyde
 And what they wrote and sayd
 And of their wanton wils
 Paudaer bare the byls
 From one to the other
 His maisters loue to further
 Somtime a precious thyng
 An ouche or els a ryng
 From her to him agayn
 Somtime a pretty chain
 Or a bracelet of her heare
 Prayed Troylus for to weare
 That token for her sake
 How hartely he did it take
 And much therof did make
 Aud al that was in vayne
 For shee dyd but fayne
 The story telleth playne
 He could not obtayne
 Though his father wer a king
 Yet there was a thyng
 That made the male to wryng
 She made him to sing
 The song of louers laye
 Musing night and daye
 Mourninge al alone
 Comfort had he none
 For she was quite gone
 Thus in conclusion
 She broughte him in abuson
 In earnest and in game
 She was much to blame
 Disparaged is her fame
 And blemished is her name
 In maner half with shame
 Troylus also hath lost
 On her muche loue and cost
 And now must kisse the post
 Pandara that went betwene
 Hath won nothing I ween
 But light for somer greene
 Yet for a special laud
 He is named Troyllous baud
 Of that name he is sure
 Whiles the world shal dure
 Though I remembre the fable
 Of Penelope most stable
 To her husband most trew
 Yet long time she ne knew
 Whether he were on liue or ded
 Her wit stode her in sted
 That she was true and juste
 For anye bodely luste
 To Ulixes her make
 Aud neuer wold him forsake

Of Marcus Marcellus
 A prusses I could tel vs
 And of Anteoos
 And of Josephus
 De antiquitatibus
 And of Mardocheus
 And of great Assuerus
 And of Vesca his queene
 Whom he forsoke with teene
 And of Hester his other wife
 With whom he led a pleasaunt life
 Of kyng Alexander
 And of kyng Euander
 And of Porcena the greate
 That made the Romans to smart
 Though I haue enrolld
 A thousande newe and old
 Of these historyous tales
 To fill bougets and males
 With bookes that I haue red
 Yet I am nothyng sped
 And can but lytle skyl
 Of Ouid or Vergil
 Or of Plutharke
 Or of Fraunces Petrarke
 Alcheus or Sapho
 Of suche other poetes moe
 As Linus and Homerus
 Euphorion aud Theocritus
 Anacreon and Arion
 Sophocles and Philemon
 Pindarus and Dimonides
 Philistou and Phorocides
 These poetes of aunccientie
 They are to diffuse for me
 For as I to fore haue sayd
 I am but a yonge mayd
 And cannot in effect
 My stile as yet direct
 With englysh wordes elect
 Our naturall tonge is rude
 And hard to be enueude
 Wyth pollyshed tearmes lustye
 Oure language is so rustye
 So cankered and so ful
 Of frowardes and so dul
 That if I wold apply
 To write ordynately
 I wot not where to finde
 Termes to serue my minde
 Gowers englyshe is olde
 And of no value is tolde
 His matter is worth gold
 And worthy to be enrolld
 In Chauer I am sped
 His tales I haue red
 His mater is delectable
 Solncious and commendable
 His englyshe wel allowed
 So as it is enprowed
 For as it is employed
 There is no englyshe voyd
 At those dayes muche commended
 And now men wolde haue amended
 His englyshe where at they baik
 And marre all they warke
 Chauer that famous clarke
 His tearmes were not darcke
 But pleasaunt, easy and playne
 No worde he wrote in vayne

- Also John Lydgate
Wryteth after an hyer rate
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mind
Yet wryteth he in his kind
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pend
Yet some men finde a faut
And say he wryteth to haut
Wherefore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne englysh halfe abused
Though it be refused
In worth I shall it take
And fewer wordes make

But for my Sparowes sake
Yet as a woman maye
My wit I shall assay
An epytaphe to wryghte
In latyne playne and lyght
Whereof the elegy
Foloweth by and by
Flos volucrum formose vale,
Philippe sub isto
Marmor iam recubas,
Qui mihi carus eras;
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sidera cælo,
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris:
Per me laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem
Hæc eccinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore Virgo
Candida Nais erat:
Formosior ista Joanna est;
Docta Corinna fuit,
Sed magnis ista sapit
Bien men souient.

THE COMMENDATIONS.

BEATI immaculati in via
O gloriosa fœmina
Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditacion
Is to take this commendacion
In this consideracion
And vnder pacient tolleracion
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo bath sayd
And for her Sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse
Now wyl I enterpryse
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
Her beauty to commend
If Arethusia wyl send
Me enfluence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo will promise
Melodiouslye it to deuise
His tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that synges
Of prince and of kynges
And of all pleasaunt thynges
Of lust and of deliyght
Thorow his godly might
To whome be the laud ascrybed
That my pen hath enbided

With the aureat droppes
As verelye my hope is
Of Thagus that golden foud
That passeth all the earthly good
And as that foud dothe pas
Al floudes that ener was
With hys golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the stremes
Aud the floules in straunze remes
Ryght so she dothe excede
Al other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shall sprede
Into Perce and Mede
From Britons Albion
To the toure of Babilon
I trust it is no shame
And no manne wyl me blame
Though I register her name
In the courte of fame
For thys most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new aud new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritare gemina
O gloriosa fœmina
Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me.
Labia mea laudabunt te.

BUT enforced am I
Openlye to asky
And to make an outcry
Againste odyous enuye
That euermore wyl lye
And saye cursedlye
With hys lether eye
And chekes drye
With vysage wan
As swarte as tan
His bones crake
Leane as a rake
Hys gummes rusty
Are full vnusty
Hys harte with all
Bytter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
Hys serpentis tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneth euer
He laugheth neuer
Euen nor morowe
But other mens sorowe
Causeth him to grin
Aud reioice therein.
No slepe can hym catche
But euer doth watche
He is so bete
With malice and frete
Wyth anger and yre
His foule desire
Wyl suffer no sleep
In his head to creep
His foule semblaunte
Al displeasaunte
Whan other are glad
Than is hee sad
Franticke and mad
His tounge neuer styll
For to saye yll

Writhing and wringing
 Biting and stingyng
 And thus this elf
 Consumeth himselfe
 Hymselfe doth sloe
 Wyth payne and woe
 Thys false enuy
 Sayth that I
 Use greate follye
 For to indite
 And for to wryte
 And spende my time
 In prose and ryme
 For to expres
 The noblenes
 Of my maystres
 That causeth me
 Studious to be
 To make a relation
 Of her commedacion
 And there agayne
 Enuy doth complayne
 And hath disdain
 But yet certayne
 I will be playne
 And my stile dres
 To this prosses

Nowe Phebus me ken
 To sharpe my pen
 And leade my fyste
 As him best lyst
 That I may say
 Honour alwaye
 Of woman kynde
 Trouthe dothe me bynde
 And loyaltie
 Euer to be
 Their true bedel
 To wryte and tel
 How women excel
 In noblenes
 As my maystres
 Of whome I thinke
 With pen and yuke
 For to compyle
 Some goodly stile
 For thys moste goodly floure
 This blos-om of fresh colour
 So Jupiter me succour
 She florisheth new and new
 In beautie and vertue
 Hac claritae gemina,
 O gloriosa fœmina:

Legem pone mihi domine in viam justifi-
 cationum tuarum.
 Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes
 aquarum.

Howe shall I reporte
 Al the godly sort
 Of her fetures cleere
 That hath none earthly peers
 Her fauoure of her face
 Ennewed with al grace
 Confort pleasure and solace
 Mine hart doth so embrace
 And so hath rauished me
 Her to behold and se
 That in wordes playue
 I cannot me refrayne
 To luke to her agayne

Alas what shoulde I fayne
 It were a pleasaunte payne
 With her aye to remayne
 Her eyen graye and stepe
 Causeth myne harte to keepe
 With her browes bente
 She maye wel represente
 Fayre Lucreas as I weene
 Or els fayre Pulexene
 Or els Caliope
 Or els Penolope
 For thys moste goodly floure
 This blossome of freshe colour
 So Jupiter me succour
 She florisheth new and new
 In beauty and vertue
 Hac claritae gemina
 O gloriosa fœmina
 Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo
 Servus tuus sum ego

THE Indy saphyre blew
 Her waynes doth ennew
 The orient pearle so cleare
 The witnes of her lere
 The lusty ruby ruddes
 Resemble the rose buddes
 Her lippes soft and mery
 Embloimed like the chery
 It were an heauenly bysse
 Her sugred mouthe to kysse
 Her beauty to augment
 Dame nature hath her lente
 A warte upon her cheke
 Who so lyst to seeke
 In her sisage a skar
 That semeth from a far
 Lyke to a ralyant star
 Al with fauour fret
 So properly it is set
 She is the violet
 The daisy delectable
 The columbine commendable
 This ielofer amiable
 This moste goodly floure
 This blossome of freshe colour
 So Jupiter me succour
 She florysheth new and new
 In beauty and vertue
 Hac claritae gemina
 O gloriosa fœmina
 Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo domina
 Et ex præcordis sonant præconia

AND when I perceued
 Her wart and conceued
 It cannot be denaid
 But it was wel conuaid
 And set so womanly
 And nothing wantonly
 But right conueniently
 And full congruentlye
 As nature could deuise
 In moste goodly wyse
 Who so lyst behold
 It maketh louers bold
 To her to sue for grace
 Her fauour to purchase
 The sker upon her chin
 Enchased on her fayre skin

Whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her faour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina

Defecit in salute tua anima mea ;
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima : babe !

SOFT and make no din
For now I wil begin
To haue in remembrance
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastance
So bad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her when I gased
Me thought mine hart was crased
My eyen were so dased
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina
Quomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.
Recedant vetera, noua sunt omnia.

AND to amend her tale
Whan she lyst to anale
And with her fingers small
Aud handes soft as silke
Whiter than milke
That are so quickly vayned
Wherwith my hand she strained
Lord how I was payned
Unneth I au refrayned
How she me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbrasyng therwith all
Her goodly middle small
With sides long and streyt
To tel you what conceit
I had then in a trice
The matter wer to nyce
And yet there was no yce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantasy
For this most goodly floure
The blossome of fiesh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florysheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina ;
Iniquos odio habui ;
Non calumniatur me superbi.

BUT whreto shold I note
How often dyd I tote

Upon her pretye fote
It raysed myne hart rote
To see her treading the grounde
With heles short and round
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddessse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no best sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood
Suche relucēt grace
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua
Sicut nouellæ plantationes in iuuentute sua

So goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bright golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I disclose
The gartering of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiouslye her geare
Her fresch habilementes
With other imlementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame Flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina ;
Clamavi in toto corde exaudi me.

HER kyrtel so goodly lased
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say
Yet though I write not with ink
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath liberti
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me litle or nought
Wold God mine homely stile
Were polished with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayse her excellence
The most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate femina
O gloriosa femina
Principes persecuti sunt me gratis

Omnibus consideratis. Paradisus voluptatis,
hæc virgo est dulcissima.

MI pen it is vnable
My hand it is vnstable
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full
Goodly maistres Jane
Sobre, demure Diaur
Jane this maistres hight
The lode star of delight
Dame Venus of all pleasure
The wel of worldly treasure
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Pallas
The most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She florisheth new and uew
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

REQUIEM eternam dona eis domine.
With this psalm. Domine probasti me.
Shall saile ouer the sea
With tibi domine commendamus
On pilgrimages to saint Jamys
For shrympes, and for pranes
And for stalyngc craes
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be auended
By discrete consideration
Of your wise reformation
I haue not offended I trust
If it be sadly discust
It were no gentle guyse
This treatise to dispise
Because I haue writen and sayd
Honour of this fayre mayd
Wherfore should I be blamed
That I Jane named
And famously proclaimed
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.
Car elle vault.

PER me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Laudibus eximiis merito, hæc redemita puella est
Formosam cecini qua non formosior ulla est;
Formosam potius, quam commendaret Homerus
Sic iuvat interdum rigidos rerecare labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisere.

Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here
foloweth an adicion made by master Skelton.

THE gyse now a dayes
Of some ianglyng iayes
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Philip Sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion

No man to discontent
With Phillippes enterment
Alas that goodly mayd
Why should she be afrayd
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate
I coniure the Philip Sparow
By Hercules that hel dyd harow
And with a venemous arow
Stewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaures
Or Hpocentaurius
By whose might and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides withhold
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcial strengthe
He wan at length
And slue Gerion
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Araunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses
And with mighty luggynge
Wrestlyng and tuggynge
He plucked the bul
By the horned skul
And offred to Cornucopia
And so forth per cetera
Also by Ecates bower
In Plutus gastly tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent
That in hel is neuer breate
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames
And all deadly names
Of infernal posty
Where soules fry and rosty
By the stigial flood
And the streames wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel
By the feryman of hel
Caron with his beard hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop
I coniure Philip and cal
In the name of king Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytchecraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And damnable illusions

Of merueylous conclusions
And by her supersticions
And wonderful condicions
She rayseed vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade

But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saule dyd he tell
The Philistines shuld him ascry
And the next day he should dye
I wil my self discharge
To lettred men at large

But Philip I coniuere thee
Now by these names three
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
That thou shortly tell
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie

Interit, Philippe Scroupe, pulchra Johanna,
Iustanter perit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc pudor, est sero, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned
Aud of thys worke playnedyd
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is containyd
In verses two or three
That folowe as ye may see

Luride cur livor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ fata volucrum
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST A COMELY COYS-
TROWNE THAT CURIOWSLY CHADNTYD AND
CARRYSHLY COWNTRED, AND MADLY IN HYS
MUSIKES MOKKYSHLY MADE, AGAYNST THE IX
BUSIS OF POLITIKE POEMS AND POETTES MA-
TRICULAT.

Of all nacyons vnder the Heuyn,
These frantike foolys I hate most of all.
For though they stumble in the sinnes seuyen.
In peuyshnes yet they snapper and fall.
Whiche men the viii deadly sins call.
This peuysh proud this premder gest.
When he is well yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lofe and soure bayards bun.
Besumdele lyke in forme and shap
The one for a duke the other for dun.
A maunchet for Morcill theron to snap.
His hart is to hy to haue any lap.
But for in his game ut carp that he can.
Lo Jak wold be a jentylman.

Wyth hey trolly lolly lo whip herę Jak.
Alumbek codydyu syllyorm ben.
Curysy he can both counter and knak
Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.
Lord how Perkyu is proud of his Pohen.
But ask wher he fyndyth among hys monacordes.
An holy water clark a ruler of lordes.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in spree.
He solfyth to haute hys trybyll is to hy.

He braggyth of his byrth that borne was ful bace
Hys musyk withoute mesure to sharp is his my.
He trymmyth in his tenor to counter pirdewy.
His discant is bery it is withoute a mene.
To fat is his fanty his wyt is to lene.

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyse.
Rumbill downe tumbill downe hey go now now.
He fumblyth in his fyngering an vgly good noise.
It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow.
He wold be made moch of and he wst how.
Wele sped in spyndels aud turning of tauellys.
A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys.
He whystelyth so swetely he makyth me to swet.
His discant is dashed full of discordes
A red angry man but easy to intrete.
An vssher of the ball fayn wold I get.
To poynte this proude page a place and a rome
For Jak wold be a jentilman that late was a grome

Jak wold jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.
He counteth in his ronntenance to check which
the best.

A malaperte nedler that pryeth for his pray
In a dysl dare he rush at the rypest,
Dreming in dumpys to wrangill and to wrest.
He findeth a porporion in his prycke songe.
To drynke at a draught a larg and a long

Nay iape not with hym he is no smal fole
It is a solemnpne syre and a solayne.
For lories and ladyes lerne at bis scole
He techyth them so wysely to solf aud to fayne
That neither they singe w/l prike song nor plain
This docter Dellias commensyd in a cart.
A master, a mynstrel, a fylder, a fart.

What though ye can cownter Custodi nos.
As wel it becomith yow a parysh towne clarke.
To syng Sapiuitati dedit æros
Yet bere ye not to bold to braule ne to bark
At me, that meleled nothing with youre wark.
Correct first thy selfe, walk and be nought.
Deme what you list thou knowist not my thought.

A prouerbe of old say well or be still.
Ye are to vuhappy occasion to fynde.
Uppon me to clater or els to say yll.
Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud mind
Take this in worth the best is belyude.
Wyten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay.
On Candelmas eyu the Kalendas of May.

FINIS.

Contra alium Cantitantem & Organisantem
Asinum, qui impugnat Skeltonida
Pierium, Sarcasmos.

PRÆPONENDA meis non sunt tua plectra camœnis.
Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.
Sæpe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,
Et tremulos calanis cunicinis ipse modos:
Quamvis mille tuus digitus dat carmine plausus,
Nam tua quam tua vox est magis docta manus:
Quamvis cuncta facis turnida sub mente superbus,
Gratior est Phæbo fistula nostra tamen.
Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,
Et violare sacrum desine stulte virum.

SKELTON LAUREAT YPPON A DEEDMANS HED
THAT WAS SENT TO HYM FROM AN HONOR-
ABLE JENTIL WOMAN FOR A TOKEN, DEUYSYD
THIS GOSTLY MEDITATION IN ENGLYSH, COUEN-
ABLE IN SENTENCE COMENDABLE, LAMENT-
ABLE, LACRIMABLE, PROFITABLE FOR THE
SOULE.

YOURE vgly tokyn,
My mynd nath brokyn,
From worldly lust.
For I haue dyscuss,
We are but dust,
And dy we must.
It is generall
To be ruortal.
I haue well espyde
No man may hym hyde:
With sinnews wyderyd,
From deth holow eyed.
With bonys shyderyd,
With bys worme etyn maw,
And his gastly jaw.
Gaspyng asyde,
Nakyd of byde,
Neither flesh not fell.
Then by my counsell,
Loke that ye spel,
Well thys gospell.
For wher so we dwell,
Deth wil us quell,
And with us mell.

For all our pamperde paunchis
Ther may no fraunchys,
For worldly blys,
Redeme vs from this,
Oure days be datyd,
To be chek matyd,
With drawttys of deth,
Stoppyng oure breth,
Oure eyen synkyng,
Oure bodys stynkyng,
Oure gunmys grynnyn.
Oure soulys bryunyng.
To whom then shall we sew,
For to haue reskaw,
But to swete Jesu,
On vs then for to rew.

O goodly child,
Of Mary mylde,
Then be oure shyld.
That we be not exyld,
To the dyne dale,
Of botemies bale,
Nor to the lake,
Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace
To se thy face,
And to purchase,
Thyne heuenly place.
And thy palace,
Full of solace.
Above the sky,
That is so hy. Eternally.
To behold: and se.
The Trynyte. Amen.
Mirres vous y.

WOMANHOOD wanton ye want.
Your medching mastres is muncrles.

Plenty of yll of goodnes skant.
Ye ruyll at ryot recheles.
To prayse youre porte it is nedeles.
For all your draffe yet and youre dreggys.
As well borne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne.
Myne horse is sold I wene you say.
My new furryd gowne when it is worne.
Put vp youre purs ye shall non pay.
By crede I trust to se the day.
As proud a pohen as ye sprede.
Of me and other ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre smylyng.
Yet is youre tong an adders tayle.
Full lyke a scorpyon stynyng.
All those by whom ye haue auayle.
Good mastres Anne there ye do shayle.
What prate ye praty pyggys ny.
I truste to quyte you or I dy.

Your key is mete for euery lok.
Your key is comen and hangyth owte.
Your key is redy we nede not knok.
Nor stand long wrestyng there aboute.
Of youre doregate ye haue no doute.
But one thyng is that ye be lewde.
Holde youre tong now all be shrewde.

To mastres Anne that farly swete.
That wonnes at the key in Temmys strete.

THE BOKE OF
THIRRE FOOLES

M. SKELTON POETE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY
LORD CARDYNALL.

THE FYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rychesse
And not for lygnage femynatyfe
Procureth doloure and dystresse
With infynyte payne and heynesse
For she wyll do hym moche sorowe
Bothe at euyn and at morowe.

THE SECOND FOOLE.

The dartes ryght cursed of enuye
Hath rayned sythe the worlde began
Whiche bryngeth man euidently
Into the bondes of Sathan
Wherefore he is a dyscrete man
That can eschewe that euyl synne
Where body and soule is lost in

THE THYRD FOOLE.

Druers by voluptuousnes
Of women the which be present
Be brought in to full great dystres
Forgettyng vertues excellent
Of God the which is permanent
And suffreth themselfe to be bounde
In cordes as it were a bounde.

COME hyther and take this boke and rede therein
for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this
boke that sheweth you fyllysh fooles, without wyt
or vnderstanding Pecunious fooles that bee aua-
ryce, and for to haue good tyme, and to lye
meryly, woddetle these olde wyddred women,

whych hath sakes full of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, and ye shal know what goodnes cometh therby, and what joye and gladnes. Some there be that habandoneth themselfe for to gather together the dunge that yssueth of theyr asses arse, for to fynde euermore grese, it is grete foly truiye, but yet the yoncc man is more folyssber, the whiche weddeth an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde and syluer. I say that he is a great foole that taketh anne olde wyfe, for her goodes and is much to blame.

They the whiche do so, procureth all trybulations. For with her he shall neither haue ioy, recreation, nor rest. He noryssbeth stryfes, and greatedebates, thoughte, payne, anguyshe, and melancholy. And yf he wolde accompysh the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so debylyte colde, vnpropycc, vnnaturall, and vndyscurrente, for the colde that is in her. The husbando of this olde wyfe hath none esperance to haue lygnage by her, for he neuer loued her. The man is a very foole to make his demoraunce vpon such an olde wyfe, when he thinketh somtime vpon such thynges, he leseth his naturall with, in cursyng hymselfe more then a M. tymes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed hasarde of fortune. And when he seeth his poore lyfe in such dystresse, his hert is all oppressed with melancholy and dolour, but when the vnhappye man seeth that it is force and that hee is constrainyth to haue patience, he putteth his cure to draw to hym the money of the olde wydyded woman in making to her glade chere. And when hee hath the money and the bagge wyth nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, wythoute thinkinge on them that gathereth it. And when he hath spent all, he is more vnhappyer than hee was before, yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auarice, mother of all euyles, yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben faire and yong, after his completion, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in auncient bokes that hee whiche weddeth a wyfe by auarice, and not for to haue lygnage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrimouye, and thynketh full euyll on his conscience, The unyon of maryage is decayed, for vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage is wedded auarice as we se euery day by experience through the world. And one wil haue a wyfe, and that hee make his to be demaunded in maryage, they will enquyre of his riches and conninge. And on the other syde he wyl demaunde great goodes with her, to norysse her with. For and her father and mother and frendes haue no greate riches, he wyl not of her. But, and she be ryche hee demaundeth none other thinge. It is wrytten that one were better haue his house in deserete, wheras no meacion shoulde be of hym, thenne to hide with such wyues, for they be replite with all cursednes. And the pore foole breketh his hearte, he loseth his soule and corrompeth his body. He sellethe his youth vnto the olde wyfe that weddeth her for auarice, and hath but noyse and discontion, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne. Consydre you foolles what seruytude ye put your self in, when ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chaste if that ye wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends whiche be not in that hande, put you not therein, and yee shalbe well happy. Notwithstanding I defende you not to mary but I exhorte you to take

a wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, and solace boilely and gostly, and thereby to wyn the ioyes of paradysse.

OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE FOOLE.

APPROCHE you foly she enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke, youre peruerse and euyll condicions. O enuy that deuoureth the condicions of men, and dysappers of honour. Thou makest to haue raiusshynge heartes famysbed, thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende, thou engendrest the darte enuyronned with mischeffe that whiche traueylth diuers folkes. Cursed foole how haste thou thy heart so replete with crueltie, for if I haue temporall goodes thou wilt haue enuye therat, or if that I can worke well, and that I apply mee vnto dyuers thynges the whiche be honest, or if that I haue castels, landes, and tenementes, or if that I am exalted vnto honour by my science, or won it by my hardynes truly and iustly, or if that I am beloued by dyuers persons whiche reclaymeth mee good and vertuous, and of a noble courage, thou wilt vilepande me with thy wordes, thou wottest neuer in what maner thou mayst adnycheill mine honour, Thy malicious hert is hurt with a mortall wounde in such wise that thou haste no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perceth thy herte lyke a spere. Thou hast wyld lycoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomacke to be on a flambe. There is no medecyne that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I beyng in a place, where as myne honour was magnifyed, thoughte for to haue taken alyauuce with an ody fierant floure, but all sodaynely I was snyten with a darte of enuye behinde my backe, wherthrough the alltbo that were on my partye turned theyr backs vpon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolate seruantes, procedyng, frome a hearte, entenynd with enuye. Wherfore I shall specifye vnto you the condicions of the enuyous, who that holdeth hym of the subgetes of enuye, she constyteth to deuoure, and byte euery bodye: gyuynge vnhappes and myseries vnto her seruantes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousand wronges. They be replenysshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in their beddes, they haue no swete canticles nor songes. They haue theyr tonges honyed with swete words vnder the coloure of loue, they be lene, and infecte of rygoure: these enuyous more bytterer thenne the gall of the fische glauca, wyth theyr eyes beholdinge a trauers of stomackes chaufed syntilously, and without these mouthes as the vyne that is newe cut, they be enuyronned with rage and greate anguyshe, beholdinge euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had vii. brethren that were enuyous against him which was the yongeste and sold him vnto the marchauntes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him. The which were delibered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuius neuer laughe, but when some good man hath damage vpon the see or lande, or at the disfortune of some body, he drynketh his blood as milke. Notwithstandinge, his heart is euer embraced with enuy, and as longe as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resembleth vnto Ethna whiche brenneth awayes. As of Romulus and Remus his brotlier, the whiche Romulus edefyed

first Rome, and gaue it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours for they established lawes in the citie And Romulus punished euery body equally. He dyd instyute lymittes or markes aboute the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymyttes shuld be put to death. His brother passed them, wherfore he was put vnto death incontinent in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slewe his owne brother by enuye. Hauē we not ensamble seemblye of Atrous, of whom his brother occupied the parke, how well that they were in the realme stronge and puyssaunte, for to defende them. It was Thesius that expulsed his brother oute of the realme by enuy, and was called agayne because that he had taken the parke, and fynally was banyshe, and by enuye and vnder the colour of peace he was sent for. And when hee was commen vnto a feast, he made his two children for to be rested, and made them to drynke their bloude. O what horroure was it to see his two children dye that were so dyscrete? In lykewise Ethioeles by his brethren receyued great enormyties by that cursed enuye. O thou prudent man if thou wilt be discrete, good, and wise flye from enuy, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule.

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNES CORPORALL
THE THIRD FOOLE.

RYGHTE heartely I beseeche you folysshe and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a littell collacion in this booke, and if there be any thing, that I can do for you, I am all yours both body and goodes, for truelye I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meditorious dede, because that I haue euer frequented your serveyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found you cautellous women. They that the pappes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyuers places merueylously be vnreasonable fooles, for they dresse them like voluptuous harlottes that make their heyre to appere at theyr browes yalowe as fine golde made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr loue. Some for to haue their goodes presenteth to them their biddes for to take their carnall desires. And after that they haue taken all their disportes, they pill them as an onion. The other for to haue their pleasures mundayne cheeth them that we loue best and maketh synnyfaunce to them saying that she is enamoured on them. Thou art a verry idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou letest thy selfe be wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe, or a shepe is bounde in a corde. In suche wise that ye can not vnbynde youre selfe. O foole haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou commyttest for thou putttest thy poore soule in great danger of damnation eternall, thou putttest thy goodes, thyne vnderstandinge, and thy joy, vnto dolorous perdition for all that yee bee in your worldly pleasures, yet it is mengled with dystres, or with misery, greate thoughte or melancholy. I requyre thee leue thy worldlye pleasures that endureth no lenger then the grasse of the feelde. If you haue ioye one only momente thou shalt haue twayne of sorow for it. Wee rede of Sardanapalus that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell, the whiche put himselve in the guise of a poore woman, his men seinge hym so obstinate in that

vile sinne, slewe him, and so fynished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasauce mundayne. The soueraigne Creatour was more puyssaunte thenne this wretched sinner, let vs not appy our selfe therto sith that hee punysheth sinners so asprely, but with all our hertes enforce we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomyne sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfercion and bytternes, for it distayneth the soule of man: fle frome the foolishe women that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shal be beloued of God and also of the worlde.

EN PARLEMENT À PARIS.

JUSTICE est morte & verité sommeille,
Droit & raison sont allez aux parlois,
Les deux premiers: Nul ne les resueille,
Et les derniers, sont corumpus pardois.

Out of Frenche into Latine.

Abstulit atra dies Astram: cana fides sed
somno pressa jacet: jus iter arripuit.
Et secum ratio proficiscens limite longo.
Nemo duas primas evigilare porat,
Atque duo postrema absunt, & uimera tantum
Impediunt, nequeuntque remeari domum.

Out of Latine into Englyshe

Justice nowe is dead,
Trough with a drousy head.
As hevy as the leed
Is leyd downe to slepe,
And bidythe no kepe
And ryght is euer fallows
Gon to seke halows
With reason to gidder
No man can tell whether
No man woll vndertake
The first twayne to awake:
And the tweyne laste
Be withholde so faste
Wyth mouy, as men sayne
They can not come agayne.

EPITAPHE.

THIS tretise deuyssed it is
Of two knaues somtyme of dys.
Though this knaue be deade
Full of myschiefe and queed
Yet where so euer they ly
Theyr names shall neuer dye.

COMPENDIUM DE DUOBUS VERSIPEL-
LIBUS

JOHN JAYBERD ET ADAM ALIAS A KNAVE DEQUE
ILLORUM NOTISSIMA VILLITATE.

A DEVOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARKE,
SOMETyme THE HOLY PATRIARKE OF DIS.

SEQUITUR triginta'e
Tale quale rationale
Licet parum curiale
Tamen satis est formale

Joannis Clerc hominis
 Cujusdam maitimoniis
 Joannis Jayberd qui vocatur
 Clerc cleribus nuncupatur
 Obit sanctus iste pater
 Anno domini M. D. Sexto
 In parochia de dis
 Non erat sibi similis
 In malicia vir insignis
 Duplex corde & bilinguis
 Senio confectus
 Omnibus suspectus
 Nemini dilectus
 Sepultus est amonge the wedes
 God forgeue bym his mysdedes

Dulce melos
 Penetrans Celos.

Carmina cum cannis
 Cantemus festa Joannis
 Clerke obiit vere
 Jayberde nomenque dedere
 Dis populus natus
 Clerke cleribus estque vocatus
 Hic vir caldeus
 Nequam vir ceu Jebuseus
 In Christum Domini
 Fremuit de more cameli
 Rectori proprio
 Tam verba retorta loquendo
 Unde resultando
 Quæ acheronta boando tonaret
 Nunquam sincere
 Solitus sua crimina flere
 Cui male lingua loquax
 Quæ dicax mendaxque faere
 Et mores tales
 Resident in nemine quales
 Carpens vitales
 Auras turbare sodales
 Et cines socias
 Asinus mulus velut & bos
 Omne sum studium
 Rubium pictum per amictum
 Discolor & victum
 Faciens semper maledictum
 Ex intestinis ovium
 Quæ boumque caprorum
 Tendens adque forum
 Fragmentum colligit horum
 Dentibus exemptis
 Mastigat cumque polentis
 Lanigerum caput
 Aut vaccæ mugientis
 Quid petis? hic sit quis
 John Jayberd. Nicolas de dis
 Cui dum vixerat is
 Sociantur iurgia vis lis

Jam Jacet hic starke deed
 Neuer a toth in his heed
 Adieu. Jayberd adue
 I faith dikkon thou crue
 Fratres orate
 For this knauate
 By the holy rode
 Dyd neuer man good
 I pray you all
 And pray shall
 At this trentall
 On knees to fall
 To the fote ball

With fill the blak bowle
 For Jayberdes sowle
 Bibite multum
 Ecce sepultum
 Sub pede stultum
 Asinum & mulum
 The deuill kis his culum
 Wit hey cowe rumbelowe
 Rumpopulorum .
 Per omnia secula seculorum.
 Amen.

Requiem, &c.
 Per Fredericum Hely
 Fratrem de Monte Carmeli
 Qui condunt sine sale
 Hoc devotum tringintale
 Vale Jayberd, valde male.
 Finis.

Adam Uddersale. alias dictus
 Adam all. a knaue his epitaph.
 Poloweth deuoutly,
 He was somtime the holy
 Baillyue of dis.
 Of dis.

Adam degebat
 Dum vixit falsa gerebat
 Namque extorquebat
 Quicquid nativus habebat
 Aut liber natus. Rapidus
 Lupus inde vocatus.
 Ecclesiamque satus
 De belial iste Pilatus
 Sub pede calcatus
 Violauit nunc violatus
 Perfidus iratus
 Numquam fuit ille beatus
 Uddersall stratus
 Benedictus est spoliatus
 Improbus inflatus
 Maledictus jam laceratus
 Sis tibi baccatus
 Balianus prædominatus
 Hic fuit ingratus
 Porcus velut insaciatus
 Pinguis crassatus
 Velut Agas fit reprobus
 Crudelisque Cacus
 Baratro peto sit tumultus
 Belsabub his soule saue
 Qui jacet hic like a knaue.
 Jam scio mortuus est
 Et jacet hic hke a best,

Anima eius,
 De malo in pejus. Amen.

De dis hæc semper erit canena,
 Adam Uddersall sit anathema.

Auctore Skelton rectore de dis.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptor per
 curatum ejusdem quinto die Januarii anno domini
 secundum computat. Angliæ M. D. VII.

Adam Adam ubi es. Genesis R. ubi nulla
 requies. [Joh.
 Ubi nullus ordo, sed semperterrus horror inhabitat.
 Finis.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantum
 Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos.
 I. Canticum dolorosum.

LAMENTATIO URBIS NORWICEN.

O LACHRIMOSA lues nimis O quàm flebile fatum
 Ignibus exosis urbs veneranda ruis
 Fulmina sive Jovis sive vltima fata vocabant
 Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris
 Ou decus ou partia specie pulcherima dudum
 Urbs Norwicensis labitar in cineres [ponam,
 Urbs tibi quid referam? breviter tibi pauca re-
 Prospera raro manent, utere sorte tus.
 Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat,
 Urbs miseranda vale, sors miseranda tua est.
 Skelton.

VILTISSIMUS SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS
 CONTRA ANGLIGENAS CAUDATOS ANGLOS, SPUR-
 CISSIME SCOTE QUID EFFERS? EFFRONS ES,
 QUOQUE SONS: MENDAX, TUA SPURCAQUE BUCCA
 EST.

ANGLICUS a tergo
 Caudam gerit.
 Est canis ergo.
 Anglice caudate
 Cape caudam
 Ne cadet a te
 Ex cause caude
 Manet Anglica
 Gens sive laude.
 Skelton nobilis poeta,
 Diffamas patriam qua non
 effas melior usquam
 Cum cauda plaudis dum
 possis ad hostia pultes
 Mendicans mendicus eris,
 mendaxque bilinguis,
 Scabidus, horribilis, quem
 vermes sexque pedales
 Corrodunt misere, miserea
 genus est maledictum.
 Gup Scot, ye blot,
 Laudate Caudate
 Set in better
 Thy pentameter
 This Dundas
 This Scottishe as
 He rymes and rayles
 That Englishmen haue tailes.
 Skeltonus laureatus,
 Anglicus natus,
 Provocat musas
 Contra Dundas
 Norpacissimum Scotum,
 Undique notum,
 Rusticè fotum
 Vapidè potum,
 Skelton laureat
 After this rate
 Defendeth with his pen
 All English men.
 Agayu Dundas
 The Scottishe asse
 Shake thy tayle Scot lyke a cur,
 For thou beggest at euey mannes dur.
 Out Scot I sey
 Go shake thy dog hey
 Dundas of Galaway
 With thy versyfyeng rayles
 How they haue tayles.

By Jesu Christ, fals Scot thou lyeest,
 But behynd in our hose
 We bere there a rose
 For thy Scottyshe nose,
 A spectacle case
 To couer thy face
 With tray deux ase
 A tolman to blot
 A rough foted Scot
 Dundas sir knaue
 Why doste thow depraue,
 This royall reame,
 Whose radiant beame
 And relucent light
 Thou hast in despite
 Thou donghyll knyght
 But thou lakest might
 Dundas, dronken, and drowsy
 Skabed scurvy and lowsy
 Of vnhappy generacion
 And most vngracious nacion.
 Dundas that dronke asse
 That ratis and rankis
 That prates and pranks
 On huntley banks
 Take this our thankes
 Dunde bar,
 Walke Scot
 Walke sot
 Rayle not to far.

ADMONITIO SKELTONIS UT OMNES ARBORES
 VIRIDI LAUREO CONCEDANT.

Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus
 Populus in fluuiis, abies patulissima, fagus
 Lenta salix, platanus pinguis, ficulnea ficus,
 Glandifera & quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua
 Basamum exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ, [pinus,
 Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cuspidè lenta
 Botrigeria, & domino, vitis gratissima, baccho,
 Illex & sterilis, labrasta palosa colonis,
 Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura sabeis
 Thus redolens, arabis panter, notissima mirrha,
 Et vos O corilli fragiles, humilesque myricæ
 Et vos O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti.
 Arboris omne genus viridi concedite Lauro.

Prenes en gre. The Laurelle.

Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quantum
 Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos
 1. Canticum dolorosum.

IN BEDELL QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DE-
 VOTUM EPITAPHIUM.

ISMAL ecce Bedel, non mel, sed fel, sibi des el.
 Perfidus Achitophel: Luridus atque lorell:
 Nunc olet iste Jebal. Nabal. S. Nabal ecce Ribaldus
 Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat.
 In plateaque cadens auimam spiravit oleto,
 Presbyteros odiens sic sine meute ruit
 Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacratos
 Presbyteros, quia sic corrui iste canis.
 Cocitus cui sic petus per Tartara totus
 Sit peto promotus Cerberus huncque voret
 At mage sancta tamen mea musa precabitur atros
 Hos lemuresque eat sic Bedel ad superis
 Non eat, inmo ruat, non scandat sed mage tendat,
 Inque caput præcepss mox Acheronte putat.

Bedel. Quanta malignatus est inimicus in sanctum.
Psal. 75.

{ Mortus est asinus
{ Qui vivit multum
{ Hic jacet barbarus
{ The deuill kys his culum. Amen.

Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas paglaum: qui sunt qui mea scripta sciunt
Bedde. { Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt
{ Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta premunt
Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio
Nec multum paveo de scoldo Rabulo.

POETA SKELTON LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SULM
NETRICE ALOQUITUR.

Ad dominum proferato meum inea pagina Percy
Qui Northumbroorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad natum celebris tu prona repono leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia justitia.
Ast ubi perlegit dubiam sub mente volutet,
Fortunam cuncta quæ male fida rotat,
Qui leo sit felix & Nestoris occupet annos,
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT VPON THE DOULOURS DETHE
AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE
MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBER-
LANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh fulsore
The dedely fate. the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas without restore
Of the bloud royall descending nobelly
Whose lordshyp doutles, was slayne lamentably
Thorow treson, again him compassed and wrought
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heuenly poems. O. Clio calde by name
In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall
Adres the to me whiche am both halt and lame
In elect vterance to make memoryall
To the for soucour to the for help I call
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate
By thy report ar wont to be extold
Regestringe trewly euery formare date
Of thy bounte after the vsual rate
Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy nobles
These sorowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In seasons past who hath herde or sene
Of formar writyng by any presidente
That vilane hastardis in their furious tene
Fulfilled with malice of froward entente
Confetered togeder of cominon concente
Falsly to flee theyr moste singuler god lord
It may be regestrede of shaunefull recorde.

So noble a man so valiaunt lord and knyght
Fulfilled with honor as all the world doth ken
At his commaundment which had both day and
nyght
Knyghtes and squyers: at euery season when
E. calde vpon them, as meniall houshold men

Were not these commons vncurteis karlis of kind
To slo their owne lorde: God was not in their
mynd

And were uot they to blame I say also
That were aboute him his one servants of trust
To suffie him slayn of his mortall fo
Fled away from hym let hym ly in the dust
They bofe not till the reckenyng were discust
What shuld I flatter what shuld I glose or paint
Fy fy for shame their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce which gretly was re-
douted
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in
To whom great estates obeyed and lowt d [drede
A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede
'Uukyndly they slew him, that help them oft at
nede

He was their bulwark their paues and their wall
Yet shamefully they slew him that shame mot
them befall

I say ye comoners why wer ye so stark mad
What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne
Where was your wit and reson ye should have had
Your wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
Your natural lord: alas I cannot fayne
Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd
Well may you be called comones most vnkynnd.

He was your cheffeyne your shelde your cheff
Redy to assyst you in euery time of neda [defence
Your worshyp depended of his excellence
Alas ye mad men to far ye did excede
Your hap was vnhappy to ill was your spede
What moued you agayne him to war or to fyght
What alyde you to sle your lord agayn all ryght.

The ground of his quarel was for his souerain
The well concerning of all the hole lande [lord
Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord
To the ryght of his prince which should not be
withstand

For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand
But had his noble men done wel that day
Ye had not bene able to haue sayd him nay

But ther was fals packing or els I am begyld
How be it the mater was euident and playne
For if they had occupied their spere aud their
shilde

This noble man doutles had not bene slayne
But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine
And held with the comones vnder a cloke
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made all this
smoke.

The commons rnyed their taxes to pay
Of them demaunded aud asked by the kyng
With oue voice impertune they plainly sayd nay
They buskt them on a bushment theuselfe in
baile to bring
Agayne the kyngs pleasure to wrestle or to wring
Bluntly as best is with boste and with crye
They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the north this valiaunt lord and
knyght

As man that was innocent of trechery or traîne
Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght
And lyke marciall Hector he faught them agayne
Vgygorously vpon them with might and with maine

Trustyng in noble men that were with him there
But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all
Together with seruautes of his famuly
Turned their backe, and let ther master fal
Of whome they counted not a flye
Take vp whose wold for ther they let him ly
Alas his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was enuironed aboute on euery syde
With his enemyes, that wer starke mad and wode
Ye while he stode he gaue them woundes wyde
Allas for ruth what thoughte his mynd wer gode
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode
Al left alone alas he foughte in vayne
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite that Percy thus was spylt
The famous erle of Northumberland
Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel and hylt
The myghty lyon doubted by se and lande
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande
What man remembryng how shamfully he was
From bitter wepyng himself can restrain. [slaine]

O cruell Mars thou dedly god of war
O dolorous tewisady dedicate to thy name
Whcn thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to
O ground vngacious vnhappy be thy fame [mar]
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle: O foule mysuryd ground
Whereon he gat his gñall dedely wounde.

O Atropos of the fatal systers iii.
Goddess most cruel vnto the lyfe of man
All merciles in the is no pite
O homicide which fleest, all that thou can
So forcibly vpon this erle thou ran
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede
Thou kit asonder perfsight vitall threde.

My wordes unpullysht be nakide and playne
Of Aureat poems they want elluunynyng
But by them to knowlege ve may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his inuirdryng
Which whiles he lyved had fuyson of euery thing
Of knyghts of squyers chyf lord of toure and towne
Tyll fykkell fortune began an hym to frowne

Paragall to dukes with kynges he might compare
Surmountynge in honor all erlis he did excede
To all countreis aboute him reporte me I dare
Lyke to Eneas benigne in word and dede
Valiant as Hector in euery marciall nede
Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes du-
ble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkanckered all with rust
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name
Trausendyng for myne homly muse, that muste
Yet somewhat wright surprised with herty lust
Truly reportyng his right noble estate
Immortally whiclie is immaculate.

His noble blode neuer destayned was
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght
Doblenes hatyng, fals matters to compas
Treytory and treason he banysht out of syght
With truth to medle was al hisholl delight

As all his country can testyfy the same
To de suche a lorde alas it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne
In me all onely wer set and comprised
Embretthed with the blast of influence deuyne
As perfyttly as could be thought or deuised
To me also all though it were promised
Of Laurat Phebus holy the eloquence
All were to lytell for his magnificence

O yonge lyon but tender yet of age
Grow and increse remembre thyn estate
God the assyst unto thyn herytage
And geue the grace to be more fortunate
Agayn rebellyones arme the to make debate
Aud as the lyone whiche is of bestes kyng
Unto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long
Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast
Ryght to inayntayn and to resist all wrouge
All flateryng faytors abhor and from the cast
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast
Let double delyng in the haue no place,
And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and myad
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
This lords death whose pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englund and Fraunce were thorow saught
Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought
Both temporal and spiritual for to complayne
This noble man that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons and those knyghtes bold
And al other gentilmen with him enterteined
In fee: as menyall men of his houshold
Whom he as lord worshiply mainteyned
To sorowful wepyng they ought to be constrained
As off as they call to their remembrance,
Of ther good lord the fate aud dedely chaunce.

Perlesse Prince of Heven emperyall
That with one word formed al thing of noughte
Heven, hell, and erthe, obey unto thy call
Which to thy resemblance wonderly hast
wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought
With thy blood precious our finaunce thou did pay
And vs redemed, from the fendys pray

To the pray we as Prince incomparable
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell
In euilles blys with the to byde aud dwell
In thy palace, aboute the orient
Where thou art Lord, and God omnipotent.

O Quene of mercy, O Lady full of grace
Mayden most pure and Goddes moder dere
To sorowful hattes chef comfort and solace
Of all women O flowre without pere
Pray to thy son aboute the ster is clere
He to vouchsafe by thy mediacion
To pardon thy seruaunt and bryng to saluacion

In joy triumphaunt the heuently gerarchy
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place
His soull mot receyue in to theyr company
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all solace
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost
In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

Non sapit humanis qui certam ponere rebus
Spem cupit est hominum raraque ficta fides
Tetrasticon Skelton laureati ad magistrum Rukshaw
Sacrae theologiae egregium professorem
Accipe nunc domum doctor celeberrime Rukshaw
Carmina: de calamo quae cecidere meo,
Et quaque placidis non sunt modulata carmenis
Sunt tamen ex nostra pectore prompta pio.
Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissimè.

FINIS.

ELEGIA

IN SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPIS ET DOMINÆ DOMINÆ
MARGARITÆ NUPER COMITISSÆ DE DARBY
STRENUISSIMI REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATRIS
FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM. PER SKELTONIDA
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM XVI. MENSIS
AUGUSTI. ANNO SALLTIS M.D.XVI.

ASPIRATE meis elegis pia turba sororum,
Et Margaretam collacriniate piam.
Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater
Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet;
Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat Poliandro,
Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo;
Cui cedat Tanaquil (Titus hanc super astra re-
Cedat Penelope carus Ulyssis amor. [portat])
Hec Abigail velut Hester erat pietate secunda,
En tres jam proceres nobilitate pares:
Pro domina precor implora pro principe tanta
Flecte deum precibus qui legis hos apices.
Plura referre piget calamus torpore rigescit,
Dormit Mecænas, negligitur probitas
Nec juvat aut modicum prodest nunc ultima versus
Facta recensere (mortua mors reor est)
Queris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier
hircum
Cedit honos hircu, cedit honoque capro.
Falleris ipse Charon iterum surrexit Abyron
Et stygios remos despiciat ille tuos.
Vivitur ex voto: mentis præcordia tangunt
Nulla sepulcra ducum nec monumenta patrum;
Non regum non ulla hominum labentia fato
Tempora nec totiens mortua turba ruens.
Hunc statuo certe peritura parcere cartæ
Ceu Juvenalis ovat eximius satirus.
Disticon execrationis in fagolidoros
Qui lacerat, violat, ve rapit præsens Epitoma
Hunc laceretque voret Cerberus absque mora.

Colon. Agaton. cum Areta. Re in. Pa.
Hanc tecum statuas dominum (precor) ð sator orbis,
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens.

ORATOR REGIUS SKELTONIS LAUREATUS IN
SINGULARE MERITISSIMUMQUE; PRÆCONIUM
NORLISSIMI PRINCIPIS HENRICI SEPTIMI NU-
PER STRENUISSIMI REGIS ANGLIÆ HOC EPITA-
PHIUM EDIDIT. AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLA-
TIONEM REVERENDI IN CRISTO PATRIS AC DO-
MINI DOMINI JOHANNIS ISLIP ARBATUS WEST-
MONASTERII OPTIME MERITI ANNO DOMINI.
M.D.XII. PRIDIE DOMINI ANDRÉE APOSTOLI, &c.

TRISTIA melpomenes cogor mode plectra sonare
Ilos elegos foveat Citharus ille meos

Si quas fata movent lacrimas: lacrimare videret
Jam bene maturum si bene mente sapis
Flos Britonum, regum speculum Salamonis imago
Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur,
Punica dum regnat (redolens rosa digna vocari
Jam jam marcescit ceu levis umbra fugit)
Multa novercantis fortunæ multa faventis
Passus: & infractus tempus utrumque tulit
Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,
Hic erat: hunc Scottus rex timuit Jacobus.
Spiramenta animæ vegetans dum vesicatur aura
Francorum populus conticuit pavidus.
Immensa sibi divitiis cumulasse quid horres
Ni cumlasset opes forte Britannia Ivas
Urgentes casus tacita si mente volutes,
Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa Tagi
Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans
Rexisset satius: vix tibi tuta salus;
Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura voluto
Zuisque vigil sibi sit mors sine lege rapit?
Ad dominum qui cuncta regit pro principe tanto
Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis.
Vel mage si placeat hunc
Hunc timuit Jacobus
Scottorum dominus
Qui sua fata luit
Zucum leo candidior
Rubeum necat ense leonem
Et jacet vsque modo
Non tumulatur humo.

Refrigerii sedem quietis beatitudinem luminis
habeat claritatem.

AMEN.

EULOGIUM

PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDICIONE TANTIS
PRINCIPIBUS NON INDIGNUM PER SKELTONIDA
LAUREATUM ORATOREM REGIUM.

Hæc pia Calliope perpera mea casta puella,
Et mecum resona carmina plena deo,
Septimus Henricus Britonum memorabilis heros,
Anglica terra tuus magnanimus Priamus:
Attalus hic opibus rigidus Cato, clarus Acestes
Sub gelido clausus marmore jam recubuit
Hic honor omnis opes, probitas sic gloria regum
Omnia nutabunt mortis ad imperium. [obstas?]
Anglia num lacrimas: rides? lacrimare quid
Dum vixit lacrimas: dum moritur jubilas.
Cauta tamen penses, dum vixerat Angligenenses
Vibrabant enses, bella nec ulla timent.
Undique bella fremunt nunc undique prelia sur
Noster honor solus filius ecce suus; [gunt,
Noster honor solus qui pondera tanta subire
Non timet: intrepidus arma gerenda vocat,
Arma gerenda vocat (superi sua cepta secudent)
Ut quæsiat Pallas Ægida sepe rogat.
Sors tamen est versanda diu sors vltima belli
Myrmidonum dominus matre silente ruit;
Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis
Mars? tamen occubuit insidiis Paridis
Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus
Arguit, & prohibet Delius ipse pater
Omnia sunt hominum dubio labentia fato,
Marte sub incerto militat omnis homo.
Omne decus nostrum, nostra & spes unica tantum,
Jam bene qui regnat hunc Jovis umbra tegat
Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere valentem,
Pauca tamen liceat dicere pace sua;

Pace tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca,
 Dulce meum decus, & sola Britannia salus.
 Summa rei nostræ remanet celeberrime princeps,
 In te precipuo. qui modo sceptrâ geris.
 Si tibi fata favent precor atque precabor
 Anglia tunc plaude sin minus ipse vale.

Policronitudo Basileos.

TETRASTICON VERITATIS.

Felix qui bustum torniasti,
 Rex tibi cuprum,
 Auro si tectus fueras,
 Fueras spoliatus,
 Nudus prostratus,
 Tanta est rabiosus cupido,
 Undique nummorum
 Rex pace precor requiescas. Amen.

FINIS.

IN THE FLEETE MADE BY ME WILLIAM CORNISHIE
 OTHERWISE CALLED NYSHWEHETE CHAPEL-
 MAN WITH THE MOST FAMOSE AND NOBLE
 KYNG HENRY THE VII. HIS REYGN THE XIX.
 YERE THE MONETH OF JULY.

A TREATISE BETWENE TROWTH, AND
 INFORMATION.

A. B. of E. bow. C. for. T. was. P. in P.
 Prologue.

THE HOOLE CONTENT.

THE knowledge of God, passyng comparison
 The deuill knowith all il thing, consented or done
 And man knoweth nothing, saue only by reason
 And reason in man, is diuerse of operation
 How can then man be parfite of cognicion
 For reason shall so reason that somtyme among
 A man by information may ryghte wisly do wrong

GOSELL.

The auctorised gospel and reason holdeth ther-
 with
 Whose litterall sence agreith to the fore seyng
 Qui ambulat in tenebris nescit quo vadit
 Now moralysye ye farther and peyse the contriuyng
 I meane, bytwene trowth and sotele conueynge
 Who gothe in the darke, must stumble amonge
 Blame neuer a blynd man, thou he go wronge.

EXAMPLE.

A iuge to the jury nedes must geue credence
 How what yf they purpose fals maters to compose
 The iudge must procede yet in bim non offence,
 For as they geue verdit, the iugement must passe.
 But wher the faulte is, non dormit Judas
 For by fals information many tymes amonge
 Right shalbe rewled and the righteouse sbal do
 wrong

EUPELL INFORMATION.

But woo to suche informers who they be
 That maketh their malice the mater of the power
 And cruelly without conscience right or pity
 Disorgith their venome under that colowre
 Alas not remembryng their soules doloure
 When, dies illa, dies ire, shalbe their songe
 Ite maledicti, take that for your wronge.

A PARABLE BETWEN INFORMACION AND MUSIKE.

THE EXAMPLES.

Musike in his melody requireth true soundes
 Who setteth a song, should geue him to armony
 Who kepeth true his tuenes may not passe his sonds
 His alteracions and prolacions must be pricked
 treuly
 For musike istrew though minstrels maketh maystry
 The harper careth nothing but reward for his song
 Merily soundith his mouth when his tong goth all
 of wrong.

THE HARPE.

A harpe geueth sounde as it is sette
 The harper may wrest it vntunablye
 Yf he play wrong good tunes be doth lette
 Or by mystunying the very trow armonye
 A harpe well playde on shewyth swete melody
 A harper with his wrest maye tune the harpe wrong
 Mystunying of an instrument shal hurt a true songe

A SONGE.

A songe that is trowe and ful of swetnes
 May be euyl songe and tunyd amyse
 The songe of hym selfe yet neuer the les
 Is true and tunable, and syng it as it is
 Then blame not the song, but marke wel this
 He that hath spit at another mans songe
 Will do what he can to haue it songe wronge.

A CLARICORDE.

The claricord hath a tunely kynde
 As the wyre is wrested hye and lowe
 So it tuenyth to the players mynde
 For as it is wrested so must it nedes showe
 As by this reson ye may well know
 Any instrument mystunyd shall hurt a trow song
 Yet blame not the claricord the wrester doth
 wronge.

A TROMPET.

A trompet blowne hye with to hard a blest
 Shal cause him to vary from the tunable kynde
 But he that bloweth to hard must suage at the last
 And fayne to fall lower with a temperat wynde
 And then the trompet the true tune shall fynde
 For an instrument ouer wynded is tuned wronge
 Blame none but the blower, on him it is longe.

TRUE COUNSELL.

Who plaieth on the barpe he should play trow
 Who syngeth a songe, let his voice be tunable
 Who wresteth the claricorde mystunying eschew
 Who bloweth a trompet let his wind be mesurable
 For instruments in them self be ferme and stable
 And of trowth, wold trowth to every manes songe
 Tune them then truly for in them is no wronge.

COLOURS OF MUSYKE.

In musyke I haue learned iiii colours as this
 Blake, ful blake, verte, and in lykewyse redde
 By these colours many subtil alteracions ther is
 That wil begile one tho iu cunning he be wel sped
 With a prike of indicion from a body that is dede
 He shal try so his nombre with swetnes of his songe
 That the eare shalbe pleased, and yet he al wronge.

THE PRACTISER.

I pore man vnable of this science to skylly
 Sauc lital practise I hauc by experyence

I meane but trouthe and of good will
 To remembre the doers, that vseth such offence
 Not onē sole, but generally in sentence
 By cause I can skylle of a litle songe
 To try the true corde to be knownen from the wrong.

TREUTH.

Yet trouth was drownde he not sanke
 But still dyd fleete aboue the water
 Informacion had played hym suche a pranke
 That with power the pore bad lost his mater
 Bycause that trouthe begane to clater
 Informacion hath taught hym to solfe his songe
 Paciens parforce, content you with wronge.

TRUTH.

I assayde theis tunes me thought them not swete
 The concordes were nothyng musicall
 I called masters of musike cunyng and discrete
 And the first prynciple whose name was Tuballe
 Guido Boice, John de Murris, Vitryaco and them
 I prayed them of helpe of this combrous songe [al
 Priked with force and lettred with wronge.

TRUE ANSWERE.

They sayd I was horce I might not syng
 My voice is to pore it is not awdyble
 Informacion is so curyous in his chauntynge
 That to bere the trew plainsonge, it is not possible
 His proporcons be so hard with so highe a qua-
 trible [bound
 And the playn song in the margyn so craftely
 That the true tunes of Tuball can not haue the
 right sounde.

TRUTHE.

Well quod treuth, yet ones I trust verely
 To have my voyce and syng agayne
 And to flete our treuth and clarify truly
 And ete sugē candy adaye or twayne
 And then to the deske to syng true and playn
 Informacion shall not alwaye entune hys song
 My parts shalbe true, when his countreuers shalbe
 wrong.

INFORMACION.

Information hym enbolded of the monacorde
 From consonaunts to concordes he musyd bis
 mastry
 I assayde the musyke both knyght and lord
 But none wold speke, the sounde bord was to hye
 Then kept I the plain keyes the marred al my
 melody
 Enformacion draue a crochet that past al my song
 With proporcion parforce, dreuen on to longe.

DIALOGUE.

Sufferance came in, to syng a parte
 Go to quod trouth, I pray you begyn
 Nay sofft quod he, the gise of my parte
 Is to rest a longe rest or I set in
 Nay by long restyng ye shall nothing wynne
 For informacion is so crafty and so bye in his songe
 That yf ye fal to resting infayth in wiibe wrong

TREWETH.

Informacion wil teche a doctor his game
 From superacute to the noble dyapason
 I asayd to acute and when I came
 Enformacion was mete for a noble dyatessaron
 He song by a pothome that hath two kyndes in
 one [song
 With many subtel semetunys most met for this
 Pacience parforce, content you with wronge

TROUTH.

I kepe be rounde and he by square
 The one is bemole and the other bequare
 If I myght make tryall as I could and dare
 I should show why these ii. kyndes do varye
 But God knowyth al, so doth not kyng Harry
 For yf he dydde than change shold this iiii. song
 Pytye, for patience, and consience, for wronge.

Nenysswhete parabolam.

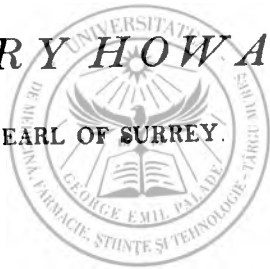
FINIS.

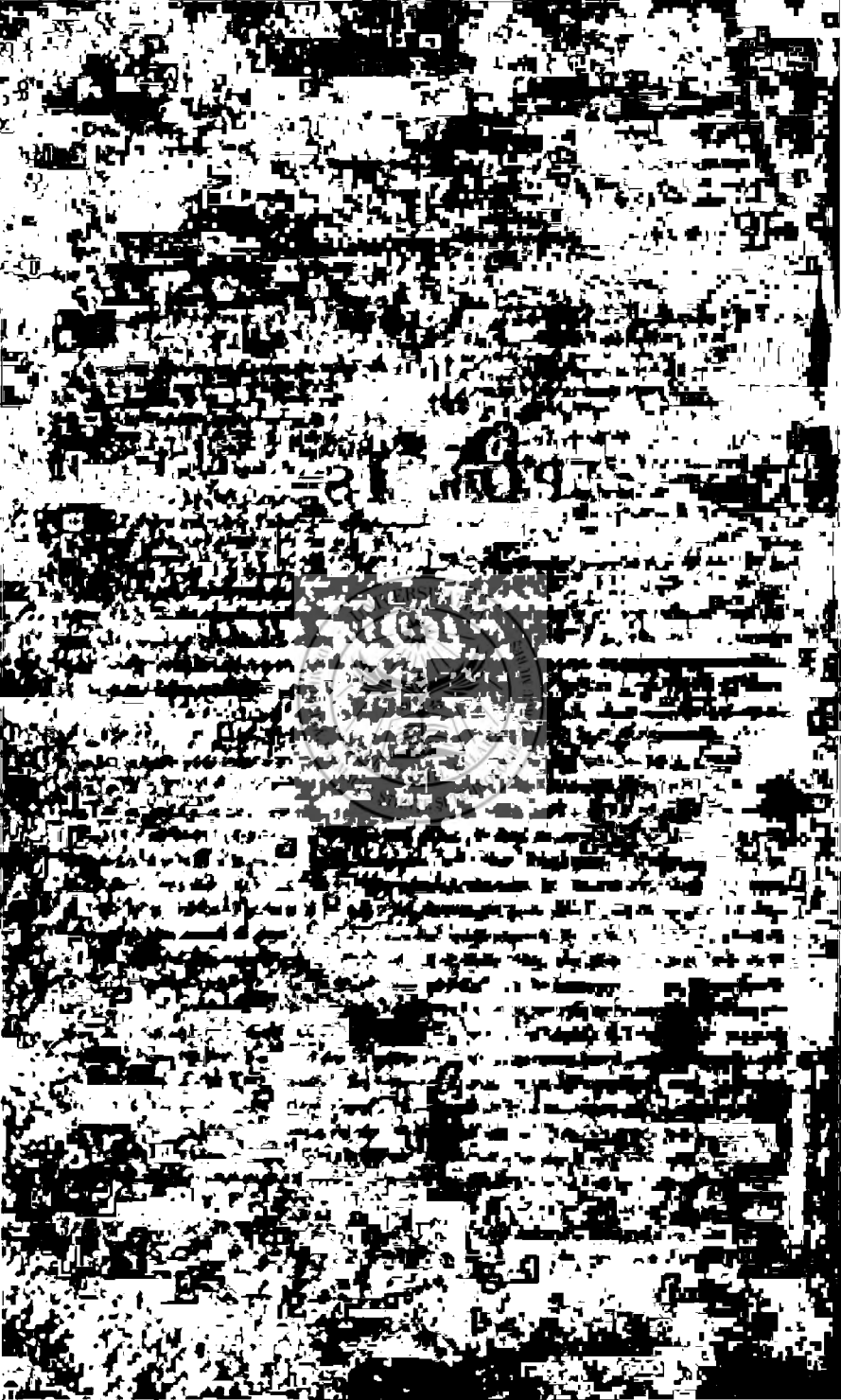
THE
POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.





THE

LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS highly accomplished nobleman has been peculiarly unfortunate in his biographers, nor is there in the whole range of the English series a life written with less attention to probability. Even the few dates on which we can depend have been overlooked, with a neglect that is wholly unaccountable in men so professedly attentive to these matters as Birch, Walpole, and Warton:

The story usually told consists of the following particulars:—

“ Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, was the eldest son of Thomas, the third duke of Norfolk, lord high treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VIII. by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham. He was born either at his father's seat at Framlingham, in Suffolk, or in the city of Westminster¹, and being a child of great hopes, all imaginable care was taken of his education. When he was very young, he was companion, at Windsor Castle, with Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry VIII. and afterwards student in Cardinal College, now Christchurch, Oxford. In 1532, he was with the duke of Richmond at Paris, and continued there for some time in the prosecution of his studies, and learning the French language; and upon the death of the duke in July, 1536, travelled into Germany, where he resided some time at the emperor's court, and thence went to Florence, where he fell in love with the fair Geraldine, the great object of his poetical addresses, and in the grand duke's court published a challenge against all who should dispute her beauty: which challenge being accepted, he came off victorious. For this approved valour, the duke of Florence made him large offers to stay with him; but he refused them, because he intended to defend the honour of his Geraldine in all the chief cities of Italy. But this design of his was diverted by letters sent to him by king Henry VIII. recalling him to England. He left Italy therefore, where he had cultivated his poetical

¹ A friend at Oxford has suggested that he may have been born at Lambeth, or at a house near Bishopsgate in London, which were the occasional residences of his father. C.

genius by the reading of the greatest writers of that country, and returned to his own country, where he was considered as one of the first of the English nobility who adorned his high birth with the advantages of a polite taste and extensive literature. On the first of May, 1540, he was one of the chief of those who justed at Westminster as a defendant against sir John Dudley, sir Thomas Seymour, and other challengers, where he behaved himself with admirable courage and great skill in the use of his arms; and, in 1542, served in the army, of which his father was lieutenant-general, and which, in October, this year, entered Scotland and burnt divers villages. In February or March following, he was confined to Windsor Castle for eating flesh in Lent, contrary to the king's proclamation of the 9th of February, 1542. In 1544, upon the expedition to Boulogne, in France he was field-marshal of the English army; and after taking that town, being then knight of the garter, he was in the beginning of September, 1545, constituted the king's lieutenant and captain general of all his army within the town and country of Boulogne. During his command there in 1546, hearing that a convoy of provisions of the enemy was coming to the fort at Oultreau, he resolved to intercept it; but the Rhingrave, with four thousand Lauskinets, together with a considerable number of Freuch under the marshal de Briez, making an obstinate defence, the English were routed, and sir Edward Poynings, with divers other gentlemen, killed, and the earl of Surrey himself obliged to fly: though it appears, by a letter of his to the king, dated Jan. 8, 1545-6, that this advantage cost the enemy a great number of men. But the king was so highly displeas'd with this ill success, that from that time he contracted a prejudice against the earl, and soon after removed him from his command, appointing the earl of Hertford to succeed him. On this sir William Paget wrote to the earl of Surrey, to advise him to procure some eminent post under the earl of Hertford, that he might not be *unprovided in the town and field*. The earl, being desirous in the mean time to regain his former favour with the king, skirmish'd against the French, and routed them; but soon after, writing over to the king's council, that as the enemy had cast much larger cannon than had been yet seen, with which they imagin'd they should soon demolish Boulogne, it deserv'd consideration whether the lower town should stand, as not being defensible; the council order'd him to return to England, in order to represent his sentiments more fully upon those points, and the earl of Hertford was immediately sent over in his room. This exasperating the earl of Surrey, occasioned him to let fall some expressions which savour'd of revenge, and a dislike of the king and an hatred of his counsellors; and was, probably, one great cause of his ruin soon after. His father, the duke of Norfolk, had endeavour'd to ally himself to the earl of Hertford, and to his brother, sir Thomas Seymour, perceiving how much they were in the king's favour, and how great an interest they were likely to have under the succeeding prince; and therefore he would have engag'd his son, being then a widower, (having lost his wife Frances, daughter of John earl of Oxford), to marry the earl of Hertford's daughter, and press'd his daughter, the duchess of Richmond, widow of the king's natural son, to marry sir Thomas Seymour. But though the earl of Surrey advis'd his sister to the marriage project'd for her, yet he would not consent to that design'd for himself; nor did the proposition about himself take effect. The Seymours could not but perceive the enmity which the earl bore them; and they might well be jealous of the greatness of the Howard family, which was not only too considerable for subjects of itself, but was rais'd so high, by the dependence of the whole popish party, both at home and abroad, that they were likely to be very dangerous competitors for

the chief government of affairs, if the king should die, whose disease was now growing so fast upon him, that he could not live many weeks. Nor is it improbable that they persuaded the king, that if the earl of Surrey should marry the princess Mary, it might embroil his son's government, and perhaps ruin him. And it was suggested that he had some such high project in his thoughts, both by his continuing unmarried, and by his using the arms of Edward the confessor, which, of late, he had given in his coat without a diminution. To complete the duke of Norfolk's and his son's ruin, his duchess, who had complained of his using her ill, and had been separated from him about four years, turned informer against him. And the earl, and his sister, the duchess dowager of Richmond, being upon ill terms together, she discovered all she knew against him; as likewise did one Mrs. Holland, for whom the duke was believed to have had an unlawful affection. But all these discoveries amounted only to some passionate expressions of the son, and some complaints of the father, who thought that he was not beloved by the king and his counsellors, and that he was ill used in not being trusted with the secret of affairs. However, all persons being encouraged to bring informations against them, sir Richard Southwel charged the earl of Surrey in some points of an higher nature; which the earl denied, and desired to be admitted, according to the martial law, to fight in his shirt with sir Richard. But, that not being granted, he and his father were committed prisoners to the Tower on the 12th of December, 1546; and the earl, being a commoner, was brought to his trial in Guildhall, on the 13th of January following, before the lord chancellor, the lord mayor, and other commissioners; where he defended himself with great skill and address, sometimes denying the accusations, and weakening the credit of the witnesses against him, and sometimes interpreting the words objected to him in a far different sense from what had been represented. For the point of bearing the arms of Edward the confessor, he justified himself by the authority of the heralds. And when a witness was produced, who pretended to repeat some high words of his lordship's, by way of discourse, which concerned him nearly, and provoked the witness to return him a braving answer; the earl left it to the jury to judge, whether it was probable that this man should speak thus to him and he not strike him again. In conclusion, he insisted upon his innocence; but was found guilty, and had sentence of death passed upon him. He was beheaded on Tower-hill on the 19th of January, 1546-7; and his body interred in the church of All Hallows, Barking, and afterwards removed to Framlingham, in Suffolk."

Such is the account drawn up by Dr. Birch for the "Illustrious Heads," from Anthony Wood, Camden, Herbert, Dugdale, and Burnet's History of the Reformation. The principal errors (corrected in this transcription), are, his making the earl of Surrey son to the second duke of Norfolk^a, and the duke of Richmond natural son to Henry the Seventh.

His next biographer to whom any respect is due was the late earl of Orford, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. The account of Surrey, in this work, derives its chief merit from lord Orford's ingenious explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, which amounts to this, that Geraldine was Elizabeth, (second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald earl of Kildare) and afterwards third wife of Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln,

^a The same error appears on the monument erected to the earl's memory at Framlingham, in 1612. by his second son, Henry, earl of Northampton. Dugdale admits the error in p. 268, but corrects it in p. 274, vol. II. C.

and that Surrey probably saw her first at Hunsdon-house in Hertfordshire, where, as she was second cousin to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who were educated in this place, she might have been educated with them, and Surrey, as the companion of the duke of Richmond, the king's natural son, might have had interviews with her, when the duke went to visit his sister.—All this is ingenious; but no light is thrown upon the personal history of the earl, and none of the difficulties, however obvious, in his courtship of Geraldine removed, or even hinted at, nor does lord Orford condescend to inquire into the dates of any event in his life.

Mr. Warton commences his account of Surrey, by observing, that "lord Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subject of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one, without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other." He then gives the memoirs of Surrey almost in the words of lord Orford, except in the following instance.

"A friendship of the closest kind commencing between these two illustrious youths, (Surrey and the duke of Richmond) about the year 1530, they were both removed to cardinal Wolsey's college at Oxford.—Two years afterwards (1532) for the purpose of acquiring every accomplishment of an elegant education, the earl accompanied his noble friend and fellow pupil into France, where they received king Henry, on his arrival at Calais to visit Francis I. with a most magnificent retinue. The friendship of these two young noblemen was soon strengthened by a new tie; for Richmond married the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister. Richmond, however, appears to have died in the year 1536, about the *age of seventeen*, having never cohabited with his wife. It was long before Surrey forgot the untimely loss of this amiable youth, the friend and associate of his childhood, and who nearly resembled himself in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acquisitions."

After adopting lord Orford's explanation of the sonnet on Geraldine, Mr. Warton proceeds to Surrey's travels, beginning with a circumstance on which much more attention ought to have been bestowed.

"It is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry. Nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he passed a few days at the emperor's court, where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of allusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance, and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen or Cannibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty: as the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion; and the grand duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries,

lill this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the duke before the tournament began is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late duke of Norfolk.

"These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied with the greatest success a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

"He was recalled to England, for some *idle reason*, by the king, much sooner than he expected; and he returned home the most elegant traveller, the most *polite lover*, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in the presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of arms; but his martial skill was not solely displayed in the parade and ostentation of these domestic combats. In 1542 he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army, and was conspicuous for his conduct and bravery at the memorable battle of *Flodden-field*, where James the Fourth of Scotland was killed."

The only other passage in which Mr. Warton improves³ upon his authorities is a very proper addition to the above account of lord Surrey's travels.

"Among these anecdotes of Surrey's life, I had almost forgot to mention what became of his amour with the fair Geraldine. We lament to find that Surrey's devotion to this lady did not end in a wedding; and that all his gallantries and verses availed so little. No memoirs of that incurious age have informed us whether her beauty was equalled by her cruelty, or whether her ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title, and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover. She appears, however, to have been afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln. Such also is the power of time and accident over amorous vows, that even Surrey himself outlived the violence of his passion: he married Frances, daughter of John, earl of Oxford, by whom he left several children. One of his daughters, Jane, countess of Westmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages."

It is truly wonderful that lord Orford and Mr. Warton, delighted as they were with the "romantic air" of lord Surrey's travels, should by any enchantment have been prevented from inquiring whether the events which they have placed between the years 1536 and 1546, when lord Surrey died, were at all consistent with probability: had they made the slightest inquiry into the age of lord Surrey, although the precise year and day of his birth might not have been recoverable, they could not have failed to obtain such information as would have thrown a suspicion on the whole story of his knight-errantry.

The birth of lord Surrey may be conjectured to have taken place some time between the years 1515 and 1520: my opinion, which however I do not mean to obtrude, is in

³ It is perhaps unnecessary to point out the many little embellishments in this story, for which we are entirely indebted to Mr. Warton's elegant pen. C.

favour of the former year, or one earlier than 1520⁴. He was, it is universally agreed, the school companion of the duke of Richmond, who died in 1536, in his seventeenth year; and if we allow that Surrey was two or three years older⁵, it will not much affect the high probability that he was a very young man at the time when his biographers made him fall in love with Geraldine, and maintain her beauty at Florence. None of the portraits of Surrey, as far as the present writer has been able to ascertain, mention his age, except that in the picture-gallery at Oxford, on which is inscribed that he was beheaded in "1547, æt. 27:" the inscription, indeed, is in a hand posterior to the date of the picture (supposed to be by Holbein); but it may have been the hand of some successful inquirer; and that in Arundel castle, which is inscribed æt. 29. None of the books of peerage notice his birth or age, nor are these circumstances inserted on his monument at Framlingham. Conjecture, it has been already observed, supposes him to have been born sometime between 1515 and 1520: if we take the earliest of these dates, it will still remain that his biographers have either crowded more events into his life than it was capable of holding, or that they have delayed his principal adventures until they become undeserving of credit, and inconsistent with his character.

Mr. Warton observes, that "it is not precisely known at what period the earl of Surrey began his travels;" but this is a matter of little consequence in refuting the account usually given of those travels, because all his biographers are agreed that he did not set out *before* the year 1536: at this time he had ten years only of life before him, which have been filled up in a very extraordinary manner. First he travels over a part of Europe, vindicating the beauty of Geraldine; in 1540 he is celebrated at the justs at Westminster; in 1542 he goes to Scotland with his father's army; in 1543 (probably) he is imprisoned for eating flesh in Lent; in 1544-5 he is commander at Boulogne; and lastly, amidst all these romantic adventures or serious events, he has leisure to marry the daughter of the earl of Oxford, and beget five children; which we may suppose would occupy at least five or six of the above ten years, and these not the last five or six years, for we find him a widower a considerable time before his death. Among other accusations whispered in the ear of his jealous sovereign, one was his *continuing* unmarried (an expression which usually denotes a considerable length of time) after the period when a second marriage might be decent, in order that he might marry the princess Mary, in the event of the king's death, and so disturb the succession of Edward.

The placing of these events in this series would render the story of his knight-errantry sufficiently improbable, were we left without any information respecting the date of Surrey's marriage; but that event renders the whole impossible, if we wish to preserve any respect for the consistency of his character: Surrey was actually married

⁴ In his letter addressed to the lords of the council when he was in the Tower, previous to his trial and execution, we find him more than once pleading his youth: he requests their lordships to "impute his error to the furie of rechelesse youth"—"Let my youth, unpractised in durance, obtain pardon"—"Neither am I the first *young man* that, governed by fury, hath enterprised such things as he hath afterwards repented." These expressions give some countenance to the supposition that the dates on his portraits above-mentioned are nearly right. See the above letter in Mr. Park's valuable edition of The Royal and Noble Authors. C.

⁵ My Oxford correspondent informs me that Richmond was a year older than Surrey. C.

before the commencement of his travels in pursuit or in defence of Geraldine's beauty. His eldest son Thomas, fourth duke of Norfolk, was eighteen years old when his grandfather died in 1554⁶: he was consequently born in 1536; and his father, it is surely reasonable to suppose, was married in 1535⁷. It would therefore be unnecessary to examine the story of Surrey's romantic travels any farther, if we had not some collateral authorities which may still show that whatever may be wrong in the present statement, it is certain that there is very little right in the common accounts which have been read and copied without any suspicion.

If it be said that Surrey's age is not exactly known, and *therefore* allowing 1536 the date of his travels to be erroneous, it is *possible* that he might have been enamoured of Geraldine long before this; and it is *possible* that his travels might have commenced in 1526, or any other period founded on this new conjecture: this, however, is as improbable as all the rest of the story; for it can be decidedly proved that there was no time for Surrey's gallantries towards Geraldine, except the period which his biographers, however absurdly, have assigned, namely, when he was a married man. The father of lady Elizabeth, the supposed Geraldine, married in 1519 one of the daughters of Thomas Grey, marquis of Dorset, and by her had five children, of whom Elizabeth was the *fourth*, and therefore probably not born before the year 1523 or 1524: if Surrey's courtship, therefore, must be carried further back, it must be carried to the nursery; for even in 1536, when we are told he was her knight-errant, she could not have been more than eleven or twelve years old: let us add to this a few particulars respecting Geraldine's husband. She married Edward lord Clinton: he was born in 1512, was educated in the court, and passed his youth in those magnificent and romantic amusements which distinguished the beginning of Henry VIII's reign; but did not appear as a public character until the year 1544, when he was thirty-two years of age, Geraldine about twenty-four, and Surrey within two years of his death, and most probably a widower. This earl of Lincoln had three wives; the date of his marriage with any of them is not known, nor how long they lived; but Geraldine was the third and only one by whom he had no children, and who survived his death, which took place in 1584, thirty-eight years after the death of Surrey. Mr. Warton, in his earnest desire to connect her with Surrey, insinuates that she might have been either cruel, or that her "ambition prevailed so far over her gratitude, as to tempt her to prefer the solid glories of a more splendid title and ample fortune, to the challenges and the compliments of so magnanimous, so faithful, and so eloquent a lover." On this it is only necessary to remark, that the lady's ambition might have been as highly gratified by marrying the accomplished and gallant Surrey, the heir of the duke of Norfolk, as by allying herself to a nobleman of inferior talents and rank; but of his two conjectures, Mr. Warton seems most to adhere to that of cruelty, for he adds that "Surrey himself, however, is as little deserving of serious examination as the ridiculous story of Cornelius Agrippa showing Geraldine in a glass, which Anthony Wood found in Drayton's Heroical Epistle, or probably, as Mr. Park thinks, took it from Nash's fanciful Life of Jack Wilton, published in 1594; where, under the character of his hero, he professes to

⁶ Collins, &c. C.

⁷ If, according to the conjecture of some, he was born in 1515, he was now twenty years of age; but had he been born in 1520, the more usual supposition, there are not wanting instances of a early marriages in past times: the duke of Richmond, we find, died a married man at seventeen. C.

have travelled to the emperor's court as page to the earl of Surrey. But it is unfortunate for this story, wheresoever borrowed, that Agrippa was no more a conjurer than any other learned man of his time; and that he died at Grenoble the year before Surrey is said to have set out on his romantic expedition. Drayton has made a similar mistake in giving Surrey as one of the companions of his voyage, the great sir Thomas More, who was beheaded in 1535, a year likewise before Surrey set out. Poetical authorities, although not wholly to be rejected, are of all others to be received with the greatest caution; yet it was probably Drayton's Heroical Epistle⁸ which led Mr. Warton into so egregious a blunder as that of our poet being present at Flodden-field in the year 1513. Dr. Sewell, indeed, in the short memoir prefixed to his edition of Surrey's poems, asserts the same; but little credit is due to the assertion of a writer who at the same time fixes Surrey's birth in 1520, seven years after that memorable battle was fought.

It is now time to inquire whether the accounts hitherto given can be confirmed by internal evidence. It has been so common to consider Geraldine as the mistress of Surrey, that all his love poems are supposed to have a reference to his attachment to that lady. Mr. Warton begins his narrative by observing that "Surrey's life throws so much light on the character and subjects of his poetry, that it is almost impossible to consider the one without exhibiting a few anecdotes of the other." We have already seen what those anecdotes are; how totally irreconcilable with probability, and how amply refuted by the dates which his biographers, unfortunately for their story, have uniformly furnished. When we look into the poems we find the celebrated sonnet to Geraldine the only specious foundation for his romantic attachment; but as that attachment and its consequence cannot be supported without a continual violation of probability, and in opposition to the very dates which are brought to confirm it, it seems more safe to conjecture that this sonnet was one of our author's earliest productions, addressed to Geraldine, a mere child, by one who was only not a child, as an effort of youthful gallantry in one of his interviews with her at Hunsdon. Whatever credit may be given to this conjecture, for which the present writer is by no means anxious, it is certain that if we reject it, or some conjecture of the same import, and adopt the accounts given by his biographers, we cannot proceed a single step without being opposed by invincible difficulties. There is no other poem in Surrey's collection that can be proved to have any reference to Geraldine; but there are two with the same title, viz. The Complaint of the absence of *her* lover being upon the Sea, which are evidently written in the character of a wife lamenting the absence of her husband, and tenderly alluding to "his faire litle sonne." Mr. Warton indeed finds Geraldine in the beautiful lines beginning "Give place, ye lovers, here before;" and from the lines "Spite drave me iuto Boreas reign," infers that her anger drove him into a colder climate, with what truth may now be left to the reader: but another of his conjectures cannot be passed over. "In 1544," he says, "lord Surrey was field-marshal of the English army in the expedition to Boulogne, which he took. In that age love and arms constantly went together; and it was amidst the fatigues of this protracted campaign that he composed his last sonnet called The Fancies of a wearied Lover: but this is a mere supposition. The poems of Surrey are without dates, and were arranged by their first editor without any attention to a matter of so much importance. The few

⁸ See Drayton's works, vol. IV. p. 96. et seq. C.

allusions made to his personal history in these poems are very dark; but in some of them there is a train of reflections which seems to indicate that misfortunes and disappointments had dissipated his quixotism, and reduced him to the sober and serious tone of a man whose days had been "few and evil." Although he names his productions *songs* and *sonnets*, they have less of the properties of either than of the elegiac strain. His scripture-translations appear to be characteristic of his mind and situation in his latter days: what, unless a heart almost broken by the unnatural conduct of his friends and family, could have induced the gay and gallant Surrey, the accomplished courtier and soldier, to console himself by translating these passages from Ecclesiastes which treat of the shortness and uncertainty of all human enjoyments, or those Psalms which direct the penitent and the forsaken to the throne of almighty power and grace? Mr. Warton remarks that these translations of Scripture "show him to have been a friend to the reformation;" and this, which is highly probable, may have been one reason why his sufferings were embittered by the neglect, if not the direct hostility, of some of his relations. The translation of the Scriptures into prose was but just tolerated in his time; and to familiarize them by the graces of poetry must have appeared yet more obnoxious to the enemies of the reformation. I have said *some* of his relations; his father I should hope cannot be enumerated in this class. After Surrey's execution, his sister, the duchess of Richmond, took care of the education of his children, and engaged Fox the martyrologist to be their tutor; and the duke, when this zealous protestant was pursued by the bloody Gardiner, screened him from his fury; and when he found it no longer safe to keep him, conveyed him abroad in spite of Gardiner's vigilance. This surely was not the act of a bigotted papist.

Although the present writer has taken some liberties with the historian of English poetry in his account of Surrey's life, he has not the presumption to omit Mr. Warton's elegant and just criticism on his poems. "Surrey, for justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love-verses in our language, although it must be allowed that there is a striking native beauty in some of our love-verses written much earlier than Surrey's." It is also worthy of notice, that while all his biographers send him to Italy to study its poetry, Mr. Warton finds nothing in his works of that metaphysical cast which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters, especially Petrarch. "Surrey's sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected, arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances: his poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions, or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch's better manner; when he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity, and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worse scholar: our author's mind was not too much overlaid by learning."

The translation of the two books of the *Eneid* is "executed with fidelity, without a prosaic servility; the diction is often poetical, and the versification varied with proper pauses." Its principal merit, however, is that of being the first specimen in the English language of blank verse, which was at that time growing fashionable in the Italian poetry. It is very probable that he intended to have translated the whole; and he is so much more elegant and correct in this than in his other translations, that the *Eneid* appears to have been the production of his happier days. The other authors

who preceded Milton in the attempts to break through the shackles of rhyme were Turberville, Gascoyne, Riche, Peele, Higgins, Aske, Vallans, Breton, Chapman, Marlow, &c.⁹

The fidelity which Mr. Warton attributes to the translations from Virgil our author has not preserved in his translations from Scripture, which are very liberal; and by frequent omissions and a different arrangement made to suit his situation and feelings at the time they were written, which was probably when he was in the Tower.

Surrey's poems were in high reputation among his contemporaries and immediate successors, who vied with each other in compliments to his genius, gallantry, and personal worth. They were first printed in 1557 by Tottel, in 4to. with the title of "Songes and sonettes by the right honorable Henry Howard, late earl of Surrey, and other." Several editions of the same followed in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, and 1587. So many editions prove a degree of popularity which fell to the lot of very few poems of that age; but after the time of Elizabeth they became gradually obscure, and we find no modern edition until Pope's incidental notice of him (in Windsor Forest) as the "Granville of a former age," induced the booksellers to employ Dr. Sewell to be the editor of Surrey's, Wyatt's, and the poems of uncertain authors: but the doctor performed his task with so little knowledge of the language, that this is perhaps the most incorrect edition extant of any ancient poet. It would have been surprising had it contributed to revive his memory, or justify Pope's comparison and eulogium.

The translation of the second and fourth book of the *Eneid* was published in 1557; but it seems doubtful whether together or separately. The translations of the *Psalms*, *Ecclesiastes*, and the few additional original poems were printed¹⁰, but not published, many years ago, by Dr. Percy, from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Hill, esq. who, with his usual liberality, has permitted a transcription for the present edition¹¹.

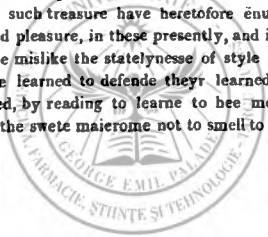
⁹ These specimens were long ago collected by Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, to be added to an edition of Surrey's poems, which is now nearly ready for the press; but will probably be anticipated by an elaborate edition prepared by the Rev. Dr. Nott, whose inquiries, he obligingly informs me, have produced a very singular fact, namely, that lord Surrey's lady survived him, and married a second husband. This, although not essential to the support of what I have presumed to advance with respect to Surrey's history, is an additional proof of the carelessness of those writers who lived nearest his time. What becomes of Henry VIII's jealousy of his designs on the princess Mary? C.

¹⁰ The whole impression was consumed in the destructive fire which took place in Mr. Nichols's premises, Jan. 1808.

¹¹ This MS. descended from the Harrington family: see Mr. Park's edition of the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. In his edition of the Royal and Noble Authors are some interesting particulars respecting the various editions of Surrey's poems. C.

TO THE READER.

THAT to have wel written in verſe, yea, and in ſmal parcelles, deſureth great prayſe, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue ſufficiently. That our tong is able in that kinde to doe as prayſe worthely as the reſt, the honorable ſtile of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightineſſe of the depe-witted ſir Thomas Wyat the elders verſe, with ſeueral graces in ſundry good English writers, do ſhew abundantly. It reſteth now (gentle reader) that thou thinke it not euyll done, to publiſhe to the honor of the Engliſhe tong, and for profit of the ſtudious of Engliſhe eloquence, thoſe workes which the ungentle borders up of ſuch treaſure have heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reader) thine owne profite and pleaſure, in theſe preſently, and in moe hereafter, ſhal anſwere for my defence. If perhappes ſome miſlike the ſtatelineſſe of ſtyle remoued from the rude ſkil of common cares, I aſke helpe of the learned to defende theyr learned frendes, the authors of this worke: and I exhort the unlearned, by reading to learne to bee more ſkilful, and to purge that ſwinelike groſſeneſſe, that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delight.





POEMS

OF

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE
OF A LOVER,
WITH SUTE TO HIS LADIE, TO RUE ON HIS DYING
HART.*

THE Sunne hath twice brought forth his tender
grene,
Twice clad the earth in liuely lustinesse;
Ones have the windes the trees dispoyled clene,
Aud ones again begins their cruclnesse,
Sins I haue hid under my brest the harme,
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnessse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme:
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serue for to disarm
The frosen hart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But Time, in time, reduceth a returne:
In time my harme increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne:
Strange kindes of death, in life that I do trie;
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne.
And lyke as time list to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
Al thynge alive, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It selfe from travaile of the dayes unrest,
Sauer I, alas! against all others use,
That then stirre up the torments of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate,
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endlesse smart and paine;
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to plaine;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,

To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the trauaile of my thought,
Of better state could catch a cause to host:
For if I founde, some time that I have sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sailes do fall and I advance right nought;
As ankerd fast my spirites doe all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seke, how do I finde my sore?
And yf I flee, I cary with me still
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restore
By haste of flight: And I may plaine my fill
Unto my self, unless this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene
For I, alas! in silence all to long,
Of mine old hurt yet felt the wound but grene,
Rue on my life, or els your cruell wrong
Shall well appere, and hy my death be sene.

*DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,
WHERIN ECHE THING RENEWES SAUE ONELY THE
LOVER.*

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth
brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
The turtle to her mate hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for every spray now springs:
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
The buck in brake bis winter coate he flings:
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honny now she mings,
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I se among these pleasant things
Eche care decays; and yet my sorow springs.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESSE STATE
OF A LOUER.**

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race
That Cupides scourge had made me runne,
I loked backe to mete the place,
From whence my weary cours begunne.

And then I sawe how my desire,
Misguiding me, had led the way,
Myne eyen to gredy of their hire
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game,
The boylyng smoke did still bewray
The present heate of secrete flame.

And when salt teares do bain my brest,
Where Loue his pleasant traines hath sowne,
Her beauty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprong and blowne.

And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chase of their request,
Their gredy lokes did oft renew
The hidden wounde within my brest.

When every loke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red;
By outward signes appeared plaine,
To her for help my hart was fled.

But all to late Loue learneth me,
To paint al kind of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els should see
My specked chekes with Cupides hew.

And now the couert brest I claime,
That worshipt Cupide secretly;
And nourished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFEC-
TIONS, PANGES, AND SLEIGHTES OF
LOUE.**

SUCH wayward waies hath Loue, that most part
In discord

Our wills do stand; whereby our harts but
seldom do accord.

Deceit is his delight, and to begile and moeke
The simple hartes, whom be doth strike with
froward divers stroke. [dart;

He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning
And doth alay with leaden colde again the others
bart. [of flame

Whote gleames of burning fire, and easy sparkes
In balance of vnequal weight be pondereth by
aime. [well,

From easy forl where I might wade and passe full
He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a
depe dark hell: [place:

And me withholides, where I nin cald and offred
And wiles me that my mortal foe I do beseke
of grace.

He lettes me to pursue a conquest wel-nere wonne,
To folow where my paines were lost ere that
my sute begonne; [turne

So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may
From warre to peace, from truse to strife, and
so again returne.

I know how to content my self in others lust;
Of little stuffe unto my selfe to weave a web of
trust: [chere,

And how to hide my harmes with soft dessembling
Whan in my face the painted thoughtes would
outwardly apere. [dred;

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for
And how by shame it staines againe the chekes
with flaming red.

I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes:
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke
how it workes. [tril;

I know and can by roate the tale that I would
But oft the wordes come forth awrie of him that
loueth wel.

I know in heate and cold the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complaine, in sleeping
how he wakes:

To languish without ache, sicklesse for to consume;
A thousand things for to deuise, resolving all in
fume.

And though he list to see his ladies grace full sorr,
Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his
health restore.

I know to seke the track of my desired foe;
And feare to find that I do seke: But chiefly
this I know, [loued,

That louers must transforme into the thing be-
And live (alas! who would beleve!) with sprite
from life removed.

I know in hartly sighes and laughters of the splene
At ones to change my state, my wyll, and eke
my colour clene.

I know how to deceaue my self with others help:
And how the lion chastised is by beating of the
whelp.

In standing nere the fire, I know how that I frese:
Farre off I burne: in both I wast, and so my
life I lese.

I know how loue doth rage vpon a yeilding
minde:

How smal a net may take and meash a bart
of gentle kinde:

Or els with seldume swete to season heapes of gall:
Reuiued with a glimpse of grace old sorowes to
let fall.

The hidden traines I know and secret snare of loue:
How soone a loke will print a thought, that
neuer may renoue. [wealth,

The slipper state I know, the solein turnes from
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure
dispeire of health.

**COMPLAINT OF A LOUER, THAT DEFIED
LOUE AND WAS BY LOUE AFTER THE
MORE TORMENTED.**

WHEN somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, and vertue great, his
stormy blasts to quail; [grene,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with
Aud every tree new garmentted, that pleasure
was to seue:

Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did
stur

Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kept
within the dore.

Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete, for
sprong is euery rote.

And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire
to fele a space.

There shalt thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes
yrought,

Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature
hath them taught. [leau:

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to
And for my health I thought it best such counsell
to receaue.

So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,

I went to proue how well it woulde my heauy
burthen light.

And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about,
Lord, to my self bow glad I was that I had
gotten out. [hent:

There might I se how Ver had euery blossome
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how
they went:

And in their songes me-thought they thanked nature
much,

That by her licence al that yere to lone their
happe was such,

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres
throughout;

With much reioysing to their Lord thus flew
they al about. [ceau:

Which when I gan resolue, and in my head con-
What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these
little birdes receaue;

And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at
nought:

Lord, how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane!
I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to
turne the streame.

But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so trans-grest
his lawe,

Thou blinded God (quod I) forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pre-
tence. [swore:

Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me-thought he
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it
were more.

The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reuiue,
That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any
man alive.

But here I may perceiue mine errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it still
undone: [milde,

And al that was no more but mine expressed
That faine would haue some good reliefe of
Cupide wel assinde.

I turned home forthwith and might perceiue it wel,
That he agreed was right sore with me for my
rrebel. [more:

My harmes haue, euer since, increased more and
And I remaine without his help, vndone for
evermore.

A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Striue not with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus
befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER REBUKED.

LOUE, that liueth and raineth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to loue, and suffer paine:
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
With shamfast cloke to shadowe and restraine;
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And coward Loue then to the hart apace
Taket hys flight, wheras he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost, and dare not shewe his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines;
Yet from my lorde shal not my foot-remoue:
Swete is his death, that takes his cud by Loue.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOUER DISDAINED.

IN Cyprus springes, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well so hote, that whoso tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed yse should melt.
And kindled find his breast with fixed flame:
Whose moyst poyson dissolued hath my hate,
This creeping fire my colde lims so opprest,
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endlesse despayre long thraldome hath imprest.
Another! so colde in frozen yse is founde,
Whose chilling venom of repugnant kinde
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde,
And with the spot of change infects the minde:
Wherof my dere hath tasted, to my paine,
My seruice thus is growen into dislaue.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE
GERALDINE.

FROM Tuskane came my ladies worthy race;
Faire Florence was sometime her^s auuncient seate
The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers cliffs, did gyve her luely heate:
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes blood:
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honslon did first present her to mine yien;
Bright is her hewe, and Gerakline she hight:
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
Aud Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from aboue;
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue!

THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF
BEAUTIE.

BRITTLE beantie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small and short the season;
Flowing to day, to morowe apt to faile:
Fickell treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deal with, vaine, of none assaile;
Costly in keeping, past not worthe two peason:
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;
Haide to attaine, once gotten not greason:

1 Another well.

2 Lord Orford would read "their."

Jewell of jeopardie that peril doth assaile;
 False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason;
 Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:
 Ah, bitter swete, inferting as the poysoun.
 Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
 To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

*A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER
 NOT BELOUED.*

ALAS, so all things now doe holde their peace,
 Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing, [cease,
 The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe
 The nightes chare the starres aboute doth bring;
 Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringin: before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,
 In joy and wo, as in a doutful case:
 For my swete thoughtes, sometime do pleasure
 But by and by the cause of my disease [bring;
 Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
 To liue and lack the thing should rid my paine.

*HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN
 SPRING RECIUETH TO PLEASURE.*

WHEN Windsor wailes sustained in my wearied
 arme,
 My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
 The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
 The bossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
 The flowerd meades, the wedded birdes so late
 Mine eyes discover: and to my minde resorte
 The ioly woes, the hateless short debate,
 The rakehell life that longes to loues disporte:
 Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my breast breakes forth, against my will,
 In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer,
 My vapord eyes such dr-ry teares distill, [fall,
 The tender spring which quicken where they
 And I halfe beut to throwe me downe withall

*A VOW TO LOUE FAITHFULLY HOWSO-
 EUER HE BE REWARDED.*

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
 Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
 In presence prest of people madde or wise:
 Set me in hie, or yet in low degree;
 In longest night, or in the shortest day:
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
 In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
 Set me in heauen, in carth, or els in hell,
 In hyl or dale, or in the foming flood,
 Thrall, or at large, aloue wheresso I dwell,
 Sieke or in health, in euill fame or good:
 Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 Content my self, although my chauce be ought.

*COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY AFTER SHE
 KNEW OF HIS LOUE, KEPT HER FACE
 ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM HIM.*

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
 Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,

Sith fyrst she knew my grieue was growen so greate;
 Whiche other fancies driueth from my hart
 That to my self I do the thought reserue,
 The which unwares did wound my woeful brest;
 But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest:
 Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;
 Her smyling lokes that hid thus enmerowe,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so sore:
 So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alucke:
 In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a froste:
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

*REQUEST TO HIS LOUE TO IOINE BOUNTIE
 WITH BEAUTIE.*

THE golden gift that nature did the giue,
 To fast'n frendes and fede them at thy will;
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to belue,
 How thou arte made to showe her greatest skil;
 Whose bidden vertues are not so vnknown,
 But liuely dames mighte gather at the first
 Where brauty so her perfecte seede hath sowne,
 Of other graces folow nedes there must.
 Now ceitasse Ladie, sins all thys is true,
 That from aboute thy giftes are thus elect;
 Do not deface them than with fancies newe,
 Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect:
 But mery hym thy frende, that doth thee serue,
 Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue.

*PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNT-
 ETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.*

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
 As proude Windsor: where I in lust and joye,
 Wythe a kinges sonne¹, my childishe yeres did
 passe,
 In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye:
 Where ecche swete place returnes a taste full sower:
 The large grene courtes where we were wout to
 houe,
 With eyes cast vp into the mayden tower,
 And easie sighes, such as folk drawe in Loue;
 The stately scates, the ladies bright of hewe;
 The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
 With wordes and lokes, that tygers could but rewe,
 Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.
 The palme play, where, despoyled the game,
 With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,
 Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our daue,
 To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads about.²
 The grauell grounde, wythe sloues tide on the
 hiline
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly
 hartes;
 With chear as though one should another whelme,
 Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes;
 With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
 In actiue games of nimblenes and strength,
 Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of
 youth,
 Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:

¹ The young duke of Richmond. *H.*
² The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. *H.*

The secrete groues which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasant playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace ech one had founde,
What hope of speede, what drede of long delays:
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With rayns auailed and switt ybreathed horse;
With crië of houndes and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs eche nighte,
Wherwith (alas) reniueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delight,
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest:
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the duers change of play,
The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust;

Wherwith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes, alas,
Upspued haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of blisse! renuer of my woes,
Giue me accompt, where is my noble fere;
Whom in thy wailles thou dost ech night enclose;
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:
Echo alas, that doth my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In prison pine with boundage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
To banish the lesse, I find my chief releefe.

THE LOUER COMFORTETH HIMSELF
WITH THE WORTHINESSE OF HIS
LOUE.

WHEN raging loue with extreme paine,
Most cruelly distrains my hart;
When that my teares, as floudes of raine,
Beire witness of my wofull smart:
When sighes haue wasted so my breath,
That I lye at the poynt of death:

I call to minde the nauye great,
That the Grækes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boy-steeus windes did beate
Their ships, and rent their sailes adowne,
Till Agamemnon's daughters blooded,
Appease the Goddes that them withstode:

And how that in those ten yeres warrë,
Full many a bloody dede was done;
And many a lord that came full farre,
There caughte his hane (alas) to sone:
And many a good knight our rounne,
Before the Grækes had Heleue wonne.

Then thinke I thus: sith suche repayre,
So longe time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a Lady fayre;
Shall I not learne to suffre then,
And think my life well spent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight than she?

Therefore I neuer will repent,
But paines contented stil endure;
For like as when, rough winter speut,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vre;
So after raging stormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER
LOUER BEING UPON THE SEA.

O HAPPY dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight;
Help to bewaile the wofull case,
And eke the heavy plight.
Of me, that wanted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good Ladies, help to fil my mourning voyce.

In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sailes, that hath in governance,
My life, while it will last.
With scalding sizbes, for lacke of gale,
Furdering hys hope that is his saile,
Toward me, the swete port of hys auaille,

Alas! how oft in dremes I se
Those eyes that were my food,
Whych sometime so delighted me
That yet they do me good:
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne;
But when I finde the lack, Lord! how I mourne!

When other louers in armes acrossë,
Reioice their chief delight;
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bytter nyght
In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee
Lo! what manner loue hath made of mee?

And in grene waues when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fancies in that mood,
Assaile my restlesse minde:
Alas! now drencheth my swete so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me: but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas waxe calme againe,
To chace fro me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plaine:
So drede cuts off my ioye.
Thus in my wealth mingled with grow,
And of ech thought a dout doth grow,
Now he comes! will he come? alas, no.

COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOUER RE-
FUSED UPON HIS LADIES INIUST MIS-
TAKING OF HIS WRITING.

In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his
raigne, [them plaine:
And euery tree unclothed fast, as nature taught
In misty morning darke, as shepe are then in
holde, [unfolde.
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,
Under a palme I heard one crië, as he had lost
his wittes. [playnt,
Whose voice did ring so shrill in utteryng of his
That I amazed was to heare, how loue coulde
hym attaint, [ridde this wo;
Ah! wretched man, quod he; come death and
A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance
thee so.

Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy woe without
redresse; [ben the lesse.
If thou hadst never felt no ioy, thy smart had
And retchlesse of bys life, he gan both syghe and
grone,
A ruffill thing, methought, it was, to heare him
make such mone.
Thou cursed pen, sayd he, wo worth the birde thee
bare;
The mau, the knife, and al that made thee, wo
be to their share:
Wo worth the time, and place, where I could so
endite! [can write!
And wo be it yet once againe, the pen that so
Unhappy hand! it had been happy time for me,
If, when to write thou learned first, vjoynted
hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wight,
Sauce her alone whom Loue him bound to serue
both day and night. [furdid,
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himself
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, him-
self euen there to rid; [tho;
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted
For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
With teares for his redresse, I rashly to him ran;
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I
spake him than: [case,
What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in
this desert place? [dred,
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfilld with ire, and
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale
and ded; [plight,
Nay; what art thou, quod he, that in this heauy
Doest find me here, most wofull wretch, that
lyfe hath in despyght?
I am (quod I) but poore and simple in degre;
A shepardes charge I haue in hand, unworthy
though I be: [should fall,
Wyth that he gave a sighe as though the skie
And lowd alas he shrieked oft, and Shepard, gan
he call;
Come hie thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart;
So thou shall know, and I shall tell the, gittlesse
how I smart. [faint,
His back against the tree, sore febled all with
With weary sprite, he stretcht hym up, and
thus he told his plaint: [loue
Ones in my hart (quod he) it chaunced me to
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her
conning for to proue:
And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompenset, as both we
were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The Sunne should ronne bis course awry, ere
we this faith forego. [bliss?]
Who ioyed then but I? who had this worlde:
Who mighte compare a life to myne, that neuer
thought on this?
But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
Is me befallen a greater losse, then Priam had
of Troy;
She is reuersed elene, and beareth me in hand,
That my deserts haue geuen cause to breke this
faithfull band;
And for my just excuse auailleth no defence:
Now knowest thou all; I can no more; but
shepherd hie thee hence,

And geue him leau to dye, that may no longer
liue,
Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death I
do forgue; [plaine;
And eke when I am gone, be bold to speake it
Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that ever
loue dyd paieue. [for breath;
Wherwith he turnde him rounde, and gasping oft
Into his armes a tree he raught, and said, wel-
come my death:
Welcome a thousand folde, now dearer unto me,
Than should without her loue to liue an empe-
rour to be
Thus in this wofull state, he yelded up the ghost;
And little knoweth bis lady, what a louer she
hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
For pitie though my heart did blede, to se so
piteous sight. [sore;
My blond from heat to cold oft changed wonders
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew
before: [brought in feare,
Twene drede and dolour, so my sprites were
That long it was ere I could call to minde, what
I did there. [of myne;
But as ech thing hath end, so had these payns
The furies past, and I my wits restord by length
of time:
Then as I could deuyse, to seke I thought it best,
Where I might finde some worthy place for such
a corse to rest: [away
And in my minde it came, from thence not farre
Where Creseids love, king Priams sonne the
worthy Troilus lay:
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with
blew;
Whose soule by angels power, departed not so sone,
But to the heauns, lo, it fled, for to receiue his
dome.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOUER BEING UPON THE SEA.

Good ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your fote, come take a place, and woorne
with me a while:
And such as by their lordes do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skilles them not what chaunce
come on the dice:
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desire,
To loue your lordes, whose good desertes name
other wold require:
Come ye yet ones againe, and set your fote by mine,
Whose wofull plight, and sorowes great, no tong
may well define. [welth,
My loue and lord, alas! in whom consistes my
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde
of his belth: [minde,
Whom I was wont t'embrace with well conuanted
Is now amid the fuming floods at pleasure of the
winde: [me sende,
Where God will him preserue, and sone him home
Without which hope my life (alas) were shortly
at an ende. [me plaine,
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth
not my payne:

The fearful dreames I haue, oft times do greue
me so,

That when I wake, I lye in dout, where they be
true or no: [so hye,

Sometimes the roaring seas, me semes, do grow
That my dere lord, ay me, alas! methiukes I
see him dye.

And other time the same doth tel me, he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find with his
faire litle sonne.

So, forth I goe apace to see that loofesome sight,
And with a kisse, methinke, I say, welcome my
lord, my knight;

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me,
and my care:

Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,
And sayth, my dere, how is it now, that you
haue all this payne? [brest,

Wherewith the heauy cares that heapt are in my
Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my
hughe unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame
The anguish of my former wo beginneth more
extreme,

And me tormenteth so, that unneath may I find,
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing
of my mind.

Thus eury way you se, with absence how I burn,
And for my wound, no cure I find, but hope of
good return; [the more,

Sane when I thinke, by sowre, how swete is felt
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode
before:

And then unto my self I say, when we shall mete,
But litle while shall seme this paine, the joy
shall be so swete.

Ye windes I you conjure in cheifest of your rage,
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorowes to
asswage.

And that I may not long abide in this excesse,
Do your good wil, to cure a wight, that liveth in
distresse.

**A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE, WHERIN HE
REPROUETH THEM THAT COMPARE
THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.**

Geve place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beauty passeth more,
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light;
Or brightest day the darkest night,

And therto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than lewith pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whome she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart;
There was no losse, by laue of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart;
And this was chiefly all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,
To be the chefest worke she wrought;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfe might well be sought.
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

**TO THE LADIE THAT SCORNE HER
LOUER.**

ALTHOUGH I had a checke,
To geue the mate is hard;
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.

And you that hardy are,
To geue so great assay
Unto a man of warre,
To drive his men away:

I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse;
For I will so provide,
That I will haue your ferse.

And when your ferse is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your self be glad,
To end that you begone.

For if by chance I winne,
Your person in the feld,
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.

For I will use my power,
As captaine full of might;
And such I will deuour,
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
Me checke in your degre;
This vantage lo I haue,
Now checke and garde to the:

Defend it, if thou may,
Stand stiffe in thine estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

**A WARNING TO THE LOUER, HOW HE IS
ABUSED BY HIS LOUE.**

To derely had I boughte my grene and youthfull
yeres, [love apperes:
If in mine age I coule not finde, when craft for
And seldome though I come in court among the
rest, [the best.
Yet can I iudge in colours dim, as depe as can

1 Alluding to chess. C.

Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth se-
cret smart, [the hart:
To breke it forth unto some frend, it easeth well
So standes it now with me for my beloved frinde
This case is thine for whom I fele such tormentes
of my minde;
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest,
That till thou know my hole disease, my hart
can haue no rest.
I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes thee
by fittes. [thy power,
Where thou hast loued so long, with hart and all
I se thee fed with fained wordes, thy freedom to
deuour; [withstand,
I know, (though she say nay), and would it well
When in her grace, thou held thee most, she
bare the but in hand;
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art goue, I se him come, that gathers
up the fraite;
And eke in thy respect, I se the base degre,
Of him, to whome she gaue the bart, that pro-
mised was to the. [sure,
I se (what woulde you more) stode never man so
On woman's word but wisdome would mistrust
it to endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER DESCRIBETH,
AND FORSAKETH LOUE.

O LOTHSOME place, where I
Have sene and bard my dere;
When in my hart her eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By gliimsing with such grace,
As fortune it ue would
That lasten any space,
Between us lenger should.

As fortune did auance,
To further my desire,
Even so hath fortunes chauce,
Thrown al amidde the mire;
And that I have deserued,
With true and faithfull hart;
Is to his handes reserued,
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man,
That scaped hath the grieffe,
That Loue wel teache him can,
By wanting his relieffe.
A scourge to quiet mindes,
It is, who taketh hede;
A common plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,
Who so enioies it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his werial ghost.
And last it may not long,
The truest thinge of all;
And sure the greatest wrong,
That is within this thrall.

But sins thou desert place,
Canst geve me no accompt;
Of my desired grace,
That I to haue was wont:
Farewell! thou hast me tought
To thinke me not the fust
That loue bath set aloft,
And casten in the dust.

THE LOUER DESCRIBES HIS RESTLESSE
STATE.

As oft as I behold and see
The soueraigne beautie that me bound,
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fiesher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raie;
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadly paine.

First when I saw those christal streames,
Whose beauty made my mortall wounde,
I little thought within her beames,
So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did pricke me forth,
And blinde Cupide did whippe and guide;
Force made me take my grieffe in worth:
My frutelesse hope my harme did hide.

As cruel waves full oft be found,
Against the rockes to rore and cry;
So doth my hart full oft rebound,
Agaynst my brest full bitterly.

I fall and se mine own decay,
As one, that beares flame in his brest;
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thinge that bredith mine unrest.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF
SUSPECTED CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste:
Yet were my fanny strange,
And wilful wyll to wite;
If I sought now to chaige
A falkon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
Yf I estende a pese
Above a pette in price:
Or iudged the owle in sight,
The sparehawk to excell;
Which flyeth but in the night
As all men know right well.

Or if I soughte to saile,
 Into the brittle port ;
 Where anker-hold doth faile,
 To such as do resort ;
 And leave the hauen sure,
 Where blowes no blustering winde ;
 Nor fickelnesse in ure
 So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light,
 Nor of so churlish kinde,
 Though it lay in my might,
 My bondage to unbinde ;
 That I woulde leue the hinde
 To hunt the ganders so :
 No, no, I have no minde
 To make exchanges so :

Nor yet to change at all,
 For thinke it may not be,
 That I should seke to fall
 From my felicitie.
 Desirous for to win,
 And loth for to forgo,
 Or new change to begin,
 How may all this be so ?

The fire it cannot frese,
 For it is not his kinde ;
 Nor true loue cannot lese
 The constance of the minde :
 Yet as sone shall the fire,
 Want heate to blase and burne,
 As I in such desire
 Hauē once a thought to turne.

A CARELESSE MAN, SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUTLE VSAGE OF WOMEN TOWARDE THEIR LOUERS.

WRAPT in me carelesse cloke, as I walk to and fro,
 [in his bow ;
 I see, how loue can shew what force ther reigneth
 And how he shoteth eke a hardy hart to wound ;
 And where he glanceth by againe, that little hurt
 is found.

For seldome is it sene, he wonndeth hartes alike ;
 The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often
 farre to seke : [mee,

All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh
 how be can strike the one so sore, and leaue the
 other free ; [wrong,

I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this
 how he is fed with yeas, and nays, and liueth all
 to long.

In silence though I kepe such secretes to myself ;
 Yet do I see, how she sometime doth yeld a looke
 by stelh ; [so,

As though it semde, ywis, I will not lose thee
 When in her hart so swete a thought did never
 truly grow ; [blisse

Then say I thus ; alas, that man is farre from
 That doth receiue for his relief, none other gaine
 but this ;

And she that fedes him so, I fele, and find it plain,
 Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can
 raig : [that he,

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes
 Ah wried man ! is fully bent such fancies to let fle,

Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her
 grace, [the man embrace :
 And smileth lo, as though she would forthwith
 But when the prooffe is made, to try such lookes
 withall, [full of gall :

He findeth then the place all voide and freighted
 Lord what abuse is this ! who can such women
 praise ? [ways :

That for their glory do deuise to vse such craftie
 I, that amonge the rest do sit, and marke the row,
 Find, that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty
 mo, [sped,

Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so wel are
 What wil she do, when hory heares are powdred
 in her hed ?

AN ANSWERE IN THE BEHALFE OF A WOMAN OF AN UNCERTAIN AUCTOR.

GIRT in my gittles gowne, as I sit here and sow
 I see that thinges are uot in dede as to the out-
 ward show. [what nere,

And who-so list to loke, and note things some-
 Shal find where plainnesse semes to haunt, nothing
 but craft appear : [cerne,

For with indifferent eyes my self can well dis-
 How some to guide a ship in stormes seke for to
 take the sterne ; [barge,

Whose practise if were proved in calme to stere a
 Assuredly beleue it well, it were to great a charge :

And some I se againe sit still and say but small,
 That coule do ten times more then they that say
 they can do all ; [understand,

Whose goodly giftes are such, the more they
 The more they seke to learne and know, and take
 lesse charge in hand. [fast,

And to declare more plain, the time flectes not so
 But I can beare full well in wind the song now
 sung and past ; [cloke,

The auctor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty
 With will to force a flaming fire, where he coule
 raise no smoke ; [plaine,

If power and will had joined, as it appereth
 Then truth nor right bad tane no place their ver-
 tues had been veine ;

So that you may perceiue, and I may safely se
 The innocent that gittlesse is, condempned should
 haue be.

THE CONSTANT LOUER LAMENTETH.

SIX fortunes wrath enuicth the weith
 Wherin I raigned by the sight
 Of that, that fed mine eyes by stelh,
 With sowre swete, dread and delight :
 Let not my grieffe moue you to mone,
 For I will wepe and waile alone.

Spite draue me into Boreas raigne,
 Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
 When hilies were spred, and euery plaine,
 With stormy winters mantle white ;
 And yet, ny dere, such was my heate,
 When others frez ; then did I sweate.

And now, though on the sunne I drive,
Whose fervent flame all things decaies,
His beams in brightness may not strive,
With light of your swete golden rayes;
Nor from my brest this heate remour,
The frozen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floode
Quenche that your beautie set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbare the foode,
That did relieue the hot desire;
Such as I was, such wyll I be,
Your owne, what woulde ye more of me?

*A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARLE OF
SURREY OF A LADIE THAT REFUSED
TO DAUNCE WITH HIM.*

Eche beast can chose his fere according to his
minde, [beastly kinde];
And eke can shew a friendly chere lyke to their
A lion saw I late as whyte as any snow,
Which seemed well to leade the race, his port the
same did shewe.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still, me thoughte, he seemed well of noble
blood to be. [make,

And as he prounced before, still seeking for a
As who would say, there is none here, I trowe will
me forsake; [bone,

I might perceauae a wolfe as white as whales
A fairer beaste, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
Save that her lokes were coy, and froward eke
her grace, [vaunce apace,

Unto the whiche this gentle beast gan him ad-
And with a becke full low he bowed at her feete,
In bumble wise, as who woulde say, I am to farre
unmete. [warded

But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him re-
Was neuer sene I trow the like to such as well
deserued. [twaine,

With that she start aside well nere a foote or
And vnto him thus gan she say with spite and
great disdain, [before,

Lion, she saide, if thou hadst knowen my mind
Thou hadst not spent thy travaile thus, nor all thy
paine forelore; [with mee,

Do way, I lete thee wete, thou shalt not play
Go range about where thou maist finde some meter
fere for thee. [flame,

With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to
I might perceiue his noble hart, much moued by
the same; [swage,

Yet saw I him refraine, and eke his wrath as-
And vnto her thus gan he say, when he was past
his rage.

Cruel, you do me wrong to set me thus so light,
Without desert for my good will, to shew me such
depyght.

How can ye thus entreat a lion of the race,
That with his pawes, a crowned kinge devoured in
the place:

Whose nature is to prey vpon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and driuk of
noble blood.

If you be fayre and fresh, am I not of your lme?
And for my vaunt, I dare well say, my blood is
not untrue.

For you your self haue heard, it is not long
agoe,
Sith that for loue, one of the race did end his life
in woe,

In tower strong, and hie, for bis assured truth;
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas the
more the ruth: [remoue,

This gentle beast so dyed, whom nothing could
But willingly to leese his life for loss of his true
love. [paine,

Other there be, whose liues do linger still in
Against their wylls preserued are, that woulde
haue dyed faine. [you,

But now I do perceauae, that nought it mouch
My good intent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kinde
so true: [trade,

But that your will is such to lure me to the
And other some full many yeres trace by the craft
ye made. [farre,

And thus behold our kindes how that we differ
I seke my foes, and you your frendes do threaten
stil with warre. [you,

I fawne where I am fled, you slay that sekes to
I can deaour no yielding prey, you kill where you
subdue.

My kinde is to desire the honour of the field,
And you with blood do slake your thirst on such
as to you yeld:

Wherefore I woulde you wist, that for your
coyed lokes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with
such hokes.

And though some lust to loue where blame full
well they might,
And to such beastes of current sort that woulde
haue travail bright;

I will observe the lawe, that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go
free:

And as a faulcon free, that soerth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale
doth care.

While that I liue and breathe such shall my
custome be,
In wildness of the woods, to seke my pray where
pleaseth me: [offence,

Where many one shall rue, that neuer made
Thus your refuse against my power shal bote
them no defence. [to,

And for reuenge therof I vow and swear there-
A thousand spoiles I shall commit, I neuer thought
to do.

And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to fede on that, that woulde haue
fed on me. [bow,

And thus farewell unkind, to whom I bent and
I would you wist the ship is safe, that bare his
sailes so low.

Sith that a Lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple
shepe I say, [presse,

With more despite and ire, than I can now ex-
Which to my paine though I refrain, the cause
you may wel gesse.

As for because my self was aucthor of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I should dis-
turbe the same.

THE FAITHFULL LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES AND HIS UNCERTEIN IOYES, AND WITH ONLY HOPE RE-COMFORTETH SOMWHAT HIS WOFULL HEART.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I com-
 plaine? [my paine?
 If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not
 Since that amongst them all, I dare well say, is
 none, [cause to none,
 So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more
 For all things haucing life, sometime hath
 quiet rest, [beast?
 The bearing asse, the drawing ox, and every other
 The peasant, and the post, that serues at all as-
 sayes; [take their ease.
 The ship boy, and the galley-slave, have time to
 Save I, alas! whom care of force doth so con-
 straine, [in paine.
 To waile the day, and wake the night, continually
 From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bit-
 ter teares, [my lyfe it weares.
 From teares, to painfull plaint againe, and thus
 No thing under the sunne, that I can heare or
 see,
 But moveth me for to bewaile, my cruel destenie
 For where men do rejoyce (since that I can not
 so) [my wo.
 I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but
 And when I hear the sound of song or instru-
 ment, [me to lament,
 Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes
 And if I se some have their most desired sight,
 Alas! thinke I, eche man hath weale, save I, most
 wofull wight.
 Then as the stricken dere withdrawes himself
 alone, [make my none.
 So do I seke some secrete place, where I may
 There do my flowing eyes shew furth my melt-
 ing hart, [declare my smart
 So that the stremes of those two welles right well
 And in those cares so colde I force my self a
 heate, [seife to swate.
 As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure them-
 With thoughtes, that for the tyme, do much appe-
 se my paine; [woe againe.
 But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my
 Methinke withiu my thought I se right plaine
 appere
 My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, myne
 earthly goddesse here;
 With every sundry grace that I have sene her
 laue, [aud grave;
 Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint
 And in my thought I rol her besties too and
 fro, [that persed so.
 Her laughing chere, her lovely looke, my hart
 Her strangenes when I sued her servant for to
 be, [that she pitied me.
 And what she said, and how she smilde, when
 Then comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my
 rest, [her brest.
 Lest absence cause forgetfulnesse to sinke within
 For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us
 diuide, [how that I slide.
 Alas, me semes, love throwes me downe, I fele
 But when I thinke againe, why should I thus
 mistrust, [and just.
 So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true

For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she
 not; [their knot;
 The farther off, the more desire; thus louers tie
 So in dispaire and hope plunged an I both up
 and downe, [list to frowne.
 As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune
 But as the watery showers delay the raging
 winde, [of my minde;
 So doth good hope cleue put away dispaire out
 And bids me for to serve and suffer paciently;
 For what wot I the after-weale that fortune willes
 to me. [trouble,
 For those that care do know, and tasted have of
 When passed is their wofull paine, eche joy shall
 seme them double: [better
 And bitter sendes she now to make me taste the
 The pleasant swete, when that it comes, to make
 it seme the sweter.
 And so determine I to serve until my breath,
 Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false
 my faith. [smart,
 And if my feble corps, through weight of wofull
 Do faile or faint, my will it is that still she kepe
 my hart, [farde,
 And when this carcas here to earth shall be re-
 I do bequeth my wericd ghost to serve her after-
 ward.

THE MEANES TO ATTAINE HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that doe attain
 The happy life, be these I finde,
 The riches left, not got with paine;
 The fruitfull ground, the quiet minde,
 The egall frend; no grudge, no strife;
 No charge of rule, nor governance;
 Without disease, the healthful life;
 The household of continuance;
 The meane dyet, no delicate fare;
 Trew wisdome joynde with simplenesse;
 The night discharged of all care;
 Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
 The faithful wife, without debate;
 Such sleepes as may begile the night;
 Contented with thine owne estate,
 Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

PRaise OF MEANE AND CONSTANT ESTATE.

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS WAAT.

OF thy life, Thomas, this compass wel narck
 Not aye with full sailes the hie seas to beat,
 Ne by coward dred, in shunning stormes dark,
 On shalow shores thy keel in peril fret.
 Who so gladly halseth the gold n meane,
 Voide of daungers advsdiy hath his home
 Not with lothsome muck, as a den uncleane,
 Nor palace like, wherat disdain may glome,
 The lofty pine the great winde often rives;
 With violenter swey false turrets stepe;
 Lightnings assaut the hie mountaines and clives;
 A hart well stayd, in overthwartes depe

From Horace. C.

Hopeth amendes; in swete, doth feare the sowre.
 God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp,
 Now ill, not aye thus. Once Phebus to lowre,
 With bowe unbent, shall cesse, and frame to harp,
 His voice. In strait estate appere thou stout
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
 All thy puft sailes shall fill, looke well about,
 Take in a rift. Hast is wast, profc doth finde.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMES OF DAVID,

TRANSLATED BY SIR T. W. THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
 In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
 Who feigned gestes of heathen princes song.
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture
 To Wyates' psalmes should christians then purchase;

Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure;
 The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace,
 Of just David by perfite penitence,
 Where rulers may see in a mirroure clere
 The bitter frute of false concupiscence,
 How Jewry bought Urias death ful dere.
 In princes hartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
 Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

OF THE DEATH OF THE SAME SIR T. W.

DIVERS thy death do diversly bemone,
 Some that in presence of thy liuelyhed
 Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swoine,
 Yield Ceasars teares upon Pompeius bod.
 Some that watched with the murderers knife,
 With eger thirst to drinke thy gilllesse blood,
 Whose practise brake by happy end of life,
 With envious teares to heare thy fame so good.
 But I, that knewe what harbred in that hed,
 What vertues rare were tempted in that brest,
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kisse the ground wheras the corse doth rest,
 With vapord eyes, from whence such streames
 avail,

As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewail.

OF THE SAME.

WYAT resteth here, that quick could never rest,
 Whose heavenly giftes encrease by disdain,
 And vertue sank the deper in his brest,
 Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A bed, where wisdom misteries did frame,
 Whose hammers bet still in that liuely braine,
 As on a stythe; where that some worke of fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gaine,

A visage, sterne, and milde; where both did growe,
 Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce:
 Amid great sturmes, whom grace assured so,
 To liue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

¹ Sir Thomas Wyatt. See his works. C.

A hand that taught, what might be said in rime;
 That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit.
 A mark, the which (vnparfited, for time)
 Some may approach, but neuer none shall hit.

A tong, that serued in forein realmes his king;
 Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
 Eche noble hart; a worthy guide to bring
 Our english youth, by trauail vnto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect could blinde,
 Frenedes to allure, and foes to reconcile;
 Whose persing looke did represent a minde
 With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gile.

A hart, where dreade was neuer so imprest,
 To hide the thought, that might the trouth auance;
 In neyther fortune lost, nor yet represt,
 To swel in welth, or yield vnto mischance,

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
 Happy, alas! to happy, but for foes;
 Lived, and ran the race, that nature set;
 Of manhodes shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soule is fled;
 Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
 Witness of faith, that neuer shal be ded;
 Sent for our helth, but not receiued so.

Thus for our gilt, this jewel haue we lost;
 The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his
 ghost.

OF THE SAME.

In the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
 If Joue in Crete, and other were that taught
 Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
 Wend after death to haue their temples sought;
 If vertue yet no voide unthankfull tione,
 Failed of some to blast her endles fame,
 A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
 And to her steppes our sequele to enflame.
 In daies of truth, if Wyates frenedes then waile,
 The only det that dead of quick may claime,
 That rare wit spent, employd to our auayle,
 Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
 His liuely face their brestes how did it treat,
 Whose ciudres yet, with enuy they do eate.

*OF SARDANAPALUS' DISHONORABLE
 LIFE, AND MISERABLE DEATH.*

TH' Asirian king in peace, with foule desire,
 And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall hart;
 In warre, that should set princely heartes on fire,
 Did yeld, vauquisht for want of marciall arte,
 The dint of swordes from kisses sened strange;
 And harder, than his ladies side, his targe;
 From glutton frastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
 His helmet, farre about a garlands charge,
 Who scarce the name of manhode did retaine;
 Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight;
 Feble of sprite, impacient of pain;
 When he had lost his honor, and his right,
 Proud, time of wealth; in stormes, appalled with
 dredd,
 Murderd himself, to shew some manfull dede.

*HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS
OWNE ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF
CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY
HAD SKILL TO VNDERSTAND IT.*

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of
thoughts appear, [eyes,

And euery thought did shewe so lively in myne
That now I sighed, and then I smilde, as cause of
thoughtes did rise.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall yong man
to be. [paines opprest,

The yong man eke that feles his bones with
How he would be a rich olde man, to liue and lye
at rest: [so sore,

The rich olde man that sees his end drawe on
How he would be a boy again, to liue so much
the more.

Wherat full oft I smilde, to se how all these threc,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop
and change degre :

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from weith, to liue in wo, doth euer
seke to change. [skin,

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered
How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh
was worn so thyn, [right way,

And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my
That opes and shuttes as I do speake, doe thus
vnto me say; [age,

The white and horish heeres, the messengers of
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life
doth asswage; [thy chin.

Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on
The which do write two ages past, the third now
coming in. [time;

Hang vp therefore the bit of thy yong wanton
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life
define: [joy,

Wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery
little boy; [happy is,

And tell them thus from me, their time most
If to their time they reason had, to know the
trueth of this.

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE stormes are past, these cloudes are over-
blowne,

And humble chere great rigour hath repress,
For the default is set a paine fore knowne;
And pacience graft in a deterr'd brest:
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were
growne

The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest;
No company so pleasant as mine owne;
Thraldome at large hath made this prison free,
Dancer wel past remembred workes delight;
Of lingring doubtles such hope is sprong pardie,
That nought I finde displeasent in my sight:
But when my glasse presented vnto me,
The curesse wound, that bledeth day and night;
To think, alas, such hap should granted be
Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To spyll that blood that hath so oft bene shed,
For Britaunes sake (alas) and now is ded.

*EXHORTACION TO LEARNE BY OTHERS
TROUBLE.*

My Ratelif, when thy retchlesse youth offendes,
Receue thy scourge by others chastisement.
For such calling, when it workes none amendes,
Then plagas are sent without aduertisement
Yet Salamon sayd, the wronged shall recure;
But Wiat said true, the skarre doth aye endure¹.

THE FANSIE OF A WERIED LOUER.

THE fansy, which that I have serued long,
That hath alway bene enemy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And bad me fye the cause of my mi-ease.
And I forthwith did prease out of the throng,
That thought by fight my painfull hart to please
Some other way: till I saw faith more strong;
And to my self I said: alas, those daies
In vain were spent, to runne the race so long!
And with that thought; I met my guyde: that
plaen,
Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
Brought me amidde the hilles in base Bullayn,
Where I am now, as restles to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS CLERE.

Surrey's faithful retainer and constant attendant,
which was ouce in Lambeth church, and is pre-
served in Aubrey's Surrey, with the followiug
introduction.

Epitaphium Thomæ Clere qui fato functus est
1543, auctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi
in cuius felicit ingenio specimen et singularis fa-
cundia argumentum appensa fuit hæc tabula
per W. Howard, filium Thomæ nuper Ducis
Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

NORFOLKE sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the count of Cleremont thou hight,
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And sawest thy cosin crowned in thy sight:
Skelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chase,
Aye me while life did last that league was tender,
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall² blas,
Laudersey³ burut and batter'd Bulleya's⁴
render:

At Muttrell⁵ gates hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl half dead, gave in thy hand his will,
Which cause did thee this pining death procure;
Ere summers four-times seven thou couldst fulfill,
Aye, Clere, if love had booted care or cost
Heaveu had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

¹ See Wyat's Works "Wyat being in prison to Bryan." C.

² Towns taken by Lord Surrey in the Boulogne expedition.

³ Surrender.

AGAINST LONDON¹.

LONDON! hast thou accused me
 Of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe?
 Within whose brest did boyle to see
 (So fervent hotte) thy dissolute lyfe:
 That even the hate of synnes, that groo
 Within thy wicked walls so ryfe,
 For to breake forthe, did concourt soo
 That terror colde it not repress.
 The which by wordes since prechers knoo,
 What hope is left for to redresse?
 By unknowen means it liked me
 My hidden burien to expresse:
 Wherby yt might appere to the,
 That secret synn hath secret spight:
 From justice rodd no fault is free:
 But thatz all such, as woork unright,
 In most quyete are next ill rest.
 In secret sylence of the night
 This made me, with a reckles brest,
 To wake thy sluggards with my bowe:
 A figure of the Loris behest:
 Whose scourge for synn the scretures show:
 That as the fearful thunders clapp
 By soddayne flame at hand we knowe:
 Of peoble stoncs the sounndes rapp,
 The dredfull plage might mak thee see
 Of Godds wrath, that doth thee unwrapp:
 That pryde might know, from consyence free,
 How loftey works may ber defend:
 And envye fynd, as he hath sought,
 How other seke hym to offend.
 And wrath tast of each crewell thought
 The just shape hyer in the end:
 And ydel slouthe, that never wrought,
 To heven his spirite lift may begyn;
 And gredy lucre lyue in drede
 To see what hate ill gott goods wyne:
 The lechers, yea, that luste do feed,
 Perceue what secrecy is in synne:
 And gluttons hart for sorow blede,
 Awaked when their faulte they fynd.
 In lothsome vyce echc drunken wight
 To styrr to Godd this was my mynd.
 Thy wyndowes had don me no spight:
 But proud people, that drede no fall,
 Clothed with falschd and unright,
 Bred in the closures of thy wall
 But wrested to wrath in fervent zeale
 Thow hast to strief my secret call:
 Endured hart no warning feale.
 Oh! shameless whore! is dread then gon?
 Be suche thy foes, as meane thy weale?
 Oh! membre of false Babylon!
 The shop of craft, the denne of ire!
 Thy dredful dome draws fast uppon:
 Thy martyres blood by sword and fyre
 In heaven and earth for justice call.
 The Lord shall hear their just desyre;
 The flame of wrath shall on the fall.
 With famine and pest lamentable
 Stricken shalbe thy lechers all:
 Thy proud towers and turrets hye,
 Enmys to God, beat stone from stone:
 Thyne idolls burnt, that wrought iniquitye:

¹ From a MS volume, formerly belonging to the Harrington family, now in the invaluable library of Thomas Hill, esq. who obligingly lent it to the Editor. C.

When none thy ruyne shall bemone:
 But render unto the rightwise Lord,
 That so hath judged Babylon,
 Immortal praise in one accord.

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

FROM THE SAME.

YF he, that erst the fourme so lively drewe
 Of Venus face, triumpht in paynter's arte:
 Thy father then what glory did ensw,
 By whose pencill a goddesse made thow arte?
 Touched with flame, that figure made some rewe,
 And with her love surprysed many a hart:
 There lackt yet that should cure their hot desyer:
 Thow canst enflame, and quenche the kyndled fyre.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE SECOND BOKE OF VIRGILES
AENEÏS.

THEY whisted all, with fixed face attent,
 When prince Aeneas from the royal seat
 Thus gan to speak. O quene, it is thy wil,
 I shold renew a woe cannot be told:
 How that the Grekes did spoile and ouerthrow
 The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
 Those ruthfull things that I my self beheld,
 And wherof no smal part fel to my share.
 Which to expresse, who could refrain from teres?
 What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
 What stern Ulysses' waged soldiar?
 And loe moist night now from the welkin falles,
 And sterres declining counsel vs to rest.
 But sins so great is thy delight to here
 Of our mishaps, and Troys last decay:
 Though to record the same my minde abhorres,
 And plaint eschues: yet thus wil I begyn.
 The Grekes chieftains all irked with the war,
 Wherin they wasted had so many yeres,
 And oft repulst by fatal destinie,
 A huge herse made, hie raised like a hill,
 By the diuine science of Minerua:
 Of clouen fire compacted were his ribbs:
 For their return a fained sacrifice:
 The same whereof so wandered it at point.
 In the dark bulk they clode bodies of men
 Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
 The hollow womb with armed soldiers.
 There stands in sight an isle hight Tenedon
 Rich, and of fame, while Priamis kingdom stood:
 Now but a bay, and rode vnure for ship.
 Hother them secretly the Grekes withdrew,
 Shrouding themselves vnder the desert shore.
 And, wening we they had ben fled and gone,
 And with that winde had fet the land of Greece,
 Troy discharged her long continued dole:
 The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,
 The Grekish camp desirous to behold,
 The places void and the forsaken costes.
 Here Pyrihus band, there ferce Achilles pight:
 Here rode their shippes, there did their battells
 joyne.
 Astonnied some the scathefull gift beheld,

Behight by vow vnto the chaste Minerve:
All wondring at the hugeness of the horse.

And fyrst of all Timocetes gan aduise,
Wythin the walles to leade and drawe the same,
And place it eke amiddle the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyès fate it would.
Capys, wyth some of judgement more discrete,
Wyl'd it to drown, or vnder set with flame
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
Or bore and gage the hollow canes vncouth.
So diuers ran the giddy peoples minde.

Loe formost of a rout, that followd him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the towre,
Crieng far of: O wretched citeizens,
What so great kind of frensie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose
Deuoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Grekes are in this timber hid:
Or this an engin is to annoy our walles,
To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troyans geve no

trust
Unto this horse, for what so euer it be.
I dred the Grekes, yea when they offer gyftes.
And with that word, with all his force a dait
He launced then into that croked wombe:
Which trembling stack, and shoke within the side,
Wlurwith the caues gan hollowly resound.
And but for faites, and for our blind forecast,
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discried:
Troy yet had stand, and Priams toures so hie.

Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrygian herdes
Brought to the king, with clamor, all vnknown
A yong man, bound his handes behinde his back:
Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,
To fraue his guile, and open Troyès gates
Unto the Grekes: with courage lully bent,
And minde determed either of the twaine,
To work his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Nere him, to gaze, the Trojan youth gan flock,
And straue whose most might at the captiue scorne.
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe
Imagine all the rest.

For in the preasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrygian routes beset,
Alas (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas
May me receyue? Catif, what restes me nowe?
For whom in Grece doth no abode remayue:
The Troians eke offeuded seke to wreke
Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my blood.
With this regrete our hartes from rancor moued,
The brute appeasse, we askte him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to
yeld.

Then he (al dred remoued) thus began.
O kyng: I shall, what euer me betide,
Say but the truth: ne first will me denie
A Grecian borne: for though fortune hath made
Simon a wretche, she can not make him false.
If euer came vnto your eares the name
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrously the Grekes condemnd to dye,
Giltlesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd
Dyssuade the warres: whose death they nowe la-
ment:

Underneath him my father bare of wealth
Into his hand yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,

And when his realm did flourish by aduise,
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
But sins his death, by false Ulysses sight
(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
A dreary life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my gyttlesse frends mischaunce.
Ne could I fool refrain my tong from thretes:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Arge, to folowe my reuenge.
With such sharp words procured I great hate.
Herc sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sithe
With new formd crimes began me to affay:
In common eares false rumours gan he seve:
Weapons of wreke his gylty minde gan seke:
Ne rested ay, till he by Calchas mane—
But whereunto these thanklesse tales in vaine
Do I reherse, and lingre lurther the time?
In like estate if all the Grekes ye price:
It is enough ye here: rad me at ones.
Ulysses (lord!) how he wold this reioise?
Yea and either Atride wold bye it dere.

This kindled us more egre to enquire,
And to demaund the cause: with out suspect
Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,
And quenering lims, thus toke hys tale again.

The Grekes oft times extended their return,
From Troyè town, with long waris all tyred,
For to dislodge which, would God, they had done,
But oft the winter storms of raging seas,
And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay:
And chiefly when of clinched ribbs of firre
This hors was made, the storms rored in the aire.
Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
Euripilus, to wete the prophesye:
From whens he brought these woful news again:
With blood (O Grekes) and slaughter of a maid
Ye pleasd the winds, when first ye came to Troy:
With blood likewise you must seke your return.
A Grekish soule must offred be therefore.

But when this sound had pearst the peoples
eares,
With sodain fere astonied were their mindes.
The chilling cold did ouerrunne their bines,
To whom that fate was shapte, whom Phebus wold.
Ulysses then amid the preasse brings in
Calchas with noyse and wyl'd him to discusse
The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
The cruell wreke of him that framde the craft:
Foreseeing secretly what wold ensue.
In silence then, ystrouding him from sight
But dayes twise fure he whisted, and refused
To death by speche to further any wight.
At last, as forced by false Ulysses crye,
Of purpose he brake fouth, assigning me
To the altar: whereto they graunted all:
And that, that erst eche one dred to him-self,
Returned all vnto my wretched death.
And now at hand drew nere the wofull day:
All things preparte wherwyth to effer me,
Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind,
I scape the deth, I graunt, and brake the bauds,
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght,
Among the ooze, while they did set their sailes:
If it so be that they indede so dyd.
Now restes my hope my native land to see,
My children dere, nor long desired sire:
On whom perchance they shall wreke my escape:
Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.
Then by the gods, to whom al truth is known:

By fayth unfild, if any any where
Wyth mortal folke remains: I thee besече
O king thereby, rue on my trauail great:
Pitie a wretch that gildesse suffreth wrong.
Life to these teres, with pardou eke, we graunt.
And Priam first him self comandes to loose
His gyues, his bands: and frendly to him sayd:
Whose thou art, learn to forget the Grekes:
Hencefourth be oures, and answer me with truth:
Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge hors?
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?
What holy vow? or engin for the warres?

Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,
His loosed hands lift upward to the sterres.
Ye euerlasting lampes I testifye,
Whose powr diuine may not be violate:
Th' altar, and sword, quod he, that I haue scapt:
Ye sacred bandes, I wore as yelden hoste:
Lefull be it for me to breke mine othe
To Grekes, lefult to hate their naciu,
Lefull be it to sparele in the ayre
Their secretes all, what soe they kepe in close:
For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.
So be it, Troy: and saued by me from scathe,
Kepe faith with me, and stand to thy behest,
If I speake truth, and opening thinges of weicht
For graunt of life requite thes large amendes.

The Grekes whole hope of undertaken war
In Pallas help consisted euermore,
But sith the time that wicked Diomed,
Ulysses eke that forger of all guile,
Auenturde from the holy sacred fane
For to bereue dame Pallas fattall forme,
And slew the watches of the cheifest toure,
And then away the holy statue stele:
That were so bold with handes embrued in blood,
The virgin goddess veiles for to defile:
Sith that, their hope gan fail, their hope to fall
Their powr appeir, their goddess grace wi draw
Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare.
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,
But she gan stare with sparkled eyes of flame:
Along her limes the salt sweate trickled downe:
Yea thrise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)
In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quiuering spere.
Calchas by sea then bad vs hast our flight:
Whoes engins might not breke the wallis of Troy,
Unlesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare;
And crosse the seas unloked for eftsones
They wil return: This order Calchas set.

This figure made they for thagreed god,
In Pallas stede, to cense their hainous fault.
Which masse he willed to be reared hie
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:
So that your gates, ne wall might it receiue,
Ne yet your people might defended be
By the good zele of old deuotion.
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,
To Priams realm great mischief shold befall:
(Which fate the Gods first on him self return)
But had your owne handes brought it in your town,
Asie should passe, and carrie offred warr
In Grece euen to the walls of Pelops town,
And we and oures that destinie endure.

By such like wiles of Sinon the forsworne
His tale with us did purchase credit: some

Trapt by deceite, some forced by his teres:
Whom neither Diomed, nor great Achille,
Nor ten yerer war, ne a thousand saile could daunt.
Us caities then a far more drefull chaunce
Befell, that troubled our vnarmed brestes.

Whiles Laocou, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar, sofenly
From Tenedon behold in circles great
By the calm seas come fletyng adders twaine,
Which plied towards the shore (I lothe to tell)
With rered brest lift vp above the seas:
Whoes bloody crestes alofe the waues were seen:
The hinder parte swame hidden in the flood:
Their grisly backes were linked manifold:
With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire:
Whoes waltring tonges did lick their hissing mouthes.
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke,
But they with gathe direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all eche serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes:
Whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed thereon.
Then raught they hym, who had his wepeu caught
To rescue them, twise winding him about,
With folded knottes, and circled tailles, his wast:
Their scaled backes did compasse twise his neck,
Wyth rered heddes aloft, and stretched throtes.
He with his handes strau to vnloose the knottes:
Whose sacred fillettes all besprinkled were
With filth of gory blod, and venim rank:
And to the sterres such drefull shoutes he sent,
Like to the sound the roring bull fourth loowes,
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swaruing axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpentes twine, with hasted traile they glide
To Pallas temple, and her towres of heichte:
Under the fete of which the Goddess stern,
Hidden behinde her targettes bosse they crept.
New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling
brestes.

They sayd Lacons desertes had derely bought
His hainous dede, that peared had with stele
The sacred bulke, and thrown the wicked launce:
The people cried with sondry greeing shoutes,
The bring the horse to Pallas temple blue,
In hope therby the goddesse wrath appease.
We cleft the wallis, and closures of the towne;
Wherto all helpe: and vnder set the feet
With sliding rolles, and bound his nech with ropes:
This fatal gin thus ouerclame our wallis,
Stuff with armd men: about the which there ran
Children, and maides, that holy carollis sang:
And well were they whoes hands might touch the
cories.

With threting chere thus slided through our towne
The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward.
O natue land, Ilion, and of the goddess
The mansion place! O warrlik wallis of Troy!
Four times it stopt in thentrie of our gate:
Four times the harness clatted in the womb.
But we goe on, vn sound of memorie.
And blinded eke by rage perseuer still:
This fatal monster in the fane we place.

Casandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite,
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of us leaued
Disclosed eft, forespeking thinges to come.
We wretches loc, that last day of our life,
With bowes of fest the town, and temples deck.

With this the skie gan whirle about the sphaere

The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,
With mantells spred; that cloked earth, and skies,
And eke the treason of the Grekish guife:
The watchmen lay disperst, to take their rest:
Whoes werried limes sound slepe had then op-
prest:

When well in order comes the Grecian fleet,
From Tenedon toward the costes well knowne,
By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
When the kinges ship put fourth his mark of fire,
Sinon, preserued by froward destinie,
Let fourth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind:
Wherby the Grekes restored were to aire.
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree,
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
The great captaines, Stenel, and Thesander,
The fierce Uliesses, Athana; and Chloas,
Machaon first, and then king Menolae,
Epeus eke that did the engin forge.
By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown:
And streight inuade the town yburied then
With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,
Then gates vnfold to let their fellows in,
They ioyne them selues with the coniuered bandes

It was the time, when graunted from the godds
The first slepe crepes most swete in very folk.
Loe in my dreame before mine eies, me thought,
With rufull chere I sawe where Hector stood:
Out of whoes eies there rushed streames of teares;
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
Distained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowle
With the streight cordes wherwith they haled him,
Ay me, what one? that Hector how vnlike,
Which erst returnd clad with Achilles spoiles?
Or when he threw into the Grekish shippes
The Trojan flame? so was his beard defiled,
His crisped lockes al clusted with his blood:
With all such wounds, as many he receiued
About the walles of that his natie town.
Whome frankly thus, me thought, I spake vnto,
With bitter teres and dolefull deadly voice:
O Trojan light, O only hope of thine!
What lettes so long thee stail? or from what costes,
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come?
Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,
And trauail of the people, and thy town,
Alwerried, lord! how gladly we behold.
What sory chance hath staind thy liuely face?
Or why see I those woundes, alas, so wide?
He answerd nought, nor in my vain demaundes
Abode: but from the bottom of his brest
Sighing he sayd: Flee, flee, O Goddesses son,
And saue thee from the furie of this flame.
Our enemies now ar maisters of the walles;
And Troyè town now falleth from the top:
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne:
If force might serue to succor Troyè town,
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
But Troyè now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her priuy gods:
Them ioyne to ther, as felowes of thy fate:
Large walles were throw for them: For so thou shalt,
After time apent in thouer-wanlred flood.
This said, he brought fourth Uesta in his hands,
Her fillettes eke, and euerlasting flame.

In this meane while with diuerse plant the town
Throughout was spred: and louder more and more
The din resounded: with rattling of armes
(Although mine old father Anchises house

Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)
I waked: therewith to the house top I clambe
And harking stood I: like as when the flame
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisterous winde:
Or the swift stream, that driueth from the bill,
Routes vp the felde, and preseth the ripe corne,
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the groue:
The silly herdman all astonnièd standes,
From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.

Then the Grekes faith, then their deceit appered.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Fell to the ground, all ouerspred with flash.
His next neighbour Ucalegon afire:
The Sygean seas did glisten all with flame.
Upsprang the crye of men, and trumpettes blast,
Then as distraught I did my armure on:
Ne could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.
But with our feres to throng out from the preasse
Toward the toure our hartes brent with desire:
Wrath prickt us fourth; and vnto vs it semel
A seemly thing to dye armd in the feld.
Wherewith Panthus scape from the Grekish
dartes,

Otreus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand
The sacred reliques, and the vanquist gods:
And in his haud his litle nephew led:
And thus as phrentik to our gates he ran:
Panthus, quod I, in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what fortresse shall we take?
Scarse spake I this, when waiting thus he sayd:
The later day and fate of Troy is come,
The which no plaint or prayer may auailde.
Troyans we were, and Troyè was sometime,
And of great fame the Teucrican glorie erst:
Fierce Ioue to Greece hath now transposed all,
The Grekes ar lordes ouer this fired town.
Yonde huge horse, that stands amid our walles,
Sheds armed men: And Sinon victor now,
With scorne of vs, doth set all things on flame:
And rushed in at our vnfolded gates
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Grece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes;
With bright swerdes drawn to slaughter redy bent:
And scarce the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blade fight resist.

Through Panthus words, and lightning of the
Gods,

Amid the flame and armes ran I in preasse:
As furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
The crye greatest, that made the ayre resound
Into our hand then fell old Iphytus,
And Rypheus, that met vs by moonelichte:
Dymas and Hypauius ioyning on our side,
With yong Chorebus Mygdonius son;
Which in those dayes at Troye did ariue
Burning with rage of dame Cassandraes loue,
In Priams ayd and rescue of his town:
Unhappy he that wold no credit geue
Vnto his spouses woords of prophecie.

Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperately the battail to desire:
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them:
O ye yong men, of courage stout in vaine:
For nought ye strue to saue the burning town:
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see.
The Gods out of the temples all are fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was main-
teind;

Their altares eke are left both wast and royl:
But if your will be bent with me to prouo

That uttermost, that now may vs befall ;
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes :
To vanquat falk despeir is only hope.
With this the yong-mens courage did encrease:
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues,
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Diues from their den, leauing with hungry throtes
Their whelpes behinde : among our foes we ran,
Upon their swerdes vnto apparant death,
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,
Couerd with the close shadowes of the night.

Who can expresse the slaughter of that night ?
Or tell the number of the corpses slaine?
Or can in ters bewaile them worthy?
The auncient famous citie faileth down,
That many yeres did hold such seignorie.
With senselesse bouies euery strate is spread,
Eche palace, and sacred porch of the Gods.
Nor yet alone the Trojan blood was shed :
Manhod oft times into the vanquist brest
Returnes, whereby some victors Grekes ar slain.
Cruel complainte-, and terror euery where,
And plentie of griesly pictures of death.

And first with vs Androgeus there met,
Followed with a swarming rout of Grekes :
Deming vs, vnware, of that feloship :
With friendly words whom thus he cald vnto :
Hast ye, my frendes ; what slouth hath taried
you ?

Your feers now sack, and spoile the burning Troy :
From the tall ships where ye but newly come.
When he had sayd, and heard no answer made
To him againe wherto he might geue trust :
Finding him self chaunced amid his foes,
Mazde he withdrew his foote back with his word :
Like him, that wandring in the bushes thick,
Tredes on the adder with his recklesse foote,
Rered for wrath swelling her speckled neck,
Dismayd, geues back all sodenly for fere.
Androgeus so feard of that sight stept back :
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout :
When here and there we did them ouerthrow,
Stroken with dred, vnskillfull of the place.
Our first labour thus lucked well with vs.

Chorebus thus encouraged by his chaunce,
Reioysing sayd : Hold fourth the way of health
(My feers) that hap, and manhod hath vs taught :
Change we our shields, the Grekes armes do we on :
Craft, or manhod, with foes what reckes it which ?
The slaine to vs their armure they shall yeld.
And with that word Androgeus crested helme,
And the rich armes of his shield did he on :
A Grekish sword he guided by his side :
Like gladly Dimas, and Ripheus did :
The whole youth gan then clad in the new spoiles.
Mingled with Grekes for no good luck to vs
We went, and gaue many onsets that night,
And many a Greke we sent to Plutoes court.
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,
And to their costes of saueguard ran againe.
And some there were, for shameful cowardrie,
Clamb vp againe vnto the hucie horse,
And did them hide in his wel-knowne womb.

Ay me, bootlesse it is for any whight
To hope on ought, against the will of the Gods.
Ioe where Casandra, Priams daughter dere,
From Pallas church was drawn with sparkled tresse,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyes to heuen :
Her eyes : for fast her tender wrestes were bound.
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bere,

Recklesse of death ; but thrust amid the throng :
And after we through thickest of the swerdes.

Here were we first ybatred with the dartes
Of our owne feers, from the hie temples top :
Wherby of ve grete slaughter did ensue,
Mistaken by our Grekish armes and crestes.
Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire,
Of the Urgin from them so rescued ;
The fell Ajax, and either Atrides,
And the great band eled the Dolopes.
As wrastling windes, out of dispersed whirl,
Besight themselues, the west with southern blast,
And gladsome cast proud of Aurorae horse :
The woods do whiz ; and fomy Nereus,
Raging in furie, with three forked mace
From bottoms depth doth weltre up the seas.
So came the Grekes : And such, as by deceit
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,
And draue about our town, appered first :
Our fained shields and wepons then they found,
And by sound our discording voice they knew.
We went to wreck with number ouerlayd.

And by the hand of Peneleus first
Chorebus fel before the altar dead
Of armed Pallas : and Rypheus eke,
The iustest man among the Troians all,
And he that best obserued equitie ;
But otherwyse it pleased now the Gods.

There Hipanis, and Dimas both were slaine,
Through peared with the wepons of their feers :
Nor thee, Penthus, when thou wast ouerthrown,
Pitie, nor zele of good deuotion,
Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from scathe.
Ye Trojan ashes, and last flames of mine,
I cal in witness, that at your last fall
I fed no stroke of any Grekish sword :
And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,
That with my hand I did deserve it well.
With this from thence I was recruited back,
With Iphytus, and Pelias alone :
Iphytus weak and feeble all for age,
Pelias laured by Ulysseus hand.

To Priams palace crye did cal vs then.
Here was the fight right hideous to behold :
As though there had no battail ben but there,
Or slaughter made els-where throughout the town :
A fight of rage and furie there we saw.
The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast
And couered with engines the gates beset,
And rered vp ladders against the walles,
Under the windowes scaling by their stepes,
Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, wher on
They did receiue the dartes, while their right hands
Griped for hold th' cmbatel of the wall.
The Troians on the tother part rend down
The turrets hie, and eke the palace rooffe :
With such weapns they shope them to defend,
Seeing all lost, now at the point of death :
The gilt sparrs, and the beames then threw they
down,

Of old fathers the proud and royal workes :
And with drawn swerdes some did beset the gates,
Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thick.
Our sprites restorede to rescue the kings house,
To help them, and to geue the vanquist strength.

A postern with a blinde wicket there was,
A common trade to passe through Priam's house ;
On the backside wherof wast houses stood :
Which way eftsithes, while that our kingdome
dured,

Th' unfortunate Andromache alone
 Resorted to the parentes of her make,
 With youg Astyanax his grandsire to see.
 Here passed I vp to the hiest toure,
 From whence the wretched Troians did throw down
 Dartes spent in wast. Unto a turret then
 We stept, the which stood in a place aloft;
 The top wherof did reach well nere the sterres:
 Where we were wont all Troye to behold,
 The Grekish nauie, and their tents also,
 With instruments of iron gau we pick,
 To seke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
 From that high seat, which we razed, and threw
 down:

Which falling gaue fourthwith a rushing sound,
 And large in breadth on Grekish routes it light.
 But sone another sort stept in theyr stede:
 No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vncast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,
 Reioysing in his dartes, with glittering armes;
 Like to the adder with venomous herbes fed,
 Whom cold winter all bolse hid vnder ground:
 And shining bright when she her slough had slong.
 Her slipper back doth rowle with forked tong,
 And raised brest, lift vp against the sun.
 With that together came great Periphias,
 Antomedon eke that guided had sometime
 Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare:
 And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
 Assayd the house, and threw flame to the top:
 And he an axe before the foremost raught;
 Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew, and break:
 From whence he bet the staples out of brasse,
 He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst
 So large a hole wherby they might discern
 The house, the court, the secret chambers eke
 Of Priamus, and auncient kinses of Troy,
 And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was
 With wailing, and with ruful shrikes and cries:
 The hollow balles did howle of womens plaint:
 The clamor strake up to the golden sterres.
 The frayd mothers, wandering through the wide
 house,

Embracing pillars, did them hold and kisse.
 Pyrrhus assauleth with his fathers might:
 Whom the closures ne keepers might hold out.
 With often pushed ram the gate did shake:
 The postes beat down remoued from their hookes:
 By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
 And now the Grekes let in, the fornest slew:
 And the large palace with solliars gan to fill.
 Nor so ferceely doth ouerflow the feides
 The foming flood, that brekes out of his bankes:
 Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes
 Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:
 As in thentrie of slaughter furious
 I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Hecuba I saw with a hundred moe
 Of her sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
 Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
 Fiftie bed-chambers of his childrens wyues,
 With losse of so great hope of his offspring.
 The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,
 And with the spoiles of other nations,
 Fell to the ground: and whatso that with flame
 Untouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.

Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate,
 When of his taken town he saw the chauce,
 And the gates of his palace beaten down;

His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
 Thold man in raine did on his sholders then,
 Trembling for age, his curace long disused:
 His bootlesse swerd he girded him about:
 And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
 Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare
 A great altar there stood, by which there grew
 An old laurel tree bowing therunto,
 Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
 Here Hecuba, with her youg daughters all,
 About the altar swarmed were in vaine:
 Like doues, that flock together in the storme:
 The statues of the Gods embracing fast.
 But when she saw Priam had taken there
 His armure, like as though he had been youg:
 What furious thought, my wretched spouse, quod
 she,

Did moue thee now such wepons for to weld?
 Why hastest thou? This time doth not require
 Such succor, ne yet such defenders now:
 No, though Hector my son were here againe.
 Come lether: this altar shall saue vs all:
 Or we shall dye together. Thus she sayd:
 Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
 The aged man down in the holy seat.

But loe Polites, one of Priams sons,
 Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
 Comes fleeing through the wepons of his foes
 Searching all wounded the long galleries;
 And the voyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage
 Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound;
 And now in hand well nere strikes with his spere,
 Who fleing fourth, till he came now in sight
 Of his parentes, before their face fell down,
 Yielding the ghost, with flowing streames of blood.
 Priamus then, although he were half ded,
 Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his words:
 But cryeth out: For this thy wicked work,
 And boldnesse eke such thing to enterprise,
 If in the heauens any iustice be,
 That of such things takes any care or kepe,
 According thankes the gods may yeld to the:
 And send thee eke thy iust deserved hyre,
 That made me see the slaughter of my childe,
 And with his blood defile the fathers face.
 But he, by whom thou fainst thy self begot,
 Achilles was to Priam not so stern.
 For loe he, tendring my most humble sute,
 The right, and faith, my Hectors bloodlesse corps
 Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,
 And rent me to my kingdome home againe.

Thus sayd the aged man; and therewithall
 Forcelesse he cast his weake vnweldy dart:
 Which repulst from the brasse, where it gaue dint
 Without sound, hong vainly in the shields bosse.
 Quod Pyrrhus, Then thou shalt this thing report:
 On message to Pelide my father go:
 Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how
 Neoptolem is swarued out of kinde.
 Now shalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word
 At the altar him trembling gan he draw,
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:
 And his left hand all clasped in his heare:
 With his right arme drewe fourth his shining
 sword,

Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilts:
 Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,
 The wofull end that was allotted him:
 When he had seen his psalce all on flame,
 With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke.

That royal prince of Asie, which of late
Reign'd ouer so many peoples and realmes,
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore:
This hed and sholders parted ben in twaine:
A body now without renome, and fame.

Then first in me entred the grisly feare:
Dismayd I was. Wherwith came to my mind
The image eke of my dere father, when
I thus beheld the king of equal age
Yeld up the sprite with wounds so cruelly.
Then thought I of Creusa left alone:
And of my house in danger of the spoile:
And the estate of yong Iulus eke.
I looked back to seke what nomber then
I might discern about me of my feeres.
But wried they had left me all alone:
Some to the ground were lopen from aboue;
Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.

There was no moe but I left of them all:
When that I saw in Uestnes temple sit
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:
(Such light the flame did giue as I went by,
While here and there I cast mine eyen about)
For she in dred, least that the Troians shold
Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles,
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekcs also,
The furie eke of her forsaken make,
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.
Then boyld my brest with flame, and burning
wrath,

To reuenge my town vnto such ruine brought:
With worthy paines on her to work my will.
Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Spart
All safe, and see Mycene her natie land,
And like a queene returne with victorie
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
Folowed with a traine of Trojan maides,
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaues:
And Priam eke with iron murdred thus,
And Troye town consumed all with flame,
Whoes shore hath ben so oft forbathed in blood?
No no: for though on wemen the reuenge
Unsemely is; such conquest hath no fame:
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
My iust reuenge shall merit worthy praise;
Aud quiet eke my minde, for to be wroke
On her which was the causes of this flame,
And satisfy the cinder of my feeres.

With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeard to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a Goddess like,
As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say:
Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vtamed wrath? why ragest thou?
Or where is now become the care of vs?
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
Anchises thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset:
And, were they not defended by my care,
Flame had them raught and enmies sward ere this.
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
Rest yow this wealth, and ouerthrow your town.
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,

Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim:
Whoes moisture doth obscure all things about:
And ferre not thow to do thy mothers will,
Nor her aduise refuse thow to performe)
Here where thow seest the turrets ouerthrowen,
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus thers shakes with his mace the walles,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
Aud ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat:
Aud cruell Iuno with the foremost here
Doth kepe the gate that Scea cleped is,
Nerewood fur wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harness bright the Grekes out of their ships:
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes;
And Iupiter my father distributes
Auayling strength, and courage to the Grekes:
Yet ouermore, against the Trojan power,
He doth prouoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then my son, and geue this traual end:
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
This did she say: and therwith gan she hide
Her self in shadow of the close night.

Then dreadfull figures gan appere to me,
And great Gods eke aggreued with our town.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes:
N ptunus town cleue razed from the soil:
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains hye,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assautes strue to teere up, doth threat;
And hact beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
Rent from the height, with ruine it doth fall.

With this I went, and guided by a God
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
Their weapons, and the fire eke gaue me place.
And when that I was come before the gates,
The auncient building of my fathers house:
My father, whom I hoped to conuey
To the next hills, and did him thearto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.
All ye, quod he, in whom yong blood is fresh,
Whoes strength remains entier and in full powr,
Take ye your flight.

For if the Gods my life wold haue proroged,
They had reserued for me this winning place.
It was enough, alas, and eke to much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed ones:
To haue liued after the citee taken.
When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out forsake:
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine enmies moue, or els hope of my spoile.
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:
For I my yeres disdainfull to the Gods
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
Sins that the fire of Gods and king of men
Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.
Such things he gan reherse, thus firmly bent:
But me besprent with teres, my tender son,
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest
Of the houshold, my father gau beseeche,
Not so with him to perish all at ones,
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate,
Which he refused, and stack to his entent.

Driven I was to harness then againe,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what aduise or other hope was left?

Father, thoughtst thou that I may ones remove
 Quod I, a foote, and leaue thee here behinde?
 May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?
 If Gods will be, that nothing here be sau'd
 Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne
 Both thee and thine to ruine of this town:
 The way is plaine this death for to attaine.
 Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,
 That gored the son before the fathers face,
 And slew the father at the altar eke.
 O sacred mother, was it then for this,
 That thou me led through flame, and wepons sharp,
 That I might in my secret chaumber see
 Mine enemies, and Ascanius my son,
 My father, with Creusa my swete wife,
 Murdred, alas, the one in thothers blood?
 Why seruants then, bring me my armes againe.
 The latter day vs vanquishd doth call.
 Reuder me now to the Grekes fight againe:
 And let me see the fight begon of new:
 We shall not all vnwroken dye this day.

About me then I girt my swerd again,
 And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,
 And bent me so to rush out of the house.
 Lo in my gate my spouse clasping my feet,
 Foregainst bis father yong Iulus set.
 If thou wilt go, quod she, and spill thy self
 Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
 But as expert if thou in armes haue set
 Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
 Whereas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
 And I sometime thine owne dere wife, ar left.
 Her shrill-oud voice with plaint thus filld the house:
 When that a sodein monstrous maner fell:
 For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
 Behold a light out of the butten sprang
 That in tip of Iulus cap did stand:
 With gentletouch whoes harmlesse flaine did shine,
 Upon bis heare, about his temples spread:
 And we afraid trembling for dredfull fere
 Bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,
 And with water gan quench the sacred flaine.
 Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres:
 With hands his voice to heauen thus he bent.
 If by praiet, almighty Jupiter,
 Inclined thou mayst be: behold, vs then
 Of ruth: at least if we so much deserue.
 Graunt eke thine ayd, father; confirm this thing.

Scarse had the old man said, when that the
 heuens

With wle in noise thondred on the left hand:
 Out of the skie by the dark night there fell
 A blazing sterne, dragging a brand or flaine:
 Which with much light gliding on the house top,
 In the forest of Ida hid her beames:
 The which full bright cendleing a furrow shone,
 By a long tract appointing vs the way:
 And round about of brimstone rose a fume.
 My father vanquist, then beheld the skies,
 Spake to the Gods, and tholy sterre adored:
 Now, now, quod he, no longer I abide:
 Felow I shall where ye me guide at hand.
 O natue Gods, your familie defend,
 Preserue your liue, this warning comes of you,
 And Troy è stands in your protection now:
 Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,
 Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy fere.

Thus did he say: and by that time more clere
 The crackling flaine was heard throughout the walles,
 And more and more the burning heat drew nere.

Why then haue done, my father dere, quod I,
 Bestride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,
 And I shal with my sholders thes susteine:
 Ne shal this labor do me any dere.
 What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
 Like to vs both and common there shal be.
 Yong Iulus shall beare me company;
 And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.
 Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say:
 Without the town ye shall find, on an hill,
 And old temple there standes, wheras sometime
 Worship was don to Ceres the Goddess:
 Beside which growes an aged cipresse tree,
 Preserued long by our forefathers zele.
 Behind which place let vs together mete,
 And thou father receiue into thy handes
 The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:
 The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
 That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
 Till I be washed in the running flood.
 When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
 And laied neck with garmentes gan I spread,
 And theron cast a yellow lions skin,
 And therupon my burden I receiue.
 Yong Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
 Followeth me fast with vnegal pacc:
 And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
 By places shadowed most with the night.
 And me, whome late the dart which enemies threw,
 Nor preasse of Argiue routes could make amaze,
 Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray,
 And euery sound to moue my doubtfull mind:
 So much I dred my burden and my fere.

And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
 Right well escapt the daunger, as we thought:
 When that at hand a sound of fret we heard.
 My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
 Cried out on me: Flee, son, they ar at hand.
 With that bright sheldes, and shene armours I saw.
 But then I knowe not what vnfriendly God
 My troubled wit from me biraft for fere:
 For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
 Eschuing still the common haunted track,
 From me catif, alas, beruod was
 Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:
 Whether by fate, or mis-ing of the way,
 Or that she was by werinesse retein'd:
 But neuer sithe these eies might her behold:
 Nor did I yet perceiue that she was lost;
 Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,
 Till we came to the hill, when as there stood
 The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

And when that we were there assembled all,
 She was only away, deceiuing vs
 Her spouse, her son, and all her companie.
 What God, or man did I not then accuse,
 Nere wood for ire? or what more cruell chaunce
 Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthrow?
 Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,
 With Anchises and eke the Trojan Gods,
 And left them hid within a valley depe.
 And to the towne I gan me hyc againe,
 Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
 Auentures past, to search throughout the town,
 And yeld my hel to perils ones againe.
 And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
 Of the same gate, wherat I issued out:
 Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
 In the dark night, loking all round about:
 In euery place the nesyne sights I saw,

The silence selfe of night agast my sprite.
From hence againe I past vnto our house,
If she by chauce had ben returned home.
The Grekes were there, and had it all beset:
The wasting fire blown vp by drift of wind,
About the roofes the blazing flame sprang up:
The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies.
To Priams palace and the Castel then
I made: and there at Iunous sanctuair
In the void porches Phenix, Ulisses eke,
Sterne guardens stood, watching of the spoile.
The richesse here were set rest from the brent
Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,
The vessels eke that were of massy gold,
And vestures spoiled, were gathered all in heap;
The children orderly, and mothers, pale
For fright,
Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.

So bold was I to shewe my voice that night;
With clepes and cries to fill the stretes through-
out,

With Creuse name in sorrow, with vain teres;
And often sithes the same for to repete.
The town restlesse with furie as I sought,
Th' unlucky figure of Creusacs ghost,
Of stature more than wont, stood fore mine eyen.
Abashed then I waxe: therewith my heare
Gan start right vp: my voice stuck in my throte.
When with such words she gan my hart remoue:
What helps to yeld vnto such furious rage,
Swete spouse, quod she, without wil of the gods
This chaunced not: ne lefful was for thee,
To lead away Creusa hence with thee:
The king of the hye heuen suffreth it not.
A long exile thou art assigned to bere:

Long to furrow large space of stormy seas:
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streme
Mildly doth flow along the frutfull feldes.
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee,
There a kinges child prepare to be thy make.
For thy beloued Creusa stint thy teres:
For now shal I not see the proud abodes
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes:
N: I a Troyan lady, and the wife
Vnto the sonne of Venus the Goddesse,
Shall goe a slaue to serue the Grekish dames.
Me here the Gods great mother holdes.
And now farwell: and kepe in fathers brest
The tender loue of thy young son and myne.

This hauing said, she left me all in teres,
And minding much to speake: but she was gone,
And suttly fled into the weightlesse aire.
Thrise raught I with mine armes taccoll her
neck:

Thrise did my hands vaine holde thimaze escope;
Like nimble wiudes, and like the feing dreame.
So night spent out, return I to my feeres:
And ther wonderin: I find together swarind
A new number of mates, mothers, and men,
A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,
From eche where flockke together, prest to
passe,

With hart and goods, to whatsoever land
By sliding seas me listid them to lede.
And now rose Lucifer about the ridge
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light,
The Grekes held theatries of the gates beate:
Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,
Toke up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

THE FOURTH BOKE OF VIRGILES AENEIS.

BUT now the wounded Quene, with heuy care
Throughout the veines she norished the playe,
Surpised with blind flame; and to hir mind
Gan eke resort the prowesse of the man,
And honour of his race: whide in her brest
Imprinted stuck his wordes, and pictures forme.
Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.
The next morow, with Phebus laump, the earth
Alighted clere: and eke the dawning day
The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue;
When all vsnould her sister of like minde
Thus spake she to: O sister Ann, what dreames
Be these, that me tormented thus afray?
What new guest is this, that to our realm is come?
What one of chere? how stout of hart in armes?
Truly I think, ne vain is my belefe,
Of Goddisb race some ofspring shold he be:
Cowardry notes hartes swarued out of kiud.
He driven, lord, with how hard destiny!
What batailles eke atchieued did be recount!
But that my mind is fixed vnmoueably,
Neuer with wight in wedlock ay to ioynen;
Sith my first loue me left by death disseuered:
If geniall brands and bed me lotbed not,
To this one gilt perchance yet might I yeld.
Anne, for I graunt, sith wretched Sicchees death,
My spouse and house with brothers slaughter
stand,
This onely man hath made my senses bend,
And pricked fourth the mind, that gan to slide:
Now feelingly I taste the steppes of mine old
flame.

But first I wish, the earth me swalow down:
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send
To the pale gostes of hel, and darknes deepe:
Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes.
He that with me first coppled, tooke away
My loue with him; enjoy it in his graue.

Thus did she say, and with surprised teares
Bained her brest. Wherto Anne thus replied:
O sister, dearer beloued then the light:
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
Ne childrn swete, ne Venus giftes wilt know?
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this? or graued
ghostes?

Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I graunt,
None might thee moue: no not the Libyan king,
Nor yet of Tirc: Iarbas set to lght;
And other princes mo: whom the rich soile
Of Affrick breeds, in honours triumphant.
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue?
Comes not to mind vpon who's land thou dwalt?
On this side, loe the Getule town behold.
A people bold vnuanquished in warre;
Eke the vndaunted Numides compass thee;
Also the Sirtes, vnfrendly harbougie:
On thother hand a desert realme for-thrust,
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
What shall I touch the warres that moue from
Tirc?

Or yet thy brothers threatens?
By Gods purueiaunce it blew, and Iunos helpe,
The Troiaynes shippes, I think, to runn this course.
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
Throgh such allie how shall our kingdom rise?
And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
How many waies shal Carteges glorie grow?
Thou onely now beseech the Gods of grace

By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house
 Recrue him: and forge causes of abode:
 Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Orion,
 The shippes shaken, vnfrendly the season.

Such wordes enbained the kindled mind with
 loue,

Loosed al shame, and gaue the doutfull hope.
 And to the temples first they bast, and seeke
 By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares
 Chosen as ought, to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
 To Phebus, Bacchus, and to Iuno chiefe,
 Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
 Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup,
 Which twixt the hornes of a white cowe she shed
 In presence of the Gods, passing before
 The auliers fatte, which she renewed oft
 With giftes that day, and beasts debowled;
 Gasing for counsell on the entrales warme.

Ay me, vnskilfull mindes of prophesy!
 Temples, or vowes, what boote they in her rage?
 A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure,
 Whiles in the brest the silent wound keeps life.
 Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
 Throughout the town she waudreth vp and down:
 Like the stricken Hinde with shaft, in Crete
 Throughout the woods which chasing with his darte
 Aloofe, the shepheard smiteth at vnwares,
 And leaues unwist in her the thirling head:
 That through the greues, and landes glides in her
 fight;

Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes.
 Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
 The towne prepared, and Cartage welth to shew;
 Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes.
 And when the day gan faile, now feastes she
 makes;

The Troies trauailes to heare a-new she listes,
 Inraged al: and stareth in his face
 That tels the tale. And when they were al gone,
 And the dimme mone doth oft withhold the light,
 And sliding sterres prouoked vnto sleepe;
 Alone she mournes within her palace voyde;
 And sets her down on her forsaken bed:
 And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
 And seeth eke: oft in her lappe she holdes
 Ascanius, trapt by his fathers foime:
 So to begile the loue, can not be told.

The turrettes now arise not, erst begonne;
 Nether the youth weldes armes, nor they auance
 The portes, nor other mete defence for warr:
 Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames
 Of walles high raised, threatening the skie.
 Whom assoone as loues deare wife saw infect
 With such a plague, no fame resist the rage:
 Saturnes daughter thus burdes Uenus then:
 Great praise, quod she, and worthy spoiles you
 You and your son: great Gods of memory, [win,
 By both your wiles one woman to dewore.
 Yet am I not deceiued, that foreknew

Ye dreid our walles, and bildinges gan suspect
 Of high Cartage. But what shal be the ende?
 Or wherunto now serueth such debate?
 But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,
 Sith thou hast spede of that, thy heart desired:
 Dido doth burne with loue, rage frettes her boones;
 This people now as common to vs both,
 With equal fauour let vs gouern then;
 Lefull be it to serue a Troian spouse;
 And Tiriancs yeld to thy right hand in dowre.

To whom Uenus replied thus; (that kwee

Her wordes proceeded from a fained minde,
 To Libian coastes to turne t'empire from Rome.)
 What wight so fond, such offer to refuse?
 Or yet with thee had leuer striue in warr?

So bet it fortune thy tale bring to effect:
 But destenies I dout: least loue will graunt,
 That folk of Tyre, and such as came from Troie,
 Should hold one town; or graunt these nacions
 Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.
 Thou art bis wife; lefult it is for the
 For to attempt his fansie by request:
 Passe on before and folow the I shal.

Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:
 This trauaile be it mine: but by what meane
 Marke, in fewe wordes I shal thee lerne eisones,
 This worke in hand may now be compassed.
 Aneas now, and wretched Dido eke
 To the forest a hunting minde to wende
 To morne, as soon as Titan shall ascend,
 And with his beames hath ouerspred the world:
 And whiles the winges of youth do swarm about,
 And whiles they raunge to ouer-set the groues,
 A cloude showr mingled with haile I shal
 Poure down, and then with thonder shake the
 skies,

Thassembl scattered the mist shall cloke.
 Dido a caue, the Trojan prince the same
 Shall enter to; and I will be at hand:
 And if thy will stickes vnto mine, I shal
 In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own:
 Thus shal the maryage be. To whose request
 Without debate Uenus did seme to yeld,
 And singled soft, as she that found the wyle.

Then from the seas, the Dawning gan arise:
 The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
 Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit;
 The hunting staues with their brod heads of
 steele:

And of Masile the horsemen fourth they brake;
 Of scating houndes a kenel huge likewise.
 And at the threshold of her chamber dore,
 The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
 The trampling steed with gold and purple trapt,
 Chawing the fomie bit, there fiercely stood.
 Then issued she, awayted with great train,
 Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
 Her quayer hung behind her back, her tresse
 Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
 Butned with gold. The Troians of her train
 Before her go with gladsome lulus.

Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
 Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the throngs:
 Like when Apollo leaureth Lycia
 His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise,
 To viset Delos his mothers mansion;
 To repair eke and furnishing her quire:
 The Candians, and folkes of Driopes,
 With painted Agathirsies shout and crye,
 Enuironing the altars round about:
 When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:
 His sparkled tresse repress with garlandes soft
 Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold:
 His quiuering dartes clattring behind his back.
 So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seme:
 Such lordly port in present countenance.

But to the hills, and wild holtes when they came:
 From the rocks top the driuen sauage ruse:
 Loe from the hill aboue on thother side,
 Through the wyde lawnds, they gan to take their
 course:

The harts likewise, in troupes taking their flight,
Raising the dust, the mountains fast forsake.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steede,
Amids the plain now pricks by them, now these:
And to encounter wisheth oft in minde
The fuming Bore, in-steede of fercfull beasts;
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.

In the mean while the skies gan rumble sore:
In tawle therof, a mingled showr with hayle.
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Trojans youth,
And Uenus nephew the cotages for feare
Sougth round about; the floods fell from the hills.
Dido a den, the Trojan prince the same,
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the Earth,
And Iuno that hath charge of marriage,
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame:
And priuic to the wedlock, lightning Skies:
And the Nymphes yelled from the mountains top.
Ay me, this was the first day of their mirth,
And of their harmes the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her withholdes:
Nor museth now to frame her loue by stelh.
Wedlock she calls it: vnder the pretence
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her fault.

Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Lybian
towns:

A mischefe Fame, there is none els so swift;
That mouing growes, and fitting gathers force:
First small for dred, sone after climes the skies:
Stayeth on earth, and hides her head in cloudes.
Whom our mother the Earth, tempted by wrath
Of Gods, begat; the last sister, they write,
To Cacus, and to Encecladus eke:
Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift,
A monster huge, and dredfull to describe.
In euery plume, that on her body sticks,
A thing in dede much maruelous to heare,
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
So many mouthes to speak, and listning eares.
By night she flies amid the cloudy skie,
Shriking by the dark shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the swete sleeper her eyes:
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrets hye, and the great towne fraies:
As mindefull of yll and lyes, as blasing truth.
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumor then into the common eares:
As well things don, as that was never wrought:
As that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas one outsprong of Trojan blood,
To whom fair Dido wold her self be wed.
And that; the while, the winter long the passe
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne;
Led against honour with vn honest lust.

This in eche mouth the filthie Goddesses spreds,
And takes her course to king Hiarbass straight;
Kindling his minde; with tales she feedes his
wrath.

Gotten was he by Annon Iupiter
Upon the rauisht Nymph of Garamant.
And hundred hugie great temples he built
In his farre stretching realmes to Iupiter;
Altars as many kept with waking flame,
A watche always vpon the Gods to tend:
The floores embrude with yielded blood of beastes,
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.
He wood of minde, kindled by bitter brute,
Tfore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,
With reared hands gan humble Ioue entreate:
Almighty God, whom the Moores nacion

Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vain,
When thou lettest flye thy thonder from the
cloudes?

Or do those flames with vaine noyse us affray?
A woman, that wandring in our coastes hath
bought

A plot for price, where she a citie set;
To whom we gaue the strond for to manure,
And lawes to rule our towne; our wedlock lothed,
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.
That Paris now with his vnmanly sorte,
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard,
His rape enioyeth: whyles to thy temples we
Our offerings bring, and folow rumors vaine.

Whom praing in such sort, and griping eke
The altars fast, the mighty father heard:
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls,
And louers eke, forgetting their good name,
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge.
Hense son in haste, and call to thee the windes:
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince,
That now in Carthage luytereth, reckless
Of the towne graunted him by destiny:
Swift through the skies, see thou these words
concu;

His faire mother behight him not to vs
Such one to be; ne therefore twyse him saued
From Grekish armes; but such a one
As mete might seme great Italie to rule,
Dreedfull in arms, charged with seignorie,
Shewing in prose his worthy Teucrican race;
And vnder lawes, the whole world to subdue.
If glorie of such things nought him inflame,
Ne he that listes seke honour by som paine:
The towne yet of Rome, being his sire
Doth he enuie to yong Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame, or on what hope
In enmies land doth he make hys abode?
Ne his offspring in Italie regardes?
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?
Bid him make sayle: haue here the sum and end:
Our message thus report. When Ioue had sayd,
Then Mercurie gan bend him to obey
His mighty fathers will: and to his beeles
His golden wings he knits, which him transport
With a light winde about the earth, and seas.
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby
He calles from bell pale gostes; and other souer
Thether also he sendeth comfortlesse:
Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them bereues;
And mortal eies he closeth vp in deth.
By power wherof he driues the windes away;
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes:
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top,
And the stepe flanks of rocky Atlas hill;
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp:
Whose head forgrowen with pine, circled alway
With misty cloudes, beaten with wind and storme:
His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chin
The springs descend: his beard frozen with yse.
Here Mercury with equal shining winges
First touched; and with body heading bette
To the water thend took he his discent:
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and strondes
Swarming with fish, flies swaping by the sea:
Cutting betwixt the windes and Lybian landes,
From his graundfather by the mothers side
Cyllene's child so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with his winged feet:

Tofore the towers when he Aeneas saw
Foundations cast, arereing lodges new;
Girt with a sward of Iasper starry bright;
A shining pearl, flamed with stately eie
Of Tirian purple, bong his shoulders down,
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand,
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold.

Thus he encounters him: Oh careless wight
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires;
A wifebound man now dost thou reare the walles
Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town!
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commaundes
Both heuen and earth: in hast he gaue me charge
Through this light aire this message thee to say:
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
In idleness doth wast in Africk land?
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stirr,
Ne list by travail honour to pursue:
Ascanus yet, that waxeth fast, behold;
And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir;
To whom the realm of Italy belonges,
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:
Amid his tale, far of from mortal eies
Into light aire, he vanisht out of sight.

Aeneas with that vision stricken down,
Well nere bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread,
Amid his throtel his voice likewise gan stick.
For to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leaue, astonished sore
With this advise and message of the Gods.
What may he do, alas? or by what words
Dare he persuade the raging Zueene in loue?
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne?
Now here, now there his recklesse mind gan run,
And diuersly him drawes discoursing all.
After long doutes this sentence seemed best:
Muestheus first, and strong Cleanthus eke,
He calles to him, with Sergest: vnto whom
He gaue in charge his nauie secretly
For to prepare; and driue to the sea coast
His people: and their armour to addressse:
And for the cause of change to faime excuse:
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,
Wold wait his time to speke therof most meete;
The nearest way to hasten his intent.
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.

Ful soone the Zueene this crafty slight gan smell,
Who can deceiue a louer in forecast?
And first foresaw the motions for to come:
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight
Was arme the fleet, all redy to auale.
Then ill bested of counsell, rageth she;
And whisketh through the town: like Bacchus
runne,

As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering Bacchus name
And that the festful night of Citheron [hallowed:
Duth call her fourth with noyes of dauncing.

At length her self borleth Aeneas thus.
Unfaithfull wight, to cover such a fault
Coldest thou hope? vntwist to leaue my land?
Nor thee our loue, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold?
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broile of whorling windes?
What if the land, thou seekest, were uot straunge?

If not unknowen? or auncient Troye yet stode?
In rough seas, yet should Troye towne be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these teares, and right
hand,

(For nought els haue I wretched lefte my self)
By our spousals and mariage begonne,
If I of thee descreued euer well
Or thing of mine euer euer to thee leefe;
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand:
If ought be left that prairer may auale,
I thee beseeche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane
For thee me hate: my Tirians eke for thee
Ar wroth: by thee my shamefastnes eke stained,
And good renouce, wberby vp to the starres
Perelless I clamc. To whom wilt thou me leaue
Redy to dye, my swete guest? sithe this name
Is all as now, that of a spouse remains.
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What? vntil my brother Pigmalion
Beate downe my walls? or the Getulian king
Hiarbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or seme a yong Aeneas in my count
Play vp and down, that might present thy face,
All utterly I could not seeme forsaken.

Thus sayd the Zueene: he to the Gods aduise
Unmoued held bis eies, and in his brest
Represt his care, and stroue against his wil:
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast.
Neuer shall I desire (Zueene) thy deserite,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:
To think ou thee, ne irk me aye it shall,
Whiles of my selfe I shall haue memory,
And whiles the spirit these limmes of mine shall
rule.

For present purpose somwhat shall I say.
Neuer ment I to clok the same by stelth,
Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flight:
Nor I to thee pretended mariage
Ne byther cam to ioine me in such leage.
If destiny at mine own liberty
To lead my life would haue permitted me,
After iny wil my sorow to redoub,
Troy and the remainder of our folke
Restore I shold: and with these scaped handes,
The walles again vnto thee vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repaire.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Licie me aduise
To sease vpon the realme of Italy:
That is my loue, my country, and my land,
If Cartage turrets thee Phenicien borne,
And of a Libian town the sight deteine:
To vs Troians why dost thou then enuy
In Italy to make our rising seat?
Lefull is eke for vs strange reimes to seeke.
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes darke
The earth as oft as flaming starres aperc
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So soft in sleepe doth fray me, and aduise:
The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defraud of the Hisperian crown,
And landes allotted him by destiny.
The messenger eke of the Gods but late
Sent down from loue (I sware by cyther hed)
Passing the ayre, did this to me report:
In bright day light the God my self I saw
Entre these walles, and with these cares him
beard.

Leue then, with plaint to vexe both the and me:
Against my will to Italy I go.

Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce;
With waiward looke she gan him ay behold,
And roling eies, that moued to and fro:
With silence louke discoursing ouer al;
And fourth in rage at last thus gan she brayde:
Faithlesse, forsorn, ne Goddesse was thy dam,
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race;
But of hard rockes mouut Caucesse monstrous
Bred thee, and teats of Tyger gauē thee suck.
But what should I disemble now my chere?
Or me reserue to hope of greater things?
Mindes he our teares? or euer moned his eyen?
Wept he for ruth? or pilied he our loue?
What shall I set before? or where begin?
Iuno nor loue with iust eyes this beholds,
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
Did I not him throw n vpon my shore
In neede receiue, and founded eke inuust
Of halfe my realme? his nauie lost, repair?
From deatnes danger his fellows eke defend?
Ay me, with rage and furics loe I driue!
Apollo now, now Lycien prophesies,
Another while the messenger of Gods
(He sayes) sent down from mighty loue himself
The dreadful charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the trauail of the Gods,
Or such a care their quietnes might moue.
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:
To Italy passe on by help of windes,
And through the floods go searche thy kingdom
new.

If ruthless gods haue any power, I trust,
Amid the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde;
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name.
With burial brandes I absent shall thee trace:
And when cold death from life these limes deuides,
My gost eche where shall still on thee awaite:
Thou shalt abyde, and I shall here thereof:
Among the soules below thy brute shall come.
With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
With pensie hart abandoning the light:
And from his sight, her self gan far remoue;
Forsaking him, that many things in fere
Imagined, and didd prepare to say.
Her swooning lims her damselfs gan releue,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone:
And layd her on her bed with tapets spread.

But just Aeneas, though he did desire
With comfort swete her sorrows to appease,
And with his words to banish all her cares
Wailing her much, with great loue ouercome:
The Gods will yett he woorketh, and resorts
Unto his nauie. Where the Troyans fast
Fell to their worke from the shore to vnstock
High rigged ships: now flectes the talowed kele:
Their oars with leaues yett grene from wood they
bring,

And ma-ts unshaue for last, to take their flight.
You might haue sene them throng out of the town:
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne,
For winters dred, which they beare to their den:
When the black swarm creeps oner all the fields,
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes diags
their pray: [trusse,

The great graines then som on their shoulders
Some driue the troupe, some chastice eke the slow:
That with their trauail chafed is eche pathe.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?

What signes gauē she? when from her towers hye
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans
workes,

And in her sight the seas with din confounded?
O witlesse loue, what thing is that to do
A mortal minde thou canst not force thereto?
Forced she is to teares ay to returne,
With new requestes, to yeld her hart to loue:
And least she should before her causelesse death
Leaue any thing vntried: O sister Anne,
Quoth she, behold the whole coast round about,
How they prepare, assembled euery where:
The streaming sailes abiding but for wynde:
The shipmen crowne their ships with bows for joy.
O sister, if so great a sorow I

Mistrusted had, it were more light to beate.
Yet nathelesse this for me wretched wight,
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithles, thee alone
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde:
The metest time thou knewest to borde the man:
To my proud foe, thus sister humbly say;
I with the Grekes within the port Aulide
Coniured not the Troyans to destroy:
Nor to the walles of Troy yett sent my flecte:
Nor cynders of his father Anchises
Disturbed haue out of his sepulture.

Why lettes he not my wordes sinke in his eares
So harde to ouertreate? whether whirles he?
This last boone yett graunt he to wretched loue:
Prosperous windes for to depart with ease

Let him abide: the forsayde mariage now,
That he betrayed, I do not him require;
Nor that he should faire Italy forego:
Neither I would, he should his kingdom leaue.
Quit I aske, and a time of delay,
And respite eke my furye to asswage,
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortlesse,
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,
Sister, I craue; haue thon remorse of me:
Whiche if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I
shall

Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee. [playne:
Moisted with teares, thus wretched gan she
Which Anne reportes, and answere brings againe.
Nought tears him moue, ne yett to any wordes
He can be framed with gentle minde to yelde.
The Werdes withstande, a God stops his meke
eares.

Like to the aged boysteous bodied oke,
That which among the Alpes the Northerne windes
Blowing now from this quarter, now from that,
Betwixt them striue to ouerwhelme with blastes;
The whistlyng ayre among the braunches rores;
Which all at once bow to the earth her crottes,
The stocke once smit: whiles in the rockes the
tree [toppe

Sticks fast: and loke, how hye to the heauen her
Reares vp, so deepe her route spredes downe to
hell.

So was this Lorde now here now there beset,
With wordes, in whose stoute brest wrought many
cares:

But still his minde in one remaines, in vaine
The teares were shed. Then Dido frayde of fates,
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skyrs.

And that she might the rather worke her will,
And leaue the light (a grisely thing to tell)
Upon the altars burnyng full of cense
When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw
The holy watir stocks waxe blacke within:

The wine eke shed change into filthy gore.
This she to none, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snow white clothes deckt, and with bows of
feast: [speche

Wherout was heard her husbandes voyce, and
Cleeping for her, when dark night hid the earth:
And oft the Owle with rufull song complaind
From the house top, drawing long dolefull tunes.
And many things forespoke by prophets past
With dreedfull warning gan her now affray:
And stern Aeneas semed in her slepe
To chase her stil about, distraught in rage:
And still her thought, that she was left alone
Uncompanied great viages to wende,
In desert land her Tyrian folk to seeke.
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell,
Two suns remoue, and Thebes town shew twaine,
Or like Orestes Agamemnon son:
In tragedies who represented aye
As driuen about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brauds, and eke with serpents black;
That sitting found within the temples porche
The vglie furies his slaughter to reuenge.

Yelden to wo, when phrensie had her caught,
Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the meane:
And to her wofull sister thus she said,
Lo outward chere dissembling her entent,
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
Sister reioyce, for I haue found the way
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood,
Whereas the wandring Sun discendeth hence,
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place,
Where huge Atlas on his sholders turne
The sphere so rund with flaming starres beset.
Borne of Massyle, I heare should be a Nunne;
That of th' Hesperian sisters temple old
And of their goodly garden, keeper was;
That geues vnto the Dragon eke his foode,
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit;
That honie moyst, and sleeping poppy castes.
This woman doth auant, by force of charme
What hart she list to set at libertie:
And other some to perce with heuy cares:
In running flood to stop the waters course;
And eke the sterres their mouings to reuerse:
Tassembel eke the costes that walk by night:
Under thy feete, the earth thou shalt behold
Tremble and rore: the okes come from the hill.
The Gods and thee, dere sister, now I call
In witnes, and thy hed to me so sweete,
To magike arts against my will I bend.
Right secretly within our inner court,
In open ayre reare vp a stack of wood;
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,
The which he left within my chamber stick:
His wedes despoiled all, and bridal bed
(Wherein alas, sister, I found my bane)
Charge thereupon: for so the Nunne commandes
To do away what did to him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembrance
bring.

Then whisted she; the pale her face gan staine.
Ne could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice;

Nor in her brest such furie did conceiue:
Neither doth shee now dread more greuous thing;
Then followed Sichees death: wherefore
She put her will in vre. But then the Quene,
When that the stak of wood was reared vp
Under the ayre within the inward court
With clouen oke, and billets made of fyrrre,
With garlandes she doth all beset the place,
And with grene bows eke crown the funeral,
And thereupon his wedes and swerd yleft,
And on a bed his picture she bestowes,
As she that well fore-knew what was to come.
The altars stande about, and eke the Nunne
With sparkled tresse; the which thre hundred
Gods

With a loude voyce doth thunder out at once,
Erebus the grimly, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threesfolde Goddesses Hecate,
And three faces of Diana the virgin:
And sprinckles eke the water counterfet
Like vnto blacke Auernus lake in hell:
And springyng herbes reapt up with brasen sithes
Were sought after the right course of the Moone;
The venim blacke intermingled with milke;
The lumpes of fleshe tweene the new borue foales
eyen

To reue, that winneth from the damme her loue.
She with the mole all in her handes devout
Stode neare the aulter, here of the one foote,
With vesture loose, the handes vulaced all;
Bent for to dye, calls the Gods to recorde,
And gilty starres eke of her desteny:
And if there were any God that had care
Of louers hartes, not moued with loue alike,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.

It was then night; the sounde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the wried bodies caught;
The woodes, the ragyng seas were calme to rest;
When that the starres had halfe their course de-
fined; [huic

The felde whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers
And what-so that in the brode lakes remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laid downe to slepe by silence of the night
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of trauels past.
Not so the spirite of this Phenician;
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chance,
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest:
Her cares redoble; loue doth rise and rage againe,
And ouerflows with swellyng stormes of wrath.
Thus thinks she then, this routes she in her minde;
What shall I do? shall I now beare the scorne
For to assaye mine olde woers againe?
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,
Whose marriage I haue so oft dislaynd?
The Trojan nauy, and Teucian vile commander
Folow shall I? as thou it should auaille,
That whilom by my helpe they were releued;
Or forbecause with kinde, and minifull folke
Right will doth sit the passed thankfull dede?
Who would me suffer, admit this were my will,
Or we scorned to their proude shippes receiue?
Oh, wo begone! full little knowest thou yet
The broken othes of Laomedons kinde.
What then? alone on mery mariners
Shall I waite? or bode them with my power
Of Tyrians assembled me about?

And such as I with traoune brought from Tyre,
Driue to the seas, and forre them saile againe:
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued;

And to this wo with iron geue thou ende.
 And thou, sister, first vanquish with my teares,
 Thou in my rage with all these mischiefes first
 Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.
 Was it not granted me from spousals free,
 Like to wilde beastes, to liue without offence,
 Without taste of such cares? Is there no fayth
 Reserved to the cinders of Sichee?

Such great complaints brake forth out of her
 brest:

While Aeneas full minded to depart,
 All things prepared, slept in the poupe on high.
 To whom in slepe the wonted godheds forme
 Gan ay appere, returning in like shape
 As semed him; and gan him thus aduise:
 Like unto Mercury in voice, and hue,
 With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of youth.
 O Goddessesonne, in such case canst thou slepe?
 Ne yet, bestraght, the daungers doest foresee
 That compass thee? or hearest the faire windes
 blowe?

Dido in minde roules vengeance and descete;
 Determd to dye, swells with unstable ire.
 Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
 Straight shalt thou see the seas couered with
 sayles,

The blasyng broudes the shore all spred with flame
 And if the morow steale vpon thee here.
 Come of, haue done, set all delay aside:
 For full of change these women be alway.

This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.

Aeneas of this soudain uision
 Adred starts vp out of his sleepe in hast;
 Cals vp his feets: Awake, get up, my men,
 Abord your ships, and hoysse vp sayl with speede:
 A God me wills, sent from aboue againe,
 To hast my flight, and writhen cabels cut.
 Oh holy God, whatso thou art, we shall
 Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;
 Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist;
 Adresse the sterres with prosperous influence.
 Aud with that word his glistening sword unshethes;
 With which drawn, be the cabels cut in twaine.
 The like desire the rest embraced all;
 All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle;
 The shores they leave; with ships the seas are
 spred;

Cutting the fume, by the blew seas they swepe.
 Aurora now from Titans purple bed
 With new day light had ouerspread the earth;
 When by his windowes the Quene the peping day
 Espyed, and nanie with sploid sailes depart
 The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde.
 Her comely brest thrise or fouretimes she smote
 With her own hand, and tore her golden tresse.
 Oh loue, quoth she, shall be then thus depart,
 A straunger thus, and scorne our kingdom so?
 Shall not my men do on their armure prest,
 And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
 Out of the rode sone shall the vessel warpe.
 Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and weldc your
 owers.

What said I? but where am I? what phrensie
 Alters thy minde? Vnhappy Dido, now
 Hath thee beset a froward destenie.
 Then it behoued, when thou didst geve to him
 His scepter. So his faith and his right hand!
 That leades with him (they say) his countrie
 That on his back his aged father bore: [goddes,
 His body might I not haue caught and rent?

And in the seas drenched him, and his feers?
 And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,
 And set him on his fathers bord for meate?
 Of such debate perchance the fortune might
 Haue been doutfull; would God it were assaid!
 Whom should I feare, sith I my selfe must die?
 Might I haue throwen into that many brandes,
 Aud filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,
 The father, sonne, and all their nacoon
 Destroyed, and falln, my self ded ouer all! [criest;
 Sunne, with thy beames, that mortal workes dis-
 And thou Iano, that wel these trauailes knowest:
 Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse
 To hoyle, and call in forked waies by night;
 Infernal furies, ye wreakers of wrong:
 And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,
 Receiue these wordes, and eke your heauy power
 Withdraw from me, that wicked fult deserue:
 And our request accept, we you beseeche:
 If so that yonder wicked head must needs
 Recouer port, and saile to lande, of force;
 And if loues will haue so resolued it,
 And such ende set as no wight can fordoo;
 Yet at the least assailed mought he be
 With armes, and warres of hardy nacions;
 From the boundes of his kingdom farre exiled;
 Iulus eke rayshyd out of his armes;
 Driuen to call for helpe, that he may see
 The gittlesse corpses of his folke lie dead:
 And sit r hard condicions of peace,
 His realme, nor life desired may he brooke;
 But fall before his time vngraued amid the sandes.
 This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.
 And Tirians, ye his flocke and all his race
 Pursue with hate; rewarde our cinders so:
 Nor loue nor leage betwixt our people be;
 And of our bones, some wreaker may there spring,
 With sword and flame that Troians may pursue:
 Aud from henceforth, when that our powr may
 Our costes to them contrary be for aye, [stretch,
 I erue of God; and our streames to their fluddes;
 Armes vnto armes; and ofspring of eche race
 With mortell warr eche other may fordoo.

This said, her mind she writhed on all sides,
 Seking with spede to end her irksome life.
 To Sichees nurse Barcen then thus she said
 (For hers at home in ashes did remaine)
 Cal unto me, deare nurse, my sister Aune:
 Bid her, in hast in water of the fludde
 She sprinckle the body, and bring the beastes,
 Aud purging sacrifice, I did her shewe:
 So let her come: and thou thy temples bind
 With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,
 That I to Pluto haue begonnie, my mind
 Is to performe, and geve end to these cares:
 And Trojan statue throw into the flame.
 When she had said, redouble gan her nurse
 Her stappes, forth on an aged womans trot.
 But trembling Dido egerly now bent
 Upon her stern determinacion;
 Her bloodshot eies roling within her head;
 Her quiering chekes, flecked with deadly staine,
 Both pale aud wan to think on death to come;
 Iuto the inward wardes of her palace
 She rusheth in, and clam vp, as distraught,
 The buriall stack, and drew the Troiau sword,
 Her gift sometime, but meant to no such vse.
 Where when she saw his weed, and well knownen
 Weeping a while in study gan she stay, [bed,
 Fell on the bed, and these last wordes she said.

Sweete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,
 Receiue this sprite, and aid me of these cares:
 I liuel and raine the course, fortune did graunt;
 And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende:
 A goodly towne I built, and saw my walles;
 Happy, alas too happy, if these costes
 The Troyan shippes had neuer touched aue.

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.
 Why then, quoth she, vnwroken shal we die?
 But let vs die: for this! and in this sort
 It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darck!—
 And from the seas the cruel Troyans eies
 Shal wel discern this flame; and take with him
 Eke these vn lucky tokeus of my death!
 As she had said, her damsells might perene
 Her with these words fat pearced on a sword;
 The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.
 The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe:
 The brute ranne throughout al thastonied towne:
 With wailing great, and womens shrill yelling
 The roofes gan roare: the aire resound with
 plaint:

As though Cartage, or thauncient town of Tyre
 With preas of eutred enemies swarmed full:
 Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
 The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.
 Her sister Aue, spritelasae for dread to heare
 This fearefull sturte, with nailes gan teare her
 face,

She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:
 Aud her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:
 Sister, for this with craft did you me bound?
 The stak, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
 What shall I first complaine, forsaken wight?
 Lolhest thou in death thy sisters fellowship?
 Thou shouldst haue calld me to like destiny;
 One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.
 This funereal stak built I with these handes,
 And with this voice cleped our natue Gods;
 And cruel so absentest me from thy death?
 Destroyd thou hast, (sister) both thee and me,
 Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
 Gene here: I shall with water washe her woundes;
 And such with mouth her breath, if ought be left.

This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
 Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
 With waillefull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,
 The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
 But Dido striueth to lift vp againe
 Her heauy eyn, and hath no power therto:
 Deepe in her brest that fixed wound doth gape.
 Thrise leaning on her elbow gain she raise
 Her self, vpward: and thrise she ouerthrewe
 Upon the bed: ranging with wandring eies
 The skies for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Iano hauing ruth by this
 Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death:
 From heauen she sent the Goddess Iis downe,
 The throwing spirit, and iointed limmes to loose.
 For that neither by lot of destiny,
 Nor yet by kindly death she perished,
 But wretchedly before her fatal day,
 And kindled with a sodcin rage of flume,
 Proserpine had not from her head bereft
 The golden heare, nor judged her to hell.
 The dewye Iis thus with golden wings,
 A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
 Amid the skies then did she flye alowne
 On Didos head: where as she gan a light,
 This heare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate

Commaunded I reue; and thy spirit vnloose
 From this body. And when she thus had said,
 With her right hand she cut the heare in twaine:
 And therewith al the kindly beat gan quench,
 And into wind the life forthwith resolu.

ECCLESIASTES AND CERTAIN PSALMS.

ECCLESIASTES

CHAPTER I.

I SALAMON Dauids sonne, king of Jerusalem,
 Chosen by God to teache the Jewes, and in his
 lawes to leade them, [vayne,
 Confesse, vnder the sonne that eury thing is
 The world is false, man he is frayle, and all his
 pleasures payne. [fynde
 Alas! what stable frute may Adams children
 In that they seke by sweate of browes, and travill
 of their mynde? [decay:

We that lue on the earthe, drawn toward our
 Ower children fill our place a while, and then
 they fade away.

Such chaunges makes the carthe, and dothe re-
 noue for none,
 But serues us for a place to play our tragodes
 vppon. [course hath ronne,

When that the restlesse sonne westwarde his
 Towards the east he hasts as fast, to ryse where he
 begonne. [blast,

When honrey Boreas hathe blownen his frosen
 Then Zephirus with his gentill breathe disolues
 the ise as fast:

Fludds, that drinke vpp small broks, and swel
 by rage of raine,
 Discharge in sees, which them replesse, and
 swallowe straye againe. [ronne their race,

These worldly pleasures, (Lord,) so swift they
 That skarce our eyes may them discernen, they
 hyde so littel space. [shall:

What hathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter
 What new deuice grounded so suer, that dreadeth
 not the fall: [tymes past

What may be called new, but suche things in
 As time buryed, and dothe reuiue, and tyme
 agayne shall waste. [brute at all;

Things past right worthy fame, have now no
 Even so shall dey suche things, as now the simple
 wounders call.

I, that in Dauides seate sit crowned, and reioice,
 That with my septer rule the Jewes, and teach
 them with my voyce, [sonne,
 Have serched long to know all things vnder the
 To see how in this mortal lyef a suerty might be
 wonne: [to desyret:

This kyndled will to knowe, straunge things for
 God hathe grafte in our gredye breasts a torment
 for our hyer. [knoo

The end of eache travell furthwith I sought to
 I found them unine mixed with gall, and burdent
 with muche woo

Defaults of natures worke no mans hand may
restore;
Whiche be in number like the sandes vpon the
salte floods shore. [mynd
Then, vaunting in my witte, I gan call to my
What rewles of wisdom I hadde taught, that elders
could not find. [use,
And as by contraries to treye most things we
Mens follies and their errors eke I gan them all
peruse: [clime:
Therby with more delight to knowledge for to
But this I found an eudles wourke of payne, and
losse of tyme. [mynd,
For he to wisdoms skooles, that doth applie hys
The further that he wades therin, the greater doubts
shall find; [ure,
And such as enterprise to put newe things in
Of some that shall skorne their deuise may well
them selves assure.

CHAPTER II.

From pensif fanzies then I gau my hart reuoke,
And gaue me to such sporting plaies, as laughter
myght prouoke: [blinded me,
But euen suche vaine delight, when the moste
Alwayes me-thought with smiling grace a king
did yil agre. [much wine,
Then sought I how to please my belly with
To feede me fatte with costly feasts of rare del-
ights, and fine; [rest,
And other pleasures eke too purchase me with
In so great choise to find the thing, that might
content me best: [stormes of ire,
But, Lord! what care of mynd, what suddaine
With broken slepes enduryed I, to compasse my
desier. [fure
The buylde my howses fairer, then set I all my
By princely actes thus straue I still to make my
fame indure.
Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight,
And grafte therein all kindes of frutes that might
my mouth delight: [I drewe,
Condits by liuely springs from their owid course
For to refreshe the frutefull trees, that in my
gardynes grewe:
Of catell great encrease I bred in littell space;
Bondmen I bought; I gave them wyfes; and
saru'd me with their race:
Greate heapes of shining gold by sparing gan I
saue, [to haue
With things of price so furnyshed, as fitts a prince
To heare fairer women sing sometyme I did re-
ioyce,
Rauyshed with their pleasaunt tuues, and swetnes
of their voyce:
Lemans I had so fairer, and of so liuely bewe,
That who so gased in their face, myght well their
bewty rewe: [scate;
Never erst sat there king so riche in Dauyds
Yct still me thought, for so small gaine, the trauaile
was too great.
From my desirous eyes I hyd no pleasaunt sight,
Nor from my hart no kind of myrth, that might
geve them delyght: [payne,
Which was the only fruite I rept of all my
To feede my eyes, and to reioyce my hart with all
my gaine. [care of mynd.
But when I made by compte, with howe great
And herts vnest, that I had sought, so was: full
frute to fynd:

Then was I streken strayte with that abused fier,
To glorye in that goodly witte, that compast my
desyer. [renewe;
But freshe before myne eyes grace did my faults
What gentill callings I hadd fledd, my ruine to
pursewe; [eskape:
What raging pleasures past, perill, and hard
What fancis in my bed had wrought the licor of
the grape. [doth moue;
The crroure then I sawe, that their fraile hartes
Which striue in vaine for to compast with him
that sits aboue: [peryth playne,
In whose most perfect workes suche craft ap-
That to the least of them there may no mortal
hand attayne.
And lyke as lightsome day dothe shine aboue
the night: [beames as bright:
So darke to me did folly seme, and wisdomes
Whose eyes did seme so clere mots to discern
and fynde,
But will had closed follies eyes, which greped
like the bynde. [worldly fame;
Yet death, and time consume all witt, and
And looke what ende that folly hath, and wisdom
hathe the same. [cure
Then sayd I thus, O Lord, may not thy wisdom
The wayfull wrongs, and hard conflicts, that folly
doth endure?
To sharpe my witte so fine, then why toke I
this payne?
Now finde I well this noble serche maye eke be
called vayne. [reward,
As slanders lothisome brute soundes follies iust
is put to silence all be-time, and brought in
smale regard: [fame,
Euen so dothe tyme deuoure the noble blast of
Which shold resounde their glories great, that
do deserue the same.
Thus present changes chase away the wonders
past: [to last.
Ne is the wise mans fattall thred yet leuger spunne
Then in this wretched vale our lyef I lothed
playne,
When I beheld our frutles paynes to compasse
pleasurs vayne;
My trauayll this avails hath me produced, loo!
An heire unknowen shall reape the frute that I in
sede did sowe;
But wherinto the Lord his nature shall inclyne
Who can fore-knowe, into whose lands, I must
my goods resine?
But Lord, how pleasaunt swete then seamd the
idell life,
That never charged was with care, nor burdened
with styefe: [sore,
And vile the gredye trade of them, that toil to
To leaue to suche ther trauells frute, that neuer
swet therfore. [relief,
What is that pleasant gaine, what is that swet
That shold delay the bitter tast, that we fele of
our gref? [gaine,
The gladsome dayes we passe to serche a simple
The quiete nights with broken slepes, to fend a
restles brayne. [remayne,
What hope is left us then, what comfort doth
Our quiet herts for to reioyce with the frute of our
payne? [call,
Yf that be trow, who may him selfe so happy
As I, whose free and sumptius spence doth shyne
beyonde them all?

Sewerly it is a gift, and favour of the Lorde,
Liberally to spende our goods, the grounde of all
discorde. [treasures mold,

And wretched herts haue they, that let their
And carey the roude that skorgheth them, that
glory in their gold.

But I do knowe by prooffe, whose ryches beres
suche brute, [suche frute,

What stable welth may stand in wast, or keeping of

CHAPTER III.

LIKE to the sterles boate, that swarues with every
wynde, [prof I tude,

The slipper topp of worldly welthe by cruell
Skarce hathe the scade, whercof that nature
formethe man,

Receuid lief, when deathe him yields to earth
wher he began: [frute,

The grafted plants with payn, whereof wee hoped
To roote them vpp with blossomes sprede then
is our cheif porsute:

That erst we recrd vpp we undermyne againe,

And shred the spraiyes, whose grouthe some-tyme
we laboured with paine:

Each froward thretning chere of fortune maiks us
playne, [herts againe.

And every pleasant showe reuiues our wofull
Auncient walles to race is our unstable guise,

And of their wetterbeten stones to buylde some
new deuyse. [moo;

New faancies dayly springs which vadde, returning
And now we practyse to obtaine that strait we
must forgoo. [wast;

Some tyme we seke to spare, that afterward we
And that we traveled sore to knitt, for to unlose
as fast.

In sober sylence now our quiet lipps we close;

Aud with unbrydled tounge furthwith our secret
herts disclose.

Suche as in folded armes we did embrace, we hate:
Whom straye we reconcill againe, and banishe
all debate. [me;

My sede, with labour sowne, suche frute produceth
To waste my lief in contraries, that never shall
agre.

From God these heuy cares ar sent for our unrests,
And with suche burdens for our welth he fraut-
eth fall our brests.

All that the Lord hathe wrought, hath bowtey and
good grace; [and place;

And to cache thinz assined is the proper tyme
And graunted eke to man of all the worldes estate,
And of eache thing wrought in the same to
argue and debate: [ledge moste

Which arte though it approche the heuenly know-
To serche the natural grounde of things, yet
all is labour loste.

But then the wandering eyes, that longe for suertey
sought,

Founde that by paine no certayne welth might
in this world be bought.

Who liveth in delight, and sekes no gredy thyrste,
But frely spendis his goods may thinke it is a
secret gifte.

Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intende,
Which no deuce of mans witt may aduancee,
nor yet defende: [dren might

Who made all things of nought, that Adams chyl-
Lerne how to dread the Lord, that wrought such
wonders in their sight.

The gresly wonders past, which tyme wears out of
mynde,

To be renewed in our days the Lord bath so
assynde.

Lo thus he carfull skourge dothe stele ou us vn-
ware, [doth againe repaire,

Which when the fleshe bath clene forgott, he
When I in this uaine serche had wanderyd ore my
witt, [should have sitt:

I saw a roiall throne eke where as Justice
In stede of whom I saw, with fyerce and crewell
mode [drounke the gittles blode.

Wher Wrong was set, that bloody beast, that
Then thought I thus, one day the Lord shall sit in
dome [spotted have no rone.

To veue his flock, and chose the pure; the
Yet be suche skourges sent, that each agreuid
mynde,

Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage, and
fury by ther kynde, [longe,

His errours may confesse, when he hath wreasted
And then with pacience may him arme, the
sure defence of wronge.

For death, that of the beste the carion doth de-
uoure, [fatal hower.

Unto the noble kynde of men presents the
The perffit forme, that God hathe geuen to other
man, [begun;

Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth wher it
And who can tell yf that the sowle of man ascende,
Or with the body if it dye, and to the groun
decende: [gayne,

Wherfore each gredy hart, that riches seks to
Gather may he that saucry frute, that springeth
of his payne.

A meane conuenient welth, I meane to take in
worth, [powre it forth:

And with a hand of larges eke in measure
For treasure spent in lyef, the bodye dothe sus-
teyne; [amassed with murche payne.

The beire shall waste the whoured gold,
Ne may foresight of Man such order geve in lyef,
For to foreknow, who shall rejoyce their gotten
good with stryfe.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I bethought me well, under the restles
soon [chastyced were doon;

By foolke of power what crewell works un-
I saw wher stode a heard by power of such op-
prest,

Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned
all ther brest:

Devyde of comfort clene, in terroure and dis-
tresse; [to repress:

In whose defence none wolde aryste, such rigour
Then thought I thus: O Lord, the dead, whose
fatal hower

Is clene ronne out, more happy ar; whom that
the wormes deuoure:

And happiest is the sede, that neuer did conceue;

That neuer felt the wayfull wrongs, that mortal
folke receue. [gnyne

And then I saw, that welth, and euery honest
By traull wonne, and swete of blowes, gan
growe into disdayne,

Through sloth of careles folke; whom ease so fat
doth feade;

Whose idell hands doo nought but waast the
frute of other seede:

Which to themselves perswade, that little gott
with ease,
More thankfull is then kynddomes won by
trauayle and disase.
Another sort I saw without both frend or kynne;
Whose greedy wayes yet neuer sought a faith-
full frend to wyne; [could;
Whose wretched corps no toile yet euer wery
Nor glutted euer wer their eyne with heaps of
shyning gould:
But yf it might appear to their abused eyne,
To whose auayle they traull so, and for whose
sake they pyne:
Then should they see what cause they haue for to
repent
The fruites paynes, and eke the tyme, that they
in vayne haue spent.
Then gan I thus resolve: More pleasant is the lyef
Of faythfull frends, that spend their goods in
commone without stryfe:
For as the tender frend appeasith euery gryef;
So yf he falls that liues alone, who shall be his
relief? [faste;
The freudly feeres ly warme, in armes embraced
Who sleapes aloone at euery tourne dothe feale
the winter blast:
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist aloone?
Yf ther be twaine, one may defend the tother
ouer-throwne: [dure,
The single twyned cordes may no such stresse in-
As cables brayded thre-fould may, together
wrethed sure.
In better far estate stand children poore and wyse,
Then aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke
without aduysse.
In prison haue I seue, or this, a wofull wyght,
That neuer knewe what fredom ment, nor tast-
ed of dellyght, [mette,
With such unhoped happ, in most despair, hath
Within the hands, that erst ware gyves, to haue
a septure sette; [stante,
And by conjures the seade of kyngs is thrust from
Whereon agreuyd people worke ofteymes their
hidden haate.
Other, without respect I saw of frend or foo
With feet worne bare in tracing such whereas
the honours groo.
And at deth of a prynce great rowtes reuined
strange,
Which, faire thear owld yoke to discharge, re-
joyced in the change. [more,
But when I thought to theise, as heauy even, or
Shal be the burien of his raigne, as his that
went before; [pend:
And that a trayne like great, vpon the dead de-
I gan conclude each grely gayne hath his un-
certayne end.
In humble sprite is set the temple of the forde;
Wher yf thou enter, loke thy mouth and con-
science may axorde:
Whose churche is buylte of loue, and dede with
hotte desyre,
And simple fayth: the yolden ghost his marcy
doth requyre:
Wher perfectly, for aye, he in his woord doth rest;
With gentill eare to heare thy sute, and grant
to thy request.
In boost of outwarde works he takith no delight,
Nor wast of woundes: suche sacryfice unsauereth
in his sight.

WHEN that repentant teares hath clensed clere
from ill [amending will:
The charged brest: and grace hath wrought therein
With bold demands then may his mercy well
assaile [may none preuayle:
The speche man sayth; without the which request
More shall thy pennyent sighes his endies
mercy please, [words Gods wrath appease;
Then their importune suits, which dreame, that
For hart contrite of fault, is gladsome recom-
pence; [synne dispense.
And prair fruit of faith, wherby God doth with
As ferul broken slepes spring from a restles
hedde; [bredde.
By chattering of unholy lippes is fruitles prayer
In wast of wynde, I rede, vowe nought vnto the
Lord, [accord:
Whereto thy hart to bynd thy will freely doth not
For humble voves fullfild by grace right sweetly
smoke [God provoke,
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of
Yet bette, with humble hert, thy fraylyte to
confesse, [fraude expresse.
Then to bost suche perfittnes, whose works such
With sayned wordes and othes, contract with
God no gyle; [thy self defile:
Suche craft returns to thyn own harme, and doth
And thoughie the myst of sinne perswad such
error light, [his sight.
Therby yet at thy outward works all dampned in
As sondry broken dreams vs dyuerslye abuse:
So as his errors manifold, that many words dothe
use
With humble secret playnt, fewe words of hotte
effect, [neglect.
Honor thy Lord; allowance vaine of voyd desert
Thoughte wronge at times the right, and welthe
eke nede oppresse,
Thinke not the hand of justice slowe to followe
the redresse: [dred,
For suche unrighteous folke, as rule withouten
By some abuse, or secret lust, he suffereth to be
led. [lent,
The cheif blisse, that in earth to liuing man is
Is moderat welth, to nourish lief, yf he can be
content.
He that hath but one felde, and greedely seke
the nought [in his thought.
To fence the tillers hand from nede, is king with
But such as of ther golde ther only idoll make,
Noe treasure may the rauyn of their hungry bands
aslake. [rayne,
For he that gapes for good, and hardeth all his
Trauells in vayne to hyde the sweet, that should
releue his payne.
Wher is eret welth, there should be many a
nedy wight [man's cheife delight.
To spend the same, and that should be the riche
The sweet and quiet slepes that weryd limmes
oppresse,
Begile the night in dyet thynne, and feasts of great
excesse: [rest
But wakenlye the riche, whose lyuely heat with
Their charged bookes with cbaunge of meats cannoot
so sone dygest.
An other righteous dome, I sawe, of greedy gayne
With busy cares suche treasures oft preseruyed
to their bayne:

The plenteous housses sackt, the owners end
with shame [should rejoyce the same
Their sparkelid goods; their nedey heyres, that
From welth dyspoyled bare; from whence they
came they went, [them sent:
Clad in the clothes of pouertè, as nature fyrst
Naked, as from the wombe we came, if we de-
part, [to vex the hart?
What toyle to seeke that we must leue? what bote
What lyef leade testey men, they that consume
their dayes [sum alwaics.
In inwarde freets, untemperd bates, as stryef with
Then gan I prayce all those, in suche a world of
stryffe, [in lyffe;
Ar take the profite of the goods, that may be had
For sure the liberall hand that hath no hat to
spare [vertu rare:
This fading welthe, bnt powres it forth, it is a
That maks welthe slave to nede, and gold be-
com his thrall, [his chest with all;
Clings not his gutts with niggeshe fare to heape
But feeds the lusts of kynde with costly meats
and wyne, [that pyne:
And slacks the hunger and the thirst of nely folke
No gluttons feast I meane in wast of spence to
stryve, [thus to reuiue
But temprat mealles the dullest spryts, with joye
No care may perce where myrth hath tempered
such a brest; [may digest.
The bitter gaul, seasond with swete such wysdome

PSALMS.

PROEM.

WHEN recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,
Set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,
After long warr, pacyens had opprest,
And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,
My devy then, mync errour depe imprest,
Began to worke dispaire of libertye;
Had not David, the perfytt warriour, tought
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

DOMINE DEUS SALUTIS. PSALM LXXXVIII.

OH Lorde upon whose will dependeth my wel-
fare, [night I spare;
To call upon thy hollye name syns day nor
Graunt that the just request of this repentaunt
mynd,
So perce thyne eares, that in thy sight som fa-
vour it may fynd. [past,
My soule is fraughted full with greif of follies
My restles bodye doth consume and death ap-
procheth fast; [in twayne,
Like them whose fatall threde thy hand hath cut
Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in
their graves remeyue.
Oh, Lorde, thou hast cast me hedlong, to please
my foe, [wooc,
Into a pitt all botomeles, where as I playne my
The burthen of thy wrath it doth me sore oppresse;
And sundrye stormes thou hast me sent of
terroure and distresse:
The faithfull frends ar fled and bannysht from my
sight: [friendshipp light.
And such as I have held full dere have sett my

My durance doth perswade of fredom such dis-
paire, [eye sight doth appaire:
That by the teares that bayne my brest, myne
Yet did I never cease thine ayde for to desyre,
With humble hart and stredhed hands, for to
appaire thy yre.
Wherfore dost thou forbear in the defence of
thyne, [Adams lyne;
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of
Wherby eche feble hart with fayth might so be
feld, [might be sprodd.
That in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes
The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy love de-
clare, [land of dispaire;
Nor suche set forth thy faith as dwell in the
In blind endured herts light of thy lovely name
Can not appaere, as can not judge the brightnes
of the same:
Nor blasted may thy name be by the mouth of
those [may not disclose:
Whom death hath shutt in sylence, so as they
The lively voyce of them that in thy word delight,
Must be the trumpett that must resound the
glorye of thy myght:
Wherfore I shall not cease in chief of my distresse,
To call on Thee till that the sleape my weryd
tymes oppresse;
And in the morning eke when that the slepe is
fled, [my restles bedd.
With floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe
Within this carefull naynd, bourndnyd with care and
greif, [be his relief.
Why dost thou not appere, oh Lord, that sholdest
My wretched state beholde, whom death shall strait
assaile, [but waile;
Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did
The dread, loo! of thyne yre had trod me under
feet, [deth seme full sweet.
The scourgis of thyne angrye hand hath made
Like to the roing waves the sunken shippe sur-
rounde, [succour found;
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no
For they whom no myschaunce could from my
love devyde, [face to hyde.
Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their

PROEM.

THE souden stormes that heave me to and froo,
Had wel neare perced faith, my guying saile,
For I, that on the noble voyage goo
To sucher trueth and fashed to assaile,
Constrayned am to beare my sayles full bloo,
And never could attayne some pleasaunt gaille:
For unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
As roune from porte to porte to seke availe:
This bred dispayre, whereof such doubts did groo,
That I gan faint, and all my courage faile;
But now, my blage, mine error well I see,
Such goodlye light king David giveth me.

QUAM BONUS ISRAEL, DEUS. PSALM LXXIII.

THOUGHE, Lord, to Israell thy graces plenteous
be,
I meane to such, with pure intent as fix their
trust in Thee;

Yet whiles the faith did faynt that shold have
 been my guyde, [began to slyde:
 Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet
 Whiles I did grudge at those that glorey in their
 golde, [they wolde.
 Whose lolt-om pryde reioyseth welth in quiet as
 To se by course of yeres what nature doth ap-
 pery, [heire to heire;
 The palayces of princely fourme succede from
 From all such travailes free as longe to Adams
 sede, [nor by dread.
 Neither withdrawne from wicked works by daunger
 Whereof thine skornfull pryde, and gloried with
 their eyes; [clad in vyce:
 As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they
 Thus, as they wishe, succede the mischief that
 they meane,
 Whose glutton chekes slouth feeds so fatt, as scant
 their eyes he seue. [fayne
 Unto whose crewel power most men for dred ar
 To bend and bow with lustye looks, whiles they
 vawnt in their rayne; [frame.
 And in their bloody hands whose creweltye that
 The wailfull works that skourge the poore, without
 regard of blame,
 To tempt the living God they think it no offence,
 And perce the symple with their tungs that can
 make no defence. [to waver,
 Such proofes bfore the just, to cause the harts
 Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall, of bitter
 tast and saver: [foode.
 Then say a thy foxes in skorne, that tast no other
 But sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in
 their bloode, [this?
 Shold we beleve the Lorde doth know and suffer
 Fuled be he with fables vayne, that so abused is.
 In terrour of the just, thus raignes iniquitye,
 Armed with power, laden with gold, and dred for
 crueltie, [faythe mayntayne
 Then vayne the warr might seme, that I by
 Against the fleshe, whose false affects my pure
 hart wold distayne. [doon,
 For I am scourged still that no offence have
 By wrathes children, and from my byrth my
 chastening begoon. [thy hand,
 When I behelde their pryde, and slacknes of
 I gan bewaile the wofull state wherin thy chosen
 stand;
 And as I sought wherof thy sufferaunce, Lord,
 shold groo,
 I found no witt could perce so far, thy holy domes
 to knoo; [trust,
 And that no mysterycs nor dought could be dis-
 Till I com to the holly place, the mansion of the
 just; [prepare,
 Where I shall se what end thy justice shall
 For such as buyld on worldly welth, and dye their
 colours faire, [buylding vayne,
 Oh! how their ground is false, and all their
 And they shall fall, their power shall faile that did
 their pryde mayntayne, [plea-ant tourne,
 As charged harts with care, that dreme some
 After their sleape fynd their abuse, and to their
 plaint retourne: [geaunce shall
 So shall their glorye faade, thy sword of ven-
 Unto their dronken eyes in blood disclose their
 errors all. [vshorne,
 And when their golden fleece is from the backe
 The spotts that under neth were bidd, thy chosen
 shepe shall skorne:

And till that happye daye, my hert shall swell
 in care,
 My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume, bitwene
 hope and dispayre [ments darke,
 Loo, how my sprits ar dull, and as thy judg-
 No mortall hed I may skale so highe, but wunder
 at thy warke.
 Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decaye,
 But when I stode in drede to drenche, thy hands
 still did me stay. [synne,
 And in eache voyage that I tooke to conquer
 Thou wert my guyde, and gave me grace to com-
 fort me therin; [did cleue,
 And when my witered skyn unto my bones
 And flesh did wast, thy grace did then my simple
 spirits releue. [trust:
 In other succour then, O Lord, why shoud I
 But only thyn, whom I have found in thy bright
 so just: [refuse,
 And suche for drede or gayne as shall thy name
 Shall perishe with their golden godds that did their
 harts seduce; [and joye,
 Where I, that in thy worde have set my trust
 The high reward that longs thereto shall quietlye
 enjoye: [grace,
 And my unworthye lypps, inspired with thy
 Shall thus forespeke thy secret works, in sight of
 Adams race.

EXAUDI, DEUS, ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM LV.

GIVE care to my suit, Lord, fromward hide not
 thy face,
 Beholde, sinking in grief, lamenting, how I praye:
 My foes they bray so lowde, and eke threpe on
 so fast,
 Buckeled to do me scathe, so is their malice lent.
 Care perceeth my entrayles, and traveyleth my
 spryte;
 The greivye feare of death envyrneth my brest.
 A tremblyng cold of dred cleue overwhelmeth
 my hert:
 O, thinke I, hadd I wings like to the symple dove,
 This peryll might I flye, and seke some place
 of rest [cares.
 In wylder woods, where I might dwell far from these
 What speedy way of wing my playnts shold
 ther lay on, [me;
 To skape the stormye blast that threatned is to
 Rayne those unbraylded tungs, breake that con-
 jured league,
 For I decyphred have amydd our towne the stryfe;
 Gile and wrong do kepe the walles, they ward
 both day and night: [ket stede,
 And myscheif joynd with care doth kepe the mar-
 Whilst wickednes with craft in heaps swarne
 through the strete.
 Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproche,
 By harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse;
 For though myne enemyes happ had byn for to
 prevaile, [eye:
 I cold not have hidd my face from venym of his
 It was a friendly foe, by shadow of good will,
 Myne old fere and dere frende, my guyde that
 trapped me,
 Where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care,
 And in his bosome hyde my secreat zeale to
 God.
 Such soden surprys quicke may hym hell devoure,

Whist I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me defend: [discend
 My prayer shall not cease, from that the sunne
 Till he his aulture wynn, and hyde them in the see. [contryte,
 With words of hott effect, that moveth from hert
 Such humble sute, O Lord, doth perce my pay-cent care. [of those
 It was the Lord that brake the bloody compactts
 That preloked on with yre, to slaughter me and myne.
 The euerlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,
 Whome by no tale to dred he could diuert from synne. [hand,
 The conseyence unquyet he strykes with bevy
 And pruves their force in sayth, whome he sware to defend.

Butter fals not so soft as doth his pacyence longe,
 And over passeth fine oyle running not halfe so smothe: [provoks,
 But when his suffraunce fynds that brydled wrath
 He thremeth wrath, he whets more shärppe than any tool can fyle. [wicked sort,
 Friour, whose harme and tounge presents the
 Of those false wolves with cooles which doo their ravin hyde; [Lord,
 That swears to me by heaven, the fotesstole of the
 Who though force had hurt my fame they did not touch my life.
 Such patching care I lothe, as feeds the welth with lies:
 But in the thother psalme of David find I ease,
 Iacta curam tuam super Dominum et ipse te cunctriet.



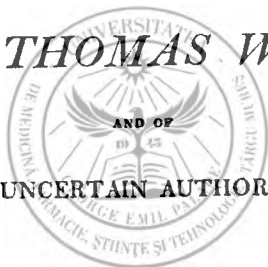


THE
P O E M S

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT,

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.



THE

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

A LIFE of sir Thomas Wyatt appeared in the second number of lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities, from materials collected in the British Museum, by his friend Gray, the poet; and augmented by his lordship from other writers, particularly Anthony Wood and Lloyd, but not without some inaccuracy. A few notices are now added of more recent authority.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, the only son and heir of sir Henry Wyatt of Allington Castle in Kent, was born in the year 1503. His mother was the daughter of John Skinner of the county of Surrey. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of Richard III., when he is said to have been preserved by a cat which fed him while in that place, for which reason he was always pictured with a cat in his arms, or beside him¹. On the accession of Henry VII. he had great marks of favour shewn him, among which was the honour of knighthood, and a seat in the privy council. One of the last services in which he was employed by that king was conducting to the Tower the unfortunate earl of Suffolk, who was afterwards beleaded by Henry VIII. He was also a member of Henry VIII's privy council, master of the jewel office, and of the van-guard of that army, commanded by the king in person, which fought the memorable *battle of the Spurs*². He died in 1533.

The honour of educating our poet has been claimed for both universities, by Carter for St. John's College, Cambridge, and by Anthony Wood for Oxford, because he resided for some time on the establishment of cardinal Wolsey's new college, now Christ Church. He then set out on his travels according to the custom of that age, and returned after some years, a gentleman of high accomplishments and elegant manners, and of such conversation talents, both as to sense and wit, as to have attracted the admiration of all ranks, and particularly of his sovereign, who bestowed on him the order of knighthood, and employed him in various embassies. Mr. Warton appears offended with Wood for saying that "the king was in a high manner delighted with his witty jests;" while he

¹ Hasted's History of Kent, vol. ii. p. 183.

² Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 1.

allows that Henry was probably as much pleased with his repartees as his politics. Lloyd, whom Mr. Gray and lord Orford have adopted as an authority, reports enough of his wit to convince us that he might delight a monarch of Henry's fickleness and passionate temper. Persons of this character are often more easily directed or diverted by a striking expression than by a train of argument.

According to Lloyd, Wyatt was frequently honoured with the king's familiar conversation, which never put him so much off his guard as to betray him into any fooleries inconsistent with his character. When urged by the king to dance at one of the court-balls, he replied that, "He who thought himself a wise man in the day-time, would not be a fool at night." His general deportment is said to have been neither too severe for Henry VIII's time, nor too loose for Henry VII's; with whose court, however, he could have little acquaintance. In him also was said to have been combined the wit of sir Thomas More, and the wisdom of sir Thomas Cromwell. It is no small confirmation of this character that his friend Surrey describes him as of "a visage stern and mild;" a contrariety which seems to be very happily preserved in Holbein's incomparable drawing lately published by Mr. Chamberlain.

But his wit was not evanescent. We are told that he brought about the Reformation by a *bon mot*, and precipitated the fall of Wolsey by a seasonable story. When the king was perplexed respecting his divorce from queen Catherine, which he affected to feel as a matter of conscience, sir Thomas exclaimed, "Lord! that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the pope's leave!" A truth thus wittily hinted was afterwards confirmed by the opinion of Crammer and of the universities; and became a maxim of church and state. The story by which he promoted the fall of Wolsey has not descended to our times. Lloyd merely says that when the king happened to be displeased with Wolsey, "sir Thomas ups with a story of the curs baiting the butchers' dog, which contained the whole method of that great man's ruin." Few readers require to be told that Wolsey was the son of a butcher at Ipswich.

In the early state of the Reformation the clergy were discontented, because afraid of losing their valuable lands. "Butter the rooks nests," said sir Thomas, "and they will never trouble you." The meaning, not very obvious, was that the king should give the church lands to the great families, whose interest it would then be to prevent the re-establishment of popery. The wit, however, of this advice is more remarkable than the wisdom; for notwithstanding the robbery of the church, which has kept her poor ever since, popery was effectually re-established in queen Mary's reign. The liberality of the only other *bon mot* recorded of sir Thomas may be questioned. One day he told the king that he had found out a living of £100 a year more than enough, and prayed him to bestow it on him; and when the king answered that there was no such in England, sir Thomas mentioned "the provost-ship of Eaton; where a man hath his diet, his lodging, his horsemeat, his servant's wages, his riding charge, and an hundred pounds *per annum* besides."

Sir Thomas was a man whose acquaintance was much courted, for his splendid entertainments; his knowledge of the political relations of the kingdom; his discernment in discovering men of parts, and his readiness to encourage them; and for the interest he was known to possess at court. It became a proverb, when any person received preferment, that "he had been in sir Thomas Wyatt's closet." To this may be added, that his conversation had that happy mixture of the grave and gay which excludes dullness as well as levity; and his manners were so highly polished that he differed in

opinion with the utmost civility, and expressed his doubts as if he needed the information which he was able to impart.

Amidst this prosperous career, he had the misfortune, like most of the eminent characters of this reign, to fall under the severe displeasure of the king, and was twice imprisoned³, but for what offences his biographers are not agreed. Fuller says he had heard that he fell into disfavour about the business of queen Anne Bullen. Lloyd insinuates the same, and some have gone so far as to accuse him of a criminal connection with her. But this is in part erroneous. From the oration which he delivered on his second trial, and which lord Orford has printed in his *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, he expressly imputes his first imprisonment to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. "His first misfortune flowed from a court-cabal; the second from the villainy, jealousy, and false accusation of that wretch Bonner, bishop of London, whose clownish manners, lewd behaviour, want of religion, and malicious perversion of truth, sir Thomas paints with equal humour and asperity." Bonner accused him of a treasonable correspondence with cardinal Pole, and this with some treasonable expressions concerning the king, formed the principal charges against him, which he repelled with great spirit, ease, and candour. The words which he was accused of having uttered were, "that the king should be cast out of a cart's a—e: and that by God's blood, if he were so, he was well served, and he would he were so." Sir Thomas acknowledged the possibility of his having uttered the first part of this sentence, and explained his meaning, viz. that between the emperor and the king of France, his master Henry would probably be left in the lurch.

He was tried for this by a jury before a committee of the council, and probably acquitted; as we find that he regained the confidence of the king, and was afterwards sent ambassador to the emperor. His eagerness to execute this commission, whatever it was, proved fatal; for riding fast in the heat of summer he was attacked by a malignant fever, of which he died at Shirebourne in Dorsetshire, 1541, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in the great conventual church there⁴.

Lord Orford informs us, that in Vertue's manuscript collections he found that Vertue was acquainted with a Mr. Wyatt, who lived in Charterhouse-yard, and was the representative descendant of that respectable family. In 1721, and at other times, Vertue says, at that gentleman's house he saw portraits of his ancestors for seven descents, and other pictures and ancient curiosities⁵.

Our poet has usually been termed sir Thomas Wyatt *the Elder*, to distinguish him from sir Thomas Wyatt, his son, who suffered death for high treason in the reign of queen Mary. His lady, according to Wood, was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, lord Cobham⁶. His son left issue, by Jane his wife, daughter and co-heir of William Hawte of Bourne, knight, a son named George Wyatt of Boxley in Kent, restored 13. Elizabeth.

³ See his Sonnet to sir Francis Bryan. C.

⁴ Lord Orford contradicts Anthony Wood's account of sir Thomas's death, by playing in his usual way upon words, but unfortunately upon words which are not to be found in the *Athenæ*. See *Misc. Antiquities*, p. 18. note, and compare with Wood, vol. i. col. 57. C.

⁵ "Drayton, in his Verses to Master George Sandys, treasurer for the English colony in Virginia, mentions the name of a Wyatt, who probably might be a descendant of our poet's. Sandys was related to the Wyatt family." *Headley's Beauties*, i. lxvi.

⁶ She afterwards married sir Edward Warner, bart. *Hasted's Kent*, vol. II. p. 182.

Sir Thomas's biographers are in general silent on the subject of his connection with lord Surrey. It is known, however, that they were closely allied by friendship, and similarity of taste and studies. Surrey's character of Wyatt is a noble tribute to his memory. The year following his death, Leland published a volume of elegiac verses, some of which are very elegant, and all highly encomiastic, entitled "*Næniæ in mortem Thomæ Wiati, equitis incomparabilis, Joanne Lelando Antiquario, Auctore, 4to.*" This scarce pamphlet has a wood cut of Wyatt, supposed to be by Holbein, but representing him as a much older man than he was, and with a huge bushy beard hiding more than half his features. The copy in the British Museum is dated 1552.

His poems were first published by Tottell, along with Surrey's, and the collection by uncertain authors. The authenticity of Surrey's and Wyatt's poems seems to be confirmed by this care of Tottell to distinguish what he knew from what he did not know, and what, from the ignorance of an editor of so much taste, I apprehend were not generally known. Mr. Warton has favoured us with a very elaborate and elegant criticism on Wyatt, but has found it impossible to revive his poetical fame. He contributed but little to the refinement of English poetry, and his versification and language are deficient in harmony and perspicuity. From a close study of the Italian poets, his imagination dwells too often on puerile conceits and contrarieties, which, however, to some are so pleasing that they are not to this day totally excluded from our poetry. As a lover, his addresses are stately and pedantic, with very little mixture of feeling or passion; and although detached beauties may be pointed out in a few of his sonnets, his genius was ill adapted to this species of poetry. In all respects he is inferior to his friend Surrey, and claims a place in the English series chiefly as being the first moral satirist, and as having represented the vices and follies of his time in the true spirit of the didactic muse.

Lord Surrey, we have seen, praises his version of David's Psalms, a work about the existence of which bibliographers are not agreed. No copy is known to be extant, nor is it noticed in any history of the English press, nor in any library printed or manuscript. In 1549 were published *Certayne Psalms*, a transcript of which has been made for the present edition, without, I am afraid, adding much to the author's reputation. Mr. Warton observes, that the pious Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins are the only immortal translators of David's Psalms. But indifferent as they are now thought, there is nothing to be found of a superior kind before their time. In the library of Bene't College, Cambridge, is a manuscript translation of the Psalms into Scotch metre of the fourteenth century.

Tottell's edition of Surrey and Wyatt contains also the Poems of UNCERTAIN AUTHORS, on which Mr. Warton has bestowed the whole of sect. xxi. and part of xxii. of his History of Poetry. He notices this collection as the first printed poetical miscellany in the English language, and is of opinion that sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn, lord Rochford (brother to queen Anne Bolcyn), and lord Vaux, "all professed rhymers and sonnet-writers," were large contributors. Sir Francis Bryau's and lord Rochford's shares have not been ascertained. Lord Thomas Vaux⁷ is the author of *The Image of Death*, and of the *Assault of Cupide upon the Fort* in which the *Lover's Heart* lay wounded. He has been confounded by some writers with Nicholas Vaux, his father, who was no poet; and with his son William, who wrote several poems in the

⁷ See Mr. Park's *Life* of this nobleman in his edition of the *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. I. p. 309.

collection called *The Paradise of Dainty Deuises*. Mr. Ritson⁸ has produced Churchyard's authority that he also was a contributor of "many things" to this collection, but they are not specified.

Mr. Warton is of opinion that all these pieces were written between the years 1530 and 1550, and most of them, perhaps, within the first part of that period. The Songs written by N. G. at the close of the collection are attributed to Nicholas Grimoald, a man of extensive learning, a critic, and a poet, and the second, after lord Surrey, who wrote in blank verse. Mr. Warton gives him the high praise of having added to Surrey's efforts new strength, elegance, and modulation, and thinks that as a writer of verses in rhyme, he yields to none of his contemporaries, for a masterly choice of chaste expression, and concise elegancies of didactic versification. The remainder of these poems await the researches and conjectures of some future and indefatigable antiquary.

⁸ Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, in art. Churchyard.





POEMS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE LOUER FOR SHAMEFASTNESSE HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love, that in my thought I barber
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner;
She that me learns to loue, and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reuerence
With his hardnesse takes displeasure.
Wherewith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leauing his enterprise with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth,
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

THE LOUER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DYE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I neuer of your loue agreed,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last;
But of bating my self, that date is past,
And teares continual sore hath me wried:
I will not yet in my graue be buried;
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did my sprite sone hast,
From thunhappy boones by great sighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous faith and will
Content your minde withouten doing grief;
Please it you so to this to do relief;
If otherwysse you seke for to fulfill
Your wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene;
And you your self the cause thereof have bene.

VOL. II.

THE ABUSED LOUER SEETH HIS FOLY AND ENTEDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet halfe so well yiled,
To file a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled,
But reason loe, hath at my folly smilod,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yerres, aund of my time mispent.

For youth led me, and falshod me misguided,
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparance,
Sins that disceit is ay returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompence,
Then gile begiled, playnd should be neuer,
And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRIKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.

THE lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vailleth no defence,
Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twise.
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beamos to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, nuch like vnto the gise,
Of one striken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there:
So call I for help, I not^a when or where;
The payn of my fall patiently bearing.
For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearful thunder.

• know not.

BB

*THE WAUERING LOVER WILLETH AND
DREADETH TO MOUE HIS DESIRE.*

SUCH vaine thought, as wanted to misleade me,
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In folowing her, whom reason bids me flee.
And after her my hart would faine be gone,
But arined sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade lockinge my libertie;
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I geasse vnder disdainfull brow,
One beam of ruth is in her cloudy looke,
Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear shooke;
That bolded straight the way; then seke I how
To vtter forth the smart I byde within;
But such it is, I uot¹ how to begin.

*THE LOUER HAVING DREAMED ENJOY-
ING OF HIS LOUE, COMPLAINETH
THAT THE DREAME IS NOT EITHER
LONGER OR TRUER.*

UNSTABLE dreame, according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true;
By tasted swetnesse, make me not to rewe
The sodeyn losse of thy false fayned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas;
But madest my sprite to liue, my care t' encrease,
My body in tempest her delight t' embrace,
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,
Painless was th' one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the aer;
And where it was at wish, could not remaine?
Such mockes of dreames do turu to deadly payne.

*THE LOUER VNH APPY, BIDDETH HAPPY
LOUERS REIOICE IN MAIE, WHILE
HE WILLETH THAT MONTH TO HIM
MOST UNLUCKLY.*

YE that in loue find lucke and swete abundance,
And liue in lust of joyful jolitie,
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy;
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in bed lye, dreamyng of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes vnhappy,
That me betyde in May most cummonly.
As one whome loue list little to aduance.
Stephan saide true, that my natiuitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

*THE LOUER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOUE
WITH PHILLIS.*

IF waker care, if sodayn pale colour;
If many sighes with little speche to plaine;

¹ I know not.

Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine;
For hope of smal, if much to feare therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse, or more
Be signe of loue, then do I loue againe.
If thou aske whome; sure sins I did refraine,
Brunct, that set my welth in such a rore,
Th' unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunct bad; she hath and ever shall;
She from my self now hath me in her grace;
She hath in hand, my wit, my will and all:
My hart alone wel worthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

*OF OTHERS FAINED SOROW, AND THE
LOUERS FAINED MIRTH.*

CESAR, when that the traytour of Egypt
With t' honorabic hed did him present,
Couering his hartes gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him out shyt
Clene from his reigne, and from al his entent,
Laight to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit.
So chauced me, that euery passion
The munde hideth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now mery;
Wherby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I haue none other way
To cloake my care, but vnder sporte and play.

OF CHINGE IN MYNDE.

EACHE man me telth, I change most my deuse;
And on my faith, methinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wise;
And I am not of such maner condicion;
But treated after a diuers fashion;
And thereupon my diuersenesse doth ryse.
But you, this diuersenesse that blames most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treate you me well; and kepe you in that state;
And while with me doth dwell this wried ghost,
My word nor I shall not be variable;
But always one, your own both firme and stable.

*HOW THE LOUER PERISHETH IN HIS
DELIGHT, AS THE FLIE IN THE FIRE.*

SOME fowles there be that haue so perite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defende,
And some, because the light doth them offende,
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night:
Other reioyce to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretende;
But finde contrary of it, that they entende.
Alas, of that sort may I be by right:
For to withstand her luke I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no darke place;
So foloweth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and vnstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glade.

*AGAINST HIS TONG THAT FAILED TO
VTTER HIS SUTES.*

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power always thee honoured,
Unkinde tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In neede of succour most when that I am,
To ask rewarde, thou standes lyke one afraid;
Always most cold, and if one woord be said,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the same;
And ye salt teares, against my wyll eche night,
That are with me, when I would be alone;
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone,
And ye so ready sighes, to make me shrighr,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should out start,
And onely doth my loke declare my bart.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS
PASSIONS IN A LOUER.*

I FINDE no peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope; I burne, and frese lyke yse,
I flye aloft, yet can I not arise,
And nought I haue, and all the world I season,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse:
Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuise,
And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
Without eye I se, without tong I playne:
I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth,
I love another, and I hate my selfe;
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine.
Lo, thus displaceth me, both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

*THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO
A SHIPPE IN PERILOUS STORME TOSS-
ED ON THE SEA.*

My gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
Through sharp seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
Twene rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse.
And every houre, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light in such a case,
An endlesse wynde doth teare the sayle apace
Of forced sighes and trusty fearfulnessse:
A rayne of teares, a clowde of darke disdaine,
Have done the wored coardes great hinderance;
Wrethel with errour, and with ignorance,
The strarrs be hidde, that lead me to this paine.
Drounde is reason that should be my comforte,
And I remaine, despairing of the porte.

OF DOUBTFUL LOUE.

AVYSTING the bright beames of those faire eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moystes and washeth;
The wried mynde straight from the hart de-
To rest within his worldly paradise; [parteth,
And bitter findes the swete, under his gise.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he per-
ceiueith,
Wherby then with himselfe on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fyre, and bridleth eke with yse:

In such extremitie thus is he brought,
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame:
Twixt wo and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldome glad, and many a diuers thought;
In sore repentance of his hardnesse,
Of such a roote, loe, cometh frute frutelesse.

*THE LOUER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FOR-
SAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME
ENIOYED.*

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seke,
With naked fote stalking within my chamber:
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wilde, and do not once remember.
That sometime they haue put themselves in danger,
To take bread at my band, and now they range,
Busely seking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath ben otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especiall,
In thynne aray, after a pleasant gise,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall
And she me caught in her armes long and small;
And therewithall, so swetely did me kisse,
And softly sayd, dear hearte, how like you this?

It was no dreame; for I lay broade awaking:
But all is turnde now through my gentlenessse,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
And I haue leaue to go of her goodnessse;
And she also to use new fanglenessse.
But, sins that I vnkindly so am serued,
How like you this, what hath she now deserved?

*THE LADY TO AUNSWERE DIRECTLY
WITH YEA OR NAY.*

MADAME, withouten many wordes,
Once I am sure, you wyll, or no:
And if you wyll, then leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shew it so.
For with a becke you shall me call;
And if of one, that burnes alway,
Ye haue pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunswere him faire with yea or nay.
If it be, yea; I shall be faire.
If it be nay; frendes as before.
You shall another man obtaine;
And I mine own, and yours no more.

*TO HIS LOUE WHOM HE HAD KISSED
AGAINST HER WYL.*

ALAS, madam, for stealing of a kisse,
Haue I so much your mynde therein offended?
Or haue I done so grievously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended?
Revenge you then: the realit way is this;
Another kisse, my life it shall haue ended.
For, to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall clene out of my brest it plucke.

*OF THE IELOUS MAN THAT LOUED
THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS
OTHER SITTING WITH HER.*

THE wandering gading in the sommer tide,
Tha findes the adder with his rechrlesse foote,

Starts not dismayde so sodeinly aside,
 As ielous despite did, though there were no boote:
 When that he saw me sitting by her side,
 That of my health is very crop and roote.
 It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
 To styng the hart, that would haue bad my place.

*TO HIS LOUE FROM WHOM HE HAD
 HER GLOUES.*

WHAT nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted
 winde?
 Al this cannot make me restore my pray.
 To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde:
 Nor causelesse your fair hand did I display.
 Let loue be judge, or els whom next we finde,
 That may both heare what you and I can say.
 She reft my hart, and I a gloue from her:
 Let us se then, if oue be worth the other.

OF THE FAINED FRENDE.

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full yore ago;
 Take hede of him that by the back the claweth:
 For none is worse than is a frendly fo.
 Though thee seme good, all thing that the deliteth,
 Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
 For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
 That with the blase his beard himself he singeth.

*THE LOUER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH
 ALLUREMENTES.*

It may be good like it who list,
 But I do doubt: who can me blame?
 For oft assured, yet haue I mist;
 And now againe I fear the same.
 The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
 Of soleine change make me agast,
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas! I tread an endles mase,
 That seke t' accord two contraries;
 And hope thus still, and nothing base,
 Imprisoned in liberties:
 As one vnheard, and still that cries;
 Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;
 For dread to fall, I stand no tfast.

Assured, I dout I be not sure;
 Should I then trust unto such suertè;
 That oft hath put the profe in ure,
 And never yet have found it trustie.
 Nay, Sir, in faith, it were great folly:
 And yet my life thus do I wast;
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

*THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS
 LOUE DOTH NOT PITIE HIM.*

RESOUNDE my voyce, ye woods, that heare me
 Both hills and vales causing reflexion, (plaine,
 And riuers eke, record ye of my payne,
 Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
 As judges, lo, to heare my exclamacion,

Among whom ruth (I finde) yet doth remayne;
 Where I it seke, alas! there is disdaine.

Oft, ye riuers, to heare my wofull sounde
 Have stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse
 Many a teare by moisture of the ground,
 The earth hath wept to heare my heauinesse:
 Which causelesse I endure without redresse.
 The huge okes haue roared in the winde:
 Eche thing, me thought, complaining in theyr kind.

Why then alas! doth not she on me rew?
 Or is her hart so harde that no pitie,
 May in it sinke, my joy for to renew?
 O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
 So cruel, that art cloked with beautie;
 That from thee may no grace to me procede,
 But as rewarde, death for to be my mede?

*THE LOUER REIOYSETH AGAINST FOR-
 TUNE THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUTE
 HAD HAPPELY MADE HIM FORSAKE
 HIS FOLLY.*

IN faith I wote not what to say,
 Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
 Thou Fortune with thy diuers play,
 That makst the ioyful dolorous,
 And eke the same right ioyous.
 Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt,
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
 And sekest by change to doe me paine:
 Mens mindes yet mayst thou not so order,
 For honestie, if it remaine,
 Shall shine for all thy cloudy raine;
 In vaine thou sekest to haue me trapt;
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou further,
 And made a gap, where was a stile,
 Cruell willes ben oft put vnder,
 Wening to lower, then didst thou smile:
 Lord, how thy self thou didst begie,
 That in thy cares would haue me wrapt?
 But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

*A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED
 LOUE.*

FAREWELL the hart of crueltie;
 Though that with paine my libertie,
 Deare haue I bought, and wofully,
 Finisht my fearefull tragedy.
 Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
 A good cause just, sins I indure,
 Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
 Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare, as one escapt, that fleeth;
 Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth,
 Spied to be caught and so dredeth
 That he for nought his pain leseth.
 In joyful paine, reioyce my hart,
 Thus to sustaine of eche apart.
 Let not this song from thee astart,
 Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOUER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THE restfull place, reuener of my smart,
The labours salue increasing my sorow,
The bodies ease, and troubler of my hart,
Quieter of minde, mine unquiet foe,
Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my woe,
The place of sleepe, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forsake,
The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat,
Nor, heat of Sunne abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my paines so great
Eche cure causeth increase by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effectes in me they make,
Besprent with teares, my bed for to forsake.
But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out: this most canseth my paine,
Where I do seeke how best that I may please;
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine:
My hart once set, I cannot it refraine;
No place from me my grief away can take;
Wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

COMPARISON OF LOUE, TO A STREAME FALLING FROM THE ALPES.

FROM these hie hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and suttile course,
Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
Till it haue iust downe flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote it rageth over all:
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a source,
Rage is his raine, resistance vailleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

WYATES COMPLAINT VPON LOUE TO REASON, WITH LOUES AUNSWERE.

MINE old dere enemy, my froward maister,
Afore that quene I caused to be acited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature;
That like as golde in fire he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, that I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh.

And thus I said: "Once my left foote, madame,
When I was yong, I set within his raigne;
Whereby other then fyry burning flame,
I neuer felt, but many a grevous paine,
Torment I suffred, anger and dislaide:
That mine oppres-ed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto have I my time passed
In paine and smart; what waies is profitable,
How many pleasant daies haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceauable?
What wit haue wordes so prest and forcible,
That may containe my great mishappinesse?
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life haue I tasted:
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,

With faire and amorous daunce, madame be traced,
And where I had my thought and minde araced
From earthly frailnesse, and from vaine pleasure.
Me from my rest he toke and set in error.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my self to take right little hede:
And for a woman haue I sot at nought,
Al other thoughtes, in this only to spele:
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire,
On cruel whetston, tempered with fire.

But (oh alas!) where had I euer wit,
Or other gift geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my meried sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler:
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traitour, whom I thus accuse;
That bitter life: bath turned in pleasaut vse.

He hath me hasted, through diuers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hie mountains,
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
Through rocky seas, and ouer hilles and plaines:
With wery trauel, and with laborous paines,
Alwaies in trouble and in tediousnesse,
All in error, and daungerous distresse.

But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my flight did euer me forsake;
That though my timely death hath bene to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The heavenly gods of pite doe it slake,
And note they this his cruel tyranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I neuer,
Nor looke to do, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
By guile and force, ouer my thrallred sprites.
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renne
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.

For neuer wormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten,
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death dayly threaten;
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes, the wordes, and eke the languishment,
That noy both me, and perauenture other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the tother."

Mine aduersair with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began, "Heare lady the other part:
That the plaintrouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vnkind man may shew, ere that I part:
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That selloth wordes, and make a clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasant game,
From his desire that might haue been his paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame;
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Wherreas a dastard els he mought haue sit.

He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubleous, [freat,
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great;

And th' Affricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million;
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her peer,
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discrecion;
And of my grace I gave her such a farion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache
That neuer base thought his hart so hie might
rache.

Euer more thus to content his maistresse,
That was hys only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentleness;
And caudse him to regard adelicitie;
Pacience I taught him in aduersitie:
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,

These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger,
Sweter than cuer did to other fall;
Of right good seede, ill fruite, lo, thus I gather
And so shall he that the unkinde doth further:
A serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn,
That, by my meanes, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vyle pleasure once hath overthrown;
Wher in his dede, shame hath him alwaies
gnawen;
Douting report that should come to her care:
Whom now he blames, her wanted he to feare;

What euer he bath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me, that holds be euery whit:
But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fauntome,
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on vs: he striueth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and
paine,
And iu one hower, make al his griefe his gainc.

But one thing yet there is aboute all other:
I gaue him wiuges, when with he might up flie
To honour and fame; and if he woulde to hygher
Then mortal things, aboute the starry skye;
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue;
What should that be, that lasteth still aboute?

And he the same himself hath said ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
'That gaue him her, his only wealth and blisse,"
And at this word, with deadly skreake and crye:
" Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayeu from me, that woworth the!"
" Not I, but price, more worth than thou," (quod
he.)

At last, eche other for himself concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,
" Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused,
Dere lady, now we wayte thine only sentence;"
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,
But lenger time doth aske a resolution."

*THE LOUERS SOROWFULL STATE MAK-
ETH HIM WRITE SOROWFULL SONGEN,
BUT (SOUCHE,) HIS LOUE MAY CHANGE
THE SAME.*

MARUEIL no more altho
The songs, I sing do mone;
For other life then wo,
I neuer proued none.
And in my hart also,
Is grauen with letters depe,
A thousand sighes and moe
A flood of teares to wepe.
How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce!
How many a moorning hart,
Sent forth a pleasant voice:
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune ouerthwart
Doth cause my moorning chere.

Perdy there is no man
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfily tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas, how shoulde I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.

But yet perchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Souch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.
And if I haue (Souch) chauce,
Perchance or it be long,
For (Souch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

*THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF
FORSAKEN.*

WHERE shall I haue at mine owne will,
Teares to complaine? where shal I fet
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then agaiu my plaintes repete?
For though my plaint shall haue none end,
My teares cannot suffice my woe
To mone my harme, haue I no frend,
For fortunes freud, is mishaps foe.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to wast my wordes;
Nought moueth you my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into bordes:
I speak not now to moue your heart,
That you should rue vpon my pain;
The sentence geuen may not reuert,
I know such labour were but vain.
But sins that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere
To lese these wordes, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the winde,
Yet shall they shew your falsed faith,
Which is returned to his kinde;
For like to like, the prouerbe saith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swam, and could not drown;
Happiest of al; but my mischance,
Did lift me vp, to throw me down.

And you with her, of crueltiesse,
 Did set your foote upon my necke,
 Me, and my welfare to oppresse;
 Without offence your heart to wreke.
 Where are your pleasant wordes (alas)
 Where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
 There is no more but all doth passe,
 And I am left all comfortlesse.
 But sins so much it doth you greue,
 And also me my wretched life,
 Have here my troth: nought shall releue,
 But death alone, my wretched strife.
 Therefore farewell, my life, my death,
 My gaine, my losse, my salue, my sore,
 Farewell also, with you my breath,
 For I am gone for evermore.

OF HIS LOUE THAT PRICKED HER FIN-
 GER WITH A NEDLE.

SHE sate, and sowed, that hath done me the wrong,
 Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day,
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
 She wight my hart the sampler, that it lay.
 The blind maister, whom I haue serued so long,
 Grudging to heare that he did heare her say,
 Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
 To feele, if pricking were so good indeede.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath hearde such cruelty before?
 That, when my plaint remembered her my wo,
 That caused it, she cruell more and more,
 Wished eche stiche as she did sit and sow,
 Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my sore;
 And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
 For as she thought, this is his hart in dede,
 She pricked bard, and made her self to blede.

REQUEST TO CUPIDE FOR REUENGE OF
 HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

BEHOLD, Loue, thy power how she despiseth,
 My greuous pain how little she regardeth:
 The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,
 Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
 Right at her ease, and little thee she dredeth:
 Waponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth;
 To the diadainfull, all her life she leadeth
 To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure:
 Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth.
 I am in hold, but if the pitie meneth,
 Go, beud thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
 And with some stroke, reuenge the great displea-
 Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure, [sure
 And as his lord thee lowly here entreateth.

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOUE VNRE-
 QUITED.

WHAT vailleth troth? or by it, to take pain?
 To strive by stedfastnesse for to attain
 How to be iust, and free from doublenesse?
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,

Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
 Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
 True meaning hart is had in hie disdain.
 Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
 What vailleth trowth, or parfit stedfastnesse?
 Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train,
 That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remaine
 Within the trap, without help or redresse.
 But for to love, lo, such a sterne maistrisse,
 Where crueltie dwelles, alas, it were in vain.

THE LOUER THAT FLED LOUF, NOW
 FOLOWES IT WITH HIS HARME.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
 By sea, by land, by water, and by winde;
 And now the coales I folow, that be quent,
 From Dover to Cales, with willug minde.
 Lo how desire is both forth sprong, and spent;
 And he may see, that whilome was so blinde,
 And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,
 Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

THE LOUER HOPETH OF BETTER
 CHAUNCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
 The sunne returns, that hid was under clowde,
 And when fortune hath spit out all ber gall,
 I trust, good luck to me shal be allowed.
 For I haue send a ship in hauen fall,
 After that storme hath broke both maste and shroud;
 The willow eke, that stoupereth with the winde,
 Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

THE LOUER COMPARETH HIS HART TO
 THE OUER-CHARGED GONNE.

THE furious gonne, in his most raging yre,
 When that the boule is rammed in too sore,
 And that the flame cannot part from the fire;
 Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer doth rere
 The shuenerd peces: so doth my desire,
 Whose flame encreaseeth ay from more to more;
 Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake;
 So inward force my heart doth all to breake.

THE LOUER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE.
 PRAIETH THAT IT BE NOT BELEUED
 AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be, without desert,
 Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true:
 For never yet, since that you had my hert,
 Intended I to false, or be vntrue.
 Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
 Than breake one word of that I promised you;
 Accept therefore my seruice in good part:
 None is aliue, that can il tonges eschew.
 Hold them as false, and let not vs depart,
 Our friendship old in hope of any new;
 Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
 Except thou minde to put thy frend to payn.

*THE LOUER ABUSED RENOUNCETH
LOVE.*

My loue to scorn, my seruice to retaine,
Therin me thought you vsed crueltie,
Since with good wyll I lost my libertie,
Might neuer wo yet cause me to refraine;
But only this, which is extremitie,
To geue me nought (alas) not to agree
That as I was, your man I might remaine:
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your seruant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue I must agree;
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there tyme such madnes to asswage.

*THE LOUER PROFESSETH HIMSELFE
CONSTANT.*

WITHIN my brest I neuer thought it gaine
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose;
Not in my hart sank neuer such disdain,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor I can not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse vpon an earnest paine;
Nor I am not in number one of those,
That list to blow retreatate to euery traine.

*THE LOUER SENDETH HIS COM-
PLAINTEES AND TEARES TO SUE FOR
GRACE.*

Passé forth my wouted cryes,
Those cruel cares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wyse,
Do still my plaintes reuerse.
Do you, my teares, also
So wet her barrein hart
That pitie there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place;
Whom as vnknown and strange
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doth perce at length:
So in her stony hart,
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And rigour set apart,
Wynne graunt of that I craue.

Wherfore, my plaintes, present
Stil so to her my sute,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
Which is a just reward.

*THE LOUERS CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN
HOW EUER HE DISSEMBLE.*

Your lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Fayne would ye finde a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke,
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot loue so guide,
That it no issue winne:
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brens so hotte within.

Four cause your self do wink,
Ye iudge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which euery man dothe finde.
In wast oft spende ye winde,
Your self in loue to quit;
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show, who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo;
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Meu are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye, No;
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puttes your bart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it self betrayes,
Nor seke meanes to provide
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wouted wayes,
Leave of such frowning chere,
There wyll be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

*THE LOUER PRAIETH NOT TO BE DIS-
DAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED,
NOR FORSAKEN.*

DISDAINE me not without desert;
Nor leaue me not so sodenly;
Since well ye wot, that in my hert,
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why;
Nor think me not to be unjust,
Since that by lot of fantasie,
This careful knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse;
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forsake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende,
Destroy me not, fill that I swerue,
But sius ye know what I entende.

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
 Refuse me not, that am so true,
 Mistrust me not till all be knowne,
 Forsake me not now for no new.

THE LOUFR LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE
 WITH SUTE FOR GRACE.

FOR want of will in wo I plaine,
 Under colour of sobernesse;
 Renewing with my sute my paine,
 My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
 Awake therfore of gentlenesse,
 Regard at lenth, I your require,
 My swelling paines of my desire.

Betimes who geveth wyllingly,
 Redoubled thanks aye doth deserue,
 And I that sue unfeinedly,
 In fruitlesse hope, alas! do sterue.
 How great my cause is for to swerue,
 And yet how stedfast is my sute,
 Lo! here ye see: where is the frute?

As hounde that hath his keper lost,
 Seke I your presence to obtaine;
 In which my hart delieth most,
 And shall delight though I be slain.
 You may release my band of paine;
 Lose then the care that makes me crye
 For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent;
 By processe yet consumingly;
 As wast of fire, which doth relent:
 If you as willfull will deny.
 Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
 And take me wholly in your grace,
 Which lacketh will to change his place.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED
 IOYES.

IF euery man might him auaut,
 Of fortunes friendly chere,
 It was my self I must it graunt,
 For I haue bought it dere:
 And derely haue I held also
 The glory of her name,
 In yielding her such tribute, lo,
 As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stoodle so in her grace,
 That as I would require,
 Ech ioy I thought did me embrace
 That furdered my desire;
 And all these pleasures lo! had I,
 That fanny might support;
 And nothing she did me deny,
 That was unto my comfort.

I had (what would you more perdie?)
 Ech grace that I did craue.
 Thus fortunes will was vnto me
 All thing that I would haue:
 But all to rathe, alas! the while,
 She built on such a ground:
 In little space, to greate a guile,
 In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned so her whele,
 That I vnhappy man
 May wayle the time that I dyd fele,
 Wherewith she fed me than;
 For broken now are her behestes,
 And pleasant lookes she gauc,
 And therefore now al my requestes
 From perill cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appere
 To her my chiefe regard;
 Though my desertes have been to dere
 To merite such reward.
 Sins fortunes will is now so bent
 To plague me thus poore man,
 I must my self therwith content,
 And bear it as I cau.

TO HIS LOUE THAT HAS GIVEN HIM
 ANSWERE OF REFUSELL.

THE answeere that ye made to me, my dere,
 When I did sue for my poore hartes redresse,
 Hath so appalide my countoance, and my chere,
 That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
 Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.

I haue no wrong, where I can claim no right,
 Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had,
 Yet of my wo, I cannot so be quite;
 Namely sins that another may be glad
 With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
 That knoweth not of any graunt at all;
 And by desert, I dare well make auaut,
 Of faithfull will; there is no where that shall,
 Bearer you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
 That toucht your frend so nere with pangs of
 paine;
 And say, my dere, that it was said in bord:
 Late or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
 Wherewith free will doth true desert retaine.

TO HIS LADIE, CRUEL OUER HER
 YELDEN LOVER.

SUCH is the course that natures kind hath wrought,
 That snakes haue time to cast away their stinges:
 Against chaineid prisoners what nede defence be
 sought,
 The ferre Lyon will hurt no yelden thinges;
 Why should such spight be nursed then by
 thought?
 Sith all these powers are prest under thy winges,
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
 What mischief malice many wayes it bringes:
 Consider eke, that spite a vaileth naught.
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes:
 Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forthspringes,
 For furies, that in hell be execrable,
 For that they hate, are made most miserable.

*THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THAT
DEADLY SICKNESSE CANNOT HELP
HIS AFFECTION.*

THE enemy of life, decayer of al kinde,
That with his colde withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did finde,
And offerd me to rid my fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispaire me blinde:
He drew his bow with arrowes sharp and kene,
And strake the place where love had hit before,
And drave the first dart deper more and more.

*THE LOUER REIOYCETH THE ENIOY-
ING OF HIS LOUE.*

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kist,
And bade me aske, what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me list,
Therwith to set my hart in rest.

I asked but my ladies hart,
To haue forevermore myne owne;
Then at an end were all my smart;
Then should I nede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as onè out of dispaire,
To sodeine hope reuiued I;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so faire,
That I content me wondrously.

My most desire my hand may reach,
My wyll is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to commande.

What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wishe more at my will?
Nothing ou earth more would I haue,
Save that I haue, to haue it still.

For fortune now haue kept her promessee,
In graunting me my most desire,
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hire.

*THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE VN-
KINDNES OF HIS LOUE.*

My lute awake perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast:
And end that I haue now begonne,
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to graue in marble stone;
My song may pearse her hart as sone.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my sute and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple harts through loues shot,
By whome vnkind thou hast them wonne:
Think not he hath his bow forgot;
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaize
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Think not alone vnder the sunne
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine;
Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie withered and olde,
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Playning in vaine unto the mone;
Thy wishe then darc not be tolde:
Care then who list, for I haue done.

And then may chauce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy louers sighte and swome;
Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,
And wish and wait as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne:
Now is this song both song and past;
My lute be still, for I haue done

*HOW BY A KISSE HE FOUND BOTH HIS
LIFE AND DETH.*

NATURE, that gaue the bee so feate a grace,
To finde bony of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poyson by straunge alteration.

Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse by secret operacion
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

*THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING
TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOUE.*

UNWARELY so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast loke upon a goodly face,
As I of late; for sodeinely me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.

Therow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And downe directly to my heart it ranne,
In help wherof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a maas for wo amased,
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire;
For whyle that I vpon her beautie gased,
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anon the bloud start in my face againe,
Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart,
And brought therwith throughout in euery vaine,
A quaking heat with pleasaut smart.

Then was I like the strawe, when that the flame,
Is driuen therin, by force and rage of wynde;
I can not tell, a lass! what I shall blame,
Nor wat to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me sore
In heate and cold, betwixt both hope and drede,
That, but her help to health do me restore,
This restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

TO HIS LOUER TO LOKE VPON HYM.

ALL in thy loke my life doth whole depende,
Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore;
But since thou maist so easely helpe thy friend,
Why dost thou stick to saue that thou madest
Why do I dye, since thou maist me defend, [sore?
And if I dye thy life may last no more;
For eche by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
I in thy loke, and thou most in my grieffe.

THE LOUER EXCUSETH HIM OF
WORDES, WHERWITH HE WAS VN-
JUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDY I said it not,
Nor neuer thought to do:
As well as I ye wot,
I haue no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchaine,
May neuer slake the knot,
But straitte it to my paine.

And if I did eche thing,
That maie do harme or wo,
Continually maie wring
My hart where so I go.
Report maie alway ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you doe saye.

And if I did, eche starre
That is in beauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did; such warre
As they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioy.

And if I did so say,
The beautie that me bounde;
Encrease from day to day
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song;
My life may soone decaye,
Without redresse by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne?
Then is this thing but sought
To turne my hart to paine.
Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse;
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserued,
So grant me now my hyre,
You know I neuer swarted,
You neuer found me lier.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Leah carde I neuer,
And her I haue reserued
Within my hart for euer.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LUX my faire fawcon, and thy fellows all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
Ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
But they that sometime liked my company.

Like lice away from dead bodies they crall,
Loe! what a proof in light aduersitie,
But ye my birds I swere by all your belles,
Ye be my frendes and very few elles.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS
HE WOULD LOUE.

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to behold,
Of liuely loke all grieffe for to repell;
With right good grace so would I that it should
Speke without word, such wordes as none can tell,
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde;
With wit, and these perchauce it might be tride,
And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

HOW VMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FINDE
QUIET IN LOUE.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in comyng
Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertaine,
With doubtfnl loue that but encreaseth paine;
For, tigre like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow blacke shall it bee and scalding,
The sea waterlesse, and fishe upon the mountaine,
The Temmes shall back returne into his fountaine,
And where he rose, the Sunne shall take his lodging.
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse:
Or that loue, or my ladie right wisely,
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I haue after such bitterness
One droppe of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

OF LOUE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOUERS
MINDE.

LOUE, fortune, and my minde whith doe remember
Eke that is now and that, that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyoud all measure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort; the foolish minde than
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldam
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant dayes they dete and passe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse,
Whyle more than halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas, not of Steele, but of brittle glasse,
I se that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughtes are dashed into dust.

THE LOUER PRAIYETH HIS OFFRED
HART TO BE RECEAUED.

How oft haue I, my deere and cruell foe,
With my great paine to get some peace or truce,
Geren you my hart: but you doe not vse,
In so hie things, to cast your minde so low.
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse;
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse,
It was once mine, it can no more be so.

If you it chafe that it in you can finde
In this exile no manner of comforte,
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, resort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.

So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twaine,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly paine.

THE LOUERS LIFE COMPARED TO THE
ALPES.

LIKE vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of yre;
For hie be they, and hie is my desire;
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde goth tire:
Small flute and many leaues their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boistrous winds oft their high bowes do blast,
Hott sighes in me continually be shed.
Wilde beasts in them, fierce loue in me is fed:
Vnmoueable am I, and they stedfast.

Of singing-birdes, they haue the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throate.

CHARGING OF HIS LOUE AS VNPITEOUS
AND LOUING OTHER.

IF amorous faith, or if an hart vnfaired,
A swete langour, a greate louely desire,
If honest wyll kindled in gentle fire,
If long error in a blind mase chained,
If in my visage eche thought distained,
Or my sparkeling voice, lower or hier,
Which feare and shame so wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour which loue alas hath stained,
If to haue another then my self more dere,
If waleing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feding busily,
If burning farr, of and if frising nere,
Are cause that I by loue my self destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL loue, and all thy lawes for euer,
Thy bayted hookes shall tangle me no more:
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To partit welth, my witt for to endeuor.
In blinde error when I did perseuer,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But scape forth thence since libertie is leuer:
Therefore, farewell, go trouble yonger harts,
And in me claime noe more auctoritie:
With ydle youth goe vse thy proprietie,
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
For hitherto though I haue lost my time,
Me list no lenger rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKINDE
LOUE.

MY hart I gaue thee, not to doe it pain,
But to preserue, lo, it to thee was taken,
I serued thee, not that I should be forsaken,
But, that I should receiue reward againe,

I was content, thy seruant to remaine;
And not to be repayed on this fashion.
Now since in thee there is none other reason,
Displeas thee not, if that I do refrain.
Unsciatic of my wo aud thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
But sins it pleaseth thee to faim default,
Farewell I say, departing from the fire.

For he that doth beleue, bearing in haud,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS REST-
LESSE STATE.

THE flaming sighes that boyle within my breast,
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
The haeres vnrest, and how that it doth fare,
The paine therof, the grieue, and all the rest.
The watered eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do feel some force or eice they would be dry,
The wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall.
And be that lust to see, and to discearne,
How care can force within a weried mind,
Come he to me I am that place assinde;
But for all this, no force, it doth no harme,
The wounde, alas, happe in some other place,
From whence noe toole away the skarre can race.

But you that of such like haue had your part,
Can best be iudge. Wherefore my friend so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere
To you, and that there is no great desart.
And wheras you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone saue on the second day
My feuer comes, with whom I spend my time
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath health and libertie alwaie,
Let him thank God, and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

THE LOUER LAMENTES THE DEATH
OF HIS LOUE.

THE pillar perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde;
The like of it no man again can finde,
From east to west still seking though he went,
To mine vnhappy. For happe away hath rent
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde,
And I (alas!) by chance am thus assende,
Dayly to moorne till death do it releat.
But sins that thus it is by desteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart;
My penne in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye,
My mynde in wo, my body full of smart,
And I my self, my self alwaies to hate.
Tyll dreadfull death doe ease my dolefull state.

THE LOUER SENDETH SIGHES TO
MOUE HIS SUTE.

Go burning sighes vnto the frozen hart,
Goe break the yse which pities painfull dart

Might never perce, and if that mortall prairer
In heuenu be heard at lest yet I desire,
That death, or mercy, end my wofull smart:
Take with thee pain, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start.
And leaue me then in rest, I you require.
Goe burning sigbes fulfill that I desire,
I must go worke, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas I cannot therefore now assaile her,
With pitifull complaint and scalding fier,
That from my brest deceiuably doth start.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS
LOUE.

So feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life; in heauy plight that falleth in de-
cay, [succours,
That but it haue elsewhere some ayde or some
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his
course. [part,
For since thunhappy houre that dyd me to de-
From my swete weale one only hope hath stayed
my life apart, [minde,
Which doth perswade such words vnto my sored
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
luck to finde: [sight,
For though thou be depriued from thy desired
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more
delight? [couer,
Or who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-
Some pleasant hower thy wo may wrap, and thee
defend and couer. [stained,
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sus-
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am
trained. [bend,
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the howers do
So fast, that I haue scant the space to marke my
romming end. [his sight,
Westward the Sunne from out the east scant shews
When in the west he hies him strayghte within the
dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
journey lye. [here;
The life so short so frayle, that mortall men liue
Soe great a weight, so heauy charge the bodies
that we bere; [space,
That when I thiuk vpon the distaunce and the
That doth so farre deuide me from my dere desired
face,
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,
To lyft me up, that I might fly, to follow my desyre.
Thus of that hope that doth my life something
sustaine,
Alas I feare, and partly fele, full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me grief, where I doe not
behold. [wont the keys to hold.
Those liuely eyes, which of my thoughts, were
Those thoughtes wer pleasant swete whilst I en-
ioy that grace, [well embrace.
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might
And for because my want should more my woe
encease, [doth neuer cease.
In watch and slepe both day and night, my will
That thing to wishe whercof syns I did lose the
sight, [hart delight.
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my wofull

Thuneasy life I leade, doth teach me for to mete,
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hilles, that doth
them entermete. [to clere,
Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for
My darked pangis of cloudy thoughts, as bright as
Phebus sphere
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to fele by such record how that my
welth doth bate.
If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed minde,
Which sprong that day that I did leaue the best
of me behind.
If loue forget himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide (O wofull wretch) vnto this
baited net [for me,
Where doth increase my care, much better were
As dumme as stone, all thing forgot, still absent
for to be. [glasse,
Alas the clear christall, the bright transplendant
Doth not bewray the colours hid which vnderneath
it hase; [throwes discouer,
As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull
Of feares delate of fervent loue, that in our hartes
we couer. [light;
Out by these eyes it sheweth that evermore de-
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both
day and night. [reioyce,
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men so
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the
voyce, [tent,
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well con-
it fittes me well my asuent wealth me semes for to
lament; [twaine,
And with my teares tassy to charge mine eyes
Like as my hart aboute the brink is fraughted full
of payne: [treat
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
repeat:
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the
case or skin;
Wherefore I shall retur,ae to them, as well, or spring
From whom descends my mortal woe, aboute all
other thing.
So shall mine eyes in payne accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to
fele the smart. [pride,
The crisped gold that doth surmount Appollo's
The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder
it doth glide. [theire heate,
Wherein the brames of loue doe still increase
Which yet so farre touch me to near in cold to
make me sweat:
The wise and pleasant talke, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curteis gift, that earst had
neuer none.
Be farre from me alas, and euery other thing,
I might forbear with better will, then this that did
me bring [payne,
With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to
trayne.
Thus an I forst to hear and harken after newes,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful
trust renewes.
And yet with more delight to mone my wofull
case,
I must complaine those hands, those armes, that
firmly do embrace

Me from my self, and rule the sterne of my poor
life,
The swete disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, and
eke the louely strife.

That wouted well to tune in temper iust and mete,
The rage, that oft did make me erre, by furour vn-
discrete.

All this is hid fro me with sharp and ragged hilles,
At others will my long abode, my depe dyspayr
fulfills. [dresse,

And if my hope sometime ryse vp by some re-
It stumbleth straight for feable faint my fear hath
such excesse.

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desyre,
And yet I trust er that I dye, to se that I require.

The resting place of loue, where virtue dwells and
groues, [repose,

There I desire my very life sometime may take
My song thou shalt attain to find that pleasant
place, [to haue this grace,

Where she doth liue by whom I liue: may chance
When she hath read, and seen the grieue wherein
I serue, [thee reserue.

Between her breasts she shall thee put there shall she
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me shortly
see,

And if for waighte the body fayle, the soul shall to
her flee.

*THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS LOUE FOR
RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT
HER.*

Suffised not (Madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent
The weping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof ech letter was written with a tear?
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffice
Your greily hart, and that my hart doth fele,
Torments that prick more sharper than the stele?
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Vse then my death: soe shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spyte rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the hart
Fele as I doe. This shall you gain thereby.

*THE LOUER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN
FIRST HE FELL IN LOUE.*

WHEN fyrst mine eyes did view and marke,
Thy fair beawtie to behold,
And when my ears lystned to harke,
The pleasant words that thou me told;
I would as then I had ben free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lips gan fyrst to moue,
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tong did talke of loue,
To thee that hast true loue downe throwne.
I would my lipps and tong also
Had then bene dum, no deal to go.
And when my hands haue handled ough,
That thee hath kept in memorie,
And when my feet haue gone and sought
To find and get thee companie.
I would eche hand a foot had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had sene.

And when in minde I did consent,
To folow this my fancies will,
And when my hart did first relent,
To taste such bait my life to spill.
I would my hart had bene as thine,
Or els thy hart had been as myne.

*THE LOUER DETERMINETH TO SERUE
FAITHFULLY.*

SINCE loue will needs that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chance may it remoue,
In wealth and in aduersitie.
I shall alway my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to wast,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days vnto the last:
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serue and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of mine owne,
What soe befall, till that I sterue,
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne,
That I shall still my selfe apply,
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yet though my grieue finde no redresse,
But still encrease before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuisse,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serue and suffer patiently.

Yea though Fortune her pleasant face
Should show, to set me up aloft,
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,
Yet would I still my selfe apply
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no grieue, no smert, no wo,
That yet I fele, or after shall,
That from this minde may wake me go,
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serue and suffer patiently.

*THE LOUER SUSPECTED BLAMETH YLL
TONGUES.*

MISTRUSTFULL minds be moved,
To hate me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falshed go about,
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not dout,
But truth shall me excuse.
Such sawce, as they haue serued,
To me without desart,
Euen as they haue deserued,
Therof God send them part.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH, AND HIS
LADIE COMFORTETH.

Louer. It burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd thy
Lo. A certaine point as feruent as the fyre. [hert?]
Lo. The heat shall cease if that thou wilt conuert.
Lo. I cannot stop the feruent raging yre.
Lo. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weeping chere.
Lo. With right good will say on: lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
Lo. Thou seekest, perchance of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst,
 well assent.
Lo. That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot.
Lo. But I it fele, whatso thy worries haue ment.
Lo. Suspect me not, my wordes be not forgott.
Lo. Then say, alas! shall I haue help or no?
Lo. I see no time to answere, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in dout.
Lo. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. I with delais, thou driues me still about.
Lo. Thou wouldest my death, it plainly doth ap-
 perr. [out.
Lo. First may my heart his blood, and life blede
Lo. Then for my sake, alas! thy will forbere.
Lo. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.
Lo. Yet for the best, suffre some small delay.
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede.
Lo. If I sayd yea, what should therof ensue?
Lo. An hart in payne of succour so should spede,
 Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall still renew,
 My swete, say yea, and do away this drede.
Lo. Thou wilt needes so; be it so; but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
 Thus hearts be wounne by loue, request, and
 mone.

WHY LOUE IS BLIND.

OF purpose, lone chose first for to be blinde,
 For he with sight of that, that I bebolde,
 Vanquishd had been, azainst all godly kinde,
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.
 And he with me to serue had been assinde,
 But, for he blind, and reckles would him holde,
 And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestow,
 With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

TO HIS VNKINDE LOUE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kynde?
 What power? what plague doth wery thus mye
 Within my bones to rangle is assinde, [minde?
 What poyson pleasant swete?

Lo see myne eyes flow with continual teares,
 The body still away slepelesse it weares,
 My foodde nothing my fainting strength repaires
 Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne,
 To cureles skarre that never shall returne,
 Go to, triumph, reioyre thy goodly turne,
 Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
 Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
 Fierce tygre fell, hard rocke without recure
 Cruel rebell to loue.

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again,
 So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtain,
 So wrathfull loue with spites of iust disdain,
 May thret thy cruell hart.

THE LOUER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT
DESIRE.

DESIRE (alas!) my maister, and my fo,
 So sore altered thy self, how maist thou see?
 Some time thou sekest, and driues me to and fro;
 Some time thou leadst, that leadeth thee and mee,
 What reason is to rule thy subjectes so,
 By forced law and mutabilitie?
 For where by thee I doutd to haue blame,
 Euen now by hate again I dout the same.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me
 Thus secretly to liue in payne,
 And to another geucu the fee,
 Of all my losse to haue the gayne,
 By chance assunde thus do I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Unto my self some time alone
 I do lament my wofull case,
 But what availeth me to mone?
 Since troth and pitie hath no place
 In them, to whom I sue and serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

To seke by meane to change this mind,
 Alas, I proue it will not be;
 For in my hart I cannot finde,
 Once to refraine, but still agree
 As bound by force alway to serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

Such is the fortune that I haue,
 To loue them most, that loue me least,
 And to my paine to seke and craue
 The thing, that other haue possesst:
 So thus in vaine alway I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

And till I may appease the heate,
 If that my happe will happe so well,
 To wayle my wo my heart shall create,
 Whose pensif paine my tong can tel;
 Yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
 And other haue that I deserue.

OF HIS LOUE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
 Though it be turnde and made in twaine?
 It is mine Anna, God it wot,
 The only causer of my paine;
 My loue that medeth with disdain.
 Yet is it loued, what will you more?
 It is my salue, and cke my sore.

*THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH
EUERY PAINE.*

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Beare flowers we se, full fresh and faire of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And vnto man his helth doth oft renne:
The fire that all things eke consumeth cleue,
May hurt and heale: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is ioyned with some wealth.

*A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GEVEN BY A
LADIE.*

A LADY gaue me a gyft she had not;
And I receiued her gift which I took not;
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I receiued it albeit I could not.
If she giue it me I force not;
And if she take it againe she cares not,
Conster what this is, and tel not;
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

*THAT SPEAKING OR PROFERING
BRINGES ALWAY SPEDING.*

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will or power
ought helpeth, [welth:]
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by
For nede will spede, where will workes not his
kiude, [finde:]
And gayne thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee
For sute and golde, what do not they obtayne?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twayne.

*HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE RAIGNE
OUEER REALMES, THAT IS SUBJECT
TO HIS OWN LUSTES.*

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe the free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage;
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy fear treunbleth the fardeth Thylee,
If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heaven fixed,
And geres the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice doe conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy self deuise.
Ycharged were thy backe; thy couetise,
And busy byting yet should neuer let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

*WHETHER LIBERTIE BY LOSSE OF
LIFE, OR LIFE IN PRISON AND
THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.*

LYKE as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore unspared, her foe the hawke without
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chouse standeth in dout;
Lo so do I, which seke to bring about,
Which should be best by determination
By losse of life, libertie, or life by prison.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed,
Where pain is best there lieth but little pleasure,
By short deth better to be deliuered,
Then hide in painfull life, thraldome and doler.
Small is the pleasure where much pain we suffer,
Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdomer,
By loss of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,
I do but waite a time and fortunes chance;
Oft many things do happen in one hower;
That which opprest me now may me aduance;
In time is trust, which by deathes greuance
Is wholly lost. Then wer it not reason
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison.

But death wer deliuerance where life lengthes
paine,
Of these two ylles let see now choose the best,
This bird to deliuer that here doth plain;
What say ye loners, which shal be the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke opprest;
And which to choose, make plain conclusion
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

AGAINST HOURDERS OF MONEY.

(From the Greek Epigram.)

FOR shamefast harme of great and batefull nede,
In depe dispaire, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote, did finde an horde, lo,
Of gold, I say, where he prepaire this dede
And in eschange, be left the corle tho.
He that had hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found, be shapt his neck a knot.

DISCRIPTION OF A GONNE.

VULCANE begat me, Minerua me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Thre bodies are my foode; my strength is in
naught. [ders.]
Anger, wrath, wast, and noyse, are my children
Gesse frende, what I am, and how I am wraught,
Monster of sea or of lande, or of els where:
Knoo me, and vse me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enny I may thy life end.

WYATE BEING IN PRISON TO BRIAN.

SIGRES are my foode, my drink are my teares;
Clinking of f fters would such musike craue,
Stink, and close ayre, away my life it weares;
Poor innocence is al the hope I haue,

Rain, winde, or wether, judge I by my eares,
Malice assautes that righteousness should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale againe,
But yet, alas! the skarve shall still remaine.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDES.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Faire words ynough a man shall finde;
They be good chepe, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only winde:
But well to say, and so to mene,
That swete accord is seldom seen.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

(From Seneca's Chorus.)

STAND who so list upon the slipper wheele,
Of hie estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toys,
In hydden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me die olde after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass;
That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dyeth unkuowen, dased with dreadfull face.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The life in bankets and sundry kiudes of playe,
Amid the prease of worldly lookes to waste.
Hath with it joynde oft times such bitter taste,
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to hold,
In prison ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour,
Could ouercome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise of all my long endeaour,
The sharpe conquest though fortune did advance,
Ne could I vse. The hold that is geuen over,
I vposesse, so hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS farewell, that westward with thy stremes,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried;
For I with spurre and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy
pride;
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended mone that leaues her lusty side,
My king, my country I seke, for whom I live,
O mighty loue the windes for this me giue.

OF SODAINE TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this dede,
To danger my selfe without cause why,
To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully:
But now the prooffe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please bys foe.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EATE HER
CHILD AT THE SIEGE OF IERUSALEM.

IN doutfull brest whiles motherly pity,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The mother saith, O child vnhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those limmes that I made vnto thee,
And entre there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

OF THE MEANE AND SURE ESTATE
WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

My mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne,
They sing a song made of a feldishe mouse:
That for bicause her tiuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house.
She thought her self endured to greuous paine,
The stormy blastes her caue so sore did sowse;
That when the furrowse swimmid with the raine,
She must lye colde, and wet in sory plight;
And worse then that, bare meate there did remaine,
To comfort her, when she her house had dight.
Some time a barley corne, sometime a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In haruest time, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she vndone was clene:
Then was she faine to take, instede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begiue.
My sister, quod she, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile;
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye
In bed of downe; the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes, and at the riche mans cost,
And for her meate she nedes not craue nor cry;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her eater sekes, and spareth for no perell:
She fedes on boyle meate, bake meate and rost
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell.
And when she list, the licon of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
And at this iourney makes she but a iape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all thys wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe herself in health,
To liue a lady while her life doth last.
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for feare durst not well scarce appeare;
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister, I am here.

Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou
so loude?

And by the hand she toke her faire and well.
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the rode,
She feasted her, that ioye it was to tell,
The fare they had, they drank the wyne so clere.
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with how, sister, what chere?
Amid this ioy befell a sory chance,
That, welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had; for as she lookte a skance,
Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes
In a rounde head, with sharp eares: in France
Was never mouse so feard, for the vnwise
Had not ysene such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after gise
To know her fo, and dread him euermore;
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
The other had no shift, but wonders sore;
Feard of her life, at home she wisht her tho',
And to the dore, alas! as she did skippe,
The Heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance
was so,

At the threshold her sely fote did trippe,
And ere she might recouer it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,
And made her there against her wyll remaine,
That hath forgot her power suertie, and rest,
For seking welth, wherein she thought to raigne.

Alas (my Poyns) how men do seke the best,
And finde the worse, by error as they straye;
And no maruell, when, sight is so opprest,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in seking quiet lyfe.
O wretched mindes! there is no golde that may,
Graunt that you seke, no warre, no peace, no
strife: [golde,

No, no, although thy head were hoopt with
Serjeant with mace, with hawbart, sword nor kniffe,
Can not repulse the care that fulow should.
Eche kinde of life bath with him his disease,
Line in delites, even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee
please,

It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease?
None of you all there is, that is so madde
To seke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers,
Nor none I trow, that hath a witte so badde
To set his hay for conies ouer riuers;
Nor ye set not a dragge net for an hare;
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
You do misseke, with more travell and care.
Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and se thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vice hath never spotted;
Thy self content with that is the assinde,
And vse it well that is to the allotted.
Then seke no more out of thy selfe to fynde
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy minde.
Made, if ye list to continue your sore,
Let present passe, and gape on time to come,
And depe thy self in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Poyns) this shall be all and some,
These wretched fooles shall have nought els of me:
But, to the great God, and to his dome,
None other payne pray I for them to be;
But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That loking backward vertue they may see

Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright;
And whilst they claspe their lusts in armes
acrosse,
Graunt them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy
To freat inward, for losing such a losse.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO
JOHN POINS.

MYNE own John Poins, since ye delite to know
I be causes why that homeward I me draw,
And fice the preesse of courtes, where so they go,
Rather then to lue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;
To will and lust learning to set a lawe:
It is not, that because I some or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over vs, of right to strike the stroke;
But true it is, that I haue always ment
Lesse to esteeme them, then the common sort,
Of outward things that iudge in theyr entent
Without regarde what inward doth resort.
I graunt, some time of glory that the fire,
Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lier?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to faine,
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert
Of them that list all vice for to retainne.
I cannot honour them, that set their part
With Venus and Bacchus all their life long.
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge;
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambes among.
I cannot with my wordes complayne and mone,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint;
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speake and loke like a saint.
Use wyles for wit, and make descriit a pleasure,
Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint,
I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer;
With innocent bloud to fede my self fatte,
And do most hurt, where that most helpe I offer.
I an not he, that can allow the state,
Of hie Ceaser, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasers hands, if Liuy doth not lie.
And would not lue where liberty was lost;
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, suche eloquence to bost,
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne;
Nor call the lion of coward beastes the most;
That can not take a mouse, as the cat can;
And he that dyeth for bouger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pau
Passeth Apollo in musike manifolde,
Praise syr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsell, that is dronke of ale;
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,
Frowne when be frownes, and grone when he is
pale;
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these pointes would euer frame in me:
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the lesse of things that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuisse,

To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
 With nercest vertue ay to cloke the vice :
 And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To presse the vertue that it may not rise:
 As dronkenness good felowship to call ;
 The frendly foe with his faire double face,
 Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall,
 Affirme that Fauel hath a goodly grace
 In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
 Zeale of justice, and change in time and place :
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,
 Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,
 That rayleth rechless vnto eche mans shame.
 Say he is rude, that can not lye and sayue.
 The lecher a louer; and tyranny
 To be right of a princes raigie:
 I can not l, no no, it wyl not be.
 This is the cause that I could neuer yet,
 Haug on their sleues that weigh (as thou maist se)
 Achippe of chauce, more then a pound of wit ;
 This maketh me at home to huut and hawke,
 And in fowle weather at my booke to sit ;
 In frost and snow, then with my bowe to stalke;
 No man doth marke whereso I ride or go,
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke;
 And of these newes I fele no weale nor woe ;
 Save that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele.
 No force for that, for that is ordred so,
 That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele.
 I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine,
 With sauey sauce those delicats to fele,
 Nor yet in Spaine, where one must him incline,
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
 Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my sight to deme
 Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away.
 With beastlines, such doe those beastes esteme.
 Nor I am not, where truch is geuen in pray
 For money, poyson and treason, of some
 A common practice, vsed night and day.
 But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
 Among the Muses, where I reade and rime,
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poin to come,
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I do spende my time.

HOW TO VSE THE COURT AND HIMSELFE
 THERIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRAUNCES
 BRIAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway powreth out,
 Had neede to haue a bringer in as fast,
 And on the stone that still doth turne about,
 There groweth no mosse: these perverus yet do
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place, [last.
 That length of yeres their force can never wast.
 When I remembre this and eke the case [write
 Wherein thou standst, I thought fourthwith to
 (Brian) to thee, who knowes how great a grace
 In writing is to counsayle man the right.
 To thee therfore that trottes still up and downe,
 And never restes; but running day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and
 towne;
 Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
 And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
 And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones;
 Fede thy self fatte, and heape vp pounds by pound.
 Lykest thou not this? No. why? for swine so
 grons

In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;
 And driuel on pearles, with head still in the
 maunger:
 So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
 So sakes of durt be fide. The neat courtier
 So serues for lesse then do these fatted swine.
 Though I seme leane and drie withouten moister,
 Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thyne;
 And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
 So may I liue to fede both me and mine.
 By God well said. But what and if, thou wist
 How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende
 That would I learne. And it shall not be mist
 To tel the how. Now harke what I intende:
 Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
 Shall purchase frendes, where trouth shall but
 offende;
 Flee therfore truth, it is both welth and ease.
 For though that trouth of every man hath praise,
 Full nere that wude goeth trouth in great mis-
 Use vertue, as it goeth now a daies, [case.
 In worde alone to make thy language swete ;
 And of thy dede, yet do not as thou sayes,
 Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre vnmete,
 To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skant.
 Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete.
 Lend in no wise, for feare that thou do want,
 Unless it be, as to a calfe a chese ;
 But if thou can be sure to win a cant
 Of half at least. It is not good to leese.
 Learne at the laddie, that in a long white cote,
 From under the stall, withouten landes or fees
 Hath lept into the shoppe; who knowes by rote
 This rule that I haue tolde thee here before.
 Somtime also riche aye beginnes to dote ;
 Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more:
 Stay him by the arme where so he walke or go,
 Be nere alway, and if he cough to sore,
 What be hath spit treade out; and please him so.
 A diligent knave that pickes his maisters purse
 May please him so, that be withouten mo,
 Executour is: And what is he the worse?
 But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
 The widow may for all thy paine disburse:
 A riveld skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
 A tothelesse mouth shall doe thy lippes no harme;
 The gold is good; and though she curse or banne,
 Yet where thee list, thou mayst liue good and
 Let the old mule bite upon the bridle, [warne;
 Whilst there do lie a sweter in thine arme.
 In this also se that thou be not idle,
 Thy nece, thy cosin, sister or thy daughter
 If she be faire, if handsome be her middle,
 If thy better hatb her loue besought her,
 Auauce his cause and he shall helpe thy nede:
 It is but loue, turne thou it to a laughter.
 But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede,
 That in this case thou be not so unwise,
 As Panca' was in such a like dede;
 For he the foole of conscience was so nice,
 That he no gaine would haue for all his paine :
 Be next thy self, for frendship bears no pryce.
 Laughst thou at me? why? do I speak in vaine?
 No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest:
 Wouldst thou, I shoulde for any losse or gaine
 Change that for golde that I haue tane for best
 Next godly things, to haue an honest name?
 Should I leaue that? Then take me for a beast.
 Nay then farewell, and if thou care for shame
 Content the then with honest povertie;

With free tong, what thee mislykes, to blame
 And for thy trouth sometime adversitie,
 And therewithall this gyft I shall thee giue,
 In this world now litle prosperitie,
 And cuoyne to kepe, as water in a sive.

THE SONG OF IOPAS VNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wandring Troian knight,
 Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik
 sands to light.
 That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,
 With crisped lockes, in golden harpe Iopas sang
 in song:
 That same (quod he) that we the World do call
 hand name,
 Of Heauen and Earth with all contentes, it is the
 very frame: [in one,
 Of thus, of heauenly powers by more powre kept
 Repugnant kindes, in mids of whom the earth
 hath place alone; [and nourse,
 Firme, rounde, of liuing things the mother, place
 Without the which in egall weicht this heauen
 doth hold his course. [heauen,
 And it is calde by name the first and moving
 The firmament is placed next, containing other
 seuen. [thicke,
 Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and
 As shining lights which we call starres, that therein
 cleue and sticke. [less soures,
 With great swift sway, the fyrst, and with his rest-
 Carrieth it self, and all those eyght, in euen con-
 tinual cours.
 And of this world so round within that rolling case,
 Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly
 kepe their place:
 The tone we see away, the tother stands obiect,
 Against the same, deuiding just the ground by line
 direct; [other,
 Which by imagination, drawne from the one to th'
 Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is
 noue other: [not bright,
 And these be calde the poles, describ'd by starres
 Artike the one northward we see, antartike tother
 bright.
 The line, that we deuise from thone to tother so,
 As axell is; upon which the heuens about do go;
 Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre haue
 kinde;
 Therefore the substance of those same were hard
 for man to finde;
 But they bene incorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt,
 And so we say been all those starres, that in those
 same be lixt;
 And eke those erring seuen, in circle as they stray,
 So calde, because against that first they haue re-
 pugnant way;
 And smaller bywayes too, skant sensible to man,
 To busy worke for my poor harpe; let sing them
 he that can.
 The ydest saue the fyrst of all these nyne above,
 One hundred yere doth aske of space for one de-
 gree to moue: [heauen,
 Of which decrees we make in the first moving
 Three hundred and threscore, in partes justly
 diuided euen; [two,
 And yet there is another between those heuens
 Whose mouing is so sly, so slacke, I name it not
 for now.

The seventh heauen, or the shell, next to the starry
 sky,
 All those degrees that gatherth vp with aged pace,
 so sly, [bath bene,
 And doth performe the same, as elders count
 in nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies
 almost sixteue;
 Do carry in his bowt the starre of Saturne olde,
 A threater of all liuing things with drought, and
 with his cold. [yonger pase,
 The sixt whom this conteins, doth stalke with
 And in twelve yere doth somewhat more then
 thothers viage was, [nigne,
 And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue be-
 Twene Saturns malice, and vs men, frendly de-
 fending signe:
 The fifth beares bloody Mars, that in three hun-
 dred daies,
 And wise eleuen with one full yere bath finisht,
 all those waies. [sixe'
 A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers thierto
 And in the same the daies eye the sune, therein
 he stickes. [me,
 The third that gouern'd is by that, that gouerns
 And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as oft
 we see, [the tother,
 In like space doth performe that course, that d'yd
 So doth the next, unto the same, that second is
 in order;
 But it doth beare the starre, that cald is Mercury;
 That many a crafty secret steppe doth trade, as
 Calcars try. [bath gone
 That sky is last, and fixt next us those waies
 In nuen and twenty common daies, and eke the
 third of one;
 And beareth with his sway the diuers moone about;
 Now bright, now brown, now bent, now ful, and
 now her light is out: [these seuen,
 Thus haue they of their own two mouinges all
 One, wherein they be carried still, eche in his seue-
 ral heauen:
 Another of themselves, where their bodies be layd
 In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore haue
 sayd; [streight,
 Saue of them all the sunne doth stray lest from the
 The starry sky hath but one course, that we haue
 calde the eight. [to east,
 And all these mouinges eight are ment from west
 Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from
 east to west;
 But that is but by force of theyr first moving sky,
 In wise twelve houres from east to east that
 carrieth them by and by: [seuen,
 But marke me well also, these mouinges of these
 Be not about the axeltree of the fyrst mouing
 heauen; [the tother, &c.
 For they haue their two poles directly toue to

OF LOUE.

LIKE as the wynde with raginge blaste
 Doth cawse eche tree to bowe and bende:
 Even so do I spende my tyme in waste,
 My lyff consumynge unto an ende.

For as the flame by force doth quench the fier,
 And runnyng stremes consume the rayne;
 Even so do I my self desyer
 To augment my greff, and deadly payne.

Whear as I fynde that whot is whott,
And colde is colde by course of kynde,
So shall I kuet an endles knott:
Suche fruite in love, alas! I fynde.

When I forswaw those christall streames,
Whose bewtie dothe cawse my mortal wounde,
I lyttyl thought within those beames
So swete a venym for to have founde.

I fele and se my owne decaye;
As on that beareth feme in his brest,
Forgetfull though to put away
The thyng that breadethe my unrest.

Like as the flye dothe seke the flame,
And afterwarde playeth in the fyr,
Who fyndeth her wor, and seketh her game,
Whose greffe doth growe of her owne desyer.

Lyke as the spider doth drawe her lyne,
As labour lost so is my sute;
The gayne is hers the losse is myne:
Of evil sowne seade suche is the fruite.

O GOODLY hande
Whearin doth stande
My harte dystraught in payne:
Dere hand, alas!
In lyttel space
My lyf thou dost restrayne.

O fingers slyght,
Departed ryght,
So long, so small, so rounde!
Goodly begonne,
And yet a bone
Most cruell in my wounde.

With lyllyes whyght,
And roses bryght
Doth strayne this color fayer:
Nature did lende
Eche fingers ende
A perle for to repayre.

Consent at laste,
Since that thou hast
My hart in thie demayne,
For service trew
On me to rewe,
And reche me love agaync.

And yf not soo
Ther with more woo
Enforce thi self to strayne
This simple hert,
That suffered smert,
And ryd yt owte of payne.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS
GRAVENER, KNIGHT.

UNDER this stone ther lyeth at rest
A frendlie man, a worthie knight;
Whose hert and mynde was ever prest
To favour truth, to farther ryght.

The poores defence, his neighbors ayde,
Most kynde always unto his kynne;
That stynt all stryf, that might be stayed:
Whose gentell grace great love dyd wyne.

A man, that was full earnest sett
To serve his prince at all assayes:
No sycknes could hym from yt lett;
Which was the shortnyng of his dayes.

His lyf was good, he dyed full well;
The bodie here, the sowle in blys
With length of words whie shoulde I tell,
Or farther shewe, that well knowne is:
Sins that the teares of more aud less,
Right well declare his worthynes.
Vivit post funera virtus.

SIR ANTONIE SENTLEGER OF SIR T.
WYAT.

THUS lyeth the deade, that whilome lived here
Emonge the deade that quicke go on the grounde:
Though he be deade, yet doth he quicke appere
By immortal fame that death cau not confounde
His lyf for aye, his fame in trompe shall sounde.
Though he be deade, yet is he thus alive;
No deathe that lyf from Wyat cane deprive.

CERTAYNE PSALMES

CHOSEN OUT OF THE PSALTER OF DAVID COM-
MONELY CALLED THEE VII PENYNTENTIALL
PSALMES, DRAWEN INTO ENGLYSHE METER BY
SIR THOMAS WYAT KNYGHT, WHEREUNTO IS
ADDED A PROLOGE OF THE AUCTORE BEFORE
EVERY PSALME, VERY PLEASANT AND PRO-
FETTABLE TO THE GODLY READER.

Dedication by the Printer

To the right honorable and his singular good lord,
William marquesse of Northampton, earle of
Essex, barone of Kendal, lord Parre and knight
of the most noble ordre of the garter, youre most
bounden orator at commaundment, John Harring-
ton, wysethli helth and prosperite wyth encrease
of vertue and the mercy of God for ever.

Consydering the manyfolde duties and abound-
ant service that I owe unto your good lordship
(right honorable and my singular good lord) I
cannot but see infinite causes, why I chiefly of all
others oughte (wyth all cherefull and redy endea-
voure) to gratify your good lordshyp by all meanes
possible, and to applye my selfe wholye to the
same, as one that woulde gladly, but can by no
meanes be able to do accordinglye as hys bounden
duetic requireth: I cannot, I say, but se and ac-
knowledge my selfe bounden, and not able to doo
soche service as I owe, both for the inestimable
benefites that your noble progenitors, and also
your good lordship hath shewed unto my parentes
and predeycessors; and also to my selfe, as to one
least able to do any acceptable service, though
the wil be at all tymes most ready. In token
wherof, your lordshyp shal at all tymes perceave,
by simple thynges that my littel wit shall be able
to invent, that yf myne harte could do you any
servyce, no labour or travayle shold withhold me

from doynge my ductie, and that yf busy labour
and the hart myght he able to paye the duetye
that love oweth, your lordshyp shoulde in no point
fynde me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare
this my ready wyll, I have dedicated unto your
name thys littyll treatyse, whyche after I had
perused and by thadvise of others (better learned
than my self) determined to put it in printe,
that the noble fame of so worthy a knyght, as was
the auctor hereof, sir Thomas Wyat, should not
perish but remayne, as well for hys syngular learn-
ing, as valiant dedes in mercyal feates, I thought
that I could not find a more worthy patron for
such a man's worke than your lordship, whom I
have always knowne to be of so godlye a zeale, to
thee furburaunce of God's holy and a sacred
Gospel, most humbly beseechynge your good lord-
shippe herin to accepte my good wyll, and too
esteme me as one that wisheth unto the same all
honour, helthe, and prosperous successe.

Amen

Your good lordshyppes
most humble at commaundment

John Harrington.

THE PROLOGE OF THE AUCTOR.

Love, to geve lawe unto hys subjectes hartes,
Stode in the eyes of Hatsabé the brighte;
And in a looke anone hym selfe convertes
Cruelly pleasaut before king David's syght:
Fyrst dased hys eyes, and further forth he startes
With venomed brethe, as softly as he myghte
Touches his senewes, and overrunnes hys bones
With crepyng fyre, sparkled by the bones.

And when he sawe that kindled was the flame,
The noysome poyson in his harte he launced,
So that the soule dyd tremble wyth the same:
And in this brawle, as he stode entraunced,
Yeldynge unto the figure and the frame,
That those fayre eyes hadde in his presens
glaunced:

The forme, that Love had printed in hys breste,
He honoreth as a thing of thynges beste.

So that, forgotte the wysdom and forecaste,
Whyche woe to realms, when that the kyng doth
Forgettinge eke Goddes maiestye as faste, [lacke;
Yea and hys own: forth wyth he dothe to make
Urye to goo into the felde in haste,
Urye, I saye, that was hys jeweles make,
Under pretence of certayne victory,
For the enemys swordes, a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubte,
Whome more then God or himself he myudeth:
And after he hadde broughte thys thyng about,
And of that luste possessit hymself, he fyndeth
That hath and dothe reuerse and cleue torne out
Kynges from kyngdomes and cytyes undermyndeth;
He blynded thynkes, thys trayne so blyude and
close,

To blynde al thynges, that nought maye it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this trecherye
With rufull cheare; and settes afore hys face
The greate offence outrage and iniurye,
That he hath done to God, as in thys case,
By murder for to clooke adulterye:
He sheweth eke from heauen the threatcs, alas!

So sternly sore thys prophete, thys Nathan,
That al amased was thys wofull man.

Like him that metes wyth horror and wythe
feare;

The heate doth streyght fersake the lymbes colde
The colour eke droppeth down from hys chere;
So dothe he feele hys fyre manyfolde
Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all in-fere
Consume and waste: and streyght his crowne of
gold,

Hys purple paule, hys scepter he letteth fall,
And to the ground he throweth him self wyth-all.

Then pompous pryde of state, and dignite
Forth-with rebates repentaunt humblenes:
Thinner vyle clothe then clothe-th pouertie
Doth scandiely hyde and cladde his nakednes:
Hys fayre hoore bearde of reverent gravitie
Wyth ruffled heyre, knowyng his wickednes:
More lyke was he the self same repentaunce
Then statelype prynce of worldely gouernaunce

Hys harpe he takethe in hand to be his guide,
Wherwyth he offreth playnty his soule to save,
That from his hearte dystylleth on every syde.
Wythedrawynge hymselfe into a dark depe caue
Within the ground, wherein he might hym hyde,
Flyinge the lyghte, as in the pryson or graue;
In which, as sone as Daud entred had,
The darcke horror dyd make hys soule adrad.

But he, wythout prolongyng or delaye [pease,
Of that, whyche myghte hys Lorle hys God ap-
Falleth on hys knees, and with hys harpe, I saye,
Afore hys breste, yfraughted wythe dysese
Of stormye syghes, depc draughtes of hys decaye,
Dressel vpryghte, sekynge to counterpese
His songe wythe syghes, and touchynge of the
strings,
Wyth tender harte, loo, thus to God he synges.

DOMINE NE IN FURORE. PSALM VI.

O LORD! sins in my mouthe thy myghtie name
Suffereyth it selfe, my Lord, to name and call,
Here hath my harpe betaken by the same;
That the repentaunce, whyche I haue and shall,
Maye at thy hande seke mercy, as the thyng
Of onely comfort to wretched sinners all:
Whereby I dare with humble bemonyunge,
By thy goodnes, this thyng of thee requyre;
Chastycc me not for my deseruinge
According to thy iuste conceaued yre.
O Lord, I dreade: and that I did not dreade
I me repente; and euermore desyre
Thee, thee to drede. I open here, and sprde
My faulte to thee: But thou, for thy goodnes,
Measure it not in largenes, nor in breade:
Punishe it not, as asketh the greatnes
Of thy furor, prouoked by myne offence.
Temper, O Lord, the harme of my excessse,
Wyth meudynge wyll that I for recompence
Prepare agayne: and rather pytye me;
For I am weake, and cleane wythout defence:
More is the nede I haue of remedye.
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure: [see,
The shepe, that strayeth, the sheparde seekes to
I, Lord, am strayed: and, sick without recure,
Fele all my lymbes, that have rebelled, for feare
Slake in despayre, unless thou me assure:

My fleshe is troubled, my harte doth feare the speare:

That drede of death, of death that ever lastes,
Theateth of right, and draweth nere and neare.
Moch more my soule is troubled by the blastes
Of these assautes, that come as thicke as hayle,
Of worldly vanities, that temptation castes
Agaynst the bulwerke of the fleshe frayle.
Wherin the soule in greate perplexitie
Feeleth the sences wyth them that assaile
Conspire, corrupte by pleasure and vanitie:
Wherby the wretche doth to the shade resort
Of hope in the, in thys extremitye.
But thou, O Lorde, how longe after thys sorte
Forberest thou to see my myserye?
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comforte
Feare, and not feele that thou forgettest mc.
Returne, O Lorde: O Lorde, I thee besече!
Unto thy olde wonted benygnyte.
Reduce, reuive my soule: be thou the leche;
And reconcyle the greate hatred, and stryfe.
That it bathetaine agaynst the fleshe: the wretche,
That styrred hathe thy wrath by fylthy lyfe.
Se howe my soule doth freate it to the bones:
Inward remorse so sharpeth it lyke a knyfe,
That but thou helpe the caityfe, that bemoones
Hys greate offence, it turneth anon to duste.
Here hathe thy mercye matter for the nones;
For yf thy righteouse hande, that is so iuste,
Suffre noo synne, or stryke wyth dampnation,
Thy infynyte mercye waunte nedes it muste
Subiect matter for hys operatyon:
For that in death there is no memorye
Amonge the dampned, nor yet no menyon
Of thy greate name, grounde of all glorye.
Then yf I dye, and goo where as I feare
To thyne ther on, howe shall thy great mercye
Sounde in my mouthe unto the worldes eare?
For ther is none, that can thee laude and loue,
For that thou wilt no loue among them there.
Suffer my cryes the mercye for to moue,
That wonted is a hundred yeares offence
In a moment of repentance to remoue.
Howe ofte have I called up with dylligence
Thys slouthfull fleshe long afore the daye
For to confes hys faulte, and negligence:
That to the denne, for oughte that I coulde saye,
Hathe styll returned to shroude hymselfe from colde?

Wherby it suffreth nowe for soche delaye,
By myghtye playntes instede of pleasures olde.
I washe my bedde with teares continuall
To dull my syghte, that to be never bolde
To stere my harte agayne to soche a fall.
Thus drye I up, among my foes, in woe,
That wythe my fall doo ryse, and growe withall,
And me besett even nowe where I am, so
Wyth secret trappes, to trouble my penaunce.
Some doo presente to my wepinge eyes, lo,
The chere, the manner, bewtye, or countenance
Of her, whose looke, alas! dyd make me blynde:
Some other offer to my remembrance
Those pleasaunt wordes, now bytter to my mynde:
And some shewe me the power of my armour,
Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assynde
Doooble diademe: Some shew the favoure
Of people frayle, palace, pompe and riches.
To these meremaydes, and theyr baytes of errour
I stoppe my eares, wyth helpe of thy goodnes.
And for I fele, it commeth alone of these

That to my harte these foes haue none accesse
I dare them bid, Auoyde, wretches, and flee;
The Lorde hathe hearde the voyce of my com-
playnte;

Your engynes take no more effect in me:
The Lorde hathe heard, I saye, and sene me faynte
Under your hand, and pytyeth my dystresse.
He shall too make my senses, by constraynte,
Obeye the rule, that reason shall expresse:
Where the disceyte of that youre glosing bayte
Made them vsurpe a power in al excesse.
Shamed be they all, that so do lye in wayte
To compass me, by myssynge of theyr praye!
Shame and rebuke redownd to soche dysceyte!
Soden confusion, as stroke without delaye,
Shall so deface theyr craftye suggestion,
That they to hurte my helth noo more assaye
Sense I, O Lorde, remayne in thy protectio..

THE AUCTOR.

Whoso hathe sene the sycke in his fevour
After truce taken with the heate or colde,
And that the fytt is past of hys fervour,
Drawe fayntinge syghes: let hym, I saye, beholde
Sorrowfull Dauid, after hys languor, [rollede,
That wyth his teares, that from his eyn downe
Paused his playnte, and layd adown hys harpe,
Faythfull recorde of all hys sorowes sharpe.

Yt semed nowe that of hys faulte the horrou
Dyd make afeard no more hys hope of grace:
The threates whereof in horrible terrour
Dyd holde hys harte as in de-paire a space,
Tyll he had wyll to seke for hys succoure:
Hys lyfe accusynge, beknowynge hys case,
Thynkyng so beste hys Lorde to appease,
And not yet healed he feelethe hys dysease.

Nowe semeth feareful no more the darke caue,
That erst dyd make his soule for to tremble:
A place deuoute of refuge for to saue
The succourles it rather dyd resemble:
For who had sene so kneeling within the graue
The chiefe pastoure of the Hebrewes assemble,
Wolde iudge it made by teres of penytence
A sacred place worthy of reuerence.

Wythe vapored eyes he loketh heare and there,
And when he hath a whyle himselfe bethoughte,
Gatherynge bis spiritus, that were dismayde for
feare,

His harpe agayne into hys hand he rougt,
Tunynge accorde by judgment of hys eare,
His hartes botome for a syghe he soughte:
And there withall upon the holowe tree
With strayned voyce againe thus cryeth he.

BEATI. QUORUM REMISSI SUNT INIQUITATES.
PSALM XXXII.

OH! happy are they, that haue forgiuenesse
Of their offence, not by theyr penytence [gotte
As by merite, whichy recompenech not:
Although that yet pardon hathe not offence
Wythoute the same; but by the goodnesse
Of hym that hathe perfytt intelligence
Of harte contrite, and couerth the greatnesse
Of synne wythin a mercyfull discharge.
And happye are they, that haue the wyfulnessse
Of iust restrayned afore it went at large,
Prouoked by the drede of Gods furor:
Wherby they haue not on their backes the charge

Of others faultes to suffer the dolor:
 For that theyr faulte was never execute
 In open synthe, example of error.
 And happy is he to whome God doth impute
 No more hys faulte, by knowledgeynge hys synne:
 But cleas'd nowe the Lorde dothe hym repute:
 As adder freshe newe strypped from hys skynne:
 Nor in hys sprete is oughte undiscovered.
 I, for bycause I hyde it styll wythin,
 Thynecking by state in fault to be preferred,
 Do fynde by hyding of my fault my harme:
 (As he, that fyndeth his healtre hyndered
 By secrete wounde concealed from the charme
 Of leches cure, that else had had redresse:)
 And sole my bones consume, and waxe unferme
 By dayly rage, rorynge in excesse.
 Thy heavy hand on me was so increaste
 Both dare and nyght, and held my harte in presse,
 Wyth prickinge thoughtes byreuaige me my reste;
 That wythered is my lustynge awaye,
 As somer heates that haue the greyne oppreste,
 Wherefore I dyd another waye assaye,
 And sought forthwyth to open in thy syght
 My faulte, my feare, my fylthines, I say,
 And not to hyde from the my great vnyghte.
 I shall, quoth I, agaynst myselfe confesse
 Unto thee, Lorde, all my synfull plyghte:
 And thou forthwith diddest wash the wyckednesse
 Of myne offence. Of truthe ryght thus it is
 Wherefore they that haue tasted thy goodnesse,
 At me shall take example, as of thys,
 And praye, and seke in tyme for tyme of grace.
 Then shall the stormes and fluddes of harme hym
 mysse,
 And hym to reche shall neuer haue the space.
 Thou art my refuge, and only sauogarde
 From the troubles that compasse me the place.
 Such joyes, as he that scapeth his enemyes warde
 With leas'd bandes, hath in his libertye;
 Suche is my joye, thou haste to me preparte.
 That, as the sec-man in his jeopardye
 By soden lyght perceaued hath the porte,
 So by thy great merciful propertye
 Within thy bok: thus reade I my comforte:
 "I shall the teache, and geve understandynge
 And point to thee what way thou shalt resort
 For thy addresse, to kepe the from wanderynge:
 Myne eyes shall take the charge to be thy guyde:
 I ask therto of the onlye thys thyng,
 Be not lyke horse, or mule, that men do ryde,
 That not alone doth not his master knowe,
 But for the good thou dost him must be tude,
 And brueled lest hys guyde he byte or throwe."
 Oh! diuerser are the chastysinges of sinne [blowe,
 In meate, in drinke, in brethe, that man doth
 In slepe, and watch, in fretyng styl within:
 That neuer suffer rest unto the mynde
 Fille wythe offence; that rewe and new begynne
 Wyth thousand feares the harte to strayne and
 But for al thys, he that in God doth trust! [bynde:
 Wythe mercy shall hymselfe defended fynde
 Joye, and rejoyce, I say, you that be iuste
 In hym, that maketh and holdethe you so styll:
 In hym youre glorye always set you muste,
 All you that be of upryght hart and will.

THE AUCTOR.

Thys songe endyd, Dauid dyd stynte hys voyce;
 And in that whyle he aboute with hys eye

Dyd seke the darcke caue; with whyche, with-
 outen noyce,
 Hys sylence semed to argue, and replye
 Uppon hys peace thys peece, that dyd reioyce
 The soule with mercye, that mercye so dyd call,
 And founde mercye at plentifull mercyes hand,
 Neuer denied, but where it was wythstande.

As the seruante that in hys masters face
 Fyndynge pardon of hys passed offence,
 Consyderynge his greate goodnes and hys grace,
 Gladde teares dystylles, as gladsome recompence:
 Ryghte so Dauid semed in the place
 A marble image of syngular reuerence,
 Carued in the rocke, with eyes and hande on hyghte
 Made as by craft to playue, to sobbe, to syghte.

Thys whyle a beame that bryght sonne forth
 sendeth, [hyde,
 That sonne, the whyche was never cloude could
 Perceth the caue, and on the harpe descendethe:
 Whose glaunsing lyght the cords dyd ouer glyde,
 And suche luyster upon the harpe extendethe,
 As lyght of lampe upon the golde: cleane tryed
 The lome whercof into bis eyes did sterte,
 Suppryed with ioye by pennaunce of the harte.

He then enflamed with farre more hote affecte
 Of God, threu he was erste of Batsabé,
 His left foot dyd on the earthe erecte,
 And iuste thereby remayneth the other kuce:
 To the left syde hys waynt he doth dyrect:
 For hope of helthe hys harpe agayne taketh he;
 Hys hande, hys tynne, hys mynde, eke soughte
 thys laye,
 Whyche to the Lord with sober voyce did saye,

DOMINE, NE IN FUREORE TUO. PSALM XXXVIII

O LORD, as I haue the both prayed, and praye,
 (Although in the be no alteracyon,
 But that we men, like as our selves, we saye,
 Mesuryng thy justice by our mutacyon)
 Chastice me not, oh Lord! in thy furor,
 Nor me correct in wrathful castygacion:
 For that thy arrowes of feare, of terror,
 Of sword, of synkes, of famine, and of fyre
 Sticke depe in me: I, loo, from myne errour,
 Am plunged up; as horse out of the myre
 With stroke of spurre; such is thy bande on me,
 That in my fleshe, for terrour of thy yre,
 Is not one poynt of forme stabilityte;
 Nor in my bones ther is no steadfastnes:
 Suche is my dreade of mutablytete:
 For that I knowe my frayfull wyckednes.
 For why? my synnes aboue my head are bounde,
 Lyke heuy weichte, that doth my force oppreste:
 Under the whych I stoupe and bowe to the grounde,
 As yllow plante haled by vyolence.
 And of my fleshe eche not well cured wounde,
 That festered is by folye and neglience,
 By secrete luste hath rankled under skyene,
 Not only cured by my penytence.
 Perceuyunge thus the tyrannye of synne,
 That with hys weyght hath humbled and deprest
 My pryde: by gnawynge of the worme within,
 That neuer dyeth, I lyue withouten rest.
 So are myne contrayles infect with feruent sore,
 Fedynge the harme that hath my welth oppreste,
 That in my fleshe is lefte no helthe therfore.
 So wonderous great hath ben my vexacyon,
 That it hath forste wyth harte to cry and rore.

O Lorde! thou knowest thinwarde contemplacyon
Of my desire: thou knowest my sighes and
plaintes:

Thou knowest the teares of my lamentacyon
Cannot expresse my hartes inward restrayntes.
My harte panteth, my force I feel it quayle;
My sight, my eyes, my loke decayes and fayntes.
And when myne enemyes dyd me most assayle,
My frendes most sure, wherein I set most trust,
Myne owne vertues, soonest then dyd fayle
And stood aparte; reason and wytt unjoste,
As kyn unkynde, were fardeste gone at nede:
So had they place ther venome out to thruste,
That sought my death by naughty worde and dede.
Ther tonges reproche, their wit dyd frawde applye,
And I, lyke deaf and dum, forthe my waye yede,
Lyke one that heres not, nor hath to replve
One worde agayne: knowyng that from thyne
hande [plye

These thynges procede, and thou, Lord, shalt sup-
My trust in that, wherein I stycke and stande.
Yet have I had greate cause to dreade and feare,
That thou wouldeste geve my foes the our hande;
For in my fal they shewed sube plesaunte chere.
And therewythal I alway in the lashe
Abyde the stroke; and with me every where
I beare my faulte, that gratefully doth abashe
My doleful cheare; for I my faulte confesse,
And my deserte dothe al my comforte dashe.
In the mene whyle mine enemyes still increase;
And my prouokers hereby dou augmente,
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:
In euell for good acaynste me they be benne.
And bynder sial my good persuyte of grace.
Loo! now, my God, that seest my whole entente!
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;
Porsake me not, be not far from me gone.
Haste to my helpe: haste, Lord, and haste apace,
O Lord, the Lord of al my health alone.

THE ACTOUR.

LYKE as the pylgrime, that in a longe way
Faintinge for heate, prouoked by some wynde,
In some freshe shade lyeth downe at middes of day:
So dothe of Dauid the wery voyce and uynde
Take breathe of syghes, when he had songe thys
laye,

Under suche shade as sorowe hath assynde:
And as the one styll myndes hys vyage ende,
So dothe the other to mercy styll pretende.

On honour cordes hys fingers he extendes,
Without hearyng the judgement of the sounde:
Downe from hys eyes a streame of teares descendes,
Without felynge, that tryckeill on the grounde.
As he that hlydes in vayne ryghte so intendes
Thattred senses to that they are bounde.
But syghe and wepe he can none other thyng,
And loke up styll vnto the heauens kyng.

But who had ben withoute the caue mouthe
And hearde the teares and syghes that hym dyd
strayue,
He wold have sworne there had out of the southe
A luke-warme wynde brought forth a smoky rayne.
But that so close the caue was and unknowth
That none but God was record of hys payne,
Els hadde the wynde blownen in all Israell cares
Of theyr kyng the wofull playntie and teares.

Of which some part when he up supped had,
Lyke as he, whome hys owne thoughte afrayes,
He turnes hys loke: bym senyth that the shade
Of hys offence agayne hys force assayes
By vyolente dyspayre on hym to lade;
Stertyng lyke hyni, whom sodayn feare dismayes,
His voyce he straynes, and from his harte oute
bringes
Thys souge, that I note whether he cryeth or synges,

MISERERE MEI, DEUS. PSALM LI.

RUE on me, Lord, for thy goodnes and grace,
That of thy nature arte so bountifull;
For that goodness that in the worlde dothe brace
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderfull;
And for thy mercyes number withoute ende
In heauen and earth perceaued so plentifull,
That euer al they do themselves extende,
For those mercyes moche more then inan can synne
Do away my synnes, that so thy grace offende
Ofte tymes agayne. Washe, washe me well wythin,
And from my synne, that thus makes me afrayde,
Make thou me cleane, as aye thy worte hath bene.
For unto thee on nombre can be layde
For to prescribe remyssions of offence
In hartes returned, as thou thy selfe baste sayde:
And I beknowe my fault, my negligence:
And in my syght my synne is fixed faste,
Therof to have more perfect penytence.
To the alone, to the have I trespaste:
For none can measure my faulte but thou alone:
For in thy syght, I have not been agaste
For to offend: judging thy sight as none,
So that my faulte were bydde from syghte of man:
Thy maestyte so from my wynde was gone,
This knowe I, and repent: pardon thou than:
Wherby thou shalt kepe styll thy worde stable,
Thy iustyce pure and cleane, because that whan
I pardned am, that forthwith iustlye able
Iuste I am iudged by iustice of thy grace.
For I myselfe, loo! thyng moste vustable.
Forined in offence, concealed in lyke case,
Am noughte but synne from my natyuytie.
Be not these sayde for myne excuse, alas!
But of thy helpe to shewe necessitie:
For, loo! thou louest trithe of the inward harte,
Whych yet dothe lyue in my fidelitie
Thoughte I have fallen by frailtye ouerthwarte:
For wyfull malyce ledde me not the waye
So moche as bathie the fleshe drawn me aparte.
When fore, O Lorde, as thou baste done alwaye,
Teach me the bydden wysdom of thy lore;
Since that my faythe dothe not yet decaye.
And, as the ioyce to heale the lypper sore,
Wythe isoppe cleane, cleane me and I am cleane.
Thou shalt me washe, and more then snouwe
therefore
I shal be whyte, howe fowle my faulte hath bene.
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tydinges
bringe,
When from aboute remission shal be sene.
Descende on earth: then shalle for ioye upsprynge
The bones, that were before consumed to duste.
Looke not, O Lord! vpon myne offyndyng,
But do away my dedes, that are unjoste.
Make a cleane harte in the middell of my breste
Wyth spyryte uiryghte voyded from fylthye luste.
From thyne eyes cure caste me not in vireste,
Nor take from me thy spyryte of holynesse.

Render to me joye of thy helpe and beste: [nesse:
 My wylie confyrmæ wythe the spirite of stedfast-
 And by thys shall these godlye thynges ensue,
 Synners I shall into thy wayes address;e;
 They shall returne to the, and thy grace sue.
 My tongue shall prayse thy justification:
 My mouthe shall sprede thy glorious praises tue.
 But of thy selfe, O God, thys operation
 It must procede; by purgyng me from bloode,
 Amonge the iuste that I maye have relasyon:
 And of thy laudes for to let out the floodes,
 Thou muste, oh Lorde, my lyppes fyrste unlose.
 For yf thou bakkeste esteemed pleasaunt good
 The outwarde dedes, that outwarde men disclose,
 I wold have offered unto thee sacrifice:
 But thou deluytest not in soche glose
 Of outward deale, as men dreame and deuyse.
 The sacrifice that the Lorde lyketh moste
 Is spirite contryte: lowe harte in humble wyse
 Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasaunt hoste.
 Make Syon, Lorde, accordyng to thy will
 Inward Syon the Syon of the ghoste:
 Of hartes Jerusa! in strengthethe walles styll;
 Then shalt thou take for good the outwarde dedes,
 As a sacrifice thy pleasuræ to fulfill.
 Of thee alone thus all our good ꝑ recedes.

THE AUCTOR.

OF deape secretes, that Dauid then dyd synge,
 Of mercye, of fayth, of frailtie, of grace;
 Of Goddes goodnesse, and of justyfyinge
 The greatnes dyd so astony hym apace, [thynges?
 As who myghte saye, Who hath expressed thys
 I synner, I, what have I saide? alas!
 That Gods goodnesse wold in my songe entreate,
 Let me agayne consider and repeate.
 And so he duth, but not expressed by worde:
 But in hys harte he turneth oft and prayseth
 Eche word, that erste hys lyppes wygth feth
 aforle:

He pants, he pawseth, he wondreth, he prayseth
 The mercy, that hydethe of iustyce the sword:
 The iustyce, that so hys promyse complysbeth
 For hys woides sake to worthylys deserit,
 That gratis hys grace to men doth departe.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure
 Measureles mercye to measureles faulte,
 To prodygable synners infynite treasure,
 Treasure celestyall, that never shall defaulte:
 Ye, when that synne shall fayle, and may not
 dure, [assaute
 Mercy shall reigne, gaynste whome shall no
 Of hell preuayle: by whoine, loe! at thys daye
 Of heaven gates reynysson is the kaye.

And when Dauid had pondered wel and tryed,
 And seeth hymself not outterly depnyed
 Fr om lygth of grace, that darke of synne dyd hyde,
 He fyndeth hys hope moch therewith reuyed;
 He dare importune the Lorde on every syde,
 (For he knoweth wel that to mercy is ascribed
 Respectles labor) importune, cry, and call;
 And thus begynneth hys song there wythall.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM. PSALM CII.

LORD, heare my praier, and let my crye passe
 Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.
 Do not from me tourne thy merciful face,
 Unto mysalfe leauynge my government.

In time of trouble and aduersytye
 Enclnye unto me thyne care and thyne er:tant:
 And when I call, helpe my necessytye;
 Redely graunte theffecte of my desyre:
 These bold demaundes do please thy majestye:
 Aod eke my case soch baste doth well requyre.
 For lyke as smoke my dayes are past awaye,
 My bones dried up, as fornaice with the fyre:
 My harte, my mynde is wythered up lyke haye:
 Because I have forgtt to take my breade,
 My breade of lyfe, the worde of truth, I saye.
 And for my playtful syghes and for my dreade,
 My bones, my strength, my very force of mynde
 Cleued to the fleshe, and from the spirit were fledde,
 As desperate thy mercye for to fynde.
 So made I me the solen pellycane,
 And lyke the owle, that fleyth by proper kynde
 Lygth of the day, and hath herself betane
 To ruine lyfe oute of all companye,
 Wyth waker care, that with this woo beganne,
 Lyke the sparowe was I solyterrye,
 That syttes alone under the houses caves.
 This whyle my foes conspyred contynually,
 And dyd prouoke the harme of my dyssease.
 Wherefore lyke ashes my bread dyd me savor;
 Of thy iust word the tast might not me please:
 Wherefore my drynk I tempered with lycor
 Of wepyng teares, that from myne eyes dyd rayne,
 Because I knowe the wrath of thy furour,
 Prouoked by right, had of my pryde dysdayne.
 For thou dyddest lyfte me up to throwe me downe:
 To teach me howe to knowe my selfe agayne:
 Whereby I knewe that helpeles I shuld drowne.
 My dayes like shadowe declyne, and I doo cry:
 And the for ever eternitie dothe crowne;
 Worlde wythoute ende doth last thy memory.
 For thys frailtie, that yoketh all mankynde,
 Thou shalt awake, and rue this mysereye:
 Rue on Syon. Syon that as I fynde
 Is the people that lyue under thie lawe.
 For now is tyme, the tyme at hande assynde,
 The tyme so longe that thy seruantes drawe
 In great desyre to se that pleasaunte daye:
 Daye of redeynge Syon from synnes awe.
 For they have ruthe to see in suche decaye
 In duste and stones thys wretched Syon lore.
 Then the Gentiles shall dreade thy name alwaye:
 All earthly kynges thy glory shall honour,
 Then when thy grace thy Syon thus r:demeth,
 When thus thou hast declared thy myghtie pow:r.
 The Lorde bis servauntes wyshe so estemeth,
 That he hym turnetbe vnto the poores request.
 To our dyscent this to be written semeth.
 Of all comforts as consolacyon beste:
 And they, that then shalbe regenerate,
 Shall prayse the Lord therefore both moste and leste.
 For he hath lokte from the height of hys estate,
 The Lorde from heaveu in earth hath lookte ou, us,
 To heare the mone of them that are a gate
 In fowle bondage: to lose and to discus
 The sonnes of deathe oute from theyre deadly
 Too gyve thereby occasion gloriously [bonde;
 In thys Syon hys holye name to stonde,
 Aud in Jerusalem hys landes lastynge aye,
 When in one churche the people of the londe
 And realmes her gathered to serve, to laude, to
 The Lorde above so iuste aud merciful. [pray
 But to this samble runninge in the waye,
 My strengthe fayleth to reache it at the full.
 He hath abreged my dayes, they may not dure

To se that terme, that terme so wonderfull:
 All though I haue with hartie will, and cure,
 Prayed to the Lord, Take me not, Lord, away
 In middes of my yeares; though thyne ever sure
 Remayne eterne, whome tyne can not decaye.
 Thou wroughtest the earth; thy handest the heauens
 dyd make:

Thy shall peryshe, and thou shalt laste alwaye:
 And all thynges age shall were and ouertake,
 Lyke clothe, and thou shalt chaunge them lyke
 apparell,

Tourne, and translate, and thou in wroth it take;
 But thou thy selfe thy self remainest well
 That thou wast erste, and shalt thy yeares extende.
 Then, sens to thys there maye no thyng: rebelle,
 The greateste comforte that I can pretende,
 Is that the children of thy seruantes deare,
 That in this word are gotte, shall wythout eude
 Before thy face be stabliste all in fere.

THE AUCTOR.

WHEN Dauid hadde perceaued in hys breste
 The spryte of God retourne, that was exyled,
 Because he knewe he hath alone expreate
 These same great thynges, that greater spyryte
 compyled:

As shawme or pipe lettes out the sounde impreste,
 By musykes arte forged to-fore and fyled:
 I saye when Dauid hadde perceaued this,
 The spirite of comfort in hym reuyued is,
 For thereupon he maketh argumente
 Of reconсылng vnto the Lordes grace:
 Al though somtyme to prophcy have lente
 Bothe brute beastes, and wycked hartes a place.
 But oure Dauid iudgeth in hys entente
 Hym selfe by penance cleane out of thys case,
 Whereby he hathe remyssyon of offence,
 And gynnth to alowe hys payne and penitence.

But when he wayeth the fault, and recompence,
 He dampneth this hys dede and fyndeth playne
 Atwene them two no whytt equialence:
 Whereby he takes all outwarde dede in vayne
 To beare the name of ryghtfull penitence:
 Whych is alone the harte returned agayne,
 And sore contryte, that doth hys fault bemone;
 And outward dede the sygne or frute alone.

Wyth thys he dothe defende the slye assaulte
 Of vayne alloweance of hys owne deserte:
 And all the glorie of hys forgeuen faulte
 To God alone he dothe it hole couverte:
 Hys owne meryte he fyndethe in defaulte:
 And whyles he pondreth these thynges in hys harte.
 Hys knee, hys arme, hys hande susteyncd hys
 chinne,
 When he hys songe agayne thus dyd begynne.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.
PSALM CXXI.

FROM depth of synne, and from a depe dyspayre,
 From depth of death, from depth of bartessorrowe,
 From this depe caue, of darknes depe repayre,
 Thee have I calde, O Lorde, to be my borowe.
 Thou in my voyce, O Lorde, perceaued and heare
 My harte, my hope, my playnte, my ouerthrowe,
 My will to ryse: And let by graunte appeare,
 That to my voyce thyne ears do well attende:
 No place so farre, that to the is not near;
 Now depte the so depe, that thou ne mayste extende

Thyne eare therto; heare then my wofull playnte:
 For, Lord, yf thou observe what men offende,
 And putte thy natyue mercye in restreynte:
 Yf iuste exactyon demaunde reconpence:
 Who maye endure, O Lorde? Who shall not fainte
 At soche accompte? so drode, not reuerence
 Should raigne at large. But thou sekest rather
 For in thy hande is mercyes resydence: [loue;
 By hope whereof thou doeste oure hartes eke mour.
 I in the Lorde haue sette my confydence:
 My soule soche truste doth euermore approue:
 Thy holy worde of eterne excellence,
 Thy mercyes promyse, that is all-waye iuste,
 Haue ben my staye, my piller, and defence.
 My soule in God hath more desyrous truste,
 Then bath the watchmen loking for the daye,
 For his relief, to quenche of slepe the thirst.
 Lette Israell truste vnto the Lord alwaye;
 For grace and fauor are hys propertie:
 Plenteouse ransome shall come with hym, I saye,
 And shall redeme all our iniquitie.

THE AUCTOR.

THYs worde Redeme, that in his mouthe dyd
 Dyd putte Dauid, it semeth unto me, [sounde,
 As in a traunce, to star vpon the grounde,
 And with hys thoughte the hyghte of heauen to see:
 Where he behoides the Worde that sholde confounde
 The worde of death, by humility to be
 In mortall Mayde, in mortall habite made,
 Eternitye in mortal vayle to shade.

He seyth that worde, when ful rype tyme
 shulde come,
 Doo awaye that vayle by feruente affection,
 Torne off wyth deathe, for deathe shulde haue her
 And lepeh lyghter from soche corruption: [dome,
 The glute of lyghte, that in the ayre dothe ioure,
 Man reddeemeth, death hathe her destruction:
 That mortall vayle hathe immortalitie;
 To Dauid assurauce of hys iniquitie.

Wherby he frames thys reason in hys harte:
 That goodnes, which doth not forebare hys sonne
 From death for me, and can therby conuerte
 My death to lyfe, my synne to saluation,
 Bothe can and will a smaller grace departe
 To hym, that sueth by humble supplication:
 And syns I baue hys larger grace assayle,
 To aske thys thyng why am I then affrayde?

He graunteth most to them that most do crane,
 And he delygtes in suit wythoute respect.
 Alas! my sonne pursues me to the graue,
 Suffered by God my synne for to correcte.
 But of my synne, syns I may pardon haue,
 My sonnes pursuete shall shortely be reiccte:
 Then will I craue wyth sure confydence.
 And thus begynneth the sate of hys pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.
PSALM CXLIII.

HEARE my prayer, O Lord: heare my requeste:
 Complyshe my boone: answer to my desyre.
 Not by desert, but for thyne owne behest:
 In whose firme truth thou promist myne empyre
 To stande stable: and after thy iustyce,
 Performe, O Lorde, that thyng that I requyre.
 But not of law after the forme and guise
 To enter iudgment wythe thie thrall-bonde slaue,
 To plede hys right; for in such maner wyse
 Before thy syghte noo man hys ryghte shall saue.

For of my self, lo! thys my ryghteousnesse
 By scourge, and whyppe, and prickynge spurses, I
 Scant rysen up, such is my beastlines: [haue
 For that myne enemye hathe pursued my lyfe,
 And in the duste hathe soyled my lustynes;
 To forreyne realmes, to flec hys rage so ryfe,
 He hathe me forste: as deade to hyde my heade.
 And for bycause, within my self at strife, [dedde,
 My harte, and spirite, wythe all my force, ware
 I had recourse to times that have ben paste,
 And dyd remember thy deades in al my drede,
 And dyd peruse thy worckes that euer last:
 Whereby I knew above these wonders al
 Thy mercyes were; then lyfte I up in hast
 My handes to thee; my soule to the dyd call,
 Lyke barren soyle, for moyster of thy grace.
 Haste to my helpe, O Lord, afore I fall:
 For sure I fell my spyrite doth fainte apace.
 Turne not thy face from me that I be layde
 In count of them that headlyng downe doo passe

Into the pyt: Shewe me betimes thyne ayde,
 For on thy grace I wholly do depende:
 And in thy hand since all my health is stayed,
 Do me to know what way, thou wylte, I bende:
 For vnto the I have raiseid up my mynde,
 Rydde me, oh Lorde, from them that do entende
 My foes to be; for I have me assigned
 Always wythin thy secret protectyon.
 Teache me thy wyl, that I by the may fynde
 The waye to worke the same in affectyon:
 For thou, my God, thy blessed spirite upryght
 In laude of truthe shall be my dyrectyon.
 Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalte reuiue my spyrite
 Wythin the ryghte, that I receiue by the:
 Whereby my lyfe of daunger shall be quyte.
 Thou haste fordone the great inqjuyte,
 That vext my soule: thou shalt also confounde
 My foes, oh Lorde, for thy benignitie;
 For thyne am I, thy servaunte aye most bounde.

END OF SIR THOMAS WYAT'S POEMS.

THE POEMS OF VNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

THE COMPLAINT OF A LOUER WITH SUTE TO HIS LOUE FOR PITIE.

If euer woefull man might moue your hartes to
 ruthe, [shall try his truth;
 Good ladies heare his woful plaint, whose deth
 And rightfull iudges be on this his true report,
 If he deserue a lover's name among the faithfull
 sort. [in the west;
 Five hundred times the sunne hath lodgde him
 Since in my hart I harbred first of all the good-
 liest gest, [faynt,
 Whose worthiness to shew, my wittes are all to
 And I lacke cunning of the scooles, in colours her
 to paynt.
 But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight,
 So voide of vice was neuer none, nor with such
 vertues freight. [her warres,
 And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with
 For where she comes, she shews her self, as sun
 among the starres. [parfittenesse,
 But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such
 And putte no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to
 redresse. [past,
 For if ye knew the paines and panges that I haue
 A wonder would it be to you, how that my life
 hath last. [bowe
 When all the gods agreed, that Cupide with his
 Should shot his arrowes from her eyes, on me his
 might to shew.
 I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,
 And well I wist it was no shame to yield to such a
 one: [mynde,
 Then did I me submit with humble hart and
 To be her man for euermore, us by the gods assinde.

And since that day, no wo, wherewith loue
 might torment,
 Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make
 me once repent:
 Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,
 The bitter teares, the scalding sighs, the burning
 hote desire; [hart;
 And with a sodain sigh the trembling of the
 And how the blood doth come and go, to succour
 euery part: [ayer,
 When that a pleasant looke hath lyft me in the
 A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe
 despayer. [hart,
 And when that I e're this, my tale could well by
 Aud that my tong had learned it, so that no word
 might start, [stay,
 The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a
 That to be lord of all the world, one word I could
 not say. [pinched so,
 And many a sodayn crampe my hart bath
 That for the time my sences all, felt neither weale
 nor wo. [content,
 Yet saw I neuer thing that might my miude
 But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so
 consent: [please,
 Nor neuer heard of wo that did her will dis-
 But wisht the same vnto my self, so it might do
 her ease. [face,
 Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked
 Unless it did resemble her, or some part of her
 grace.
 No distance yet of place could us so farre de-
 uide,
 But that my hart, and my good will did still with
 her abide.

Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put that swete out of my thought one minute
of an howre. [wynde:

No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnesse of the
Nor cannons with their thundring cracks could
put her from my minde; [set,

For when both sea and land asunder had vs
My whole delite was only then, my self alone to
get; [gesse,

And thitherward to looke, as nere as I could
Where as I thought that she was then, that might
my wo redresse. [winde,

Full oft it did me good that waies to take my
So pleasant ayre in no place els methought I
could not finde;

I saying to myself my life is yonder way;
And by the winde I haue her sent a thousand
sighes aday; [geuen thee,

And sayd unto the sunne, great giftes are
For thou mayst see mine earthly blisse, where-
euer that she be. [thy might

Thou seest in euery place, woulde God I had
And I the ruler of my self, then should she know
no night. [been at stryfe,

And thus from wish to wish, my wittes haue
And wanting all that I haue wisht, thus haue I led
my life,

But long it cannot last, that in such wo remaines;
No force for that, for death is swete to him that
feles such paines: [graue,

Yet most of all me greues, when I am in my
That she shall purchase hy my death a cruel
name to haue. [it see

Wherefore all you that hear this plaint, or shall
Wish that it may so perce her hart that she may
pitie me; [best

For aud it were her will, for both it were the
To saue my life, to kepe her nature, and set my
hart at rest.

A Cato for his counsell, his hel was surely such,
Ne Theseus frendship was so great, but Deuorox
was as much. [to bring,

A graffe of so small grothe, so much good frute
Is seldome hearde, or neuer sene, it is so rare a
thing.

A man sent vs from God, his life did well declare,
And now sent for by God again, to teach us
what we are. [that liue,

Death and the graue, that shall accompany all
Hath brought him heuen, though somewhat sone,
which life could neuer give,

God graunt wel all that shall professe as he profest,
To liue so well, to dye no worse; aud send his
soule good rest.

THEY OF THE MEANE ESTATE ARE
HAPPIEST.

If right be rackt and ouerrone,
And power take part with open wrong:
If feare by force do yelde to soone,
The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shal be vnplacd,
If right for riches lose his shape,
If world for wisdome be embraced;
The gesse is great, much hurt may hap.

Among good things I proue and finde
The quiet life doth most abound:
And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content;
Rule is enuy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impacient,
And seldom likes to liue in peace.

I heard a herdman once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo mery daies to spare,
Then he which ought the beastes he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I meane to teache,
Nor yet to learne the faulcon fly:
I row not so farre past my teache.

But as my part about the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will;
So tyll my breath shall fail my brest,
I will not cease to wish you still.

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The life is long, that lothsomly doth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;
Th epresent pangues and painfull plagues forepast
Yelde grieffe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I feele, in this great storme and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to know
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the way, vpon how feble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

OF THE DEATH OF MASTER DEUOROX,
THE LORD FERRES SONNE.

Who iustly may reioyce in ought vnder the skeye,
As life or lands, as freudes, or fruites which only
live to dye? [are vaine,

Or who doth not well know all worldly workes
And geueth nought but to thee lendes to take the
same again?

For though it lift some vp as we long vpward all,
Such is the sort of slipper welth, all things do rise
to fall.

Thuncertaintie is such, experience teacheth so,
That what things men do couet most them son-
est they forgo. [so dere,

Lo Deuorox where he lieth, whose life men held
That now his death is sorowd so, that pitie it is
to heare. [fame,

His birth of auintient blood his parents of great
Aud yet in vertue farre before the foremost of the
same. [gayne,

His king and countrye bothe he serude to so great
That with the Brutes record doth rest, and euer
shall remaine.

No man in warre so mete an enterprise to take;
No man in peace that pleasurde more of enimies
frends to make.

The pleasant yeres that seme so swift that runne,
The merry dayes to end so fast that flete,
The ioyfull nightes of which day daweth so soone,
The happy howers which mo do miss then mete,
Do all consume as snowe against the sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begonne.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dred death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alway last,
Without reuerde the Lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on row
Though how, or when the Lord alone doth know.

If man would minde what burthens life doth
bring
What greuous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plagcs, what pangcs, what perilles, therby
With no sure hower in all his daies to sit: [springe
He would sure think as with great cause I do,
The day of death wer better of the two.

Death is a port wherby we pass to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in payn,
Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayn:
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was fredom wrought.

Wherefore, with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To be dissolde of this foule fleshly usse;
Or at least be arme against the day,
That they be found good souldiers prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life again,
To such a life, as ener shall remain.

THE TALE OF PYGMALION, WITH CON- CLUSION V'PON THE BEAUTIE OF HIS LOUE.

In Grece sometime there dwelt a man of worthy
fame, [his name]
To graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was
To make his fame endure, when death had him
beraft, [work were left].
He thought it good of his own hand some filed
In secrete study then such work he gan devise
As might his cunning best commend, and please
the lookers eyes.

A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for
the field [spear and shield].
And on his back a semely knight well arm'd with
Or els some fute or fish to graue he did devise
And still within his wandring thoughtes new fancies
did arise.

Thus varied he in minde what enterprise to take
Till fancy moued his learned hand a woman fayre
to make. [fourme to frame]
Whereon he stayde, and thought such perfite
Whereby he might amaze all Grece, and winne
immortal name.

Of yvorie white he made so faire a woman than
That nature seem'd her perfitness so taught by
craft of man. [face,

Wel shaped were her lins, full comly was her
Eche little vain most lively coucht, eche part had
semely grace. [great strife

Twixt nature and Pigmalion, there might appere
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing
but life.

His curious eye beheld his own denised work,
And gasing oft thereon, he found much venome
there to lurk;

For all the featurde shape so did his fancie moue
That with his idoll whom he made, Pigmalion fell
in loue; [garlandes swete

To whom he honour gaue, and decked with
And did adourn with iewells rich, as is for louers
mete. [would cry,

Sometimes on it he fawn'd, sometime in rage
It was a wonder to behold, how fany beard his eye.

Since that this ymage dumme enflamed so wise a
man, [than;

My dere, alas, since I you loue, what wonder is it
In whom hath nature set the glory of her name
And brake her moule in great dispaire, your like
she coulde not frame.

THE LOUER SHEWETH HIS WOFULL STATE AND PRAIETH PITTIE.

LYKE as the lark within the Marlians foote,
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay:
So sing I now, seyng no other boote
My rendering song and to your will obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye,
And with your beautie seased I am so sure,
That there auailles resistance none in me,
But patiently your pleasure to endure.
For on your will my fany shall attend,
My life, my death, I put both in your choyce;
And rather had my life by you to end,
Then liue, by other alwayes to reioyce:
And if your crueltie do thirst my blood,
Then let it forth if it may do you good.

V'PON CONSIDERATION OF THE STATE OF THIS LIFE HE WISHETH DEATH.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater paine;
The greater paine, the lesse defence;
My lesse defence, the lesser gaine;
The losse of gaine long yll doth trye,
Wherfore come death and let me dye.

The shorter life, lesse count I finde,
The lesse account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merier mind,
The merry mynd doth thought euade;
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of life, the ioyful fare,
The ioyful fare, the end of strife:
The end of strife, that thing wishe I.
Wherfore come death, and let me dye.

THE LOUER THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOUE, IS NOW BECOME SUBIECT BEING CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

To this song geve care who list
And mine intent iudge as ye wyl,
The time is come that I haue mist
The thing wherou I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all my trust,
Mishap hath throwen me in the dust.

The time hath bene and that of late,
My hart aud I might leap at large,
And was not shut within the gate
Of loue's desire, nor toke no charge
Of any thing that did pertaine,
As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was lyght,
I marked not, who lost, who saught,
I played by day, I slept by nyght,
I forced not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such thinges was free,
And I my self at libertie.

I toke no hede to tauntes nor toys
As leef to see them frowne as smyle,
Where fortune laught I scornde their ioyes
I found their fraudes and euery wyle,
And to my selfe oft times I smiled,
To see how loue had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
That Cupide laide for his disport;
And euer as I saw them caught
I them beheld and thereat laught.

Tyll at the length when Cupide spied
My scornful wyll and spitefull vsce,
And how I past not who was tyed
So that my self might still liue lose,
He set him selfe to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a baite.

Such one as nature neuer made
I dare well say saue she alone;
Such one she was as would inuade
A hart more hard then marble stone;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze
When vse of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze,
And soderinly, without delay
Or euer I had the wit to loke
I swallowed vp both bait and hoke.

Which dayly greues me more and more
By sundry sortes of careful wo;
And none aliuie may saue the sore
But onely she that hurt me soe:
In whom my lyfe dothe now consist
To saue or slay me as she list.

But seing now that I am caught,
And bounde so fast, I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine ensample taught
That in your fancies fele you free;
Despise not them that louers are
Lest you be caught within his snare.

OF FORTUNE AND FAME.

THE plage is great, where Fortune frownes,
One mischief brings a thousand woes,
Where trumpets geue their warlike sownes,
The weake susteine sharp overthrowes;
No better life they tast and fele
That subiect are to Fortunes whele,

Her happy chauce may last no time;
Her pleasure threatneth paines to come.
She is the fall of those that clime;
And yet her whele avanceth some:
No force, where that she hates or loues,
Her fickle minde so oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as fast;
She soone repentes a thankful dede;
She turneth after euery blast;
She helpes them oft, that haue no nede;
Where power dwelles, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common gest.

Yet some affirme and proue by skyl,
Fortune is not a being Fame,
She neither cau do good nor yll;
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name,
Then we hut strius against the streames,
To frame suche ioyes on fancies dreames.

If she haue shape or name alone;
If she do rule or beare no sway;
If she haue bodie, life or none,
Be she a sprite I can not say:
But well I wot, some cause there is,
That causeth wo, and sendeth blisse.

The causes of things I will not blame,
Lest I offende the prince of peace:
But I may chide, and braule with Fame,
To make her crye and neuer cease:
To blowe the trumpe within her eares,
That may appease my wofull teares.

AGAINST WICKED TONGES.

O EUIL tonges, which clap at euery winde,
Ye slea the quicke, and ke the dead defame,
Those that liue well, some faute in them ye fynde;
Ye take no thought in slandering their good name,
Ye put iust men oft times to open shame:
Ye ryng so loude, ye sounde vnto the skyes,
And yet in prooffe, ye sow nothing but lyes.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay, (long;
Ye pluck downe right, ye do enhance the wrong;
Ye turne swete miith to wo and well away;
Of mischiefs all ye are the grounde I say.
Happy is he that liues ou such a fort,
That needs not fear such tonges of false report.

HELL TORMENTETH NOT THE DAMNED
GHOSTES SO SORE AS VNKINDNESS
THE LOUER.

THE restlesse rage of depe devouring hell;
The blasing brandes, that neuer doe consume;
The royrng route, in Plutoes den that dwell,
The fiery breath, that from those ympes doth fume,
The dropsy drowth, that Tantara in the flood
Endureth ay, all hopeless of reliefe,
He hungersteruen, where fruite is ready foode;
So wretchedly bis soule doth suffer grief:

The lier gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,
Which vultures fell with strained talant tyre,
The labour lost of wried Sisiphus,
These hellish boundes with paines of quenchless
Can not so sore the silly soules torment, [fire
As her vertruth my hart hath all to reut.

OF THE MUTABILITIE OF THE
WORLDE.

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to
finde [into my mind.
Such fansies, as my careful thought had brought
And when eche one was gone to rest full soft in
bed to lye [stil myne eye:
I would have slept, but then the watch did follow
And soderly I saw a sea of woful sorowes prest
Those wicked waies of sharp repulse bred mine
unquiet rest. [degree
I saw this world, and how it went, eche state in his
Aud that from wealth ygranted is, both life and
libertee. [price,
I saw how Enuy it did raine, and bear the greatest
Ye greater poyson is not founde within the cock-
atrice; [woe
I saw also, how that Disdaine oft times to forge my
Gauē me the cuppe of bitter swete to pledge my
mortal fo: [finde,
I saw also, how that Desire, to rest no place could
But still constraine in endlesse paine to follow
natures kinde. [forsake
I saw also most straunge of all, how Nature dyd
The bloud, that in her wombe was wrought, as
doth the lothed snake. [lust,
I saw how Fansie would retayne no lenger then her
Aud as the wind how she doth change, as is
not for to trust.
I saw how Stedfastnes did flee with winges of
oft-n change
A flyeing bird, but seldome sene, her nature is so
strange.
I saw how pleasant times did passe, as flowres do
in the mede,
To daie that riseth red as rose, to morowe falleth
ded. [glaesse,
I saw my time how it dyd ronne, as sande out of the
Euen as eche howre appointed is, from time and
tide to passe.
I saw the yeres that I had spent, and losse of all
my gayne,
And how the sport of youthful playes my foly did
retayne.
I saw how that the little ant in somer still doth
ronne
To seek her foode, wherby to live in wynter for
to come. [to spinne
I saw eke Vertue how she sate the threde of lyfe
Which sheweth the end of cuery worke before it
doth beginne. [pardy
And when all these I thus beheld, with many mo
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a per-
fite propertie. [be
And then I sayde unto my selfe a lesson this shall
For other, that shall after come, for to beware by
me. [might constraine
Thus all the night I did deuise, which way I
To forme a plot, that wit might worke these
branches in my brain.

HARPALUS COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIDAE'S
LOVE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO
LOUED HER NOT, AND DENIED HIM
THAT LOUED HER.

[This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574, in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by Uncertain Auctours. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherd's Calendar, this will be found far superior to any of those eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.—PERCY.]

PHYLLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful cleare.

But Phillida was al to coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlands make
Of couslips and of columbine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fildes:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong al unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhap had him long hacht,
In middes of his dispaire.

* First published in 1579.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlone was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreathe of wyllow tree.

His bestes he kept upon the hyl,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrows shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine vnhappy day,
By loue was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tygre to make tame,
That settis not by thy loue a leeke;
But makes thy grieve her gaine.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame;
As for to turne a frowarde bert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liueth carelesse:
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

My bestes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmauns sounde:
Whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastès wilde,
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithful makes.

The hart be feedeth by the hinder:
The bucke hard by the do:
The turtle doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cow bath the bull:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phylida, so faire:
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should haue part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I se therefore to shape my death
She cruely is prest
To th' end that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That she may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaire.

Of Corin that is carelesse,
That she may crave her fee:
As I haue done in great distresse,
That loued her faithfullye.

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But since that I shal die her slaue;
Her slaue, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my graue
This chauce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell loue now slaue:
Whom Phylida vnjustly thus,
Hath murdred with disdaine."

VPON SYR JAMES WYLFORDES DEATH.

Lo here the ende of man! the cruell sisters three
The web of Wylfordes lyfe uneth had half yspounne,
When rasbe upon misdeide they all accorded be
To breake vertues course ere half the race were
runne; [come,
And trip him on his way that els had wounne the
And bolden highest place within the house of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though sence with
him be past [nowne,
Which trode the cuen steppes that leaden to re-
We that remaine alieu ne suffer shall to waste
The fame of his desertes, so shall he lose but sowne;
The thing shall aye remaine, aye kept as fresh in
store [before.
As if his cares should ring of that he wrought

Waile not therfore bis want, sith he so left the
him be past [hands,
Of care and wretched lyfe, with ioy and clap of
Who plaieth lenger partes, may wel haue greater
age, [sandes,
But few so well may passe the gulfe of fortunes
So triedly did he trede, ay prest at vertues beck,
That fortune found no place to geue him once a
check.

The fates haue rid him hence, who shal not
after go? [his fame,
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall
A gladsome thing it is, that ere he stept us fro,
Such mirroures he us left our lyfe thereby to frame,
Wherefore his praise shall last aye freshe in
Britons sight, [his light.
Till sun shall cease to shine and lend the earth

OF THE WRETCHEDNES IN THIS
WORLD.

WHO list to live vpright, and hold himself content,
Shall se such wonders in this world, as neuer erst
was sent, [sower,
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the
Such wandering here for worldly welth that loste is
in one houre.

And as the good or badde get up in hie degree,
So wades the world in right or wrong, it may none
other be; [them obey,
And loke what lawes they make, eche man must
And yoke himself with pacient heart, to driue
and draw that way.

Yet such as long ago, great rulers wer assinde,
Both liues and lawes are now forgot, and worne
clene out of minde.

So that by this I se no state on earth may last,
But as their tymes appointed be, to rise and fall
as fast.

D D

The goodes that gott'n be by good and iust desert;
 Yet vse them so that ready handes may helpe to
 spend the part: [store]
 For looke what heape thou hordest of rusty gold in
 Thine enemies shall waste the same, that neuer
 swat therefore.

THE REPENTANT SINNER IN DURANCE
 AND ADVERSITIE.

UNTO the living Lord for pardon do I pray,
 From whom I graunt, euen from the shell, I haue
 run still astray; [clar-]
 And other liues there none (my death shall well de-
 On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty
 folk's do fare:
 But thee, O Lord, alone, I haue offended so,
 That this small scourge is much to scaut for mine
 offence I know. [best,
 I ranne without r turne the way the world lykte
 And what I ought most to regard, that I respected
 lest.
 The throng wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in
 such case, [grace.
 That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater
 My giltes are growne soe great, my power doth
 so appaire, [much dispaire.
 That with great force they argue oft, and mercy
 But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
 Where there is helpe for euery hurt, and salve
 for euery sore,
 My lost time to lament, my vaine waies to bewaile,
 No day, no night, no place, no hower, no moment
 I shall faile,
 My soule shall neuer cease with an assured faith,
 To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to thee for
 helpe, which saith, [it is;
 Knocke and it shal be heard, but aske, and giuen
 And all that lyke to kepe this course, of mercy
 shall not misse:
 For when I call to minde how the one wandring
 shepe [flock did kepe:
 Did bring more joy with his returne, than all the
 It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and
 wandring ghost [were neuer lost.
 Shal be receiued and held more dere, then those
 O Lord my hope behold, and for my helpe make
 haste [past,
 To pardon the forepassed race that carelesse I haue
 And but the day draw neare that death must pay
 the det
 For loue of life which thou hast lent and time of
 painment set, [is at hande,
 From this sharpe showre me shielde, which threatned
 Whereby thou shalt great power declare, and I the
 storme withstand.
 Not my will Lord but thine, faulde be in eche case,
 To whose aret will and mighty power all poweis
 shall once geue place.
 My faith, my hope, my trust, my God, and eke
 my gyude [the body bide:
 Stretch forth thy hande to saue the soule, what so
 Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast
 bought, [sought.
 For but by thee alone I know all safetie in vain is
 I know and knowledg eke, albeit very late,
 That thou it is I ought to loue and dreade in eche
 estate,

And with repentant hart, to laude thee, Lorde on
 bye
 That hast so gently set me straight, that erst
 walkte so awry.
 Now graunt me grace my God, to stande thine
 strong in sprete,
 And let the world then worke such waies, as to
 the world senes mete.

THE LOUER HERE TELLETH OF HIS
 DIVERS JOIES, AND ADVERSITIES IN
 LOUE, AND LASTLY OF HIS LADIES
 DEATH.

SVTH singing gladdeth oft the harts,
 Of them that fele the panges of loue;
 And for the while doth ease their smart,
 My self I shall the same way proue.

And though that loue hath smit the stroke
 Whereby is lost my libertie
 Which by noe means I may rouoke,
 Yet shall I sing, how pleasantly:

Nye twenty years of youth I past,
 Which all in libertie I spent;
 And so from first vnto the last,
 Ere aught I knew what louing ment.

And after shall I sing the wo,
 The paine, the grief, the deadly smart;
 When loue this life did ouerthrowe,
 That hidden lyes within my hart.

And then, the joyes that I did feele,
 When fortune lifted after this;
 And set me hie vpon her whele,
 And change me to pleasant blisse.

And so the sodein fall againe,
 From all the joyes that I was in;
 All you that list to hear of paine,
 Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.

Loe first of all when loue began
 With hote desires my heart to burne,
 Me thought, his might auaike not than,
 From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free, and did not know
 How much his might mans heart may greue,
 I had profest to be his fo,
 His law I thought not to beleue.

I went vnto in lusty leas;
 I had my wish alwaies at will;
 Ther was no wo, might me displease,
 Of pleasant ioies I had my fill.

No painful thought did pass my hart,
 I spilt no teare to wet my brest;
 I knew no sorrow, sigh, nor smart,
 My greatest grief was quiet rest.

I brake no slepe, I tossed uot,
 Nor did delite to sit alone;
 I felt no change of colde and hote,
 Nor nought a nightes could make me none.

For al was joy that I did fele,
And of voyde wandring I was free;
I had no clogge tyde at my hele,
Thus was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinks it is a blisse,
To think vpon that pleasure past;
But forth withall I finde the misse,
For that it might no lenger last.

Those dayes I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie;
Till that my hart was set a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie.

For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, heare my harme bow it began;
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my fredome than.

And through mine eye into my hart,
All sodeinly I felt it glide;
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my side

The head (alas) doth still remaine;
And yet since could I neuer know
The way to wring it out againe;
Yet was it nie thre yere ago.

This sodein stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore;
But yet I thought it would haue past,
As other such had done before.

But it did not, that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought
The stroke abode, that yet I see
Methinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me straight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfectly,
Yet thought I thus; nought shall me moue
I wil not thrall my libertie.

And diuers wayes I did assay,
By flight, by force, by frend, by fo
This fierie thought to put away;
I was so loth for to forgo

My libertie, that me was leuer
Then bondage was; where I hard say,
Who once was bound, was sure neuer
Without great paine to scape away.

But what for that, that was noe choice
For my mishap was shapen so;
That those my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my bliss to bitter wo.

For with that stroke my blisse toke ende,
Insteade wherof forthwith I caught
Hotte burning sighes, that sins haue bred
My wretched hart almost to nought.

And sin that day, O Lord, my life,
The misery that it hath felt,
That nought hath had, but wo and strife
And hotte desires my hart to melt.

O Lord, how sodein was the change,
From such a pleasant liberty;
The very thraldome semed strange,
But yet there was no remedy.

But must yeld and geve up all,
And make my guide my chefest fo;
And in this wise became I thrall,
Lo love and happe would haue it so.

I suffered wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leau to ronne
And neuer would seke for redresse,
But hope to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it knowe;
Thus drank I all myne own disease,
Aud all along beyawlyde my wo.

There was no sight that might me please,
I fled from them that did reioyce;
And oft alone, my hart to ease,
I would bewaile with woful voyce

My life, my state, my misery;
And curse my selfe and all my daies:
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And sought my help none other waies.

Saue sometime to my self alone,
When farre of was my helpe, God wot,
Lowde would I crie, My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wisht I streight that death might end
These bitter panges, and al this grief;
For nought, me thought, might it amend
Thus in dispaire to haue reliefe.

I lingred forth, till I was brought
With pining in so piteous case,
That al, that saw me, sayd, me thought,
Lo death is painted in hys face.

I went no where, but by the way
I saw some sight before mine eyes
That made me sigh, aud oftimes say,
My life, alas, I thee despise.

Thys lasted well a yere, and more,
Which no wight knew, but onely I;
Soe that my life was nere forelore,
And I dispaired vtterly.

Till, on a day, as fortune would,
(For that, that shall be nedes must fal)
I set me down, as though I should
Haue ended them my life and al.

And as I sat to write my plaint,
Meaning to shew my great vnrest,
With quaking hand, and hart ful faint
Amid my playntes among the rest,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares,
I am not mine, I am not mine;
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I dye the losse is thine.

Herewith a little hope I caught
That for a while my life did stay;
But in effect, all was for nought;
Thus liued I still, til on a day

As I sat staring on those eyes,
Those shining eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought tho cryed, Aryse,
Lo, mercy, where it may be found.

And therewith all I drew me nere,
With feble hart, and at a braide
(But it was softly in her care)
Mercy, madame, was all I saide.

But woe was me, when it was told,
For therewithall fainted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde
And hear the iugment of my death.

But loue nor hap would not cōsent
To end me then, but well away
There gaue me blisse, that I repent
To thinke I liue to see this day.

For after this I plained still,
So long, and in so piteous wise,
That I my wish had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise.

But Lord whoeuer hard or knew
Of half the joy that I felt than?
Or who can think it may be true
That so much blisse had euer man?

Lo, fortune thus set me aloft;
And more my sorowes to releue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft
As much as loue or happe might geue.

The sorowes old, I felt before
About my hart, were druen thence;
And for eche grief, I left afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.

Then thought I all the time wel spent
That I in plaint had spent so long;
So was I with my life content
That to my selfe I sayd among;

Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
To shew thy ioyes set forth thy voice,
Aud sins thou hast thy wish at will
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo
Then by my song may well be tolde:
And thinking on my passed wo
My blisse did double manifolde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare;
In such estate my ioyes then stode
That of a change I had no feare.

But why sing I so long of blisse?
It lasteth not, that will away;
Let me therefore bewaile the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none
That led his life more pleasantly,
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
Methought, so well at ease, as I.

But O blinde ioy, who may thee trust?
For noe estate thou canst assure:
Thy faithful vowes prove al unist,
Thy fair behestes be full vnure.

Good prooffe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty daies ago,
Which thought my life was in such state,
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of mine ease,
Cruel misbappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuised me such cruel spight.

That from the hiest place of all
As to the pleasing of my thought,
Downe to the deepest am I fall,
And to my helpe auaileth nought.

Lo, thus are al my ioyes quite gone,
And I am brought from happinesse
Continually to waile and mone;
Lo, such is fortunes stablesse.

In welth I thought such suertie
That pleasure should haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduersitie
Doth make my singing cease for euer.

O! brittle ioye! O! welth vnstable!
O fraile pleasure, O sliding blisse
Who feles the most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserabile.

For all must end as doth my blisse.
There is none other certieutie,
And at the end the worst is hys
That most hath known prosperitie.

For he that never blisse assayed
May wel away with wretchednesse,
But he shall finde that hath it sayd
A pain to part with pleasantesse;

As I do now; for ere I knew
What pleasure was, I felt no grief
Like unto this, and it tis tren
That blisse hath brought me al this mischief.

But yet I haue not songen how
This mischief came, but I intend
With woful voice to sing it now,
And therewithal I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begon
I fele my sprites are vexed sore;
Oh! geue me breth till this be don,
And after let me liue no more.

Alas the eumy of this life,
The ender of al pleasantesse,
Alas he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all the welth
That brought my hart to happinesse,
This wicked death he came by stelh
And robde me of my ioyfulnessse.

He came, when that I litle thought
Of ought that might me vexe so sore,
And sodeinly he brought to nought
My pleasantesse for euer more.

He slew my ioy, alas the wretch!
He slew my ioy, ere I was ware;
And now alas, no might may stretch
To set an end to my great care.

For by this cursed deadly stroke
My blisse is lost, and I forlore;
And no help may the losse reuoke,
For lost it is for euer more.

And closed vp are those faire eyes
That gaue me first the signe of grace,
My faire sweete foes, mine enemies
And earth doth hide her pleasant face.

The loke which did my life rphold,
And all my sorowes did confound,
With which more blasse then may be told,
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But cease, for I will sing no more,
Since that my harm hath no redresse;
But as a wretche for euermore
My life will waste with wretchednesse.

And ending thys my wofull song,
Now that it ended is and past,
I would my life were but as long
And that this word might be my last.

For lothsome is that life (men say)
That liketh not the liuers minde;
Lo, thus I seke mine owne decay
And will, till that I may it finde.

OF HIS LOUE NAMED WHITE.

FULL faire and white she is, and White by name,
Whose white doth striue the lilies white to staine;
Who may contemne the blast of black defame,
Who in darke night can bring day bright againe;
The ruddy rose unpreseth with clere hew
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gaser may that beuty reew,
And fele disparat in limms the chilling cold,
For white, all white bis bloodless face will be,
The ashey pale so alter will his cheare.
But I that do possesse in full degree
The hartie love of this my hart so deare,
So oft to me as she presents her face
For ioy do fele my hart spring from hys place.

OF THE LOUERS VNQUIET STATE.

WHAT thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good will graunted, yet it is denied;
How may I be receiued and put a backe;
Alwaye doing, and yet vnoccupied:
Most slow in that which I haue most aplyed,
Still thus to seke, and lese all that I win
And that was doon is newest to begin.
In riches finde I wilful pouertie,
In great pleasure, lue I in heauinesse;
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse;
And in few wordes, if that I shall be plaine
In paradise I suffer all this paine.

WHERE GOOD WYLL IS, SOME PROFE
WYLL APPERE.

It is no fire that geues no heate
Though it appere neuer so hot;
And they that runne and cannot sweate
And very leane and drie, God wot.

A perfect leche applieth his wittes
To gather herbes of all degrees,
And feuers with there feruent fittes
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will search to finde a vent,
Although the cask be sett so strong;
And wit wyll walke when wyll is bent,
Although the way be neuer so long.

The rabbetes runne under the rockes,
The snailles doe clime the highest towers,
Gunpouder cleaues the sturdy blockes;
A feruent will all things deuoures.

When Wyt with Will and Diligent
Applie themselves, and match as mates,
There can no want of resident
From force defend the castell gates.

Forgetfulnesse makes little haste,
And slouth delightes to lye full soft;
That telleth the draf, his tale doth wast,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE PICTURE OF
SIR IAMES WILFORD, KNT.

ALAS that euer death such vertues should forlet,
As compast was within his corps, whose picture is
here set!
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
Through depe disdain to end his life, that was so
worthy a wight!
For sythe he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion than he was, yet England
neuer had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthines in writing to
remaine, [excell
That men to mind might call, how farre he did
At all assaies to winue the fame, which were to
long to tell. [runne
And eke the restless race that he full oft hath
In painful plight from place to place, where seruaice
was to don, [trouth,
Then should men well perceiue, my tale to be of
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature
wrought.

THE LADYE PRAYETH THE RETURNE
OF HER LOUER ABIDYNG ON THE SEAS.

SHALL I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere?
And shall I still complaine to thee, the which me
will not here?
Alas, saie nay, saie nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and saie that
thou wilt come. [a lues man bee.
That thou wilt come, thy word so sware, if thou
The roaring luyg waues, they threaten my pore
ghost, [be lost,
And toss thee vp and downe the seas, in danger to
Shall they not make me feare that they haue
swallowed thee? [to me,
But as thou art most sure aliuie, so wilt thou come
Wherby I shall go se thy shippe ride on the strand,
And think and say, lo where he comes, and sure
here wyll he land.

And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hand,
 And thou wilt thinke thee heart in ease, in
 helth to see me stand.
 And if thou come iudele (as Christ thee sende to
 doe) [brace thee to
 Those arms which misse thee yet, shall then em-
 Eche vain to euery joint, the liuely blood shal
 spread, [full pale and dead.
 Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth shew
 But if thou slip thy trouth, and do not come at
 all [I shall;
 As minutes in the clock do strike, so call for death
 To please both thy false hart, and rid my selfe
 from wo, [so.
 That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forsaken

THE MEANE ESTATE IS BEST.

THE doutfull man hath feuers strange,
 And constant hope is oft disease;
 Dispaire cannot but brede a change,
 Nor fleting harte cannot be please;
 Of all these bad, the best I thinke,
 Is wel to hope, though fortune shrink.

Desired things are not ay prest,
 Nor things denide left al unsought;
 Nor new things to be louel best,
 Nor all offers to be set at nought;
 Where faithful hart hath ben refuse,
 The chosers wit was there abuse.

The wofull ship of careful sprite,
 Flitting on seas of wailing teares,
 With sailes of wishes broken quite,
 Hanging on waues of dolefull feares
 By surge of sighes at wreck nere hand
 Make fast on anker holde on land.

What helps the dial to the blinde,
 Or els the clocke without it sound;
 Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
 The hidden gode within the grounde,
 Shal be as free from cares and feares
 As he that holdes a wife by th' eares.

And how muche mad is he that thinke
 To clime to brauen by the beames?
 What ioy alas, hath he that winks
 At Titan or his golden streames?
 His ioyes not subiect to reasons lawes,
 That ioieth more than he hath cause.

For as the phenix that climeth hye
 The sunne lightly in ashes burneth;
 Araine, the faulcon so quick of eye,
 Sone on the grounde the net masbeth:
 Experience therfore the meane assurance
 Prefers before the doutfull pleasance.

*THE IOUFR THINKES NO PAINF TO
 GREAT, WHERBY HE MAY OBTAINF
 HIS LADIE.*

SITH that the way to welth is wo,
 And after paine is pleasure prest,
 Why should I than despaire so,
 Ay bewailing mine vnest,

Or let to lead my life in paine,
 So worthy a lady to obtaine?

The fisherman doth count no care
 To cast his nets to wracke or wast,
 And in reward of eche mans share,
 A gogen gift is much inbrast:
 Should I then grudge iu griefe or gall,
 That loke at length to whelme a wball?

The pore man ploweth his ground for graine,
 And soweth his seede increase to craue,
 And for thexpence of all his paine,
 Oft holdes it hap his seede to saue:
 These pacient paines my part doth show
 To long for loue ere that I know

And take no scorn to scape from skill,
 To spend my sprites to spare my speche,
 To win for welth the want of will,
 And thus for rest to rage I reche,
 Running my race as rect vpright,
 Till teares of truth appease my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
 Who doutlesse may restore againe
 My harmes to helth, my ruth to rest,
 That lased is within her chaine;
 For earst ne are the griefes so great
 As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clime
 As doth the bird that pitfoll toke?
 Or who delightes so swift to swim,
 As doth the fishe that scapes the boke?
 If these had neuer entred wo,
 How mought they have reioised so?

But yet, alas, ye louers all
 That here my joylesse thus reioyce,
 Judge not amiss what so befall;
 In me there lieth no power of choyse:
 It is but hope that doth me moue,
 Who stander bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne, when I behold,
 I see the shadow of her shape,
 Within my faith so fast I fold,
 Through drede I die, through hope I scape:
 These ease and wo full oft I finde,
 What will you more? she knoweth my minde.

*OF A NEW MARIED STUDIENT THAT
 PLAIED FAST OR LOSE.*

A STUDIENT at his boke so plast,
 That welth he might have wonne;
 From boke to wife did flete in hast,
 From welth to wo to runne.
 Now who hath plaied a feater cast
 Since iugling first begonne?
 In knitting of himselfe so fast,
 Himselfe he hath vndoone.

*THE MEANE ESTATE IS TO BE AC-
 COMPTED THE BEST.*

(From Horace.)

WHO craftly castes to stere his boate,
 And safely skours the flattrng flood,

He cutteth not the greatest waues;
 For why, that way were nothing good:
 Ne fleteth on the crooked sho e,
 Lest harme him happo a wayting lest,
 But windes away betwene them both,
 As who woulde say, the meane is best?
 Who waiteth on the golden meane,
 He put in point of sickernes,
 Hides not his head in sluttish coates,
 Ne shroudes himselfe in filthines,
 Ne sittes aloft in high estate,
 Where hatefull hartes eniue hys chance,
 But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine
 Ne proudly doth himselfe auance.
 The highest tree in all the wood,
 Is rifest rent with blustering windes;
 The higher hall the greater fall,
 Such chance haue proude and lofty mindes.
 When Jupiter from hie doth threat
 With mortall mace and dint of thunder,
 The hiest hillis bene batted eft,
 When they stand still that stoden vnder.
 The man whose hed with wit is fraught
 In welth will feare a worsor tide;
 When fortune failes dispaireth naught,
 But constantly doth stil abide.
 For he that sendeth grisely stormes,
 With whisking windes and bitter blastes,
 And fowth with haile the winters face,
 And frotes the soile with hory frostes;
 Euen he adawth the force of cold,
 The springe in sendes with somer hote:
 The same full oft to stormy hartes
 Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
 Not alwaies ill though so be now,
 When cloudes ben driuen, then rides the racke;
 Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
 Somtime he harpes his muse to wake.
 Stand stif therefore, pluck vp thy hart;
 Lose not thy port though fortune faile;
 Againe whan winde doth serue at will,
 Take hede too hie to hoys thy saile.

THE LOUER REFUSED, LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE.

I LENT my loue to losse, and gaged my life in
 vaine, [gaine:
 If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the
 A curse I may by course the place eke tyme
 and howre, [creature.
 That nature fyrst in me dyd fourme to be a liues
 Sith that I must absent my self so secretly,
 In place desert, where never man my secretes shall
 discry: [brute,
 In doling of my dayes among the beastes so
 Who with their tonges may not bewray the secrets
 of my sute. [mynde,
 Nor I in like to them may once to moue my
 But gase on them, and they on me, as beasts are
 wont of kinde.
 Thus ranging as refusde, to reache some place of
 rest,
 And ruffe of heare, my nayles unnocht, as to such
 seemeth best,
 That wander by their wittes, deformed so to be,
 That men may say, such one may curse the time
 he fyrst gan see

The beauty of her face, her shape in such de-
 gree, [mended to be.
 As God himselfe may not discerne one place
 Nor place it in like place, my fany for to please,
 Who would become a heardsmans hyre, one howre
 to haue of ease; [nes,
 Whereby I might restore to me some stedfast-
 That haue mo thoughtes heapt in my bed, then life
 may long disges: [colde,
 As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth so
 Whereas with teares most rufully, my sorowes
 do vnfold:
 And in beholding them I chiefly call to minde,
 What woman could finde in her hart, such bond-
 age for to biude. [care,
 Then rashly forth I yede, to cast me from that
 Lyke as the birle for foode doth flye, and lighteth
 in the snare. [be roon,
 From whence I may not meue, untill my race
 So trained is my truth through her that thinkes
 my life wel woon.
 Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
 But in the fine I finde not so, it doubleth but my
 griffe;
 Wherefore I will my want a warning for to be
 Vnto all men, wishing that they a myrour make
 of me.

THE FELICITIE OF A MINDE IMBRACING VERTUE, THAT BEHOLDETH THE WRETCHED DESIRES OF THE WORLDE.

When dreadfull swelling seas, through boysterous
 windy blastes,
 So tosse the ships, that all for nought serues ancor,
 saile, and mastes: [rest,
 Who takes not pleasure then safely on shore to
 And see with drede and depe dispayre, how ship-
 men are distrest? [smart,
 Not that we pleasure take, when others felen
 Our gladnes growth to see their harmes, and yet
 to feele no part.
 Delight we take also, well ranged in aray
 When armies meeete, to see the fight, yet free be
 from the fray. [this,
 But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with
 T'aspire unto the temple hie where wisdoms
 throned is.
 D:fended with the sawes of hory heads expert,
 Which clere it keep from errours mist, that might
 the truth peruert. [under foote,
 From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as
 Mans wandring will and doubtful life from whence
 they take their roote. [ryse,
 How some by wit contend, by prowes some to
 Riches and rule to gaine and holde, is all that
 men deuise.
 O miserable myndes, O hartes in folly drent,
 Why see you not what blindness in this wretched
 life is spent?
 Body deuoyde of griefe, minde free from care
 and drede,
 Is all and some that nature craues, wherewith our
 lyfe to frede:
 So that for natures turne fewe things may well
 suffice, [surprice,
 Dolour and grief clenet to expell, and some delight

Yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause de-
light is spent.

ALL WORLDLY PLEASURES VADE.

(From Horace.)

THE winter with his griesly stormes ne lenger
dare abide, [hath newly dide.
The pleasant grasse with lusty grene, the earth
The trees have leues, the bowes don spred, new
changed is the yere;
The water brokes are clean souk down, the plea-
sant banks asere;
The spring is come, the goodly nimphes now
daunce in euery place,
Thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late
ychaungde his face.
Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare
away, [euery day.
As we may learn by euery yere, yea howers of
For Zephirus doth mollify the cold and blustering
windes, [of our mindes.
The somers drought doth take away the spring out
And yet the somer cannot last, but once must step
aside,
Then autumn thinks to kepe his place, but au-
tumn cannot bide;
For when he hath brought furth his fruits, and
stufte the barnes with corn,
Then winter eates and empties all, and thus in
autumn worn.
Then bory frostes possesse the place, then tem-
pestes work much harm,
Then rage of stormes done make al cold, which
somer had made so warm.
Wherefore let no man put his trust in that, that
will decay, [weare away.
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye under
a stone, [pleasure gone.
What are we then; we are but earth, then is our
No man can tell what God almight of every wight
doth cast, [shall last.
No man can say, to day I live, till morne my life
For when thou shalt before thy iudge staud to re-
ceiue thy dome, [of thee become.
What sentence Minos doth pronounce that must
Then shall not noble stocke and bloud redeme thee
from bis handes, [from his bandes:
Nor sugred talke with eloquence shall loose thee
Nor yet thy life vprightlye led can helpe there
out of hell,
For who desendeth downe so depe, must there
abide and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chast Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his frend
Perithous.

*A COMPLAINT OF THE LOSSE OF LIBER-
TIE BY LOUE.*

IN seeking rest, vnrest I finde,
I fynde that welth is cause of wo.
Wo worth the time that I inclinde
To fixe in minde her beauty so.

That day be darkned as the night;
Let furious rage it cleane deuour;
Ne sunne nor moone therin giue light,
But it consume with streame and showre.

Let no small birds strayne forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast
Finde cause whereat he may reioyce
That day when chaunced mine vrest.

Wherin alas, from me was raught
Myne owne free choyce and quiet minde,
My lyfe, my death in balance brough, t,
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in flower of age,
Both wit and will did still aduance,
Ay to resist that burning rage:
But when I darte then did I glauce.

Nothing to me did seme so hye,
In minde I could it strait attaine;
Fansy perswaded me therby,
Loue to esteeme a thiug most vaine.

But as the bird upon the bryer
Doth pricke and proyne her without care,
Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is unto the fowlers snare:

So I amid deceitfull trust
Did not mistrust such woful happe;
Till cruel loue, ere that I wist,
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele and partly know
How little force in me did raigne,
So soon to yelde to ouerthrowe,
So frayle to flit from ioy to paine.

From when in welth will did me leade,
Of libertie to hoysse my saile,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyce would still preuaile.

In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,
No raging storme had in respect,
Until I raise a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.

In whose prospect in doofull wise,
My tackle failde, my cumpasse brake
Through hote desires such stormes did rise,
That steru and top went all to wrake.

Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why wert thou vnkinde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyful minde?

Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound;
In death my life I do prserue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADYE.

GEVE place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at bande approcheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to haue none other bokes
To reade or luke vpon.

In ecbe of her two christall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye;
It would you all in hart suffice
To see that lampe of ioye.

I think nature hath lost the moule,
Where she her shape did take;
Or els I doubt if nature could
So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Vnto the phenix kinde,
Whose like was neuer sene nor hard,
That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chast
In trouth P. nelopey,
In word and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we seye?

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde suche a wight?
Her beuty twinkleth like a starre
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes
With such a comly grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest myrth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.

O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repaire,
And decke in ber such honestie,
Whom nature made so faire.

Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the ielidoure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this vnspotted tree?
For all the rest are plaine but chaffe
Which seme good come to bee.

This gyft alone I shall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever liue
Within the mouth of man.

THE PURE ESTATE TO BE HOLDEN
FOR BEST.

EXPERIENCE now doth shew what God vs taught
before.
Desired pompe is vaine, and seildome doth it last:

Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his
fate full sore;
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full fast;
Reiect him doth renoune, his pompe full low is
cast,
Deceiud is the byrd by swetenesse of the call,
Expell that pleasant taste, wherin is bitter gall.

Such as with oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth
they roat;
More ease fele they then those, that from their
height down slides,
Excesse doth brede their wo, they saile in Scilias
cost,
Remayning in the stormes tyll shyp and all be lost.
Serue God therefore thou pore, for lo, thou liuest
in rest,
Eschue the golden hall, thy thatched house is best

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS AMID
THE DESERT WOOD.

THESTILIS a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the wods thus gan he
plaint to make:
Ah woful man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with careful thoughtes, vnto thy
loue vnkuouen.
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honour so,
That ay to her thou wert a frend, and to thy self
a fo. [choyse,
Ye louers that haue lost your heartes desired
Lament with me my cruel happe, and help my
trembling voice.
Was neuer man that stooode so great in fortune's
grace, [place;
Nor with his swete, alas, to deare, possesse so high a
As I whose simple hart aye thought himself full
sure. [endure.
But now I see hye springing tides they may not ay
She knowes my giltlesse heart, and yet she lets it
pine.
Of her vntruc professed loue, so feble is the twine,
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heares,
And crauing death continually do bathe myself in
tears? [bandes,
When Cresus king of Lide was cast in cruel
bandes, [handes,
And yielded goodes and life also into his enmies
What tongue could tell his wo? yet was his grief
much lesse
Then mine, for I haue lost my loue, which might
my wo redresse.
Ye woodes that shroude my lims, giue now your
hollow sound, [me confound.
That ye may help me to bewaile the cares that
Ye riuers rest a while and stay the streames that
runne, [the sunne,
Rcw, Tbestilis, most woful man, that liues under
Transport my sighs, ye wyndes, unto my pleasant
foe, [cruell woe.
My trickling tears shal witnesse beare of this my
O happy man wer I, if al the goddes agreed,
That now the sisters three should cut in twaine
my fatall threde. [joy,
Till life with the loue shall ende, I here resigne al
Thy pleasant swete I now lament, whose lacke
bredes mine annoy;

Farewell, my deare therefore, farewell to me well
knowne,
If that I die it shal be said that thou hast slaine
thine owne.

AN ANSWERE OF COMFORT.

THESTILIS, thou sely man, why dost thou so com-
playne?

If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning
is in vayne. [course to runne,

For none can force the streames against their
Nor yet unwilling loue with tears or wailing can
be wonne. [sorowes ease.

Cease thou therefore thy plaintes, let hope thy
The shipmen though their sails be rent, yet hope
to scape the seas.

Though strange she seme a while, yet thinke she
will not change.

Good causes drive a ladies loue, sometime to seme
full strange. [happ.

No louer that hath wit, but can foresee such
That no night can at wish or will slepe in his
ladies lappe.

Achilles for a time faire Brises did forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioy againe; then think
thou maist do so. [do finde.

Though he, and louers al, in loue sharpe stormes
Dispair not thou, pore Thestilis, though thy loue
seme unkind,

Ah think her graffed loue cannot so sone decay,
Hie springes may cease from swelling still, but
never drye away. [encrease

Oft stormes of louers yre, do more their loue
As shyning sunne refreshes the frutes, when raining
gins to cease. [drowe again

When springes are waxen lowe, then must they
So shall thy hart aduanced be, to pleasure out of
paine. [peres.

When lacke of thy delight most bitter grief ap-
Thinke on Etrascus worthy loue, that lasted
thirty yeres, [syred choyce.

Which could not long atcheue, his hartes de-
Yet at the ende he found rewarde, that made him
to reioyre. [maine.

Since he so long in hope with pacience did re-
Cannot thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a month
or twaine? [forgo.

Admit she minde to chaunge, and nedes will thee
Is there no mo may thee delight, but she that
paynes thee so? [done.

Thestilis draw to the towne, and loue as thou hast
In tyme thou knowest by faithfull loue, as good as
she is wonne. [alone.

And leaue the desert woodes and waynize thus
And seke to salue thy sore elsewhere, if all her
loue be gone.

THE LOUER PRAIETH PITY, SHOWING
THAT NATURE HATH TAUGHT HIS
DOG, AS IT WERE, TO SUE FOR THE
SAME BY KISSING HIS LADIES
HANDS.

NATURE that taught my sely dog, Go! wat
Euen for my sake to licke where I do loue,

Intorced him, wheras my lady sat,
With humble sute before her falling flat,
As in his sorte he might her pray and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forget
The stedfast faith he beareth her, and lone
Kissing her hand: whome she coulde not remoue.
Away, that would, for frowning no: for threte,
As though he would haue sayd in my behoue,
Pity my lord your slave that doth remaine,
Lest by his death, you gittlesse slay us twaine.

OF HIS RING SENT TO HIS LADIE.

SINCE thou, my ring, maist go, where I ne may,
Since thou maist speake where I must holde my
peace,

Say vnto her that is my liues stay,
Grauen within which I do here expresse;
That sone shall the sunne not shine by day,
And with the raine the floodes shall waxen lesse,
Sooner the tree the hunter shall bewray,
Then I for change, or choise of other loue,
Do euer seke my fanny to remoue.

THE CHANGEABLE STATE OF LOUERS.

FOR that a restlesse hed must somewhat hane in
vre, [sure.

Wherewith it may acquainted be, as falcon is with
Fanny doth me awake out of my drowsy slepe,
In seeing how the little mouse, at night begins to
cripe.

So the desirous man, that longes to catch his pray,
In spying how to watche his time, lyeth lurking
styll by day.

In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The salue that shoulde recure his sore, and sor-
roweth but the minde.

Such is the guise of loue, and the vncertayn state,
That some should hane their hoped hap, and other
hard estate. [had,

That some should seme to ioy in that they neuer
And some again shall frowne as fast, where cause-
lesse they be sad. [large,

Suche trades do louers use, when they be most at
That guyd the stere when they themselves lye
fettred in the barge.

The greenesse of my youth cannot therof expresse
The processe, for by profc vnkownen, all this is
but by gesse. [peace,

Wherfore I hold it best, in time to holde my
But wanton will it cannot holde, or make my pen
to cease.

A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled hed with fannies fraught, doth paine
it selfe to seke:

And if perhaps my wordes of none auaille do picke
Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not
they should kicke, [no harme,

As causelesse me to blame which thinketh them
Although I seme by others fire, sometime my
selfe to warme,

Which clerely I deny, as gittlesse of that
crime,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it
wylt trie in time.

A PRAISE OF AUDLEY.

WHEN Audley had run out his race, and ended wer
his dayes, [some worthy praise.

His fame stept forth and bad me write of him
What lyfe he had, what actes he did, his vertues
and good name, [same.

Wherto I calde for true report, as witness of the
Wel borne he was, wel bent by kind, whose mind
did never swarue [sarue.

A skilfull head, a valiaut hart, a ready hand to
Brought up and trainde in feates of warre long
time beyond the seas,

Calde home againe to serue his prince, whom still
he sought to please.

What today was there he refuse, what seruice
did he shoon? [exploit was don?

Where he was not nor his aduice, what great
In town a lambe, in field full fierce, a lyon at
the nede.

In sobre wit a Solomon, yet one of Hector's seds.
Then shame it were that any tong should now de-
fame his dedes, [succedes,

That in his life a mirroure was to all that him
No poore estate nor hye renouwe his nature could
peruart, [his constant hart;

No hard mischance that him befall could moue
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one mislykte
of none, [paragon?

And where he went, who cald him not the gentle
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall
when it is ripe, [griuous gripe.

Yet spitefull death will suffer none to scape his
Yet though the grounde receiued haue his corps
into her wombe, [his tombe,

This epitaphe ygrave in brasse, shal stand upon
Lo! here he lies that bated vice, and vertuous
life imbrast, [be well plast.

His name in earth, his sprite aboue, deserues to

TYME TRYETH TRUETH.

ECH thing I see hath tyme, which tyme must
trye my trowth,

Which truth deserues a special trust, on trust
gret frendship groweth; [found;

And frendship may not faile where faithfulness is
And faithfulness is full of fruite, and fruitful thinges
be sounde. [of prayse,

And sound is good at prooffe, and prooffe is prince
And precious praise is such a pearle, as seldome
nere decays. [must abide,

All these thinges time tries fourth, which time I
How should I boldly credite craue till time my
truth haue tride;

For as I found a time to fall in fansie's frame,
So I do wishe a lucky time for to declare the same.
If hap may aunswere hope, and hope may haue
his hire,

Then shall my hart possesse in peace, the time
that I desire.

THE LOUER REFUSED OF HIS LOUE,
EMBRACETH DEATH.

MY youthfull yeres are past,
My ioyfull dayes are gone,
My lyfe it may not last,
My graue and I am one.

My mirth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo;
Desirous to be ded,
My mischief to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
I freze amidst the fire,
I se she doth withold
That is my most desire.

I see my helpe at hande,
I see my life also,
I see where she doth stande
That is my deadly fo.

I see how she doth see,
And yet she wylly be blinde,
I see in helping me,
She sokes and wylly not finde.

I se how she doth wry,
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nye,
How faine she would be gone.

I see, what wylly ye more?
She wylly me gladly kylly;
And you shall see therfore
That she shall haue her wylly.

I cannot liue with stones,
It is to hard a food,
I will be dead at ones
To do my lady good.

THE PICTURE OF A LOUER.

BEHOLD my picture here wel portrayed for the
bones, [very bones.

With hart consumed and falling flesh, behold the
Whose cruel chauce alas, and desteny is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all
to much.

For since the time that I did enter into this pine,
I neuer saw the rising sunne but with my weping
eyen;

Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voice or sound,
But that to me it did increase the dolour of my
wounde.

Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it semed hard to me or euer it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life re-
taines, [yet still remaines,

The strength whereof clene past away, the care
Like as the cole in flame doth spend it self you
se, [sumed be.

To vaine and wretched cinder dust till it con-
So doth this hope of mine enforse my feruent
sute, [eate the frute;

To make me for to gape in vayne, whilst other
And shall do tyll that death doth geue me such a
grace, [case.

To rid this sely wofull sprite out of this doufull
And then would God were writ in stone or els in
leade, [dead.

This epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his ladie dere, his death thereby he
caught.

And in a shield of blacke, lo here his armes ap-
 pears, [all with teares.
 With weping eyes as you may see, well poudred
 Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest
 A womans hand straining the bart of him that
 loued her best.
 Wherefore all you that see this corps, for loue
 that starues,
 Example make vnto you all, that thanklesse louers
 sarues.

OF THE DEATH OF PHILLIPS.

BEWAILE with me all ye that haue profest
 Of musicke tharte, by touch of corde or winde;
 Lay downe your lutes and let your gitternes rest,
 Phillips is dead, whose like you cannot finde,
 Of musicke much exceding all the rest;
 Muses, therefore of force now must you wrest
 Your pleasant notes into another sounde:
 The string is broke, the lute is dispossesst,
 The hand is colde, the body in the grounde,
 The lowring lute lamenteth now therefore,
 Phillips her frend, that can her touche no more.

THAT AL THINGS SOM TIME FINDE
 EASE OF THEIR PAINE, SAUE ONLY
 THE LOUER.

I SEE there is no sort
 Of things that liue in grieffe,
 Which at sometime may not resort
 Whereas they haue reliefe.

The striken dere by kynde
 Of death that standes in-awe,
 For his recure an herbe can finde,
 The arrow to withdraw.

The chased dere hath soile,
 To coole him in his heate;
 The asse after his wery toile,
 In stable is vp set.

The cony hath its caue,
 The little bird his nest,
 From heate and colde themselues to saue,
 At all times as they list.

The owle with feble sight,
 Lyes lurking in the leaues,
 The sparrow in the frosty night
 May shroude her in the caues.

But wo to me, alas,
 In sunne nor yet in shade,
 I cannot find a resting place,
 My burden to unlade.

But day by day still beares
 The burden on my backe,
 With weping eyen and watry teares
 To holde my hope abacke.

All things I se haue place
 Wherein they bow or bende,
 Saue this, alas, my woful case,
 Which no where findeth ende.

THASSAULT OF CUPIDE UPON THE
 FORT WHERE THE LOUERS HART LAY
 WOUNDED, AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort
 Wherin my hart lay wounded sore,
 The batry was of such a sort
 That I must yeide or die therefore.

There saw I loue upon the wall,
 How he his banner did display:
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to call,
 And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
 In siluer and sable to declare
 The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest,
 In colours, like to white and blacke:
 With powder and with pelletes prest,
 To bring the fort to spoyle and sacke.

Good Will the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire braue and proude,
 For spence of pouder he spared not,
 Assault, assault, to crye aloude.

There might you beare the cannons rore,
 Eche peece discharged a louers loke,
 Which had the power to reut, and tore
 In any place wheras they toke.

And euen with the trumpetts sowne,
 The scaling ladders were vp set,
 And Beauty walked vp and downe,
 With bow in hand and arruwes whet.

Then first Desyre began to scale
 And shrowded him vnder his targe,
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
 And holbarders with haudy strokes,
 The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is souldiers vse,
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged vp my flag of truce,
 And pleaded for my liues graunt.

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
 And Beauty entred with her band,
 With bag and baggage sely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blowe retirete,
 And enery souldier to retire,
 And Mercy wyld with spede to set
 Me captiue bound as prisoner.

Madame (quod I,) sith that this day
 Hath serued you at all assayes,
 I yeld to you without delay,
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I haue ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye,
 Nedes must you with your handy warke,
 Or salue my sore, or let me dye.

THE AGED LOUER RENOUNCETH LOUE.

[The grave-digger's song in *HAMLET*, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to lord VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed:" a popular error which he laughed at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies 1575. 4to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he showeth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly." *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589. p. 51. See also vol. 2. p. 45.—PERCY.]

I **LOTRE** that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete:
As tyme requires for my behove,
Me thinks they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fancies all be fied,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my bed.

For age with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crouch;
And lusty life away she leapes,
As thre had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
This youthly ydle rime-
And day by day to me she cryes,
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The frowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The barbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A howse of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinks I heare the clarke,
That knowes the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to skorne,
Of me that clene shal be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull,
By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull,
Which youthful yeres did sow.

For beauty with her band,
These croked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay wer cast by kinde,
So shall ye wast to dust.

OF THE LADY WENTWORTH'S DEATH.

To live to dye, and dye to live againe,
With good renowe of fame well led before,
Here lyeth she that learned had the lore;
Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine,
To be set forth with fuyle of worldly grace,
Was noble borne, and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wanted to attaine
In natures giftes, her praise among the rest:
But that that gaued her praise about the best,
Not fame, her wedlockes chastnes durst distain
Wherin with child, deliuering of her wombe
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in
tombe;
So left she life by death to live againe.

THE LOUER ACCUSING HIS LOUE FOR HER VNFAITHFULNESSE PURPOSETH TO LIE IN LIBERTIE.

THE smoky sighes, the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue wasted,
The broken sleepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue laated;
The loue and al I owe to thee,
Here I renounce, and make me free.

Which fredome I have by thy guilt,
And not by my deseruing,
Since so vnconstantly thou wilt
Not loue, but still be sweruing,
To leaue me of, which was thyne owne,
Without cause why, as shal be knowne.

The fruites were faire, the which did grow
Within thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of euery bough,
And moysture nothing wanted;
Yet or the blossoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
And sugred wordes it beareth;
The blossomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker wereth,
The caterpillar is the same,
That hath wonne thee and lost thy name.

I mean the louer loued now
By thy pretended folye,
Which will proue like, thou shalt find how,
Unto a tree of holly,
That barke and bery bears alwaies,
The one, birdes feedes, the other slayes.

And right wel mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dish,
That Adrianus painted,
Wherin were grapes portraid so fayre,
That fowles for foode did there repaire.

But I am like the beaten fowle,
That from the net escaped,
And thou art like the raueniug owle,
That al the night hath waked,
For none intent but to betray
The sleping foule before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been vnto me,
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fire made on the sca
By Naulus hate so odious,
Therwith to train the Grekish host
From Troyes return, where they were lost.

*THE LOUER FOR WANT OF HIS DESIRE,
SHEWETH HIS DEATH AT HAND.*

As cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branche or slippe better from whence it growes,
As well sowed seede for drought that cannot sprout
As gaping ground that raiules cannot close,
As mouldes that wait the earth to do them bote,
As fische on land to whom no waters flowes,
As chameleon that lacks the ayre so sote,
As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showes.
As salamandra repulsed from the fire;
So wanting my wish I die for my desire.

*A HAPPY END EXCEEDETH ALL PLE-
SURES AND RICHES OF THE WORLD.*

THE shining season here to some,
The glory in the worldes sight,
Renomced fame though fortune wonne
The glittering golde the eyes delight,
The sensual life that seemes so swete,
The heart with joyfull dayes replete,
The thing whereto ech wight is thral
The happy ende exceedeth all.

AGAINST AN VNSTEDFAST WOMAN.

O TEMEROUS tauntresse that delights in toyes,
Tumbling cockboat totting too and fro,
Jangling iestres, depravesse of swete ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence all my grief doth grow
Sullen serpent, eniuroned with despite,
That ill for good at all times doest requite.

*A PRAISE OF PETRARKE AND OF LAURA
HIS LADIE.*

O PETRARKE, hed and prince of poets al,
Whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence
Wel may we seke, but find not how or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fal;
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name; and to her excellence,
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so parfit wrought?
Ne why our time fuith bringeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as gold is by the touch,
If to the style the matter ayded ought?
But there was neuer Laura more then one,
And her had Petrarke for his paragone.

*THAT PETRARK CANNOT BE PASSED
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT, LAU-
RA IS FARRE SURPASSED.*

WITH Petrarke to compare ther may no wight,
Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile:
But yet, I wot, full well where is a file,
To frame a learned man to praise aright:
Of stature meane, of semely forme and shape,
Eche liue of iust proporciou to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
As though the rose sat in the lilies lap;
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
To every dede she ioyues a parfit grace;
If Laura liude, she would her cleane deface:
For I dure say, and lay my life to wed,
That Momus could not, if he downe discended,
Once iustly say, Lo! this may be amended.

AGAINST A CRUELL WOMAN.

CRUEL vnkinde, whom mercy cannot moue,
Herbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth
raigne,
Ground of any grief where pitie cannot proue:
Trikle to trust, of all vntruth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue;
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdain,
Sacke of self-will, the chest of craft and change,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?
Ah! pitieles plaint whom plaint cannot pro-
uoque,
Den of disceit, that right doth still refuse;
Causeles unkinde, that cariest vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft, me onely to abuse:
Stately and stubbernewithstanding Cupides stroke,
Thou marueilous mase that maketh men to muse;
Swollen by self-will, most stony stiffe and strange,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Slipper and secret where suretie cannot sow;
Net of neweltie, nest of newfanglenesse,
Spring of al spite, from whence whole Buddes doe
Thou caue and cage of care and craftinesse, [flow,
Wauering willow that every blast doth blow,
Graffe without groth and cause of carefulnessse;
Heape of mishap of all my greif the graunge,
What causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?

Hast thou forgot that I was thyne inuest
 By force of loue, hadst thou no hart at all?
 Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left?
 Knowest thou, unkinde, that nothing mought befall
 From out of my hart that could haue thee bereft?
 What meaneest thou then, at ryot thus to range;
 And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to
 change?

THE LOUER SHEWETH WHAT HE
 WOULD HAUE, IF IT WERE
 GRAUNTED HIM TO HAUE WHAT HE
 WOULD WISHE.

If it were so that God would graunt me my re-
 quest, [liked best,
 And that I might of earthly things haue that I
 I would not wish to cisme to princely hie estate,
 Which slipper is and slides so oft, and hath so
 fickle fate: [hand,
 Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sworde in
 And so to shed the giltless blood of such as would
 withstand:
 Nor would I not desire in worldly rule to raigne,
 Whose frute is al vniquittesse, and breaking of
 the braine.
 Nor riches in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
 I would not craue which bredeth care, and causeth
 all discorde. [folde,
 But my request should be more worth a thousand
 That I might haue and her enioy that hath my
 heart in holde. [euer,
 Oh God, what lusty life should we liue then for
 In pleasant ioy, and perfect blisse, to leneth our
 liues together. [ly loue,
 With wordes of frendly chere, and lokes of lioe-
 To utter all our hote desyres, which neuer should
 remoue. [the ground,
 But grosse and gredy wittes, which grope but on
 To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do
 them confound,
 Cannot attaine to knowe the misteries deuine,
 Of parfit loue whereto hie wittes of knowledge do
 encline.
 A nigard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,
 Which gettes with toyle and kepes with care and
 is his moneys slaue,
 As they enioy alwaies, that tast loue in his kinde,
 For they do holde continually a heauen in their
 minde, [an ease,
 No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great
 As for to finde or do the thing that might my
 lady please. [Joy,
 For by her onely loue my hart should haue all
 And with the same put care away, and all that
 could annoy. [sadge
 As if that any thing should chance to make me
 The touching of her corall lippes would straight
 waies make me gladd:
 And when that in my hart I fele that did me greue,
 Which one embracing of her armes she might me
 sone releue.
 And as the angels al, which sit in heauen hie,
 With presence and the sight of God, haue their
 felicitie, [blisse,
 So likewise I on earth, should haue all earthly
 With presence of that paragon, my god in earth
 that is.

THE LADIE FORSAKEN OF HER LOUER
 PRAIETH HIS RETURNE, OR THE
 END OF HER OWN LIFE.

To loue, alas, who would not feare,
 That seeth my wofull state,
 For he to whom my heart I beare,
 Doth me extremely hate:
 And why therfore I cannot tell,
 He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not sue and long me scrue,
 Ere I you graunted grace?
 And will you thus now from me swarue,
 That neuer did trespasse?
 Alas, pore woman! then alas!
 A wery life here must I passe:

And shall my faith haue such refuse
 Indede and shall it so?
 Is there no choyse for me to chuse
 But must I leue you so?
 Alas, pore woman! then alas!
 A wery life hence must I passe.

And is there now no remedy
 But that you will forget her?
 There was a time when that perdy
 You would haue heard her better:
 But now that time is gone and past,
 And all your loue is but a blast,

And can you thus breake your behest
 Indede and can you so?
 Did you not sweare you loued me best,
 And can you now say no?
 Remember me pore wight in paine,
 And for my sake turne once againe.

Alas, poore Dido, now I fele
 Thy present painful state,
 When false Encas did him stele
 From thee at Carthage gate:
 And left thee sleeping in thy bed,
 Regarding not what he had sed.

Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
 Nor man so false forsworne:
 His faith and troth so strongly tied,
 Vntruth hath al to torne.
 And I haue leaue for my good will,
 To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be
 My teares shall neuer blin,
 To moyst the earth in such degree,
 That I may drowne therein,
 That by my death al men may say,
 Lo! women are as true as they.

By me al women may beware,
 That se my wofull smart:
 To seke true loue let them not spare,
 Before they set their hart,
 Or els they may become as I,
 Which for my truth am like to dye.

*THE LOUER YELDEN INTO HIS LADIES
HANDES, PRAIETH MERCY.*

In fredome was my fantasie,
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly ny selfe I binde
Truely to serue with al my hart,
Whiles lyfe doth last not to reuert.

Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will for to consent;
Aud I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I am content:
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obey.

It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she liketh best;
If that she list I haue my belth,
If she list not, in wo I rest:
Sins I am fast within her bandes
My woe and welth lye in her bandes.

She can no lesse then pitie me
Sith that my faith to her is knowne:
It were to much extremitie
With crueltie to use her owne:
Alas, a sinful enterprise
To slay that yeldes at her deuse.

But I thynke not her hart so hard,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust:
I doubt nothing of her reward
For my desert, but well I trust
As she hath beauty to allure
So hath she a hart that will recure.

*THE NATURE WHICH WORKETH ALL
THINGS FOR OUR BEHOFE, HATH
MADE WOMEN ALSO FOR OUR COM-
FORT AND DELIGHT.*

Among dame natures workes such perfit law is
wrought, [as they ought;
That thinges be rulde by course of kind in order
And serueth in their state, in such iust fame and
sort, [thereof report.
That slender wits may iudge the same, and make
Behold what secret force the wynde doth easily
show, [bellowes blowe,
Which guides the shippes amid the seas, if he his
The waters waxen wilde where blustering blastes
do rise, [that deuse:
Yet seldome do they passe their boundes, for natur-
The fire which boiles the leade, and tryeth out
the gold, [force vnfolde,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his
The frost which kills the fruite, doth knit the
brused bones,
And is medicin of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrails the foode of man
doth liue, [doth she giue?
At every springe and fall of leafe, what pleasure
The ayre which life desires, and is to helth so
swete, [fortes euery sprete.
Of nature yeldes such liuely smelles, that com-
The sunne through natures might, doth draw
away the dew, [princely face to shew
And spredes the flowers where he is wont, his

The moone, which may be cald the lanterne of
the night, [her light,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men, such vertue hath
The starres not vertuelesse are beauty to the eyes
A ledes man to the mariner, a signe of calmed
skyes.

The flowers and fruitful trees, to man do tribute
pay, [they fade away:
And when they have their duty done, by course
Ech beast, both fishe and fowle, doth offer life
and all [at his call,
To nourish man and do him ease, yea serue him
The serpents venomous whose ugly shapen we
hate, [in their state,
Are soueraine salues for sundry sores, and needful
Sith nature shewes her power, in eche thing
thus at large, [natures charge?
Why shoulde not man submit himselfe to be in
Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes
her thrall; [gouerns all.
The wisest cannot slippe her snare, for nature
Lo, nature gaue vs shape, lo, nature fedes our
liues, [her force that striues.
Then they are worse then mad, I think, against
Though some do vse to say, which can do nought
but faine, [to paine,
Women wer made for this entent, to put vs men
Yet sure I think they are a pleasure to the
minde, [assinde,
A joy which man can neuer want, as nature hath

*WHEN ADUERSITIE IS ONCE FALLEN
IT IS TO LATE TO BEWARE.*

To my mishap, alas, I finde
That happy hap is dangerous
And fortune worketh but her kinde,
To make the ioyful dolorous;
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde.

Amid my myrth and pleasantnesse,
Such chauce is chaunced sodainly,
That in despaire without redresse
I find my cheifest remedy;
No new kinde of vnhappyenesse,
Should thus haue left me comfortlesse.

Who would haue thought that my request
Should bring me furth such bitter frute?
But now is hapt that I feard leas,
And al thys barme comes by my sute.
For when I thought me happiest
Euen then hapt all my chief varest.

In better case was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chief desire doth cause me none,
And to my harme my welth is hapt:
There is no man but I alone,
That hath such cause to sigh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware,
And trust no more such pleasant chauce;
My happy hap bred me thys care,
Aud brought my myrth to great mischance;
There is no man whom help wil spare,
But when she list his welth is bare.

OF A LOUER THAT MADE HIS ONLY
GOD OF HIS LOUE.

ALL you that frendship do professe,
And of a frend present the place,
Geue care to me that did possesse,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace:
And to declare the circumstance,
There were themselves that did aduance,
To teach me truly how to take,
A faithful frende for vertues sake.

But I as one of little skill
To know what good might grow therby,
Unto my welth I had no wyll,
Nor to my nede I had none eye:
But as the chyld doth learne to go,
So I in time did learne to knowe,
Of all good frutes the world brought forth,
A faithful frend is thing most worth.

Then with all care I sought to finde
One worthy to receiue such trust,
One onely that was riche in minde
One secret, sober, wise and iust,
Whom riches could not raise at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall:
And to be short in few wordes plaine,
One such a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enjoy this welth,
Who liued, lord, in such a case?
For to my frendes is was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
And to my selfe a thing so riche,
As seke the worlde and finde none such;
Thus by this frend I set such store,
As by my selfe I set no more.

This frende so much was my delight,
When care had clene orecome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had causde my smart,
Thus ioyed I in my frend so dere,
Was neuer frende sat man so nere:
I carde for her so much alone,
That other God I carde for none.

But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselves respect haue none;
So my swete graffe is growen to gall;
Where I sowed mirth I reaped none:
This ydoll that I honorde so,
Is now transformed to my fo;
That me most pleased, me most paines
And in dispaire my heart remaines.

And for iust scourge of suche desart,
Three plagys I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my life may not endure,
And last of all the more to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same:
Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,
Sit fast for feare of such a fall.

VPON THE DEATH OF SIR ANTONY
DENNY.

DEATH and the king¹, did as it were contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue;
The king to shew his loue gan farre extende,
Did him aduance his betters farre aboue,

¹ Edward VI. C.

Nere place, much welth, great honor eke him
gaue,

To make it known what powre gret princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heauen it lift.
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,
The kunge gaue welth but fading and vsnure,
Death brought him blisse that euer shall endure.

A COMPARJSON OF THE LOUERS
PAINES.

LYKE as the brake within the riders hande,
Dotb straine the horse, nye woode with grief of
paine,
Not vsed before to come in such a band,
Striuet for grieffe, although God wot in vain,
To be as erst be was at libertie,
But force of force doth straine the contrarie.

Euen so since band doth cause my deadly grief,
That made me so my wofull chauce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mis-
Saeue willingly to it I did assent [chieffe
To bind the thing in fredome which was fre,
That now full sore, alas, repenteth me.

OF A ROSEMARY BRANCHE SENT.

SUCH grene to me as you haue sent,
Such grene to you I send againe;
A flowing hart that will not feint,
For drede of hope or losse of gaine:
I stedfast thought all wholly bent,
So that he may your grace obtaine,
As you by prooffe haue alwayes sene,
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

TO HIS LOUE, OF HIS CONSTANT
HEART.

As I haue bene, so will I euer be
Unto my death, and lenger if I might:
Haue I of loue the frendly loking eye?
Haue I of fortune fauour or despyte?
I am of rock by profe as you may see
Not made of waxe, nor of no mettall light:
As leefe to dye, by change as to deceaue,
Or breake the promise made, and so I leaue.

OF THE TOKEN WHICH HIS LOUE SENT
HIM.

THE golden apple that the Troyan boy
Gauē to VENUS the fayrest of the thre,
Which was the cause of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the same (my loue) thou sent to me:
It healed my sore, it made my sorows free,
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy:
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blist,
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

*MANHODE AVAILETH NOT WITHOUT
GOOD FORTUNE.*

THE coward oft, whom deinty viandes fed,
That bosted muche his ladies eares to please,
By help of them whom voder him he led,
Hath reapt the paine that valiance could not seize.
The unexpect that shores unknowen nere sought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare,
In wandering slippe on trustles seas hath tought,
The skill to fele that time to long doth leare.
The sporting knight that skorneth Cupides kinde,
With famed chere the pained cause to brede,
In game unhide the leden sparkes of minde,
And gāines the gole, where growing flames should
spede.

Thus I se prooffe the trowth and manlie hart
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

*THAT CONSTANCY OF AL VERTUES IS
MOST WORTHY.*

THOUGH in the waxe a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone;
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none,
Because that fire or force the forme doth fade,
Whereas the marble holden is full dere,
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes:
Of diamoudes it is the greatest praise,
So long to last and always one tappere.
Then if we do esteeme that thing for best
Which in perfection lengest time do last,
And that most vaine that turnes with every blast,
What iewel then with tong can be exprest
Like to that hert where love bath framde such
feath,
That cannot fade but by the force of death.

THE VNCERTAYNE STATE OF A LOUER.

LIKE as the rage of raine
Filles riuers with excesse,
And as the drought againe,
Doth draw them lesse and lesse,
So I both fall and clime,
With no and yea sometime.

As they swell bye and hie,
So doth increase my state;
As they fall drye and drye,
So doth my welth abate.
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe;
So nothing can stande sure,
Where change doth raigne as chiefe.
Wherfore I must intende
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to smile,
And when they wepe to waile,
And when they crañt, begile,
And when they fight, assaile,
Aud thinke there is no change
Can make them seme to strange.

Oh, most vnhappy slaue!
What man may leade this course?
To lacke he would faynest haue,
Or els to do much worse.
These be rewards for such,
.As liue and loue to much.

*THE LOUER IN LIBERTY SMILETH AT
THEM IN TIRALDOME, THAT SOME-
TIME SCORNED HIS BONDAGE.*

AT libertie I sit and see
Them that haue earst laught me to scorne,
Whipt with the whip that scourged me,
And now they banue that they were borue.

I see them sit full sobrelye
And think they earnest lokes to hide:
Now in themselues they cannot spye,
That they or this in me haue spide.

I see them sitting al alone,
Marking the steppes, ech worde and loke,
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painful pathes that I forsok.

Now I see well, I saw no whit
When they saw well that now are blinde;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iust iudgment hath them asinde.

I see them wander al alone,
And treade full fast in drefdful dout,
The selfe same path that I haue gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I see,
And say no word but earst among,
Smiling at them that laugh at me,
Lo such is hap, marke well my song.

*A COMPARISON OF HIS LOUE WITH THE
FAITHFUL AND PAINFUL LOUE OF
TROYLUS TO CRESIDE.*

I REDE how Troylus serued in Troy
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bode so great anoy,
For her as all the stories say,
That halfe the paine had neuer man,
Which had this wofull Trojau than.

His youth, his sport, his pleasaut chere,
His courtly state and company,
Iu him so straugely altdre were,
With such a face of contrary,
That euery ioy became a wo,
This poysou new had turnde him so.

And what men thought might most him ease,
And most that for his comiort stode,
The same did most his miud displease
And set him most in furious mode,
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
Wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To heare his great extremity,

In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martir right.

And now to call her by her name,
And straight therwith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fantasies might not frame,
Then into teares and so to sobbe;
All in extremes; and thus he lyes,
Making two fountaines of his eyes.

As agues have sharpe shifts of fits
Of colde and heat successiue;
So had his head like change of wits,
His pacience wrought so diuersly:
Now up, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne,
And comen of the kings hys bloode,
This care he had ere be her wonne,
Till she that was his maistresse good,
And lothe to se her seruanto so,
Became physicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and grace,
And said she would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull case,
If she might be his remedy;
And thus they say, to ease his smart,
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is (except they lye)
From that day forth her study went
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole mynde full to content:
So happy a man at last was he,
And eke so worthy a woman she.

Lo, lady, then iudge you by this,
Mine ease, and how my case doth fall;
For sure betwene my life and his,
No difference there is at all:
His care was great, so was his paine,
And mine is not the lest of twaine.

For what he felt in seruice true,
For her whome that be loued so,
The same I fele as large for you,
To whom I doe my seruice owe;
Ther was that time in him no paine,
But the now same in me doth raigne.

Which if you can compare and waigh,
And how I stand in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well say,
Your heart must nedes remorse of right,
To graunt me grace and so to do,
As Creside then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good,
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And comen of as worthy blood,
And haue in you as large pitie,
To tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her seruauant than.

Which gift I pray God, for my sake,
Full sone and shortly you me send,
So shall you make my sorowes slake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende
And set me in as happy case
As Troylus with his lady was.

TO LEADE A VIRTUOUS AND HONEST
LYFE.

FLIEE from the prease and dwell with sothfast-
ness,
Suffise to thee thy good though it be small;
For horde hath hate, and clymyng ticklenes;
Praise bath enuy, and weall is blinde in all:
Fauour no more then thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy self, that others well canst rede,
And trouth shall thee deliuer, it is uo drede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redresse,
In hope of her that turneth as a hall;
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,
Beware also to spurne against a nail.
Strive not as duth a crock against a wall,
Deme first thy selfe, that demest others dede;
And truth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fal;
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth, beast out of thy stall.
Looke vp on hys, geve thanks to God of all,
Weane well thy lust, and honest life aye leade,
So trouth shall thee deliuer, it is no drede.

THE WOUNDED LOUER DETERMINETH
TO MAKE SUTE TO HIS LADY FOR
HIS RECURE.

Sins Mars first moued warre, or stirred men to
strife, [scape with lyfe:
Was neuer sene so feerce a fight, I scarce could
Resist so long I did, till death approach'd so nye,
To saue my self I thought it best with spede away
to flye.
In danger still I fled, by sight I thought to 'scape
From my deare foe; it vayed not; alas it was to
late.

For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with
his bronde [thee in every londe
Who sayd, now yelde, or els desyre shall chase
Yet would I not streight yelde, 'till fansy fierce-
ly stroke, [me with this yoke.
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged
Then all the dayes and nightes mine care might
here the sound [it self so bound.
What careful! sighs my hart wolde steale. to feele
For though within my brest, thy care I worke (he
sayd) [eye displayde?
Why for good will didst thou beholde her persing
Alas! the fish is caught through baite that hides
the hooke, [her looke.
Euen so her eye me trained hath, and tangled with
But, or that it be long, my hart thou shalt be
fayne [when I complain:
To stay my life, pray her forth throw sweet lokes
When that she shall deny to do me that good
turne, [body burne,
Then shall she see to ashes-gray by flames my
Desert of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For fear of nay I neuer sought the way to frame
my sute.

Yet hap that what hap shall, delay I may to long;
Assay I shall, for I heare say, the stil man oft
hath wrong.

¹ Among Chaucer's Poems. C.

*THE LOUER SHEWING OF THE CONTINU-
AL PAINES THAT ABIDE WITHIN
HIS BREST, DETERMINETH TO DYE
BECAUSE HE CANNOT HAUE RE-
DRESSE.*

THE doleful bell that still doth ring
The wofull knell of all my ioyes,
The wretched hart doth perce and wringe
And filles myne care with deadly noyes.

The hongry viper in my brest
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw,
Doth daily brede me new vnrest,
And deper sighes doth cause me draw.

And though I force both hande and eye
On pleasant matter to attend,
My sorowes to deceiue therby,
And wretched life, for to amend;

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which grindeth nought but paine and wo,
And turneth all my ioy to smart,
The euil corne it yeldeth so.

Though Venus smile with yielding eyes,
And swete mu-like doth play and sing,
Yet doth my sprates feele none of these,
The clacke doth at mine eare so ring.

As smallest sparks uncared for,
To greatest flames do sonest grow;
Euen so did this mine inward sore,
Begin in game, and end in woe.

And now by vse so swift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares so fill;
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.

But since the mill will nedes about,
The pinne whereon the wheele doth go
I will assay to strike it out,
And so the mill to ouerthrow.

*THE POWER OF LOUE OUER GODS
THEMSELUES.*

FOR loue Apollo (hys godhed set aside)
Was seruant to the king of Thessaly,
Whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
That both his harp and sawtrei he defide,
And bagpipe, solace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the boltes hie
His cattell kept with that rude melody.
And oft eke him, that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapcs for him to base:
Transmuted thus, sometime a swan is he,
Leda to coy; and oft Europe to please.
A milde white bull, unwrinkled front and face
Suffreth her play till on his back lepes she;
Whom in great care he ferrieth through the seas.

THE PROMISE OF A CONSTANT LOUER.

As lawrell leaues that cease not to be grene
From parching sunne, nor yet from winters
threte;
As hardened oke that feareth no swerde so kene;
As flint for toole in twaine that will not create:

As fast as rocke, or piller suerly set:
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,
Assuredly whome I cannot forget;
For joy, for payne, for torment nor for tene;
For losse, for gaine, for frowning, nor for thret;
But euer one, yea both in calme, and blast,
Your faithfull frende, and will be to my last.

*AGAINST HIM THAT HAD SLAUNDERED
A GENTLEWOMAN WITH HIMSELFE.*

FALSE may be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good spede or luck in loue
That so can lie, or spot the worthy fame
Of her, from whom thou R. art to blame.
For chaste Diane that hunted still the chace,
And all her maids that sue her in the race,
With fair bowes bent, and arrowes by their side,
Can say that thou in this hast falsly lide:
For neuer hong the bow vpon the wall
Of Dianas temple, no nor neuer shall,
Of broken chaste the sacred vow to spot
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot.
But if ought be wherof her blame may rise,
It is in that she did not well aduise
To marke thee right, as now she doth thee know
False of thy dede, false of thy talke also;
Lurker of kind, like serpent layd to bite,
As poyson hid vnder the suger white.
What danger such? so was the house defile
Of Collatine; so was the wife beguiled.
So smarted she, and by a trayterous force;
The Cartage queene, so she fordid her course.
So strangled was the Rhodopeian mayde.
Fye traytourt fye, to thy shame be it said:
Thou doughil crow, that crockest against the rain,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe again;
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voyce,
Thy song is fowle, I weary of thy noyse:
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearing wede
Wet them with teares and sorow for thy dede:
And in dark caues, where irkesome wormes do
crepe,
Lurke thou all day, and flye when thou shouldst
slepe,
And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eat and drink, where stinche and filth is rife,
For she that is a fowl of fethers bright,
Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight,
As foule of state some times delight to take
Foule of mean sort, their flight with them to make,
For play of wing, or solace of their kinde
But not in sort as thou dost break thy minde;
Not for to treade with such foule fowle as thou.
No, no, I swear, and dare it here avow,
Thou neuer setst thy foot within her nest:
Boast not so broade then to thine own vnrest;
But blushe for shame, for in thy face it staudes,
And thou canst not unspot it with thy handes:
For all the heauens against thee recorde beare,
And all in earth against thee eke will swear.
That thou in this art euen none other man
But as the judges were to Susan than;
Forgers of that werto their lust them prickt
Bashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict:
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Vnspotted stands, and thou hast caught the shame;
And there I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best

That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
 In whom all trouth first flourish'd and began.
 And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
 Hath spotted us; of whose kinde one thou art,
 That all the shame that euer rose or may
 Of shameful dede, on thee may light I say.
 And on thy kinde, and this I wish thee rather
 That all thy seede may like be to their father:
 Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
 So as al we be blameless of thy part,
 And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leane
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue.

A PRAISE OF MISTRES R.

I HEARD when fame with thundring voice did sum-
 mon to appere [placed here
 The chief of nature's children, all that kind hath
 To view what brute by virtue got their liues could
 justly craue; [worthy were to haue:
 And bad them shew what praise by truth they
 Wherwith I saw how Venus came and put her self
 in place, [plead their case:
 And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and
 Ech one was called by name a row, in that as-
 semblie there, [or other where:
 That hence are gone or here remains, in court
 A solemn silence was proclaimed, the iudges sat
 and herd [who should be preferd:
 What truth could tell, or craft could faine, and
 Then beauty stept before the barre, whose brest and
 neck was bare, [gold she ware.
 With heare trust up, and on her head a caul of
 Thus Cupids thralles began to flock, whose houn-
 gry eyes did say, [were that day.
 That she had stained all the dames that present
 For ere she spake, with whispering words, the praise
 was fid throughout, [a shout.
 And fancy forced common voice, therat to giue
 Which cried to fame, take forth thy trump, and
 sound her praise on hie
 That glads the hart of euery wight, that her be-
 holdes with eye.
 What stirre and rule (quod order than) do these
 rude people make? [vertues sake.
 We hold her best that shall deserue a praise for
 This sentence was no soner said, but beauty
 therewith blusht [thing was busht.
 The noise did cease, the hal was still and euery
 Then finess thought by training talk to win that
 beauty lost, [for no cust;
 And whet her tongue with ioly words, and spared
 Yet wantonnesse could not abide, but brake her
 tale in hast, [nedes be hiest plast.
 And peuissh pride for peccocks plumes would
 And therwithall came curiosnesse and carped
 out of frame, [beheld the same.
 The audience laught to hear the strife, as they
 Yet reason sone apesde the brute, her reverence
 made and down, [tale begoon.
 She purchased fauour for to speak, and thus her
 Sins bounty shall the garlond wear, and crowned
 be by fame, [same.
 O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the
 Wher temperance gouerns beauties flowers, and
 glory is not sought,
 And shamfaced mekenesse mastreth pride, and
 vertue dwels in thought:

Bid her come forth, and shew her face, or els as-
 sent eche one. [marble stone
 That true report shall graue her name in gold or
 For all the world to read at will what worthines
 doth rest, [here possesst.
 In perfect pure vnspotted life, which she bath
 Then Skil rose vp and sought the prease, to find
 if that he might, [praise of right:
 A person of such honest name, that men should
 This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her self
 a side, [grace did hide.
 Whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wifely
 Lo here (quoth Skill, good people all) is Lucrece
 left aloue, [praise did striue.
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for
 No longer Fame could hold her peace, but blew a
 blaste so highe, [through the skie;
 That made an echo in the ayre, and sowing
 Thy voice was loud, and thus it said, come R.
 with happy dayes, [thee with praise.
 Thy honest life hath won thee fame, and crowned
 And when I heard my maistres name, I thrust
 amidst the throng, [might prosper long.
 And clapt my hands and wisht of God, that she

OF ONE VNJUSTLY DEFAMED.

I NE can close in short and cunning verse
 Thy worthy praise of bountie by desert,
 The hateful spite and sclauder to rehearse
 Of them that see, but know not what thou art.
 For kinde by craft hath wrought thee so to eye,
 That no wight may thy wit and virtue spye;
 But he haue other fele than outward sight;
 The lacke wherof doth hate and spite to trye:
 Thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light.
 She how the outwail shew the wittes may dull
 Not of the wise, but as the most intend,
 Minerva yet might neuer perce their scull,
 That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
 Whose fond affects now stirred haue the brain;
 So doth thy hap thy hue with colour staine,
 Beauty thy foe thy shape doubleth thy sore
 To hyde thy wit, and shew thy vertue vain;
 Fell were thy fate, if wisdom were not more.
 I mean by thee euen G by name,
 Whom stormy wyndes of enuy and disdaine
 Do tosse with boistrous blastes of wicked fame;
 Where stedfastnesse as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
 Pacience thy settled mind doth guide and sterc;
 Silence and shame with many resteth there.
 Tyll tyme thy mother, list them forth to call,
 Happy is he that may enjoy them all.

OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

YET once againe, my Muse, I pardon pray,
 Thine intermitted song if I repeat.
 Not in such wise, as when loue was my pay;
 My ioly wo, with ioyfull verse to treat.
 But now (unthank to our desert be given,
 Which merit not a heauens gift to kepe)
 Thou must with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,
 From earth a iewel laide in earth to slepe.

A jewel, yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whose perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wiuely hed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning framed to obey,
Her husbandes wyll that wyllled her to use,
The loue he bare her chiefly as a stay
For all her frends that would her furtherance
chuse.
Wel said therefore a heauens gift she was
Because the best are sonest hence bereft;
And though herselfe to heauen hence did passe
Her spoile to earth from whence it came she left;
And to vs teares her absence to lament,
And eke his chaunce, that was her make by law;
Whose loss to lose so great an ornament,
Let them esteeme, which true loues knot can
draw.

THAT ECHE THING IS HURT OF IT
SELFE.

WHY fearest thou the outward fo,
When thou thy selfe thy harm dost fede,
Of grief or hurt, of paine or wo;
Within eche thing is sowne the sede.
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his yron did beate,
But thone consumed was with moth,
Thother with canker all to feate.
The knotty oke and waynscoot old,
Within, doth eate the selly-worme,
Euen so a minde in enuy rold
Always within it selfe doth burne.
Thus euery thing that nature wrought,
Within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harme nede to be sought,
Where enemies be within so neare.

OF THE CHOISE OF A WIFE.

THE flickering fame that flieth from eare to eare,
And aye her strength increaseth with her flight,
Geres first the cause why men to heare delight
Of those whom she doth note for beautie bright:
And with this fame that fleeth on so fast,
Fancy doth hie, when reason makes no hast.
And yet not so content they wishe to see
And thereby know if fame haue said aright,
More trusting to the trial of their eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any wight;
Wise in that point that lightly will not keue
Vnwise to seke that may them after greue.
Who knoweth not, how sight may loue allure
And kindle in the hart a hot desire?
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there cometh hotter fire.
For ere he wete himselfe he feleth warne
The fame and eye the causers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knownen whom I shall know,
Nor yet mine eye therin to be my gyde,
Suffiseth me that vertue in her grow;
Whose simple life her fathers walls do hide.
Content with this I leaue the rest to go
And in such choise shall stand my wealth and wo.

DESCRIPTION OF AN VNGODLY WORLDE.

WHO loues to live in peace and marketh euery
change [right wondrous strange,
Shall hear such newes from time to time, as seme
Such fraud in frendly lokes, such frendship all
for gaine; [men retain,
Such cloked wrath in hateful hartes, which worldly
Such fayned flattering faith, amongs both high and
low; [ouerthrow,
Such great deceit, such subtil wits, the poore to
Such spite in sugred tonges, such malice full of
pride, [not goe unspide.
Such open wrong, such great vntruth, which can-
Such restless sute for rowms, which bringeth men
to care, [not beware.
Such sliding down from slippery seats, yet can we
Such barking at the good, such bolstring of the ill.
Such threatning of the wrath of God, such vice
embraced still,
Such stringing for the best, such clymyng to estate,
Such great dissembling euery where, such loue all
mixt with hate,
Such traines to trap the iust, such prolling faults to
pike, [heard the like?
Such cruel words for speaking truth, whoeuer
Such strife for stirring strawes, such discord dayly
wrought, [made of nought.
Such forged tales dul wits to blind, such matters
Such trifles told for truth, such crediting of lyes,
Such silence kept when fools do speak, such laugh-
ing at the wise:
Such plenty made so scarce, such crying for re-
dresse, [dares not expresse,
Such feared signes of our decay, which tong
Such changes lightly markt, such troubles still
apperes, [thousand yeres.
Which neuer were before this time, no not this
Such bribing for the purse, which euer gapes for
more, [muck in store,
Such hording vp of worldly wealth, such keeping
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,
Such sundry sortes among great clerkes, and few
that speake the truth,
Such falsed vnder craft, and such vnstedfast
wayes, [now a dayes,
Was neuer seen within mens hartes, as is found
The cause and ground of this, is our vnquiet
minde, [we must leue behind.
Which thinkes to take those goodes away, which
Why do men seke to get which they cannot pos-
sessa? [all for wretchednesse?
Or breke their slepes with careful thoughts, and
Though one amonges a skore, hath welth and
ease a while, [many a mile:
A thousand want which toileth sore, and trauaile
And some although they slepe, yet wealth falles
in their lap; [tune geves the hap;
Thus some be riche and some be poore, as for-
Wherefore I holde him wise, which thinkes him self
at ease, [to please,
And is content in simple state, both God and man
For those that liue like gods, and honoured are to
day,
Within short time their glory falls, as flowers do
fade away.
Uncerteine is their liues, on whom this world wyll
frowne,
For though they sit about the starres, a storme
may strike them downe.

In welth who feares no fall, may slide from joy full
sone; [as the moon.

There is no thing so sure on earth, but changeth
What pleasure hath the rich, or ease more than
the poore? [the more,

Although he haue a pleasant house, his trouble is
They bowe and speake him fair, which seek to suck
his blood, [his good;

And some do wish his soul in hell, and all to haue
The coueting of the goodes, doth nought but dull
the sprite. [eth for the sweet.

And some men chance to tast the sower, that grop-
The rich is still enuid by those which eat his
bread, [are daily fed;

With fawning speche and flattering tales, his ears
In fine I see and proue the rich haue many foes,
He slepeth best and careth least that little hath
to lose.

As time requireth now, who would auoide much
strife, [prince's life;

Were better liue in poore estate, than lead a
To passe those troublesome times I see but little
choise, [when they reioice.

But helpe to waite with those that wepe, and laugh
For as we se to day our brother brought in care,
To morrow may we haue such chauce, to fall
with him in snare.

Of this we may be sure, who thinks to sit most fast,
Shall sonest fall like withered leaues, that cannot
bide a blast;

Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low
doth runne; [shal be done.

When euery man hath played his part, our pagent
Who trusts this wretched world, I hold him worse
then madde, [to bad.

Here is not one that feareth God, the best is all
For those that seme as saints, are deuilles in their
dedes, [fit beareth many wedes.

Though that the earth bringes forth some flowers
I see no present helpe from mischiefe to preuail,
But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet
sayle:

For who that medleth least, shall saue himself
from smart: [foolish part.

Who stirres au oar in euery boate shall play a

Griping of gripes greue not so sore.
Nor serpentes sting causeth such smart,
Nothing on earth may paine me more,
Then sight that perst my wofull bart;
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,
Come death betimes, ioy shall I neuer.

O libertie! why dost thou swerue
And steal away thus all at ones?
And I in prison like to sterue,
For lack of food do gnaw on bones.
My hope and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone, ioy shall I neuer.

But styll as one all desperate,
To leade my life in misery,
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate
Where pity should graunt remedy;
Dispaire this lot assigns me euer
To liue in paine, ioy shall I neuer.

*THE LOUER PRAIETH HIS SERVICE TO
BE ACCEPTED, AND HIS DEFAULTES
PARDONED.*

PROCRIN, that sometime serued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any louer might;
Yet her betid in louing this vnright;
That as in hart with loue surprisid thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to shrowde him in the shade
When of his hunting he an ende had made,
Within the woodes with dredful fote forth stalketh,
So busily loue in her hed it walketh,
That she to see him, may her not restraine.
This Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues,
Uprist all egre, thrusting after pray,
With dart in hand him list to further daine
To see his loue, but slew her in the greaues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curious bene alas the rites all
Of mighty lone, that vnnetes may I thinke,
In his high service how to loke or winke;
Thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all
To you my loue and soueraign lady dere,
That may my hart with death or life stere,
As ye best list, that ye vouchsafe in all
Mine humble service: And if me misfall
By negligence, or els for lacke of wit,
That of your mercy you do pardon it;
And thinke that loue made Procrin shake the
leues,
When with vnright she slaine was in the greues.

THE DISPAIRING LOUER LAMENTETH.

WALKING the path of pensieue thought
I askt my heart how came this wo,
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought,
Thy mind, thy witte, thy will also,
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioy shall I neuer.

And as I walkt as one dismaide,
Thinking that wrong this wo me lent,
Right sent me word by wrath, which said,
This iust iudgment to thee is sent,
Neuer to die but dying euer;
Till breath thee fail, ioy shalt thou neuer.

Sith Right doth iudge this wo tendure
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,
As I haue done, so be she sure
Of faith and truth vntil I dye,
And as this paine cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.

*DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS
LOUE.*

LIKE the phœnix, a bird most rare in sight,
That nature hath with gold and purple drest;
Such she me semes in whom I most delight.
If I might speak for enuy at the least,
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
Of rose and lilly that sommer bringeth first,
In beauty sure exceeding all the rest.
Under the bent of her brows iustly pight,
As diamondes or saphires at the least,

Her glistring lights the darkness of the night,
Whose little mouth and chin like all the rest;
Her ruddy lippes exceede the coral quite;
Her yuery teeth where none exceedes the rest,
Faultlesse she is from foot vnto the wast;
Her body small, and straight as mast vpriht,
Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
Her hands depaint with veines all blew and white:
What shall I say for that is not in sight?
The hidden parts I iudge them by the rest,
Aud if I were the foreman of the quest,
To give a verdict of her beautie bright,
Vorgeve me Phœbus thou sholdst be dispossesst;
Which doth vsurp my ladies place of right,
Here wyll I cease least enuy cause despite,
But nature when she wrought so faire a wight,
In this her worke she surely did extend
To frame a thing that God could not amond,

**THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS PAINES
TO EXCEDE FARRE THE PAINES OF
HELL.**

THE soules that lacked grace
Which lye in bitter paine,
Are not in suche a place,
As foolishe folke do faine;

Tormented all with fyre,
And boyle in leade againe,
With serpents full of yre
Stong oft with deadly paine;

Then cast in frosen pites,
To freze there certain howres,
And for their painful fittes
Appointed tormentours.

No, no! it is not so,
Their sorow is not such;
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twice as much.

Which comes because they lacke
The sight of the Godhed,
And be from that kept backe
Wherwith are angels fed.

This thing know I by loue,
Through absence crueltie,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell paine before I die.

There is no tong can tell
My thousand part of care;
There may no fire in hell
With my desire compare;

No boiling leade can pas
My scalding sighes in hete,
No snake that euer was,
With stinging can so frette.

A true and tender hart,
As my thoughtes dayly doe,
So that I know but smart,
And that which longes therto.

O Cupid, Venus sonne,
As thou hast shewed thy might,
And hast this conquest wood,
Now end the same aright:

And as I am thy slaue,
Contented with al this,
So help me soone to haue
My perfect earthly bliss.

**OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYAT
THE ELDER.**

Lo, dead! he liues, that whilome liued here
Among the dead that quick go on the ground.
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick apere;
By lively name, that death cannot confound:
His life for ay of fame the trump shall sound;
Though he be dead, yet liues he here alieue,
Thus can no death from Wyat life depriue.

**THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMETH
ALL THINGES.**

WHAT harder is then stone, what more than
water soft?
Yet with soft water drops hard stones be persed
oft.

What geues so strong impulse
That stone ne may withstand?

What geues more weke repulse
Than water prest with band?

Yet weke though water be,
It holowith hardest flint:
By proufe whereof we see,
Time geues the greatest dint.

**THE BEGINNING OF THE EPISTLE OF
PENELOPE TO ULISSES, MADE INTO
VERSE.**

O LINGRING make, Ulysses dere, thy wife lo sender
to thee, [self to me.
Her driry plaint: write not againe, but come thy
Our hateful scourge, that woman's foe, proud Troy
is now fordon; [kingdome won.
We buy it dere, though Priam slaine, and al his
O that the raging surges great that lechers bane
had wrought [demon sought.
Wheu first with ship be forowed seas, and Lace-
In desert bed my shiuering coarse then shold not
haue sought rest, [to west.
Nor take in grief the chereful sunne so slowly fall
And whiles I cast long ruming nights, how best I
might begile, [ma-le the while:
No distaf should my widowish hand haue weary
When dread I not more daungers great then are
befall in dede?
Loue is a careful thing (god wot) and passing ful
of drede.

**THE LOUER ASKETH PARDON OF HIS
PASSED FOLLIE IN LOUE.**

You that in play peruse my plaint, and read in
rime the smart, [boured in my hart
Which in my youth with sigles full cold, I haz-

Know ye that love in that frail age draue me to
that distresse,
When I was half another man, then I am now to
gesse.
Then for this work of waucring words, where I
now rage now rew;
Tost in the toys of troublous loue as care or com-
fort grew,
I trust with you, that loues affairs by prooffe haue
put in ure,
Not only pardon in my plaint, but pity to procure:
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I
be,
And where to long loue made me blind, to late
shame makes me se:
Thus of my fault shame is the fruite, and for my
youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence, and thus I learne
at last.
Looke what the world hath most in price, as sure
it is to kepe,
As is the dream which fancy driues, whiles sense
and reason slepe.

**THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT HE WAS
STRIKEN BY LOUE ON GOOD-FRI-
DAY.**

It was the day on which the sunne deprived of
hys light, [unto the night.
To rew Christ's death amidst course gave place
When I amid mine ease did fall to such distem-
perate fits, [bereft my wits.
That for the face that hath my hart, I was
I had the bait, the hooke and all, and wist not
loues pretence; [no defence.
But fardle as one, that feard no ill, nor forst for
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this
plight, [wept in sight.
And that day 'gan my secret sighs, when all folke
For love that vewed me void of care, approacht
to take his pray, [lay the way.
And stept by stelth from eye to hart, so open
And strait at eyes brake out in tears, so salt that
dul declare [of care,
By token of their bitter taste that they were forgde
Now vaunt thee, loue, which fleest a maid defenst
with virtues rare,
And wounded hast a wight unwise, unweaponed
and nware.

**THE LOUER DESCRIBETH HIS WHOLE
STATE UNTO HIS LOUE, AND PRO-
MISING HER HIS FAITHFUL GOOD
WILL, ASSURETH HIMSELF OF HER
AGAINE.**

The sunne when he hath spread his raies,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies;
Ten thousand thinges do then begin
To shew the life that they are in.
The heaven shews lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and collours nue,
And laughs upon the earth anone.
The earth as cold as any stone;

Wet in the teares of her own kinde,
'Gins then to take a joyful minde:
For well she feesles that out and out,
The sunne doth warme her rounde about;
And dries her children tenderly,
And shewes them forth full orderly.
The mountaines hie and how they stand,
The valleies and the great maine land;
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles and the riuers long:
And euen for joy thus of this heate
She sheweth furth her pleasures great;
And slepes no more but sendeth forth,
Her clergions her own dere worth.
To mount and fly up to the ayre,
Where then they sing in ordre faire;
And tell in song full merily,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That night about their mother sides,
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
Where els they fede or take their restes.
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth strait through wood and corne.
On hilles thou shew the ewe and lambe,
And every youg one with his dambe;
Then louers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of their hale;
And how they serve and how they doe,
And how their ladie loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flock the foule in companie;
Then every thing doth pleasure finde
In that that comforts all their kinde.
No dreames do drench them of the night,
Of foes that would them slea or bite.
As houndes to hunt them at the taile,
Or men force them through hill and dale;
The shepe then dreames not of the woulf;
The shipman forces not the goulf:
The lambe thinks not the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his life;
For when the sunne doth once runne in,
Then all their gladnes doth begiu;
And theu their skips, and then their play,
So falls their sadnes then away:
And thus all thinges haue comforting,
In that that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sunne
Nor ought that God hath wrought and don
May comfort ought, as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure to,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh that rore for pain?
Joy they in song that that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torments glad?
Doe pleasure please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blind man oft that lacks his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light;
But those that knew their perfectnes,
And then do misse their blissfulnes;
In martirs tunes they sing and waile
The want of that which doth them faile;
And herof comes that in my braines,
So many fanisct work my paines;

For when I wayge your worthines,
Your wisdom and your gentleness,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face;
And bow that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plaine and mone;
Whom I doe loue, and must do still,
Whom I embrace and ay so will;
To serue and please you as I can,
As many a wofull faithful man;
And find my self so far you fro,
God knowes what torment and what wo
My ruffull hart doth then embrace;
The blood then chaungeth in my face;
My sinnes dull, in dompes I stand,
No life I feele in foote or hand;
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodeinly the blood ore spred;
And gone again, it nil so bide;
And thus from life to death I slide;
As cold sometimes as any stone,
And then again as hot anone.

Thus comes and goes my sundry fits,
To giue me sundry sortes of wits;
Till that a sigh becomes my frende,
And then to all this wo doth end,
And sure, I think, that sigh doth roon
From me to you, where ay you woon;
For wel I finde it easeth me,
And certes much it pleaseth me;
To think that it doth come to you;
As would to God, it could so do;
For then I know you would soone finde
By sent and fauour of the winde;
That euen a martirs sigh it is,
Whose joy you are, and his blis;
His comfort and his pleasure eke,
And euen the same that he doth seke;
The same that he doth wish and craue,
The same that he doth trust to haue,
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obay;
As farr as in his powre shall lye
Till death shall dart him for to dye;
But welaway mine owne most best,
My joy, my comfort, and my rest;
The causer of my wo and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my hart;
And she that on the earth aboue,
Is euen the worthiest for to loue,
Heare now my plaint, heare now my wo,
Heare now his paine that loues you so;
And if your hart do pity beare
Pitie the cause that you shall beare;
A doleful foe in all this dout,
Who leaues me not, but sekes me out,
Of wretched form and lothsome face,
While I stand in this wofull case;
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And saies, Friend hark and understand;
I see well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lokes and thy manere,
And by thy sadnes as thou goest,
And by the sighs that thou out throwest,
That thou art stuffed full of wo,
The cause, I think, I do well know;
A fantaser thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are ouccome;
But hast thou red old pamphlets aught?
Or hast thou known how bokes baue taught,

That loue doth use to such as thou,
When they do think them safe enow;
And certain of their ladies grace,
Hast thou not sene oft times the case
That soddenly their hap hath turnde,
As things in flame consume and burnde?
Some by deceite forsaken right,
Some likewise changed of fansie light?
And some by absence some forgot?
The lots in love; why, knowest thou not?
Aud tho' that she be now thine own,
And knowes thee well, as may be knowne,
And thinks the to be such an one
As she likes best to be her owne;
Thinks thou that others haue not grace
To shew and plain their wofull case?
And chose her for their lady now,
And swere her trowth as well as thou?
And what if she do alter minde;
Where is the loue that thou wouldest find?
Absence my frend works wonders oft,
Now brings full low that lay ful loft,
Now turnes the mind, now to, now fro,
And where art thou, if it were so?

If absence (quod I) be marueilous,
I find her not so daungerous;
For she may not remove me fro
The pore good will, that I do owe
To her, whom unnth I loue and shall,
And chosen haue about them all,
To serue and be her own as far,
As any man may offer her;
And will her serue, and will her loue,
And lowly as it shall behoue,
And die her own, if fate be so:
Thus shall my hart nay part her fro.
And wites shall my good will be,
That absence takes her not from me;
But that my loue doth still increase,
To minde her still and neuer cease.
And what I feele to be in me,
The same good wil, I think, hath she;
As firm and fast to biden ay.
Till death depart us both away.

And as I haue my tale thus told,
Steps unto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frend, a counsellour,
And named is Hope my comfortour;
And stoutly then he speaks and saies,
Thou hast said trowth withouten naies;
For I assure the euen by othe,
And thereon take my hand and trothe;
That she is one the worstiest,
The truest and the faithfulliest,
The gentlest and the meekest minde,
That here on earth a man may finde;
And if that loue and trowth were gone,
In her it might be founde alone;
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may be true, I wis:
And tenders thee, and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy health and weale
And loues thee euen as far furth than
As any woman may a man;
And is thine own, and so she saies,
And cares for thee ten thousand waies:
On thee she speakes, on thee she thinks,
With thee she eates, with thee she drinks,
With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
With thee she sighes, with thee she groanes,

With thee she saies, farwel, mine own,
 When thou, God knowest, full farre at gon;
 And euen to tell thee all aright,
 To thee she saies full oft, good night;
 And names thee oft her own most dere,
 Her comforte weal, and all her chere;
 And telles her pillow at the tale
 How thou nast don her wo and bale;
 And how she longes and plaines for the,
 And saies, Why art thou so from me?
 Am I not she that loues thee best?
 Do I not wish thine ease and rest?
 Seke I not how I may thee please?
 Why art thou then so from thine ease?
 If I be she for whom thou carest,
 For whom in tormentos so thou farest;
 Alas! thou knowest to find me here,
 Where I remain thine owne most dere;
 Thine own most true, thine own most iust,
 Thine own that loues thee stil, and must;
 Thine owne that cares alone for the,
 As thou, I think, dost care for me;
 And euen the woman, she alone
 That is full bent to be thine owne.
 What wilt thou more? what canst thou craue,
 Since she is as thou wouldst her haue?
 Then set this driuel out of dore,
 That in thy braines such tales doth poure;
 Of absence and of chaunge strange,
 Send him to those that use to chaunge;
 For she is none, I thee auow,
 And well thou maiest beleue me now;
 When Hope hath thus his reason said,
 Lord, how I feel me well a paide?
 A new blood then ore spredes my bones,
 That al in ioy I stand at ones;
 My handes I throw to heauen aboue,
 And humbly thank the god of loue;
 That of hys grace I should bestow
 My loue so well, as I it owe;
 And al the planets as they stand,
 I thank them to with hart and hand;
 That their aspects so friendly were,
 That I should so my good will bere
 To you that are the worthiest,
 The fairest, and the gentlest,
 And best can say, and best can do
 That longes, me thinks, a woman to;
 And therefore are most worthy farre
 To be beloued as you are.
 And so says Hope in al his tale,
 Whereby he easeth all my bale;
 For I beleue, and thinke it true,
 That he doth speake or say of you:
 And thus contented, lo! I stand
 With what, that Hope beares me in hand;
 That I am yours, and shal so be,
 Which Hope I kepe full sure in me;
 As he that all my comfort is,
 On you alone which are my blis;
 My pleasure chief which most I finde,
 And euen the whole ioy of my minde;
 And shall so be until the death
 Shall make me yield vp life and breath:
 Thus good mine own, lo! here my trust,
 Lo! here my truth, and seruce just;
 Lo! in what case for you I stand,
 Lo! how you haue me in your hand;
 And if you can requite a man,
 Requite me as you finde me than.

OF THE TROUBLED COMMONWELTH
 RESTORED TO QUIET BY THE MIGHTY
 POWER OF GOD.

THE secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
 Long did it lurk within the woden horse:
 The machine huge Trojans suspected not,
 The guile of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:
 Till in their beds their armed toes them met,
 And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.

Then rose the rore of treason round about,
 And children could of treason cal and cry,
 Wiues wrong their hands, the whole fired town
 throughout,
 When that they saw their husbands slaine them by,
 And to the gods, and to the skies they shrigh
 Vengeance to take for treason of that night,

Then was the name of Sinon spred and
 blowne,
 And whereunto his filed tale did tende,
 The secret starts and metings then were knowne
 Of Trojan traitours tending to this end,
 And every man could say as in that case,
 Treson in Antheor aud Eneas.

But all to long such wisdom was in store,
 To late came out the name of traitour than
 When that their king the altar lay before,
 Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man;
 Ilium on flame, the matrons cryeng out,
 And all the stretes, in streames of blood about.

But such was fate, and such was simple trust,
 That king and all should thus to ruine roon,
 For if our stories certain be and iust,
 There were that saw such mischief should be done,
 And warning gaue, which compted were in sort,
 As sad deuines in matter but of spurt.

Such was the time, and so in state it stood,
 Troy trembled not, so carelesse were the men,
 They brake the walls, they took this horse for good;
 Thee demed Grekes gone, they thought all suer-
 ty then,
 When treason start, and set the towne on fire,
 Aud stroyed Trojans, and gaue Grekes their de-
 sire.

Like to our time, wherin hatb broken out
 The hidden harme that we suspected least,
 Wombed within our walles and realme about,
 As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekeish beast;
 Whose tempest great of harnes, and of armes
 We thought not on, till it did noise our harmes.

Then felt we well the pillar of our welth,
 How sore it shoke; then saw we euen at hand
 Ruine how she rusht to confound our helth,
 Our realme and us with force of mighty band,
 And then we heard how treason loude did rore,
 Mine is the rule, and raigne i wyll therfore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kynde,
 A face it beares of all humilitie,
 Truth is the cloke and frendship of the minde,
 And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,
 Like to a mine, that crepes so nye the wall,
 Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturmeth all.

But he on hie that secretly beholde
The state of things, and times hath in his hand,
And pluckes in plagcs, and them again unfolds,
And hath appointed realmes to fall and stand;
He in the midst of all this sturrc and rout,
Can bend his browes, and moue himself about.

As who should say, and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I loue?
Am I such one, as none of you do know?
Or know you not that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now, and now to ouer throw,

Then thinke that I, as I haue set you all
In places where your honours lay, and fame;
So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall
Where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame;
And in their handes I wyll your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see,

Whose wisdomc hie as he the same fore saw,
So it is wrought, such lo! his iustice is,
He is the Lord of man, and of his law,
Praise therefore now his mighty name in this;
And make accompt that this our case doth stande;
As Israell free from wicked Pharaos hand.

THE LOUER TO HIS LOUE HAUING FOR-
SAKEN HIM, AND BETAKEN HER
SELFE TO AN OTHER.

The birde that sometime built within my brest
And there as then chiefe succour did receiue;
Hath now elsewhere built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you mine oste that harbour mine old guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue.

Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,
The hauke may check, that now comes faire to list.

THE LOUER SHEWETH THAT IN DIS-
SEMBLING HIS LOUE OPENLY HE
KEPETH SECRET HIS SECRET GOOD
WILL.

Not like a God came Jupiter to woo,
When he the faire Europa sought unto:
Another forme his godly wisdomc toke,
Such in effect, as writeth Ouides boke;
As on the earth no liuing wight can tell,
That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought haue stared on the sight;
Spred had it bene, both through earth and aire,
That Ioue had loued the lady Europa fair.
And then had some bene angry at the hart,
And some againe as ielous for their part.
Both which to stop, this gentle god toke mind,
To shape himselfe into a brutish kind;
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
And yet did bring him, what he sought to passe.
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort sone,
Though known to none, till all the thing was done;
In which attempt, if I the like assay,
To you, to whom, I do my selfe bewray:
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

THE LOUER DISCEIUED BY HIS LOUE
REPENTETH HIM OF THE TRUE LOUE
HE BARE HER.

I THAT Ulysses yeres haue spent
To finde Penelope,
Finde well that folly I haue ment
To seke that was not so,
Since Troylus case hath caused me
From Cressed for to go,

And to bewaile Ulysses truth,
In seas and stormy skies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue tossed sore,
From Scylla to Charibdis cliues,
Upon the drowning shore.

Where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
From danger unto death;
Much like the mouse that treads the trap
In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath,
So in like case I stooode.

Till now repentance hasteth him,
To further me so fast,
That where I sanke there now I swim,
And haue both streame and winde,
And lucke as good, if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stone, no grounde of glasse,
Now am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

THE LOUER HAUING ENIOYED HIS
LOUE HUMBLY THANKETH THE GOD
OF LOUE, AND AVOVING HIS HART
ONELY TO HER FAITHFULLY PRO-
MISETH VITTERLY TO FORSAKE ALL
OTHER.

Thou Cupid god of loue, whom Venus thralles do
serue [well deserue;
I yelde thee thanks upon my knees, as thou dost
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken off dispaire,
And all my storming dayes be past, and wether
waxeth faire;
By the I haue received a thousand times more ioy
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in
Troy.
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,
And when I thinke vpon the same, my hart doth
leape thfore.
By the my heauy douts and trembling feares are
fed, [thoughts are fed:
And now my wits that troubled wer, with pleasant
For dread is banisht clene, wherein I stood full oft,
And doubt to speak, that lay full low, is lifted now
aloft,
With arnes bespred abroad, with opende handes
and hart, [my smart.
I haue enjoyed the frute of hope, reward of all
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and
trust, [the louers lust.
The pledge of pure good will haue I, which makes

Such grace sins I haue founde, to oue I me be-
take,

The rest of Venus derlinges all, I utterly forsake;
And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no straungers do salute, nor ou their
beauties stare.

M̄y wits, I warne ye all, from this time forth take
hede, [fede.

That ye no wanton toyes devise, my fansies new to
My cares be ye shut up, and heare no woman's
voice, [hart rejoice.

That may procure me once to smile, or make my
My feete full slow be ye, and lame when ye should
moue,

To bring my body any where, to seke another loue:
Let all the gods above, and wicked sprites below,
And every wight in earth accuse, and curse me
where I go;

If I do false my faith, in any point or case,
A sodein vengeance fall on me, I aske no better
grace;

Away then sily ryme, present mine earnest faith,
Unto my lady where she is, and mark thou what
she saith;

And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for joy, thy maister hath his most
desired hap.

TOTUS MUNDUS IN MALIGNO POSITUS.

COMPLAINE we may, much is amisse,
Hope is nie gone to haue redresse,
These daies ben ill, nothing sure is,
Kinde hart is wrapt in heavnesse.

The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,
The ship is geuen to winde and waue,
All helpe is gone, the rocke present,
That will be lost, what mau can saue?

Things hard, therefore, are now refused,
Labour in youth is thought but vaine:
Duty by will-not is excused,
Remoue the stop, the way is plaine.

Learning is lewd, and held a foole;
Wisdome is shent, counted to raile,
Reason is banisht out of schole,
The blinde is bold, and wordes preuaile.

Power without care slepeth at ease,
Will without law, runneth where he list,
Might without mercy cannot please,
A wise man saith not, had I wist.

When power lackes care and forceth not,
When care is feble and may not,
When might is slothful and will not,
Weedes may grow where good herbs cannot.

Take wrong away, law nedeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine;
Take feare away, law booteth not,
To strive against streame, it is but vaine.

Wyly is witty, brainsick is wise,
Trough is folly, and might is right,
Wordes are reason, and reason is lies,
The bad is good, darknesse is light.

Wrong to redresse wisdome dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not
Which end go first, till al be lost.

Few right do loue, and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in every state,
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,
The low geve to the hye checke mate.

Order is broke in thinges of weight,
Measure and mēan who doth not flee?
Two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,
To seme is better than to be.

The bowle is round, and doth downe slide,
Eche one thrusteth, none doth uphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him hold?

Folly and falshod prateth apace,
Trough under bushel is faine to crepe,
Flattery is treble, pride sings the base,
The meane the best part, scant doth pepe.

This fiery plage the world infectes,
To vertue and trough it geves no rest,
Mens harts are burnde with sundry sectes,
And to eche man, his way is best.

With fodes and stormes thus be we tost,
Awake, good Lord, to thee we crye,
Our ship is almost sonk and lost,
Thy mercy help our misery.

Mans strength is weake; mans wit is dull,
Mans reason is blinde, these thinges t'amend,
Thy hand (O Lord) of might is full,
Awake betyme, and helpe us send.

In thee we trust, and in no wight,
Save us, as chickens under the ben;
Our crokeidnesse thou canst make right,
Glory to thee for aye. Amen.

THE WISE TRADE OF LYFE.

Do all your dedes by good advise,
Cast in your minde alwaies the end;
Wit bought is of to dere a price,
The tryed trust, and take as frend.
For frendes I find there be but two,
Of countenance, and of effect:
Of thone sort there are inowe,
But few been of thother sect.
Beware also the venym swete,
Of crafty wordes and flattery;
For to deceiue they be must mete,
That best can play hypocrisy.

Let wisdome rule your dede and thought,
So shall your workes be wisely wrought.

*THAT FEW WORDES SHEW WISDOME,
AND WORK MUCH QUIET.*

Who list to leade a quiet life,
Who list to ride him self from stryfe,
Give eare to me, marke what I say,
Remember well, heare it away.

Hulde harken thy tong at meate and meale,
 Speak but few wordes, bestow them well;
 By wordes the wise thou shalt espye,
 By wordes a foole some shalt thou trye,
 A wise man can his tongue make cease,
 A foole can never holde his peace.
 Who loveth rest, of wordes beware,
 Who loveth wordes, is sure of care:
 For wordes oft many have been shent,
 For silence kept, none hath repent.
 Two eares, one tong, ouely thou hast,
 Mo thinges to heare then wordes to wast.
 A foole in wise can forbear, e,
 He hath two tonges, and but one eare.
 Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,
 Lest that thy wordes put thee to payne;
 Wordes wisely set are worth much gold,
 The price of rashness is sone told.
 If time require wordes to be had,
 To hold thy peace I count thee mad.
 Talke only of nedeful verities,
 Strive not for trifling fantasies;
 With sobernesse the truth boult out,
 Affirme no thing, wherin is doute.
 Who to this lore will take good hede,
 And spend no mo wordes, than he nede,
 Though he be a foole, and have no braine,
 Yet shall he a name of wisdom gaine.
 Speake while time is, or hold thee still,
 Wordes out of time, do oft things spill;
 Say well, and do well, are things twaine,
 Twice blest is he in whome both raigne.

**THE COMPLAINT OF A HOT WOER DE-
 LAYED WITH DOUBTFULL COLD
 ANSWERS.**

A KIND of coal is as men say,
 Which have assaied the same?
 That in the fire, will wast away,
 And outward cast no flame.

Unto my self may I compare
 These coales, that so consume,
 Where nought is sene, though men do stare,
 Instede of flame but fume.

They say also, to make them burne,
 Cold water must be cast,
 Or els to ashes they will turne,
 And half to sinder waste.

As this is wonder for to se,
 Cold water warm the fire,
 So hath your coldnesse caused me
 To burne in my desire.

And as this water, cold of kinde,
 Can cause both heat and cold;
 And can these coales both break and binde,
 To burne, as I have told;

So can your tong of frozen yse,
 From whence cold answers come,
 Both coole the fire, and fire entice,
 To burne me all and some;

Lyke to the corne that stands on stacke,
 Which mowen in winter sunne,
 Full fayre without, within is black,
 Such heate therin doth runne;

By force of fire this water cold
 Hath bred to burne within;
 Even so am I that heate doth hold,
 Which cold did first begin.

Which heat is stint, when I do strive,
 To have some case sometime;
 But flame a freshe I do revieve,
 Wherby I cause to clyme

Instede of smoke a sighing breath,
 With sparks of sprinkled teares,
 That I should live this living death,
 Which wastes and never weares.

THE ANSWERE.

YOUR borrowed meane to moue your mone, of
 fume withouten flame,
 Being fet from smithy smoaking coale, ye seeme
 so by the same
 To shew is what such coals use, taught by such
 as have assayde,
 As I, that most do wish you well, and so right
 well appayd,
 That you have such a lesson learnde, how either
 to maintaine, [in vaine;
 Your fredome of unkindled coale, upheaped all
 Or how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy
 workmans art, [of heated hart;
 That cunning piece may pass therefro, by help
 Out of the forge, wherin the fume of sighes
 doth mount aloft, [mettal soft.
 That argues present force of fire, to make the
 To yield unto the hammer hed, as best the work-
 man likes, [temper strikes;
 That the yron glowing after blast in time and
 Wherin the use of water is, as you do seme to say,
 To queuch no flame, ne hinder beat, ne yet to
 wast away;
 But that which better is for you, and more de-
 liteth me, [like to be;
 To saue you from the sodeyne wast, vain cinder-
 Which lasting better likes in love, as you your
 semble ply, [teth by and by:
 Then doth the haven blase, that flames and fet-
 Sith then you know each use, wherein your cole
 may be applide, [bide,
 Either to lye and last on boorde, in open ayre to
 Withouten use to gather fat by falling of the
 raines, [in his veines,
 That makes the pitchy juyce to grow, by soking
 Or lye on fornice in the forge, as is his use of
 right, [yelde her might;
 Wherein the water trough may serue, and enter
 By work of smiths both hand and hed, a cun-
 ning key to make, [undertake;
 Or other pece as cause shall craue, and bid him
 Do as you deme most fit to do, and whereupon
 may grow [know,
 Such joy to you, as I may joy your joyful case to

**AN EPITAPH MADE BY W. G. LYING ON
 HIS DEATH BED, TO BE SET UPON
 HYS OWNE TOMBE.**

Lo here lyeth G. under the grounde,
 Among the gredy wormes,
 Which in his life tyme never found
 But strife and sturdy stormes.

And namely through a wicked wife,
As to the worlde apperes,
She was the shortnyng of his life,
By many dayes and yerres;

He might have liued long, god wot,
His yerres they were but yong,
Of wicked wiues, this is the lot
To kill with spitefull tong.

Whose memory shall still remayne
In writing here with me,
That men may know, whom she bath slayne,
And say this same is she.

AN ANSWERE.

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thread,
And were the weauer of thy wo,
Thou art then double happy to be dead,
As happely dispatched so;

If rage dyd caussesse cause thee to complayne,
And mad moode, mouer of thy moone,
If frensy forced on tby testy brayne,
Then blest is she to liue alone.

So whether were the ground of others grefe,
Because so doubtful was the dome,
Now death hath brought your payne a right re-
And blessed be ye both become: [lefe];

She that she liues no longer bound to beare
The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no longer fayne to feare
The restless ramp, that thou hadst wed;

Be thou as glad therefore that thou art gone,
As she is glad she doth abide,
For so ye be a sonder, all is one,
A badder match cannot betide.

EN EPITAPH OF MAISTER HENRY WILLIAMS.

FROM worldly wo, the ende of misbeliefe,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From vayne delight the ground of greater grefe,
From fear for frendes, from matter to repent:
From painfull pang; last sorrow that is sent,
From drede of death, sith death doth set us free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life, where lyking we do finde
Thence creaser of our crimes doth us bereue,
Our bliss that alway ought to be in minde.
This wily world, whiles here we breath aliue,
And flesh our fyned fo, do stilly striue,
To flatter us, assuring here the joy,
Where we alas, do find but great annoy.

Untold heapes though we haue of worldly
wealth,

Though we possess the sea and frutful ground
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and unharmed health,
Though at a wish, all pleasure do abound,
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
When death assaulteth with his dredful dart,
No ransome can stay the home hasting harte.

And sith thou cutt the lines-line in twaine,
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could staine,
Whose godly lyfe to vertue, was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Thou in this lyfe so cruel mightest thou be,
His sprite in heaven shall triumph over thee.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

STAY gentle frend that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to hye,
To lyue to dye, and stand to fall:

And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth, and want of worldly woe
Cannot with stand the mighty rage
Of death, our best unwelcome foe.

For hopefull youth had hight me health,
My lust to last till time to dye,
And fortune found my vertue wealth,
But yet, for all that, here I lye.

Learne also this, to ease thy mynde
When death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A time of triumph shalt thou finde
With me to scorne him in delight.

For one day shall we mete again,
Mauger deaths dart, in life to dwell;
Then will I thank thee for thy paine,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

AGAINST WOMEN EITHER GOOD OR BAD.

A MAN may live thrise Nestor's life,
Thrise wander out Ulysses race,
Yet never finde Ulysses wife,
Such change hath chanced in this case,

Lesse age will serve then Paris had,
Small pain (if none be small enough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade,
Such sap the root doth yelde the bough;

For one good wife Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood;
For one yll wife Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith bad and good;
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill.

AN ANSWER.

THE vertue of Ulysses wife,
Doth liue, though she hath ceast her race,
And far surmounts old Nestor's life;
But now in moe than then it was,
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladies now liue in other trade,
Farre other Helenes now we see,
Then she whom Trojan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the roote, so be
The sap and roote of bough and tre.

Ulysses rage, not his good wife,
Spit gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye, did raise the strife,
That did the Trojan buylding race;
Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yit:
Them all, O Lord main'aine my will,
To serue with all my force, and skill.

AGAINST A GENTIL WOMAN BY WHOM
HE WAS REFUSED.

To false report and flying fame,
Whitest my minde gaue credit light,
Beleuing that her bolstered name
Had stuffe to shew that praise did hight.
I find well now I did mistake,
Upon report my ground to make.

I heard it said, such one was she,
As rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly chere, of hart so free,
As her for hountie could passe none.
Such one were faire, though form and face
Were meane to passe in second place.

I sought it neare thinking to finde
Report and dede both to agreee,
But change had tried her suttile minde,
Of force I was enforced to seee,
That she iudee was nothing so:
Which made my will my hart foregoe:

For she is such, as geason none,
And what she most may boast to be;
I find her matches more then one,
What nede she so, to deale with me?
Ha flering face, with scornful hart,
So ill reward for good desert?

I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is small;
I lost her loue, that lesse hath won,
To vaunt she had me as her thrall;
What though a gillot sent that note,
By cocke and pye, I meant it not.

THE ANSWERE.

WHOM fancy forsed first to love,
Now frensy forceh for to hate,
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue,
Inconstance causeth to abate.
No minde of meane, but heat of braine,
Bred hate loue like heate hate agayne;

What hurdle your hart in so greate heat?
Fancy forced by fained fame,
Belike that she was light to get,
For if that vertue, and good name,
Moued your minde, why changed your will,
Sith vertue the cause abideth still?

Such fame reported her to be,
As rare it were to find her peere
For vertue or for honestie,
For her free hart, and lowly cheere;
This laud had lyed, if you had sped,
And fame bene false, that hath been spred.

Sith she hath so kept her good name,
Such praise of life and giftes of grace,
As Brute selfe blusbeth for to blame,
Such fame as fame fears to deface,
You slander not; but make it plain,
That you blame Brute, of brutish train,

If you haue found it, loking nere,
Not as you toke the brute to be,
Belyke you ment by lowly chere,
Bountie and hart, that you call free:
But leud lightnesse easy to frame,
To winne your will against her name.

Nay she may deme your deming so,
A mark of madnesse in his kinde,
Such causeth not, good name to go,
As your fond folly sought to finde:
For brute of kinde bent ill to blase,
Alway saith ill, but forced by cause.

The mo there be such as is she,
More should be Gods thanke for bis grace,
The more is her ioy it to seee;
Good should by geason earne no place,
Nor number make nought, that is good,
Your strange lusting hed wants a hood.

Her dealing greveth you (say ye)
Besides your labour lost in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we seee;
Schlander the end of your great paine:
Ha lewd lying lips, and hateful hart,
What canst thou desire in such desert?

Ye will repent, and right, for done
Ye haue a dede deseruing shame,
From reasons race far haue ye runne,
Hold your railing, kepe your tong tame;
Her loue! ye lye, ye lost it not,
Ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.

She reft ye not your libertie
She vaunteth not she had you thrall,
If oft haue done it, let it lye
On rage, that reft you wit and all,
What though a variets tale you tell,
By cocke and pye, you do it well.

THE LOUER DREDDING TO MOUE HIS
SUTE FOR DOUT OF DENIALL, AC-
CUSETH ALL WOMEN OF DISDAINE
AND FICKLENESSE.

To walk on doutful ground where danger is un-
sene,
Doth double men that carelesse be in depe despair
I wene;
For as the blinde doth fear, what footing he shall
finde,
So doth the wise, before he speake, mistrust the
strangers minde;
For he that blontly runs, may light among the
breers,
And so be put unto his plunge, where danger least
apperes.
The bird, that selly foole, doth warne us to beware,
Who lighteth not on every bushe, he dreads the
snare.

The mouse that shons the trap, doth shew what
harm doth lye;
Within the swete betraying bait that oft' deceives
the eye.
The fish auoids the hook, though hunger bids him
bite, [delite.
And houereth still about the worme, wheron is his
If birdes and beastes can see, where their undoing lies,
How should a mischief scape our heads that haue
both wit and eyes?
What madnesse may be more, than plow the bar-
ren fielde? [unweilde?
Or any fruitfull wordes to sow, to eares that are
They heare, and then mislike, they lyke, and then
they lothe;
They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea
sure they can do both.
We see what falls they haue that clime on trees
unknowne; [ouerthrowne;
As they that trust to rotten bowes, must nedes be
A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much
more, [the sore.
Then for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure
Wherefore my grieft I hide within a hollow bart,
Until the smoke thereof be spred, by flaming of
the smart

AN ANSWERE.

To trust the fayned face, to rue on forced tears,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft
appeares, [smart,
And breathes as from the brest, a smoke of kyndled
Where only lurkes a depe deceit, within the hollow
hart; [minde
Betrayes the simple soule, whom plaine deceitellesse
Taught not to feare that in itselfe itselfe did neuer
finde.
Not euery trickling teare doth argue inwarde paine,
Not euery sigh doth surely shew the sigher not to
faine;
Nor euery smoke doth proue a presence of the fire;
Not euery glistring geues the gold that gredy folk
desire;
Not euery wailing word is drawn out of the depe;
Not grieft, for want of granted grace, enforcheeth
all to wepe:
Oft malice makes the minde to shed the boyled
brine, [eyen:
And eniuious humour oft unlades by conduites of the
Oft craft can cause the man, to make a seeming
shew
Of hart with dolour all distreind, where grieft
did neuer grow.
As cursed crocodile most cruelly can tole
With truthlesse teares unto his death the silly
pitieng soule.
Blame neuer those therefore, that wisely can beware
The guilefull man, that sutly saith himselfe to
dread the snare: [song:
Blame not the stopped eares, against the syrens
Blame not the mind not moued with none of fals-
beds flowing tong.
If guile do guide your wit, by silence so to speak,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause
that you wold break. [saine,
Great harme your suttile soule shall suffer for the
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong so cloked
with his name;

But we, whom you have warnde, this lesson learne
by you, [rotten bow;
To know the tree before we clime; to trust no
To view the lmed bushe, to look afore we light;
To shunne the perilous baited hooke, and use a
further sight,
As do the mouse, the bird, the fish, by sample fitly
shew, [simples wo.
The wily wits and ginnes of men do worke the
So simple sith we are, and you so suttile be,
God help the mouse, the birde, the fish, and us
your slights to flee.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS FAULTE,
THAT WITH UNGENTLE WRITING HAD
DISPLEASED HIS LADY.

Ah! loue, how waiward is his wit? what pangas
do perce his breast [his rest,
Whom thou to wait upon thy will hast reued of
The light, the darke, the sunne, the mone, the day
and eke the night:
His daily dyeng life, himselfe, he hateth in de-
spight. [in thrall,
Sith first he light to loke on her that holdeth him
His mouing eyen, his moued wit, he curseth, hart
and all.
From hungry hope to pining fear, each hap doth
hurlle his hart; [into smart,
From pangas of plaint, to fits of fume, from aking
Eche moment so doth change his chere, not with
reourse of case,
But with sere sortes of sorowes still he worketh
as the seas: [ruly wise,
That turning windes, not calme returnde rule in un-
As if their holds of hills uphurld, they brasten
out to rise;
And puffe away the power that is unto their king
assignde,
To pay that, sith theyr prisonment, they deme to
be behinde.
So doth the passions long repress within the wofull
wight,
Breake down the bankes of all his wittes, and out
they gushen quite [rule, and stay,
To reare uprores; now they be free from reasons
And hedioug hailes the unruly race his quiet quite
away. [rage,
No measure hath he of his ruth; no reason in his
No bottom ground where stayes his grieft, thus
wears away his age.
In wishing wants, in wailing woes. Death doth he
dayly call [at all.
To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hope
Thence comes that oft in depe despeire to rise to
better state, [of all his fate:
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faut
On God and Gods decreed dome crieth out with
cursing breath,
Eche thing that gaued and saues him lyfe he
damueth of his death.
The wombe him bare, the brestes he suckt, each star
that with their might
Their secret succour brought to bring the wretch
to worldly light.
Ye that to his soules perile is most haynous harme
of all,
And craues the cruellest revenge that may to man
befall;

Her he blasphemés, in whom it lieth in present as
 she please, [heavens ease.
 To dampne him down to depth of hell, or plant in
 Such rage constrainde my strayed hart to guyde
 thunhappy hand

That sent uniding blots to her on whom my lyfe
 doth stand.

But graunt, O God, that he for them may beare the
 worthy blame, [the same:

Whom I doe in my depe distresse finde guilty of
 Even that blind buy that blindly guides the fault-
 lesse to their fall;

That laughs when they lament, that he hath
 thrown into thrall.

Or Lord, saue louring lokes of her; what penance
 els thou please, [ease.

So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine
 And thou, on whom doth hang my will, with hart,
 with soul, and care,

With lyfe, and all that lyfe may have, of well or
 evyll fare, [of saltish brine,

Graunt grace to him that grates therefore, with sea
 By extreme heat of boiling brest, distilled through
 his eyen;

And with thy fany render thou my selfe to me
 againe, [paine.

That daily then we duly may employ a painlesse
 To yelde and take the joyful frute that hartly loue
 doth lend [happy end.

To them that meane by honest meanes to come to

**THE LOUER WOUNDED OF CUPIDE,
 WISHED HE HAD RATHER BEN
 STRICKEN BY DEATH.**

THE blinded boy, that bendes the bow
 To make, with dynt of double wounde
 The stoutest state to stoupe, and know
 The cruel craft that I have founde;

With death I would had chopt a change,
 To borow, as by bargaine made,
 Eche others shaft; when he did range
 With restlesse rouing to invade

Thunthralled myndes of simple wightes;
 Whose gittles ghostes deserued not
 To fele such fall of their delightes;
 Such pangs, as I have past, God wot.

Then both in new unwonted wise,
 Should death deserue a better name,
 Not (as tofore hath ben his guise)
 Of crueltie to bear the blame.

But contrary be counted kinde,
 In lending life and sparing space,
 For sicke to ryse, and seke to finde,
 Away to wish their wery race

To drawe to some desired end;
 Their long and lothed life to ryd,
 And so to fele how like a frend,
 Before the bargain made he did.

And loue should eyther bring againe,
 To wounded wightes theyr owne desire;
 A welcome end of pining paine,
 As doth their cause of ruth require:

Or when he meanes the quiet man
 A harme, to hasten him to grefe:
 A better dede he should do then,
 With borrowd dart to geue reliefe.

That both the sicke well demene may,
 He brought me rightly my request;
 And eke the other sort may saye,
 He wrought me truly for the best.

So had not fansye forced me
 To bear a brunt of greater wo
 Then leauing suche a life may be;
 The grounde where only griefes do grow.

Unlucky liking linkt my hart
 In forged hope and forced feare,
 That oft I wisht the other dart
 Had rather perced me as neare.

A fained trust, constrained care,
 Most loth to lack, most hard to finde;
 In sunder so my judgment tare,
 That quite was quiet out of minde.

Absent in absence of mine ease,
 Present in presence of my paine,
 The woes of want did much displease
 The sighes I sought did greue againe.

Oft grief that boyled in my brest,
 Hath fraught my face with saltish teares,
 Pronouncing proues of mine unrest,
 Whereby my passed paine appeares.

My sighes full often have supplied,
 That fayne with wordes I would have said;
 My voice was stopt, my tong was tyed,
 My wittes with wo wer over waid.

With trembling soule and humble chere,
 Oft crated I for graunt of grace,
 On hope, that bountie might be there,
 Where beautie had so pight her place.

At length I founde that I did feere,
 How I had labourde all to losse;
 My selfe had been the carpenter;
 That framed me the cruell crosse.

Of this to come, if dout alone,
 Though blent with trust of better spede,
 So oft hath moued my minde to mone,
 So oft hath made my hart to blede.

What shall I say of it indede,
 Now hope is gone, mine old reliefe,
 And I enforced all to fede
 Upon the frutes of bitter griefe?

OF WOMENS CHANGEABLE WYLL.

I WOULD I found not, as I fele,
 Such changing chere of womens will,
 By fickle flight of fortunes whele,
 By kinde or custom never still.

So should I finde no fault to lay
 On fortune for their mouyng minde;
 So should I know no cause to lay
 This change to chaunce by course of kinde;

So should not loue so work my wo,
To make death surgeon for my sore;
So should their wittes not wander so;
So should I recke the lesse therfore.

THE LOUER COMPLAINETH THE LOSSE
OF HIS LADY.

No joy haue I, but liue in beauesnesse,
My dame of price bereft by fortunes cruellnesse;
My hap is turned to unhappinesse;
Unhappy I am, unless I finde releesse.

My pastime past, my youthlike yeres are gone;
My mouthes of mirth, my glistering dayes of
gladsomenesse,
My times of triumph turned into mone,
Unhappy I am unlesse I finde releesse.

My wanted winde to chaunt my chereful
chance [lesse;
Doth sigh, that song somtimes the balade of my
My sobbes, my sore, and sorow to aduance,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde releesse.

I mourne my mirth, for griefe that it is gone,
I mourne my mirth, wherof my musing mind-
fulnessse,
Is ground of greater griefe that grows theron,
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde releesse.

No joy haue I; for fortune frowardly [nesse;
Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to cruel-
Hath rest my dame, constrained me to crye;
Unhappy I am, unlesse I finde releesse.

OF THE GOLDEN MEANE.

THE wisest way, thy boate in waue and wind to
goue,
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trye,
Ne (warily shunning wrecke by wether) aye to
nie,

To presse upon perillous shore.

Both clenely flees he filth, ne wonnes a wretched
wight, [spite,
In calish coate; and carefull court aye thrall to
With port of proude estate, he leues, who doth
delite,

Of golden meane to bold the lore.

Stormes riefest rende the sturdy stoute pine
apple tree,
Of lofty ruing towers the falles the feller he,
Most fers doth lightning light, where furthest wee
do se

The hillis the valley to forsake.

Well furnisht brest to byde eche changes
changing chere, [full feare
In woe hath cherfull hope, in weale hath ware-
One selfe Joue winter makes with lothfull lokes
appeare,

That can by course the same aslake.

What if into mishap thy case now casten be?
It forceth not such forme of lucke to last to thee;
Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and he
Ceast siluer sound sometime doth raise.

In hardest hap use helpe of hardy hopefull hart,
Seme bolde to beare the front of fortune ouer-
thwart,
Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on
thy part,
Swage swelling saile, and doubt decays.

THE PRAISE OF A TRUE FRENDE.

Whoso that wisely wayes the profite and the prise
Of things wherein delight by worth is wont to
rise,
Shall find no jewel is so rich, ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly hart in value may compare.

What other welth to man by fortune may befall;
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of
all?
A frend no wracke of welth, no cruel cause of wo
Can force his frendly faith unfrendly to forgoe.

If fortune frendly fawne, and lend thee welthy
store,
Thy frendes conjoynd joy doth make thy joy the
more:
If frowardly she frown, and driue thee to distresse,
His ayde releues thy ruthe, and makes thy sorow
lesse.

Thus fortunes pleasant frutes by frendes en-
creased bee,
The bitter, sharpe, and sowre, by frendes alayde to
thee:
That when thou doest rejoyce, then doubled is thy
joy,
And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy any.

Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here
A stately part on stage of worldly state to bere,
Thy freind, as only free from fraude, wil thee aduise,
To rest within the rule of meane, as do the wise.

Hee seeketh to foresee the peril of thy fall;
Hee findeth out thy faultes, and warnes thee of
them all. [case,
Thee, not thy lucke, he loues, what euer be thy
Hee is thy faithfull frend, and thee he doth embrace.

If churlish cheare of chance haue throwen thee
into thrall,
And that thy neede aske aid for to releue thy fall:
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
And succour not to seke, before that thou can
craue.

Thus is thy frend to thee, the comfort of thy
paine,
The stay of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine;
In welth and wo thy frend, an other self to thee,
Such man to man a god, the proverbs saith to bee.

As welth will bring thee frendes in louing wo to
proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing welth to
loue:
With wisedomme chuse thy frend; with vertue him
retaine:
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

*THE LOUER LAMENTETH OTHER TO
HAVE THE FRUTES OF HIS SERUICE.*

SOME men would think of right to haue,
For their true meaning, some reward:
But while that I do cry and craue,
I see that others be preferd:
I gape for that I am debar'd:
I fare as doth the hound at hatch,
The worse I spede, the lenger I watch.

My wastefull wille is tried by trust;
My fond fansie is mine abuse;
For that I would refrain my lust,
For mine auaile I cannot chuse
A will, and yet no power to use:
A will no will, by reasons just,
Sins my will is at others lust.

They eate the bony, I hold the hiue;
I sow the seede, they reape the corne;
I waste, they winne; I draw, they driue;
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne;
I seke, they spede: in wast my winde is worne;
I gape, they get, and greedly I snatche,
Still worse I spede, the lenger I watche.

I fast, they fede; they drink, I thirst;
They laugh, I waile; they joy, I mourne;
They gaine, I lose, I have the wurst;
They whole, I sicke; they cold; I burne;
They leape, I lye; they slepe, I tosse and turne;
I would, they may; I craue, they haue at will;
That helpeth them; lo cruelty doth me kill.

OF THE SUTTELTIE OF CRAFTY LOUERS.

SUCH waiward waies have some when folly stirres
their braines,
To fain and plain full oft of loue, when least they
fele his paines; [store,
And for to shew a grief, such craft haue they in
That they can halt, and lay a salue, wheras they
fele no sore:

As hound unto the foote, or dog unto the bow,
So are they made to vent her out, whom bent to
loue they know, [driftes,
That if I should describe one hundred of their
Two hundred wits besides mine own, I should
put to their shifts: [dere,

No woodman better knows how for to lodge his
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to
guide the stere;

Nor beatdogge to herd can warer chose his game,
Nor scholeman to his fansie can a scholler better
frame,

Then one of these which have old Ouids are in ure,
Can seke the waies unto their minde, a woman to
allure.

As round about a hiue the bees do swarme alway,
So round about the house they prese wherin they
seke their pray:

And whom they so besege, it is wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to assault these wily warriors
bring: [fro,

The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and
Doth serue to stale her here and there, where she
doth come and goe; [hart;

The tong doth pleade for right, as herald of the
Aud both the handes, as oratours, do serue to
point their part:

So shewes the countenance then with these fowre
to agree, [sworne bee:

As though in witnes with the rest it would hers
But if she then mistrust, it woulde turne blacke to
white:

For that the wooer lokes most smoth, when he
would finest bite,

Then wit, as councellor, a helpe for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand, as secretair, forthwith
to write his minde:

And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treat in haste for to procure her to a better
trade;

Wherin if she do think al this is but a shewe,
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty
shreve. [the field:

Then come they to the larme, then shewe they in
Then muster they in colours strange, the waies
to make her yield: [in:

Then shoote they batry off, then compasse they her
At tilt and turney oft they strue this selly soul to
win; [forth their song,

Then sound they on their lutes, then strain they
Theu rumble they with instruments to lay her
quite along: [and watch;

Then borde they her with giftes, then do they woo
Then night and day they labour bard this simple
hold to catch,

As paties within a wood, or turnes within a mase,
So then they shewe of wiles and craftes they can a
thousand waies.

OF THE VANITY OF MANS LIFE.

VAYNE is the fleting welth
Wheron the world stayer,
Sith stalking time by priuy stelh
Enrocheth on our dayes.

And elde which creepeth fast,
To taint us with her wounde,
Will turne eche blisse unto a blast,
Which lasteth but a staunde.

Of youth the lusty floure,
Which whilome stode in price,
Shall vanish quite within an houre,
As fire consumes the ice.

Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy towne
Withstode the Grekes till ten yeres fight
Had rasde their walls adowne?

Did not the wormes consume
Her carion to the dust?
Did dreadfull death forebare his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?

*THE LOUER NOT REGARDED IN EAR-
NEST SUTE, BEING BECOME WISER, RE-
FUSETH HER PROFRED LOUE.*

Do way your physike, I faint no more;
The salue you sent, it comes too late:
You wist well al my grief before,
And what I suffred for your sake:
Hole is my hart, I plaine no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore do way, you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And tho' my faith it were well knowne,
Yet small regard thou toke therat;
But now the blast is overblowne,
Of vaine phisicke a salue you shape,
Wherfore do way, you come to late.

How long to this have I bene faine
To gape for mercy at your gate;
Untill the time I spide it plaine,
The pitie and you fell at debate:
For my redresse, then was I faine
Your service cleane for to forsake,
Wherfore do way, you come too late.

For when I brent in endlesse fire,
Who ruled then but cruel hate?
So that unneth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slake:
Therefore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make,
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.

For when I asked recompence,
Which cost you nought to graunt, God wat:
Then said disdain, too great expence
It were for you to graunt me that:
Therefore do way your rere pretence
That you would binde that erst you brake,
For lo your salue comes all too late.

THE COMPLAINT OF A WOMAN RAUISHED, AND ALSO MORTALLY WOUNDED.

A CRUEL tiger al with teeth bebled,
A bloody tirantes hand in eche degree;
A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
(Alas) deflowred my virginitee:
And not contented with this villanie,
Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirst of greater crueltie,
Fearing his heinous gilt should be bewraied,
By crying death and vengeance openly.
His violent hand forthwith, alas, he layd
Upon my guiltles sely childe and me:
And like the wretche, whom no horrour dismayde,
Drownde in the sinke of depe iniquitie,
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath slain us both for cloaking of his crime.

THE LOUER BEING MADE THRALL BY LOUE, PECEIUETH HOW GREAT A LOSSE IS LIBERTIE.

AH! libertiel now haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee, what iewell I possess,
When I receiued first from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.

So farre (alas) forth strayed were mine eyes,
That I ne might refraine them back; for, lo,
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise,
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.

What then for me, but stil with mazed sight,
To wonder at that excellence diuine,
Where loue (my freedome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thral, through error of mine eyen,

For other guardon hope I not to haue,
My folting tong so basheth ought to craue.

THE DIUERSE AND CONTRARIE PAS- SIONS OF THE LOUER.

HOLDING my peace, alas! how loud I crie,
Pressed with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strained with death, and yet I cannot die:
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones;
Unto my hope, withouten winges I flie;
Pressed with despair, and breaketh all my bones;
Walking as if I were, and yet am not:
Faining with mirth, must inwardly with mones.

Hard by my help, unto my helth not nie,
Mids of the calme my ship ou rock it rones.
I serue unbound, fast fettered yet I lie,
Instede of milke that fede on marble stones;
My most wil is, that I do espie,
That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones:
In contraires standeth al my losse and gaine,
And lo the giltesse causeth al my paine.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE HAWTHORNE.

I SELY haw, whose hope is past.
In faithful, true, and fixed minde;
To her whom that I serued last,
Haue all my ioyfulness resignde;
Because I know assuredly,
My dieng day approacheth ny.

Dispaired hart, the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
That leaues his ioy for euermore.
And when the day of hope is past,
Geue up thy sprite and sigh thy last.

But, or that we depart in twaine,
Tell ber I loued with all my might,
That though the corps in clay remaine,
Consumed to ashes, pale and white;
And though the vital powres do cease,
The sprete shall loue her nathelesse.

And pray my liues, lady dere,
During this litle time and space
That I haue to abiden here,
Not to withdraw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine
That I shal haue to part in twaine.

And that at least she will witsame
To graunt my iust and last request;
When that she shal behold his graue,
That lyeth of life here disposset,
In record that I once was hers,
To bathe the frozen stone with teares.

The service tree here do I make,
For my executour and my frende;
That liuing did not not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my end,
To see my body well conuede,
In ground where that it shal be layde;

Tomb'd vnderneath a goodly oke,
With iuy grene that fast is bound:
There this my graue I haue bespoken,
For there my ladies name doth sound;
Beset euen as my testament tels,
With okeu leaues and nothing els.

Grauen whereon shal be exprest,
" Here lyeth the body in this place,
Of him, that liuing neuer cest
To serue the fairest that euer was:
The corps is here; the hart he gaue
To her for whom he lieth in graue."

And also set about my herse
Two lamps to burne, and not to queint,
Which shal betoken and reherse,
That my good will was neuer spent,
When that my corps was layd alow,
My spirit did swear to serue no mo.

And if you want of ringing bells,
When that my corps goth into graue,
Repete her name and nothing els,
To whom that I was bounden slaue:
When that my life it shall unframe,
My sprete shal ioy to heare her name.

With dolefull note and piteous sound,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine;
With such a song lay me in ground;
My sprete, let it with her remaine
That had the body to command,
Till death therof did make an end.

And euen with my last bequest,
When I shall from this life depart,
I geve to her I loued best
My iust, my true, and faithful hart;
Signed with hand as cold as stone,
Of him that lining was her owne.

And if he here might liue againe
As Phenix made by death anew,
Of this she may assure her plaine,
That he will still be iust and true.
Thus farewell she on liue my owne,
And send her ioy when I am gone.

THE LOUER IN DESPAIRE, LAMENTETH HIS CASE.

ADIEU, desert, how art thou spent?
Ah! dropping tears, how do ye waste?
Ah! scalding sighes, how be ye spent,
To prickte them forth that will not haste?
Ah! pained hart, thou gapst for grace,
Euen then where pitie bath no place.

As easy it is the stony rocke
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to prouoke
A frozen hart from hate to loue:
What should I say? Such is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thanklesse thoughts thy thoughtes do weare;
Thy truth, thy faith may nought auaille

For thy good will, why should thou so
Still graft, where grace it will not grow?

Alas! pore hart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowing time, thy pleasant yeres:
With sighing voice wepe and lament;
For of thy hope no frute apperes:
Thy true meaning is paide with scorne,
That euer soweth and repeth no corne.

And where thou sekes a quiet port,
Thou dost but weigh against the wind;
For where thou gladdest woldst reside,
There is no place for thee asside:
Thy destiny hath set it so,
That thy true hart should cause thy wo.

OF HIS MAISTRESSE, M. BAYES.

In Bayes I boast, whose braunch I beare,
Such ioy therin I finde,
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carefull minde.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be sene,
When other frutes and flowers decay,
The Bay yet growes full grene;

Her berries fede the birdes full oft;
Her leues swete water make,
Her bowes be set in euery loft
For their swete savours sake:

The birds do sbrowd them from the cold,
In her we daily see;
And men made arbers as they wold,
Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repaire
There as these Bayes do grow,
Where oft I walke to take the aire,
It doth delight me so.

But lo I stand, as I were dume,
Her beauty for to blase,
Wherwith my sprites be ouercome,
So long thereon I gase.

At last I turne vnto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to my self I smile and talk,
And then away I go.

Why smilest thou? say lokers on,
What pleasure hast thou found?
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to swunde.

Fie, fie for shame, sayth Fansie than,
Pluck up thy fainted hart,
And speak thou boldly like a man
Shrink not for litle smart,

Wherat I blush and change my chere
My senses waxe so weake,
O God, think I, what make I here,
That neuer a word may speake:

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,
My lokes I slyly cast,
And still I stand, as one were scard,
Until my stormes be past.

Then hapy hap doth me reuiue,
The blood comes to my face;
A merier man is not alioe,
Then I am in that case.

Thus after sorow seke I rest;
When fled is fancies fit:
And though I be a homely gest,
Before the Bayes I sit;

Where I do watche till leaues do fall:
When winde the tree doth shake,
Then, though my branche be very small,
My leafe away I take,

And then I go and clap my handes,
My hart doth leap for ioy.
These Bayes do ease me from my bandes,
That long did me annoy;

For when I do beholde the same,
Which makes so fair a show,
I finde therein my maistrus name,
And se her vertues grow.

**THE LOUER COMPLAINETH HIS HARTY
LOUE NOT REQUITED.**

WHEN Phœbus had the serpent slaine,
He claymed Cupids boe,
Which strife did turne him to great paine;
The story well doth proue;
For Cupide made him fele much woe,
In seking Daphnes loue.

This Cupide hath a shafte of kinde,
Which wounded many a wight;
Whose golden hed had power to binde
Eche hart in Venus bandes;
This arrow did on Phebus light,
Which came from Cupides handes.

Another shaft was wrought in spight,
Which headed was with lead;
Whose nature quenched swete delight
That louers most embrace.
In Daphnes brest this cruel head
Had founde a dwelling place.

But Phebus, fond of his desire,
Sought after Daphnes so;
He burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro:
He gate but hate for his good wyl,
The gods assigned so.

My case with Phebus may compare;
His hap and miue are one:
I cry to her that knows no care,
Yet seke I to her most:
When I approche, then is she gone:
Thus is my labour lost.

Now blame not me, but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden head;
And blame those gods that with their craft,
Such arrowes forge by kinde;
And blame the cold and heauy lead,
That doth my ladies minde.

A PRAISE OF M. M.

In court as I beheld the beautie of eche dame,
Of right, me thought, from all the rest should M.
steale the same;

But er I ment to judge, I vewed with such advise,
As retchlesse dome should not inuade the boundes
of my deuise: [within,
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when did
the bale begin.

By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth y founde, enjoy such beautie
should;

And fansie doubted that from heauen had Venus
come, [yet doth blome;
To norish rage in Britaines heartes, while corage
Her natiue hue so stroue with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty
chose.

A wight farre passing all, and is more fair to sene,
Then lusty May the lodge of loue, that clothes the
earth in grene;

So angel like she shines, she semeth no mortal
wight, [selfe to spight:

But one whom Nature in her forge, did frame her
Of beauty priuicesse chief; so makelesse doth she
rest; [paine in breast:

Whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison
I waxe astonied to see the featour of her shape,
And wondred that a mortal hart such heauenly
beames could scape.

Her limmes so answering were the mould of her
faite face: [beauties grace:
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of
Her presens doth pretend such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth, if folly
bred debate:

Her lokes in hartes of flint would such affects
impress, [yeres increase.

As rage of flame, not Nilus stromes, in Nestors
Within the subtille seat of her bright eyen doth
dwell [freedome sel.

Blind Cupide with the pricke of paine, that princes
A paradise it is, her beauty to behold,
Where natures stuffe so full is founde, that na-
tures ware is solde.

**AN OLD LOUER TO A YONG GENTLE-
WOMAN.**

Ye are to yong to bring me in;
And I too old to gape for flies;
I haue too long a louer been:
If such yong babes should bicare mine eyes;
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play;
I wyl not see, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and runne away.

But if you folow on so fast,
And crosse the wayes where I should go,
Ye may waxe very at the last,
And then at length your selfe othrow:
I meane where you and all your focke,
Deuise to prn men in the pound:
I know a key can picke your locke,
And make you runne your selves ou ground

Some birdes can eat the strawie corne,
And flee the lime that fowlers set;
And some are ferde of euery thorne,
And so thereby they scape the net:
But some do light, and neuer loke,
And seeth not who doth stand in waite,
As fishe that swallows up the hoke,
And is begiled through the baite.

But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for euery ware,
And peniworthies cast to bye good cheape;
And in eche thing have eye and care:
But lie that bluntly runnes on hed,
And seeth not what the race shall be,
Is like to bring a foole to bed;
And thus ye get no more of me.

THE LOUER FORSAKETH HIS VNKIND LOUE.

FAREWELL thou frozen hart, and eares of hardened stele:
Thou lackest yeres to understand the griefe that I did fele: [thee,
The gods revenge my wrong with equal plage on
What pleasure shal prick forth thy youth to learn what loue shall be:
Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupides holde, [thy cardes are told:
And matchest where thou maigest repent when all But blush not thou therefore, thy betters haue done so,
Who thought they had retaine'd a done, when they but caught a crow:
And some do tenger tunc with lofty lokes wee see,
That lightes at length as low or worse then doth the bettill bee. [hie,
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from That thou maist be, if fortune serue, a princess er thou die;
If chance preferre the so, alas pore sely man,
Where shall I scape thy cruel handes, or seke for succour than? [lesse blood,
God shild such greedy wolues should lap in gilt- And send short hornes to hurtfull heds that rage like lions wood,
I seldome see the day but malice wanteth might,
And hateful hartes haue neuer lap to wreke their wrath aright.
The madman is unmete a naked sword to gide,
And more unfit are they to ctime that are orecome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoup sometime, as men cast up the lure. [list;
The peacock hath no place in thee, when thou shalt For some no soner make a signe, but thou perchuiest the fist: [gilde;
They haue that I do want, and that hath thee be- The lacke that thou dost see in me doth make the loke so wilde.
My luring is not good, it liketh not thine eare;
My call it is not halie so swete, as would to God it were.
Well wanton, yet beware thou do no tiring take
At euery hand that woulde thee fede, or to thee friendship make.

This councill take of him that ought thee once his love;
Who hopes to mete thee after this among the snties aboute. [place,
But here within this worlde, if he may slionne the He rather asketh present death, then to behold thy face.

THE LOUER PREFERRETH HIS LADY ABOUE ALL OTHER.

RESIGNE, you damis, whom tikeling brute delight,
The golden praise the flatteries tromp doth sound,
And vassels be to her that claims by right,
The tytle just that first dame beauty found,
Whose dainty eyes such sugred baites do bide,
As poyson harts where glims of love do glide.

Come eke, and see how heauen and nature wrought
Within her face, where framed is such ioy,
As Priams sonne in vaine the seas had sought,
If halfe such light had had abode in Troy;
For as the golden sonne doth darke ech starre,
So doth her hue the fayrest dames as farre.

Ech heauenly gift, ech grace that nature could,
By art of witt my lady lo retaines;
A sacred head so heapt with beares of gold;
As Phæbus beames for beauty farre it staines:
A sugred tong where eke such swetnesse snowes,
That well it sines a fountain where it flowes.

Two laughing eyes so linked with pleasing
As would entice a tygers hart to serue; [lokes,
The baite is swete, but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane seketh her honour to preserue:
Thus Arundell sits throned still with fame,
Whom enemies tromp cannot attaint with shame.

My dased head so daunted is with heapes
Of gifts diuine that harber in her brest;
Her heauenly shape; that lo my verses leaps,
And touch but that wherein she cloudes the rest:
For if I should her graces all recite,
Both time should want, and I should wonders write.

Her chere so swete, so cristal is her eyes,
Her mouth so smal, her lips so liuely red,
Her hand so fine, her wordes so swete and wise,
That Pallas semes to sojourne in her hed:
Her vertues great her form as far exceeds,
As sunne the shade that mortall creatures leades.

Would God that wretched age would spare to
Her liuely hew, that as her graces rare [race
Be goddesse like, even so her goddesse face
Might neuer change, but still continue faire,
That eke in after time ech wight may see
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

THE LOUER LAMENTETH THAT HE WOULD FORGE AT LOUE, AND CANNOT.

ALAS when shall I ioy?
When shall my wofull heart
Cast forth the foolish toy
That bredeth all my smart?

A thousand times and mo
I have attempted sore
To rid this restlesse wo,
Which raiguenth more and more.

But when remembrance past
Hath laid dead coals together,
Olde loue renewes bis blast,
That cause my ioyes to wither:
Then sodainly a spark
Startes out of my desire,
And lepes into my hart,
Setting the coals a fire.

Then reason runnes about
To seke forgetful water
To quench and cleane put out
The cause of all this matter,
And saith, dede flesh must nedes
Be cut out of the core;
For rotten wither'd wedes
Can heale no greuouse sore.

But then euen sodainly
The feruen. heat doth slake,
And cold then straineth me,
That makes my bodie shake:
Alas, who can endure
To suffer al this paine,
Sins her that should me cure,
Most cruel death hath slaine.

Well, well, I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead;
Yet wo is me therefore,
I must attempt to leade
One other kynde of life
Then hitherto I haue,
Or els this paine and strife,
Will bring me to my graue.

SONGES WRITTEN BY N. G.
OF THE NINE MUSES.

Imps of kyng Jove, and queen Remembrance lo
The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
Caliope doth stately stile bestow,
And worthy praises paites of princely peres.

Clion in solem songes reneweth all day,
With present yeres conjoyning age bypast,
Delightful talke louses comical Thaley,
In fresh grene youth who doth lyke lawrel last.

With voyces tragicall soundes Melpomen
And as with cheynes thallured eare she byndes.
Her stringes when Terpsicor doth touch, euen
then
She toucheth bartes, and raiguenth in mens myndes:

Fine Erato, whose looke a liuely chere
Presents, in dancing kepes a comely grace.
With sately gesture doth Polymnie stere,
Whose wordes whole routes of rankes do rule in
place.

Uranie her globes to view all bent,
The ninefold heauen obserues with fixed face;
The blastes Euterpe tunes of instrument, [chase.
With solace sweet, hence my heauy dumpes to

† Nic. Grimoald.

Lord Phebus, in the myds, (whose beauenly
These ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all. [sprite
The graces in the muses weed, delite,
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

MUSONIUS THE PHILOSOPHERS SAYING.

In working well, if travell you sustaine,
Into the winde shall lightly passe the paine;
But of the dede the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigne.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure soon shal vade, and voide as vaine:
But of the dede throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with fowle defame;
And stil tormentes the minde both night and day;
Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then yl-suading pleasures, baites untrue,
And noble vertues faire renoua pursue.

DESCRIPCION OF VERTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torne weed yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had.
Why porely rayd? for fading goodes past care.
Why double faced? I marke ech fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Mindes rages to restraine.
Tooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why winges? I teach about the starres to flye.
Why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

PRAISE OF MEASURE-KEPING.

THE auncient tme commended not for nought
The mean: what better thinge can there be sought?
In meane is virtue placed; on either side,
Both right and left, amisse a man shall slide.
Icar, with Sire hadst thou the midway flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton
No burning brand this earth had falne upon:
Ne cruel power, ne none too soft can raigne;
That kepes a meane, the same shall stil remaine,
Thee Julie once did too much mercy spill;
Thee Nero stern, rigor extreme did kill.
How coulede August so many yeres well passe?
Nor overmeke nor overferce he was:
Worship not Joue with curious fancies vain,
Nor him despise; hold right atwene these twain.
No wastfull wight, no gredy groom is praizd,
Stand largesse just in egall ballance paizd.
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
Too slender building bad, as bad too grosse;
One an eye sore, the tother falles to losse.
As medcines helpe in measure, so (God wot)
By overmuch the sicke their bane have got.
Unmete me semes to utter this mo waies;
Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

MANS LIFE, AFTER POSSIDONIUS OR
CRATES.

WHAT path list you to tread? what trade will
you assay?
The courtes of plea by braule and bate drive gentle
peace away.

In house, for wife and child, there is but cark and
care,
With trauel and with toyl ynough in fields we
use to fare.
Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign
land [sers porely stand.
Doo feare the losse: and there the poore like my-
Strife with a wife; without your thrift full harde to
see: [to be.
Yong brats a troble, none at all, a mayme it semes
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all
to nie; [to die.
Choose then the lefer of these two, no life, or soon

*METRODORIUS MINDE TO THE CON-
TRARIE.*

WHAT race of lyfe ronn you? what trade will
you assay? [day.
In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by
At home we take our ease, and break our selves
in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of
the best.
On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be
Estemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his
lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe then art
thou free. [to thee.
Brood is a louely thing: without, thy lyfe is loose
Young bloodes be strong; olde syres in double
honour dwell: [all is well.
Do way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for

OF FRENDSHIP.

OF all the heauenly gifts that mortal men com-
mend, [a frende?
What trusty treasure in the world can counteruaile
Our helth is soon decayed; goodes casual, light,
and vain;
Bruke haue wee sene the force of powre, and honour
suffer stain.
In bodies lust man doth resemble but base brute,
True vertue gets and kepes a frende: good guyde of
our pursute; [case:
Whose harty zeale with ours accords in euery
No terme of time, no space of place, no storme
can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth still,
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when
frendes owe thee good will:
What sweter solace shall befall, then one to finde,
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets
of thy minde?
He waileth at thy wo; his teares with thine be shed;
With thee doth be all joys inioy, so lefe a lyfe is led.
Behold thy frende, and of thy selfe the paterne see,
One soul a wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine
to be; [sound,
In absence present; ryche in want; in sicknessse
Yea after death aliuie maist thou by thy sure frende
be found.
Eche house, eche towne, eche realme by stedfast
loue doth stande;
Where fowle debate bredes bitter bale in eche di-
uided lande,

O frendship, flowr of flowers, O liuely sprite of
lyfe, [stanch of strife:
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth
Scipio with Lelius didst thou conjoyn in care;
At home, in warres, for weale and wo, with equal
faith to fare
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus sonne Achill by thee com-
bined was:
Furyalus and Nisus gaue Virgil cause to sing:
Of Pylades doo many rimes and of Orestes ring.
Downe Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frend to
finde; [mates so kynd.
O that the wiuens in these our daies wer to their
Cicero the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,
Of frendship wrote, such couples lo, doth lot but
sceldom send. [there see,
Recount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou
Of whom to say, This same is he that neuer failed
mee?
So rare a jewell then must nedes be holden dere:
And as thou wilt esteeme thy selfe, so take thy
chosen fere.
The tirant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewayls,
But out, I am undone (saith he) for all my frend-
ships failes: [kiude,
Wherefore sins nothing is more kyndly for our
Next wisdom thus that teacheth us, love wee the
frendfull minde.

*THE DEATH OF ZOROAS, AN EGIPTIAN
ASTRONOMER, IN THE FIRST FIGHT
THAT ALEXANDER HAD WITH THE
PERSIANS.*

Now clattering armes, now raging broyls of warre,
Gan passe the noyes of drefull trompetts clang,
Shrowded with shafts the heauen; with cloude of
darts
Covered the ayre. Against full fatted bulls
As foreth kyndled yre the Lyons keen;
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing longer pricks:
So Macedons against the Persians fare.
Nor corpses hyde the purple soyle with blood;
Large slaughter on eche side; but Perses more:
Moyst fieldes bebed, theyr hartes and numbers
bate;
Painted while they geue barke, and fall to flighte.
The lightening Macedon by swordes, by gleaues,
By bands and troupes of fotemen, with his garde,
Speedes to Darie, but hym his nest kyn,
Oxate preserues, with horsemen on a plump
Before his carr, that none the charge should geve:
Here grunts, here groans, echewhere strong youth
is spent:
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
The Perses soweth all kind of cruel death.
With throte ycut he roores; he lyeth along,
His entrails with a launce through girded quite,
Hym smites the club: him woundes farre stryk-
ing bow:
And him the sling; and him the shining sword;
He dieth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right our stood, in snow white armor braue,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke,
To whom the heauen lay open, as his boke;
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,

And influence, and constellacions all;
 What earthly chances would betide; what yere
 Of plenty storde, what signe forewarned derth,
 How winter gendreth snow; what temperature
 In the primetyde doth season well the soyl;
 Why somer burnes; why autumn hath ripe
 grapes,

Whither the circle quadrate may become,
 Whether our tunes heuens harmony can yelde,
 Of four biggins among themselves howe great
 Proportion is; what sway the erring lightes
 Doth send in course, gayne that fyrst mouing
 beauen;

What grees one from another distant be,
 What Starr doth lett the hurtfull Sire to rage,
 Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
 What fyre doth qualifie Mauorses fyre,
 What house eche one doth seeke, what planet
 raignes

Within this hemis sphere, or that small things
 I speake, whole heauen he closeth in his brest.

This sage then in the starres had spied the fates
 Threatned him death without delay; and, sithe
 He saw he could not fatall order change,

Foreward he prest in battaile, that he might
 Mete with the rulers of the Macedoins;
 Of his right hand desirous to be slaine,
 The boldest burne, and worthiest in the feilde;

And as a wight, now wery of his life,
 And seking death; in fyrst front of his rage,
 Comes desperately to Alexanders face;

At him with darts one after other throwes;
 With reckles words and clamour him prouokes,
 And sayth, Nectanabs bastard, shameful stayne
 Of mothers bed, why losest thou thy strokes

Cowards among? Turne thee to me, in case
 Manhod there be so much left in thy hart:

Come fight with me, that on my helmet weare
 Apoloes laurell both for learnings laude,
 And eke for martiall praise; that in my shield
 The seuen fold sophie of Minerue contain,

A match more mete, syr king, then any here.
 The noble prince amoued takes ruthe upon
 The wilfull wight, and with soft wordes ayen,
 O monstrous man (quoth he) what so thou art,
 I pray thee liue, ne do not with thy death
 This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marre;

That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle,
 My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull brayne,
 Long gather'd heapes of science sone to spill;

O how fayre frutes may you to mortall men
 From wisdoms garden geve?—How many may
 By you the wiser and the better proue?

What error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee,
 Perswades to be downe sent to depe Auerne,
 Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
 For all these sawes? When thus the souereign
 said,

Alighted Zoroas, with sword unsheathed,
 The careless king there smote aboue the greue,
 At th'opening of his quishes wounded him,
 So that the blood down rayled on the ground:

The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnash,
 But yet his mynde he bent, in any wise
 Him to forbear: sett spurrs unto his stede,
 And turnde away, lest anger of his smarte
 Should cause reuenger hand deale balefull blowes.

But of the Macedonian chieftaines knights,
 One Meleager could not beare this sight,
 But ran upou the said Egyptian reuk,

And cut him in both knees: He fell to ground
 Wherewith a whole rout came of souldieers sterne,
 And all in pieces hewed the sely seg.

But happily the soule fled to the starres,
 Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
 Wherat he gased here with reaching looke.

The Persians wailde such sapience to forgo,
 The very fone, the Macedonians, wisht
 He would haue liued: king Alexander self
 Demde him a man vnmete to dye at all;

Who won like praise for conquest of his yre,
 As for stout men in field that day subdued:
 Who princes taught how to discerne a man,
 That in his bed so rare a jewel beares.

But ouer all those same Camenes, those same,
 Deuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
 As tender parent doth his daughters weale,
 Lamented, and for thanks, all that they can,
 Do cherish him deceast, and set him free,
 From dark obliuion of deuouring death.

Therefore, when restless rage of wynde and
 waue,
 He saw: By fates, alas, calde for, (quod he)
 Is hapless Cicero; sayle on, shape course
 To the next shore, and bring me to my death.

Perily these thanks, rescued from ciuill sword,
 Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:
 So powers diuine so bid the gods aboue,
 In citie saued that consul Marcus shend.

Speaking no more, but drawing from depe hart
 Great grones, euen at the name of Rome reheart;
 His eies and chekes with showres of teares he
 washt;

And (though a route in daily daungers worne)
 With forced face the shipmen held their teares;
 And stryving long the seas rough flood to passe,
 In angry windes and stormy showres made way.

And at the last safe anchored in the rode.
 Came heauy Cicero a land; with pain,
 His fainted lymes the aged sire doth draw,
 And round about their master stood his band,
 Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayd,
 Nor plighted faith proue in sharpe time to breake.

Some swordes prepare; some they derelord asst:
 In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
 If so deceave Antonius cruell gleaues,
 They might, and threats of following routs escape:

Thus lo, that Tullie went, that Tullius,
 Of royal robe and sacred senate prince.
 When he a far the men approche espieth;
 And of his fone the ensignes doth acknowe,
 And with drawn swordes Popilius threatning death;
 Whose life and hole estate, in hazard once
 He had preservde, when Rome, as yet too free,
 Herd him, and at his thundering voice amazde:
 Herennius eke, more eyger than the rest,
 Present, enflamde with furie, him pursues.

What might he do? Should he use in defence
 Dysarmed bandes, or pardon ask for mede?
 Should he with wordes attempt to turne the wrath
 Of th'armed knight, whose safeguard he had
 wrought?

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 His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage;
 The charret turn, sayth he, let loose the raines,
 Ronn to the undeserved death; me, lo,

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Hath Phebus fowle, as messeuger forewarde,
 And Jove desires a new beauens man to make.
 Brutus and Cassius souls, liue you in blisse?
 In case yet all the fates gainstrieue us not,
 Neither shall wee, perchaunce, dye unreuenged.
 Now haue I liued, O Rome! ynough for me;
 My passed life nought suffereth me to dout
 Noysome obliuion of the lothsome death.
 Sleas me: yet all the offspring to come shall know,
 And this deceas shall bring eternal life;
 Yea, and (unlesse I fayle, and all in vaine:
 Rome, I somtime thy augur chosen was)
 Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
 Favour, Antonius: once the day shall come,
 When her dear wights, by cruel spight thus slaine,
 Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require:
 Me likes therwhile, go se the hoped beauen.
 Speche had he left, and therwith, he, good man,
 His throte prepar'd, and held his bed unmov'd.
 His hasting to those fates the very knightes
 Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
 They his bare necke beheld, and his hoare heares;
 Scant could they hold the teares that furth gan
 burst,

And almost fell from bloody hands the swordes;
 Only the sterne Herennius, with grym looke,
 Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth: and
 straight

Swaps of the bed with his presumptuous yron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet he is not fide:
 Fowl shame on shame to heape, is his delite,
 Wherefore the handes also doth he off smyte,
 Which durst Antonius life so liuely paint.
 Him yelding strained ghost, from welkin hie,
 Whith lothy chere lord Phebus gan behold,
 And in black clowd, they say, long hid his hed.
 The Latine mūses and the graces they wept,
 And for his fall eternally shall wepe:
 And lo, hert piercing Pitho, (strange to tell)
 Who had to him suffisde both sense and wordes.
 When so he spake; and drest with Nectar soote
 That flowing tong, when his wind pipe disclosde,
 Pled with her being frend, and (out alas)
 Hath left ther earth, ne will no more returne:
 Popilius flieth therwhile, and leauing there
 The senseless stock, a griezely sight doth beare,
 Unto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

OF M. T. CICERO.

FOR Tullie late a tomb I gan prepare,
 When Cynthia, thus, bad me my labour spare:
 Such maner thinges become the dead, quoth hee,
 But 'Tully liues, and still aliuie shall bee.

N. G.



THE
POEMS
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.





THE

LIFE OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE life of this ingenious poet has long been involved in obscurity. Most of his biographers have either not seen his works, or have not read them with attention, and the rarity of all the editions for many years past has prevented curious inquirers from an opportunity of resolving their doubts. Anthony Wood's life of Gascoigne is, upon the whole, more free from errors than might have been expected in a biographer who was wont to undervalue the sons of the Muses. Bishop Tanner's and Dr. Berkenhout's accounts are abridged from Wood, but a very judicious sketch may be seen in the first volume of the *Censura Literaria*, and in addition to that, and other notices scattered over the same useful publication, I am now enabled to avail myself of a manuscript life written by the late Richard Gough, Esq. for the *Biographia Britannica*, and, what probably may be considered as of more importance, of a pamphlet of uncommon rarity, which has lately been brought to light, after a concealment of nearly a century.

Bishop Tanner is the first who notices this pamphlet, under the title of "A Remembrance of the well employed life, and godly cud of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, 7th October 1577, reported by George Whetstone." But it is very extraordinary that the learned prelate should inform us of this pamphlet being in his possession, and at the same time express his doubt, "*Vita an nostri an alius Geo. Gascoignii?*" when a very slight inspection must have convinced him that it could be no other, and that, in its principal facts, it agreed with the account he had just transcribed from Wood. Since the antiquities of poetry have become a favourite study, many painful inquiries have been made after this tract, but it could not be found in Tanner's library, which forms part of the Bodleian, or in any other collection, private or public, and doubts were entertained¹ whether such a pamphlet had ever existed.

¹ This ought not to have been the case, as Herbert mentions that Aggas had a licence to print it, which I find, by the books of the Stationers' Company, was granted on the fifteenth of November 1577. C.

About three years ago, however, it was discovered in the collection of a deceased gentleman, a Mr. Voight of the Custom-house, London, and was purchased at his sale by Mr. Malone. It consists of about thirteen pages small quarto, black letter, and contains, certainly not much *life*, but some particulars unknown to his biographers, which are now incorporated in the following sketch, and a transcript of the whole is subjoined.

George Gascoigne was born of an ancient and honourable family in Essex, and was son and heir of sir John Gascoigne, who, for some reason not assigned in Whetstone's account, chose to disinherit him. Previously to this harsh step, he had been privately educated under a clergyman of the name of Nevinson, perhaps Stephen Nevinson, L.L.D. prebendary and commissary of the city and diocese of Canterbury. After this he was removed either to Oxford or Cambridge. Wood says, he "had his education in both the universities, though chiefly, as he conceives, in Cambridge;" but Gascoigne himself, in his *Steele-Glasse*, informs us that he was a member of the university of Cambridge, without mentioning Oxford. His progress at Cambridge is unknown; but he removed from it to Gray's Inn, for the purpose of studying the law. It is probable that in both places he wrote a considerable number of his poems, those of the amatory kind particularly, as he seems to include them among his youthful follies.

Wood now informs us, that Gascoigne, "having a rambling and unfixed head, left Gray's Inn, went to various cities in Holland, and became a soldier of note, which he afterwards professed as much, or more, as learning, and therefore made him take this motto, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. From thence he went to France to visit the fashions of the royal court there, where he fell in love with a Scottish dame." In this there is a mixture of truth and error. The story of the Scottish dame has no better foundation than some lines in his *Herbes*, written probably in an assumed character. His being in France is yet more doubtful, and perhaps the following is nearly the fact. While at Gray's Inn he incurred the expences of a fashionable and courtly life, and was obliged to sell his patrimony, whatever that might be; and it would appear that his father, dissatisfied with his extravagance, refused him any farther assistance, and, probably about this time, disinherited him.

Without blaming his father, unless by calling his disinheritance "a froward deed," he now resolved to assume the airs of independence, in hopes that his courtly friends would render him in reality independent; but he soon found, what is no uncommon case, that their favours were not to be obtained without solicitations incompatible with a proud spirit. A more honourable resource then presented itself. William, prince of Orange, was at this time endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the tyranny of the Spanish monarch, and Gascoigne, prompted by the hope of gaining laurels in a field dignified by patriotic bravery, embarked on the 19th of March 1572, for Holland. The vessel being under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot was run aground, and twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were drowned. Gascoigne, however, and his friends, remained at the pumps, and being enabled again to put to sea, landed safe in Holland. The drunkenness of the pilot he never forgot:

"Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch."

Having obtained a captain's commission under the prince of Orange, he "acquired

considerable military reputation; but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts, he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

"While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands, Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague; the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "the Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was, however, surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden. The jealousy of the Dutch was then openly displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

These particulars, so accurately gleaned from his works by the intelligent correspondent of the *Censura Literaria*², are confirmed in some measure by the information he gave to Whetstone. In this he adverts to his heroic spirit in volunteering his services for the Dutch, appeals to "his slender gaine," as a proof what little share avarice had in his conduct, and insinuates that after he

"Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt,"

his life would have been in danger, had he not exerted his utmost eloquence with his foe, which, we are told, he was enabled to do by his familiarity with the Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch languages³.

On his return to England, he resided partly in Gray's Inn, and partly at Walthamstowe. In his *Flowers* he informs us, that he had, in the midst of his youth, determined to abandon all vain delights, and to return to Gray's Inn, there to undertake again the study of the common law; and that at the request of five gentlemen of the Inn, namely, Francis and Anthony Kinwelmersh, Messrs. Vaughan, Nevile, and Courtop, he wrote what he calls his *Memories*. These tasks, however, may have been per-

² Vol. I. p. 109. &c. C.

³ In the dedication of the *Hermit's Tale* to queen Elizabeth, hereafter mentioned, he says, "Such Italian as I have learned in London, and such Latin as I forgot at Cambridge, such French as I borrowed in Holland, and such English as I stole in Westmoreland, even such and no better have I here poured before you." From this last expression, the writer of his life in the *Censura* thinks he may have been a native of Westmoreland. C.

formed at an earlier period of life, if it can be proved that he left the Inn twice before this time; but his general design now was to trust to his wit, and to "ope the windows of his Muse;" in other words, to publish his early poems, and those other works, written in his more serious moments, that were intended to counteract the licentious tendency of his amatory verses. As a general apology for the latter, he asserts that they "do shoue

"The woes of love, but not the wayes to love."

In the summer of 1575, he accompanied queen Elizabeth in one of her stately progresses, and wrote for her amusement, in the month of July, a kind of mask, entitled *The Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth Castle*⁴. Some of the verses were not only written, but spoke by him on this occasion; but the whole of the entertainment, owing to the unfavourable weather, was not performed. This piece was first printed in the posthumous edition of his works.

On his return from this progress, his principal residence, while preparing his works, was at Walthamstowe. Here, it appears by Whetstone's account, he wrote *The Steele Glasse*, *The Glass of Government*, *The Delicate Diet*, a *Book of Hunting*⁵, and the *Doom's Day Drum*, which last was not published until after his death. He left other pieces behind him, some of which were afterwards printed in various collections, but without his name.

Although he enjoyed the esteem of many of his poetical contemporaries, and the patronage of lord Grey of Wilton, the earl of Bedford, sir Walter Rawleigh, and other persons of distinction, yet during this period he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it insensibly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to atone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indelicate thoughts is surely not very great.

His biographers, following the Oxford historian, have hitherto placed his demise at Walthamstowe in the year 1578; but Whetstone, on whom we can more certainly rely, informs us that he died at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577. He had perhaps taken a journey to this place for change of air, accompanied by his friend Whetstone, who was with him when he died, so calmly that the moment of his departure was not perceived. He left a wife and son behind him, whom he recommended to the liberality of the queen, whether successfully, or what became of them, cannot now be known. The registers of Stamford and of Walthamstowe have been examined without success⁶.

Although his age is not mentioned by any of his biographers, yet from various expressions in his works, it may be conjectured that it did not exceed forty years, and

⁴ See many curious particulars of this entertainment in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. I. C.

⁵ This is not known. He has commendatory verses before Turbervile's *Art of Venerie*. C.

⁶ By the author of his life in the *Censura Literaria*. C.

Even a much shorter period might be fixed upon with great probability. His stay at Cambridge was perhaps not long; in 1566⁷, when his comedy of the *Supposes* was acted at Gray's Inn, he was denominated *one of the students*. In one of his prefaces, he calls himself of middle age; his exploits in the army are consistent with the prime of life; and it is certain that he did not survive these above five years.

As the editions of Gascoigne's works are all extremely scarce, and often imperfect, it may be necessary to give a more particular account of them than has yet been published.

The first, and by far the most rare edition of Gascoigne's works, is a quarto volume printed in 1572, and entitled "A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde vp in one small Poesie. Gathered partely (by translation) in the fyne outlandish Gardins of Euripides, Ouid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others: and partly by inuention, out of our owne fruitefull Orchardes in Englande: Yelding sundrie sweete sauors of Tragical, Comical, and Morall Discourses, bothe pleasaunt, and profitable to the well smelling noses of learned Readers. Meritum petere, graue. At London, Imprinted for Richarde Smith."

This volume contains, "First an excellente and pleasante Comedie entituled *Supposes*. The second, the wofull tragedie of *Jocasta*, containing the vtter subuersion of *Thebes*. Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the aduentures of master F. J. conteyning excellent letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlays and verses. Fourthly, diuers excellent deuises of sundry Gentlemen. Fifthly, certayne deuises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothemie, his arrigement, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, then his praise of *Zouche* late the lady Grey of Wilton. Gascoyne his passion; libell of diuorce; praise of his mistresse; Lullabie; Recantation; five notable deuises upon five sundry theames giuen to him by five sundry Gentlemen in five sundry meeters; gloze vpon *Dominus iis opus habet*; good morrowe; good night; counsell to Douglas Diue; counsell to Bartholomew Wythipole; Epitaph vpon Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the tale of the stone; deuise of a maske; wadmanship; gardening; last voyage into Holland in Marche; Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, wherein is conteyned his triumphes, his discourse of loue, his extreme passion, his libell of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewell; Last of all the reporter⁸."

Of this very rare edition, only two perfect copies are known, one which was in Mr. Steevens's collection, and a second in Emanuel college library, placed there probably by Dr. Farmer; a third, now before the editor, is the property of Thomas Hill, esq. and was completed by manuscript from Dr. Farmer's copy. Mr. Steevens's account of it was, that it differed very materially from its successor in 1587, and contained several pieces not to be found in it: it was, in short, an *unchastised* work, published, as it should seem, without the formal consent of Gascoigne, though not perhaps without his conuivance. The pages in all the copies extant break off abruptly at 164, and recommence at 201.

⁷ It appears from the records of Gray's Inn, that in 1565 George Gascoigne being called an Ancient, paid his fines for the vacations past, to complete the number of nine vacations required by the statutes of the society. If this was the poet, which is very probable, his pursuit of his studies must, at this time, have been serious. See Malcolm's Lond. Rediv. vol. II. p. 246.

⁸ Ariosto allegorized, a short piece, not very delicate, is the only omission I can discover in the subsequent editions. C.

It appears, however, from his "Epistle to the Reverend Divines," prefixed to the edition of 1575, that he made a present of the pieces in this volume to his publisher, and was not unwilling the same should be imprinted for various reasons which the reader may peruse in that epistle. As to the interruption in the paging, although it seems to indicate the cancelling of some part, yet the matter and number of the page accords with the table of contents and the list of the errata, which runs from folio 163 to 206: Mr. Herbert's supposition that different printers were employed, will not account for so large an omission.

The second edition is entitled "The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour, 1575. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*. Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith." This begins with a dedication to the reverend divines, in defence of his former publication. An address to young gentlemen, and an advertisement to the readers generally; and contains, after many commendatory verses, "FLOWERS, viz. The Anotomie of a Louer; the arraignmente of a Louer; the passions of a Louer; the diuorce of a Louer; the Lullabie of a Louer; the lamentation of a Louer; the lookes of a Louer enamored; the lookes of a Loner forsaken; the recantation of a Louer; praise of lady Sands; praise of lady Grey; praise of the author's mistresse; Gascoigns good morrowe—good night—*De Profundis*—memories—an Epitaph upon Captaine Bourcher; a deuise of a Maske; the refusall of a Louer; pryde in Court; Despised things may liue; in trust is treason; the constancie of a Louer; the frute of Foes; a Louer once warned and twice taken; a Louer encoraged by former examples; the Historie of Dan Bartholomewe of Bathe; the frutes of Warre. HEARBES, containing The Comedy called Supposes; The Tragedie called Jocasta; the fruite of Reconciliation; the force of true Frenship; the force of loue in strangers; the praise of browne beautie; the Partrich and the Merlyn; the vertue of Ver; the complainte of a Dame in absence; the praise of a Countesse; the affection of a louer; the complaint of a Dame suspected; a riddle; the shield of Loue; the gloze upon *Dominus ius opus habet*; Gascoignes counsel to Diue—counsel to Wythipole—wodmanship—gardenings—journey into Hollande. WEEDES, containing, The fruite of Fetters; the complaynt of the green Knight; the farewel to Fansie; the fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Velasco; the praise of a Gentlewoman neither fair nor wel favoured; the praise of Phillip Sparrowe; Farewel with a mischief; the doale of disdaine; Mars in despite of Vulcane; Patience perforce; a letter for a yong louer; David saluteth Bersabe; Sone acquainted, sone forgotten;" and an article not noticed in the table of contents, entitled "Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati." In this edition the pages of the Flowers run from 1 to 149, and Hearbes from 1 to 290. The Certayne Notes of Instruction which conclude the volume are not paged.

In this edition, it is more material to notice that F. I. or Freeman Jones, is altered to Ferdinando Jeronimi; Elinor to Leonora de Velasco, Fraunces into Francischini; and the signatred initials of G. T. &c. are wholly omitted.

These are the only editions of Gascoigne's poetry collected in his life-time, although Herbert, p. 1077, notices an edition printed in 1575, for Christopher Barker.

His separate publications appeared in the years 1575 and 1576. The first was "The Glasse of Gouvernement. A Tragical Comedie so entituled, bycause therein are handled aswell the rewardes for Vertues, as also the punishment for Vices. Done by George

Gascoigne Esquire, 1575. Blessed are they that feare the Lorde, their children shalbe as the branches of Oliue trees rounde about their table. Seen and allowed, according to the order appointed in the Queenes majesties iniunctions. Imprinted at London for C. Barker." According to Herbert, there was a second edition of this piece in the same year. The dedication noticed, by Herbert, in these editions, to sir Owen Upton, is wanting in the copy now before me.

The Steele Glas was published in 1576, "A Satyre compiled by George Gascoigne Esquire, together with The Complaint of Phylomene. An Elegie deuised by the same Author. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*. Printed for Richard Smith." In the title is an ornamental wooden cut, representing Time drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET. Dr. Percy, in whose Reliques, Book III. Vol. 2. this device is copied, with some variations, observes that "it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery (*Le Temps decouvre La Verite*), and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution." On the back of the title is Gascoigne's portrait in armour, ruff, large beard; on his right hand a musket and bandaleers; on his left, books, &c. and underneath his motto *Tam Marti, &c.* This edition of the Steele Glas is extremely rare, and with the portrait, yet more rare.

In the same year he published "A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Dronkards: wherein the fowle abuse of common carousing and quaffing with heartie draughtes is honestly admonished." Imprinted Aug. 22, 1576, on three sheets, octavo. This prose tract was lately republished by Mr. Waldron, in his Literary Museum, from a copy, the only one known, in the possession of Mr. Steevens. The Dedication to "the Right Worshipfull his singuler good friend Lewes Dyve of Broomcham, in the Countie of Bedforde, Esquyer" is dated Aug. 10, 1576: it is partly a translation from St. Augustine, and partly compiled from other authors, with a view to prove the proposition, that "all droonkardes are beastes."

The Hermits tale, at Woodstock, 1575, is printed in Mr. Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, from a manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Andrews, in his Continuation of Dr. Henry's history, has the following note; "The poet Gascoigne, as he draws his own picture, presenting his book to Elizabeth, has a pen for an ear ornament, and thus he sings,

"Beholde, good queene, a poett with a speare,
 (Strange sightes well mark'd are understode the better)
 A soldier armde with pensyle in his eare,
 With pen to fighte, and sworde to write a letter.

Frontispicce to Gascoigne's Translation of "The Heremyte."

Some verses of Gascoigne's are prefixed to Cardanus comforte, 1576; Hollyband's "French Littleton;" Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "Discourse of a Discoverie of a new Passage to Catheia," and probably to other works of contemporaries.

The only posthumous work of our author, published in 1586, is entitled "The Droome of Doomes Day. Wherein the frailties and miseries of mans life are lively portrayed and learnedly set forth. Deuided as appeareth in the Page next following.

Translated and collected by George Gascoigne Esquyre. *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. At London, Imprinted by John Windet, for Gabriel Cawood: dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1586." The division "on the Page next following," or back of the title, will give the reader an outline of this work. "This work is devided into three partes, the first whereof is entituled, *The View of worldly Vanities*, Exhorting us to contempne, all pompes, pleasures, delights and vanities of this life. And the second part is named, *The shame of sinne*, Displaying and laying open the huge greatnesse and enormities of the same, by sundrie good examples and comparisons. And the third part is called, *The Needels Eye*, Wherein wee are taught the right rules of a true Christian life, and the straight passage vnto euerlasting felicitie. Hereunto is added a priuate Letter, the which doth teach remedies against the bitterness of Death." In the dedication to his patron the earl of Bedford, we are informed that this work is principally a translation from an old volume he found in his library; which wanting the beginning and end, he could not ascertain the author's name; that he was prompted to translate, arrange and publish the same, partly to atone for mispent time, and partly in consequence of the suggestion of a friend, who, after allowing his poetry its full merit, said "hee woulde like the gardiner much better if he would employ his spade in no worse ground, then either diuinitie or moral philosophie." The dedication is dated "From my lodging where I finished this trauaile in weake plight for health as your good Lordshippe well knoweth this 2 of Maye, 1576." The private letter at the end of the work, teaching remedies against the fear of death, is said to have been written by J. P. to his familiar friende G. P.

In 1587, the third, and most complete edition of his works was published, under the title of "The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquire: Newlye compyled into one Volume. That is to say: His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the Tragedie of Jocasta, the Steele Glasse, the complaint of Phylomene, the Storie of Ferdinando Jeronimi, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. Loudou, Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grubstreete," small quarto, b. l. This is an uniform edition of the pieces mentioned, and may be reckoned the best, except that the errors pointed out in the former editions are not corrected in this.

The testimonies to Gascoigne's merit by his contemporaries are so numerous, that we are at a loss to know who those enemies were, and what their numbers and force, which gave Gascoigne that uneasiness of which he complains with all the bitterness of wounded sensibility. Besides the eulogies prefixed to his works, he is celebrated by Gabriel Hervey as one of the English poets who have written in praise of women.

Chaucerusque adsit. Surreuis et inclytus adsit
Gascoignoque aliquis sit, mea Corda locus*.

Arthur Hall, in the dedication prefixed to his Translation of Ten Books of Homer, compliments "the pretie pythie Conceits of M. George Gascoygne." Thomas Nash, in his Address to Gentlemen Students, prefixed to Green's Arcadia, says, "Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Maister Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets

* Gratulationes Valdinenses, Edit. Binneman, 1578, 4to. Lib. IV. p. 22. C.

haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*."

This testimony, it is observed by a writer in the *Censura Literaria*, will be sufficient to obviate Mr. Park's suspicion that Nash intended to satirize Gascoigne in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, as "the greasy son of a clothier." On examining the passage in Nash whence this suspicion seems to arise, I find that the principal ground is the quotation of Gascoigne's motto *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*. No other particular stated can apply to Gascoigne, if the account we have been able to furnish be accurate; but as to the motto, it is well known that after Gascoigne's death it was used by, or appropriated to his old friend sir Walter Raleigh, who might, and perhaps with as little reason, be the object of Nash's coarse abuse.

Webbe, in his discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, mentions Gascoigne "as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country as he was a witty poet in his writing;" and Puttenham gives the prize to him for "a good meter and for a plentifull vayne." Bolton only, in his *Hypercritica*, contents himself with the sparing notice that "among the lesser poets, George Gascoigne's works may be endured."

If we consider the general merit of the poets in the early part of the Elizabethan period, it will probably appear that the extreme rarity of Gascoigne's works has been the chief cause of his being so much neglected by modern readers. In smoothness and harmony of versification he yields to no poet of his own time, when these qualities were very common; but his higher merit is, that in every thing he discovers the powers and invention of a poet, a warmth of sentiment tender and natural, and a fertility of fancy, although not always free from the conceits of the Italian school. As a satirist, if nothing remained but his *Steele Glass*, he may be reckoned one of the first. There is a vein of sly sarcasm in this piece, which appears to me to be original; and his intimate knowledge of mankind, acquired indeed at the expence probably of health and certainly of comfort and independence, enabled him to give a more curious picture of the dress, manners, amusements, and follies of the times than we meet with in almost any other author.

To point out the individual beauties of his miscellaneous pieces, after the specimens exhibited by Mrs. Cooper, Messrs. Percy, Warton, Headley, and Ellis, would be unnecessary; but there are three respects in which his claims to originality require to be noticed as *æras* in a history of poetry. His *Steele Glass* is among the first specimens of blank verse in our language; his *Jocasta* is the second theatrical piece written in that measure; and his *Supposes* is the first comedy written in prose. In his *Jocasta*, which is partly paraphrased and partly abridged from the *Phoenissæ* of Euripides, he was assisted by his fellow-student of Gray's Inn, Francis Kinwelmersh, who translated the first and fourth acts. Mr. Warton, who has given an account of this play, in the third volume of the *History of Poetry*, remarks that "so sudden were the changes or the refinements of our language, that in the second edition of this play, printed again with Gascoigne's poems in 1587, it was thought necessary to affix marginal explanations of many words, not long before in common use, but now become obsolete and unintelligible." These obsolete words, however, were explained in the *second* edition of our author's works, printed in 1575, which Mr. Warton had probably not seen.

Shakspeare's obligations to the *Supposes* have been stated by Mr. Warton and Dr. Farmer; by the former in his *History of Poetry*, and by the latter in the notes on the *Taming of a Shrew*, in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakspeare.

It remains yet to be noticed, that there is in the British Museum a poem written by our author which has not been added to his works: it is entitled *The Grief of Joy, Certeyne Elegies*, wherein the doubtful Delights of Manes Lyfe are displayed. Written to the Queenes most excellent Majestie, 1576. Mr. Beloe has printed the dedication, and a specimen of this poem in his *Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books*; and most readers will probably think that more is unnecessary.



A REMEMBRANCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end of
GEORGE GASKOIGNE Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7 of October

1577

The reporte of GEOR. WHETSTONS
Gent. an eye witness of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Pauls Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esquire.

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale,
Who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints have shone?
teeles all men joy? tā no mā skil of bale¹?
O yes I see, a comfort in my mone.
help me good George, my life and death to touch
some man for thee may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe,
my life; nay death, to live I now begin:
But some wil say, *Durus est hic sermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
Yet trust me friends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
I am resolv'd, I never liv'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall ensue,
My worldly life (is first) must play his parte:
Whose tale attend, for once the same is true,
Yea Whetston thou, has knowen my hidden hart
And therefore I conjure thee to defend:
(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

¹ I suspect some inaccuracy in transcribing this line. C.

first of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
 I leve mine armes, my acts shall blase the same
 Yet on a thorne, a grape will never growe,
 no more a churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
 but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
 my father did, his forward sonne defeat².

This froward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
 Besides my wit cau guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man deckt in my peacock's plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainsick I, was drunk with fancies tumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine vivit*.
 for he that findes himself from vices free
 I give him leve, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for joy:
 Evil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
 The pure delight, is drayned from annoy.
 But (that in cheef which writers should respect)
 Trueth is the garbe, that keepeth men uncheckt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought that men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish seld bites without a baight,
 So none unforst, mens needs will hear or see.
 and begging sutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterve in need.

Wel leave I hear of thrifles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shiapt me in Ventures barge
 These lusty limes, *saunce use* (quod I) will rust:
 That pitee were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert)
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of fame is such,
 As proves I had a froward sours hart.

² " He was Sir John G. sonne and heire disinherited." Marginal note in the original. C.

My slender gaine a further witnes is:
for woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence,
Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt:
Yea had not woordes, fought for my lifes defence³,
for all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
But I in fine, did so persuade my foe:
As (set free) I was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
Yet awkward chance, lackt force to heard my hope
Iu peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
The windowes of my muse, then straight I ope
and first I showe, the travail of such time:
as I in youth, imployd iu looving rime.

Some straight way said (their lungs with envy fret)
thosè wanton layes, inductions were to vice:
Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*)
our neyghbours harms, are items to the wise.
And sure these toyes, do showe for your behoof:
The woes of loove, and not the wayes to love.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies:
The lewd I checkt, in Glas of government,
And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise,)
I wrought a Glasse, wherin eche man may see
Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transformed to a beast,
my diet helps a man, again to make.
But (that which should, be praisd above the rest)
My Doomes day Drum from sin doeth you awake
for honest sporte which doeth refresh the wit:
I have for you a book of hunting writ.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
Parhaps of woorth, my fame alive to keep:
Yet other woorks (I think) of more emprise,
Couclt close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
yea til I dy, none shall the same revele:
So men wil say, that *Gaskoign* wrote of zeale.

3 "He had the Latin, Italian, French and Dutch languages." Marginal note. C.

O Envy vile, foule fall thee wretched sot
 Thou mortal foe, unto the forward minde:
 I curse thee wretch, the only cause God wot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy self to do me fear:
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of spight foule Envies poysoned pye,
 To Midas eares, this as hath Lyntius eyes:
 with painted shewes, he heaves himself on hie.
 full oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
 But as the Drone, the hony hive doth rob:
 with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a prating tung,
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies
 And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,
 he woorkes all means, their woorkes for to dispraise.
 To smooth his speech, the beast this patch doth crop
 he shows the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woorse than this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead)
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *spight* in every place doth spread.
 And with his breth, the Viper dooth infect:
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *suspect*: the propertie to showe,
 he hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more:
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranccling sore.
 And so in vain, he good account doeth seek,
 who by this Feinde, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These privy foes, to tread me under foot:
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
 so that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to woork as Bees, from weeds with hony dranes
 when Spiders turnd, my flowers into banes.

When my plain words, by fooles miscontred were
 by whose fond tales reward held his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to settle care
 within my brest, who wel deserv'd, did lack,
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe
 Singing aloft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starve among his books
 and see pied Doultles, uppon a booty feed?
 What honest minde, can live by favring looks,
 And see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?
 what hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile,
 when carpet swads, devour the soldiers spoile?

I am the wretch, whom fortune stirted soe,
 These men were bribed, ere I had breth to speak.
 Muse then no whit, with this huge overthrowe
 though crushing care, my giltles hart doth break,
 But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell,
 my outward showe no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true, but bark, unto the rest,
 The Swan in songs, dooth knolle her passing bel:
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest laye doth yel.
 The valiant man, so playes a pleasant parte
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw upon his hart.

for prooffe myself, with care not so a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile (through their wounds
 When stoutly they doo stand among the heard) alone.
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone,
 made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
 in sight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft use, doeth weare an iron cote,
 as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
 By peece meales, care so wrought me under foot
 but more than straunge is that I now rehearse,
 Three months I lived, and did digest no food:
 when none by arte my sicknes understood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horse, the use of warre which knowes;
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Even so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth:
 Bares up my limmes, who living go like death.

But what availes, *Achilles* hart, to have,
 king *Cressus* welth, the sway of all the world;
 The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched Slave,
 when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
 yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye:
 Then good you live, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
 I looke much like a threshed ear of corne:
 I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
 but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne.
 See, see the man, hate plesures minion:
 pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone.

See gallants see, a picture worth the sight,
 (as you are now, myself was heretofore)
 my body late, stuf ful of many might
 As bare as *Job*, is brought to Death his doõre,
 My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
 Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
 Unable are, to stay my bones upright:
 My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish
 In broken words, can scarce my minde recite.
 My head late stuf, with wit and learned skill
 may now conceive, but not convey my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain change to see
 you rue my greef, you doe like flesh and blood.
 But mone your sinnes, and never morne for me,
 And to be plain, I would you understood
 My hart dooth swim, in seas of more delight:
 Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

“ What is this world? a net to snare the soule †,
 A mas of sinne, a desart of decett:
 A moments joy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight,
 Unto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
 Unsure, unjust; in rendring man his share.

“ A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Where rich men joynés, to rob the shiftles wretch
 Where bribing mists, the judges eyes doo blinde,
 Where Parasites, the fattest crummes do catch.
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are over blowen, with blasts of light regard.

“ And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,
 Concejvd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought up with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then, (til death, vouchsafe him some relief)

† These lines between commas form a poem called A Description of the World, by Gascoigne in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*. Edit. 1592. C.

Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to spend.

“ O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
Think whence thou camst, and whether the shall goe:
The huge hie Dkes, small windes have over cast,
when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
Even so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

“ You lusty youths, that nourish hie desire,
Abase your plumes, which makes you look so big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiars steed wil tire,
Even so the Clark, the Parsones grave dooth dig
whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe unto sinne.

“ And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare:
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
Yea more in time, all earthly things will weare,
Save only man, who as his earthly living is:
Shall live in wo, or els in endles blis.”

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain, death waits of no mans will:
The tired Jade, dooth trip at every pace,
when pampered horse, will prounce against the hil,
To helthfull men, at long discourses sporte,
when few woords, the sick would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease:
This short accompt (which makes me ill a paid)
my loving wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, to please them as I may:
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God.
And though my sinnes are grevous in his sight:
I firmly trust, to scape his fry rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite
whose precious blood (to quench his Father's ire)
Is sole the cause, that saves me from hel fire.

My body now which once I decked brave
(from whence it came) unto the earth I give:
I wish no pomp, the same for to ingrave,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it live.

And flesh and blood in this self sorte is tryed:
Thus buriall cost, is (without profit) pride.

I humbly give my gracious sovereign Queene
(by service bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to say, a sight but rarely seene,
As Iron greves from thadamant to parte.
her highnes so, hath recht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet gives her hart to none.

My loving wife, whose face I fain would see,
my love I give, with all the welth I have:
But since my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I crave
(not for any service that I have doou)
you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
and therwithall I give thee this in charge:
first serve thou God, then use bothe wit and arte,
thy fathers det, of service to discharge,
which (forste by death) her Majestie he owes:
beyond desarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all sortes of men forgive,
Their wrongs to me, and wish them to amend;
And as good men, in charitte should live,
I crave my faults may no mans minde offend,
So heer is all, I have to bequest:
And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and frends farwel,
farwell O world, the baight of all abuse:
Death where is thy sting? O Devil where is thy hel?
I little forse, the forses you can use,
yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye
Vt essem Christo, cupio dissolui.

In this good mood, an end worthy the showe,
Berett of speech, his hands to God he beard:
And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
yea with such ease, as no man there preceivd
By strugling signe, or striving from his breth;
That he abode, the pains and pangs of Death.

EXHORTATIO.

His *sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
 Life is but Death, til flesh and blood be slain :
 God graunt his woords, within your barts be pact
 As good men doo, holde carthly pleasures vain.
 The good for their needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :
 And use good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo*.

Contemne the change (use nay abuse) not God
 Through holy showes, this worldly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od
 hypocrisie, a man may over catch.
 But hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :
 who by thy thoughts (not thy woords) wil judge thee.

Thou jesting foole, which makst at sin a face,
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not :
 for where as he, is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

Your Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, doo match with them in blame :
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly cleck the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit :
 wil Lawyers payre, I feare with over waight.

you Lawyers now who earthly Judges are,
 you shal be judgd, and therefore judge aright :
 you count *Ignorantia Juris* no bar.
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read Gods law, with which yours should agre :
 That you may judge, as you would judged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
 make showe in woorkes, that you your woords insuc.
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood,
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Even so Gods woord, told by the Devil is pure ;
 Prächt yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou have,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde:
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the grave,
 the market eats as wel young sheep as olde.
 Even so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this worldly life shall leave,
 thus sure thou art, but knowst not when to dye:
 Then good thou live, least death doo the deceive,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 for trust me man, no better match cau make:
 Then leave unsure, for certain things to take.

Vivit post funera virtus.

AN EPITAPH,

WRITTEN BY G. W. OF THE DEATH, OF M. G.
 GASKOYGNE.

FOR Gaskoynes death, leave to mone or morne
 You are deceived, alive the man is stil:
 Alive? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
 in that, that he, his flesbly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, two lyses he gaines for one
 His soule in heaven dooth live in endles joye
 his woorthy woorks, such fame in earth have sowne,
 As sack nor wrack, his name can there destroy.

But you will say, by death he only gaines,
 And now his life, would many stand in stead:
 O dain not Freend (to counterchange his paynes)
 If now in heaven, he have his earned meade,
 For once in earth, his toyle was passing great:
 And we devourd the sweet of all his sweat.

Finis.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

TO

THE REUERENDE DEUINES

UNTO WHOM THESE POSIES SHALL HAPPEN TO BE PRESENTED,
GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE (PROFESSING ARMES IN DEFENCE OF
GODS TRUETH) WISHETH QUIET IN CONSCIENCE, AND ALL CONSO-
LATION IN CHRIST IESUS.

RIGHT REUERENDE: I have thought it my part (before I wade further in publishing of these Posies) to lay open before your graue judgements, aswell the cause which presently moueeth me to present them, as also the depths and secrets of some conceites, which (being passed in cloudes and figuratiue speeches) might percease both be offensiuē to your grauities and perilous to my credit.

It is verre neere two yeares past, since I (being in Holland in seruice with the vertuous Priuce of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted, and nowe at my returne, I finde that some of them haue not only bin offensiuē for sundrie wanton speeches, and lasciuious phrases, but further I heare that the same haue beene doutfully construed, and (therefore) scandalous.

My reuerend and welbeloued: whatsoever my youth hath seemed vnto the grauer sort, I would be verie loth nowe in my middle age to deserue reproch: more loth to touch the credite of any other, and most loth to haue mine owne name become vnto you odious. For if I shoulde nowe at this age seeme as carelesse of reproch, as I was in greene youth readie to goe astray, my faults might quicklie growe double, and my estimation should bee woorthie to remaine but single. I have learned that although there uniaie bee found in a Gentleman whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought hee not to be worthe of reproofe or condemnation.

All this I set downe in Preamble, to the ende I maie therby purchase your patience. As I desire that you wil not condemne me without prooffe, so am I contented that if hereafter you finde me guiltie, your definitive sentence shall then passe publikelie vnder the Seale of Seueritie.

It were not reason (right reuerend) that I shoulde be ignorant howe generallie we are all *magis promi ad malum quam ad bonum*. Euen so is [it requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more necessarie to be taught, than anie whetstone of vanities is meete (in these daies) to be suffered. And therefore as your grauitie hath thought it requisite that all idle bookes or wanton pamphlets shoulde bee forbidden, so it might seeme that I were woorthie of great reprehension, if I should be the author of euill wilfullie, or a prouoker of vices wittinglie. And yet some there are who haue not spared to report that I receiued great summes of monie for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I might seeme not onelie a craftie Broker for the vtterance of garish toies, but a corrupt marchant for the sale of deceitfull wares.

For answer hereof it is most true (and I call heauen and earth to witnesse) that I neuer receiued of Printer, or of anie other, one grote or pennie for the first copies of these Posies. True it is that I was not vnwilling the same should be imprinted: And that not of a vaine glorious desire to be thought a pleasant Poet, neither yet of a light mind to be counted a cunning louer. For though in youth I was often ouerhardie to put my name in ballance of doubtful judgements, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I coulde rather bee content to leese the praise of my follies, then to hazard the misconceite of the graue and graie headed judges. But to confesse a trueth vnto you right reuerend (with whom I may not long dissemble in cases which so generallie do touch all men) I was the rather contented to see them imprinted for these sundrie considerations.

First, for that I haue seene diuers authers, (both learned and well learned) which after they haue both reformed their liues, and conuerted their studies, haue not yet disdeined to reade the Poesms which they let passe their pens in youth. For it seemeth vnto me that in all ages Poetrie hath bene not onelie permitted, but also it hath bene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next vnto this, I haue alwaies bene of opinion, that it is not vnpossible either in Poesmes or Prose to write both compendiously, and perfectly in our English tong. And therefore although I challenge not vnto my selfe the name of an English Poet, yet may the reader find out in my writings, that I haue more faulted in keeping the olde English wordes (*quamuis iam obsoleta*) than in borrowing of other languages such Epithetes and Adiectiues as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdlie, as I seeke aduancement by vertue, so was I desirous that there might remaine in publike recorde, some pledge or token of those giftes wherewith it both pleased the Almighty to endue mee: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee encouraged to emploie my pen in some exercise which might tende both to my preferment, and to the profit of my countrie. For manie a man which maie like mine outward presence, might yet haue doubted whether the qualities of my minde had bene correspondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, because I had written sundrie things which could not chuse but content the learned and godlie reader, therefore I hoped the same shoulde serue as vndouted prooue, that I had laide aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my penn in morall discourses, at least the one passing (cheeke by cheeke) with the other, must of necessity perswade both the learned, and the light minded, that I could aswell sow good graine, as graine or draffe. And I thought it not meete (being intermingled as they were) to cast away a whole bushell of good seede, for two or three graines of Darnell, or Cockle.

Lastly, I perswaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good liking with the honorable aged. So euen in the worst sort, I might yet serue as a myrror for vnbridled youth, to auoide those perils which I had passed. For little may be doe which hath escaped the rocks or the sandes, if he cannot waite with his hand to them that come after him.

These considerations (right Reuerend) did first moue me to consent that these Poesms shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation whereof, and to answere vnto the objections that maie be giuen: I saie to the first, that I neither take example of a wanton Ouid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Samocratius: But I delight to thinke that the reuerend father Theodore Beza, whose life is woorthelie become a lanterne to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaine to suffer the continued publication of such Poesmes as he wrote in youth. And as he termed them at last *Poemata castrata*. So shall your reuerend iudgements behold in this second edition, my poesmes gelded from all filthie phrases, corrected in all erroneous places, and beautified with addition of manie morall examples.

To the seconde, although I be sometimes constryeined for the cadence of rimes, or *per licenciam Poeticam*, to vse an inkhorne terme, or a strange word: yet hope I that it shall bee apparant I haue rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, then gay with the feathers of strange birds.

To the third reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to haue my capacitie knowne, I shoulde haue done much better to haue trauailed in some notorious peece of worke, which might generallie haue spred my commendation. The which I confesse, but yet is it true that I must take the foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I would, but as I may. And since the ouersight of my youth had brought me far behinde hand and indebted vnto the worlde, I thought good in the meane time to paie as much as I had, vntill it might please God better to inable me. For commonly the greediest creditor is appeased, if he see his debtor willing to pay when he hath any thing. And therefore being busied in martiall affaires (whereby also I sought some aduancement) I thought good to notifie vnto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well perswade with pen, as pearce with lance or weapon: So that yet some noble minde might bee encouraged both to exercise mee in time of peace, and to emploie me in time of seruice in warre.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alledged of late by a right reuerend father, that although in deede out of every flower the industrious Bee maie gether honie, yet by prooue the Spider thereof surkes mischeuous poison. Wherunto I can none otherwise answere, but that he who wil throw a stone at euerie dog which barketh, had neede of a great satchel or pocket. And if the learned iudgments and honest minds do both construe my doings aright, and take therein either counsel or coun-

moditie, then care I the lesse what the wicked conceiue of my conceits. For I esteeme more the praise of one learned reader, then I regard the envious carping of ten thousand vnlettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reuerend) as these considerations did speciallie moue me at first to consent to the imprinting of these poesies, so now haue I yet a farther consideration, which moueth mee most earnestlie to sue for this second edition of publishing of the same. And that is this. I understand that sundrie well disposed mindes haue taken offence at certaine wanton words and sentences passed in the Fab'le of Ferdinando Ieronimi, and the Ladie Elinora de Valasco, the which in the first edition was tearmed The Aduentures of master F. I. And that also therewith some busie coniectures haue presumed to thinke that the same was in deed written to the scandalizing of some worthie personages, whom they would seeme thereby to knowe. Surelie, (right reuerend) I smile to see the simplicitie of such, who being in dede starke staring blind, would yet seeme to see farre into a milstone. And the rather I scorne their rash judgments. for that in talking with xx. of them one after another, there haue not two agreed in one conjecture. Alas, alas, if I had been so foolish as to haue passed in recitall a thing so done, yet all the world might thinke me very simple if I would call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfieng of all men vniuersally, I doe here protest unto you (reuerend) even by the hope of my saluation, that there is no liuing creature touched or to be noted thereby. And for the rest you shal find it now in this second imprinting so turquened and turned, so clenched from all vnclincie words, and so purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percase you would not judge it to be the same tale. For although, I haue bin heretofore contented to suffer the publication thereof, onlie to the end men might see my Methode in writing, yet am I now thus desirous to lette it forth estones, to the end al men might see the reformation of my mind: and that al suspicions maie be suppressed and througlic satisfied by this mine vnfeigned protestation which I make vnto you in that behalfe. Finally, were it not that the same is alredie extend in such sort as hath moued offence, I should rather be content to cancell it vterlie to oblivion, then thus to return it in a new patcht coate. And for ful prooue of mine earnest zeale in Gods seruice, I require of you most instantlie that if herelic my skil seem sufficient to waie in matters of greater importance, you wil then vouchsafe to employ me accordingly. Surelie you shall find me no lesse readie to vndertake a whole yeres travel in any worke which you shall thinke me able to ouercome, then I haue bin willing heretofore to spend 3. houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Even so being desirous that all men generally (and you especially) should conceiue of me as I mean, I haue thus far troubled your learned eies with this plaine Epistle, written for my purgation, in matters which (els) might both haue offended you, and giuen great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credit. The God of peace vouchsafe to gouerne and product¹ you, and me, and all his in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen.

¹ Probably for protect. C.

TO AL YOUNG GENTLEMEN, AND GENERALLIE TO THE YOUTH OF
ENGLAND, GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE BY BIRTH, AND SOULDYER
BY PROFESSION, WISHETH INCREASE OF KNOWLEDGE IN ALL
VERTUOUS EXERCISES.

GALLANT GENTLEMEN, and lustie youthes of this my natie Countrie. I haue here (as you see) published in print such Posies and rimes as I vsed in my youth, the which for the barbarousnes of the stile maie seeme worthlesse, and yet for the doubtfulnes of some darcke places they haue also seemed heretofore daungerous. So that men maie iustlie both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicitie in suffering or procuring the same to be imprinted.

A yong man w^{ll} borne, tenderlie fostered, and delicatelic accompanied, shal hardlie passe ouer his youth without falling into some snares of the deuil, and temptations of the flesh. But a man of middle yeres, who hath to his cost experimented the vanities of youth, and to his peril passed them, who hath bought repentance deere, and yet gone through with the bargaine, who seeth before his face the time past lost, and the rest poasting awaie in poast: Such a man had more need to be wel advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinations. For with more ease and greter favor maie we answer for x. mad follies committid in greene youth, than one sober ouersight escaped in yeres of discretion. Licurgus the good princelie philosopher, ordeined that if an old man perceiuing a yong man to commit anie dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him, the aged should be chastized, and the yong man should be absolued.

All this rehearsed and considered, you maie (as I saie) grow in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first deuising, or last in publishing these toies and pamphlets, and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonlie seene, that (now adaaies) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall be carped at by curious readers, nor almost anie thing so well meant, but may be much misconstrued.

And hrewithall I assure my selfe, that I shall be greatly condemned as a man verie lightlie bent, and rather desirous to continue in the fresh remembrance of my follies, than content to cancell them in obliuion by discontinuance: especiallie since in a house where manie yong children are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to quench out the fire, then to leaue any loose cole in the imbers, wherewith babes maie plaie and put the whole edifice in danger.

But my lustie youtbes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent far contrarie vnto all these supposes, when I first permitted the publication hereof. Aud because the greatest offence that hath been taken thereat, is, least your mindes might hereby become enuened with vanities, therefore vnto you I will address my tale, for the better satisfiing of common judgements. And vnto you I will explaine, that which being before misticallie couered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, then grieuous euidence for to proue me guiltie of condemnation.

Then to come vnto the matter, there are thre sortes of men which (being wonderfullie offended at this booke) haue found therein three maner of matters (say they) verie reprehensible. The men are these: curious carpers, ignorant readers, and grave Philosophers. The faultes they finde are, Iudicarie in the Creede, chalke for cheese, and the common infection of loue. Of these three sorts of men and matters, I do but verie lightlie steerne the two first. But I deeply regard the third. For a verie troth, there are one kinde of people now adaaies which wil mislike anie thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a crab or creunish, which in all streames and waters will swim either sidewaies, or flat backwards: and when they can indeed find none other fault, wil yet thinke Iudicarie verie vntowardlie placid in the creede. Or being a simple sowter, will find fault at the shape of the legge: or if they be not there stopped, they will not spare to step up higher, and saie, that Apelles painted dame Venus verie deformed and euil faoured.

Of this sort I make small account, because in dede they seeke a knot in the rush, and would seeme to see verie far in a milstour. There are also certeine others, (hauing no skill at all) wil yet be verie busie in reading all that may be read, and thinke it sufficient if (Parrot like) they can reherse things

without booke: when within booke they vnderstand neither the meaning of the author, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forebare to recite examples by anie mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not saie how much the areignment and diuorce of a louer (being written in a jest) haue bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithens, between M. Churchyard and Camel, were by a block-headed Reader, construed to be in deede a quarrel between two neighbors. Of whom one hauing a Camel in keeping, and that other hauing charge of the Churchyard, it was supposed they had grown to debate because the camel came into the Churchyard. Laugh not at this lustie yonkers, since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrie beginning thus, "In winters just returne," was also construed to be made in deede by a shepheard. What should I stand much in rebersal how the L. Vaux his dittie beginning thus, "I loath that I did loue," was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed, and that the soul knil of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sicknesse. Of a truth my good Gallants, there are such as hauing onlie leard to read english, interpret latin, greke, french and italian phrases or metaphors, euen according to their own motherlie conception and childish skill. The which shall neuer trouble me whatsoeuer fault they find in my doings.

But the third sort (being graue Philosophers, and finding iust fault at my doings at the common infection of loue) I must needs alledge such iust excuse as may counteruaile their iust complaints. For else I should remaine worthis of a scuer punishment. They wiselie considering that we are all in youth more apt to delight in harmefull pleasures than to digest wholesome and sound aduice, haue thought meete to forbid the publishing of anie riming trifles which maie serue as whetstones to sharpen youth vnto vanities. And for this cause finding by experience also, how the first copie of these my posies hath been verie much inquired for by the yonger sort, and hearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath bin written in pursuit of amorous enterprises, they haue iustlie conceyued that the continuance thereof hath bin more likelie to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanitie, then to serue as a common mirror of greene and youthfull imperfections. Whereunto I must confesse, that as the industrious Bee may gather honie out of the most stinking weede, so the malicious Spider may also gather poison out of the fairest floure that grows.

And yet in all this discourse I see not proued, that either that Gardner is too blame which planteth his garden full of fragrant flowers, neither that planter be dispraised which soweth all his beds with seedes of wholesome hearbes, neither is that Orchard vnfuitfull, which vnder showe of sundrie weedes, hath medicinale plaisters for all infirmitie. But if the Chirurgeon which should seeke sorrell to ripen an vlcir, will take rewe which maie more inflame the imposthume, then is he more to blame that mistoke his gathering then the Gardner which planteth aright, and presenteth store and choice to be taken. Or if the Physition will gather hote percelie instead of colde endiue, shall he not worthilie beare the burthen of his owne blame?

To speake english it is your vsing (my lustie Gallants) or misusing of these posies that maie make me praised or dispraised for publishing of the same. For if you (where you maie learne to auoide the subtle sandes of wanton desire) will run upon the rockes of vnlawful lust, then great is your follie, and greter will grow my rebuke. If (where you might gather wholesome herbes to cure your sundrie infirmitie) you will spend the whol daie in gathering of sweet smelling posies, much will be the time that you shall mispende, and much more the harme that you shall heape vpon my head. Or if you will rather beblister your hands with a nettle, then comfort your senses by smelling to the pleasant Marioram, then wanton is your pastime, and small will be your profit.

I haue here presented you with three sundrie sorts of Posies: Floures, Herbes and Weedes. In which division I haue not ment that only the Floures are to be smelled vnto, nor that onelie the Weedes are to be reiected. I terme some Floures, because being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my judgment) some rare invention and Methode before not commonlie vsed. And therefore (being more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures.

The second (being in deede moral discourses, and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes.

The third being Weedes, might seeme to some judgements neither yet pleasant nor profitable, and therefore meete to be cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so maie you finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some virtue if it be rightlie handled. Marie you must take heede how you vse them, for if you delight to put Hemlock in your fellowes pottage, you maie cbaunce both to poison him, and bring yourselfe in peril. But if you take example by the

harmes of others who haue eaten it before you, then maie you chance to become so warie, that you will looke aduisedlie on all the Percelie that you gather, least among the same one branch of Hemlock might annoie you.

I assure you, my yong bloods, I haue not published the same to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepassed. For though it be a comfort *in miseria habere consortem*, yet it is small consolation to a fellow, to haue a Coiner hanged in his companie. And I assure you (although you will thinke it strauge) that I haue not caused them to be imprinted for any vaine delight which I haue (my selfe) therein conceiued. For the most of them being written in my madnesse, might haue yeelded then more delight to my frantike fansie to see them published, than they now do accumulate cares in my mind to set them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had been more likelie to set them to sale long sithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with simplicitie.

The scope of mine intent, and the marke wherent I shot is double, I meane grounded vpon two sundrie causes: the one that being indebted vnto the world (at the least fve thousand daies verie vainlie spent) I may yeelde him yet some part of mine account in these Poemes. Wherein as he maie finde great diuersitie both in stile and sense, so maie the good be encouraged to set me on worke at last, though it were noone before I sought seruice. The other reason is, that because I haue (to mine owne great detriment) mispent my golden time, I maie serue as ensample to the youthfull Gentlemen of Englande, that they runne not vpon the rocks which haue brought me to shipwrake. Beware therefore, lustie gallants, howe you smell to these Posies. And learne you to vse the talent which I haue highlie abused. Make me your myrror. And if hereafter you see me recouer mine estate, or reedifie the decaied walles of my youth, then beginne you sooner to builde some foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you see me sinke in distresses (notwithstanding that you judge me quicke of capacitie) then learn you to mainteine your selues swimming in prosperitie, and eschue betimes the whirlpoole of misgouernment.

Finalie I beseech you, and coniuere you, that you rather encourage me to accomplish some worthier trauel, by seeing these Posies right smelled vnto, then discourage me from attempting other labours, when I shall see these first fruites rejected or misused. I haue corrected sundrie faults, which if they had not brought suspition is the first Copie, be you then out of doubt you had never bin troubled with these second presents, nor persuaded to flourish wiselie with a two edged sword in your naked hands. But as I haue meant them wel, so I craue of God, that they maie both pleasure and profite you for the furthrance of your skil in anie commendable enterprize. From my poore house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.

TO THE READERS GENERALLY A GENERALL ADUERTISEMENT OF THE AUTHOR.

ALL that is written is written for our instruction, as the holie apostle witnesseth to the Romans in his 15. chapter. And in his ninth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, he glorieth that he coulde (as it were) transforme himself into all professions, thereby to winne all kinde of men to God: saing, that with the Jewes he became a Jew: with them that were vnder the law, hee seemed also vnder the law: with the feeble, he shewed himselfe feeble. And to conclude, hee became all things to all men, to thend that thereby he might win some to saluation. My schoolemaister which taught me grammar, woulde alwaies saie, that some scholers hee won to studie by stripes, some other by faire meanes, some by promises, some other by praises, some by vaine glorie, and some by verie shame. But I neuer heard him repent him that euer hee had persuaded anie scholler to become studious, in what sort soeuer it were that he wonne him. For whether the braue geunet be broken with the bitte, or with the snaffle, whether hee be brought in awe with a spurre, or with a wand, all is one if hee proove readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the end that mine intent may appeare in publishing of these Posies. Wherein as there are many things morall, so are there also some verses more sauced with wantonnesse than with wisdome. And as there are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and grauer sort, so there are some which may allure the yonger sort vnto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath Terence bin forbidden to be read, because his comedies are rehearsals of ananie mad pranks played by wanton youths? No surely.

Paracelsus, and sundrie other phisitions and philosophers, declare, that in euerie thing naturall there is to be founde salt, oile, and brimstone. And I am of opinion, that in euerie thing which is written (the holie Scriptures excepted) there are to be found wisdome, folie, emulation, and detrec-tion. For as I neuer yet saw anie thing so clearklie handled, but that therein might be found some imperfections: so could I neuer yet reade fable so ridiculous, but that therein some morality might be gathered. And as the good writer shall be sure of some to be maliced, so the bad shal neuer escape the biting tongues of slaundersers.

But to returne to my purpose: if in the hardest flint there may be found sparks of liuelie fire, and the most knottie peece of box, may be wrought into a faire Dudgen hefte: let these few suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication hereof to anie end, so muche as that the youthfull sort might therein take example, and the aged recreation.

Now if anie (misgouerning their owne wittes) do fortune to vse that for a spurre, which I had heere appointed for a bridle, I can vone otherwise lament it, but to saie that I am not the first which hath been misjudged. Truelie (gentle Reader) I protest that I haue not meant heerein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather bene to conteut most men: I meane the diuine with godlie himnes and psalmes, the sober mind with morall discourses, and the wildest will with sufficient warning: the which if it so fall out, then shall I thinke my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet neuer be ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their trauels.

But because these Posies growe to a great bundle, and therof also the number of louing lines exceedeth the superlatiue, I thought good to aduertise thee, that the most part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if euer I wrote line for my selfe in causes of loue, I have written ten for other men in laies of lust. For I count greater difference betwixt *loue* and *lust*, than there is diuersitie betweene *wit* and *wisdome*: and yet *wit* and I did (in youth) make such a fraie, that I feare his cousin *wisdome* will never become friends with me in my age. Well, though my folie be greater then my fortune, yet ouergreat were mine vnconstancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I should compile so manie sundrie songs and sonets. I haue heard of an honest plaine meaning citizen, who (being ouercharged with manie matters in the law, and hearing of a common solicitour of causes in the citie) came home to comfort his wife, and told hir, that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billingsgate that could help all men. Euen so (good reader) I was a great while the man that dwelt at

TO THE READER.

Billingsgate, for in wanton delights I helped all men, though in sad earnest I neuer furthered my selfe anie kind of waie. And by that it proceedeth that I haue so often changed my Posie or word. For when I did compile anie thing at the request of other men, if I had subscribed the same with mine owne vsuall mot or deuise, it might haue bewraied the same to haue *lia* of my dooing. And I was eucr curious in that behalfe, as one that was loth to bewraie the follies of other men. And yet (as you see) I am not verie dangerous to laie my selfe wide open in view of the world. I haue also sundrie times changed mine owne word or deuise. And no maruel, for he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldom contisue long in one minde.

Well, it were folie to bewaile things which are vnpossible to be recouered, sith Had I wist doth seldome serue as a blason of good understanding. And therefore I will spend no more words in this Preface, but I praie thee to smell vnto these Posies, as Flowres to cōfort, Hearbs to cure, and Weedes to be auoided, so haue I meant them, and so I beseech thee reader to accept them. Farewell



COMMENDATORY VERSES.

T. B. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

We prayse the plough, that makes the fruitelesse
 soyle [might]
 To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heauenly
 And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,
 Whose painefull handes doe labour day and night.
 We prayse the ground, whereon the herbes do
 grow,
 Which heale or helpe, our greues and mortall
 paine,
 Yea weedes haue worth, wherein we vertue know,
 For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.
 We prayse those floures which please the secrete
 sense,
 And do content, the tast or smell of man,
 The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,
 That skilfull is, or aught in cunning can.
 But much more prayse to Gascoignes penne is
 due,
 Whose learned hande doth here to thee present,
 A Posie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,
 To please all braynes, to wit or learning bent.
 Howe much the minde doth passe the sense or
 smell,
 So much these Floures all other do excell.

E. C. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

In gladsome Spring, when sweete and pleasant
 shoures
 Haue well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,
 And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floures,
 Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to scorne:
 If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,
 We roame and walke in place of rare delights,
 And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill
 Can well set forth, to feede our hungrie sightes:
 Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,
 Doth licence yelde to vse all as our owne,
 And gladly thinks, the fruites of all his toyle,
 To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.
 It cannot be, but this so great desert
 In basest breast doth breede thus due regarde,
 With worde of thanks, to prayse this friendly
 part,
 And wish that woorth mought pay a iust rewarde.
 Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring
 This booke brings forth, of fruites of finest sortes,
 Be bolde to take, thy list of euerie thing,
 For so is ment. And for thy glad disportes
 The paine was tane: therefore lo this I craue,
 In his behalfe, that wrote this pleasant worke,
 With care and cost, (and then most freely gaue
 His labours great, wherein great treasures lurke:
 To thine auayle) let his desertes now binde thee,
 In woorde and deede, be may still thankfull finde
 thee.

M. C. COMMENDING THE CORREC- TION OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke doth nayles
 and heare,
 And lie like lumps, in filthie farrowed wise,
 Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appeare,
 Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare the clozed
 eyes.
 The gadde of sterle, is likewise blunt and blacke,
 Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:
 Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,
 Till curious hand, do make them please the sight.
 And so these floures, although the grounde were
 gay,
 Whereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,
 Yet till the badde were culde and cast away,
 The best became the worse by such a crew.
 (For my part) then: I lyked not their smell,
 But as they be, I like them pretly well.

R. S. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THE pleasant plot wherein these Posies grew,
 May represent Parnassus spring indeede.
 Where Pallas with hir wise and learned crew,
 Did plant great store, and sow much cunning seede.
 That goddesse then, on whom the Muses wayte,
 To garde hir grounde from greedie gathrers spoyle,
 Hath here ordeyne, by fine and close conceyte,
 A greene knight chiefe, and master of the foyle.
 Such badge beares he that beautified this booke
 With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flouers.
 But since he first this labor vndertooke,
 He gleaned thereout, (to make the profite ours)
 A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,
 A needefull salue, compound of needlesse weedes.

APPENDIX.

All these (with more) my freend here freely gines:
 Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of straunge deuise.
 But Gowers minde, which now in Gascoigne liues,
 Yeldes heere in view, (by iudgement of the wise)
 His penne, his sworde, himselfe, and all his might,
 To Pallas schoole, and Mars in princes right.

T. CH. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES POSIES.

THOUGH goodnesse of the gold, needes no mans
 praise ye know,
 (And euerie coyne is iudge and found, by weight,
 by stamp, or show)
 Yet doth the prayse of men, giue gold a double
 grace,
 And makes both pearls and iewels rich desire in
 euery place.

The horse full finely formde,^{whose pace and traine}
 is true, [shape and view.
 Is more esteeme for good report, than likte for
 Yea sure, ech man himselfe, for all his wit and
 skill, [silence still.
 (If world bestow no lawde on him) may sleepe in
 Fame shewes the value first, of euerie precious
 thing,
 And winces with lykng all the brute, that doth
 the credit bring.
 And faue makes way before, to workes that are
 vnknowne
 And peoples loue is caried ther, where fame hir
 trump hath blown.
 A cunning workman fine, in Cloyster close may sit,
 And carue or paint a thousand things, and vse
 both art and wit,
 Yet wanting worldes renowne, may scape vnought
 or seeue:
 It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall
 I weene. [harmes,
 The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other
 By comon prayse of peoples voyce, briugs patients
 in by swarms.
 A goodly stately house, hath seldome any fame,
 Till world behold the buildings through, and people
 see the same. [held,
 The Flowers and Posies sweete, in better price are
 When those haue prayse'd their vertues rare, that
 haue their odor saeld.
 So by these forsayd proofes, I haue a pardon free,
 To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any
 worke I see,
 That worthie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.
 Present the world with labors great, the world is
 in your det, [will giue:
 It neuer yeeldes rewarde, nor scarce iust prayse
 Then studie out to stand on fame, and strue by
 fame to liue. [dayes,
 Our olde forefathers wise, saw long before these
 How some faint world would fail deserts, and cold
 would wax our prayse. [rise,
 And knowing that disleyne, for toyle did rather
 Than right renowne (whose golde buds, growes vp
 to starry skies)
 Betoke their labors long, and euerie act they did,
 Vnto the Gods, from whose deepe sight, no secret
 can be hid. [heauens hie,
 And these good gracious Gods, sent downe from
 (For noble minds) an endlesse fame, that throw
 the world doth flie.
 Which fame is due to those, that seeke by new
 deuice, [in price.
 To honor learning euerie way, and Vertue bring
 From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sows
 hir seedes, [and Weedes.
 A pretie Posie gathered is, of Flowers, Herbes,
 The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their
 goodnes shoves,
 The Weedes amid both hearbs and flowers, in decet
 order growes.
 The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,
 May make his choise of holesome hearbes, whose
 vertues well are tride.
 The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on strange
 delites, [waele that bites:
 May tast (for seasing daintie mouthes) the bitter
 The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,
 Shall finde (in floures) proude Peacocks plumes, and
 feathers of the Swan.

The Curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings
 away, [floures to play.
 By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie
 The kinde and loung worne, that woude his ladie
 please, [both much ease.
 May light on some such medcin here, shal do them
 both much ease. [ing take:
 The Lad that lykes the schoole, and will good warn-
 May snatch some rules oute of this booke, that
 may him doctor make.
 The has'ie trauayling head, that flies to foreyne
 place, [his rouing race.
 May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay
 The manly courage stoute, that seeketh fame full
 farre,
 Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see
 how soure is warre.
 This Posie is so pickt, and choysely sorted throw,
 There is no Flower, Herbe, nor Weede, but serues
 some purpose now.
 Then since it freely comes, to you for little cost,
 Take well in worth these paynes of him, that
 thinkes no labor lost:
 To do his cuntry good, as many others haue,
 Who for their toyles a good report, of worlde did
 onely craue. [receyue,
 Grudge not to yeild some fame, for fruites that you
 Make some exchange for franke good will, some
 signe or token leaue,
 To shew your thankfull harts. For if you loue to
 take, [no gift forsake,
 And haue a conscience growne so great, you can
 And cannot giue againe, that men deserue to reape,
 Adieu we leaue you in the hedge, and ore the stile
 we leape.
 And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in
 ryme, [selues in tyme.
 That may by arte shewe you a glasse, to see your
 Thus wish I men their right: and you that iudge
 amisse,
 To mend your minds, or frame your Muse, to
 make the like of this.

G. W. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNE, AND
 HIS POSIES.

READER rewarde nought else, but ouely good re-
 port, [sundrie sort.
 For all these pleasant Posies here, bound vp in
 The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull
 toyle, [sant soyle.
 Of late in Gascoignes Garden plot, a passing plea-
 Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the
 rest,
 Which he with double paine, did work, to gleane
 the bad frō best.
 The state is very straunge, and fortune rare in vse,
 Whose beaue happe he neither helpes, nor blazeth
 their abuse. [be thrall,
 In thundering verse he wrayes, where highest mindes
 Where mischeefe seeks to rayse it selfe, by force
 of others fall. [pride,
 He pluckes the visour of, from maskes of peeuisish
 And wrayes what soure (in sweet pretēce) the
 coustly corts cā hide.
 In euerie gallant flower, he setteth forth to show,
 Of Venus thralles, the hap, the harme, the want,
 the weale, the woe.

He finely findes their faultes, whose weith doth
foster wrong,
Who toucheth sinne (without offence) must plainly
sing his song.

His l'itte vaine in verse, his stately stile in prose,
Foretelles that Pallas meut by him, for to defende
hir foes. [kniit,

Wherwith to Mars his might, his lustie lianes are
(A sight most rare) that Hectors mind, should
match with Pallas wit.

By prooffe of late appeared (how so reportes here
ran) [hynmost man.

That he in field was formost still, in spoyle the
No backward blastes could bruse the valour of his
thought, [credite sought.

Although alie hap, forestoode his hope, in that he
In fortunes spight he strauve, by vertues to aspire,
Resolude when due desertis might mouit, then he
should haue his hire.

Thus late with Mars in field, a lustie Souldiour
snewde, [hath bestowde,

And now with peace in Pallas schoole, he freendly
On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites of all his
toyle, [the soyle.

Whereof if some but simple seeme, consider well
They grew not all at home, some came from for-
reynne fieldes,

The which (percase) set here againe, no pleasant
sauour yeeldes.

Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly
mend, [will offend.

And he were best not write at all, which no man

**P. B. TO SUCH AS HAVE HERETOFORE
FOUND FAULT WITH GASCOIGNES
POSIES.**

GAYNST good deserts, both pride and enuie swell,
As neade repines, to see his neighbour ritche:
And slaunder chafes, where vertues prosper well,
As sicke men thinke, all others health to mitch:
Such filthie faultes, mens harts oftymes inflame,
That spight presumes, to stayne the worthies
name.

Are brutall things, transferred so to men?
Or men become more sauage than the beast?
We see the dogge, that kenelles in his den,
(For onely foode) obeyes his Lordes behest:
Yet more than that, remembers so reliefe,
As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters grieffe.

If thou pereruyue, whereto my tale intendes,
Then (slaunder) cease to wrong a frendly wight,
Who for his countreys good, his trauayle spendes,
Sometime where blowes are giuen in bloudie fight:
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,
Such verse, as may content eche moule of men.

As nowe beholde, he here presentes to thee,
The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.
The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to bee:
The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.
All these, the soyle of his well followed brayne,
(With Pallas droppes bedewde) yeeldes for thy
gaine.

The Herbes to graue conceyt, and skilfull age,
The fragrant Flowers to sent of yonger smell:
The worthlesse Weedes, to rule the wantonrage
Of recklesse heades, he giues: then vse them well:

And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,
These Posies made, by his long painfull toyle.

**A. W. IN COMMENDATION OF GAS-
COIGNES POSIES.**

I PRAYSED once a booke (whereby I purchast
blame)

And venturde for to write a verse, before I knewe
the same.

So that I was deceyude, for when it came to light,
The booke deserued no such worde, as I therein
did wright.

Thus lept I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,
Which giues (me ha-gard) warning since, to trust
no falkne's fist

And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my
skill) [wordes fulfill.

But not a booke of such contentes, as might ny
Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to
prayse,

Bicause I knew them euery flower, and where they
grew alwayes.

And sure for my conceyt, euen when they bloom-
ed first, [the very worst.

Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not
Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button
tykes, [quarell pykes.

And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld a gelous
swell,

And some (which like none berbe but sage) say
Finkell tastes not well.

Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,
And Pinkes please some, and Pimpernell doth serue
to steynch the blood:

And Batchlers buttons be, the brauest to beholde,
But sure that flower were best not grow, which can
abide no colde. [uiuous windes,

For slaunder blowes so shrill, with easterne en-
And frosts of frumps so nip the rootes, of vertu-
ous meaning minds

That few good flowers can thrue, vnlesse they be
protected, [proppes erected.

Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some
So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this
grounde, [here abounde,

And set such flowers on euery bed, that Posies
Yet some tongues cannot well, affoorde him worthe
prayse, [sene his wayes,

And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I haue
And marked all his moods, and haue had prooffe
likewise, [deuise.

That he can do as well in field, as pen can here
Not many monthes yet past, I saw his doughtie
deedes, [heauie hart it bleedes.

And since (to heare what slaunder sayes) my
Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou
trust, [gallant, good and iust.

So shalt thou find his flowers and him, both

**I. B. IN COMMENDATION OF GAS-
COIGNES POSIES.**

THE sauerie sappes in Gascoignes Flowers that are,
Which strayed were by lofty learnings lore:
Could not content the surly for their share, (fore:
Ne cause them once, to yeeld him thanks there-

Such was his hap, when first in hande he tooke,
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet hath he not (for all this) seemde to cease,
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,
And yeeld them earth to bring forth their increase,
With other slippes from furraine soyle yfet.
Which he hath gaynde by hazarde of his life,
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred shot was rife.

This endlesse toyle, content'd well his minde,
Hope belde the helme, his Fame on shore to set:
His deepe desire, was friendship for to finde,
At readers handes, he nought else sought to get:
Wherefore (doubtlesse) they did him double
wrong,

Which F. and I. mysconstrued haue so long.

Yet least I should passe from the golden ground,
Of Gascoignes plat, wherein those Posies grew,
I list to tell what Flowers there I found,
And paint by penne, the honour to him dew:
Since that his toyle doth well deserue the same,
And sacred skill bath so aduauust his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetters frute,
Whereof my selfe haue tasted to my paine:
Then might I see the Greene knight touch the Lute,
Whose cordes were coucht on frettes of deepe
disdaine:

And likewise there, I might percryue full well,
That fragrant Flower which fansie bad Farewell.

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* hight,
Sweete vnto those, of sillie simple sense,
Yet sharpe and sowre, to those that do delight
In martiall martes, for gaine of peuisish pence.
Such buddees full braue, good Gascoignes Garden
gaue
To all estates, which list the same to haue.

Wherefore (good friend) fie enuies yrkesome yre,
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule bath
wrought,
Yeeld not disdeyne to Gascoigne for his hyre,
Whose brused braine for thee these flowers hath
sought.

Least if thou do, the blame on thee do light,
Such friendly paynes to recompence with spight.

I. D. IN PRAYSE OF GASCOIGNES AND HIS POSIES.

If Virgill how to till the Earth, to euery man
doth tel, [excell,
And Galen he in Phisicks arte doth many men
If Poets olde descriuen prayse, by paynting out
aright, [that wright,
The frutes of vice, as Ouid doth, and many mo
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt
their name, [of Ladie Fame:
And for their hyre, deserued prayse by trumpe
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese
his due desert, [skilfull arte?
Sith he so freendly here to vs, hath shewed his
The healthsome herbs and flowers sweet, frō
weedes he hath diuided,
The fruits of Gies in prison strūg he hath right
wel decided.

Of warres also, and warriours too, euen like a
martiall knight,

He hath discourst, and shewed the lottes, that
therevpon do light:

Virgill is dead, and Galen gone, with Poets many
more: [in store.

Yet workes of theirs be still aliuie, and with vs kept
This Authour liues, and Gascoigne hights, yet once
to die most sure, [alwayes endure,

Alas the while that worthy wightes may not
But workes of his among the best, for euer more
shall rest, [the blest.

When he in heauen shall take a place prepared for

THE PRINTER (RICHARD SMITH) IN COMMENDATION OF GASCOIGNE AND HIS WORKS.

CHAWCER by writing purchast fame,
And Gower got a worthe name:
Sweete Surrey, suckt Pernassus springs,
And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:
Olde Rochfort clambe the stately throne,
Which Muses holde, in Helliçone.
Then thither let good Gascoigne go,
For sure bis verse, deserueth so.

M. A. PERUGINO, A I LETTORI.

CONCIOSIA la cosa che a'l bono vino, non ci
bisogna la giuranda nientedi meno, l'opere vir-
tuose meritano semprenai ogni laude, honore, &
mercede. Tanto per essersi (nella natura loro, &
di se stesse) piacquole, grate, & piene, d'ogni con-
tento, come per dare stimoli ad altrui d'imitar' i
loro vestigi. In tanto lo stimò l'opera presente
v'essempio chiaro & raro della gloria Inghiese.
Quando vi si trouauo non salamete sonetti, rime,
canzoni, & altre cose infinitamete piacquole, ma
cou cio non vi mancano discorse tragiche, mo-
derne, & phylosophichæ, della Guerra, dellì stati,
& della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'vn tal
Inchiostro, che lo (sendo forastiero) lo trououo vñ'
Immitatore di Petrarca, Amico d'Ariosto, &
Parangon di Boccaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro poëta
quanto sia piu famoso & eccellente dell' età
nostra.

I. DE B. AUX LECTEURS.

CEUX qui voiront, les Rymes de Gascoigne,
(Estants François) se plaindront nuicts & iours
Que la beauté & l'odeur de ces fleurs,
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'es-
loigne.

H. M. IN POEMATATA GASCOIGNI CARMEN.

Si iam vena viris eadem, quæ vatibus olim,
Ingenioq. pari possunt disponere partas
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,
Claudenturq. suis numeris: Si turba sororum,
Supplicibus potis est piscos inflare furores,
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua themata texant,

Consona scripturis sacris, nec dissona rectis
Moribus: amēnos, sed quæ cognoscere flores
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus.
Si fictas fabulas, falsiq. Cupidinis artes
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)
Cur non censem celebrandos iure Coronis
Æquales virtute viros, æqualibus esse?
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis
Præmia, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poetis
Sæcula num laudes tantas licet addere linguis
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit vitra
Vtile) germanas, vtfas sit spernere gemmas?
Sed vitium hoc patriæ est & peculiariter Anglis
Conuenit, externis quæcunq. feruntur ab oris,
Anteferre suis. Age si sic sapitis, Ecce,
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

B. C. IN POEMATA GASCONI, CARMEN.

MENS generosa solet generosos edere flores,
Incassumq. suos, non sinit ire dies:
Hæc tua Gasconi laus est, mercede remota
Hæc, friget virtus, hæc tibi sufficiat.
Hæc tibi (seu Belgas repetas, Martemq. ferocem,
Seu patriam & Musas) inuoluta comes.

K. D. IN EUNDEM CARMEN.

VIDERAT huius: ef. I. Titulum nomenq. Poeta,
Lætaq. vix potuit, dicere lingua, bene est:
Mox vbi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,
Magniq. quæ fuerat, pars ibi parua fuit,
Quam male ait socio, Martem secreuit amore?
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnât amat.

EIUSDEM DE EODEM.

Qui quondam graue Martis opus, sub gente ne-
Militamq. tuli, non vno nomine duram [fanda,
Arma quibus lætabar, Ego Tritonia Pallas,
Pallas ego trade arma tibi, & nunc per iuga
Cyothi
Per sacrum te Hellicona tuus, per Thessala
Tempe
Insequor, æternumq. sequar, dum sydera mundum,
Dum deus æternos, certo moderamine Cælos
Dirigat, æthereasq. animas & sydera Cæli.
O quæ felices cælesti nectare mentes
Perfundis, Diuumq. doces nos dicere Cantus,
Quales Aonia inter celeberrima turbas
Calliopæa canit, vel gestis Clío loquendis
Nata (Nouenarum pars ingens Clío sororum.)
Da regina tuis adytis, antrisq. recepto
Cantari vates inter, diciq. Britannos.

P. W. IN GASCOIGNUM, CARMEN.

SVNT quorum mentes, tenebræ, Caligoq. turpis
Insufciant, vates qui tetigisse timent.
Tu pete florentem, facunde Poeta Corollam,
Excultis pateat, versibus iste locus.

G. H. PRO EODEM.

QUISQUIS es hac nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,
Iudicio nobis, cantus adesto precor.
Perlege scripta prius, quàm pergas scripta probare,
Et bene perfectis, inde videbis opus
Nam nihil in titulum, iuuat inspexisse libelli,
Si vis materiæ sit tibi nota miuus.
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamina rerum,
Sed sunt in variis, inspicienda locis.
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, sine reperto,
In teuebris tum quæ dilituere proba.

E. H. IN POËMATA GASCOIGNI, CARMEN.

SI quam Romani laudem mæruere Poetæ
Siquit Grauis debitus vllus honos,
Græcia si quondam vatem suscepit Homerum,
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,
Cur non Gasconii facunda poemata laudat
Anglia? & ad cæli sydera summa ferat?
Carmina nam cum re, sic consentire videntur,
Egregium & præstans, vt videatur opus.
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,
Et iuuenum facile posse nocere animis.
Non ita, ni forsau, velit isdem liector abuti,
Non obsunt, pura si modò mente legas.

*THE OPINION OF THE AUCTHOR HIM-
SELF AFTER ALL THESE COMMEN-
DATIONS.*

WHAT neede I speake my self, since other say so
much?

Who seeme to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer
none such:

But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,
Which may deserue such passing prayse, or seeme
to taste so well, [deinge

This boone I onely craue, that readers yet will
(If any weede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres
to stayne) [they finde,

Then reade but others workes, and marke if that
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest
readers minde?

Reade Virgills Pryapus, or Ouids wanton verse,
Which he about Corinnaes couche, so clerly can
rehearse.

Reade Faustoes filthy tale, in Ariostoes ryme,
And let not Marots Alyx passe, without impeach
of crime. [excuse

These things considered well, I trust they will
This muzz of mine, although she seem, such toyes
sometimes to vse.

Beleuee me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth
his arte: [lawe,

Lucillius ledde the daunce, and Horace made the
That poetes by Auctoritie, may call (a Dawe) a
Dawe,

And eke (a hore) a Hore, but yet in cleanly wordes,
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were
in bourdes: [faute)

Tbis phrase sometimes I vse, which (if it be a
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in
verse is taught,

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Smell euery poesie right, and you therein shall
finde,

Fresh flowres, good hearbes, and bolsome weedes,
to please a skilfull minde.

Finis. Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

**HIS VLTIMUM VALE TO AMOROUS
VERSE.**

KINDE Erato, and wanton Thalia,
(Whose name my muze, deuoutly did inuoke)
Adieu deare dames, Caliope sings *alia*,

Which are more worth, and smell not of the
smoke.

And if blinde Cupide, chaunce to stryke a stroke,
I vowe my verse, Apocrypha shalbe,
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see¹.

Finis.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

¹ These lines, and the "Opinion of the Author" are not in the edition of Gascoigne published 1587. C.



POEMS

OF

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

FLOWERS.

THE ANATOMY OF A LOUER.

TO make a louer knowne, by plaine Anatomie,
You louers all that list beware, loe here behold
you me.

Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel
Yet euery part shall playe his part, to paine the
panges of loue.

If first my feeble head, haue so much matter left,
If fansies raging force haue not, his feeble skill
bereft.

These lockes that hang vnkempt, these hollowe
These chattering teeth, this trābling tongue, well
tewed with carefull cries.

These wan and wrinkled cheekes, wel washt with
waues of woe,

Maye stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this
These shoulders they sustaine, the yoake of beaue
care,

And on my brused broken backe, the burden must
These armes quite braunfalne are, with beating on
my brest,

Tbis right hand weary is to write, this left hand
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes
the smith,

And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this
The Anuile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike
the stroake,

My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, and
My secreete partes are so with secreete sorrowe soken,
As for the secreete shame thereof, deserues not to
be spoken,

My thiges, my knees, my legges, and last of all
To serue a louers turne, are so vnable and vnmeete,
That scarce they sustaine vp, this restlesse body
well,

Unless it be to see the boure, wherein my loue

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And there by sight eftsoone, to feede my gazing
eye,

And so content my hungrie corps, tyll doulours
doe me dye:

Yet for a iust reward of loue so dearely bought,
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome loue had
worne to nought.

Euer or neuer.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOUER.

AT Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde:
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde,

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme about the rest,
Doth knowe my guiltie if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beantie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was falshood foremost feere,
A pack of pickethanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge vniust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust

I I

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verditte of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauic hill,
And there: be hangle all but the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale vnto your grace,
You knowe if I haue beene vntrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Iudge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To saue the man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your seruauant scene.

(Quod Beautie) well: because I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse,
Than Iustice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
Loe fayth and truth my surties¹:
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thral,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.
Euer or neuer.

THE PASSION OF A LOUER.

I SMYLE sometimes although my griebe be great,
To heare and see these louers paint their paine,
And how they can in pleasauit rimes repeate,
The passing pangs, which they in fancies faine,
But if I had such skyll to frame a verse,
I could more paine than all their panges rehearse

Some saye they finde nor peace, nor power to
fight,
Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:
I dwell in dole, yet soierne with delight,
Reposde in reste, yet weryed with debate.
For flatte repulse, might well appease my wyl,
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortune styll.

Some other saye they hope, yet liue in dread,
They friese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall,
But I, nor hope with happe to rayse my head,
Nor feare to stoupe, for why, my gate is small.
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyl my heart,
Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smart.

How liue I then, which thus drawe fourth my
dayes?
Or tell me howe, I found this feuer first?
What fits I feele? what distance? what delays?
What griebe? what ease? what lyke I best? what
worst? [paine,
These thinges they tell, which seeke redresse of
And so wyl I, although I coumpt it vaine.

¹ Common Bayly.

I liue in loue, euen so I loue to liue,
(Oh happie state, twice happie be that findes it)
But loue to life this cognisance doth geue,
This badge this marke, to euery man that mindes it,
Loue lendeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,
Nor lyuing liue: and such a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladdes the saddest
wightes,
Yet neuer shine to cleare my misty moone:
No quiet sleepe, amiddes the moonshine nightes,
Can close mine eyes, when I am woe begone.
Into such shades my peeuishe sorrowe shrowdes,
That Sunne and Moone are still to me in clowdes.

And feuerlike I feede my fancie styll,
With such repast, as most empaires my health,
Which feuer first I caught by wanton wyl,
When coles of kind dyd stirre my blood by stealth:
And gazing eyes, in bewtie put such trust,
That loue enflamd my liuer al with lust.

My fits are lyke the f uer Ectick fits,
Which oue dave quakes within and burnes without,
The next day heate within the boosoms sits,
And shiuering colde the body goes about.
So is my heart most hote when hope is colde,
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

Tormented thus without delayes I stand,
All wayes in one and euermore shalbe,
In greatest griebe when helpe is nearest hand,
And best at ease if death might make me free:
Delighting most in that which hurtes my heart,
And hating change which might relieue my smart.

LENGOUE.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaines,
Drause by times some drammes for my disease,
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,
Whereof be sure, if you wyl worke mine ease.
And though fond fooles set forth their fittes as fast,
Yet graunt with me that my straunge passion past,
Euer or neuer.

A STRAUNGE PASSION OF A LOUER.

AMID my Bale I bath in blisse,
I swim in heauen, I sinke in hell:
I find amends for eucry misse,
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.
I liue and loue, what wold you more:
As neuer louer liu'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So iest I oft and feele no ioye:
Myne ease is builded all on trust:
And yit mistrust breedes myne anyoe.
I liue and lacke, I lacke and haue:
I haue and misse the thing I craue.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew.
Beleeue me sweete my state is such,
One pleasure which I wold eschew,
Both slakes my grief and breedes my grutch.
So doth one paine which I wold shoon,
Renew my ioyes where grief begoon.

Then like the larke that past the night,
In heuy sleepe with cares opprest:
Yit when shee spies the pleasaunt light,
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.

¹ There is indeede suche a kinde of feuer.

So sing I now because I thinke
How ioyes approach, when sorrowes shrinke.

And as fayre Philomene againe,
Can watch and singe when other sleepe:
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.
So sing I now for to bewray
The lolsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wencbe) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,
To liue in ioyes when I am gone.
I cannot liue, it wyll not bee:
I dye to thinke to parte from thee.
Ferendo Natura.

THE DIUORCE OF A LOUER.

DIUORCE me nowe good death, from loue and
lingring life, [was my wife,
That one hath been my concubine, that other
In youth I liued with loue, she had my lustye
dayes, [wãdering waies,

In age I thought with lingering life to stay my
But now abuse by both, I come for to complaine,
To thee good death, in whom my helpe doth wholly
now remain,

My libell loe behold: wherein I doe protest,
The processe of my plaint is true, in which my
griefe doth rest. [trimme,

First loue my concubine (whome I haue kept so
Euen she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of
ioy to swimme:

To whom I dare auowe, that I haue serued as well,
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares
the bell)

She cast me of long since, and holdes me in
disdaine, [is but vaine.

I cannot pranke to please hir nowe, my vaunting
My writhled cheekes bewraye, that pride of beate
is past, [ture fadeth fast,

My starging steppes eke tell the trueth, that na-
My quaking crooked ioyntes, are combed with
the crampe, [feede my lampe.

The boxe of oyle is wasted wel, which once dyd
The greenesse of my yeares, doth wyther now so
sore, [me no more,

That lusty loue leapes quite awaye, and lyketh
And loue my leman gone, what lyketh can I take?
In lolsome lyfe that croked croane, although she
be my make? [cold,

Shee cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but
She bids me giue mine age for almes, wher first
my youth was sold. [brall,

No day can passe my head, but she begiunes to
No mery thoughts conceiued so fast, but she
confounds them al. [still,

When I pretend to please, she ouerthwarts me
When I would faynest part with hir, she ouerways
my will. [hand,

Be iudge then gentle death, and take my cause in
Consider euery circumstaunce, marke how the
case doth stand [none see,

Percase thou witte aledge, that cause thou canst
But that I like not of that one, that other likes
not me:

Such a sect there is that desire no longer lyfe
then whiles they are in loue.

Yes gentle iudge giue eare, and thou shalt see me
proue,
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is loue.
And in my wyfe I find, such discurd and debate,
As no man liuing can endure the tormentes of
my state. [them both.

Wherefore thy sentence say, deuorce me from
Since only thou mayst right my wronges, good
death nowe be not loath.

But cast thy pearcing dart, into my panting brest,
That I may leaue both loue and life, and thereby
purchase rest.

Haud ictus sapio.

THE LULLABIE OF A LOUER.

SING lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing to,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For crooked age and hoary heares,
Haue wone the hauen with in my head:
With Lullaby then youth be still,
With Lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce aspre.
For euery Glasse maye nowe suffice,
To shewe the furrowes in my face:
With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,
Entice you este with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all to late I finde by skylf,
How deare I haue thy fancies bought:
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,
With Lullaby thy doubttes appease:
For trust to this, if thou be styll,
My body shall obey thy will.

* * * * *

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuse,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With Lullaby now take your leaue,
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullabie.

Euer or Never.

THE LAMENTATION OF A LOUER.

Now haue I found the waie, to weepe and wayle
my fill, [my will.
Now can I ende my dolfull dayes, and so content
The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,
Is this: to go abord the ship, where pleasure
beareth sayle.

And there to marke the festes, of euery ioyfull
wight,
And with what winde and waue they fleet, to
nourish their delight.
For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellows
feede, [to bierde,
Amid the iustie heard (vnhurt,) and feesles himselfe
Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,
And lieth aloofe among the leaues, of al hir
phcares refusd, [reioyce,
And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she
Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir
mournfull voyce. [payne,
Euen so I finde by prooffe, that pleasure dubleth
Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in
woe, remaine. [ioye,
I passe where pleasure is, I heare some sing for
I see som laugh, som other daunce, in spight of
darke anoy.
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,
I deeme al pleasures to be paine, that dwell about
the earth. [breath,
Such heauy humors feede, the bloud that lendes me
As mery medcins cannot serue, to keepe my corps
from death.

Sprata lamen viuunt.

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman whome
hee liked very wel, and yet had neuer any
opportunity to discouer his affection, being al-
wayes bridled by ielouse lookes which attended
them both, and therefore gessing by hir lokes,
that she partly also liked him: he wrote in a
booke of hers as foloweth, being termed with
the rest that follow

THE LOKES OF A LOUER ENAMOURED.

THOU with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte,
And find there in great cause of deepe delight:
Thy face is fayre, thy skin is smoth and softe,
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and
bright,
And euery part seemes pleasant in my sight.
Yet wote thou well, those lokes haue wrought my wo,
Bicause I loue to looke vpon them so.

For first those lookes allurd mine eye to loke,
And strayght mine eye stird vp my hart to loue:
And cruell loue with deepe deceitfull hooke,
Chokt vp my mind whom fancie cannot moue,
Nor hope releuee, nor other helpe behoue:
But still to loke, and though I loke to much,
Neeedes must I loke bicause I see none such.

Thus in thy lookes my loue and life haue hold,
And with such life my death drawes on a pace:
And for such death no medicine can be told,
But loking still vpon thy louely face,
Wherin are painted pitie, peace, and grace,
Then though thy lokes should cause me for to dye,
Neeedes must I looke, bicause I liue therby.

Since then thy lookes my lyfe haue so in thrall,
As I can like none other lookes but thine:
Lo here I yeelde my lyfe, my loue, and all
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,
But libertie to gaze vpon thyne eyes.
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,
To looke again, and linke with me in hart.

Si fortunatus infelix.

With these verses you shall iudge the quicke ca-
pacitie of the Lady: for she wrote thereunder
this short aunswere.

LOOKE aslong as you lyst, but surely if I take you
looking, I will looke with you.

And for a further prooffe of this Dames quicke
vnderstanding, you shall now vnderstande, that
sone after this aunswere of hers, the same Auc-
thour chanced to be at a supper in hir company,
where were also hir brother, hir husband, and
an old louer of hers by whom shee had bene long
suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no
delicate viandes to content them, yet their
chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For
the Aucthour being stong with hotte affection,
coulede none otherwyse relieue his passion but
by gazing. And the Dame of a curteous enclina-
tion deigned (nowe aud then) to requite the
same with glancing at him. Hir olde louer oc-
cupied his eyes with watching: and her brother
perceiuing all this coulede not abstaine from
winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in
remembraunce, least she shoulde too much forget
hir selfe. But most of all her husbande bebold-
ing the first, and being euyll pleased with the
seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and
misconstruing the fourth, was constrained to
playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This
royall banquet thus passed ouer, the Aucthour
knowing that after supper they should passe the
tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making
of purposes: contriued all this conceipt in a
Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner
pronouced, but shee coulede perfectly perceiue
his intent, and draue out one nayle with another,
as also enseweth.

His Ryddle.

I CAST mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,
All seemelye set vpon one louely face:
Twoo gaz'd, twoo glanc'd, twoo watched for the
nonce.
Twoo winked wiles, twoo fround with froward
grace.

Thus euery eye was pitched in his place.
And euery eye which wrought eche others wo,
Saide to it selfe, alas why lookt I so?
And euery eye for ielousie did pine,
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.

Si fortunatus infelix.

In all this lonelie company was not one that coulede
and would expound the meaning hereof. At
last the Dame hir selfe answered on this wise.
Syr, quod she, because your darke spenck is
much to curious for this simple company, I wyl
bee so bolde as to quit one question with an-
other. And when you haue answered mine, it
maye fall out peraduenture, that I shall some-
what the better iudge of yours.

His Question.

WHAT thing is that which swimmes in blisse,
And yet consumes in burning griefe:
Which being plaste where pleasure is,
Can yet recouer no reliefe.
Which sees to sighe, and sighes to see,
All this is one, what maye it bee?

He held him self herewith contented: and afterwards when they were better acquainted, he chaused once (groping in her pocket) to find a letter of hir olde louers: and thynking it were better to wincke than vtterlye to put out his eyes, seemed not to vnderstaude this first offence: but soone afer finding a lemman (the which he thought he sawe hir olde lemman put there) he deuised therof thus, and deliuered it vnto hir in writing.

I GROOPED in thy pocket pretty peate,
And found a Lemman which I looked not:
So founde I once (which nowe I must repeate)
Both leaues and letters which I lyked not.
Such hap haue I to finde and seeke it not,
But since I see no faster meanes to bind them,
I wyll (hencefoorth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

The dame within verie short space dyd aunswere it thus.

A LYMONNE (but no Lemmane) syr you found,
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:
The which since it hath giuen you such a wound,
That you seeme now offended very sore:
Content your selfe you shall find (there) no more.
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you lust,
For I wyll shewe my letters where I trust.

THE LOOKES OF A LOUER FORSAKEN:

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEWOMAN WHO PASSED BY HIM WITH HIR ARMES SET BRAGGING BY HIR SIDES, AND LEFTE IT VNFINISHED AS FOLLOWETH.

WERE my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,
Or in my brest so braue and stout a will:
Then (long ere this) I coulde haue bene content,
With sharpe reueng thy carelesse corpes to kill.
For why thou knowest (although thou know not
all)

What rule, what raygne, what power, what segnory,
Thy melting minde did yeeld to me (as thrall)
When first I pleasid thy wandring fansie.
What lingring lookes bewray'd thyue inward thought,

What panges were publishd by perplexicite,
Such reakes the rage of loue in thee had wrought
And no gramercie for thy curtesie.
I list not vaunt, but yet I dare auowe
(Had bene my harmelesse hart as harde as thine)
I coulde baue bounde thee then for starting nowe,
In bondes of bale, in panges of deadly pyne.
For why by profe the field is eath to win,
Where as the chiefteynes yeeld them selues in
chaynes:

The port or passage plaine to enter in,
Where porters list to leaue the key for gaynes.
But did I then deuise with crueltie,
(As tyrants do) to kill the yeelding pray?
Or did I bragge and boast triumphauntly,
As who should saye the field were mine that daye?
Did I retire my selfe out of thy sight
To beat afresh the bulwarkes of thy brest?
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,
And render thee as refuse with the rest?
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,
He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, deuising these verses aboue rehearsed, the same Gentlewoman passed by againe, and cast a longe looke towards him, whereby he left his former inuention and wrote thus.

HOWE long she lookt, that lookt at me of late,
As who would say, hir looks were all for loue:
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,

To pinch me yit with panges which I must proue.
But since my lokes hir liking maye not moue,
Looke where she likes, for lo this looke was cast,
Not for my loue, but cnen to see my last.

Si fortunatus infelix.

ANOTHER SONET WRITTEN BY THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN, VPPON THE SAME OCCASION.

I LOOKT of late, and sawe thee loke askance,
Upon my dore, to see if I satte there,
As who should say: if he be there by chance,
Yet maye he thinke I loke him euery where.
No cruell no, thou knowest and I can tell,
How for thy loue I layd my lokes a side:
Though thou (par case) hast lookt and liked wel,
Some newe founde lookes amide this world so wide.
But since thy lookes my loue haue so in chaynd
That to my lokes, thy liking now is past:
Loke where thou likest, and let thy hands be
staynd,

In true loues block, which thou shalt lack at last,
So looke, so lack, for in these toyes thou tost,
My lookes thy loue, thy lookes my life haue lost.

Si fortunatus infelix.

TO THE SAME GENTLEWOMAN BECAUSE SHE CHALLENGED THE AUCHTHOUR FOR HOLDING DOWNE HIS HEAD ALWAIES, AND FOR THAT HEE LOOKED NOT VPPON HIR IN WONTED MANNER.

YOU must not wonder though you thinke it
straunge,

To see me holde my lowring head so lowe:
And that myne eyes take no deliyght to raunge,
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.
The mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,
Is sildome tyed with the trustlesse bayte,
But lyes aloofe for feare of more mishappe,
And feedeth styll in doubte of deepe deceipte.
The scorched flye which once hath scapt the flame,
Wyll hardlye come to playe againe with fyre.
Whereby I learne that greeuous is the game,
Which followes fansie dazed by desire.
So that I wyne or else holde downe my head,
Because your blazing eyes my bale haue bred.

Si fortunatus infelix.

THE RECANTACION OF A LOUER.

NOW must I nedes recant the wordes which
once I spoke,
Fond fansie fumes so nie my noose, I nedes must
smell the smoke:

And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,
Than wyfully to burne and blaze, in flames of
vaine desire. [well,
You Judges then giue eare, you people marke me
I saye, both heauen and earth record the tale
which I shall tell.

And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better
hap, [cap.
Hane forced or perswaded me to take my turning
But euen that mightye loue, of his great clemencie,
Hath giuen me grace at last to iudge, the truth
from heresie: [heart,

I saye then and professe, with free and faithfull
That womē's vowes are nothing els, but snares of
secret smart:

Their beauties blaze are baites which seeme of
pleasant taste, [for repast:

But who deuoures the hidden hooke, eates poysoun
Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traincs
of treason, [of reason,

Their wit alwaies so full of wyles, it skorneth rules
Percase some present here, haue heard my selfe of
yore, [then the more:

Both teach and preach the contrary, my fault was
I errant my workes were these, first one Anatomie,
Wherin I painted euery pang of louers perplexitye:
Next that I was arraignde, with George holde vp
thy hand, [to stand:

Wherin I yeekled Bewties thrall, at hir commaund
Myne eyes so blinded were, (good people marke
my tale) [weary Bale:

That once I song, I Bathe in Blisse, amide my
And many a frantike versē, then from my penne
dyd passe, [was,

In waues of wicked heresie, so deepe I drowned
All which I nowe recant, and here before you
burne [tippet here I turne.

Those trifling bookes, from whose lewde lore my
And henceforth wyl I write, howe mad is that
mans minde, [kind,

Which is entit by any traine to trust in woman-
I spare not wedlocke I, who lyst that state aduance,
Aske Astolf¹ king of Lumbardie, howe trim his
dwarfe coulede dauuce.

Wherefore sayre ladies you, that heare me what
I saye, [astraye:

If you hereafter see me slippe, or seeme to goe
Or if my tongue reuolte from that which nowe it
sayth, [my fayth,

Then plague me thus, Beleeue it not, for this is nowe
Haud ictus sapio.

IN PRAISE OF BRIDGES, NOWE LADY SANDIS.

In Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most
excell, [heares the bell:

For my conceyt I must needes say, faire Bridges
Upon whose liuely cheek, to prouue my iudge-
ment true, [of bewe:

The Rose and Lillie seeme to striue for equall change
And therewithall so well her graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once presume in hir
sweete face to bee. [other best,

Although some laushie lippes, which like some
Wyll saye the blemish on hir browe disgraceth
all the rest².

Thereto I thus reple, God wotte they litle know,
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the
harme dyd grow.

¹ Astolf being the goodliest personne in the
worlde founde a dwarfe lying with his wife.

² She had a scar on her forehead. See Percy's
Relics, vol. 2. p. 150. Edit. 1765. C.

For when Dame nature first had framde hir
heauenly face, [of glances:

And thoroughly bedecked it, with goodly grace:
It tyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,
For perfect shape that passeth all Apelles worke
in Greece. [God of Loue,

This bayte may chauce to catche the greatest
Or mighty thundring loue himself that rules the
roat aboue.

But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in
And some vsuene were present there (poore
Bridges) to thy pain.

For Cupide craftie boye, close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd
him good.

Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,
And hard dame nature boast by hir, to breake him
of his rest,

His hote newe chosen loue, he chaunged into hate,
And solailny with mighty mace, gan rap hir on
the pate.

It grieved Nature much to see the cruell deede:
Me seemes I see hir how she wept, to see hir
dearling blede. (helpe I trowe,

Well yet (quod she) this hurt shall haue some
Aud quicke with skin she couered it, that whiter
is than snowe. [flame,

Wherewith Dan Cupid fled, for feare of further
Whē angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had
smit with shame.

Lo thus was Bridges hurt, in cradel of hir kind,
The coward Cupid brake hir brow, to wreke his
wounded mind, [it be,

The skar styll there remains, no force, there let
There is no clowde that cau eclipse, so bright a
sunne as she.

Euer or neuer.

IN PRAISE OF ZOUCHE LATR THE LADY GREYE OF WILTON, WHOME THE AUC- TOR FOUND IN A HOMELY HOUSE.

THESE rustie walles whome cankred yeares deface,
The comely corps of seemly Zouche enclose,

Whose auncient stocke deriude from worthy race,
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goes:

Hir angels face declares hyr modest minde,
Hyr lonely lokes the gazing eyes allure,

Hyr deede's deserue some endlesse prayse to finde,
To blaze suche brute as euer might endure.

Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall
staye,

To write the thing that doth surmount my skill,
And I will wish of God both night and daye,

Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will.
Where princes peeres hir due desertes maye see,

And I content hir seruauent there to bee.
Euer or Neuer.

GASCOIGNES PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

THE hap which Paris had, as due for his desert,
Who fauord Venus for hir face, and skorne
Meneraus art: [esteeme,

May serue to warne the wise that they no more
The glistening glosse of bewties blaze, than reason
should it deme.

Dan Priams yonger son, found out the fairest dame,
That euer trode on Troyane mold, what folowed
of the same ?

I list not brut hir bale, let others spread it forth,
But for his parte to speake my minde his choise
was little worth, [shewe,

My meaning is but this, who markes the outward
And neuer grops for graftes of grace which in the
mind should grow : [had,

May chance vpon such choise as trusty Troilus
And dwell in dole as Paris did, when he would
faine be glad. [finde,

How happie then am I whose happe hath bene to
A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the
mind. [suche grace,

And yet therewith hath ioyned, such faouure and
As Pandars niece if (she wer here) would quickly
giue hir place. [to dwell,

With in whose worthy brest, Dame Bounty seekes
And saith to worthy, yeeld to me, since I doe
thee excell. [appeare,

Betwene whose heauenly eyes, doth right remorse
And pitie placed by the same, doth muche amende
hir cheere. [mee good,

Who in my daungers deepe, dyd deigne to doe
Who did relieue my heauy heart, and sought to
saue my blood. [my foes,

Who first encrest my friendes, and ouerthrew
Who loued al them that wisht me wel, and liked
none but those.

O Ladies giue me leaue, I prayse not hir to farre,
Since she doth pas you al, as much, as Titan
staines a starre. [scroe,

You hold such seruantes deare, as able are to
She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no
good thing deserue.

You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,
She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.
You best esteeme the braue, and let the poorest
passe, [as it was,

Shee best esteemde my poore good wyll, all naked
But whether am I went ? what humor guides my
braine ? [pepper grain.

I seeke to wey the woosack down, with one poore
I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpasses
my skill, [the hill,

I striue to rowe against the tide, I hoppe against
Then let these fewe suffise, shee Helene staines
for hewe, [Thisbye true,

Dydo for grace, Cressyde for cheere, and is as
Yet if you furdur craue, to haue hir name displaide,
Dame Fauor is my mistres name, dame Fortune
is hir maid.

Attamen ad solitum.

GASCOIGNES GOOD MORROW.

You that hane spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East :
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing :
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keeps,
Or sickenes doth suppress,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse :

Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And exceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might :
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe bis pleasaunt face :
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we hane chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and wordly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbow bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hie,
And seemes to tell these newes :
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shed,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes :
But as suche dewes are dried vp quite,
When Phoebus shewes bis face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resemblieth playne :
And as with gannes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
Aud teache vs to reioyce :
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Thau dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.

Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye :
Lorde for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOIGNES GOOD NIGHT.

WHEN thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at night:

Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet, [God forget,

Ere sleepe close vp thine eye to fast, do not thy But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befall: [call.

And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind, [behind :

Yet euer more remember this, there is the more And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye, [waye.

It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,

Thy life shall clense thy come from weeds, and thine shall be the gaine : [to winke,

But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for Before thy wading will maye trye, how far thy soule maye sinke, [smoth is made,

Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and May heape more harm vpō thy head, than blowes of enmies blade. [thou doest lye,

Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly ;

I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones, [greuous grones,

As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue cause my drousie eye, [soule to dye :

As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my The stretchling arnes, the yauning breath, which I to bedward vse, [me refuse:

Are patternes of the panges of death, when life will And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,

The sūdry shapes of death, whose dart shal make my flesh to tēble.

My bed it selfe is like the graue, my sheetes the winding sheete, [me most meete:

My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cōpare, [the bones ful bare:

Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, and leaue The waking Cock that early crows to weare the night awaye, [the latt r day.

Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before And as I ryse vp lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past, [last.

So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the Thus wyl I wake, thus wyl I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse, [godly wyse.

Thus wyl I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust,

By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE PSALME OF DEPROFUNDIS.

THE skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :
Behold quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,
Till in his wrath, Dan loue haue soust the soile,
And washt me wretch which in his trauaile toile.
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me appeach,
Since loue is Lord and king of mighty power,
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,
And (when him lyst) to giue the raine his place.
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

GASCOIGNES DEPROFUNDIS.

FROM depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell,

From heauy heart which harbours in my brest,
Froun troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkesome hell.

O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my louely Lorde alone,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.

And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,
This woeful plaint,
Wherein I faint,

Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentively to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
Oh hearken Lord, giue care for mine auaile,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare :
See howe I sinke in sorrowes euery where.

Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Giue care and marke what plaintes I put in vre.
Bende wylling eare : and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce.

But euermore vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,

If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreme to see our scuses skande,
If thou take note of euery thing amyse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O glorious God, O king, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then haue light,
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to lowre ?

But thou art good, and hast of mercye store,
Thou not delighst to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou comest to the doore.
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on bye.
Thy mighty name bee prayed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witness beare.

Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye.

I looke for thee (my louelye Lord) therefore,
 For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye styll,
 Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.
 For thee I watche, for thee I pryde and pore.
 My Soule for thee attendeth euermore.
 My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
 My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.
 And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
 Myne onely trust,
 My loue and lust.
 In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
 Before the lyght be seene in lofty Skyes,
 Before the Sunne appare in pleasaunt wyse,
 Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
 Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye :
 My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my
 sprite,
 My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight :
 Unto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe.
 With hastye wing,
 From me doeth fling,
 And stryueth styll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,
 O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed seede,
 O chosen sheepe that loue the Lord in dedde :
 O hungrye heartes, feede styll vpon his worde,
 And put your trust in him with one accorde.
 For he hath mercye euermore at hande,
 His fountaines flowe, his springes doe neuer stande.
 And plenteously hee loueth to redeme,
 Such sinners all,
 As on him call,
 And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,
 He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,
 He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye :
 He wyll appease our discorde and debate,
 He wyll soone sane, though we repent vs late.
 He wyll be ours if we continewe bis,
 He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse.
 He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
 From all that is,
 Or was amisse.
 Since Abrahams heyres dyd first his Lawes reiect.
Euer or neuer.

GASCOIGNES MEMORIES,

Written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest
 of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine
 delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne,
 there to vndertake againe the studdie of the
 common Lawes. And being required by fise
 sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat
 worthy to bee remembred, before hee entered
 into their fellowship, hee compiled these fise
 sundrie sortes of metre vpon fise sundrye
 theames, whiche they deliuered vnto him, and
 the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwel-
 marshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces
 fortuna iuuat.* And therevpon hee wrote this
 Sonnete following.

If yielding feare, or cancred villanie,
 In Cæsars haughtie heart had tane the charge,
 The walles of Rome had not bene rearde so bye,
 Nor yet the mightye Empire left solarge.

If Menelaus could haue ruld his wyll,
 With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,
 Then had the stately towres of Troy stooode
 styll,
 And Greekes with grudge had dronke their owne
 despiht.
 If dread of drenching waues or feare of firr,
 Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his
 race,
 Ascanius then, the fruite of his desire,
 In Lauine Lande had not possessed place.
 But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,
 There Fortune helps the boldest to aduaunce.
Sic tui.

The nexte was at request of Antony Kinwel-
 marshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis
 sufficit,* and therevpon he wrote as foloweth.

The vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes,
 Enuenometh the minde with vanitie,
 And beates the restelese braine with endlesse
 driftes,
 To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:
 The begger standes in like extremitie.
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much Dan Cræsus caught his death,
 And bought with bloud the price of glittering
 gold,
 By too too little many one lackes breath
 And sterues in stretes a mirroure to beholde :
 So pride for heate, and Pouertye pynes for colde.
 Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

Store makes no sore : loe this seemes contrarye,
 And mo the merier is a Prouerbe eke,
 But store of sores maye make a maladye,
 And one to many maketh some to seeke,
 When two be mette that bankette with a leeke :
 Wherefore to lacke the most and leaue the
 least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The rych man surfetteth by glottony,
 Which feedeth still, and neuer standes content,
 The poore agayne he pines for penurye,
 Which liues with lacke when all and more is
 sbente:
 So to much and to little bothe bee sbente.
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conquerour with vncontented swaye,
 Doth rayse vp rebelles by his auarice,
 The recreaunt dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,
 To forraigne spoyle by slouth and cowardyce :
 So too much and to little both be vyce.
 Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face :
 It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:
 If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,
 In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne :
 So fowle poore foolles, and fayrer fall to sinne,
 Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
 I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,
 Because my braynes no better can deuise,
 When thinges be badde, a small summe maketh
 store,

So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:
 Yet still to this my weary penne replies.
 That I sayde last, and though you like it least,
 It is enough and as good as a feast.
Sic tui.

John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum rectigal parcimonia*, wherevpon he wrote thus.

THE common speech is, spend and God will send
 But what sendes be? a bottell and a bagge,
 A staffe a walkt and a wofull ende,
 For such as list in brauery so to bragge.
 Then if thou couet coyne enough to spend,
 Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,
 So shall the bottom be the faster bound:
 But he that list with lauish haud to linke,
 (In like expence) a pennye with a pound,
 May chance at last to sette a side and shrinke
 His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.
 Hick, hobbe, and Dick, with clouts vpon their
 knee,

Haue many times more goonhole grotes in store
 And change of crownes more quicke at cal then
 he,

Which let their lease and take their rent before:
 For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
 Before he put one penny in his purse,
 Had neede turne quicke and brooc a better tappe,
 Or els his drinke may chance go downe the
 wurse.

I not denie but some men haue good hap,
 To climbe a losfe by scales of courtly grace,
 And winne the world with liberalitie:
 Yet he that yerks old anells out apace,
 And hath no newe to purchase diguitie,
 When orders fall, may chance to lacke his grace.
 For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
 So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
 Till sutes of silke haue swet out all their land,
 So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
 Till Dauie Debet in thy parler stand,
 And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.
 I like a Lions lookes not worth a leeke
 When eury Foxe beguiles him of his praye:
 What sauer but sorrow scructh him a weeke.
 Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?
 First vse thy stomacke to a stand of ale,
 Before thy Malnesey come in Marchantes bookes,
 And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,
 Than teare thy silken sleues with teynter hokes,
 Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,
 Lette them be princkd with plumes, that gape for
 plummes,

Heape vp bothe golde and siluer safe in hooches,
 Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and
 for crommes

Before thou decke thy batte (on high) with brooches.
 Lette first thine one hand hold faste all that commes,
 Before that other learne his lettinge flie:
 Remember still that soft fire makes sweete malte,
 No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye):
 Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,
 Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,

Who spares the first and keeps the last vs spent,
 Shall finde that sparing yeckles a goodly rent.
Sic tui.

Alexander Neulle deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Numis cito*: and therewith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

In haste poste haste, when first my wandring
 miinde,

Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,
 Suche deepe delights: I seemde therein to finde,
 As might beguile a grauer guest than I.
 The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,
 Did seeme to swimme in floudes of beaten goude,
 The wanton world of yong delightful yeeres,
 Was not vulyke a heauen for to behoulde.
 Wherein dyd swarme (for eury saint) a Dame,
 So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,
 As might excell dame Cinthia for Fame,
 Or conquer Cupid with his owne desire.
 These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed
 still

Before wyne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,
 Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,
 Who helpt the dish (of vayne delight) to fill
 My empty mouth with daynty delicates:
 And fulishe boldnesse toke the whippe in hande,
 To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,
 Till all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,
 And hoyste vp soyle to catche a Courty grace:
 Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,
 Till in that haplesse haueu my head was brought:
 Waues of wanhope so tost me to and fro,
 In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:
 Eche houre a daye eche day a yeare did seeme,
 And eury yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And eury yeare a worlde my will did deeme,
 Till lo, at last, to Court nowe an I come,
 A seemly swayne, that might the place beseme,
 A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:
 Not there contente with common dignitie,
 My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)
 Behelde the blazing badze of brauerie,
 For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:
 Then peuisis pride puffte vp my swelling harte,
 To further fourth so hotte an enterprise:
 And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,
 In praysing patternes of mine owne deuise.
 Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
 To priucke me vp, and make me higher plaste.

4. To prinke me vp and make me higher plaste,
 All came to late that taryed any time,
 Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,
 They made my beeles to heauie for to cllme:
 Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oak,
 Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye.
 Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,
 Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of
 decaye:

Of eury ferme I then let flye a lease,
 To feede the purse that payde for peuisinesse,
 Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,
 As scarce coulde serue to mayntayne cleanlyesse:

They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,
And yet my brauerie bigger than his booke :
But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,
I thought highe time about me for to looke:
With beaueie chearc I caste my head abacke,
To see the fountaine of my furious race.
Comparde my loss, my liuing, and my lacke,
In equal balance with my iolye grace.
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Like lumps of lead to presse my purse full ofte,
When light rewards and recompence were sounde,
Fleeing like feathers in the wiude alofte:
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,
For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge,
And so saye I, by prooffe too dearely bought,
My haste mad wast, my braue and brainsicke barge,
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:
With leasure, measure, meane, and many mo,
I mought haue kept a chayre of quiet state,
But hastie heads can not bee settled so,
Till croked Fortune giue a crabbed mate:
As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,
As rashe inuention breedes a rawe deuisse,
So sodayne falles doe hinder hastie ioyes,
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdom makes the waye.

7. No haste but good where wisdom makes the waye,
For profe whereof, behold the simple mayke,
(Who sees the souldiers carcasse caste a waye,
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assaile.)
By line and leysure clymes the lofty wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,
Than doughty Dick, who loste his life and all,
With hoysting vp his head to hastilye.
The swiftest hitche brings forth the blyndest whelpes,
The hottest Feuers coldest crampes ensue,
The nakedst neede hathe ouer latest helpes:
With Neuyle then I finde this prouerbe true,
That haste makes waste, and therefore still I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdom makes the waye.

Sic tuli.

Richarde Courtop (the last of the fue) gaue him this theame, *Durum aeneum & miserabile auum*, and therevpon hee wrocte in this wise.

WHEN pererlesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie, [periurie
The Justice from vnequal doome, the quest from The pillars of the state, from proude presumption,
The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion : [dewe desarte,
Then right rewardes were giuen, by swaye of
Then vertues derlinges might be plaste aloft to
play their part :

Then might they coumpt it true, that hath bene sayde of olde, [in beds of golde.
The children of those happie dayes, were borne And swadled in the same: the Nurse that gaue them sucke.
Was wife to liberalitie, and lemman to good lucke.
When Ca-ar woon the felde, his captaines caught the Townes, [ful of crownes.
And euery painful souldiours purse was cramm'd Licurgus for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to preferre common commoditye.
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,
The golde is gone, the siluer sunke, and nothing left but brasse. [seeure,
To see a King encroache, what wonder should it When commons cannot be content, with cuntrye Dyadeeme?

The Prince maye dye a babe, trust vp by trecherie,
Where vaine ambition doth moue trustlesse nobillitye. [hood failes,
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priest-Promotion (not deuotion) is cause why cleargie quailes. [be plaide,
Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am affraide. [as king,
First Cayphus playes the Priest, and Herode sits Pylate the Judge, Iudas the Jurour verdict in doth bring. [aray,
Vaine tattling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments nothing gay. [traine,
The woman wantonnesse, shee commes with ticing Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, und bawdry in hir braine. [aunce,
Hir bandmaidens be deceipte, daunger, and dalli-Riot and Renell follow hir, they be of hir alliance:
Next thesee commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturte they keepe.
Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creepe : [a sonz,
To packe the pageaunt vp, commes Sorrow with He say these iestes can get no grotas, and al this gearre goth wrong : [treble parte,
Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart :
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and bagrie singes the base. [pence are sturring,
The players looev their paines, where so fewe Their garnets weare for lacke of gainis, and fret for lack of furring. [but oue
When all is done and past, was no part plaide For cuery player plaide the foole, tyll all bespent, and gone.
And thus this foolish iest, I put in dogrell rime,
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.

Sic tuli.

And thus an ende of these fue Theames, ad-mouing to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in rydinge, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoignes memories.

A GLOZE VPON THIS TEXT, DOMINUS
EJUS OPUS HABET.

My recklesse race is runne, greene youth and
pride be past, [as fast.
My riper mellowed yeeres beginne to follow on
My glancing lookes are gone, which wonted were
to prie, [mine eie.
In euerie gorgeous garishe glasse, that glistred in
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none
such, [my fansie much.
No mirroure but the merrie meane, can please
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to vewe,
The fashions of the wonted world, compared by
the newe. [selfe,
For marke who lyst to looke, eche man is for him
And beates his braine to hord and heape, this
trashe and worldly pelfe.
Our handes are closed vp, great giftes go not
abroade, [gaine a load.
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to
Giue Gaue is a good man, what neede we lashe it
out, [bids men doubt.
The world is wondrous feareful nowe, for danger
And aske how chaunceth this? or what meanes all
this merde?
Forsoothe the common aunswere is, because the
Lord hath neede.
A noble iest by gisse, I finde it in my glasse,
The same freeholde our sauour Christ, conueyed
to bis asse. [fitt,
A texte to trie the trueth, and for this time full
o where should we our lessons learne, but out
of holy writte? [rost,
First marke our onely God, which ruleth all the
He sets a side all pompe and pride, wherin fond
wordlings boast.
His trayne is not so great, as filthy Sathans band,
A smaller heard maye serue to feede, at our great
masters hand. [we see,
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall
They be not now so good fellowes, as they were
wonted to be. [rest,
Ioue, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus and the
They baquet not as they were wont, they know it
were not best. [at large,
So kinges and princes both, haue left their halles
Their priuie chambers cost enough, they cut off
euery charge. [maye bee,
And when an office falles, as chauce somtimes
First kepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it
by the fee.
And giue it out at last, but yet with this prouiso,
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) durante benepalicio.
Some thinke these ladders low, to clumbe alofte
with speede: [Lord hath neede.
Well let them creepe at leisure thē, for sure the
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, haue learnt like
lesson nowe,
They breake vp house and come to courte, they liue
not by the plowe.
Percase their roomes be skant, not like their stately
boure, [floure,
A field hed in a corner coucht, a pallad on the
But what for that? no force, they make thereof no
boast, [princes cost.
They feede them selues with delycates, and at the
And as for all their men, their pages and their
swaynes,
They choke thē vp with chynes of beefe, to multi-
ply their gaires.

Themselues lie neere to looke, when any lease
doth fall,
Such cromes were wont to feede poor gromes, but
nowe the Lords licke al.
And why? oh sir, because, both dukes and lords,
haue neede. [creede.
I mocke not I, my text is true, belceue it as your
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text
with mee, [no lease go free,
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let
They baue both wife and childe, which maye not
be forgot, [fore blame them not.
The scriptures say the Lord hath neede, and there-
Then come a little lower, vnto the contrye knight,
The squire and the gentleman, they leaue the
countrye quite, [to long,
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were
The clouted shoes came in so faste, they kepte to
great a throng, [feede,
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wonte to
The porter learne to answer now, hence hence
the Lord hath neede. [great,
His gastes came in to thicke, their diet was to
Their horses eate vp all the hay, which should
haue fed his neate: [and souse,
Their teeth were farre to fine, to feede on porke
Fyue flocks of sheepe could scarce maintaine good
mutton for his house. [here,
And when this count was cast, it was no bidding
Unto the good towne is he gonne, to make his
frends good cheere. [howe:
And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you
At his owne dish he feedeth them, that is the
fashion nowe,
Side bords be layed aside, the tables ende is gonne,
His cooke shall make you noble cheere, but
hostler hath he none. [to eate,
The chargers now be change, wherin he wont
An olde frutedish is bigge ynough to hold a ioynte
of meate.
A sallad or a sauce, to tast your cates with all,
Som strag deuise to feede mēs eies, mēs stomacks
now be small. [ters rent,
And when the tenautes come to paie their quar-
They bringe some fowle at Midsommer, a dish of
Fish in Lent,
At Christmasse a capon, at Mighelmasse a goose:
And somewhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare
their lease shie loose. [groates,
Good reason by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, and patch
their russet coates:
For better Fermers fast, than Manner houses fall,
The Lord hath neede, than says the text, bring old
Ass, colt and all.
Well lowest nowe at last, let see the contrye loute,
And marke how he doth swink and sweat, to
bring this geare about:
His feastinges be but fewe, cast whipstockes clout
his shoone, [doone:
The wheaten loafe is locked vp as sone as dinne s
And where he wonte to kepe a lubber, two or three,
Now hath he leard to kepe no more, but Sim his
sonne and he, [the carte,
His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch
And turne him vp at Hollontide, to feele the
winter smarte: [meale,
Dame Alyson his wife doth knowe the price of
Hir bried cakes be not halfe so bigge as she was
wont to steale:

She weares no siluer bookes, she is content with
worse, [hir pursse,
Hir pendants and hir siluer pinnes she putteth in
Thus learne I by my glasse, that merrie meane is
best,
And he most wise that finds the meane, to keepe
himselfe at rest.
Perchance some open mouth will mutter now
and than,
And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a
zore man:
He racketh vp our rentes, and keeps the best in
hand,
He makes a wondrous deale of good out of his
own meane land:
Yea let suche pelters prate, sainte Needam be
their speede,
We neede no text to answer them, but this, The
Lord bath neede.¹
Euer or neuer.

AN EPITAPH VPON CAPTAINE BOUR-
CHER

LATE SLAINE IN THE WARRES IN ZELANDE, THE
WHICH HATH BEENE TERMED THE TALE OF A
STONE AS FOLOWETH.

FYE captaines lie, your tongues are tyed to close,
Your souldiours eke by silence purchase shame:
Can no man penne in metre nor in prose,
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,
The birth, behaviour, nor the noble name,
Of such a feere as you in fight haue lost:
Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

Bourcher is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,
His sprite on highe, his carkasse here belowe,
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:
Yet cease they not to sounde his worthy wayes,
Who liued to dye, and dyed againe to liue,
With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgiue.

He might for byrth haue boasted noble race,
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,
Who gaue a gesse by gazing on his face,
And iudge thereby, might quickly be beguilde,
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende,
Alas the while, his life so soone should ende?

To serue his Prince his life was euer prest,
To serue his God, his death he thought but dew,
In all attempts as forward as the best,
And all to forwardes, which we all may rewe,
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,
Bourcher caught bane with bloodie sworde in
hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart
And calde for armes to shewe his seruice more:
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before.
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,
Styll praying God, and so gaue vp the ghost.

¹ In the old editions of our poet this gloze is
printed also among his Hearbes. C.

Nowe muze not reader though we stoncs cau
speake,
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,
I could not holde although my heart should breake,
(Because here by me buried are his bones.)
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones
When men crye mumme and keepe such silence
long, [haue wrong,
Then stoncs must speake, else dead men shall
Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

A DEUISE OF A MASKE FOR THE RIGHT
HONORABLE VISCOUNT MOUNTA-
CUTE,

Written vpon this occasion, when the sayde L.
had prepared to solemnize twoo marriages be-
tweeue his sonne and heyre, and the Daughter
of syr William Dormer Knight, and betweene
the sonne and heyre of syr William Dormer,
and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute:
there were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or
alliance to the sayd L. Mountacute) which
had determined to present a Maske at the
daye appointed for the sayde marriages, and
so farre they had proceeded therein, that
they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes,
&c. and had caused their garments to bee
cut of the Venetian fashion. Nowe then they
began to imagine that (without some speciall
demonstration) it would seeme somewhat ob-
scure to haue Venetians presented rather than
other cuntry men. Wherevpon they entreated
the Auethour to deuise some verses to bee ut-
tered by an Actor wherein might be some dis-
course conuenient to render a good cause of
the Venetians presence. The Auethour calling
to minde that there is a noble house of the
Mountacutes in Italie, and therewithall that
the L. Mountacute here doth quarter the coate of
an auncient English Gentleman called Moun-
thermer, and hath the inheritance of the sayde
house, dyd therevpon deuise to bring in a Boye
of the age of twelue or xiiii. yeeres, who should
faine that he was a Mounthermer by the fa-
thers side, and a Mountacute by the mothers
side, and that his father being slaine at the last
warres against the Turke, and be there taken,
hee was recouered by the Venetians in their
last victorie, and with them sayling towards
Venice, they were driuen by tempest vpon
these coastes, and so came to the marriage
vpon report as folioweth, and the sayde Boye
pronounced the deuise in this sort.

WHAT wöder you my Lordes? why gaze you gen-
tlemen?

And wherefore maruaile you Mez Dames, I praye
you tell mee then?

Is it so rare a sight, or yet so strange a toye,
Amongst so many nooble peeres, to see one Pouer
Boye? [age,

Why? hoyes haue bene allowed in euerye kinde of
As Ganymede that pretye boye, iu Heauen is loue
his page.

Cupid that mighty God although his force be feare,
Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearse,
And many a prettye boye a mightye man hath
proued, [bee loued.
And serued his Prince at all assayes deseruing to

Percease my strange attire my glittering golden
gite, [you with delite.
Doth eyther make you maruaile thus, or moue
Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours
please, [doubtes appease.
But euen to giue me eare a while, I wyll your
And you shall knowe the cause, wherefore these
roabes are worue, [lishe borne.
And why I goe outlandishe lyke, yct being Eng-
And why I thus presume to presse into this place,
Aud why I (simple boye) am bolde to looke such
meu in face.
Fyrst then you must perstande, I am no straunger I,
But English boye, in England borne, and bred but
euen hereby. [name,
My father was a knight, Mount Hermer was his
My mother of the Mountacutes, a house of worthy
fame,
My father from his youth was trained vp in field,
And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet
speare and shielde.
Soldado for his life, and in his happie dayes,
Soldado like hath lost his life, to his immortal
praysse. [worlde so wyde,
The thundering fame which blew about the
Howe that the Christian enemye, the Turke that
Prince of pride, [seas,
Addressed had his power, to swarme vpon the
With Gallies, foists, and such like ships, well
armed at all assaies. [glut,
And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fishe to
With gobs of Christian carkasses, in cruell peeces
cut. [eares,
These newes of this report, did pearce my fathers
But neuer touched his noble heart, with any
spärke of feares. [warres,
For well he knewe the trade of all the Turkeishe
And had amongst them shed his blood, at many
cruell iarres. [man,
In Rhodes his race begonne, a slender tale yong
Where he by many martiall feats, his spurrës of
kighthood wan. [styl],
Yea though the peece was lost, yet won he honour
And euermore against the Turkes he warred by
his wyll.
At Chios many knowe, how hardly he fought,
Aud howe with streames of stryuing blood, his
honoure deare hee bought.
At length enforst to yeeld with many captaines
mo, [goodes ago,
He bought his libertie with Landes, and let his
Zechines¹ of glistering golde, two thousand was
his price, [he were vnwise,
The which to paye his landes must leape, for else
Beleuee me uowe my Lordes although the losse be
mine, [to pine,
Yet I confesse them better solde, than lyke a slaue
"For landes maye come agaiue, but lybertie once
lost, [the cost,"
Can neuer finde such recompence as counteruailës
My selfe now know the case, who lyke my fathers
lot, [wot.
Was lyke of late for to haue lost my libertie God
My father (as I saye) enforste to leaue his lande,
In mortgoge to my mothers kinne, for ready
coyne in hande, [rehearse,
Gan nowe vpon these newes, which erst I dyd
Prepare himselfe to saue his pawne, or else to
leese his phearce.

¹ A peece of gold like the Crusade.

And first his raunsome payde, with that which
dyd remaine, [Brittaine.
He rigged vp a proper Barke, was called Leffort
And lyke a venturer (besides him soemely selfe)
Determined for to venture me and all his worldly
pelfe. [minde,
Perbappes some hope of gaine perswaded so his
For sure his hauty heart was bent, some greate
exploite to finde. [sailes,
Howe so it were, the winde now hoysted vp our
Wee furring in the foming fluoddes, to take
our best auailles.
Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well
the same, [hyther came.
For nowe I wyll declare the cause, wherefore I
My father (as I saye) had set vp all his rest,
And tost on seas both daye and night, disdayning
ydle rest, [Fraunce,
We left our forelandes ende, we past the coast of
We reacht the cape of Finis Terre our course for
to aduauuce. [descried,
We past Marroechus streightes, and at the last
The fertile coastes of Cyprus soile, which I my
selfe first spyed. [plast,
My selfe (a forward boye) on highest top was
And there I saw the Cyprian shoare, whereto we
sayd in haste.
Which when I had declared vnto the masters mate,
He lepte for ioye and thanked God, of that our
happy state. [long ?
"But what remaines to man, that can continue
What sunne can shine so cleare and bright but
cloudes may ryse among?"
Which sentence soone was proued, by our vn-
happy hap, [light in enemies lap.
We thought our selues full neere our friends, and
The Turke the Tirant he, with siege had girted the
walles, [them thralles.
Of famous Famagosta² then and sought to make
And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately
trenche, [to drenche,
So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes
Vpon the waltring waues, his Foistes and Gallies
fleete, [meete.
More Forrest like than orderly, for such a man most
This heauy sight oue seene, we turnde our course
apace, [furie place,
And set vp al our sailes in haste, to giue suche
But out alas, our willes, and wiudes were con-
trarie, [enimie.
For raging blastes did blowe vs still vpon our
My father seeing then, whereto hee needes must go,
And that the mighty hand of God, had it ap-
pointed so. [death)
Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his
Gan cleane forget all wayling wordes, as laushe
of his breath. [he told,
And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale
To comfort them which seemde to faint, and make
the coward bold, [the charge,
"Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare
Aud take vpon mee chieftaines name, of this vn-
happy barge,
Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,
Wee must like true companions, togeather liue
and die, [hand,
You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at
And in whose handes our handfull beere, vnable is
to staud,

² The chiefe citie in Cyprus.

What resteth then to doe, should we vnto them
yeeld? [cannot weld.]
And wifully receiue that yoke, which Christians
No sure, herof be sure, our liues were so vnure,
And though we liue, yet so to liue, as better
death endure. [phenie,
To heare those bellishe fiendes in raging blas-
Defye our onely Sauour, were this no miserie?
To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeeres,
The which I knowe must needs abhorre all honest
Christians eares. [feare,
To see maides rauished, Wiues, Women forst by
And much more mischiefe than this time can let
me vtter here.
Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,
But all the slauieries on the earth, we should with
them abide. [wise,
How much were better than, to dye in worthy
And so to make our carkasses, a wylling Sacrifice.
So shall we paye the debt, which vnto God is due,
So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die
for you. [can quell,
And who with hardy hand, most Turkish tikes
Let him accompt in conscience, to please his
maker well. [on mee,
You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith hee lookt
Whome but a babe, yet haue I brought, my
partner here to bee. [nowe,
For, him I must confesse, my heart is pensiuē
To leaue him lyuing thus in youth, to die I know
not how.
But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmure I,
If God had pleased we both should liue, and as
God wyll we dye."
Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he
stayde. [laide,
Commanding all the ordinance, in order to be
And placing all his men in order for to fight,
Fell groueling styll vpon his face, before them all
in sight.
And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,
He raise his head with cheerefull looke, his sor-
rowes to beguile: [hie,
And with the rest he prayde, to God in heauen on
Which ended thus, Thou onely Lord, canst helpe
in miserie. [about,
This sayd (behold) the Turkes enclosde vs round
And seemde to wouder that we durst resist so
great a rout. [was slender,
Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we
ment not to render.
Then might we see them chafe, then might we
heare them rage, [silly case,
And all at once they bent their force, about our
Our ordinance bestowed, our men them selues
defend, [long contend.
On euery side so thicke beset, they might not
But as their captaine wilde, cebe man his force,
did straye, [bellishe trayne,
To sende a Turke (some two or three) vnto the
And he himselfe which sawe, be might no more
abide, [honour died.
Did thrust a mide the thickest throught, and so with
With him there dyed like wise, his best aproued
men, [courage then.
The rest did yeeld as men amazd, they had no
Amongest the which my selfe, was tane by
Turkes alā, [must I passe.
And with the Turkes a turkishe life, in Turkie

I was not done to death for so I often craude,
But like a slaue before the Gattes, of Famagosta
saude. [ueyed,
That peece once put to sacke, I thither was con-
And vnder sauegard euermore, I silly boye was
stayd. [pricke,
There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do
I sawe the noble Bragadine³, when he was fleyd
quicke.
First like a slaue enforst to beare to euery breach,
Two baskets laden full with earth Mustaffa⁴ dyd
him teach. [grounde,
By whome he might not passe before he kyst the
These cruell tormentes (yet with mo) that worthy
souldior found. [chayre,
His eares cut from his head, they set him in a
And from a maiue yard hoisted him aloft into the
ayre, [spight,
That so he might be shewed with crueltie and
Vnto vs all, whose weeping eyes dyd much ab-
horre the sight.
Alas why do I thus with woefull wordes rehearse,
These werye newes which all our heartes with
pittie needs must pearce?
Well then to tell you forth, I styll a slaue re-
maind, [styll enchaind.
To one, which Prelibassa hight, who held me
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of Pant,
With many christians captiuēs mo, which dyd
their freedom wāt. [to staye,
There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst
With waltring styll vpon the waues, dyd waite
for furder praye.
For why? they had aduise, that the Venetian flecte,
Dyd floote in Argostely then, with whome they
hopte to meete.
And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes
lost, [to their cost,
Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them
As in October last vpon the seuenth daye,
They found the force of christian knightes address
in good aray. [course,
And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole dis-
Aud howe they did encounter first, and howe they
ioynd in force?
Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victorie,
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle
pight, [to fight.
And like a cressent cast them selues preparing for
Ou other side the Turkes, which trusted power to
much, [was such,
Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God
Well at the last they met, and first with cannones
thunder, [ships in sunder,
Eache other sought with furious force to slit their
The barks are battered sore, the gallies gald with
shot, [his lot,
The hulks are hit, and euery man must stand vnto
The powder seudes his smoke into the cruddy
skies, [sume offends our eies.
The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the
The pots of lime vnsleakt, from highest top are
cast, [slip as fast,
The parched pease are not forgot to make them
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in feu-
mens face, [are pusht a pace,
The grappling books are stretched forth, the pikes

³ The general of the Turks.

⁴ The gouernour of Famagosta.

The halberts hewe on hed, the browne billes bruse
the bones,
The harquebush doth spit his spight, with pretie
persing stones.
The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trum-
pets blow,
The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds
do drowne the so. [faynt,
The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that
The pitious plaints of golden harts, which were
with feares attaint. [breath,
The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for
The praiers of the better sort, prepared vnto death.
And to be short, eache griefe which on the earth
maye growe, [to floue.
Was eath and easie to be found, vpon these floudes
If any sight on earth, maye vnto hell resemble,
Then sure this was a bellishe sighte, it makes me
yet to tremble: [spent,
And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was
It pleased God to helpe his flocke, which thus in
pouë was pent.
The generall of Spayne, gan gald that galley sore,
Where in my Prely Bassa was, and grieude it more
and more: [flame,
Vpon that other side, with force of sworde and
The good Venetian Generall dyd charge vpon the
same. [pride,
At length they came aboarde, and in his raging
Stroke of this Turkish captains head, which blas-
phemd as it glide:
Oh howe I feele the bloud now trickle in my brest,
To thinke what ioye then pierst my heart, and
how I thought me blest.
To see that cruell Turke which held me as his
slaue, [to haue:
By happie hand of Christians, his paiement thus
His head from shoulders cut, vpon a Pike dyd
stand, [triumphant hand.
The which Don John of Austreye, helde in his
The boldest Bassa then, that dyd in life remaine,
Gan tremble at the sight hereof, for priuy griefe
and paine. [vntyl night,
Thus when these fierce had fought, from morning
Christ gaue his flocke the victory, and put his
foes to flight: [Galleys tane,
And of the Turkishe traine, were eyght score
Fifteene sunke, siue and twenty burnt, and brought
vnto their bane, [sand soules,
Of Christians set at large were fourteene thou-
Turkes twentie thousand registred in Belzebug his
rolles. [their fight,
Thus haue you nowe my Lordes, the summe of all
And trust it all for true I tell, for I was styll in
sight: [to cleare,
But when the Seas were calme, and skies began
When foes were all or dead or fled, and victors
dyd appeare. [friennde,
Then euery Christian sought amongst vs for his
His kisman or companion, some succour them to
leude:
And as they ransakte so, loe God his wyll it was,
A noble wise Venetian, by me dyd chance to
passe: [well,
Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to lyke me
And what my name, and whence I was, com-
maunded me to tel:
I now which waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,
From deepest hell to highest heauen, began for to
be glad:

And with a liuely sprite, began to pleade my case,
And hid not from this worthy man, myne auntient
worthy race: [scende,
And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd de-
From Mountacutes by Mothers side, nor there
my tale dyd ende.
But furthermore I tolde my Fathers late exployte,
And how he left his lands, goodes and life, to pay
son Dieu son droit.
Nor of my selfe I craued so credited to be,
For lo there were remaining yet, These foure whom
here you see? [not lyed,
Which all were Englishe borne, and knewe I had
And were my fathers souldiors eke, and sawe him
how he dyed.
This graue Venetian who heard the famous name,
Of Mountacutes rebersed there, which long bad
bene of fame.
In Italy, and he of selfe same worthy race,
Gan straight with many curteous words in arms
me to imbrace. [cheere,
And kyssed me on cheeke, and bad me make good
And thank the mighty hand of God, for that
which hapned there,
Confessing that he was him selfe a Mountacute,
And bare the selfe same armes that I dyd quarter
in my scute:
And for a further prooffe, he shewed in his hat,
This token⁶ which the Mountacutes dyd beare
alwaies, for that. [passe,
They couet to be knowne from Capels where they
For auncient grutch which log ago, twene these
two houses was.
Then tooke me by the hand, and ledde me so
aboorde,
His Galley: where there were yfeere, full many
a comely Lorde: [place,
Of whome eyght Mountacutes dyd sitte in highest
To whome this first declared first my name, and
then my race: [bloods,
Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne
Whō Turks had tane, his father staine, with losse
of lands and goodes: [nowe,
See how God fauours vs, that I should find him
I straunge to him, he straunge to mee, w^c met I
know not howe.
But sure when I him saw, and gazed in his face,
Me thought he was a Mountacute, I chose him by
his grace. [deede,
Herewith he dyd rehearse my Fathers valiaunt
For losse of whome eche Mountacute, did seeme
in heart to bleede. [may see,
They all embrast me then, and straight as you
In comely garments trimde me vp, as braue as
braue may bee:
I was in sackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,
And weare such robes, as I my selfe take plea-
sure to beholde. [gaue,
Amongst their other giftes, this token⁷ they me
And bad me lyke a Mountacute⁸, my selfe alway
behaue.

⁵ The foure torche beavers, that came in with
the Actor.

⁶ The Actor had a token in his cap like to the
Mountacutes of Italie.

⁷ The token that he dyd weare in his cappe.

⁸ The Montacutes and capels in Italye do were
tokens in their cappes to be knowen one from
another.

Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the Seas. [and with ease,
 In consort of these louely Lordes, with comfort
 Determined with them in Italie to dwell,
 And there by traine of youthfull yeeres in know-
 ledge to excell.
 That so I might at last reedifye the wallis,
 Which my good father had decadaie by tossing
 fortunes ballis.
 And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,
 Beholde a litle gale began, encreasing more and
 more. [dyd blowe,
 At last with raging blast, which from Southeast
 Gan sende our sailes vpon these shores, which I
 ful wel did knowe.
 I spyed the Chalkic Clyues vpon the Kentishe coast,
 Whereby our Lande hight Albyon, as Brutus once
 dyd boast.
 Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,
 Siate di buona voglia, my Lordes be well apaide;
 I see by certaine signes these Tempestes haue vs
 cast, [at last:
 Vpon my natie cuntry coastes with happy hap
 And if your honours please this honour me to doo,
 In Englishe hauens to harbour you, and see our
 Citties too: [would bee,
 Lo London is not farre, whereas my friendes
 Right glad, with fauour to requite your fauour
 shewed to mee: [strand,
 Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay vpon this
 And whiles your Barkes berigged new, remaine with
 me on land. [staiue,
 Who though I bee a Boye, my Father dead and
 Yet shall you see I haue some friendes which wyll
 you entertaue.
 These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,
 Dyd not disdaine this my request, but tooke it
 thankfullie. [be cast,
 And from their battered Barkes commaunded to
 Some Gondalae^s, wherein vpon our pleasant
 streames they past. [port,
 Into the mouth of Thames, thus dyd I them trans-
 And to London at the last, whereas I heard report.
 Euen as we lauded first, of this wise happie day,
 To thinke whereon I leapt for ioye, as I both must
 and may.
 And to these louely Lordes, which are Magnificoes,
 I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:
 That you my Lorde who are the chiefest Mounta-
 cutes, [staye impute,
 And he whome Englishe Mountacutes their onely
 Had found the meanes this daye to match your
 sonne and heire, [fresh andf aire,
 In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both
 And (as reportes are spread) of goodly qualities,
 A virgin trayned from hir youth in godly exercise,
 Whose brother had like wise your daughter taue
 to wife, [louers life:
 And so by double lynkes enchainde themselues in
 These noble Mountacutes which were from Venice
 drouen, [had strouen,
 By tempest (as I tolde before) wherewith they long
 Gan nowe giue thanks to God which so did them
 conuay, [day.
 To see suche honours of their kinne in such a happie
 And straight they mee intreat, whom they might
 wel commaund, [recommiaund.
 That I should come to you my Lord, first them to

. 9 Venetian notes.

And then this boone to craue, that vnder your
 protection, [suspention.
 They might be bolle to enter here, deuoyd of all
 And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate, [state.
 This happie match solemnized, according to your
 Lo this is all they craue, the which I can not doubt,
 But that your Lordship soone will graunt, with
 more, if more ye mought:
 Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,
 Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate ex-
 tremityte:
 They are Venetians, and though from Venice left,
 They come in such Venecian robes, as they on
 seas had left: [too by blood,
 And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen
 I trust your entretainment will be to them right
 good: [drumme,
 They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their
 Behold, lo nowe I see them here, in order howe
 they come, [wayes,
 Receiue them well my lord, so shall I praye all
 That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many
 happie days.

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master
 Tho. Bro. by the hand and brought him to the
 Venetians, with these words:

GUARDATE Signori my louely Lordes behold,
 This is another Mountacute, hereof you may bee
 bold. [cute,
 Of such our patrone here, The viscont Mounta-
 hath many comely sequences, well sorted all in
 sute.
 But as I spied him first, I could not let him passe,
 I tooke the carde that likt me best, in order as it
 was.
 And here to you my lords, I do present the same.
 Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of
 your name. [man bee,
 For whome I dare aduante, he may your Trounch-
 Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all
 for me.

Then the Venetians embraced and receiued the
 same marster Tho. Browne, and after they had
 a while whispered with him, he turned to the
 Bridegroones and Brides, saying thus.

BROTHER, these noblemen to you nowe haue me
 sent, [their intent
 As for their Troughman to expound the effect of
 They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy
 choyce, [and reioyce,
 And that they cannot choose therein but triumph
 As farre as zesse may giue, they seeme to praise
 it well, [tilezza dwell.
 They saye betweene your Ladyes eyes, both Gen-
 I terme it as they doe, their Englishe is but weake,
 And I (God knowes) am all to young, beyond sea
 sprach to speake.
 And you my sister eke they seeme for to commend,
 With such good workes as may beseeeme a cosin
 and a friend. [your sake,
 They lyke your chosen pheare, so praye they for
 That he maye alwayes be to you, a mayhtull louing
 wake.
 This in effect is all, but that they craue aboone,
 That you will giue them licence yet, to come and
 see you soone.

K K

Then will they speake them selues, such english
as they can. [english man
I feare much better then I speeke, that am an
Lo nowe they take their leaues of you and of your
dames, [by their names.
Here after shal you see their face and knowe them

Then when they had taken their leaues the Actor
did make an ende thus.

And I your Seruidore, viba-cio le mani,
These wordes I learnt amongst them yet, although
I learnt not many.
Haud ictus sapio.

THE REFUSAL OF A LOUER,

Written to a gentlewoman who had refused him
and chosen a husband (as he thought) much
inferior to himselfe, both in knowledge, birth, and
parsonage, wheriu he bewraieth both their
names in clowdes, and how she was won from
him with swete gloues, and broken ringes.

I CANNOT wish thy griefe, although thou worke
my woe, [foe:

Since I profest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy
But if things done and past, might well be cold
agayne, [haue spent in vayne:

Then would I wishe the wasted wordes, which I
Were yet vntold to thee, in earnest or in game,
And that my doubtfull musing mind, had neuer
thought the same. [spent,

For whiles I thee beheld, in careful thoughtes I
My liking lust, my luckelesse loue which euer
truely ment.

And whiles I sought a meane, by pittie to procure,
Too latte I found that gorged haukes, do not
esteme the lure.

This vantage hast thou then, thou mayest well
brag and boast. [with the most

Thou mightest haue had a lustye lad of stature
And eke of noble mind, his vertues nothing base,
Do well declare that he desends of auncient worthy
race. [tell,

Saue that I¹ not his name, and though I could it
My friendly pen shall let it passe, because I loue
him well.

And thou hast chosen one of meaner parentage,
Of stature smale and therewithall, vnequall for
thine age. [desire,

His thewes² vnlike the first, yet hast thou hote
To play thee in his fitting flames, God graunt
they proue not fire. [bee,

Him holdest thou as deare, and he thy Lord shall
(Too late alas) thou louest him, that neuer loued
thee.

And for iust profe hereof, marke what I tell is true,
Some dismold daye shall change his minde, and
make him seeke a new. [in haste,

Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made
And much lament those perfum'd Gloues, which
yeeld such sower taste.

And eke the faled faith, which lurkes in broken
ringes, [know such thinges.

Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I
Then shal't thou sing and saye, farewell my trusty
Squyer, [iust desire.

Would God my mind had yeelded once, vnto thy

¹ Know not.

² Good qualetics.

Thus shalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great
vnrest, [broken brest.

Which cruel Cupid kindled hath, within thy
Thus shalt thou find it griefe, which earst thou
thoughtest game, [mg faune.

And I shall heare the wearie newes, by true report-
Lamenting thy mishap, in source of swelling teares,
Harding my heart with cruell care, which frozen
fansie beares. [fmoie,

And though my iust desert, thy pittie could not
Yet wyl I washe in waying wordes, thy careles
childishe loue. [more,

And saye as Troylus sayde, since that I can no
/by wanton wyllyd wauer ouce, and woe is me
therefore.

Si fortunatus infelix.

PRIDE IN COURT,

Written by a Gentlewoman in Court, who (when
shee was there placed) seemed to disdain him,
contrarie to a former profession.

WHEN daunger keeps the doore, of Ladye bew-
ties bowre, [strongest towre.

Whie ielouse toys haue chased Trust out of hir
Then faith and trooth maye dye, then falsbood
winnes the field,

Then feeble naked faultlesse heartes, for lacke of
fence must yeeld. [hyll,

And then preuailes as much to hoppe against the
As seeke by suite for to appease a froward Ladies
wyl. [in vaine,

For oathes and solempne vowes, are wasted then
And truth is compted but a toy, when such foud
fancies raigne. [Judge,

The sentence sone is sayde, when will it selfe is
And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies list
to grudge. [song)

This sing I for my selfe, (which wroate this weary
Who iustly may complaine my case, if euer man
had wrong.

A Lady haue I seru'd, a Lady haue I lou'd,
A Ladies good wyl once I had, hir yll wyl late
I prou'd. [caught hir,

In country first I knewe hir, in country first I
And out of country nowe in Court, to my cost
haue I sought hir.

In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is nowe
assignde, [not vnkinde.

And well were worthy for the roome, if she were
There I (in wonted wise) dyd shewe my selfe of
late,

And found that as the soile was chang'd, so loue
was turnd to hate.

But why? God knowes, not I: saue as I sayde
before, [keepe the dore.

Pitie is put from porters place, and daunger
If courting then haue skill, to change good Ladies
so, [of my like wo.

God send eche wilful Dame in Court, some wound
That with a troubled head, she may both turne
and tosse, [of loue the losse.

In restlesse bed when she should sleepe and feele
And I (since porters put me from my wonted
place) [me out of grace:

And deepe deceipte bad wrought a wyle to meet
Wyll home againe to cart, as fitter were for mee,
Then thus in court to serue and starue, where
such proude porters bee.

Si fortunatus infelix.

THIS QUESTION BEING PROPOUNDED BY A DAME
VNTO THE AUCTHOUR, TO WITTE, WHY HE
SHOULD WRITE,

SPRETA TAMEN VIUUNT,

HE ANSWERETH THUS.

DESPYSED things may liue, although they pine
in payne: [rise againe.
And things ofte trodden vnder foote, may once yet
The stone that lieth full lowe, may climbe at last
full bye: [euery eye.
And stand a loft on stately tow'r's, in sight of
The cruell Axe which felles the tree that grew
full straight: [vp on height.
Is worne with rust, when it renews, and springeth
The rootes of rotten reedes in swelling seas are
seene:
And when eche tide hath tost his worst, they grow
againe ful greene.
Thus much to please my selfe, vnpleasantly I
sing. [of enuies sting.
And shrich to ease my morning minde, in spite
I am nowe set full light, who earst was dearely
lou'd:
Som new foide choise is more estemd, than that
which wel was prou'd.
Some Diomedes is crept into Dame Cressides hart:
And trustie Troylus nowe is taught in vaine to
playne his part.
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in woe:
And hang in hope of better chauce, when change
appointeth so.
I see no sight on earth, but it to Change enclines:
As litle cloudes oft ouercast, the brightest Sunne
that shines.
No Flower is so freshe, but frost can it deface:
No man so sure in any seate, but he maye leese
his place. [mind)
So that I stand content (though much against my
To take in worth this luthsow lot, which luck to
me assynd, [fare vp:
And trust to see the time, when they that nowe
May feele the whirle of fortunes wheele, and fast
of sorrowes cup. [mee):
God knoweth I wishe it not, it had bene bet for
Styll to haue kept my quiet chayre in hap of high
degree. [must raigne):
But since without recure, Dame Change in loue
I now wish change that sought no chaunge, but
constit did remaine.
And if suche change to chauce, I vowe to clasp
my hands, [my fansie standes.
And laugh at them which laugh at me: lo thus
Spreta tamen viuunt.

IN TRUST IS TREASON,

WRITTEN BY A LOUER, LEANING ONELYE TO HIS
LADIES PROMISES, AND FINDING THEM TO
FAYLE.

THE straightest Tree that growes vpon one onely
roote: [do it boote
If that route fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can
I am that fading plant, which on thy grace dyd
groue, [all in woe.
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither
The tallest ship that sailes, if shee to Ancors trust:
When Ancors slip and Cables breake, her helpe
lyes in the dust.

I am the ship my selfe, mine Ancor was thy faith:
Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am
driuen to death. [bowe):

Who climeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten
If that low breake may catch a fall, such state
stand I in now. [sure):

Me thought I was a loft, and yet my seate full
Thy heart dyd seeme to be a rock which euer
might endure.

And see, it was but sand, whome seas of subtiltie:
Haue soked so with wanton waues, that faith was
forst to flye.

The flooddes of ficklenesse haue vndermined so,
The first foundation of my ioy, that myrth is
ebb'd to wo. [my time):

Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot
passe the prime. [rage begouen):

For when the prime flood comes, which all this
Theu waues of wyll do worke so fast, my piles
are ouer roon.

Dutie and dilligence which are my workmen there,
Are glad to take vp tooles in haste, and run away
for feare.

For fansie hath such force, it ouerfloweth all,
And whispring tales do blow the blasts, that make
it ryse and fall. [stand):

Thus in these tempests tost, my restles life doth
Because I builded on thy wordes, as I was borne
in hand. [stay):

Thou weart that only stake, whereby I ment to
Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is
borne away.

By thee I thought to liue, by thee now must I dye:
I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.
For thee I longde to liue, for thee nowe welcome
death):

And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my
gasping breath.

Twise happie were that axe, would cut my rotes
downe right:

And sacred were that swelling sea, which would
consume me quight.

Blest were that bowe would breake to bring downe
climbing youth,

Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of
thine vnt ruth.

Ferenda Natura.

THE CONSTANCIE OF A LOUER

HATH THUS SOMETIMES BENE BRIEFLY DE-
CLARED.

THAT selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat
To linke thy liking with my luckily loue:

That trustie tonge must nowe these wordes reape,
I loue thee still, my fancie cannot moue.

That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the
thought

To win thy will with mine for to consent,
Maintaines that vow which loue in me first wrought,

I loue thee still, and neuer shall repent.

That bappie hande which hardely did touch,
Thy tender body to my deepe delight:

Shall serue with sword to prune my passion such,
As loues thee still, much more than it can write.

Thus loue I still with tongue, hand, hart and all,
And when I change, let vengeance on me fall.

Ferenda Natura.

THE FRUITE OF FOES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEWOMAN, WHO BLAMED
HIM FOR WRITING HIS FRIENDLY ADUISE IN
VERSE VNTO ANOTHER LOUER OF HYRS.

THE cruell hate which boyles within thy burning
breast, [loue thee best:
And seeks to shape a sharpe reuenge, on them that
May warne all faithfull friendes, in case of ieo-
pardie,
Howe they shall put their harmelesse hands, be-
tweene the barck and tree
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,
Must nedes alledge in my defence, that thou hast
done me wrong. [name,
For if in simple verse, I chaunc'd to touch thy
And toucht the same without reproch, was I
therefore to blame?
And if (of great good will) I gaue my best aduise,
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes
thou art not wise.

Amongst olde written tales, this one I beare in
mind, [pent find.
A simple soule much like my selfe, dyd once a ser-
Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the
myre,
When he for pittie tooke it vp, and brought it to
the fyre.

No sooner was the Snake, recured of hir griefe,
But straight shee sought to hurt the man, that lent
hir such reliefe.

Such Serpent seemest thou, such simple soule am I,
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd
without cause why.

But as it best besemes, the harmelesse gentle hart,
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to plaine
his part:

I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am
well content.

Meritum petere, graue.

A LOUER OFTEN WARNED,

AND ONCE AGAINE BROUEN INTO FANTASTICALL
FLAMES BY THE CHASE OF COMPANY, DOTH
THUS BEWAYLE HIS MISFORTUNES.

I THAT my race of youthfull yeers bad roon,
Alwayes vntyed, and not (but once) in thrall,
Euen I which had the fieldes of freedome weon.
And lin'd at large, and playde with pleasures ball:
Lo nowe at last am tane agayne and taught,
To tast such sorowes, as I neuer sought.

I loue, I loue, alas I loue inderde,
I crie alas but no man pityes me:
My woundes are wide, yet seme they not to bleed,
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.
Such is my lucke to catch a sodain clappe,
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good buppe.

My morning miude which dwelt and dyed in
Sought company for solace of the same: [dole,
My cares were cold, and craued comforts coale,
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.
I sought and found, I craud and did obtaine,
I woon my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,
Fayre fellowship did wonted woes reuiue:
And crauing medicine for my maladie,
Dame pleasures plasters prou'd a corrosiue.
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but moue,
Much worse I fere, than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my lot did light to late,
The Byrdes were flown before I found the nest:
The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,
The cates consumed, before I smelt the feast.
And I fond foole with emptic hand must call,
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barraine land,
And grope for grappes among the bramble briars:
I strue to saile and yet I sticke on sand,
I deeme to liue, yet drowne in deepe desires.
These lottes of loue, are fitte for wanton will,
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.
Meritum petere graue.

THE LOUER ENCOURAGED BY FORMER
EXAMPLES, DETERMINETH TO MAKE
VERTUE OF NECESSITIE.

WHEN I record with in my musing mind,
The noble names of wightes bewicht in loue:
Such solace for my selfe therin I finde,
As nothing maye my fired fansie moue:
But paciently I will endure my wo,
Because I see the heauens ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryfle their estates,
In euery tale I note mine owne anoye:
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,
I seeme to swimme in such a sugred ioye,
As did (parcase) entise them to delight,
Though turnd at last, to drugges of sower despite.

Peruse (who list) Dan Dauids perfect deedes,
There shall he find the blot of Betsabe,
Wheron to thinke, my heauy hart it bleedes,
When I compare my loue like hir to be:
Vrias wife before mine eyes that shines,
And Dauid I, from dutie that declines.

Then Salomon this princely Prophetes soone,
Did Pharaos daughter make him fall or no?
Yes, yes, perdie his wisdome coulede not shoone,
Hir subtil snares, nor from hir counsell go.
I nam' (as hee) the wisest wight of all,
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

So am I lyke the proude Assirian knight,
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defied:
Yet could a woman ouer come his might,
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.
I Holiferne, and drunken brought to bead,
By loue lyke Iudith, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some haue made accompt,
Whose force is like to that which Sampson had:
If I be bolde, whose courage can surmount,
The heart of Hercules, which nothing drad?
Yet Dalila, and Deyanyraes loue, [proue.
Dyd teach them both, such pages as I must

1 Am not.

Well let these passe, and thinke on Nasoes name,
Whose skillfull verse dyd flowe in learned style:
Dyd hee (thinke you) not dote vpon his Dame?
Corinna faire, dyd shee not him beguile?
Yes God he knowes, for verse nor plea-sunt rymes,
Can constant keepe, the key of Cressides crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,
I see the good, the wise, the stoute, the bolde:
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,
Haue bene and bee, by lust of loue controld.
Which when to thinke, I hold me well content,
To liue in loue, and neuer to repent.
Meritum petere, graue.

THE DELECTABLE HISTORY OF SUNDRY ADVENTURES
PASSED BY
DAN BARTHOLMEW OF BATHE,
THE REPORTER.

To tell a tale without authority,
Or Fayne a fable by inuencion,
That one procedes of quicke capacity,
That other proues but small discretion,
Yet haue both one and other oft bene done.
And if I were a Poet as some be,
You might perhaps here some such tale of me.

But far I fynde my feeble skylle to faynt,
To faine in figurs as the learned can,
And yet my tongue is tyde by due constraint,
To tell nothing but truth of euery man:
I will assay euen as I first began,
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,
Which I my selfe sawe proued in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in costes abroad,
As some men do, which write strange historyes,
For wyles at home I made my cheife abode
And sawe our louers plaie their Tragedyes,
I found enough which seemed to suffice,
To set on worke farre finer wittes than mine,
In paynting out the pangis which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one
Which was to me a deere familiar friend,
Whose doting dayes since they be paste and gone,
And his annoy (neare) come vnto an ende,
Although he seeme his angrv brow to bend,
I will be bold (by his leaue) for to tell,
The restlesse state wherein he long dyd dwell.

Learned he was, and that became him best,
For though by birth he came of worthy race,
Yet beutie, byrth, braue personage, and the rest,
In euery choyce, must needes giue learning place:
And as for him he had so hard a grace,
That by aspect he seemde a simple man,
And yet by learning much renowne he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,
Let call his name Dan Bartholmew of Bathe,
Sinc in the ende he thither had recourse,
And (as he sayd) dyd skamble there in skate:
In dedde the rage which wrong him there, was rather,
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,
And then (with me) his lothsome lyfe confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore,
Both redde good rules to bridle fantasie,
And all good authours taught him euermore,

To loue the meane, and leaue extremitie,
Yet kind hath lent him such a qualitie,
That at the last he quite forgat his bookes,
And fastned fansie with the fairest lookes.

For prooffe, when greene youth lept out of his
eye,
And left him now a man of middle age,
His happe was yet with wandring lookes to spie,
A layre yong impe of proper personage,
Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage:
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serue,
To praise hir beutie as it dyd deserue.

First for hir head, the beeres were not of Gold,
But of some other metall farre more fine,
Whereof eache crinet seemed to behold,
Like glistring wiers against the Sunne that shine,
And there withall the blazing of hir cyne,
Was like the beames of Titan, truth to tell,
Which glads vs all that in this world do dwell.

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Rose,
Did extremeete, with equall change of hewe,
And in hir giftes no lacke I can suppose,
But that at last (alas) she was vntrue,
Which flinging fault, because it is not new,
Nor seldom seene in kits of Cressides kind,
I maruaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was
fraught,
Were so frost bitten with the cold of craft,
That all (saue such as Cupides snares had caught)
Might soone espie the fetters of his shaft:
But Bartholmew his wits did so bedaft,
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,
Although it proude no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hers which seemde to flowe with
In speeche, in voice, in tender touch, in tast, [mell,
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,
Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender
wast,
With all the giftes which gaue hir any grace,
Weresmiling baites which caught fond foolles space.

Why strue I then to paint hir name with
praise?
Since forme and fruites were found so farre vnlyke,
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes,
And Change had cast hir honour downe in dike:
Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,
I may no prayse vnto a knife bequeath,
With rust yfret, though paynted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,
Let call hir now Ferenda Natura,
And if therat she seeme fur to repine,
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,
That since hir prankes were for the most vnpure a,
I can appoint hir well no better name,
Than this where in dame Nature bears the blame.

And thus I say, when Bartholmew had spent
His pride of youth (vntide in linkes of loue)
Behold how happe contrary to intent,
(Or destenies ordained from aboue,
From which no wight on earth maye well remoue)
Presented to his vew this ferie dame,
To kindle roles where earst had bene no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,
And therewithall gan make hir tender youth,
He thought not like, that vnder such aface
She could coueie the treason of vntruth:
Whereby he rowed (alas the more his ruth)
To serue this saynt for terme of all his life,
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

I cannot nowe in louing termes displaye
His suite, his seruice, nor his sorie fare:
His obseruances, nor his queynt aray,
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,
His wayting still to snatch himselfe in snare,
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,
For I my selfe was neuer Paramoure.

But to conclude, much worth in litle writte,
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,
The wildest beast is drawne with hungry bitte,
To eate a homlye bayte some times in hast.
The pricke of kinde can neuer be vnplaste,
And so it seemed by this dayntye dame,
Whome he at last with labour did reclame.

Aud when he had with mickel payne procured
The calme consent of hir vnweldie will,
When he had hir byfaith and troth assured,
To like him beste, and aye to loue him still,
When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,
I not discerne to tell my tale aright,
What man but he had cuer such delight?

The lingring dayes he spent in trifling toyes,
To whette the tooles which earued his contente:
The poasting nightes he past in pleasing ioyes,
Wearing the webbe which loue to him had leute:
In such a pinfolde were his pleasures point
That selde he could hir company eschewe,
Or leaue such lookes as might his sport renewe.

But if by force be forced were to parte,
Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his minde,
Then all alone he mused on his marte.
All company seemde then (but hirs) vnkind:
Then sent be tokens true loue for to bind,
Then wrote he letters, lines and louing layes,
So to beguile his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eake can tell,
What skyll he had, and howe he could endite,
Me thinkes I cannot better doe than well,
To set downe here, his ditties of deliyght,
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,
And vaunt to shewe some verses yet vnknowne,
Well worthy prayse though none of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,
Siuce mine empryce is but to make report:
Imagine then, before you that you see
A wight bewitcht in many a subtile sort,
A Louer lodgd in pleasures princely port,
Vaunting in verse what ioyes he dyd possesse,
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS FIRST TRIUMPHE.

RESIGNE king Priams sonnes, that princes were
in Troy, [more of ioy:
Resigne to me your bappy dayes, and boast no

¹ Lacke.

Syr Paris first stand forth make sunswere for thy
pbeare,

And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome Troy
did by so deare: [beare some blame,

What? blush not man, be bold, although thou
Tell truth at last, and so be sure to saue thy selfe
from shame.

Then gentle Sheapheard say: what madnesse dyd
thee moue, [for thy loue?

To choose of all the flowers in Greece, foule Helene
Needs must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes
were forlorne?

Although she solde hir seconde chaffe, aboue the
price of coine.

Alas, shee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,
For Menelaus lost hir wise, though thou hir
foundst but once. [peece,

But yet if in thine eye, shee seemde a peerelesse
Aske Theseus the mighty Duke, what towns she
knew in Greece? [sire,

Aske him what made hir leaue hir wofull aged
And steale to Athens gyglot like: what? what but
foule desire?

Alas poore Paris thou didst nothing else but gleane,
The parched eares which he cast by, when he had
reaped cleane:

He sluide the gentle slippe, which could both twist
and twind, [came behind,

And growing left the broken branch, for thē that
Yet hast thou sid the world with brute, (the more
thy blame,) [stately dame,

And sayest, that Hellens bewty past each other
For profie thou canst alledge the tast of ten yares
warre, [Greece and Troy to iarre

And how hir blazing beames first brought both
No no, thou art deceiude, the drugs of foule despite,
Did worke in Menelaus will, not losse of such deli-
ghte, [dain,

Not loue, but lothsome hate, not dolour, but dis-
Did make him selfe a sharpe reuēge, til both his
foes were slain,

Thy brother Troylus eke, that gemme of gentle
deedes, [bleedes:

To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it
He bet about the bushe, whiles other caught the
birds,

Whome crafty Gresside mockt to muche, yet fede
him still with words. [sprong rose,
And god be knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first
Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt vpon
that glose.

But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,
How Diomedē vndid his knots, and caught both
brooch and belt,

And how she chose to change, and how she changed
stail, [will.

And how she dyed leaper like, against hir louers
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to
resigne,

Confesse your starres both dimme and darke,
wheras my sunne doth shine:

For this I dare arow, without vaunt be it told,
My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud
Troy was solde. [coy,

More constant to conteyne, than Cresside to be
No Calcas can contriue the craft, to traine bir out
of Troye,

No Diomedē can drawe hir settled harte to change,
No madding moude can moue bir mind, nor make
hir thoughtes to range.

For hir alone it is, that Cupide blindfolds goes,
And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie
should loose:

At hir dame Venus chafes, and pines in ielowsie,
Least bloudy Mars should hir espie, and chang
his fantasie,

Of hir the Zueene of Heauen doth stand in dread-
full doubt, [find hir out.

Least loue should melte in drops of gold, if once be
Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse
aright.

Or that my pen hir due desertes, in worthy verse
could write: [ceiue,

Or that my minde could muse, or happie heart con-
Some words that might resound hir worth, by high
Mineruas leaue. [brest,

Oh how the blooming ioyes, do blossome in my
To think within my secret thought, how far she
steines the rest.

Me thinks I heare hir speake, me thinks I see
hir still, [hir will.

Me thinks I feele hir feelingly, me thinks I know
Me thinks I see the states which sue to hir for
grace, [all apace,

Me thinks I see one looke of hers repulse them
Me thinks that houre is yet, and euermore shall
be, [face to see:

Wherein my happie happe was first, hir heauenly
Wherein I spide the writte, which wouond betweene
hir eyne, [thine,

And sayd behold, be bold, for I, am borne to be but
Me thinks I feele the ioyes, which neuer yet were
felt,

Whome flame before yet neuer toucht, me thinks
I feele them melt.

One word and there an end, me thinks she is the
sunne, [world were done,

Which only shineth now a daies, she dead, the
The rest are twinkling starres, or Mooones which
borow light,

To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in
the night. [bec,

And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies
For sure my dame adorns the day, there is no
sunne but shee. [strange,

Then louers by your leaue, and thinke it nothing
Although I seme with calme content, in seas of
ioyes to range:

For why, my sailes haue found both wind and
waues at wyll, [trauell styll.

And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I
And ancors being wayed, I leaue you all at large,
To steare this seemelye Shippe my selfe, suche is
my mistresse charge.

Fato non fortuna.

DAN BARTHOLMEW HIS SECOND TRIUMPHE.

FYE pleasure fye, thou cloyest me with delight.
Thou fylst my mouth with sweete meates ouer-
much.

I wallowe styll in ioye both daye and night.
I deeme, I dreame, I doe, I taste, I touch:
No thing but all that smelltes of perfect blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taste (sometimes) a baite of bytter gall,
To drinke a draught of sower Ale (some season)
To teate browne bread with homely handes in Hall,
Doth much encrease mens appetites by reason:

And makes the sweete more sugred that ensewes,
Since mindes of men do styll seeke after newes.

The pamprd horse is seldome scene in breath,
Whose maunger makes his grace (oftimes) to
nielt,

The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.
Such coldes they catche in hottest happes that
sweet.

And I (much like) in pleasure scawled styll,
Doe feare to starue although I feede my fill.

It might suffice that loue hath built his bowre,
Betwene my Ladies liuely shynyng eyes,
It were enough that Bewties fading flowre:
Growes euer freshe with her in heauenly wise.
It had bene well that shee were faire of face,
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

To muse in minde, how wise, how faire, how
good, [true,
How braue, howe franke, how curteous, and how
My Lady is: doth but inflame my blood,
With humors such, as byd my health adue.
Since halpe alwaies when it is clombe on hye,
Doth fall full lowe, though earst it reachte the
Skye.

Lo pleasure lo, lo thus I leade a life,
That laughs for ioye, and trembleth oft for dread,
Thy pangis are such as call for chaiges knife,
To cut the twist, or else to stretch the thread.
Which holdes yeeere the bondell of my blisse,
Fye pleasure fye, I dare not trust to this.
Fato non fortuna.

DAN BARTHOLMEWES HIS THIRD TRIUMPHE.

Yf euer man yet found the bathe of perfect blisse,
Then swimme I now amid the seas where nought
but pleasure is.

I loue and am beloued, without vaunt he it tolde,
Of one more faire then shee of Greecce, for whome
proud Troy was solde.

As bouctifull and good as Cleopatra Zueene,
As constant as Penelope, vnto her make was scene.
What would you more? my penne, vnable is to
write,

The least desert that seemes to shine within this
worthy wight. [on hye.

So that (for nowe) I cease with handes helde vp
And craue of God that when I change, I may be
forst to dye.

Fato non Fortuna.

THE REPORTER.

THESE vaunting verses with a many mo,
(To his mishap) haue come vnto my handes,
Whereof the rest (because he sayled so,
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sandes,
And brought him eke fast bound in follyes banda)
Of curtesie I keepe them from your sight,
Let these suffice which of my selfe I write.

The highest tree that euer yet could growe,
Although full fayre it florisht for a season,
Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,
This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not
geason: [son.

For when things passe the reach and bounds of rea
They fall at last, although they stand a time,
And bruse the more, the higher that they clime.

So Bartholmew vnto his paine dyd proue,
For when he thought his hap to be most hye,
And that he onely reapt the fruites of loue.
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:
And though I doe him wrong to tell the same,
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

The Saint he seru'd became a craftie deuill,
His goddesse to an Idoll seemde to chaunge,
Thus all his good transformed into euill,
And euery ioy to raging griefe dyd rauge:
Which Metamorphosis was maruels strange:
Yet shall you seldome otherwise it proue,
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Loue.

This sodaine change when he began to spye,
And colde suspect into his minde had crept,
He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,
And from all company him selfe he kept,
Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,
That now he seemed an Image not a man,
His eyes so dead, his colour wart so wan.

And I which alwayes beare him great good wyl,
(Although I knew the cause of all his griefe,
And what had traunde and tyxed him theretyll,
And plaine to speake, what moued his mischiefe)
Yet since I sought to ease him with reliefe:
I dyd become importunate to knowe, [growe.
The secreete cause whereon this grudge should

At last with much ado, his trembling touge,
Bewrayde the effect of his vnywilling wyl,
Which here to tell since it were all to longe,
And I therewith too barren am of skyll,
And trouble you with tedious tydings styll,
Content you now to heare himselfe rehearse.
His strange affectes in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at Bathe (as earst was
sayd)

And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,
I sawe him there with many moanes dismaide,
I sawe him there both fryse and flashe in flame,
I sawe him greeu'd when others made good game:
And so appeareth by his darke discourse,
The which to reade I craue your iust remorse.

DAN BARTHOLMEWES DOLOROUS DISCOURSES.

I HAUE entreated care to cut the thread,
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,
And here aloofe nowe haue I hyd my head,
From company thereby to stint my strife.
This solitary place doth please me best,
Where I may weare my wylling mind with moane,
And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,
May skald my heart, and yet the cause vnknowne,
All this I doe, for thee my sweetest sowre,
For whome (of yore) I counted uot of care,
For whome with hungrie iawes I dyd deuoure,
The secreete baite which lurked in the snare:
For whome I thought all forreine pleasures paine,
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleasure seeme,
But onely thine, I found all fancies vaine,
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd possesse,
The priue corners of my mazed mind:
When hote desire, dyd coumt those tormentes lesse,
Which gaind the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.
And now (with care) I can record those dayes,
And call to mind the quiet lyfe I led,

Before I first beheld thy golden rayes,
When thine vntrueth yet troubled not my hed.
Remember thou, as I can not forget,
Howe I had laydc, both lone, and lust aside,
And howe I had my fixed fancie set,
In constant vowe, for euer to abide.
The bitter prooue of panges in pleasure past,
The costlye tast, of hony mixt with gall:
The painted heauen, which turnde to hell at last.
The freedome faunde, which brought me but to thrall.

The lingring sute, well fed with freshe delays,
The wasted voves which fled with euery wind:
The restlesse nightes, to purchase pleasing dayes,
The toyling daics to please my restlesse minde.
All these (with mo) had brusd so my brest,
And graft such grefe within my groning heart,
That had I left Dame fassie and the rest.
To greener yeeres, which might endure the smart.
My wearie bones did beare away the skarres,
Of many a wound receiued by disdain:
So that I found the fruite of all those warres,
To be nought else but panges of vnknown paine.
And nowe mine eyes were shut from such delight,
By fassie faint, my hote desires were colde,
When cruell hap, presented to my sight.

The maydens face, in yeeres which were not old,
I thinke the Goddess of reunge deuise,
So to bee wreackt on my rebeling wyl,
Bicause I had in youthfull yeeres disspide,
To taste the baites, which tyste my fassie styll.
Howe so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:
But if I lye, you Heauens, the plague be mine,
I sawe no sooner, how delight dyd dwell
Betwene those thote infant eyes of thine,
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,
Dyd kinde flame within my frozen heart,
And yelding fassie softly blew the fire,
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.

What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeares:
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,
My life to thee is light, as nowe appears.
I loued the first, and shall do to my last,
Thou flattered first, and so thou wouldst do styll:
For loue of thee full many paines I past,
For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.
I cannot nowe, with manly tougue rehearse,
Howe sone that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,
With howe small fight, I vanquish thee in fieldes:
But Cæsar he, which all the world subdude,
Was neuer yet so proude of Victorie,
Nor Hannibal, with martiall fentes endude.
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,
As I (poore I) dyd seeme to triumphe then,
When first I got the Bulwarkes of thy brest,
With bote Alarimes I comforted my men,
In foremost ranke I stode before the rest,
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,
But that thou mightst thereby perceiue my minde:
Askaunces * lo, nowe coule I kyll thy corce,
And yet my life is vnto thee resinde.
Well let this passe, and thinke vpon the ioye,
The mutuall loue, the confidence, the trust,
Whereby we both abandoned annoyne,
And fed our mindes with fruites of louely lust.
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,

* As who should say.

Of sweete embracings shortened by feare.
Remember that which did maintaine our helth,
Alas alas why shoulde I name it here.
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,
When in the depth of many waywarde wayes,
I onely sought, what might thy state aduance.
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe,
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,
Esteemd thee more, than al the worldly peife.
Mine absente thoughtes did beate on thee alone,
When thou hadst foud a foud and newfound
choice:

For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and reioyce.
O mighty goddes needes must I honor you,
Nedes must I iudge your iudgments to be iust,
Bicause she did for sake him that was true,
And with false loue, did cloke a fained luste.
By high decrees, you ordayned the chaunge,
To light on such, as she must needes mislike,
A meete rewarde for such as like to range,
When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.
But did I then giue brylde to thy fall,
Thou head strong thou accuse me if thou can?
Did I not hazard loue yea life and all,
To warte thy will, from that vnworthy man?
And when by toyle I trauallyd to finde,
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,
I found naught else but tricks of Cressides kinde,
Which playnly proude, that thou weart of hir blood.
I found that absent Troylus was forgot,
When Dyomedes had got both bronch and belt,
Both gloue and hand, yea harte and all god wot,
When absent Troylus did in sorowes swelt.
These tricks (with mo) thou knowst thy self I
found,

Which nowe are needlesse here for to reherse,
Unless it were to touche a tender wound,
With corosiuus my panting heart to perse.
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,
Which giueth ouer for a losse or twaine,
And cannot find the meanes to single forth,
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:
Or as the kindly Spanieil which hath sprong
The pretty Partriche, for the Falcons flight,
Doth neuer spare but thrusts the thornes among,
To bring this byrd yet once againe to sight,
And though he knowe by prooffe (yea dearely
bought)

That selde or neuer, for his owne auaille,
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.
So labord I to saue thy wandring shippe,
Which recklesse then, was ranning on the rockes,
And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe.
And set my great good wyll, as light as flockes:
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,
And stayed thy course by ancors of aduice,
I woun thy wyll into a better winde,
To saue thy ware, which was of precious price.
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,
In happy haue, which saufer was than Doner,
The Admirall, which knewe it by the marke,
Streight challenge all, and sayd thou wert a
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade, [rouer.
Yea so I dyd, the Judge can saye no lesse,
And whiles in toyle, this tofosome life I leade,
Camest thou thy selfe the faulte for to confesse,

And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,
Dydst pardon craue, accusing me for all,
And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,
And that I spoone the thred of all thy thrall.
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare
That of thy selfe thou neuer ment to swerue,
For prooffe wherof thou didst the colours weare,
Which might bewray, what saint thou ment to
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke, [serue.
To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,
Till I perforce, constraynd thee for to seeke,
These raging seas, aduentures thereto fiude.
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,
Who am enforced, thus for to repeat
The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,
Whereon (to oft) my restlesse thoughts do beate.
But thus it was, and thus God knows it is.
Which when I founde by playne and perfect prooffe,
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe.
And so to beate my simple shiftlesse brayne,
For some deuice, that might redeeme thy state,
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,
Lo how I loue the wight which me doth hate:
Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,
But boyle in bale and skamble thus in skathe,
Bicause I thinke on thine vnconstancie.
And wylt thou knowe bowe here I spend my time,
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours styll?
Then stave a while: giue eare vnto my rime,
So shalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.
When Titan is constrained to forsake,
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,
And with a sigh, which maye bewray my smarte.
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had
And vp on foote I set my ghostly corse, [glewed,
And when the stony walles haue oft renewed,
My pittiuus plaintes, with Echoes of remorse,
Then doe I crye and call vpon thy name,
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,
Beholde the man, which taketh griefe for game,
And loeth them, which most his name doe lothe.
Behold the man which euer truly ment,
And yet accuse as aucthour of thine yll,
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent.
To serue thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:
Behold the man, which onely for thy loue,
Dyd loue himselfe, whome else he set but light:
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behou)
Was euer prest to shed it selfe outright.
And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie:
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friend?
And canst thou see him sincke in ieeperdie?
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?
Is this the right reward for such desert?
Is this the fruite of seelde so timely sowne?
Is this the price, appointed for his part?
Shall truth be thus by treason ouerthrowne?
Then farewell faith, thou art no womans pheare:
And with that word I stave my tongue in time,
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,
Least any man should heare my rauing rime.
And all in rage, enraged as I am,
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,
And in the Bathe from whence but late I came,
I cast my selfe in dollours there to drowne.

2 These things are mistical and not to be vnderstoode but by Thauthour him selfe.

There all alone I can my selfe conueye,
 Into some corner where I sit vnseene,
 And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye, [bene.
 Behold these braun-falne armes which once haue
 But large and lustie, able for to fight, (knowes
 Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he
 Unable now to daunt the fowle despit,
 Which is presented by my cruel foes.
 My thighes are thin, my body lanck and leane,
 It hath no bumbast now, but skin and bones:
 And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,
 I see a trustie token for the nones.⁴
 I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,
 Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,
 "Bekewe not me: for I was but a Charme,"
 To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.
 And as I gaze thus galded all with griefe,
 I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,
 Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my reliefe,
 And though I fade, yet to the world, no wonder.
 For as this face, by leysure learis to weare,
 So must I faint, euen as the Candle wasteth,
 These thoughtes (deere sweet) within my brest I
 beare,

And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.
 Herewith I teele the droppes of sweltring sweate,
 Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,
 And in my body feele I lykewise beate,
 A burning heart which to-seth too and fro.
 Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,
 And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,
 Soone might I fret my faryes all in fume,
 And lyke a Ghost my ghost his graue might finde.
 But frysing hope doth blowe ful in my face,
 And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,
 So that I styl endure that yrksome place,
 Where sorrowe seethes to skalde my skinne withall.
 And when from thence or company me drieus,
 Or weary woes do make me change my seate,
 Then in my bed my restlesse paines relieues,
 Until my fellows call me downe to meate.
 And when I ryse, my corpse for to araye,
 I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,
 For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)
 But for I would in comelynesse abyde:
 I take the glasse, wherein I seeme to see,
 Such wythred wrinckles and so fowle disgrace,
 That litle manuaie seemeth it to mee,
 Though thou so well dydst like the noble face.⁴
 The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,
 My wrinckled face is fowle and fadeth fast:
 The noble face was vnto thee but newe,
 My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcast:
 The noble face might moue thee with delight,
 My wrinckled face could neuer please thine eye:
 Loe thus of crime I couet thee to quite.
 And styl accuse my selfe of Surcuydry:
 As one that am vnworthy to enioye,
 The lasting fruite of suche a loue as thine,
 Thus am I tickled styl with euery toy,
 And when my Fellowes call me downe to dynce,
 No change of meate prouokes mine appetite,
 Nor sauce can serue to taste my meates withall,
 Then I deuise the iuyce of grapes to dight,
 For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,
 For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spice,
 Wherewith I mixe the noble Wine apare,
 My Fellowes prayse the depth of my deuise,
 And saye it is as good as Ippocrace.⁴

⁴ Another misterie.

As Ippocrace saye I? and then I swelt,
 My faynting lymmes straight fall into a sowne,
 Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,
 The naked name in dollours doth mee drowne,
 For then I call vnto my troubled mynde,
 That Ippocrace hath bene thy daylye drinke,
 That Ippocrace hath waikt with euery winde,
 In bottels that wer· fylled to the brinke.
 With Ippocrace thou banquetest full ofte,
 With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merriye,
 Such cheere hath set thy new loue so alofte,
 That olde lous nowe was scarcely worth a cherry.
 Then then againe I fall into a traunce,
 But when my breth returnes against my will,
 Before my tongue can tell my wofull chauce,
 I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.
 One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,
 Vnto my nature and complexion,
 Whereby they iudge that all my malladye,
 Was long of that by alteration.
 Another sayth, no, no this man is weake,
 And for such weake, so hote thinges are not best,
 Then at the last I heare no lyar spake.
 But one which knowes the cause of mine vnrest,
 And sayth, this man is (for my life) in loue,
 He hath receiued repulse, or dronke disdaine.
 Alas crye I: and ere I can remoue,
 Into a sowne I sone returne againe.
 Thus drie I fourth, my doolefull dining time,
 And trouble others with my troubles styl,
 But when I here, the Bell hath passed prime,
 Into the Bathe I wallowe by my will, [griefe,
 That there my teares (vnseene) might ease my fill,
 For though I starue yet haue I fed my fill,
 In priue panges I count my best reliefe.
 And still I strue in weary woes to drench,
 But when I plondge, than woe is at an ebbe,
 My flowing coles are all to quicke to quenche,
 And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,
 Which makes me swim against the wished waue.
 Lo thus (deare wenche) I leade a lothsome life,
 And greedely I seeke the greedy graue,
 To make an ende of all these stormes and strife,
 But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,
 So that my dayes continewe styl in dole,
 And in my nightes I feele the secreete fire,
 Which close in embers, coucheth lyke a cole.
 And in the daye hath bene but raked vp,
 With couering ashes of my company,
 Nowe breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,
 Which in my heart doth hang full heauily.
 I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweate,
 My swelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,
 I freeze in hope, yet burne in haste of heate,
 I wishe for death, and yet in life remaine.
 And when dead sleepe doth close my dazed eyes,
 Then dreadful dreames my dolours do increase,
 Me thinks I lie awake in wofull wise.
 And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease,
 Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meaneth this?
 What ayles thee thus to launish and lament?
 How can it be that bathing all in blisse:
 Such cause vnknowne disquiets thy content?
 Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me
 The grudge or griefe, which gripeth now thy heart,
 For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be,
 In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.
 Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,
 But when mine eyes are open and awake,
 I see not thee: where with the flowing streames,
 Of bruishe teares their wonted floods do make.

Thus as thou seest I spend both nightes and dayes,
 And for I find the world did iudge me once,
 A witlesse wryter of these louers layes,
 I take my pen and paper for the nonce,
 I laye aside this foolishhe ryding rime,
 And as my troubled head can bring to passe,
 I thus berway the tormentis of my time:
 Bears with my Muse, it is not as it was.
 Fato nou fortuna.

THE EXTREMITIE OF HIS PASSION.

AMONG the toys which tosse my braine,
 and reane my mind from quiet rest,
 This one I finde, doth there remaine,
 to breede debate within my brest.
 When wo would work, to wound my wyl,
 I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

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

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,
 but flouddes which flowe abundantly,
 Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,
 found out the gappe of ielousie.
 And by that breache, it soketh so,
 that all my face, is styll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging wind,
 which roareth still, and neuer staires,
 The thoughtes which tomble in my minde,
 are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,
 Nowe here, nowe there, nowe vp, nowe downe,
 in depth of waues, yet cannot drowne.

The sighes which boyle out of my brest,
 are not lyke those, which others vse,
 For louers sighes, sometimes take rest,
 And lend their mindes, a leaue to muse.
 But mine are like the surging Seas,
 whome calme nor quiet can appeas.

And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,
 my brest the fordge where furie plays,
 My panting heart, yt strikes the stroke,
 my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,
 The coles are kindled by desire,
 and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

Thus can I neyther drowne in dale,
 nor burne to ashes though I waste,
 Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,
 which warmes my heart in all this haste,
 Nor yet my fancie make such flame,
 that I may smoulder in the same.

Wherefore I come to seeke out Care,
 beseeching him of curtesie,
 To cut the thread which cannot weare,
 by panges of such perplexitie.
 And but he graunt this boone of mine,
 thus must I liue and euer pine.
 Fato non fortuna.

Lo thus (deere heart) I force my frantike Muse,
 To frame a verse in spite of my despight,
 But whiles I doo these mirthlesse meeters vse,
 This rashe conceits doth reue me from delight.

I call to minde howe many louing layes,
 Howe many Sonets, and how many songes,
 I dyd deuse within those happie dayes,
 When yet my wyl, had not receiued wronges.
 All which were euermore regarded so,
 That little fruite I seemd thereby to reape,
 But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,
 Thy loue was light, and lusted styll to leape.
 The rimes which pleased thee were all in print,
 And mine were ragged, hard for to be read⁵,
 Lo deere: this dagger dubbes me with this dint,
 And leaue this wound within my ielous head.
 But since I haue confessed vnto Care,
 That now I stand vpon his curtesie,
 And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,
 Hath not the skill to kyl me cunningly,
 Therefore with all my whole deuotion,
 To Care I make this supplication.
 Fato non fortuna.

HIS LIBELL OF REQUEST EXHIBITED TO CARE.

O CURTEOUS Care, whome others (cruell) call.
 And raile vpon thine honourable name,
 O knife that canst cut of the thread of thrall,
 O sheare that shreadst the seemerent sheete of
 shame.

O happy ende of euery greuous game:
 Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to behold,
 Who loues thee more, than can with tongue be
 And nowe vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint, [told.
 Whose teares bewray,
 His truth alway,
 Although his feeble tongue be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,
 That I haue beene a Rebelle in my youth,
 I preast alwayes in pleasures court to bee,
 I fled from that, which Cupide still eschuth,
 I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,
 And in delights, I loued so to dwell.
 Tby heavenly house dyd seeme to me but hell.
 Such was my rage, the which I now repent,
 And pardon craue,
 My soule to saue,
 Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what fruites dyd grow on such a tree,
 What crop dyd rise vpon so rashe sowne seede,
 For when I thought my selfe in heauen to bee,
 In depth of hell I drowned was in deede:
 Whereon to thinke my heauie hart doth bleede:
 Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,
 When as I sunke in puddles of despight,
 Alas alas I thought my selfe belou'd,
 When deadly hate,
 Did play checke mate, [prou'd.
 With me poore pawue, that no such prancks had

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,
 I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,
 I tare my heere, I often chauged hewe,
 I left delight, with dollours to complaine.
 I shund each place where pleasure dyd remaine,
 I cride, I calde on euery kinde of death,
 I stroue each way to stop my fainting breath.
 Short tale to make, I stept so farre in strife,
 That still I sought,
 With all my thought,
 Some happie helpe to leaue my lothed life.

⁵ Another misteric.

But hope⁶ was he that held my hande abacke,
From quicke dispatch of all my griping grieffe,
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,
Then hope was colde, and lent my life relieffe,
In euery choice hope challngde to be chiefe.
When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my
heart,

Then hope was hote, and warnde my weary smart,
Then heart was hardie, hope was still in dread,
When heart was faint,
(With feares attaint),
Then hardie hope held vp my fearefull head.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,
Could drowne my heart in waues of wery wo,
Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,
To cut the sacke of all my sorrowes so,
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.
And yet I felt great dropes of secreete smart,
Distilling styll within my dying heart:
I then perceiue that onely care was he,
Which as my friend,
Might make an end,
Of all these paines, and set my fansie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my iust re-
quest,

Oh kyll my corpe, oh quickly kyll me nowe.
Oh make an ende and bring my bones to rest,
Oh cut my thred (good Care) I care not howe,
Oh Care be kinde: and here I make a vowe,
That when my life out of my brest shall part,
I will present thee with my faithfull hart:
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,
Because thou hast,
Vouchsaft at last,
To ende my furies in this friendly wise.

Fato non Fortuna.

WHAT greater glory can a Keyzar gaine,
If made noode moue his subiectes to rebell,
Than that at last (when all the traytours traine,
Hauē trode the pathē, of deepe-^{re}pentance well,
And naked neede with Cold and Hunger both,
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,
Wher by they may their lewde deuises loth,
(When hairbraind haste, wth cold aduise is scande)
If then at last, they come vpon their knee,
And pardon craue with due submission:
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,
Was moued most, to take compassion.
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,
To see me plunged still in endlesse paine,
And right remorse, his princely heart doth bind,
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.
I feele my teares doe now begin to stay,
For Care from them their swelling springs doth
I fele my sighes their labours now allaye, [soke,
For Care hath quencht the coles that made thē
I fele my panting heart begins to rest, [smoke
For Care hath staide the hammers of my head,
I fele the flame which blazed in my brest,
Is nowe with carefull ashes ouersprad.
And gentle Care, hath whet his karuing knife,
To cut in twaine the thred of all my thrall,
Desired death nowe ouercommeth life,
And wo still woikes to helpe in haste with all.
But since I fele these panges approaching so,
And lothed life begin to take his leaue,
Me thinkes it meete, to giue before I go,
Such landes, and goodes, as I behind me leaue.

⁶ Hope is euer contrary to a louers Passion.

So to discharge my troubled conscience,
And eke to set an other for my heyre,
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.
Wherefore (deere wenche) with all my full intent,
I thus begin to make my Testament.

Fato non fortuna.

HIS LAST WYLL AND TESTAMENT.

In loue his mighty name, this eight and twentieth
day,
Of frosted bearded Januar, the enemy to May:
Since Adam was create, fīue thousand yeares I
gesse, [express-
Fīue hundreth, forty more and fīue, as stories do
I being whole of miude, (immortal) Gods haue
praise) [paine alwayes,
Though in my body languishing with panges of
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes haue
wepte,
Beseeching mine executours to see it duely kept.
Fyrst I bequeath my soule on Charons boate to
tende, [luckye ende,
Untill thy life (my lone) at last may light on
That there it may awaite, to wayte vpon thy ghost,
Whē thou hast quite and cleue forgot what prauks
now please thee most.
So shall it well be seene whose lone is like to mine:
For so I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll
then to pine.

My body be enbalmd, and cloased vp in chest,
With oynments and with spiceries of euery sweete
the best:

And so preserued styll vntill the day do come,
That death diuorce my loue from life, and trusse
hir vp in tombe.

Then I bequeath my corpe to couche beneath the
bones, [for the nones.

And there to fede the greedy wormes that linger
To frette vpon her fleshe, which is to fine there-
fore, [more.

This seruice may it doe hir yet, although it do no
My heart (as heretofore) I must bequeathe to Care,
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for
his share.

But that he may perceiue, I meane to pay my dew,
I will it shall be taken quicke, and burne him
bleeding new,

As for my funerals, I leaue that toye at large,
To be as mine executours wyll giue thereto in
charge. [deuice,

Yet if my goodes will stretch vnto my strange
Then let this order be obseru'd, mine heyre shall
pay the price:

First let the torche bearers be wrapte in weedes of
woe, [it so.

I let all their lightes be virgin waxe, because I lou'de
And care not though the twist be course that lends
them light.

If fansie fume, and freewill flame, then must they
needs burne bright, [dolefull song,

Next them let come the quier, with psalmes and
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying: all
my wrong. [aboue,

And when the deskant singes, in treeble tunes
Then let fa burden say, (by lowe) I liu'd and dyde
for lone: [haue,

About my heauy hearse, some mourners would I
Who might the same accompany and staud about
the graue,

But let them be such men, as maye confesse with
me,
How contrary the lots of loue, to all true louers
bee.

Let Patience be the Priest, the Clarke be Close
The Sextin be Simplicitie, which meaneth no dis-
cept.

Let almes of Loue be delt, euen at the Chaunsell
And fende them there with freshe delayes, as I
haue bene of yore:

Then let the youngest sort, be set to ring Loues
Bels,

And pay Repentance for their paines, but giue thē
Thus when the Dirge is done, let every man de-
part,

And learne by me what harme it is to haue a faith-
Those little landes I haue, mine heyre must needes
posseste,

His name is Lust, the landes be losse, few louers
scape with lesse.

The rest of all my goodes, which I not here re-
Giue learned Poets for their paines, to decke my
Tombe with verse:

And let them writ these wordes vpon my carefull
chest,

Lo here he lies, that was as true (in loue) as is the
Alas I had forg. t the Parsons dewe to paye,

And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine
alway.

Then for my priuie Tythes, as kysses caught by
Sweete collinges and such other knackes as multi-
plied my wealthe:

I giue the Wickar here, to please his greedie wyll,
A deintie dishe of suger soppes, but saust with
sorrow stil:

And twice a weeke at least, let dight them for his
On Fridayes and on Wednesdayes, to saue ex-
pence of fishe.

Nowe haue I much bequeathed and litle left be-
hinde,

And others mo must yet be serued or else I were
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executours I make,
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either
of them take.

Let sorrow at the last my Suprauisor be,
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I giue him for
his fee.

Yet in his pattent place this Sentence of prouiso,
That he which loueth stedfastly, shall want no
saue of sorrow.

Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my
seale there tyll.

And you which reade my wordes, although they
Yet reason may perswade you eke, Thus louers
dote sometime.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AND SEALE.

MY mansion house was Mone: from Dolours
dale I came,
I Fato: Non Fortuna, hight, lo now you know my
My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a field of flame,
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, the swelthreth
in the same.

Fato non Fortuna.

ALAS, lo now I heare the passing Bell,
Which Care appointeth carefullye to knole,
And in my brest, I feele my heart now swell,
To breake the stringes, which ioynde it to my soule,

The Crystall yse, which lent mine eyes their light,
Doth now ware dym, and dazeled all with dread,
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,
And hope of health abandoneth my head,
My wearie tougue can talke no longer now,
My trembling hand nowe leaues my penne to hold,
My ioynts nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,
My skinne lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold.
And are not these, the very pangas of death?
Yes sure (sweete heart) I know them so to bee,
They be the pangas, which striue to stop my
breath,

They be the pangas, which part my loue from thee,
What said I? Loue? Nay life: but not my loue,
My life departes, my loue continues styll:
My lothed lyfe may from my corpe remoue,
My louing Loue shall alwayes woike thy wyll.
It was thy wyll euen thus to trye my truth,
Thou hast thy wyll, my truth may now be sene,
It was thy wyll, that I should dye in youth,
Thou hast thy wyll my yeares are yet but grene.
Thy penaunce was that I should pine in paine,
I haue performde thy penaunce all in wo,
Thy pleasure was that I should here remaine,
I haue bene glad to please thy fansie so.
Nowe since I haue performed euery part
Of thy coumaunde, as neare as tougue can tell,
Content thee yet before my muse depart,
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

HIS FAREWELL.

FAREWELL deere Loue whome I haue loued and
shall,

Both in this world, and in the world to come,
For prooffe whereof my sprite is Charons thrall,
And yet my corpe attendant on thy toome.

Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton wyll to please
Eche taste of trouble seemed melt to me,

Farewell sweete deare, whose doubtles for to ap-
I was contented thus in bale to be.

Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,
For thee I ly'd for thee nowe must I dye,

Farewell from Bathe, whereas I feele my breath
Forsake my breast in great perplexitie,

Alas how welcome were this death of mine,
If I had dyde betwene those armes of thine?

Fato non Fortuna.

THE REPORTERS CONCLUSION.

WHERE might I now find flooddes of flowing
teares,

So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes.
How might my breast vnlode the bale it beares?

Alas alas how might my tougue deuise
To tell this weary tale in wofull wise?

To tell I saye these tydinges nowe of truth,
Which may prouoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,
Where clattering ioyes might neuer finde me out,
Or graued so within the greedy grounde
As false delights might neuer breede my doubt,
Nor guitefull loue hir purpose bring about:
Whose trustlesse traines in colours for to paint,
I find by prooffe my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome destinies ordeine,
To beare eche grieft that groweth on the mold,
I was that man which proued to my paine,
More pangas at once than can with tougue be told,

I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)
Whome heauen and earth did frame to scoffe and
I, I was he which to that end was borne. {score,

Suffized not my selfe to taste the fruit,
Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,
But that I must with paine of lyke pursute,
Perceiue such panges by paterne of my peares,
And feele how fausies fume could fond my pheares?
Alas I find all fates against me bent,
For nothing else I lyue but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy othe,
Dyd drawe my wyll into these croked wayes,
For with my frend I went to Bathe (though loth)
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,
The stedfast friend stickes fast at all assayes:
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

By prooffe I found as you may well perceiue,
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,
Such painted paines his passions did deceiue.
That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,
Within his will such routes of ruine plast,
As grafes of griefes were only giuen to growe,
Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open ay
To euery tale which fed him with some hope,
As fast againe I sawe him turne away
From graue aduise, which might his conscience
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope, [grope,
He only gaue his mind to get that gaine,
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,
Had found what ficklenesse his Idoll vsed,
And how she claimed Cressides heire to be,
He how she had his great good will abused,
And how she was of many men refused,
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,
Sauc only him she made no louer blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer scene,
Than he which thinkes he walketh in a net?
Or who in bale hath euer deeper beene,
Than he which thought his state might not be bet.
In such a iollitye these louers iet,
That weale to them doeth seeme to bee but wo,
And grieve seemes ioye, they feede theyr faucyes
so.

Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,
And he allowed no reason but his owne,
Tell him that best were quicklie to recule,
Before all force by frares were ouerthrowne,
And that his bale were better ouerblowne,
Then thus to pine remedye in grieve,
And he would saye that grieve was his reliefe.

Short tale to make so long he lyued thus,
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,
Beleeue me Lordes (and by him that dyed for vs)
I sawe him giue to close his dying eye,
I sawe him stryue and strangle passingly.
And suche a grieve I tooke, that yet I wot,
If he or I had then more grieve ygot.

But who hath seene a Lampe begyn to fade,
Which lacketh oyle to feede his lyngring lyght,
And then againe who so hath seene it made,

With oyle and weecke to last the longsome night:
Let him conceyue that I sawe such a sight.
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)
Loe nowe I laughe my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,
Which came ful straight vnto our lodging doore,
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirede,
If such a Knight (as I describe before)
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,
Sayd yes forsooth, and God he knowes (quod he)
He is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bugges I trowe,
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,
(2uod I to Bartholmew) I heare by lowe,
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:
And care that past not full a furlong waye,
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,
And kyssing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)
He sayd to Bartholmew: Syr Knight be well,
Nowe reade these lines the which I neede not tell,
From whence they come: but make au eude of
mone,
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

The theefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tree,
(If one crye Grace: lo here a Pardon prest)
Doth dye sometimes, when most he secnde to be,
From death redeemd, such bronts may breede in
brest, [prest,
Twyxt sodaine ioye, and thoughts which paine op-
The Romaine Widdowe dyed when she beheld,
Hir Sunne (whome earst) She compted slaine in
field.

So Bartholmew tweene grieve and sodaine ioye,
Laye styll in traunce, me thinks I see him yet,
And out of doubte it gaue me such anye,
To see him so, him selfe in fancies fret,
That sure I though his eyes in head were set.
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high degrees of heauen which had ordainde,
(For his decaye) a freshe delaye of paine,
Reuiued him: yet from his eyes downe raine,
Such rowfull teares as moued me to plaine,
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.
For trust me now, to see him sorrowe so,
It might haue made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,
And thrise (alas) it foldred in his mouth,
With stopping sobbes and skalding sighes he
To vtter that which was to me vncouth. [sought,
So stais the streame, when furiously it flouth,
And filles the dikes where it had wont to swimme,
Untill by force it breakes about the brimne.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,
Was this: Alas, and therewithall he stayed,
His feeble Jawes and bollowe voyce could make,
None other sounde, his thoughtes were all dismayed,
His hearye bead full lowe in bosome layed.
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,
He cryed right out Alas and welawaye.

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloude,
 And with that word he gan againe to sorrowne:
 The messenger which in a studdye stodee,
 Awakt at last: and in mine eare dyd rowne,
 Saying: those lines which I haue there throwen
 downe,

Were written all with blood of hir owne hande,
 For whome he nowe in this distresse doth stande.

And since (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,
 To shead hir blood in witness of hir grieffe,
 Me thinks he rather should relieue hir wo:
 Then thus deny to send hir some reliefe.
 Alas alas (quod he) she holds him chiefe.
 And well wote I (what ere his fansie bee)
 There sittes no man so neere hir heart as hee.

Therewith he raysde his heauy head alight,
 Askaunces Ha? in dedde and thinkest thou so?
 But out alas his weake and weary spirit,
 Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go. [Ho.
 His thought sayd Haight, his sillie speache cryed
 And thus he layen dompes and dolefull trance,
 Tyll darksome night dyd somewhat change his
 chance.

For when the light of day began to fade,
 And courtins round about his bed were drawne,
 A golden slomber dyd his lymmes inuade,
 And held him husht tyll daye againe gan dawne,
 Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,
 To set his thoughts (which strided earst) at one,
 And bad debate be packing to be gone.

Percase sweete loue dyd lull him so on sleepe,
 Perhaps Dame fansie rockt the Cradell too,
 How so it were I take thereof no keepe,
 With such conceipts haue I nothing to doo,
 But when he wakt he asked plainly who,
 Had brought him so from rage to quiet rest,
 And who had borne the torments from his brest?

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,
 Behold it here and be all hore againe,
 What man were he that wyther would in wo,
 Which thus might prosper in despite of paine?
 Were he not worse then mad which would com-
 plaine,
 On such a friend as this to me doth seeme?
 Which (for thy health) hir blood doth not esteeme?

Thus much I sayd to comfort him God knowes,
 (But what I thought that keepe I cloose in hold)
 Sometimes a man must flatter with his foes,
 And sometimes saye that brasse is bright as Gold:
 For he that hath not all thinges as he would,
 Must winke sometimes, as though he dyd not see,
 And seeme to thinke thinges are not as they bee.

Dan Bartholmew gan take the briefe in hand,
 And brake the seale, but when he saw the blood,
 Good Lord how bolt vpright his heere dyd stand:
 For though the friendly wordes therein were good,
 Yet many a thought they moued in his moode.
 As well appeared by his flecked cheekes,
 Nowe cherry redde, nowe pale and greene as leekes.

I dreamt (quod he) that I was done to death,
 And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,
 But that I was restored vnto breath,
 By one that seemde lyke Pellycane to playe,
 Who shed his blood to giue me foude alwaye,

And made me liue in spite of sorrowe styll,
 See how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,
 By whome and howe he had this letter first,
 But when he spyde the man, then gan he smile,
 For secreete ioye his heart dyd seeme to burst,
 Now thought he best that (earst) he compted
 And louingly he dyd the man embrace, [wo:st.
 And askt howe farde the roote of all his grace?

See sodaine change, see subtil sweete disceipte,
 Behold how loue can make his subiectes blinde,
 Let all men make hereby what guilefull baite,
 Dan Cupide layeth to tise the louers winde:
 Alacke alacke a slender thrad may biude,
 That prysoner fast, which meanes to tarrye styll,
 A lytle road correctes a reauy wyll.

The briefe was writte and blotted all with gore,
 And thus it sayde: Behold howe steadfast loue,
 Hath made me hardy (thankes haue he therefore)
 To write these wordes tly doubtes for to remoue,
 With mine owne blood: and yf for thy b loue,
 These bloody lynes do not thy Cares conuert:
 I vowe the next shall bleede out of my heart.

I dwell to long vpon this thriftlesse tale,
 For Bartholmew was well appraide herebye,
 And feelingly he banished his baie,
 Taking herein a tast of remedye,
 By lyte and lyte his fites away gan flye.
 And in short space he dyd recouer strength,
 To stand on foote and take his horse at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,
 And there his Goddess tarryed tyll we came,
 I am to blame to call hir Goddess here,
 Since she deseruide in dedde no Goddess name,
 But sure I thinke (and you may iudge the same)
 She was to him a Goddess: in his thought,
 Although perhaps hir Shrines was ourthought.

I maye not write what words betweene them past,
 Howe teares of grieffe were turde to teares of ioye,
 Nor how their dole became delight at last,
 Nor how they made great myrth of much anye,
 Nor how content was coyned out of coye,
 But what I sawe and what I well maye write,
 That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

In louely London loue gan nowe renew,
 This blooddye Letter made it battle much,
 And all the doubtes which he in fancies drew,
 Were done away as there had bene none such,
 (But to him selfe) he bare no bodye grutch.
 Him selfe (he sayde) was cause of all this wo,
 Withouten cause that hir suspected so.

O louing Youthes this glasse was made for you,
 And in the same you may your selues behold,
 Beleeue me nowe not one in all your crew,
 Which (where he loues) hath courage to be bold,
 Your Cressides climes are alwaies vncontrold,
 You dare not saye the Sunne is cleare and bright,
 You dare not sweare that darkesome is the night.

Terence was wise which taught by Pamphilus,
 Howe courage quailles where loue beblinds the
 sense,
 Though prooffe of times makes louers quarulous,
 Yet small excuse serues loue for iust defence.

These Courtisanes haue power by pretence,
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

Ferenda, She whome heauen and earth had
frainde,
For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,
Made him nowe thinke him selfe was to be blamde,
Which causeles thus would fret himselfe in fittes,
Shee made him thinke that sorrowe sildome sittes,
Where trust is tyed in fast and faitfull knottes,
She sayd Mistrust was meete for simple sottes.

What wyl you more shee made him to belecue,
That she first loued although she yonger were,
She made him thinke that his distresse dyd greue,
Hir guiltlesse minde: and (that it might appeare,
Howe these conceiptes could ioyne or hang yfere)
She dyd confesse howe soone shee yeelded his,
Such force (quod she) in learned men there is.

She furder sayde that all to true it was,
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)
Had made hir once to choose out brittle glasse,
For perfect Gold: She dyd confesse (with mone)
That youthfully shee bytte a worthlesse bone.
But that theruin she tasted deepe delight,
That sayde shee not, nor I presume to write.

Shee sware (and that I beare full well in minde)
Howe Dyomedes had neuer Troylus place,
Shee sayd and sware (howe euer sate the winde)
That Admirals dyd neuer know hir case,
She sayd againe that neuer Noble Face,
Dyd please hir eye nor moued hir to change,
She sayd hir minde was neuer geuen to rage.

She sayd and sayd that Bracelettes were ybound,
To hold him fast (but not to charme his thought)
She wysht therewith that she were deeply drownd,
In Inpprace: by euer she had sought,
Or dronke, or smelt, or tane, or found, or bought,
Such Nectar drupples as she with him had drouke,
(But this were true) she wysht hir soule were
sonke.

And to conclude, she sayde no printed rymes,
Could please hir so as his braue Triumphes dyd:
Why wander I? She cou'rd all hir crimes,
With deepe disceipt, and all hir guiles she hyd,
With fained teares, and Bartholmew she ryd.
With double gyrrthes, she byt and whynded both,
And made him loue where he had cause to loth.

These be the fruittes which grow on such desire,
These are the gaines ygot by such an art,
To late comes he that seekes to quenche the fire,
When flames possesse the house in euery part,
Who lyst in peace to keepe a quiet hart.
Flye loue betimes, for if he once oretake him,
Then seeld or neuer shall he well forsake him.

If once thou take him Tenaunt to thy brest,
No wrytte nor force can serue to plucke him
thence,

No pylls can purge his humour lyke the rest,
He bydes in bones, and there takes residence,
Against his blowes no bucklar makes defence.
And though (with paine) thou put him from thy
house,
Yet lurkes hee styll in corners lyke a Mouse.

At euery hole he creepeth in by stelh,
And priuilye he feedeth on thy crommes,
With spoiles vnscene he wasteth all thy welth,
He playes boe peepe when any body comes,
And dastardlik he seemes to dread the drommes,
Although in deede in Embushe he awaytes,
To take thee stragling yf thou passe his straites.

So seemed now by Bartholmews successe,
Who yeelded sone vnto this second charge,
Accusing styll him selfe for his distresse,
And that he had so languished at large,
Short worke to make: he had none other charge,
To beare loncs blowes, but styll to trust hir tale,
And pardon craue because he bread hir bale.

And thus he lyude contented styll with doubt,
Mistrusting most, that gaue least cause of doubt,
He fledde mishappe and helde it by the haft,
He banisht bale and bare it styll about,
He let in loue and thought to hold him out.
He seemde to bathe in perfect blisse againe,
When (God he knowes) he fostred priuie paine.

For as the Tree which crooked growes by kinde,
(Although it be with propping vnder set)
In tract of time to crooked course wyl twinde,
So could Ferenda neuer more forget,
The lease at large where she hir stinges head set.
But range againe, and to hir byas fell,
Such chaunges chauce where lust (for loue) doth
dwell.

And as it hapt (and God his wyl it was)
Dan Bartholmew perreyude it very plaine,
So that perforce he let his pleasures passe,
And straued no more against the streame in vaine,
But therewithall he purchasid such paine,
As yet I shrinke in minde thereof to muse,
And maruaile more howe he the same could vse.

His lustlesse limmes which wouped were to syt,
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper prest,
Were armed nowe with helme and harnessse fyt,
To seeke aduentures boldly with the best,
Hee went to warres that wont to liue in rest.
And warres in deede he made withouten blowes,
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,
To watche and warle at euery time and tyde,
Though foes were farre yet skowted he alwaye.
And when they came he must their brontes abide,
Who euer fled he would his head not hyde.
For sure dispayre his corpse so close had armed,
That by deatnes darte he could no whit be harmed.

In his Ensigne these collours gan he chuse,
Backe, white, and greene, first blacke for morning
mone,

Then white for chaste, because he did refuse,
(Thenceforth) to thinke but euen of hir alone.
A bende of greene: for though his ioyes were gone,
Yet should it seme he hoped for a daye,
And in that bende his name he dyd displaye.

That selfe same name which in his will he wrote,
(You knowe my minde) when he was out of tunc,
When he subscrible (which may not be forgote)
Howe that his name was Fato Nou Fortuna.
And as I gesse because his loue was Vna,
That played hir prauces according to hir kinde,
He wrote these wordes hir best excuse to finde.

As who should saye, lo destenies me driue,
 And hadde could not haue ouerthrowen me thus:
 I constrew this because I do beleuee,
 That once againe he wyll bee amorous,
 I fere it muche by him that dyed for vs,
 And who so doubtēs that causeles thus I faint.
 Let him but reade the greene Knights heauy plaint

Bartello he which writeth ryding tales,
 Bringes in a Knight which cladde was all in greene,
 That sighed sore amidde his greuous gales,
 And was in hold as Bartholmew hath beene.
 But (for a placke) it maye therein be seene,
 That, that same Knight which there his griefes
 begonne,

Is Batts owne Fathers Sisters brothers Sonne.

Well since my borrell braine is all to bloont.
 To giue a gesse what ende this man shall haue,
 And since he ragith not as be was wouont.
 Although sometimes he seeme (alite) to craue,
 Yet wyll I uot his doinges so depraue,
 As for to iudge (before I see his ende)
 What harder hadde his augrie starres can sende,

And therewithall my wearye muse desires,
 To take her rest: and pardon craues also,
 That shee presume to bring hir selfe in bryers,
 By penning thus this true report of wo:
 With syllye grace these sorve rimes maye go,
 In such a rancke as Bartholmew hath playd,
 So that shee feares hir cunnaig is disgrast.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,
 And wayle with mee the losse of such a man:
 I coumpt him lost because I see him bent,
 To yeld againe where first his greefe began,
 And though I cannot write as others can,
 Some mournefull verse to moue you none his fall,
 Yet weepe (with me) you faythfull louers all.

Finis. quod Dixit & Dixit.

LENUOYE.

SVR Salamanke to thee this tale is tolde,
 Peruse it well and call vnto thy minde,
 The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first behold
 The rewfull rymes: remember how the Winde
 Dyd calmeleye blowe: and made me leaue behinde,
 Some leaues thereof: whiles I sate reading styll,
 And thou then seemdst to hearken with good wyll

Beleue me nowe, hadst thou not seemd to lyke
 The wofull wordes of Bartholmews discourse,
 They should baue lyeen styll drowned in the dyke,
 Lyke Sybylls leaues which flye with lytle force,
 But for thou seemdst to take therein remorce.
 I sought againe in corners of my brest,
 To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skyll thou hast to make me (foole) beleuee.
 My bables are as braue as any bee,
 Well since it is so, let it aeuer greuee
 Thy friendly minde this worthlessse verse to see
 In print at last: for trust thou vnto mee,
 Thine onely prayse dyd make me venture forth,
 To set in shewe a thing so litle worth.

Thus vnto thee these leaues I recommend,
 To raze, to raze, to view, and to correct,
 Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend
 That is amisse, remember that our sect,
 Is sure to bee with floutes alwayes infect.

VOL. II.

And since most mockes wyll light vpon my muse,
 Vouchsafe (my friend) her faultes for to peruse.
 Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

THE FRUITES OF WARRE,

Written vpon this theame, *Dulce Bellum inexpertis*
 and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye
 tymes, as the Aucthour had vacaunt leysures
 from seruice, being begon at Delfe in Hollande,
 and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord
 Greve of Wylton as appeareth by the Epistle
 Dedicatory next following.

To the Right honorable and mise especiall good
 Lorde, the Lorde Greve of Wylton.

MY Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that
 long before tthis time your honour hath thoroughly
 perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent
 vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther,
 and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that
 you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at
 my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in
 doubt whether I were more ouerseene in my first
 deuising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But
 as fantastical humours are common imperfections
 in greene vnmellowed braines: So hope I yet that
 your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my
 weakenesse in generalitie, than reprove my rash-
 nesse in particularitie. And because I would bee
 glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulnessse
 thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall
 matter, as also for that I would haue your Honour
 perceauē that in these lyngering broyles, I doe
 not altogether passe ouer my time in ydlenesse:
 I haue therefore thought meete nowe to present
 you with this Pamphlete written by stelh at
 such times as we Loytered from seruice. And
 the sobiect thereof being warre, I could not more
 conuenientlye address the same vnto any Mar-
 shall man, then vnto your good Lordshippe: Whome
 I haue heard to be an vniuersall patrone of all
 Souldiours, and haue found to bee an exceeding
 fauourour of mee your vnworthy follower. The
 verse is roughe. And a good reason, sithence it
 treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be
 good then haue I hyt the marke which I shote at:
 Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny
 out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it
 vnto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take
 it in gree, and to perceauē that I am and euer wyll
 continew.

Your Lordships
 most bounden and assured.
 GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

To write of Warre and wote not what it is,
 Nor euer yet could march where War was made,
 May well be thought a worke begonne amis,
 A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,
 To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:
 Yet such a vaine euen nowe doth feede my Muse,
 That in this theame I must some labor vse.

¹ This dedication is omitted in the edition of 1587. C.

2 And herewithal I cannot but confesse,
Howe vnexpert I am in futes of warre:
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,
I may not boast of any cruell iarre,
Nor vaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:
I haue nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,
Ne yet in Colch, to wiue a Golden fleece.

3 But nathelesse I some what reade in writte,
(Of high exploits by Martiall men ydoue,
And therevpon I haue presumed yet,
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the
dubbe,
And bragge of Mars before they feele his clubbe.

4 Which talk to tell, let first with penne de-
clare^a
What thing warre is, and whereof it proceeds,
What be the fruites that fall vnto their share
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,
What bloudie broyles in euery state it breeds:
A weary worke vneths I shall it write,
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,
That mightie Mars is god of Warre and Strife,
Theseastronomers^b thinke, where Mars doth raigne,
That all debate and discorde must be rife,
Some thinke Belloua goddessse of that life:
So that some one, and some another iudge,
To be the cause of eucry greenous grudge.

6 Among the rest that Painter^c had some skill,
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,
A fiede of Geules, and on a Golden hill
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)
A sucking babe (oh) borne to hide myschaunce,
Begoarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer powdered all with shot,
About the which (*goullé du sang*) did twinde
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,
And in the Left a fire burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,
Haue giuen their gesse this subject to define,
Yet are those thre, and with them traouellers,
Not best bestrust among the Worthies nine,
Their wordes and workes are deemed not diuine:
But why? God kuowes (my matter not so marre,)
Vnlesse it be because they faine to farre.

9 Well then, let see what sayth the common
voice^d, [say?]
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they
Who list to harken to their whispering noise,
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,
That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:
Plentie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea piue, pine
peace,
Peace plentie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

^a à definito. ^b Poet's and Astronomers definition.

^c Painters description. ^d Common peoples
opinion.

10 And though it haue bene thought as true as
steale,
Which people prate, and preach about the rest,
Yet could I neuer any reason fele,
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,
As for my skill, I compt him but a braist,
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,
Where euery lourden will become a leech.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,
And let vs set all olde sayde sawes aside,
Let Poets lie, let Painters faine as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,
And let these Traouellers tell wondes wide:
But let vs tell by trustie proufe of truth,
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright^e,
I say that warre is euen the scourge of God,
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,
Yet not regarde the reaching of his rodde,
Whose deedes and duties often times are odde,
Who rounge at randon iesting at the iust,
As though they traignde to do euen what they
lust.

13 Whome neyther plague can pull into re-
morse,
Nor dearch can drawe to mende that is amisse,
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,
Nor right can rule to iudge what reason is,
Whome sicknesse salueth not, nor bale brings
blisse:

Yet can high loue by waste of bloudie warre,
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they
are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth
stande,
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande
To ioy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?
Who compt the quiet Burgher but anASSE,
That liues at ease contented with his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowe.

15 If Mars mooue warre, as Starcoonnors can
tel,
And Poets eke in fables vse to faine,
Or if Bellona cause menes heartes to swell
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dyadaine,
Then what delight may in that life remaine?
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischief and debate,
Do still vpholde the pillars of the State?

16 If Painters craft haue truly warre dysplayde,
Then is it woorsse (and badde it is at best)
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud
berayde,
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule opprest,
Maydes rauished, both men and wiues distrust:
Short tale to make, where sword and ciudring
flame
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre (as common people
prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,
For pryde is roote of euill in euerie state,

^e The Authors definition.

The sourse of sinne, the very feend his fee,
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the
tree,

From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie
seedes,
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breeds.

18 But if warre be (as I haue sayde before)
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people
tame,

Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let men eschapt it grieffe and not a game,
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,
When he concludes in iudgement for to stande.

19 Oh Prince⁷ be please with thine owne dia-
deme,

Confine thy countries with their common boundes,
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,
Penne vp thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy
woundes:

Claime bought by warre where title is not good,
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy blood.

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and
squires⁸,

Kepe you content with that which is your owne,
Let brauerie neuer bring you in his briers,
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede haue sowne,
Let not your neighbors house be ouerthrowne,
To make your garden straight, round, euen and
square,

For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes be-
ware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and
all⁹,

Striue not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees,
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,
Yet shoulde you leude that one halfe of your
cote:

Then Priests leaue warre, and learne to sing that
note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers,¹⁰ stoppe your too long
nose,

Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke,
Which can pretende a title to suppose,
And in your rules vplandish loutes can racke,
Till you haue brought their wealth vnto the wiacke:
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leaue this
life.

23 Oh Merchants¹¹ make more conscience in
an oth,

Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceyte,
Breake not your bankes with coine and credite
bothe,

Heape not your hordes by wilnesse of weyght,
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,
For God will scourge such guiles tenne thousand
wayes.

⁷ Prince. ⁸ Nobilitie. ⁹ Prelacie.

¹⁰ Lawyers. ¹¹ Merchants.

24 Oh countrie clowaes,¹² your closes see you
keepe,

With hedge, and ditche, and marke your meade
with meares,

Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,
Go tell a fitone in your Landlordes eares,
And say the ground is his as playne appears.
Where you but set the bounders fourth to farre:
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

25 Oh common people¹³ clayme nothing but
right,

And cease to seeke that you haue neuer lost,
Striue not for trifles: make not all your might
To put your neighbours purse to needelesse cost,
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost!
The Lawyer gaynes, and leaues a Lordly lyfe,
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte you
stryfe.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it
were,

To winne mo realmes than any witte can weelde,
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,
To see their subiects murdered in the field,
To loose at last, and then themselues to yeeld,
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward
care, [fare.]

They would loue peace, and bidde warre well to

27 If noble men and gentle bloodes yborne,
Wist what it were to haue a widdowes curse,
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrags doth
skorne)

Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,
Yet staves reuenge till he it list disburse:
Wist they what were to catch Gods after
clappes,
Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull
Popes,

Which ought to tende a lanterne to the rest,
Had they themselues but light to see the ropes,
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,
Because they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.
Bycause they couet more than borrell men,
(Harde be their hartes) yet would they tremble
thern.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both
yfeare,

Could they foresee how fast they heyres lashe out,
If they in minde this old Prouerbe could beare,
De bonis malepartis vis (through out)
Gaudebit tertius heres out of doubt,
They would percase more peace than plea pro-
cure,
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmā hopes to picke a
thāke,

By mouing boundes (which got skarce graze his
goose)

His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,
Then farewell Pierce the man proues but a mouse,
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,
So fayre he fish by mouing mischief yet,

¹² Husbandmen.

¹³ Cōmunaltie.

31 If common people could foresee the fine,
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,
Then who best loues this question, Myneor Thyne,
Would neuer grease the greedy sergeants pawe,
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,
Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,
I haue presume to preache to long G-d wote.
Where mine emprise was well to testifie
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,
I haue but toucht their yll luck and their lot,
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,
Nought haue I sayd of such as serue therein.

33 And therewithal I termed haue all strife,
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell iarres,
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,
Whereby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,
And I am entred in a field so large,
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34 But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,
And clymbes aloft for sollace of hir wing,
The greater gate she getteth vp on highe,
The truer stoppe she makes at any thing:
So shall you see my Muse by wandering,
Finde out at last the right and ready way,
And keepe it sure though earst it went astray.

35 My promise was, and I recorde it so,
To write in verse (God wot though lyttle worth)
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe
What commes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:
Who knowes none euil his minde no bad abhorth,
But such as once haue fealt the skortching fire,
Will seildome (efte) to play with flame desire.

36 Then warre is badde: and so it is in deede,
Yet are three sortes which therein take delight,
But who they be now herken and take heede,
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright,
The first high Haughtie harte, a man of might,
The second Greedy minde most men do call,
And Miser (he the mome) comes last of all.

37 As for the first¹⁴, three sparkes of mighty
moode
Desire of fame, dayne of Idlenesse,
And hope of honor, so inflame his blood,
That he haunts warre to winne but worthinesse,
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse:
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

38 O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,
So good a hart so hard a happe should haue?
A sweete perforce to fall into a sinke,
A costly iewell in a swelling waue,
Is happe as harde as if in greedy graue,
The lustiest lyfe should shryned be perforce,
Before dyre deathes gyue sentence of diuorce.

39 And such I counte the happe of Haughty
hart,
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,
Wheretreason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,

¹⁴ Haughty harts.

With many myschieues moe his purpose let,
And he meane while (which might laue spent it
bet)

But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,
Such gerdons giues the wicked warre at end.

40 I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at last,
The shortned yeares by fret of feurs foyle,
The smoothest skinne with skabbes and skarres
disgrast,

The frolicke fauour frounst and foule defast,
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the
woe,

Which womne with warre and cannot from him
goe.

41 I list not write (for it becommes me not)
The secret wrath which God doth kinde of,
To see the sucklings put vnto the pot,
To heare their gittlesse bloodes send cries aloft,
And call for vengeance vnto him, but softe
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,
Yet Kings and Captaynes answere for such factes.

42 What neede me now at large for to re-
hearse,
The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,
How realmes are turned topsie turuie downe,
How Kings and Keysars loose both clayne and
croune?

Whose haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43 All these with mo my penne shall ouerpasse,
Since Haughty harte bath fixt his fansie thus,
Let chaunce (sayeth he) be fickell as it was,
Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,
Nam omne solum viro fortis Ius,
And fie (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44 Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of
all,
A smouldring smoke which flieth with euery wiude,
A tickell treasure, like a trendlyng ball,
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.
A sommers fruite whiche long can neuer last,
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

45 And tell me Haughty harte, confesse a truth;
What man was aye so safe in Glories porte?
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)
Could vndermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,
And raze his ramparts downe in soudrie sorte?
Seache all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde
therein,
That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

46 Aske Iulius Cæsar¹⁵ if this tale be true,
The man that conquered all the world so wide,
Whose onely worde commaunded all the crue,
Of Romaine Knights at many a time and tide,
Whose pompe was thought so great it could not
gide.

At last with hodkins dubd and doust to death,
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

¹⁵ Cæsar.

47 Of malice more what should I make discourse,

Than thy foule fall proude Pompey¹⁶ by thy name,
Whose swelling barte. enuyng Cæsars force,
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,
Till thine owne head be bathed with ennies teares,
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,
Whome sickness seith hath cut as greene as
grasse? [leade?

Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as
Whose greace hath molt all cuffed as it was,
With charges giuen, with skarmouching in chasse?
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)
Some forst by fluxe all glorie vp to yeeld.

49 Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught vnware,
By sworde, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,
What neede I more examples to declare,
Then Montacute¹⁷ which died by doome deuine?
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,
From lofty towre discovering of his foes,
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)
Of bolde braue Bourbon¹⁸ somewhat for to say
That Haughty hartē whome neuer Prince could
tame, [way,

Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall fet
Nor king nor Keyser could his iorney stay:
His Epitaph downe set vpon his Tombe
Declares no lesse: I leaue it to your doome.

*Deuicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontifico obsesso, I
superata,
Roma capta, Borbonij hoc marmor habet cineres¹⁹.*

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,
Oh Epitaph of honor and high happe,
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,
Would thinke that Borbon sate in fortunes lappe,
And could not fall by chance of after clappe:
Yet he that wrote this thundring flattering verse,
Left out one thing which I must needs rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone:
Enlarged the Emprye and besieged the Pope,
Tane Rome, and Italy had ouerronne,
Yet was he first, alwayes from lawes to lope,
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:
Yea more than that a banisht man he serued,
Least loued of them whose thanks he most deserued.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,
Behold this glasse and see yourselues therein,
This Epitaph was writte for worthy ones,
For Haughty harts which honor hunt to winne.
Beware beware, what broyles you do begin.
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem daram*,
And therefore thinke *possit victoria Curam*.

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,
Or hate desire a haughty name to haue,
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,
To blase such brute as time might not depraue,
You leese the labour that you might well saue:
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,
Which (bet than warre) might make your name
to last.

55 As first (percase) you skipt Phylosophie,
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,
Then brutes of warre had neuer bruzed your breast,
Yet had our name bene blazle, and you bene blest:
Aske Aristotle²⁰ if I speake amis,
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56 Next Rethorike, that hoonnie harmeless arte
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,
You past it by, and therefore loose your parte
Of glories great, which therevnto are due,
And might by right your names for aye renue:
Such glory loe did Cicero²¹ attaine,
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

57 Of Physike speake for me king Auicenn²²,
Who more esteemde the meane to saue himselfe,
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:
Yet was his glory neuer set on shelve,
Nor neuer shal, whyles any worlde way stande,
Where men haue minde to take good bookes in
hande.

58 What shoulde I stretch into Astronomie?
Or maruels make of Musikes sugred sounde?
Or beate my braynes about Geometrie?
Or in Arithmetike of artes the gronde?
Since euermore it is and hath bene founde,
That who excels in any of the same,
Is sure to winne an euerlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,
That Haughtie hartes do spende their time in vaine,
Which followe warres, aud bring themselues in
snare,
Of sundrie ylls, and many a pinching paine,
Whiles if they list to occupie their braiue,
In other festes with lesser toile ygot,
They might haue fame when as they haue it not.

60 Well, Greedie mind²³ is of another moode,
That man was framde out of some other molde,
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,
To till his purse with grotes and elisting golde,
He hopes to buie that Haughtie harte hath solde:
He is as hote as any man at spoile,
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

61 Alas good Greedie minde, and caust thou
finde
No better trade, to fill thy boy-trous baggs?
Is witte nowe wente so wandring from thy minde?
Are all thy points so void of Reasons taggs?
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,
And lose thy time as Haughtie harte duth eke,
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre dost seke.

62 O bleareyde foole, are both thine eyes be-
blast? [mend thee,
Canst thou not see? looke vp (what man?) God
Looke at these Lawyers howe they purchase fast,
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God
send thee) [thee,
See howe the sutes of silke that they would lende
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,
Till at the last they pay for vnatrifles lande.

¹⁶ Pompey ¹⁷ Montacute Earle of Salisbury.
¹⁸ Borbon. ¹⁹ Borbons epitaph.

²⁰ Aristotle. ²¹ Cicero. ²² Auicene.
²³ Greedy minde.

63 The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neate,
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wooll,
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,
The Sheep maister his olde cast cruanes can call,
The Shoemaker can shift by shaping shooes,
The Craftie bawde can liue by keeping stewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldsmith getts the Diuel
and all,
The Haberdasher heapeth wealth by batters,
The Barber liues by handling of his ball,
The Coupers house is heeled by hooping fattes,
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rattes,
The Chanell raker liueth by his fee,
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

65 To rake vp rytches euermore by wrong,
To multiplie by mouing of myschiefe,
To liue by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,
To hoorde vp heapes whiles others lacke reliefe,
To winne all wealth by playing of the theefe,
Is not so good a gaine I dare auowe,
As his that liues by toying at the plove.

66 And yet the drudge that delueth in the
grounde,
The poorest pesant and the homeliest hinde,
The meanest man that euer yet was founde,
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,
Liues more at rest and hath more ease of minde,
More sure to winne, much lesser dread to leese,
Than any page that liues by Mars his fees.

67 Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes
Of such as seeke for welth in warre to fall,
By thundring out the sundrie sodaine sinartes
Which daily chaunce as fortune trifles the ball:
Suffiseth this to prouoe my theame withall,
That euery bullet hath a lighting place,
Though Greedie minde forseeth not that dis-
grace.

68 The myst of More would haue, doth blear
his eyes,
So is he armed with auarice alway,
And as he couets more than may suffice,
So is he blinde and dazed day by day,
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine and cram his purse
with crounes,
And therewith scape the foemens force in fieldes,
He nought foreseeth what treasons dwells in
Townes,
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yeelde:
For so may chaunce (and seene it is not seelde)
His owne companions can contriue a meane,
To cutte his throate and rins his budgets cleane.

70 But if he wist, or had the witte to knowe,
What dangers dwell, where might beares right
adowne,
What inwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe
Ey greedie thyrst of ryches or renowne,
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,
He would nerace confesse among the rest,
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71 So that I say as earst I sayde before,
That euen as Haughtie harte doth hunt in vaine,
Which seekes to winne most honor euermore,
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:
Wherefore my worde is still (I change it not)
That Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it
not.

72 Well then, let see what reason or what rule
Can Miser²⁴ moue, to march among the rest:
I meane not Miser he that steues his Mule
For lacke of meate: no that were but a iest:
My Miser is as braue (sometimes) as best,
Where if he were a snudge to spare a greate,
Then Greedie minde and he might weare one
coate.

73 But I by Miser meane the very man,
Which is enforst by chip of any chaunce,
To stepe aside and wander now and than,
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other daunce,
And in meane while yet hopeth to aduance
His staylesse state, by sworde, by speare, by
shielde,
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Misers braine doth builde.

74 The forlorne hope, which haue set vp their
rest
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to liue,
The busie braine that medleth with the best,
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to reprecue,
The man that slewe the wight that thought to
theeue,
Such and such moe which flee the Catchpols fist,
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

75 And yet forsooth these loue to line in warre,
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it
meanes,
Where if they sawe how much deceuyed they are,
Whiles they be brought into mine vuckes beanes,
And hoppe to hazarde by their headie meanes:
Then woulde they learne and loue to liue at home,
Much rather yet than wide in warres to roun.

76 The unthrif he that selles a roode of lande,
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares²⁵,
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande
By bloudie warre, and hopes to stredde such
shares,
In goods yll got to countervaille his cares,
That he may once recouer his estate,
To royst againe in spite of Catchpols pate.

77 The restlesse tong that tattleth still at large,
Till iust correction cause it to be still²⁶,
Is banisht oft, and sits in Misers barge,
To brydle so the wandring of his will:
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,
He follows fast, and to himselfe he says,
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78 The bloudie murderer and the craftie theeve²⁷,
Which haue by force or fraude done what offence,
To creeze in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,
Though Miser there do pay for their expence:
But when they heare a pay proclaime for pence,

²⁴ Miser.²⁵ Unthrifites.²⁶ Praters,²⁷ Felons.

Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,
As may discharge their heads from hangmaus
health.

79 Of these three sortes full many haue I seene,
Some hate the streates, because the stones were
hot, [our Zueene]
Some shunde the Court (and though they loude
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,
Some might not drinke of Justice Griffyns pot:
But all and some had rather fight with foes,
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

80 As for the first what neede I much to wright?
Since now adayes the Sunne so hote doth shine,
That fewe yong blouds (vnlesse it be by night)
Can byde the streates: no, narrow lanes be
fine,
Where euery shade may serue them for a shrine:
But in Cheapside the Sunne so scaldes the streete,
That euery pauing stone would parch their feste.

81 So of the seconde somewhat could I say,
Howe tattling tungs and busie byting pennes,
Haue fleide from Court long sithens many a day,
And bene full gladdes to lurke in Misers dennes,
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,
Some for their booke because they wrote too
much,
Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,
If they at barre haue once helde vp their hande,
And smelt the smoke which might haue made
them frie,
Or learnde the leape out of their natiue lande,
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scande,
That they should more delight to follow drummes,
Thau byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,
They goe so long to schole with felonie,
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,
That all delays are dalied but in vaine:
For commonly at their home come they pay,
The debt which hangmau claimee earst many a
day.

84 How much were better then, with contrite
harte
First to repent, and then to make amendes?
And therewithall to learne by troubles smarte,
What sweete repose the lawfull life vs lendes:
For when such plagues the mightie God vs sendes,
They come aswell to scourge offences past,
As eke to teache a better trade at last.

85 And eke how much were better for the first,
To beare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde auewe,
And stande content to muster with the worst,
Till God conuey them to some better crewe,
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,
Than still to striue against the streame in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed
men,
And busie medlers with their Princes mates,
Wryters and rimers with to turne their penne
In humble style vnto the loftie states,
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,

In lowly wise their fauour to beseeche,
Than still to stande in s'oute and sturdie speech.

87 But mighty Mars hath many men in store,
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whome no one doth shewe his seruice more,
Than lingring Hope which still doth beare his
cuppe,
And flatteringly lendes euery man a suppe,
Which naunts his courte or in his progresse
passe,
Hope brings the bol! whereon they all must quasse,

88 Th' ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer
all,
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights hope to be
kings,
The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall,
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous thinge,
The Merchaunts hope for no lesse reckonings,
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least,
All men are guesstes where Hope doth holde the
feast²⁸.

89 Amongst the rest poore Miser is so drie,
And thirsteth so to taste of some gool chaunge
That he in haste to Hope runnes by and by.
And drinks so deepe (although the taste be
straunge,)

That madding moode doth make his wittes to
raunge,
And he runnes on were Hope doth leade the way,
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90 So that for companie he sings the same,
Which Haughty harte and Greedy minde do sing,
He saith that Bellum breedeth grief of game:
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,
And leaues a skarrie although the wound be heald,
Which giues disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To proue this true how many in my dayes,
(And I for one) might be rehearcd here,
Who after prooue of diuers wandring wayes,
Haue bene constreind to sit with sorie cheere,
Close in a corner fumbled vp for feare?
Till fro such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld
thē forth,
To chaunge their chance for lottes (oft) little
worth.

92 But here (me thinks) I heare some carping
tong,
That barks apace and killes me with his crie,
One thinks he sayes that all this geare goeth
wrong,

When works of warre are wrotte by such as I,
Me thinke I heare him still this text applie,
That euill may those presume to teache a trade,
Which nay themselues in Schollers roome did wade,

93 And for bycansse my selfe confessed haue,
That (more than might by writte expressed be)
I may not seeme about my skill to braue,
Since yet mine eyes the warres did neuer see:
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foule is he,
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,
Which neuer yet hath come in any iarre?

²⁸ Hope is cupbearer to war.

94 No iarre (good sir) yes yes and many iarres,
For though my penne of curtesie did putte,
A difference twixt broyles and blouidie warres,
Yet haue I shot at maister Iellumsbutte,
And thrown his ball although I toucht no tutte:
I haue percease as deepeley dealt the dole,
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

95 For I haue seene full many a *Flushyng fraye*²⁹,
And fleest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?
Before the walles good sir as braue as best,
And though I marcht all armed withouten rest,
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,
Yet madde were he that would haue made me
knight.

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,
Of *Aerdenburgh*³⁰ (withouten any walles)
From all the force that could be dressed downe,
By Alba Duke for all his cries and calles,
A high employte. Wee held the Flemings thralles,
Seuen dayes and more without or bragge or
blowes,
For all that while we neuer herd of foes.

91 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*³¹,
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)
For looke as oft as euer Hell brake lose,
I meane as often as the Spanish pearres,
Made salie forth (I speake this to my pheares)
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,
Such troupes we were to keepe them vp in coate.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,
Which may be Chronicled in euery coaste,
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,
That had their heades bene rulde by warie heede,
Some other feate had bene attempted then,
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99 Since that siege raysde I romed haue about,
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to call,
Now here, now there, as fortune tride the ball,
Where good Guylam of Nassau³² badde me be,
There needed I none other guyde but he.

100 Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrimage,
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,
Becase they had no better cheere in store,
Breffe, Mutton, Capon, Plover, Pidgeons, Bore,
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours
toothe, [southe].
Were these no iarres? (speake now Sir) yes for-

101 And by my troth to speake euen as it is,
Such pranks were playde by Souldiours dayly
there,

And though my self did not therein amisse,
(As God he knowes and men can witnesse beare,)
Yet since I had a charge, I am uot cleare,
For seldome climes that Captaine to renowne,
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour
downe.

²⁹ *Flushyng frayes* and fleeing of *Flaunders*.

³⁰ *Aerdenburgh*. ³¹ *Tergoes*. ³² The Prince
of Orange his name is Guillam of Nassau.

102 Well let that passe I was in rolling trench,
At *Ramykins*³³, where little shotte was spent,
For gold and groates their matches still did
quenche,
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,
So pinde for hunger (almost teueue dayes pent)
That men could see no wricles in their faces,
Their powder packt in caues and priuie places.

103 Next that I serude by night and eke by
daie,
By Sea, by la-ide, at euery time and tide,
Against *Moundragon*³⁴ whiles be did assaie,
To lande his men along the salt sea side,
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,
And therefore sought with victuall to supplie,
Poore *Myddleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold at-
tempt,
By seelie soules best executed aye,
And brauest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,
Whiles ranke retyrers gaue their enimies ground.

105 Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,
When Mariners had little lust to fight,
And whiles we staie twixt faynte and forward
will,
Our enemies prepare themselves to fight,
They hoyste vp saile (o wearie worde to wright)
They hoyste vp saile that lacke both streame and
windes,
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome Haughty hartes do
hunte)
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire)
O golden heapes (for whom these Misers wonte
To follow Hope which settles all hartes on fire)
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107 The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the
towne, [naught],
The tide skarce good, the winde stark staring
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the
sowne) [adowne]:
They came on ground, and strike all sayles
While we (ay me) by backward saylers ledde,
Take vp the worst when all the best are fledde.

108 Such triüphs chance where such Lieuten-
ants rule,
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,
Where boldest bloudes are forced to recule,
By Simme the boteswayne when be list to frowne,
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers wear the
Crowne.

Such happes which happen in such haplesse warres,
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly
iarres.

109 And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to
wryte,)

My Colonell, and I fell at debate,
So that I left both charge and office quite,
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,
Whereby I proued (perha:) though all to late)

³³ *Ramykins*. ³⁴ A coronel of the kings side.

Howe soone they fall whiche leane to rotten
bowes, [vowes.
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens

110 My harte was high, I could not seeme to
serue,

In regiment where no good rules remayne,
Where officers and such as well deserue,
Shall be abused by euery page and swayne,
Where discipline shall he but deemed vayne,
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,
And where selfe will must stando for martiall
lawe.

111 These things (with mo) I could not seeme
to beare,

And thereupon I crackt my staffe in two,
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,
And learne to lue as priuate Souldiours do,
I lined yet, by God and lacked too:
Till at the last when *Beauois* fledde amayne,
Our campe remove to streine the lande van
*Strayne*³⁵.

112 When *Beauois*³⁶ bedde, *Moundragon* came
to towne,

And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,
But courage now was coldy come adowne,
On either side: and quietly they slept,
So that my self from *Zeland* lightly lept,
With full entent to taste our English ale,
Yet first I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

113 For though the warres waxt cold in euery
place,

And small experience was there to be seene,
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,
Although I longed much to see our *Queene*:
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,
Must take his Maisters leaue before he goe,
Unlesse he meane to make his frend his foe.

114 Then went I straight to *Delfe*³⁷, a pleasant
towne,

Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,
And vnto him I came on knees adowne,
Beseeching that his excellence in fine,
Would graunt me leaue to see this country mine:
Not that I wearie was in warres to serue,
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserue.

115 But for I found some contecke and debate,
In regiment where I was wont to rule,
And for I founde the staie of their estate,
Was forced now in townes for to recule,
I craued leaue no longer but till *Yezes*³⁸,
And promist then to come againe *Sans foyle*,
To spende my bloud where it might him auayle.

116 The noble Prince gaue graunt to my re-
quest,

And made me passeporte signed with his seale,
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,
The Prince began to ring another peale,
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)
That I would stay a day or two, to see,
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

³⁵ An Iland so called which was sore spoyled by
our countrymen.

³⁶ A coronel of the kings side whiche was gover-
nour of *Middelburgh* next before *Mouldrdragon*.

³⁷ A towne in Holland. ³⁸ Christmas.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,
With whom the Prince had many things to treat,
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,
To set accord betweene vs if he might,
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are too fewe like
thee,

If *Vertue* wake, she watcheth in thy will,
If *Justice* liue, then surely thou art hee,
If *Grace* do growe, it groweth with thee still,
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119 The simple Sottes do coumpt thee simple
too,

Whose like for witte our age hath seldome bredde,
The rayling roges mistrust thou darest not do,
As *Hector* did for whom the Grecians fledde,
Although thou yet werte neuer seene to dredde,
The slandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to
much,
When God he knowes thy custome is not such.

120 But why do I in worthlesse verse deuse,

To write his prayse that doth excell so farre?
He heard our greetes himself in gracious wise,
And mildly ment to ioyne our angry iarre,
He went to make that we beganne to marre:
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,
As by no meanes theyr malice could be swaged.

121 In this meane while the Spainiards came
so neare

That *Delfe* was girt with siege on euery side,
And though men might take shipping euery
where,
And so be gone at any time or tide,
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)
I could not leaue that Prince in such distresse,
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122 But see mishappe how craftely it creepes

Whiles fawning fortune fleareth full in face,
My heauie harte within my bellie weepes,
To reckon here a droppe of darke disgrace,
Which fell vpon my pleasant plight apace,
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to
passe,
Whiles I with Prince in loue and fauour was.

123 A worthe dame whose prayse my penna
shal write

(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)
A louing letter to me did endight,
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,
I meane from Campe where foes their force did
bende:

She sent a brief vnto me by hir mayde,
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,
And thought a man that were not for to truste³⁹,
The Burghers streight began to beare me grutche,
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust,
For when they had this letter well discust:

³⁹ The frute of fansie.

They sent it me by hir that brought it so,
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they came,
My harmeless harte began to pant apace,
Wel to be playne. I thought that neuer Dame,
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:
So that vnto the Prince I went forthwith,
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great emport,
Some frendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeporte,
The Campeomaster Valdes his hand was gutte,
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,
Unto the *Haghe*⁴⁰ a stately pleasaunt place,
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

127 And here I set in open verse to showe,
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,
Which thing to haue I many times had sought
And when she knew how much I did esteeme it
Shewewdethat none but I should thence redceme it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete flight,
I swear by Ioue that nothing els was ment,
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt,
Was practised) gaue trust to mine entent:
And leaue to write from whence the same was sent,
Yet still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

129 At every porte it was (forsooth) belast⁴¹,
That I (*di groene Hopmen*⁴²) might not go out,
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,
For all cardes toide there was no foole but I.

130 I was the foole to fight in your defence,
Which know no freende, nor yet your selues full well,
Yet thus you see how paye proclaymde for pence,
Pulles nedic soules in steade of heauen to hell,
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.
Whereas they hang in ropes that neuer rotte,
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,
To shew our truth, and yet was neuer day,
Wherein the Spanyard came to make vs play,
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,
Like Iohn Greys birde that ventred with the best⁴³.

⁴⁰ The pleasauntest village (as I thinke) that is in Europe.

⁴¹ Forbidden. ⁴² The Greene captaine.

⁴³ A prouerbe.

132 At last the Prince to Zeland came himselfe,
To hunger Middleburgh, or make it yeeld,
And I that neuer yet was set on shelf,
When any sayld, or winde, or waues could weeld,
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,
A trustee man to such a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flavnders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*,
Fryse,
Henault, *Artoys*, *Lyegeland*, and *Luxembrough*,
Were all ybent, to bryng in new supplies
To *Myddleburgh*: and little all enough,
For why the *Gaulz*⁴⁴ would neyther bend nor bough.
But one of force must breake and come to nought,
All *Walkers*⁴⁵ theirs, or *Flushing* dearily bought.

134 There once agayne I serued vpon seas,
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,
It did one day the Prince (my chiefstayne) please,
To aske me thus: Gascoigne (quoth he) you dwell
Amongst vs still: and thereby seemeth well,
That to our side you beare a faithfull harte,
For else long since we should haue seene you starte,

135 But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your side?
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be past,
Since that my charge did with my Cronell gyde:
Yet hyde I here, and meane to be with last:
And for full prooffe that this is not a blast
Of glorious talke: I craue some fisher boate,
To shew my force among this furious fluate.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will,
Equippt a Hoye⁴⁶ and set hir vnder sayle,
Wherein I serued according to my skill,
My minde was such, my cunning could not quayle,
Withouten bragge of those that did assayle
The foemens flecte which came in good aray,
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

137 Three dayes wee fought, as long as water serued,
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,
The Prince himselfe to see who best deserued,
Stoode every day attending on the peere,
And might behold what barke went foremost there:
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

138 At last our foes had tidings ouer lande,
That nere to *Bergh*⁴⁷ their fellowes went to wrack,
On *Scheld*⁴⁸ they mette by *Ryner*: wael a bande
Of *Edelbloets*⁴⁹, who put their force abacke,
*Lewes de Boyzolt*⁵⁰ did put them there to sacke,
And lost an eye, because he would resemble
*Don Iuliane*⁵¹, whome (there) he made to tremble.

⁴⁴ Protestants. ⁴⁵ The land wherein Flushing doth stand.

⁴⁶ Rigged vp and fully furnished. ⁴⁷ A Towne.

⁴⁸ A River. ⁴⁹ Lusty gallants. ⁵⁰ The admiral of flushing. ⁵¹ Iulian de Romero.

139 When this was knowne *Sancio de Auila*⁵⁴,
Who had the charge of those that fought with vs,
Went vp the *Hont*⁵⁵ and tooke the ready way,
To *Anwerpe* towne: leauing in daunger thus,
Before *Myddelburgh* which now wart dolorous,
To see all hope of succour shrinke away, [day.
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a

140 And when *Moultaragon* might no more
endure,
He came to talke and reudred all at last,
With whome I was within the Cittie sure,
Before he went, and on his promise past,
Such trust I had to thinke bis fayth was fast:
I diinde, and sapt, and laye withiu the towne,
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141 Thus *Middleburgh*, *Arnew*, and all the rest,
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,
Wuo gaue to me bycause I was so prest,
At such a pinche, and on a dismall day,
Three hundreth gilderns good aboute my pay.
And bad me bide till his abilitie,
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, these *Gilderns* pleasd me
well,
And much the more bycause they came vncreudt,
Though not vnneedd as my fortune fell,
But yet thereby my credite still was soued,
My skores were payde, and with the best braued,
Till (lu) at last, an English newe relief,
Came ouer seas, and *Chester* was their chief.

143 Of these the Priuce perswaded me to
take,
A band in charge with Coronels consent,
At whose requests I there did vndertake,
To make mine ensigne once againe full bent,
And sooth to say, it was my full content,
To loose the saddle or the horse to winne,
Such haplesse hope the Priuce had brought me in.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it
well,
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe⁵⁵,
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell,
Some bope for gaine and venture many a clappe,
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.
Hupe leades the way our lodging to prepare,
Where high mishap (ofte) keeps an lue of care.

145 I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,
I hoapt in dedde for to be one of those [passe,
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should
I hoapt for gayues and founde great losse alas:
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146 In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but new begonne)
With others moe I was ordcynde to be,
And farre before the worke were half way done,
Our foes set forth our sorie seale to see,
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,
They came before the courtine rayسد were,
One onely foote aboute the trenches there.

147 What should we do, foure ensignes lately
prest,
Fiuo hundreth men were all the bu'ke we bare,
Our enimies three thousand at the least,
And somuch more they might alwayes prepare:
Bnt that most was, the truth for to declare,
We had no store of pouder, nor of pence,
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here some may say that we were much to
blame,
Which would presume in such a place to hyde,
And not foresee (how euer went the game)
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to prouide:
Who so do say haue reason on their side,
Yet proues it still (though ours may be the blot)
That warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

149 For had our forte bene fully fortified,
Two thousand men had bene but few enied,
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,
We could not see by any reason how,
The Prince could send vs any succour now,
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,
And had no power to shew his force in field.

150 Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudring tubbes yput,
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meauē (what would you
more:)
To get such geare if once we should be shut.
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,
Must haue his fill of victualles once a day,
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To sense ourselues, and Coronell withall,
We did foretell the Priuce of all these needes,
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,
And badde vs trust as truely as our credes,
That all good worles should be performd with
deedes,
And that before our foes could come so neare,
He would both send vs men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea *Robyn Hoode*, our foes came downe
apace,
And first they chargde another Forte likewise,
Alphen I meane, which was a stronger place,
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise,
Fiuo other bandes of English Fanteries⁵⁵,
Were therein set for to defend the same,
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

153 This Forte fro ours was distant ten good
miles,
I meane such myles as English measure makes,
Betweene vs both stode *Leyden* towne therewithales,
Which euerie day with fayre wordes vndertakes,
To feele vs fat and cramme vs vp with cakes,
It made vs bope it would supplie our neede,
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in dede.

154 But when it came vnto the very pinche,
Leyden farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterue,
I like him well that promiseth an inclie,
And payes an ell, but what may he deserue
That flatters much and can no fayth obserue⁵
And old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make foules
fayne,
Which prouerbe true we proued to our payne.

⁵⁴ The castellane of Anwerp. ⁵⁵ A river.

⁵⁴ Hope is the herbenger of mishappe.

⁵⁵ Footemen.

155 A conference among our selues we cald,
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?
Their aunswere was: it is no bidyng here.
So that perforce we must from thence be gone,
Unlessse we went to keepe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,
Before all streights were stopt and taken vp,
We might (perhaps) our enimies preuent,
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe,
At *Moesland Shays*, wee hoped for to suppe,
A place whereas we might good seruice do,
To keepe them out which tooke it after too.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,
From *Alphen* came, and told vs heavy newes,
Captaynes (quod he) hereof you may be bolde,
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,
Can scape aliur, they haue no choyse to chuse:
They sent me thus to bidde you shifte in time,
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spanish lime.

158 Thus tale once tolde none other speerch
preuaylde,
But packe and trudge, al leysure was to long,
To mende the marte, or watche (which neuer
Descried our foes which marched all along, [faylde])
And towards vs began in hast to throng,
So that before our laste could passe the porte,
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once and did performe it too,
To bide therein as long as any would,
What bootet that? or what could Captaynes doo,
When common sorte would tarie for no gould?
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,
To keepe the badde in ranks and good araye,
But labour lost to bold that will away.

160 It needelcsse were to tell what deedes were done,
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,
Nor in retreat what chief was last away,
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:
And euery Captayne straued to do his best,
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre three English miles we trodde,
With to face foes and shot as thicke as hayle,
Of whose choyse men full fiftie soules and odde,
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:
Our foes themselues confest they bought full deere,
The hate pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:
In fine they did forsake vs euery way,
And badde vs shifte to saue ourselues apace,
For vnto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163 They neither gaue vs meate to feede vpon,
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickar, toole nor spade,
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,

For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be made:
Yea more than this, wee stooode in open field,
Without defense from shotte our selues to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was past,
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spanish Which stroke a marche about vs round to cast,
And fourth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bite their thōmes:
For well they wist it was no boote to fie,
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165 So that we sent a drumme to sumonne talke,
And came to *Parlee* middle way betweenc,
Monsieur de Laques, and *Mario* did walke,
From foemens side, and from our side were seene,
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:
And Captayne *Sheffield* borne of noble race,
To matche de *Liques*, which there was chief in place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stooode vpon our toes,
With great demaundes whome little might con- We craned not onely freedome from our foes,
But shipping eke with sayles and all full bent,
To come againe from whence we first were went:
I meane to come, into our English coast,
Which soyle was sure, and might content vs most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that whereras,
Thou comest to craue, and doubtst for to obtayne,
Iniquum pete (then) *et equum feras*,
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,
To proue what profite we thereby might gaye:
But at the last when time was stolen away,
We were full gladd to play another play.

168 We rendred then with safetie for our liues,
Our Ensignes playd, and manying our armes,
With farder fayth, that from all kinde of giues,
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:
And sooth to say, these were no false allarres,
For why? they were within twelue dayes dis- charged,
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned In pryson pent, but yet right gently vsed, {still,
To take our liues, it was not *Liques* will,
(That noble blood, which neuer man abused,)
Nor euer yet was for his faith accused,
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,
Which leut me comfirt in my dolefull dayes.

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,
But wherevpon that God he knowes not I,
Yet if I might be bolde to giue a gesse,
Then would I say it was for to espie,
What ransome we would pay contentedly:
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,
In England here, and for what men ydcinde.

171 Now so it were, at last we were dispatcht,
And home we came as children come from schoole,
As gladd, as fishe which were but lately catcht,
And straight againe were cast into the poole:

For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,
Which would not rather poorely liue at large,
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now haue I tolde a tedious tale in rime,
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well vsed,
And promise kept according to contract,
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,
No rigour shewed, nor louely dealing lackt:
I must confesse that we were neuer rackt,
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by
chance,
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)
No man on earth his honour might aduance,
To render better (if he once were thrall)
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater
speede,
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,
Than vsed was to them at all assayes?
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their
wayes,
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,
All tane in warres, are seldome vsed so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captiue
dayes)
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,
To haue all things, at euery iust request,
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,
To haue his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and more I must confesse we had,
God saue (say I) our noble Queene therfore,
Hinc ille lachrimæ, there lays the padde,
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,
For trust me true, they coueted full sore,
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their
friends,
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybrought,
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is nought,
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:
Beloue me now, me thinks I dare be bolde,
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,
We might soone sell, all freendship found in
Spaine.

179 Well these are woordes and farre beyōd
my reach,
Yet by the way receyue them well in worth,
And by the way, let neuer *Liques* appeach
My rayling penne, for though me minde abhorrb,
All Spanish pranks: yet must I thunder forth

His worthy prayse, who held his fayth vstayned,
And euermore to vs a freend remayued.

180 Why sayed I then, that warre is full of
woes?
Or sowre of taste, to them that know it best?
Who so demaundes, I will my minde diselosse,
And then iudge you the burdens of my brest:
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him
blest,
That medleth least with warres in any wise,
But quiet liues, and all debate delies.

181 For though we did with truth and honour
Yet yeelding is alwayes a great disgrace, [yeeld,
And though we made a braue retyre in field,
Yet who retyres, doth alwayes yeeld his place:
And though we neuer did our selues embase,
But were alwayes at Barons table fedde,
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182 I leaue to tell what losse we did sustaine,
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,
Or wasted well at home by priuie stelh:
Small losse hath he which all his liuing selth,
To saue his life, when other helpe is none,
Cast vp the saddle when the horse is gone.

183 But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine
The Spanish peeres vs Captaines had infect,
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common sorte,
Thought priuy pay had made vs leaue our forte.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely *Liques*
except,
And good *Verdugo*¹⁶) thought we were too well,
And that we were but playde with in respect,
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,
And bad hang vp or drowne vs euerychone,
These bones we had alway to byte vpon.

185 This saue we had vnto our costly fare,
And euery day we threatned were in dedde,
So that on both sides we must byde the care,
And be mistrust of euery wicked dedde,
And be reuilde, and must our selues yet feede
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,
That selfe same Hope whiche tyed vs there so fast.

186 To make vp all, our owne men playde their
parte,
And rang a peale to make vs more mystrust,
For when they should away from vs departe,
And saue vs byde, they thought we stayed for lust,
And sent them so in secrete to be trust: [solde
They thought and sayde, thus haue our Captaines
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187 Yea, when they were to England safely
brought,
Yet talkte they still euen as they did before:
For slaundrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,
With mickell paye will change their wicked lore:
It hath bene proued full many dayes of yore,
That he which once in slander takes delight,
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

¹⁶ ▲ coronell of the kings side.

188 Straunge tale to tell, we that had set them free,
And set ourselues on sandes for their expence,
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,
When they were safe, we that were their defence,
With armes, with cost, with dedees, with eloquence:
We that saued such, as knew not where to flie,
Were now by them accusde of trecherie.

189 These fruits (I say) in wicked warres I
foude, [would,
Which make me wryte much more than else I
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,
Shall neuer make me blame it though I could,
Since death doth dwell on eurrie kinde of mould:
And who in warre hath caught a fatal clappe,
Might chaunce at home to haue no better happe.

190 So losse of goodes shall neuer trouble me,
Since God which giues can take when pleaeth him,
But losse of fame or slandred so to be,
That makes my wittes to breake about their
bimme,
And frettes my harte, and lames me eury limme:
For Noble minds their honour more esteeme,
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191 And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge
do growe,
Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,
Such enuie boyles, such falshood fire doth blowe,
That Bountie burnes, and truth is called thief,
And good desertes are brought into such brief,
That Slander snuffe which swears the matter out,
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of Haughty harte,
Or Greedy minde, or Miser in decay,
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,
I may confesse that Bellum euery way,
Is Sweete: but how? (beare well my woordes
Forsooth, to such as neuer did it trie, [away]
This is iny Theame I cannot change it I.

PERORATIO.

193 O noble Queenes⁵⁷, whose high foresight
prouides,
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not
destroie,
But pleasaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,
In eury coast, to driue out darke anye,
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardones moy*,
That I presume in worthlesse verse to warne,
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to descerne.

194 Your skilfull minde (O Quene without
compare)
Can sooue conceyue that cause constraines me so,
Since wicked warres haue bredde such cruell carc,
In Flaunders, Fraunce, in Spaine and many mo,
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:
Whiles you (meane while) enjoy the frutes of
peace,
Still praising God, whose bounties neuer cease.

193 If you (my liege) vouchsafe in gracious wise,
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,
Then care I not what other kings deuse,
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,
And say that I their bloudie dedees abuse:

⁵⁷ Prince.

Your onely grace my soueraigne Lady be,
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

196 And youmy Lordes⁵⁸ to whome Idneties owe,
And beare such loue as best becommeth me,
First Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,
To honour armes: and worthy Warwyke he,
In whose good grace I coust sore to be:
Then Leyster next, (Sussex not set behinde)
And worthy Essex men of noble minde.

197 Yong Oxenford as toward as the best,
Noithumberland, and Ormount woorthy prayse,
Lyncolne, Kildare, and Worster with the rest
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy daye
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:
With others mo to many to recite,
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198 Of Wilton Grey (to whome these rimes I
With all the Barons bold of English soyle, (wrote)
I humbly craue that it may be forgotte,
Although my Maze haue seemde to keepe a coyle
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:
I ment not you since, by your derdes appeares,
You rule with right, like wise and worthy pears.

199 Right reuerend, of Canterbury chiefe,
London, and Lincoln, Bishoppes by your name⁵⁹,
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great reliefe,
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,
In pastors place: with whome I were too blame,
If Neuynsone my maister were not plaste,
Since by his helpe I learning first embraste.

200 Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment
not you,
Whereas I spake of pride in Prelacie,
But let it bide euen there where first it grew,
Till God vouchsafe to quench hipocrisie,
Which by pretence to punish heresie, [breake,
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201 You gemmes of Justice, chiefe of eithr
bench⁶⁰,
And he that keeps hir Maiesties great seale,
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pitties quench
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,
When miserie, to mercy must appeale,
And Sergeant Louclace, many wayes my friend,
As I haue found (yet let me there not end,)

203 But hold my tale to Ruge and all the rest
Of good Grayes Inne, where honest Yelurton,
And I *Per se* sometimes yfeere did rest,
When amitie first in our breasts begonne,
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Seas,
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displease,

203 For well wot you, our master Christ him-
selfe,
Which had but twelue Apostles in his trayne,
Had Iudas yet, which solde for worldly pelfe
Our Sauour: this text is true and playne:
And when so many Lawyers do remayne,
There may be some although that you be none,
Which breede debate and loue to cast a bone.

⁵⁸ Nobilitie.⁵⁹ Prelacie.⁶⁰ Lawyers.

204 In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,
 Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,
 Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,
 Nor worthy Powle, nor Cordell by the way,
 Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,
 That other once did lende me such aduise,
 As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

205 He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,
 And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)
 That harde it is a noble name to finde,
 In such attempts as then in seruice past:
 Beleue me now I founde his wordes no blast,
 Wherfore I pray both him and his compeere,
 To beare with that which I haue written heere.

206 And as for Merchants⁶¹, though I finde the
 most
 Hard harted men and compting cunningly,
 Yet Albany shall thinke I do not boast
 In rayling wise: for sure his curtesie,
 Constrynges me now to prayse him worthely.
 And gentlie Rowe with Luntlye⁶¹ make me say, [may,
 That mauy Merchaunts beare euen what they

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but this,
 In all estates some one may treade awrye,
 And he that list my verses to discusse,
 Shall see I ment no more, but modestly
 To warne the wise, that they such faults doe flee
 As put downe peace by couisie or debate,
 Since warre aud strife bryng wo to euery state.
 Finis.

L'ENVOIE.

Go little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,
 For so meant hee which sought to set thee forth,
 And when thou comest where Soldiers seeme to
 wend,

Submit thy selfe as writte but little woorth:
 Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,
 To speake so plaine of Haughtie hartes in place,
 And say that he which wrote thee coude haue tolde
 Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:
 He coude haue writte Dan Dudleyes noble deedes,
 Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,
 Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,
 Which treade his tracks, and come not farre be-
 hinde.

He might haue sung of Grey the woorthie prayse,
 Whose ofspring holdes the honor of his sire:
 He coude declare what Wallop was alwayes,
 What Awdelic seemde, what Randell did require.
 He coude say what deserets Drewrie he,
 In Reade, in Bryckwell, and a meany moe:
 But bashfulnesse did make him blush, least he
 Should but eclipse their fames by singing so.
 Sufficeth this, that still he honors those
 Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,
 And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes
 To rayne good golde, without respecte of fame.
 And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse
 Do driue their dayes, till drummes do draw them
 out,

He counpts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,
 But euen the same: for sure withouten doubt,

⁶¹ Merchaunts.

If drummes once sounde a lustie march in deede,
 Then farewell booke, for he will trudge with
 speede.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.
 corrected, perfected, and finished.

Who soeuer is desirous to reade this proposition
 made at large and cunningly handled, let him but
 peruse the Prouerbe or adage it self in the first
 Centurian of the fourth *Chyllyade* of that famous
 Clarke *Erasmus Roterodamus*: the whiche is there
 also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis*.]

HEARBES.

THE FRUTE OF RECONCILIATION.

WRITTEN VPPON A RECONCILIATION BETWEENE
 TWO FREENDES.

THE hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,
 Cruell reuenge of wronges forepast and done,
 May not (with ease) the pleasaunt pathway finde,
 Of friendly verue which I haue now begone,
 Unlesse at first his angry brest vntwinde,
 The crooked knot which cauckred choller knit,
 And then recite with reconciled grace.
 Likewise I finde it sayde in holy write,
 If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,
 To God about: make thyne agreement yet,
 First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,
 Confesse thy faultes, thy frowardnesse and all,
 So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.
 When I consider this, and then the brall,
 Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)
 Did whilome breede in mine vnmellowed brayne,
 I thought it meete before I did assay,
 To write in ryme the double golden gayne,
 Of amitie: first yet to take away
 The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constrayne.
 By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,
 And drowne for aye in depth of Lethes lake.
 Disdaynefull moodes whom frendship cannot
 weelde:

Pleading for peace which for my parte I make
 Of former strife, and henceforth let vs write
 The pleasant fruites of faythfull friends delight.

Si fortunatus infelix.

Two gentlemen did run three courses at the Ring
 for one kisse to be takē of a fair gentlewoman
 being then present, with this condicion, that the
 winner should haue the kisse, and the loser be
 bound to write some verses vpon the gaine or
 losse therof. Now it fortunēd that the winner
 triumphed, saying, he much lamented that in
 youth he had not seen the warres. Wherevpon
 the loser compyled these following, in discharge
 of the condition aboue rehersed.

THIS vaine auaille which thou by Mars hast woonne,
 Should not allure thy fitting minde to foelde,
 Where sturdie steeds in depth of dangers rooune,
 By guttes wel gnawen by clappes that Canons
 yeelde.

Where faithlesse friends by warrefare waxen ware,
 And runne to him that giueth best rewarde:
 No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,
 But robbe and reauce, and steale without regarde,
 The fathers coate, the brothers steede from stall:
 The deare friends purse shall picked be for pence,
 The natue soile, the parentes left and all,
 With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.
 But wheu bare beggie bids them to beware,
 And late repentance rules them to retire,
 Like hieuellesse Beers thy wander here and there,
 And hang on them who (earst) did dreade their ire.
 This cut throte life (me seemes) thou shouldst not
 like,

And shunne the happie hauen of meane estate:
 High loue (perdy) may sende what thou doest
 seeke,

And heape vp poundes within thy quiet gate.
 Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spende thy dayes
 In idleness to teare a golden time: [praise,
 Like country loutes, which compt none other
 But grease a sheepe, and learne to serue the swine.
 In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,
 If Pan so presse to passe dame Pallas lore:
 But my good friende, let thus thy youth be spent,
 Serue God thy Lord, and prayse him euermore.
 Search out the skill which learned bookes do teach,
 And serue in feild when shadowes make thee sure:
 Hold with the head, and row not past thy reach.
 But plead for peace which plenty may procure.
 And (for my life) if thou canst run this race,
 Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.

Si fortunatus infelix.

Not long after writing hereof: he departed from
 the company of his sayd friend (whom he en-
 tirely loued) into the west of Englande, and feel-
 ing himselfe so consumed by womens craft that
 he doubted of a safe returne: wrote before his
 departure as followeth.

THE feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath sponne,
 To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,
 Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is
 donue,

The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see
 That lingring life doth dally but in vaine,
 For *Atropos* will cut the twist in twaine.

I not discern what life but lothsome were,
 When faithfull friends are kept in wayne by want:
 Nor yet perceiue what pleasure doth appeere,
 To deepe desires where good successe is skant.
 Such spight yet showes dame fortune (if she
 frowne),
 The baughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle infriendly mindes,
 Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:
 Slipper the knot which tract of time vntwynds,
 Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.
 Blest were the day which might deuoure such
 youth, [trueth,
 And curst the want that seekes to choke such

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,
 And would my life might end with these my lines:
 Yer striue I not to force into thine eares,
 Such fayned plaints as fickell faith resignes.

But high foresight in dreames hath stopt my breath,
 And cause the Swanne to sing before his death.

For lo these naked walles do well declare,
 My latest leaue of thee I taken haue:
 And vnknown coastes which I must seeke with
 Do well diuine that there shalbe my graue: [care
 There shall my death make many for to mone,
 Scarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bowne of thee (as last request) I craue,
 When true report shall sounde my death with
 Vouchsafe yet then to go vnto my graue, [fame:
 And there first write my byrth and then my name:
 And how my life was shortned many yeares,
 By womens wyles as to the world appears.

And in reward of graunt to this request,
 Permit O God my toung these wordes to tell:
 (When as his pen shall write vpon my chest)
 With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend fare-
 No care on earth did seeme so much to me, [well:
 As when my corps was forst to part from thee.

Si fortunatus infelix.

He wrote to the same friend from Excester, this
 Sonet following.

A HUNDRETH sonnes (in course but not in kind)
 Can witness well that I possess no ioye:
 The feare of death which fretteth in my mind
 Consumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.
 And for ethe sonne a thousand broken sleepes
 Deuide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:
 The youngest sister sharpe hir sheare she keeps,
 To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.
 Yet let such daies, such thousand restless nights,
 Spit forth their spite, let fates eke shoue their
 force:

Deathes daunting dart where so his buffet lights,
 Shall shape no change within my friendly corse:
 But dead or liue, in heauen, in earth, in hell
 I wilbe thine where so my carkase dwell.

Si fortunatus infelix.

He wrote to the same friend from Founteine belle
 eaü in Fraunce, this Sonnet in commendation
 of the said house of Fountaine bel'eaü.

Nor stately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did liue,
 Could now comparo *Founteine bel'eaü* to passe:
 Nor *Syrian* towers, whose loftie steppes did striue,
 To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was.
 For outward shew the ports are of such price,
 As skorne the cost which Cesar spilt in Roome:
 Such works within as stayne the rare deuse,
 Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.
 Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the Romayne pooles,
 Puddle to this where Christall melts in streames,
 The pleasaut place where *Muses* kept their
 schooles,

(Not parcht with *Pharbe*, nor banisht from his
 beames)

Yield to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor
 smell,

Which may be thought these gardens to excell.

Si fortunatus infelix.

He wrote vnto a Skotish Dame whom he chose for
his Mistresse in the French Court, as followeth.

LADY receyue, receiue in gracious wise,
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lines:
Too base an obiect for your heauenly eyes,
For he that writes his freedome (lo) resignes
Into your handes: and freely yeelds as thrall
His sturdy necke (carst subiect to no yoke)
But bendinz now, and headlong prest to fall,
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.
Since then miue eyes (which skorned our English)
dames

In forrayne courtes haue chosen you for fayre,
Let be this verse true token of my flames,
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.
Onely I craue (as I will change for new)
That you vouchsafe to thinke your seruauant trew.

Si fortunatus infelix.

A SONET

WRITTEN IN PRAVSE OF THE BROWNE BEAUTIE,
COMPILED FOR THE LOUE OF MISTRESSE E. P.
AS FOLOWETH.

THE thistles thred which pampred beauty spinnes,
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes:
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,
In worthlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.
The garments gay, the glittering golden gite,
The tusing talk which flows from *Pallas* pooles:
The painted pale, the (too much) redmade white,
Are smiling baytes to fishe for louing fooles.
But lo, when ead in toothlesse mouth appeares,
And hoary beares in steede of beauties blaze:
Then had I wist, both teach repenting yeares,
The tickle track of craftie *Cupid*s maze.
Twixt faire and foule therefore, twixt great and
A louely nutbrowne face is best of all. [small,
Si fortunatus infelix.

NOW TO BEGIN WITH ANOTHER MAN, TAKE
THESE VERSES WRITTEN TO BE SENT WITH A
RYNG, WHEREIN WERE ENGRAUED A PAR-
TRICH IN A MERLINES FOOTE.

THE Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,
Who feeldes hir force suppress with fearfulness,
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir
boote,
To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures
To die my feathers like the dustie ground? [skill,
Or what preuayles to lend me wings at will
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
Since from the earth the dogges me draue performe,
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my corse.

If change of colours, could not me conuey,
Yet mought my wings haue scapt the dogges des-
And if my wings did tayle to flie away, [spite:
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlines might.
But nature made the Merline mee to kill,
And me to yeeld vnto the Merlines will.

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My lot is like (deere Dame) beleue me well,
The quiet life which I full closely kept,
Was not content in happie state to dwell,
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept.
Desire thy dogge did spring me vp in hast, [fast.
Thou wert the Hauke, whose tallents caught me

What should I then, seeke means to flie away?
Or striue by force, to breake out of thy feete?
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
To striue with thee ywis, it were not meete.
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent
me,
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me.

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,
Hir happie hest I gladly shall embrace:
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
I stand content to take my grieffe for grace:
And seale it vp within my secreat hart,
Which seale receiue, as token of my smart.

Sprata tamen viuunt.

A LOUING LADY BEING WOUNDED IN THE SPRING
TIME, AND NOW GALDED EFTSONES WITH THE
REMEMBRANCE OF THE SPRING, DOTHTHER-
FORE THUS BEWAYLE.

THIS tenth of March when *Aries* receyue'd
Dame *Phœbus* rayes, into his horned beay:
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyue'd,
That *Ver* approacht, and frostie winter fled.
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:
Whereat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,
I left my Boate, and vp on land I went:
Till at the last by lasting paine I found,
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)
I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,
With scalding sighes, she vttered all hir mone,
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:
Hir towring head, full lowe on hand she layed,
On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady sayed.

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasaunt greene,
Will now renew, his sommers liuery,
The fragrant flowers, which haue not long bene
Will flourish now, (ere long) in brauery: [seene,
The tender budde, whom colde hath long kept in,
Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning minde,
The grafes of grief, are onely giuen to growe,
Cannot enioy the spring which others finde,
But still my will, must wither all in woe:
The cold of care, so sippes my ioyes at boote,
No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver*, which whilome might exchange
My grieffe to ioy, and then my ioyes encrease,
Springs now else where, and shewes to me but
strange,
My winters woe, therefore can neuer cease:
In other coasts, his sunne full cleare doth shine,
And comforts lands to enry mould but mine.

M M

What plant can spring, that feeles no force of
Verf
 What floure can flourish, where no sunne doth shine?
 These Bales (quod she) within my breast I beare,
 To breake my barke, and make my pith to pine:
 Neeedes must I fall, I fade both roote and rinde,
 My branches bowe at blast of eu'ry winde.

This sayed: shee cast a glance and spied my
 face,
 By sight whereof, Lord how she chaunged hew?
 So that for shame, I turned backe apace
 And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:
 And as I could hir wofull wordes reherse,
 I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,
 And feele the winter, of such frozen wills:
 Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,
 To send his sunne, aboue the highest hills:
 And so to shyne, vpon hir fading sprays,
 Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.
Sprata tamen viuunt.

AN ABSENT DAME THUS COMPLAINETH.

Much like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is
 pent, [deepe lament.
 So sing I now, not notes of ioye, but layes of
 And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Par-
 trich spring,
 Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beats
 hir bating wing:
 So strue I now to shewe, my feeble forward will,
 Although I know my labour lost, to hop against
 the Hill. [my hart,
 The dropes of darke disdayne, did neuer drench
 For well I know I am belou'd, if that might ease
 my smart.
 Ne yet the priuy coales, of glowing iellosie,
 Could euer kindle needlesse feare, within my
 fantasie.
 The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,
 Nor choyce of change doth moue my moue, nor
 force me thus to faint. [rest,
 Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the
 And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the gilt-
 lesse brest.
 Which is if any bee, most like the panges of death,
 That present grief now gripeth me, and striues to
 stop my breath.
 When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in
 hart embrace,
 And absent yet are fauie to playne, for lacke of
 time and place: [is sowed,
 Then may I compt their loue, like seede that soone
 Yet lacking dropes of heauely dew, with weedes
 is ouergrowe.
 The Greyhound is agreu'd, although he see his
 game,
 If stil in slippe he must be staydc, when he would
 chase the same.
 So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belou'd
 Of one the best, in eche respect, that euer yet was
 prou'd.
 But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,
 The dulcet fruites of my delight, therefore in woes
 I wast.

And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,
 Since others reape the gaineful crop, which I with
 pain did sow. [voyce,
 Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallows
 And beare with hir vnpleasant tunes, which can-
 not wel reioyce.
 Had I or lucke in loue, or lease of libertie,
 Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so
 cleere my throte would be.
 But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong
 well, [absence dwell.
 No hart feeles so much hurt, as that, which doth in
Sprata tamen viuunt.

Now I must desire you with patieñce to hearken
 vnto the works of another writer, who though he
 may not compare with the rest passed, yet such
 things as he wrote vpon sundrie occasions, I
 will reliearse, beginning with this

PRAYSE OF A COUNTESSE.

DESIRE of Fame would force my feeble skill,
 To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:
 But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,
 And quencht the coales which kindled in hir hart.
 Thus am I ploug'd twene dread and deepe desire,
 To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd
 To further forth some fine inuention:
 My bashfull spirits be full ill afrayd
 To purchase payne by my presumption.
 Such malice reignes (sometimes) in heauenly
 To punish him that prayseth as he finds. [minds,
 For *Pallas* first, whose filed flowing skill, [write,
 Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to
 With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,
 To dashe deuse as oft as I endite.
 For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,
Pallas should loose the prayses of hir owne.

Aud bloudy *Mars* by chaunge of his delight
 Hath made *Ioues* daughter now mine enemie:
 In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,
 That *Venus* pines for burning ielousie:
 She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,
 For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phabus* stands in
 dread,
 And shames to shine within our Horizon:
 Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,
 For feare to loose by like comparison:
 Lo thus shee liues, and laughs them all to skorne,
 Countesse on earth, in heauen a Goddess borne.

And I sometimes hir seruauant, now hir friend,
 Whom heauen and earth for hir (thus) hate and
 blame:
 Hauie yit presumed in friendly wise to spend,
 This ragged verse, in honor of hir name:
 A simple gift compared by the skill,
 Yet what may seeme so deere as such good will.
Meritum petere, graus.

¹ In the edition of 1587 this introduction is
 omitted. C.

THE LOUER DECLARETH HIS AFFECTION, TOGETHER WITH THE CAUSE THEREOF.

WHEN first I thee beheld in colours black and white, [stil:
Thy face in forme wel framde with fauor blooming
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief
delight, [skill:
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude
deuise,
I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of
grace, [mind:
Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,
Least willing hart might thiuke, it ment to com-
behind: [vse,
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetres
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my ductie to
excuse.

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish darke
disdayne, [chief:
Be sure they come from one that loueth thee in
And guerdon me thy friend in like with loue
agayne,
So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:
For prooffe wherof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee
my hart.

Meritum petere, graue.

A LADY BEING BOTH WRONGED BY FALSE SUSPECT, AND ALSO WOUNDED BY THE DURANCE OF HER HUSBAND, DOTI THUS BEWRAY HER GRIEF.

GIVE me my Lute in bed now as I lie,
And lock the doores of mine vnluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournfull verse discric
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,
Bears witness yet what rest thy Lady takes,
When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when Cupide kindled fire,
And warnd my will with flames of feruent loue:
To further forth the fruite of my desire,
My freends deuise this meane for my behoue.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fausie for to blind:
Short tale to make: the deede was almost donne,
Before I knew which way the worke begonue.

And with this lot I did my selfe content,
I lent a liking to my parents choyse:
With hand and hart I gaue my free consent,
And hung in hope for euer to reioyce.
I liu'd and lou'd long time in greater ioy,
Than shée which held king Priamus sonne of Troy:
But three lewd lots haue chang'd my heauen to hell
And those be these, giue eare and marke them well.

First slaunders he, which alwayes beareth hate,
To happy harts in heauenly state that bide:
Can play his part to stirre vp some debate,
Wherby suspect into my choysc might glide.

And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.
Thus by these twain long was I plungd in paine,
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,
(Sound loud my Lute, and tel it out my tongue)
The hardest hap that euer might befall,
The onely cause wherfore this song is song,
Is this alas: my loue, my Lord, my Row,
My chosen pleare, my gemme, and all my ioye,
Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight.
Wherby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie wall-s, in strong and stately towers,
(With troubled minde in solitary sorte,)
My louely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,
A weary life deuoyde of all disport.
And I poore soule must lie here all alone,
To tyre my trueth, and wound my will with mone:
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,
With winters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now haue you heard the summe of all my grief,
Wherof to tell my hart (oh) recks in twayne:
Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,
And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.
My sortes are such, that waying well my trueth,
They might prouoke the crazy rocks to rueth,
And moue these walles with tearcs for to laumeit,
The lothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones vpon this bed of downe:
Thou hast discharged some burden from my brest,
Wherfore take thou my place, here lie thee
downe.

And let me walke to trye my restlesse minde,
Until I may entreate some curteous winde
To blow these wordes vnto my noble make,
That he may see I sorow for his sake.

Meritum petere, graue.

A RIDDLE.

A LADY once did aske of me,
This prestatie thing in priuitie:
Good sir (quod she) faine would I craue,
One thing which you your selfe not haue:
Nor neuer had yet in times past,
Nor neuer shall while life doth last.
And if you seeke to find it out,
You loose your labour out of doubt:
Yet if you loue me as you say,
Then giue it me, for sure you may.

Meritum petere, graue.

THE SHIELD OF LOUE, &c.

L'ESCU D'AMOUR, the shield of perfect loue,
The shield of loue, the force of stedfast faith,
The force of faith which neuer will remoue,
But standeth fast, to bide the broonts of death:
That trustie targe, hath long borne off the blowes,
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me
throwes.

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,
And wound my will with many a weary thought:
I plead far peace, yet sterue in stormes of strife,
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.
These panges with mo, vnto my paine I proue,
Yet beare I all vpon my shield of loue.

In colder cares are my conceits consumd,
Than *Dido* felt when false *Aeneas* fled:
In farre more heat, than trusty *Troilus* fumde,
When craftie *Cressyde* dwelt with *Diomed*:
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.

So that I liue, and die in one degree,
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:
Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,
Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:
Reuiu'd by ioyes, when hope doth most abound,
And yet with grief, in depth of dolors drown'd.

In these assaults I feele my feebled force
Begins to faint, thus weied still in woes:
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,
Hold vp this Buckler to beare of these blowes:
So that I craue, or presence for relief,
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

LENUOIE.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I
make,
Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:
Then shew your selfe, and for your seruauents sake,
Make hast post hast, to helpe a faithfull harte:
Mine owne poore shield hath me defeuded long,
Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.
Meritum petere, graue.

COUNCELL TO DUGLASSE DIUE

Written vpon this occasion. She had a booke
wherein she had collected sundry good ditties
of diuers mens doings, in which booke she
would needes entreate the auctor to write some
verses. And therevpon he wrote as followeth.

To binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smell-
ing floures,
May make the posie seeme the worse, and yet the
fault is ours:

For throw away the thorne, and marke what will
ensue? [freshe of hew.
The posie then will shew it selfe, sweete, faire, and
A puttocke set on pearch, fast by a falcons side,
Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath
often tride.

And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
As iust reward to recompence my rash attempts
withall. [write,
Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall
Thou canst commaund my wery muse some verses
to endite. [verse,
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned
Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like
reherse.

What folloves then for me? but if I must needes
write, [kight,
To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie

And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degree,
May serue sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans
commoditie.

The kight can weede the worme, from corne and
costly seedes,

The kight can kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant
meads the breeds: [filth,
Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cleanse the
As mē can cōse the worthless weedes, frō fruteful
fallowd tilth.

And onely set aside the heunes poore progenie,
I cannot see who can accuse the kight for felonie.
The falcon, she must feede on partritch, and on
quayle,

On pigeon, plouer, ducke and drake, hearne, lap-
wing, teale, and raile, [fare,
Hir hungrie throte deuours both foode and deintie
Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that fie,
Nor yet presume to bouer by mount Hellycon¹ on
hie)

I frendly yet presume, vpon my frends request,
In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it
douty for the best. [kinde,

And Douty Douglass thou, that art of falcons
Giue willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his
words in minde. [euermore,

Serue thou first God thy Lord, and prayse him
Obey thy Prince and loue thy make, by bim set
greatest store,

Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,
Thy frends vse alwaies faithfully, for so commands
the lawe.

Thy seemely selfe at last, thou shalt likewise
regard, [reward:
And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as
That looke how farre deserts, may seeme in thee
to shine, [peach or crime,

So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without em-
For this I dare auow, without selfe loue (alight)
It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly
wight. [farre,

But if in such selfe loue, thou seeme to wade so
As fall to foule presumption, and iudge thy selfe a
starre,

Beware betimes and thinke in our Etymologie²,
Such faults are plainly called pryde, and in french
*Surcuydrye*³,

Lo thus can I pore kight, aduenture for to teach
The falcon fie, and yet forewarne, she row not
past hir reach.

Thus can I weede the worme, which seeketh to
deouere [thee euery houre.
The seeds of vertue, which might grow within
Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would ouer-
throw [blowe,

The good foundation of thy fame, with euery litle
And thus can I conuey, out of thy comely brest,
The sluttish heapes of peeuish pride, which might
defile the rest.

Perchance some falcons fie, which will not greatly
grutch, [loue to mutch,
To learne thee first to loue thy selfe, and then to
But I am none of those, I list not so to range,
I haue mas meate enough at home, what need I
the seeke change.

¹ The Hill where poetes fayne that the Muses
sleep.

² A true exposition,

³ Querweening.

I am no peacocke I: my feathers be not gay,
And though they were, I see my feete such fonde
affectes to stay,

I list not set to sale a thing so litle worth,
I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to
set it forth. [to floue,

Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commaundst
Thou chaunce to fall on construing, whereby some
doubtes may grow,

Yet grant this onely boone, peruse it twice or
thrice, [deuise.

Digest it well ere thou condemne the depth of my
Aud vse it like the nut, first cracke the outward
shell, [thee well.

Then trie the kinnell by the tast, and it may please
Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,
They cut them off, then cast them out, in open
streets to lie.

Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,
The goonshot of calamitie hath battered all my
braynes. [no marke,

And though this verse scape out, take thou therat
It is but like a hedlesse fle, that tumbleth in the
darke.

It was thine owne request, remember so it was,
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence
it to passe

Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,
Full like a kight which not deserues by falcons to
be plast: [to serue,

And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme
To stād with such sweete smelling floures, like
praises to deserue.

Yet take this harmelesse thorne, to picke thy teeth
withall, [be but small.

A tooth picke serues some vse perdie, although it
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and
cleane,

Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to
thee hath bene.

Euer or Neuer.

**COUNCELL GIUEN TO MASTER BAR-
THOLMEW WITHIPOLL A LITTLE
BEFORE HIS LATTER JOURNEY TO
GEANE. 1572.**

MINE owne good Bat, before thou hoÿse vp saile,
To make a furrowe in the foming seas,
Content thy selfe to heare for thine auaille,
Such harmelesse words, as ought thee not displease.
First in thy journey, iape not ouer much,
What? laughest thou Batte, because I write so
plaine?

Beleeue me now it is a friendly touch,
To vse fewe words where friendship doth remaine.
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,
Both in thy flesh, and fancie too sometime,
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.
But shall I say, to giue thee graue aduise?
(Which in my head is (God he knowes full)
geazon)?

Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.
First euery day, beseech thy God on knee,
So to direct thy staggering steppes alway,
That he which euery secrette thought doth see
May holde thee in, when thou wouldst goe astray:

And that he deigne to sende thee safe retourne,
And quicke dispatche of that which is thy due:
Lette this (my Batte) be bothe thy prime and
Wherin also commend to Nostre Dieu, [houre,
Thy good Companion and my verie friend,
To whom I shoulde (but time would not permitte)
Haue taken paine some ragged ryme to sende
In trustie token, that I not forget
His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,
I promysde it, and now I meane to pay:
What was I saying? sirra, will you see
How soone my wittes were wandering astraye?
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,
Yet sure the musike is in heavenly state,
When frends sing so, and know not bow to fayne.
The nexte to GOD, thy Prince haue still in mynde
Thy countreys honor, and the common wealth:
And flee from them¹, which fled with euery wynde
From natie soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth:
Theyr traynesaue trustlesse, tending still to treason,
Theyr smoothed tongues are lyned all with guyle,
Their power slender, scarcely woorth the two peason,
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle:
Eschue them then, and when thou seest them, say,
Da, da, sir K, I may not come at you,
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,
And woulde you haue me trust you now for true?
Remembre Batte the foolish blink eyed boye
Which was at Rome, thou knowest whome I meane²,
Remember eke the preatie beardless toye,
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to Geane,
Doe so againe: (God shielde thou shouldest haue
neede,)

But rather so, than to forswear thy selfe:
A loyall hearte, (beleeue this as thy Creede)
Is euermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.
And for one leason, take this more of mee,
There are three Ps almost in euery place,
From whiche I counsell thee alwayes to flee,
And take good hede of them in any case,
The first is poysoun, perillous in deede
To such as traauyle with a heaueie pursse:
And thou my Batte beware, for thou hast neede,
Thy pursse is lynde with paper, which is thourse:
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,
Be hayte to sette Italian hands on worke?
Yes by my faye, and neuer worse than nowe,
When euery knaue hath leysure for to lurke,
And knoweth thou comnest for the shelles of
Christe:

Beware therefore where euer that thou go,
It may fall out that thou shalt be entiste
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,
And haue a *Fico* foysted in the dishe,
Bycause thou shouldest digeste thy meate the
better:

Be ware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,
Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with such a Letter.
Some may present thee with a pounce or twaine
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy linnen white:
Beware therefore, and thinke it were small gayne,
To saue thy shirte, and cast thy skinne off quite:
Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,
And stuffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,
Or in thy stirrops haue a toye so tyde,
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full:

¹ There are to many of them in euery countrey.

² Misterie.

Beware therefore, and beare a noble porte,
 Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:
 Lette none outlandishe Taylour take disporte
 To stuffe thy doublet full of such Bumbaste,
 As it may cast thee in vnkindely sweate,
 And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,
 Straungers ure syne in many a propre feate:
 Beware therefore, the seconde P. is Pryde,
 More perillous than was the first by farre,
 For that infects but bloud and leaues the bones,
 This poysons all, and mindes of men doth marre,
 It findeth nookes to creepe in for the noses:
 First: from the minde it makes the heart to swell,
 From thence the flesh is pained euery parte,
 The skinne is curld in Dyers shoppes to dwell,
 The haire is curld or frised vp by arte:
 Beleue mee Batte, our Countrymen of late
 Hauē caughte such knackes abroad in forayne
 laude,

That most men call them Deuils incarnate,
 So singular in theyr conceits they staude:
 Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe
 Come home disguysde and cladde in queynt araye,
 As with a piketoothe byting on your lippe,
 Your braue Mustachyos turnde the Turkey waye,
 A Coptanck hadde uade on a Fleemish blocke,
 A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,
 A slender sloppe close couched to your docke.
 A curuld slipper, and a shorte silke hose:
 Bearing your Rapier pointe aboute the hille,
 And looking bigge like Marquise of all Beele,
 Then shall I compte your toyle and trauayle
 spite,

Bycause my seconde P, with you is cheefe.
 But forwarde nowe, although I stayde a while,
 My hindmost P, is worse than bothe these two,
 For it both bones and bodie doth defile,
 With fouler blots than bothe those other doo.
 Shorte tale to make, this P, can beare no blockes,
 (God shielde me Batte, should beare it in his
 breast)

And with a dashe it spelleth piles and pockes
 A prulous P, and woorse than bothe the reste:
 Now though I finde no cause for to suspect
 My Batte in this, bycause he hath bene tryde,
 Yet since such Spanish buttons can infect
 Kings, Emprours, Princes and the world so wide.
 And since those sunnes do mellowe men so fast
 As most that trauayle come home very ripe
 Although (by sweate) they learne to liue and
 last

When they haue daunced after Gaydoes pype:
 Therefore I thought it meete to warne my frende
 Of this foule P, and so an ende of Ps.
 Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,
 And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.
 See thou exceede not in three double Vs,
 Te first is Wine, which may enflame thy bloud,
 The second Women, such as haunte the stewes,
 The thirde is Wilfulness, which dooth no good.
 These three eschue, or temper them alwayes:
 So shall my Batte prolong his youthfull yeeres,
 And see long George againe, with happie dayes,
 Who if he bee as faithfull to his feeses,
 As hee was wonte, will dayly pray for Batte,
 And for Pencoyde: and if it fall out so,
 That lames a Parrye doo but make good that,
 Which he hath sayde: and if he bee (no, no)

3 Sir William Morgan of Pencoyde.

The best companion that long George cau finde,
 Then at the Spawe I promise for to bee
 In Auguste nexte, if God turne not my minde,
 Where as I would bee glad thy selfe to see:
 Till then farewell, and thus I ende my song,
 Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong.
Haud retus sapio.

GASCOIGNES WOODMANSHIP

Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occa-
 sion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst
 many other good qualities) in chusing of his
 winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe,
 did furnishe the Aucthor with a crossebowe *cum
 pertinacis* and vouchsaued to vse his company
 in the said exercise, calling him one of his wood-
 men. Now the Aucthor shooting very often,
 could neuer hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes
 he let the heard passe by as though he had not
 seene thē. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke
 some pastime, and had often put him in re-
 membrance of his good skill in choosing, and
 readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought
 good thus to excuse it in verse.

My woorthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,
 To see your woodman shoote so ofte awrie,
 Nor that he stands amazed like a sot,
 And lets the harmlesse deare (vnhurt) go by.
 Or if he strike a Doe which is but carren,
 Laugh not good Lord, but faouere such a fault,
 Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,
 But though his harte be good, his happe is naught:
 And therefore now I craue your Lordships leaue,
 To tell you plaine what is the cause of this:
 First if it please your honour to perceyue,
 What makes your woodman shoote so ofte amisse,
 Beleue me L. the case is nothing strange,
 He shootes awrie almost at euery marke,
 His eyes haue bene so used for to raunge,
 That now God knowes they be both dimme and
 darke.

For prooffe he beares the note of follie now,
 Who shotte sometimes to hit Philosophie,
 And aske you why? forsooth I make auow,
 Bicause his wanton wittes went all awrie.
 Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe,
 And spent sometime with learned Littleton,
 Yet in the end, he proued but a dawe,
 For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.
 Then could he wish Fitzharbert such a braine,
 As Tully had, to write the lawe by arte,
 So that with pleasure, or with little paine,
 He might perhaps, haue caught a trewants parte.
 But all to late, he most mislikte the thing,
 Which most might helpe to guide his arrow
 streight:

He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,
 Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.
 From thence he shotte to catch a courtly grace,
 And thought euen there to wield the world at
 But out alas he much mistooke the place, [will,
 And shot awrie at euery rouer still.
 The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,
 Unfethered there his first affection,
 No wonder then although he shot awrie,
 Wanting the feathers of discretion.

Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,
 He much mistooke and shot the wronger way,
 Thinking the purse of prodigalitye,
 Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.
 He thought the flattering face which feareth still,
 Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,
 And that such wordes as courtiers vse at will,
 Could not haue varied from the veritie.
 But when his bonet buttend with gold,
 His comelie cape regarded all with gay,
 His bambast hose, with linings manifold,
 His knit silke stocks and all his queint aray,
 Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,
 Which might haue paide for his promotion,
 Then (all to late) he found that light expence,
 Had quite quencht out the courts deuotion.
 So that since then the tast of miserie,
 Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit,
 And why? forsooth because he shot awrie,
 Mistaking still the markes which others hit.
 But now behold what marke the man doth find,
 He shootes to be a souldier in his age,
 Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde,
 He trusts the power of his personage.
 As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,
 Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,
 But Flushing fraikes haue taught him such a parte,
 That that now he thinks the warres yeeld on such
 gaine.

And sure I feare, vnlesse your lordship deigne,
 To traine him yet into some better trade,
 It will be long before he hit the veine,
 Whereby he may a richer man be made.
 He cannot climbe as other catchers can.
 To leade a charge before himselfe be led,
 He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,
 Which is content to feede him with his bread,
 He cannot pinch the painefull souldiers pay,
 And sheare him out his share in ragged sheetes,
 He cannot stoupe to take a greedy pray
 Upon his fellows groueling in the streets.
 He cannot pull the spoyle from such as pill,
 And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,
 Although the gayne content his greedie will,
 Under the cloake of contrarie pretence:
 And now adayes, the man that shootes not so,
 May shoote amisse, euen as your Woodman
 dothe:

But then you maruell why I lette them go,
 And neuer shoote, but saye farewell forsooth:
 Alas my Lord, while I doe muze hereon,
 And call to minde my youthfull yeares mysvente,
 They giue mee suche a boane to gnawe vpon,
 That all my senses are in silence pente.
 My minde is rapte in contemplation,
 Wherein my dazeled eyes onely beholde,
 The blacke houre of my constellation,
 Which framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:
 Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,
 That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,
 For thus I thinke, not all the world (I guesse,)
 Shootes bet^t than I, nay some shootes not so well.
 In Aristotle somewhat did I learne,
 To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,
 And Tullie taught me somewhat to discerne
 Betweene sweete speche and barbarous rudenesse.
 Olde Parkyns, Rastall, and Dan Bractens kookes,
 Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,
 The craftie Courtiers with their guylefull lookes,
 Must needes put some experience in my mawe:

4 Better.

Yet can not these with many maystries mo,
 Make me shoote streyght at any gaynfull pricke,
 Where some that neuer handled such a bow,
 Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,
 Who can nor speake, nor write in pleasant wise,
 Nor leade their life by Aristoties rule,
 Nor argue well on questions that arise,
 Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Mairs mule,
 Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,
 And winne the meane which may the man main-
 teyne.

Now when my minde doth mumble vpon this,
 No wonder then although I pine for payne:
 And whiles mine eyes beholde this mirroure thus,
 The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
 So that your Lordship quickly may discusse
 What blindes mine eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)
 But since my Muse can to my Lorde reherse
 What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoote,
 Let me imagine in this woorthlesse verse,
 If right before mee, at my standings foote
 There stooled a Doe, and I should strike hir
 deade,

And then shee proue a carrian carkas too,
 What figure might I finde within my head,
 To scuse the rage which rulde mee so to doo?
 Some myght interprete by playne paraphrase,
 That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chauce,
 But I must otherwise expounde the case,
 I say Iehoua did this Doe aduaunce,
 And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,
 Till I had thrust mine arrowe to hir harte,
 That by the sodaine of hir ouerthrowe,
 I myght endeouour to amende my parte,
 And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,
 Such guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:
 And though they glister outwardly like golde,
 Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:
 And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,
 Me thinks it sayth, olde babe now learne to sucke,
 Who in thy youth couldst neuer learne the feate
 To hitte the whytes whiche liue with all good
 lucke.

Thus haue I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in sea-
 A tedious tale in rime, but little reason. [son]
Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOIGNES GARDNINGS,

WHEREOF WERE WRITTEN IN ONE END OF A
 CLOSE WALKE WHICHE HE HATH IN HIS
 GARDEN, THIS DISCOURSE FOLLOWING.

THE figure of this world I can compare,
 To Garden plots, ani such like pleasaut places,
 The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,
 As hearbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:
 Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
 Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,
 Subiect like bloome, to blast of euery wiud.

And as you see the floures most fresh of heu,
 That they proue not alwayes the bulesomest,
 So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:
 But euen as withred weedes fall from the rest,
 So flatterers fall naked from their neast:
 When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,
 They loose their glosse, and all their iests seeme
 stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,
Till beames of brauerie wither all their welth,
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their
helth.

Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth,
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here
May be resembled to the tender plant, [leade,
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle broede,
Florish in May, like youtbes that wisdom want,
In Autumne ripen and rootes, least store waxe
skante

In winter shrinks and shrowdes cuery blast,
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,
Was fatte or leane, euen so by it appeares,
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,
It fadeth faste, it fits to fumbling yeares,
But if he gathered roote amongst his feceres,
And light on lande that was well muckte in deede,
Then standes it still, or leaues increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrie wayes (God wot)
Some faynt lyke froathe at euery little puffe,
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serue
the pot,

And some be weeded from the finer stuffe,
Some stande by propes to maynteyne all their
ruffe:

And thus (vnder correction bee it tolde)
Hath Gascoigne gathered in his Garden molde.

Haud ictus sapio.

In that other ende of his sayde close walke, were
written these toyen in ryme.

If any floure that here is growne,
Or any herbe may ease your payne,
Take and accompte it as your owne,
But recompence the lyke agayne:
For some and some is honest playe,
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,
Why come, and welcome when you will:
If I hidde you suppe here this night,
Bidde me an other time, and still
Thinke some and some is honest p'aye,
For so my wife taught me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,
If you walke here, or sitte at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And haue the same your minde to please,
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
And so my wife taught me to saye.

Haud ictus sapio.

In a chayre in the same Garden was written this
followyng.

If thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden
place,
Think thus: at last will come a frost, and all these
floures dcface:

But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,
Remember death brings final rest to all our
greeuous groves.

So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,
Thinke still vpon the latter day, so shalt thou God
best please.

Haud ictus sapio.

Vpon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had
written the yeare wherein he did the coste of
these deuises, and therewithall this posie in
Latine.

QUONIAM etiam humiliatos, amœna
delectant.

GASCOIGNE'S VOYAGE INTO HOLLANDE.

An. 1572.

WRITTEN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORDE GREY OF WILTON¹.

A STRAUNGE conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,
Twixt wale and woe, twixte ioy and bitter griefe,
Hath prick'd forth my hastie penne to write
This woorthlesse verse in hazarde of reepee:
And to mine *Alberleues*² Lorde I must endite
A wofull case, a cliippe of sorie chauce,
A tipe of heauen, a liuely haw of hell,
A feare to fall, a hope of high aduance,
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell,
But since I know the pith of my pastauce
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,
Vouchsafe my Lord (*en bon gré*³) for to take
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,
To shew my Lord what heatresse hadde ensworth,
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,
And raunge vntide in leas of libertie,
Or when bare neede a starting bole hath spide
To peepe abroad from mother Miserie,
And buideth Castels in the Welkin wide,
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth
know)

Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,
Can saue or spill, rayse vp or ouerthrowe,
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the payne appease.

¹ "There is an old kinde of Rithme called Ver-
layes, derived (as I haue redde) of this word Verd,
which betokeneth Greene, and Laye which be-
tokeneth a Song, as if you would say Greene
Songs: but I must tell you by the way, that I
neuer redde any verse which I saw by auctoritie
called Verlay, but one, and that was a long dis-
course in verses of tenne syllables, whereof the
four first did ryme across, and the fifth did an-
swere to the first and thirde, breaking off there,
and so going on to another termination. Of this
I could shewe example of imitation in mine own
verses written to the right honorable the Lord
Grey of Wilton, &c."

Gascoigne's "Certain Notes of Instruction con-
cerning the making of verse or rhyme in English."
C.

² Best beloued.

³ In good worth.

Which thing to proue if so my I. take time,
 (When greater cares his head shall not possesse)
 To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,
 I doubt not then but that he will confesse,
 What fallies I found when last I leapt to clime.
 In March it was, that cannot I forget,
 In this last March vpon the nineteenth day,
 When from Grauesend in boate I gan to iette
 To borde our shippe in Quinborough that lay,
 From whence the very twentieth day we set
 Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fome,
 And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:
 That day and night amid the waues we rone
 To seeke the coast of Holland where it floode.
 And on the next when we were farre from home,
 And neare the hauen whereto we sought to sayle,
 A fearely chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke)
 My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)
 Gan vs besall: the Pylot gan to shriuke,
 And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.
 Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate
 Gan aske the cause of his so soleyne change.
 And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,
 (The sounding plumbe) in baste poste hast must
 raunge,
 To trye the depth and goodnesse of our gate.
 Mee thinks (euen yet) I heare his heauie voyce,
 Fadome thre⁴, foure, foote more, foote lesse, that
 cride:
 Me thinks I heare the fearefull whispring noyse,
 Of such as sayde full softly (me beside)
 God graunte: this iourney cause vs to reioyce,
 When I poore soule, which close in caban laye,
 And there had reacht till gaule was welbeare burst
 With giddie head, my stumbling stesps must stay
 To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.
 And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,
 The sownder sings, fadame two full no more.
 Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,
 The Stearesmate striues to sende vs from the shore,
 And trustes the streame, whereof wee earst had
 doubt,
 Twenee two extreeme thus were we tossed sore,
 And went to Hull⁵, vntill we leyzure had
 To talke at large, and eke to know the cause
 What moode had made our Pylot looke so sad.
 At last the Dutche with butterbitten iawes,
 (For so he was a Dutche, a Deuill, a swaddle,
 A foole, a drunke, or a traytour tone)
 Gan answer thus: *Ghy zint te oerogh⁶* here come,
Tis niet goet tit⁷ and standing all alone,
 Can preache to vs, which fooles were all and some
 To trust him foole, in whom there skill was none.
 Or what knew wee if Albaes subtil brayne
 (So to prevent our enterprys by treason)
 Had him subornde to tice vs to this trayne
 And so him selfe (*per Companie* and season)
 For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.
 This must we thinke that Alba⁸ would not spare
 To giue out gold for such a sinfull deede:
 And glistring gold can oftentimes enshare,
 More perfect wits than Holland soyle doth breede.
 But let that passe, and let vs now compare
 Our owne fond fact with this his foule offence.
 We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,
 Nor if he had Pylots experience,

Or Pylats craft, to cleare him selfe from crime.
 Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)
 We had small snacke of any tale he tolde,
 He powrde out Dutch to drowne vs all in drinke,
 And we (wise men) vpon his words were bolde,
 To runne on head: but let me now bethinke
 The masters speech: and let me so vnfold
 The depth of all this foolish ouersight.
 The master spake euen like a skilfull man,
 And sayle I sayle the Seas both day and night,
 I know the tides as well as other can,
 From pole to pole I can the courses plight:
 I know France, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Daüsk
 and all,

Frize, Flaunders, Holland, euery coast I know,
 But truth to tell, it seldom doth befall,
 That English merchants euer bend their bowe
 To shoote at Breyll, where now our flight should
 fall,

They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.
 So that this hauen is yet (quoth he) vnkouth⁹,
 And God graunt now that England may attayne
 Such gaines by Breyll, (a gospell on that mouth)
 As is desired: thus spake the master playne.
 And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,
 How could I well a bettr Pylot fynde,
 Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,
 And knew the way where euer sat the wyude?
 While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,
 And we to Hull (as earst I sayd) gan wend,
 Till full two houres and somewhat more were past,
 Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad vs bend
 All sayles againe: for now quod he (at last)
The tit is goet, dat heb ick weell bekend¹⁰.

Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale?
 We trust his Dutch, and vp the foresayle goes,
 We fall on knees amynd the happy gale,
 (Which by Gods will full kynd, and calmly
 blowes)

And vato him we there vnfolde our bale,
 Whereon to thinke I wryte and weepe for ioye,
 That pleasant song the hundreth and seuenth
 Psalme,

There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,
 Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as
 balme,

Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye.
 And when he had with prayers prayd the Lord,
 Our *Edeil Bloets¹¹*, gan fall to eate and drinke,
 And for their sauce, at takyng vp the borde
 The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)
 Against the ground. Then all with one accord
 We fell againe on knees to pray apace,
 And therewithall euen at the second blowe,
 (The number cannot from my minde outpace)
 Our helme strake of, and we must flecte and flowe,
 Where winde and waues would guide vs by their
 grace.

The winde waxt calme as I haue sayde before.
 (O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)
 The selly shippe was sowst and smitten sore,
 With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.
 At last the keele which might endure no more,
 Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in:
 Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,
 Then might you heare loude cries aud deadly
 Well noble minds in perils best appeare, [diinne:
 And boldest harts in bale will neuer blinnie.

⁴ Fadom and a half, three ho.

⁵ When all sayles are takē downe.

⁶ You be to soone.

⁷ It is not good tide.

⁸ The Duke.

⁹ Vnkown. ¹⁰ It is good tide that know I well.

¹¹ Lusty gallants.

For there were some (of whome I will not say
That I was one) which neuer changed hew,
But pumpt apace, and labord euery way
To saue themselves, and all their louely crew,
Which cast the best freight ouerboorde away,
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.
Which halde and pulde at euery helping corde,
Which prayed to God and made their conscience
straight.

As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,
My words were these: O God in heauen on height,
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,
Let no fault past (O Lord) offende thy sight,
But weye my will which now those faults doth
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight. [Ithe,
Euen thou good God which of thy grace didst saye
That for one good, thou wouldst all Sodome saue,
Behold vs all: thy shyniug beames displaye,
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engraue,
To be chaste vessels vnto thee alwaye,
And so to liue in honour of thy name:
Beleue me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.

But there were some (alas the more their blame)
Which in the pompe their onely comfort layde,
And trusted that to turne our griefe to game.
Alas (quod I) our pompe good God must be,
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,
To saue the chiefe and leaue the rest in dust.

Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)
All hast post hast, was made to haue it done:
And vp it commes in hast much more than speede.
There did I see a wofull worke begonne, [bleede,
Which now (euen now) doth make my hart to
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,
Before it was about the hatches brought.
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall
make

To find their death before the same be sought,
Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do
take, [crusht out,

Both drown'd and slayne with braynes for hast
At last the boat halfe freighted in the aire
Is hoyst alofte, and on the seas downe set,
When I that yet in God could not despair,
Still plide the pompe, and patiently did let
All such take boate as thither made repaire.
And herewithall I safely may protest
I might haue wonne the boate as wel as one,
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest
I should percase euen with the first haue gone.
But when I saw the boate was ouer prest
And pested full with moe than it might beare,
And therewithall with cherefull looke might see
My chiefe companions¹² whome I held most deare
(Whose companie had thither trained me)
Abiding still aboarde our shippe yfcare:
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will will be done,
For with my feeres I will both liue and dye.
And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon
The waue so wrought, that thry (which thought to
flee

And so to scape) with waues were ouerronne.
Lo how he strues in vaine that strues with God
For there we lost the floure of the band,
And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,
The Sea sucks vp, whils we on batches stand
In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

¹² Yorke and Herle.

Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like anASSE,
When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,
And turnd about and brought vs eft to Seas.
Theu cryed we all, cast out the ancor booke,
And here let byde such helpe as god may please:
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
And cut it off, for feare least therevpon
Our shippe should bowge, then calide we fast for
fire,

And so dischargd our great gunnes euerychone,
To warne the towae thereby of our desire:
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
At last a Hoy from Sea came fling fast,
And towards vs helde course as straight as lynce.
Then might you see our hands to heauen vp cast
To render thanks vnto the power deuine,
That so vouchsafte to saue vs yet at last:
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our
barke,

And might perceiue what peryll we were in,
It turnd away and left vs still in carke¹³,
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)
It lefte vs there in dreade and daungers darke.
It lefte vs so, and that within the sight
And hearing both of all the peare at Breyll.
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there euen still,
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,
For whom we came their state for to defende,
For whom we came as friends to grieue their foes,
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
One helping boate for to asswaze our woes:
They sawe our harmes the which they would not
mend,

And had not bene that God euen then did rayse
Some instruments to succor vs at neede,
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)
Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did
force

The drunken dutch, the cankred churles to come,
And so at last (not moued by remorse,
But forst by feare) they sent vs succor some:
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
They sent vs succor saust with sowre despite,
They saued our liues and spoylde vs of the rest,
They stole our goods by day and eke by night,
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
Our Pylot fled, but how? not emptie handed:
He fled from vs, and with him did coueuey
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were
landed)

With ponder, shotte, and all our best araye:
This skill he had, for all he set vs sanded.
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
Was this a Pylot, or a Pilate iudge?
Or rather was he not of Iudas kynde:
Which left vs thus and close away could trudge?
Well, at the Breyll to tell you what we finde,
The Governour was all bedewed with drinke,
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,
And we must shift, and of our selues must thinke

¹³ Care.

What meane was best, and how we best might
keepe

That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of ioye,
We gaue God thanks: and as we might, did learne
What might be founde in euery pynte¹⁴ and hoye.
And thus my Lord, your honour may deserue
Our perils past, and how in our auoye
God saued me (your Lordshippes bound for euer)
Whc else should not be able now to tell,
The state wherein this country doth perseuer,
Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.
(So did they earst and so they will do euer)
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde
Me thinks they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,
Whose hartes their Butter mollieth by kinde,
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde:
So that they march bumbast with buttred beere,
Like soppes of browesse puffed vp with froth,
Where inwardly they be but hollowe geere.
As weake as winde, which with one puffe vp goeth:
And yet they bragge, and thinke they haue uo
Bicause Harlem hath hitherto helde out, [peere,
Although in deed (as they haue suffred Spayne)
The ende thereof euen now doth rest in doubt.
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine [out,
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,
And when them selues for drunk can scarcely
stande,

Yet sucke out secretes (as they selues do thinke)
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,
(I name no man, for that were brode before)
Will (as meu say) enure the same sometime,
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more:
Well, drunkenness is here good companie,
And therewithall *per consequens* it fallies
That whordome is accompted illittie:
A gentle state, where two suche Tennisballles
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,
How God and Mammon here do dwell yfeare,
And how the Masse is cloked vnder veale
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
Before a man in streates like mother B,
Untill they come wheras there dwels a Ho,
(Receyue that halfe, and let the rest go free)
There can they poynt with linger as they passe,
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,
To strike the bergaine twecne a wanton lasse,
And *Edel bloets*: nowe is not this good pelfe?
As for the young Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,
And chaste fursooth, *met v*: and *anders nigl*:
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,
I may no verse of such a theame endite,
Yong Rowlande Yorke may tell it bet than I:
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,
That though I haue (my selfe) no skill at all,
To take the countenance of a Colonel,
Had I a good Lieutenant general,
As good Iohn Zuche whereuer that he dwel,

¹⁴ A Small bote.

Or else Ned Denny (faire mought him befall)
I coulde haue brought a noble regiment
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my country soyle:
But farewell they as things impertinent,
Let them (for me) go dwell with master Moyle,
Who hath beight to place them well in Kent.
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,
To come alone vnto my louely Lorde,
And vnto him (when riming sporte is spent)
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,
Of Hollandes state, the which I will present,
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Modells made,
If God of heauen my purpose not preuent.
And in meane while although my wits do wade
In ranging rime, and fling some follie forth,
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.

Haud ictus sapio.

WEEDS.

THE FRUITE OF FETTERS:

WITH THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT,
AND HIS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

GREAT be the greefes which bruze the boldest
brests,

And al to seeelde we see such burdens borne,
For cruell care (which reacheth quiet rest)
Hath oitentimes the woorthiest willes froworne,
And layed such weight vpon a noble harte,
That wit and will haue both giuen place to smarte.

For prooffe wherof I tel this woful tale,
(Giue care that list, I force no frolicke mindes)
But such as can abide to heare of bale,
And rather rue the rage which Fansie findes,
Than scorne the pangs which may procure their
paine,
Let them giue eare vnto these rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in prison pent,
Wherin the flour of my consuming yeares,
With secret grief my reason doth torment,
And frets it self (perhaps) with needless feares:
For whyles I strue against the streame too fast,
My forces faile, and I must downe at last.

The hastie Vine for sample might me serue,
Which climbs too high about the loftie tree,
But when the twist his tender iointes doth carue,
Then fades he fast, that sought full fresh to bee:
He fades and faintes before his fellowes faile,
Which lay full lowe, and neuer hoyst vp saile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole consume,
Allas, the nightes which witness well my woe,
O wrongful world which makst my fansie fume,
Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,
Out and alas, so frowarde is my chauce,
No dayes nor nightes, nor wordes can me ad-
uaunce.

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Loue
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,
Entising dames my patience still did proue,
And blardec mine eyes, till I became so blinde

That seing not what furie brought mee fourth,
I followed most (alwayes) that least was worth.

In middle yeares, the reache of Reasons reine
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,
Nor naked neede no sooner gan constreine
My rash decay to breake my sleepes by skill,
But streight therewith hope set my heart on flame,
To winne againe both wealth and woorthy name.

And thence procedes my most consuming
griefe,
For whyles the hope of mine vnyolden harte
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe, [marte:
Came crabbed Chance and marrde my merry
Yea, not content with one fowle ouerthrowe,
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,
Wherein I dwell, not free, nor fully thrall,
Where guilefull loue in double doubt remains,
Nor honie sweet, nor bitter yet as gall.
For eury day a patterne I beholde [colde.
Of scorching flame, which makes my heart full

And eury night, the rage of restlesse thought
Doth raise me vp, my hope for to renewe,
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,
Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets braying
shrill
Relieue their watch, yet I in thraldome still.

The common ioy, the cheere of companie,
Twixt mirth and moane doth plunge me euer.
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie, [more:
Yeeld no such salue vnto my secret sore,
But that therewith this corsue coms me too,
Why liue not I at large as others doo?

Lo thus I liue in spite of cruell death,
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my
breath, [strife,
But choakte with feare, and strangled still with
Starke staring blinde because I see too much,
Yet gasing still because I see none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)
Those of farre fet sighes which most mens miudes
eschewe,
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,
Which fedde the roote from whence my fits renewe:
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse conuay
From companie, which worketh all my woe?
How might I winke or hide mine eyes away,
Which gaze on that wherof my griefe doth growe?
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken
still,
To eury ioy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I seeme my sighes for to suppress,
Which helpe the heart that else would swelt in
sunder? [lesse?
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment
Which helpe and hurte (oh wofull weanie wonder)
One seely hartie thus toste twixt helpe and barne,
How should I seeme, such sighes in tyme to
charme?

How? how but thus? in solitarie wise
To steppe aside, and make high way to moane:
To make two fountaines of my dazed eies,
To sigh my fill till breath and all be gone:
So sighed the knight of whome Bartello writes,
All cladde in Greene, yet banisht from delights.

And since the storye is both new and trow,
A dreary tale much like these lottes of myne
I will assaye my muzze for to renewe,
By ryting out his frowarde fatal fine.
A dolefull speeche becomes a dumpish man,
So semde by him, for thus his tale begane.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GREENE KNIGHT.

Why liue I wretch (quoth he) alas and wellaway,
Or why beholde my heauy eies, this gladsonne
sunny day? [aduance,
Since neuer sunne yet shone, that could my state
Why liue I wretche (alas quoth he) in hope of
better chauce? [tale,
Or wherefore telles my toung, this drearye dolefull
That eury eare might beare my grycfe and so
bemone my bale?

Since eare was neuer yet, that barked to my
playnte,
Why liue I wretch (alas quoth he) my pangs in
vaine to paint?
Or wherefore dotes desire, that doth his wish dis-
close,

And shewes the sore that seeks recure, thereby to
ease my woes? [dwell,
Since yet he neuer found, the hart where pyttic
Why liue I wretche (alas quoth he) alone in woe
to swelt? [the hill,
Why striue I with the streame, or hoppe against
Or search that neuer can be founde, or loose my
labor still?

Since destenies decreed, must alwayes be obeyde,
Why liue I wretche alas (quoth he) with lucke thus
ouerleyde? [trust?

Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyze I still on
Why doth my minde still muse on mirth? why
leanes my life on lust?

Since hope had neuer hap, and trust alwayes found
treason, [luck is geazon?

Why liue I wretche alas (quoth he) where all good
The fatal Sisters three, which spun my slender
twine,

Knew wel how rotten was the yarne, frō whence
they drew their line:

Yet haue they wouen the web, with care so mani-
folde, [holde:
(Alas I woful wretche the while) as any cloth can

Yea though the threds be cowse, and such as
others lothe, [body both;

Yet must I wrap alwayes therein, my bones and
And weare it out at length, which lasteth but too
long.

O weauer weauer work no more, thy warp hath
done me wrong:

For therein haue I lapt my light and lustie yeares,
And therein haplesse haue I hapt, mine age and
hoarie heares:

Yet neuer found I wranthe, by ietting in thy iaggs,
Nor neuer can I weare them out, although they
rende like raggs. [time

The May-moone of mine age, I meane the gallant
Wheu coales of kinde first kindled loue, and pie-
sure was in prime,

All bitter was the fruite, which still I reaped then,
 And little was the gaine I got, compare by other
 men. [for grace,
 Teare-thirstie were the Dames, to whome I sued
 Some stonie stomackt, other some, of high dis-
 daifull race.
 But all vncoustant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,
 The guerdon which Cosmana gaue, cau witnessse if
 I lie.
 Cosmana was the wight to whome I wished well,
 To serue Cosmana did I seeme, in loue to beare
 the bell:
 Cosmana was my god, Cosmana was my ioy,
 Ay me, Cosmana turnde my mirth, to dole and
 dark anoy:
 Reuenge it Radamanth, if I be found to lie, [die.
 Or if I slaunder hir at all, condemne me then to
 Thou knowst I honored hir, no more but all too
 much, [no grutch.
 Alas thou knowst she cast me off, when I deservde
 She dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were dried,
 And teeth of time gnaw out the grief, which all to
 lough I tried, [molde,
 Yet from hir ashes sprung, or from such subtille
 Ferenda she, whome euerie eye, did iudge more
 bright than golde.
 Ferenda then I sawe, Ferenda I behelde,
 Ferenda seruide I faithfully, in towne and eke in
 felde: [trew,
 Ferenda coulde not say, the greene knight was vn-
 But out alas, the greene knight sayde, Ferenda
 changde for new:
 Ferenda did hir kinde: then was she to be borne,
 She did but weare Cosmanes cloutes, which she in
 spite had torne:
 And yet betwene them both they waare the threads
 so neere, [not holde yfeere.
 As were they not of steele or stone, they coulde
 But now Ferenda mine, a little by thy leaue:
 What moued thee to madding moode? why didst
 thou me deceaue?
 Alas I was al thine, thy selfe can say no lesse,
 And for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe
 distresse: [race,
 And yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy
 Thy shining selfe, the golden gleames that glistred
 on thy face,
 Nor yet thy fickle faith, shall neuer beare the
 blame, [in euerie game:
 But I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a grieue
 The high decrees of heauen, haue limited my life,
 To linger stil wher Loue doth lodge, yet there to
 sterue in strife.
 For prooffe, who list to know what makes me nowe
 complaine,
 Giue eare vnto the greene Knights tale: for now
 begins his paine.
 When rash vnbredled youth had run his reck-
 lesse race,
 And caried me with carelesse course, to many a
 great disgrace, [their trade,
 Then ripper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne
 And bad Repentance holds the reines, to rule the
 brainsicke iade:
 So that with much to doo, the brydle helde him
 backe, [better smacke:
 And Reason made him byte on bit, which had a
 And for I felte my selfe, by feeblenesse fordoonne,
 And panting still for lack of breath, as one much
 ouerroonne.

Therefore I toke aduise, to walke him first awylie
 And so at length to set him vp, his traunyles to
 beguile: [trimme,
 Yea when he curried was, and dusted slicke and
 I causde both hey and prouander to be allowde for
 him:
 Wherat (alas to thinke) he gathered flesh so fast,
 That still he playd his coltish pranks, when as I
 thought the past:
 He winched still alwayes, and whisked with his
 taile, [preuaile
 And leaping ouer hedge and ditch, I sawe it not
 To pamper him so proude: Wherefore I thought
 it best, [him rest.
 To trauaile him (not as I woont) yet nay to giue
 Thus well resolued then, I kept him still in harte,
 And founde a pretie prouander appointed for his
 parte,
 Which once a day, no more, he might a little tast:
 And by this diet, made I youth a gentle iade at
 last: [pace,
 And fourth I might him ride, an easie iourneying
 He neuer straued with middle age, but gently gaue
 him place: [hande,
 Then middle age stept in, and toke the helme in
 To guide my Barke by better skill, into some
 better lande.
 And as eche noble heart is euermore most bent,
 To high exploites and woorthie deedes, where
 honor may be hent:
 So mine vnyolden minde, by Armes gan seeke re-
 nowne, [rashly tumbled downe.
 And sought to rayse, that recklesse youth had
 With sworde and trustie targe, then sought I for
 to carue
 For middle age and hoarie haire, and both their
 turnes to sarue: [cuttes,
 And in my Caruers roome, I gan to cut suche
 And made suche morsels for their mouthes, as well
 might fill their guttes,
 Beside some ouerplus, (which being kept in store)
 Might serue to welcome al their friends, with foison
 euermore:
 I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde
 such happe, [in hir lappe:
 As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me
 And hope therwith had heaue, my heart to be so hie,
 That still I boapt, by force of armes, to climbe
 aboute the Skie:
 I bathed still in blisse, I ledde a lordelie life,
 My Souldiers loude and fcarde me both, I neuer
 dreaded strife: [cost,
 My boord was furnisht stil, with cates of dainty
 My back wel clad, my purse welflynde, my woont-
 ed lack was lost,
 My bags began to fil, my debtes for to discharge,
 My state so stode, as sure I seemde to swim in
 good lucks barge: [not paine?
 But out and well away, what pleasure breedes
 What sun cā shine without a cloud, what thuder
 brings not rain?
 Such is the life of man, such was the luck of me,
 To fall so fast from biest hap, where sure I seemde
 to be. [scarcely serue,
 Fieue hundred sundrie sunnes (and more) could
 By sweat of brows to win a roome, wherin my
 knife might carue:
 One onely dismal day, suffised (with despite)
 To take me from my earuers place, and from the
 table quite.

Fiue hundred broken sleepes, had busied all my
 brayne s, [crese my gaynes:
 To find (at last) some worthy trade, that might in-
 One blacke vnluckie houre, my trade hath ouer-
 thrown,
 And marrde my marte, and broke my bank, and
 al my blisse oreblow n.
 To wrappe vp all in woe, I am in prison pent,
 My gaines possessed by my foes, my friends
 against me bent:
 And all the beay haps, that euer age yet bare,
 Assembled are within my breast, to choake me vp
 with care. [lust,
 My modest middle age, which lacks of youth the
 Can beare no such greit burdēs now, but throwes
 them in the dust:
 Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Louers all,
 And rwe my grieuous, least you your selues do
 light on such a fal.
 I am that wearie wretch, whom loue always hath
 tyred, [man desired.
 And fed me with such strange conceytes, as neuer
 For now (euen now) ay me: I loue and cannot
 chuse, [mindes to muse.
 So strangely yet, as wel may moue the wisest
 No blasing beautie bright, hath set my hart on
 fire, [desire,
 No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my
 No bodie finely framde, no baggarde Falcons eie,
 No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my
 minde awrie:
 No teeth of shining pearle, no gallant rosie hiew,
 No dimpled chinne, no pit in cheeke, presented to
 my view:
 In fine, no such delights, as louers oft allure,
 Are cause why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes
 in vre:
 But such a strange affect, as both I shame to tell,
 And all the world may woonder much, how first
 therin I fell. [griefe,
 Yet since I haue begonne (quoth he) to tell my
 I wil nought hide, although I hope to finde no
 great reliefe. [ioyes
 And thus (quoth he) it is: Amongst the sundrie
 Which I conceiue in feates of warre, and all my
 Martiall toyes,
 My chaunce was late to haue a peerlesse firelock
 peece, [in Greece:
 That to my wittes was nay the like, in Turkie nor
 A peece so cleanly framde, so streight, so light, so
 fine, [diuine:
 So tempred and so polished, as seemeth worke
 A peece whose lucke yet past, for why it neuer
 failde, [nesse neuer quailde:
 And though I bent it night and day, the quick-
 A peece as well renforst, as euer yet was wrought;
 The brauest peece for breech and bore, that euer
 yet was bought:
 The mouture so well made, and for my pitch so
 fit, [as it:
 As though I see faire peeces moe, yet fewe so fine
 A peece which shot so well, so gently and so
 streight, [ouerweight,
 It neyther bruized with recule, nor wroong with
 In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,
 That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel
 discernde with ey.
 This peece theu late I had, and therin tooke de-
 light, [wight.
 As much as euer proper peece did please a warlike

Nowe though it be not lost, nor rendred with the
 rest, [the blest?
 Yet being shut from sight therof, how can I thinke
 Or which way should I hop; that such a jewell
 rare, [shooters are?
 Can passe vnsen in any campe where cunning
 And therewith am I sure, that being once espied,
 It neuer can escape their bands, but that it will be
 tried: [me,
 And being once but proued, then farewell frost for
 My peece, my locks, and all is lost, and I shall
 neuer see
 The like againe on earth. Nowe Louers speake
 your minde, [such a kinde?
 Was euer man so strangely stroke, or caught in
 Was euer man so fonde? was euer man so mad?
 Was euer man so woe begone? or in such cares
 yclad? [liue,
 For restlesse thus I rest, the wretchedst man on
 And when I thinke vpon this peece, then still my
 woos reuiue,
 Nor cuer can I finde good plaister for my paine,
 Unlesse my lucke might be so good, to finde that
 peece againe. [pine,
 To make my mourning more, where I in prison
 I daily see a pretie peece, much like that peece of
 mine, [shinne,
 Which helps my hurt, much like vnto a broken
 That when it heales, begins to ytch, and then rubs
 off the skinne.
 Thus liue I still in loue, alas and euer shall,
 As well content to loose my peece, as glaiude to
 finde my fal:
 A wonder to the worlde, a griefto friendlie mindes,
 A mocking stocke to Momus race, and al such
 scornfull hundes, [scene,
 A loue (that thinke I sure) whose like was neuer
 Nor neuer warlike wight shal be in loue as I haue
 bene: [Dames,
 So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the
 Whome I in youth did moste esteeme, I list not
 foile their fames,
 But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did
 flowe: [griefes did grow.
 I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these
 Since Fortune theu (quoth he) hath turnde to me
 hir backe, [my self in blacke?
 Shall I go yeeld to mourning moan, and cloath
 No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome
 so, [wale in wo.
 But rather shew a merrie cheere, when most they
 And so will I in greene, my careful corpse aray,
 To set a brage amongst the best, as though my
 heart were gay: [ioy,
 Not greene because I hope, nor greene because I
 Nor greene, because I can delight in any youthful
 toy:
 But greene, because my greeues are alway fresh
 and greene, [is seene.
 Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the frute
 Thus sayde, he gaue a groane, as though his heart
 had broke, [sighes like smoke:
 And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding
 And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise,
 Conueying floods of brynish teares, by conduct of
 his eyes.
 What ende he had God knoweth, Battello writes
 it not,
 Or if he do, my wittes are short, for I haue it
 forgot.

THE CONTINUANCE OF THE AUTHOR, VPON THE
FRUITE OF FETTERS.

THUS haue you heard the green Knight make
his mone,
Which wel might moue the hardest heart to melt:
But what he ment, that kneve himselfe alone,
For such a cause, in weerie woes to swelt:
And yet by like, some peerlesse peece it was,
That brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

I haue heard tell, and read it therewithall,
That neare the Alpes a kinde of people bee,
Which serue with shot, wherof the very ball
Is bigge of buike, the peece but short to see:
But yet it shootes as farre, and eke as fast,
As those which are yframed of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,
Some other iudge, because they be so strong,
Reinforced well, and breeched like a brocke,
Stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be
not long,
Yet spit they forth their pellets such a pace,
And with such force, as seemes a woondrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettall maketh all,
Which tempered is both rounde and smooth to
see:
And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoote so free,
But euen the breech of mettall good and sounde,
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde.

For this we see, the stiffe and strongest arme,
Which giues a ierke, and bath a cunning loose,
Shootes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,
For be his flights yfeathred from the goose,
Or Peacocks quilles, or Rauens, or Swanne, or
Crowe,
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but slowe.

How so it be, the men that vse to shoote
In these short gunnes, are prayed for the best:
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promote
As perfectest and better than the rest:
So that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,
Else other men could shoote as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called Petronels,
And they themselues by sundrie names are calld:
As Baudolliers, for who in mountaynes dwels,
In trowpes and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stalld:
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,
Petronelliers, they called are by like.

And so percase this peerelesse peece of his
For which he mournde and made such ruefull
mone,
Was one of those: and therefore all his blisse,
Was turnd to bale when as that peece was gone:
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,
In armes which are both free and fayre in sight.

My selfe haue seene some peece of such a pryce,
As woorthy were to be esteem'd well:
For this you know in any strange deuise,
Such things as seeme for goodnesse to excell,
Are holden deare, and for great Jewels deemd,
Bycause they be both rare and much esteemd.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,
I saie his lottes and mine were not vnlike:
He spent bis youth (as I did) out of frame,
He came at last (like me) to trayle the pike.
He pynde in pryson pinchte with priue payne,
And I likewise in pryson still remayne.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,
As vertue rules in euery kinde of vice:
First pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,
Which wandred eurst in lust and lewde deuice.
For hardest hartes by troubles yet are taught,
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou haue ledde a carelesse lyfe at large,
Without regard what libertie was worth:
And then come downe to cruell Gaylours charge,
Which keepees thee close and neuer lettes thee
forth:
Learne then this fruite in Fetters by thy selfe,
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whose happe is such to yeelde himself in warre,
Remembie then that peace in pleasure dwelles:
Whose hartes are high and know not what they
are
Let such but marke the gingling of their belles:
When fetters frette their ankles as they goe,
Since none so high but that may come as lowe.

To tell a truth and therein to be shorte,
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offence,
Which maketh some in good and godly sorte,
With contrite harte to grope their conscience.
Repentaunce then steppes in and pardon craues,
These fruites (with mo) are found in darksome
caues.

If thou haue friends, there shalt thou know
them right,
Since fastest friends in troubles shew their fayth:
If thou haue foes, there shalt thou see their spight
For all to true it is that Prouerbe sayth:
Where hedge is lowe, there euery man treads
downe,
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)
And Temprance taught where none excesse doth
dwell,
Exercise cailes, least slouth should kill thy corse:
Exercise driues thy busie braines to swell,
For some deuise which may redeeme thy state,
These fruites I found in fetters all too late.

And with these fruites another fruite I found,
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground,
That yeeldes a better croppre to retchlesse youth,
Than that same molda where fetters serue for
mucke,
And wit stil woorkes to digge vp better lucke.

For if the seede of grace will euer growe,
Then sure such soile will serue to beare it best,
And if Gods mercie therewithall do floue,
Then springs it high, and ruffles with the rest:
Oft bath bene seene such seede in prison cast,
Which long kept close, and prospred yet at last.

But therewithall there springs a kinde of Tares,
Which are vile weedes, and must be rooted out,
They choake vp grace, and lap it fast in snares,
Which oftentimes do drawe it deepe in dout,
And hinders plantes which else would growe full
Yet is this weede an easie thing to spie. [hie,

Men call it Fansie, sure a woorthlesse weede,
And of the same full many sortes are found,
Some fansies are, which thinke a lawfull deede
To scape away, though faith full fast he bound:
Some thinke by loue, (nay lust in cloke of loue)
From fetters fast their selues for to remoue.

Some be, that meane by murder to preuaile,
And some by fraude, as fansie rules the thought:
Sometimes such frightes mens fansies do assaile,
(That when they see their freedome must be
bought)

They vowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fansies hopes by lies to come on floate,
As for to tell their frends and kinne great tales,
What wealth they lost in coyne, and many a
caote,

What powder packt in coffers and in males,
What they must pay, and what their charge will
Wherin they meane to saue themselues a fee. [be,

Some fansies eke forecast what life to weelde,
When libertie shall graunted be at last,
And in the aire such castles gan they builde,
That many times they fall againe as fast:
For Fansie hinders Grace from glories crowne,
As Tares and Byndes can plucke good graine
adowne.

Who list therfore by Fetters frute to haue,
Take Fansie first out of his priuy thought,
And when thou hast him, cast him in the waue
Of Lethes lake: for sure his seede is nought.
The greene Knight he, of whome I late did tell,
(Mine Authour sayth) badde Fansie thus farewell.

THE GREENE KNIGHTS FAREWELL TO FANSIE.

FANSIE (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long
did beare, [I weare:
And in my hat full harebrayndly, thy flowers did
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing
worth,
Thy blossomes fall and fade full fast, though
brauerie bring thē forth:
By thee I hoapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwell,
But since I finde thy ficklenesse, Fansie (quoth he)
farewell.

Thou madste me liue in loue, which wiselome
biddes me hate,
Thou bleardst mine eies and madste me thinke,
the faith was mine by fate:
By thee thou bitter sweetes, did please my taste
alway, [was but a play:
By thee I thought that loue was light, and payne
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare
the bell, [he) farewell.
And since I finde my selfe deceyued, Fansie (quoth

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did
please mine eye,
A stately sight me thought it was, to see the braue
go by:

To see their feathers faunte, to marke their
straunge deuise, [it nice:
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lisse and make
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,
But since I see how vayne it is, Fansie (quoth he)
farewell.

When court had cast me off, I toyled at the
plowe [wote not how:
My fansie stooode in s'raunge conceipts, to thrue I
By mills, by making malte, by sheepe and eke by
swyne,
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calues
and keeping kine:
By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at markets
fell,
But since my swaines eat vp my gaines, Fansie
(quoth he) farewell.

In hunting of the deare, my fansie tooke delight,
All forests knew my folly still, the mooneshine
was my light:
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was best,
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching
seemed rest:
What daungers deepe I past, it follie wens to tell,
And since I sigh to thinke thereon, Fansie (quoth
he) farewell.

A fansie fedde me ones, to wryte in verse and
rime, [my crime:
To wray my grieft, to craue reward, to couer still
To frame a long discourse, on sturring of a strawe,
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not
worth an haue: [so well,
To heare it sayde there goeth, the Man that writes
But since I see, what Poesies be, Fansie (quoth he)
farewell.

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fansies eft
begonne, [of vnsonne:
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes
In Hierarchies and straynes, in restes, in rule and
space, [vnder base:
In monacordes and mouing moodes, in Burdens
In descants and in chants, I streined many a yel,
But since Musicians be so madde, Fansie (quoth
he) farewell.

To plant straunge cuntrye frutes, to sow such
seedes likewise,
To digge and delue for new foud rootes, where old
might wel suffice: [trees,
To proyne the water bowes, to picke the moosie
(Oh how it pleasd my fansie ones) to kneele vpon
my knees, [swell:
To griffe a kippine stocke, when sappe begins to
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, Fansie
(quoth he) farewell.

Fansie (quoth he) farewell, which made me fol-
low drommes,
Where powdred bullets serues for sauce, to euery
dish that comes:
Where treason lurkes in trust, where Hope all
hartes beguiles, [friendly smiles:
Where mischief lieth still in wayte, when fortune
Where one dayes prison proues, that all such
beauens are hell,
And such I feele the frutes thereof, Fansie (quoth
he) farewell.

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafes
me grace
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me
change my race:
And fonde I shall it finde, that Fansie setteth to
showe, [grace by low:
For weakly stāds that building still, which lacketh
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they feil,
I say God send me better speede, and Fansie now
farewell.

EPILOGISMUS.

SEE sweete decept, that can it self beguile,
Beholde selfe loue, which walketh in a net:
And seemes vnseene, yet shewes it selfe therewhile,
Before such eyes, us are in science set.
The Greene knight here, leaues out his firelocke
That Fancie hath not yet his last farewell. [peece
When Foxes preach, good folke beware your geese,
But holla here, my muse to farre doth mell:
Who list to marke, what learned preacher sayeth,
Must learne withail, for to beleuee his lore:
But what he doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,
Though words with workes, (agreed) persuade the
more,
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray
And wisest wittes, may sometimes go astray.

FINIS.

Tum Marti, quam Mercurio.

IN PRAISE OF A GENTLEWOMAN WHO THOUGH
SHE WERE NOT VERVE FAYRE, YET WAS SHE
AS HARDE FAVOURED AS MIGHT BE.

If men may credite giue, to true reported fames,
Who doubts but stately Rome had stoore of
lusty louing Daunces?

Whose eares haue bene so deafe, as neuer yet
heard tell, [excel.

Howe far the freshe Pompeia, for beautie dyd
And golden Marcus he, that swaide the Romaine
sword,

Bare witness of Boemia, by credite of his word.
What neede I mo relearse? since all the world
dyd know,

How high the floods of beauties blaze, within those
walles dyd flowe.

And yet in all that choyse a worthy Romaine
Knight, [might.

Antonius who conquered prowde Egypt by his
Not al to please his eye, but most to esse his
minde, [behind.

Chose Cleopatra for his loue, and left the rest
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victorye,
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his
fantasie.

She was not fayre! God wot, the countreye breades
none bright;

Well maye we iudge hir kinne the foyle, because
hyr teeth were white.

Percase hyr louelye lookes, some prayses dyd de-
serue, [soyle did serue.

But browne I dare be bolde shee was, for so the
And could Antonius forsake the fayre in Rome?
To loue his nutbrowne Ladye best, was this an
equall doome?

¹ She was an Egiptia.

I dare well say dames there, did beare him deadly
grudge, [had bene iudge.
His sentence had bene shortly sayde, if Faustine
For this I dare auow. (without vaunt be it spoke)
So braue a knight as Anthony, heid al their necks
in yoke:

I leaue not Lucrece out, beleuee in hir who lyst,
I thinke she would haue lik'd his lure, and stooped
to his fist. [liking thus?

What mou'd the chieftain then, to lincke his
I would some Romaine dame were here, the ques-
tion to discusse.

But that I read her life, do finde therein by fame,
How cleare hir curtesie dyd shine, in honour of
hir name.

Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had neuer pere,
Hir louely lokes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty
louing chere. [found,

And all the worthy giftes, that euer yet were
Within this good Egiptian Queene, dyd seeme for
to abound.

Wherefore he worthy was, to win the golden fleece,
Which scornd the blasing staries in Rume, to con-
quere such a peece. [death,

And shee to quite his loue, in spite of dreadfull
Eushrinde with Snakes within his Towbe, did yeeld
hir parting breath.

ALLEGORIA.

If fortune fauord him, then may that man re-
ioyre, [choice.

And thinke himself a happy man by hap of happy
Who loues and is belou'd of one as good, as true,
As kind as Cleopatra was, and yet more bright of
hewe. [mylike,

Hir eyes as greye as glasse, hir teeth as white as
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skyn as smoth
as silke.

A wight what could you more, that may content
mannes minde,

And hath supplies for eu'ry want, that any man
can finde. [passe,

And may him selfe assure, when hence his life shall
She will be stong to death with snakes, as Cleopa-
tra was.

Si fortunatus infelix.

THE PRAISE OF PHILIP SPARROW.

OF all the byrds that I doo know,
Philip my Sparrow hath no peere:
For sit she high, or lye she low,
Re she far off, or be she neere,
There is no byrd so faire, so fine,
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

Come in a morning merrily,
When Philip hath been lately fed,
Or in an evening soberly,
When Philip list to go to bed:
It is a heauen to heare my Philip,
How she can chirpe with Chery lip.

She never wanders far abroad,
But is at hand when I doo call,
If I command she layes on lode,
With lips, with teeth, with toong and all:
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheere,
That I belieue she hath no peere

And yet besides all this good sport,
My Philip can both sing and dance,
With new found toys of sundry sort,
My Philip can both pricke and prance:
As if you say but fend cut phip,
Lord how the peat will turne and skip.

Hir fethers are so fresh of hew,
And so well prouced euery day,
She lacks none oile, I warrant you,
To trim hir taile both tricke and gay:
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,
Hir tongue is sweete and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,
She is both tender, sweete and soft:
She never lacketh dainty fare,
But is well fed and feedeth oft:
For if my Phip haue best to eate,
I warrant you Phip lacks no meate.

And then if that her meate be good,
And such as like do loue alway:
She will lay lips thereon by rood,
And see that none be cast away:
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Phillip will cry still yet, yet, yet.

And to tell trueth he were to blame,
Which had so fine a bird as she.
To make him all this goodly game,
Without suspect or jellousie:
He were a churil and knewe no good,
Would see her faint for lacke of food.

Wherefore I sing and euer shall,
To prayse as I have often prou'd,
There is no byrd amongst them all,
So worthy fur to be belou'd.
Let other prayse what byrd they will,
Sweet Phillip shall be my byrd still.
Si fortunatus infelix.

FAREWEL WITH A MISCHIEFE.

Written by a Louer being disdainfullie abiected by
a dame of high calling, who had chosen in his
place a plaiefelowe of baser condition, and there-
fore he determined to steppe aside, and before
his departing geveth her this Farewel in verse.

Thy byrth, thy beuty, nor thy braue attyre
(Disdainful dame, which doest me double wrong)
Thy high estate which sets thy heart on fire,
Or new found choyce which cannot serue thee long
Shal make me dread with pen for to reherse,
Thy skittish deedes in thys my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell
By many vowes how thou to me were bound,
And how for joye thy heart dyd seeme to swell,
And in delight how thy desires were drownde,
When of thy wyl the walles I did essayle,
Wherein fond fancie fought for myne awayle.

And though my mynde haue small delight to
vaunt,
Yet must I vowe my heart to thee was true:
My band was able always for to daunt [mewe,
Thy slandrous foes, and keepe their tongues in

My head (though dull) was yet of such deuce,
As might have kept thy name alwayes in price.

* * * * *

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,
A theefe, a coward, and a peacocke foole,
An asse, a milkesop, and a minion,
Which hath no oile thy furious flames to coole;
Such one is he, a pheare for thee most fit,
A wandering gest, to please thy wauering wit.

A theefe I count him because he robs us both,
Thee of thy name, and me of my delight:
A coward is he noted where he goeth,
Since euery child is match to him in might:
And for his pride no more but marke his plumes,
The which to pranke, he dayes and nights con-
sumes.

The rest thy selfe in secret sort can judge,
He rides not me, thou knowest his saddle best:
And though these tricks of thine might make me
grudge,
And kindle wrath in my reuenging brest,
Yet I my selfe, and not to please thy mind,
I stand content, my rage in rule to bind.

And far from thee now must I take my flight,
Where toongs may tell (and I not see) thy fall:
Where I may drinke these drugs of thy despight,
To purge my melancholike mind withall.
In secret so, my stomach will I sterue,
Wishing thee better than thou doost deserue.
Spretla tamen viuunt.

THE DOLE OF DISDAINE,

WRITTEN BY A LOUER DISDAINEFULLE REIECTED
CONTRARY TO FORMER PROMISE.

THE deadly dreps of dark disdaine,
Which daily fall on my desert:
The lingring sute long spent in vaine,
Whereof I feele no fruite but smart,
Enforce me now these words to write
Not all for loue, but more for spite.

The which to the I must reherse,
Whom I dyd honour, serue and trust.
And though the musicke of my verse,
Be plausiong tune both true and iust:
Content thee yet to here my song,
For els thou doest me doobble wrong.

I must alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vowed to serue,
And howe thou seemest to like me well:
And how thou saydest I did deserue,
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruell one)
Condemne desert to deepe dispayre?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is fayth so fled into the ayre?
If that be so, what rests for me?
But thus in song to saye to thee.

If Cressydes name were not so known,
And written wide on euery wall:
If brute of pryde were not so blowen,
Upon Angelica¹ withall:
For hault disdayne thou mightst be she,
Or Cresside for inconstance.

And in reward of thy desert,
I hope at last to see thee payd:
With deepe repentance for thy part,
Which thou hast now so lowedly playd.
Medoro bee must bee thy make,
Since thou Orlando doest for sake.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:
Such kindly wages Cupide payes,
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,
I hope to see thee in such bandes,
Wheu I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,
But sure the faulte is none of thine,
Thou art as true as is the best,
That euer came of Cressedes lyne:
For constant yet was neuer none,
But in vconstancie alone.

Meritum petere, graue.

MARS IN DESPITE OF VULCANE

WRITTEN FOR AN ABSENT LOUER (PARTED FROM
HIS LADY BY SEA.)

BOTH deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,
Which held Leander from his loue,
Yet could no doubtles his mind appease,
Nor saue his life for hir behoue:
But guiltlesse bloud it selfe would spill,
To please the waues and worke his wyll.

O greedye gulfe, O wretched waues,
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,
You holde true louers bound like slaues,
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:
Your open mouth gapes euermore,
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.

For prooffe whereof my selfe maye sing,
And shrich to pearce the lofty skies,
Whose Lady left me languishing,
Uppon the shoare in woofull wise.
And crost the Seas out of my sight,
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.

She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,
Should keepe our loues (long time) in twayne:
She sware no bread shoulde doe hyr good,
Till she might see my selfe agayne.
She sayd and swore these wordes and mo.
But now I finde them nothing so.

What resteth then for me to doo,
Thou salte sea foome come saye thy mind?
Should I come drowne within thee to,
That am of true Leanders kind?
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,
Into this greedy guttes of thine.

¹ Angelica refusing the most famous knights in
the whole worlde, chose at last Medoro a poore
seruing man.

No cruel, but in spite of thee,
I will make Seas where earst were none,
My teares shall flowe in full degree,
Tyll all my myrth may ebbe to none.
Into such droppes I meane to melt,
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

LENUOIE.

YET you deere Dame for whome I fate,
Thus staruing still in wretched state:
Remember once your promise made,
Performe it now though all to late.
Come home to Mars who may you please,
Let Vulcane bide beyond the Seas.

Meritum petere, graue.

PATIENCE PERFORCE,

WHEREIN AN ABSENT LOUER DOTH THUS EN-
COURAGE HIS LADY TO CONTINEW CONSTANT.

CONTENT thy selfe with patience perforce:
And quenche no loue with droppes of darcke mis-
trust:

Let absence haue no power to diuorce,
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be iust.
Bears but a while thy constance to declare,
For when I come one ynche shall breake no square.

I must confesse that promise dyd me binde,
For to haue sene thy seemely selfe ere now:
And if thou knewest what griefes did gaulme my
minde,
Because I coulde not keepe that faithfull vowe.
My iust excuse, I can my selfe assure,
With litle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long Vlisses was,
In lingring absence, from his louing make:
And howe she deigned then his dayes to passe,
In solitary silence for his sake.
Be thou a true Penelope to me,
And thou shalt sone thine owne Vlisses see.

What said I? sone? yea sone I saye againe,
I wyll come sone and soner if I maye:
Beleeue me nowe it is a pinching payne,
To thinke of loue, when louers are awaye.
Such thoughts I haue, and when I thinke on thee,
My thoughtes are there, whereãs my bones would
bec.

The longing lust which Priames sonne of Troye,
Had for to see his Cresside come againe:
Could not exceede the depth of mine anoye,
Nor seeme to passe the patterne of my payne.
I fryse in hope, I thaw in hote desire,
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures
past,

And let my teares, for both our paines suffice:
The lingring ioyes, when as they come at last,
Are bet then those, which passe in posting wise.
And I my selfe, to proue this talc is true,
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew:

Meritum petere, graue.

A LETTER DEUISED FOR A YOUNG
LOUER.

RECEIUE you worthy Dame, this rude and ragged
verse, [nowe rehearse.

Lend wyllyng eare vnto the tale, which I shall
And though my witlesse wordes might mouue you
for to smile, [my stile.

Yet trust to that which I shal tel, and neuer marke
Amongst fine hundreth Dames, presented to my
view, [you.

I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice,
To binde my heart in luekes of loue, by iudgement
of myne eyes. [desire,

Andbut your bounty quench, the coales of quicke
I feare that face of yours wyl set, ten thousand
hearts on fire.

But bounty so aboundes, aboue al my desert,
As that I quake and shrinke for feare, to shewe you
of my smart. [repent,

Yet since mine eye made choice, my hart shal not
But yeeld it self vnto your wyl, and therwith stand
content. [not much,

God knowth I am not great, my power it is
The greater glorye shall you gaine, to shew your
faour suche.

And what I am or haue, all that I yeeld to you,
My hande and sworde shall serue alwayes, to
proue my tongue is true.

Then take me for your owne, and so I wyl be still,
Beleeue me nowe, I make this vowe, in hope of
your good wyl. [change,

Which if I may obtaine, God leaue me when I
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not
strange.

Meritum petere, graue.

DAUIDS SALUTACIONS TO BERZABE

Wherein are three sonets in sequence, written
vpon this occasion. The deuiser herof amongst
other friendes had named a gentlewoman his
Berzabe, and she was content to call him hir
Dauid. The man presented his Lady with a
booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius
Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke
wrote this sequence. You must conferre it
with the Historye of Apuleius, for else it wyl
haue small grace.

THIS Apuleius was in Affricke borne,
And tooke delight to trauaile Thessaly,
As one that helde his natie soyle in skorne,
In furnine coastes to feede his fantasie.

And such againe as wandring wits find out,
This yonker wonne by wyl and weary toyle,
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt,
A body brusd with many a beastly broyle,
A presant pleasure passing on a pare,
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,
A frallicke fauour foyld with fowle disgrace,
When hoary heares should claime their reuerence.
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,
Such kyud of mell most moueth busie Bees.

For Lucius he,

Esteeming more one ounce of present sport,
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:
First to the bowre of beautie doth resorte,
And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,

His worthis race he (recklesse) doth forget,
With small regarde in great affaires he reeles,
No counsell graue, nor good aduise can set
His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheeles.
For if Byrheena coulede haue helde him backe,
From Venus court where he nowe nusted was,
His lustie limmes had neuer founde the lacke
Of manlie shape: the figure of an Asse,
Had not bene biased on his bloud and bones,
To wound bis will with tormentes all atones.

But Fotis she,

Who sawe this Lording whited with the cup
Of vaine delight, wherof he ran to tast:
Poured out apace, and filde the Mazor vp,
With drunken hole: yea after that in hast,
She greazde this guest with sause of Sorcerie,
And fedde his minde with knacks both queint and
Lo here the treason and the trecherie [strange:
Of gadding girles, when they delight to range.
For Lucius thinking to become a foule,
Became a foole, yea more than that: an Asse,
A bobbing blocke, a brating stocke, an owle,
Well woondred at in place where he did passe:
And spent his time, his traunaile and his cost,
To purchase payne and all his labor lost.

Yet I pore I,

Who make of thee my Folsy and my frende,
In like delight my youthfull yeares to spend:
Do hope thou wilt from such soure sause defend,

Dauid thy King.

Meritum petere graue.

SOONE ACQUAINTED, SOONE FORGOTTEN,

AS APPEARETH HERE BY AN VNCOURTEOUS
FAREWEL TO AN INCONSTANT DAME.

If what you want, you (wanton) had at will,
A stedfast minde, a faythfull louing heart:
If what you speake you woulde performe it still,
If from your worde your deede did not reuert:
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not so rule,
As elder dayes may scorne your friendship fraile,
Your doubled fan-sie would not this recule,
For peeuish pryde which nowe I must bewaile.
For Cresside faire did Troilus neuer loue,
More deare than I esteeme your freamed cheare,
Whose wauering wayes (since nowe I do them
proue)

By true reporte this witness with me beare:
That if your friendship he not to deare bought,
The price is great that nothing giues for nought.

Meritum petere graue.

THE STEELE GLAS

A SATYRE COMPILED BY GEORGE GASCOIGNE
ESQUIRE TOGETHER WITH THE COMPLAINT
OF PHYLOMENE. AN ELEGIE DEUISED BY THE
SAME AUTHOR.

To the Right honorable his singuler good Lord,
the L. Graye of Wilton, Knight of the most
honorable order of the Garter, George Gas-
coigne Esquire wisheth long life, with increase of
honour, according to his great worthinesse.

Right honorable, noble, and my singuler good
Lord: if mine abilitie were any way correspond-

ent to the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke all the same vnable to deserue the least part of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deuyd with chearfull looke to regard me, with affabilitie to heare me, with exceeding courtesie to vse me, with graue aduice to direct me, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me all which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in mee an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashfull dreade to performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuied the very same affection, which first moued in me the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewaile mine owne vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see a farre off (for my comfort) the highe and triumphant vertue called *Magnanimie* accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my fainting harte, and the seconde doth begin (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (alas my good Lord) were not the cordial of these two precious spices, the carosyue of care would quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth I confesse it: what shall I doe then? shall I yeld to vniuersie as iust plague appointed for my portion? Magnanimie saith no, and industry seemeth to be of the verie same opinion. I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned, yea more then that, I am rigorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispaire? Shall I yeld vnto jellousie? or drowne my daies in idleness because their beginning was bathed in wantonnes? Surlye my Lord, the magnanimitie of a noble mind will not suffer me, and the delightfulnes of diligence doeth vtterlie forbid me.

Shal I grudge to be reprov'd for that which I haue done indeede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthe Scipio with most vntreue surmises? Yea Themistocles when he had deliuered all Greece from the huge host of Xerxes, was yet by his vnkinde Citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seek fauor in the sight of his late professed enemy. But the magnanimitie of their minds was such, as neither could aduersitie overcome them, nor yet the iniuriens dealing of other men coulde kinde in their breastes anie least sparke of desire to seeke an vnhonorable reuenge. I haue loiter'd my L. I confesse, I haue lien streaking me like a lubber, when the sunne did shine, and now I striue all in vaine to lode the cart when it raineth. I regarded not my comelines in the Vainome of my youth and yet now I stande prinking mee in the glasse, when the Crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth verie riotously, and Plato (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeres, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, then he was after in his age painefull to write good precepts of moral Philosophie. What should I speake of Cato, who was old before he learned Latin letters, and yet became one of the greater Orators of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by Industrie and diligence anie perfection maie be attained, and by true magnanimitie all aduersities are easie to be endured. And to that end (my verie good L.) I doe here presume thus rudelie to rehearse them.

For as I can be content to confesse the lightnes wherwith I haue bin in times past worthe to be burdened, so would I be gladd, if now when I am otherwise bent, my better intentions might be accepted. But alas, I am not onlie enforced still to carie on my shoulders the crosse of my carefulnes, but therewithal I am also put to the pynge, to prouide new weapons wherwith I maie defend al heauie frownes, deep suspects and dangerous detractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordials before rehearsed) I should either cast downe mine armour, and hid: my selfe like a recreant, or els (of a malicious stubbornnes) should busie my braines with some stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduersaries. But neither will magnanimie suffer me to become vn honest, nor yet can Industry see me sinke in idleness. For I haue learned in sacred scriptures to heape coles vpon the heads of mine enemies by honest dealing, and our Sauour himself hath encouraged me saieing I shal lacke nether worke nor seruice, although it were none daies before I came into the Market place.

These things I saie (my singular good L.) doe reuue in my troubled mind the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauourable eyes will vouchsafe to behold me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to inquire what I haue bene. And in full hope thereof I haue presumed to present your honor with this satyre written without time, but I trust not without reason. And whatsoever it be I humbly dedicate it to your honorable name, beseeching the same to accept it with as gracious regard, as you haue in times past bin accustomed to behold my trauels. And my good L. though the scornful doe mock me for a time, yet in the end I hope to gene them all a rib of roste for their paines. And when the vertuous shal perceive in deede how I am occupied, then shal detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falselie accused me, then light credence shal haue cause to repent his rash conceite: and grauitie the Judge shall not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustlie pronounced in my condemnation. In mean while I remaine amongst my bookes at my house her: at Walkenstow, where I praie dailey for the speedie aduancement, and continual prosperitie of your good Lordship. Written the 15th of April, 1576.

By your Honors most bounden and wel assured,
GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

N. R. IN COMMENDATION OF THE AUTHER, AND HIS WORKES.

In rousing verse of Mauors bloodie raigne,
The famous Greeke, and Maro did excel,
Grave Senec did surmount for tragic vaine
Quick Epigrams Catullis write as wel.
Argillogus did for Iambics passe,
For comnicke verse stil Plautus peerles was.

In Elegies and wanton loue writ laies,
Sauce peere were Naso and Tibullus de mde,
In Satyres sharpe as men of mickle praise,
Lucilius and Horace were esteem'd,
Thus diuers men with diuers veines did write,
But Gascoigne doeth in euerie veine indite.

And what performance he thereof doth make
I list not vaunt, his works for me shal saie,
In praising him Tinantes trade I take,
Who when he should the woful chere displaie
Duke Agamemnon had when he did waite
His daughters death with teares of small auaille.

Not skilde to countershape his mournful grace
That men might deeme what art could not supplie,
Deuide with painted vaile to shroude his face
Like sort my pen shal Gascoignes praise descrie,
Which wanting grace his graces to reherse,
Doth shroude and cloude them thus in silent verse.

WALTER RAWELIE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN
COMMENDATION OF THE STEELE GLAS.

SWEET were the sauce would please each kind of
tast

The life likewise were pure that neuer swerued,
For spiteful tongues in cankered stomacks plast,
Deem worst of things, which best percase deserued,

But what for that? this medicine maie suffice,
To scorne the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Though sundrie mindes in sundrie sort doe deeme,
Yet worthiest wights yelde praise for euerie paine,
But enuious braines doe nought (or light) esteeme,
Such statelie steps as they cannot attaine:
For who so reapes renoune aboue the rest,
With heapes of hate, shall surelie be opprest.

Wherefore to write my censure of this booke,
This Glasse of Steele vnpartiallie doth shewe,
Abuses all to such as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
As for the verse, who list like trade to trie,
I feare me much shall hardlie reach so hie.

NICHOLAS BOWYER IN COMMENDATION OF THIS
WORKE.

FROM laies of loue to Satyres sadde and sage,
Our Poet turnes the trauaile of his time,
And as he please, the veine of youthful age,
With pleasant pen, empoide in louing riue:
So now he seekes the grauest to delight,
With works of worth much better than they shew.
This glas of steele if it be markt aright
Discries the faults as wel of hie as lowe,
And Philomelas fourfold iust complaint
In sugred sound doth shroud a solemn sence
Gainst those whom lust or murder doth ataint
Loe this we see is Gascoignes good pretence,
To please all sorts with his praiseworthy skill,
Then yeld him thanks in signe of like good will.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

To vaunt were vaine, and flatter were a fault
But trueth to tell there is a sort of Fame
The which I seeke by science to assault,
And so to leaue remembrance of my name,
The wals wuerof are wondrous hard to clime
And much too hie for ladders made of rime.

Then since I see that rimes can seldom reach
Vnto the top of such a statelie towre,
By reasons force I mean to make some breach
Which yet maie help my feble fainting power
That so at last my Muse maie enter in,
And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such hatring tire this pamphlet here bewraies
In rimeles verse which thundreth mighty threts
And where it finds that vice the wall decays,
Even there amaine with sharpe rebukes it beates
The work think I deserues an honest name,
If not, I faile to winne this sort of Fame.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.

THE Nightingale, whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to sing,
Whom louers loue, because she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeeres, haue not disdainde his notes:
(Only that king proud Tereus by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their fete,
By slaunders steppes, and stayres of tickle talke
To clime the throne, wherin my self should sitte.
O Philomene, then help me now to chaunt:
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of careful mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle blood,
In barrayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord (whose happe hath heretofore
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deigne, with fauor to forget
The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen:
And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
To yeld the rest, much more than they deserue)
Vouchsafe (to now) to reade and to peruse, [mind.
This rimeles verse, which flows from troubled
Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
(Which rauished fayre Phylomene for lust,
And then cut out, her trustie tong for hate)
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
They liue, they liue, (alas the worse my lucke)
Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,
Hath rangued long about the world so wyde
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whose harmesselesse hart, perceiue not this deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
I am not be whom slaunders tongues haue tolde,
(False tongues in dede, and craftie subtle braines)
To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.

In'am a man as some do thinke I am,
 Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the least, a right Hermaphrodite:
 And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
 Lo reade it here, Playne dealyng was my Syre,
 And he begat me by Simplicitie¹,
 A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
 My Sist' and I, into this world were sent,
 My Systers name, was pleasant Poesys
 And I my selfe had Satyra to name²,
 Whose happe was such, that in the prime of youth,
 A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
 (I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
 Beganne to woo my sister, not for wealth,
 But for hir face was louely to beholde,
 And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
 This Nobles name, was called Vayne Delight³,
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
 Of gylefull wights: False semblant was the first⁴,
 The second man was, Flearing flattery,
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
 Then followed them, Detraction and Deccite,
 Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
 False witness was the second sternly page
 And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
 This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
 And wooed my sister, for she elder was,
 And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
 Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine so much,
 That Vayne Delight, to hir address his sute,
 Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,
 And forth she goeth, to be his wedded mates,
 Lintyst percase, with glasse of gorgeous shewe,
 (Or else perhappes, persuaded by his peeres)
 That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
 Such errors growe where suche false Prophets
 preach.

How so it were, my Syster likte him wel,
 And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwell,
 Where when she had some yeeres ysoiomed,
 And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
 A deepe Desire hir louing bart enflamde,
 To see me sit by hir in seemely wise,
 That companie might comfort hir sometimes,
 And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes:
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
 Doth Vaine Delight, his basty course direct,
 To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she laye, that mourned days and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceiue,
 And when the wretch (I cannot terme him bet)
 Had me on seas full farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
 And bad him harke, to songs of Satyra.
 I selly soule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte and strau to sing my best,
 Which please him so, and so enflamde his hart,

¹ Not ignorant symplicity but a thought free from deceite.

² Satyricall poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of such symplicity.

³ Where may be commonly found a meeter woer for pleasant poetry than vaine Delight?

⁴ Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine Delight.

⁵ Poetrie married to vain Delight.

That he forgot my sister Poesys.
 And ravisht me, to please his wanton minde⁶,
 Not so content: when this foule fact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
 His incest: and his doting darke desire)
 He caused straight wayes, the formost of his crew⁷
 With his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:
 And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through
 fraud,

Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
 That I entist Delyght, to loue and luste. [none il.
 Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me faste, in cage of Myserie,⁸
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntill this theefe, this traytor vaine Delight,
 Cut out my tong, with Raysor of Restraynte,
 Least I should wraye, this bloody dedde of his.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a wryary life⁹,
 Not as I seind, a man sometimes of might,
 But womanlike, whose teares must venge her harms.
 And yet, euen as the mighty gods disdain
 For Philomele, that though hir tong were cutte,
 Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes:
 So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
 That with the stumps of my reprocud tong,
 I may sometimes, Reprouers dedes reprocue,
 And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this selly song by night
 Like Philomene, since that the shining Sunne
 Is now eclypst, which wont to lend me light,
 And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
 Like Philomene, since that the stately courts,
 Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.
 And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest
 Like Philomene, since that the priuy worme,
 Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
 May well suffice, to keep me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
 Like Philomene, since euery tanging byrd,
 Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
 As though my muze were mute and durst uot sing.

And thus I sing, with harmelesse true intent,
 Like Philomene, when as percase (meane while)
 The Cuckow suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
 And lickes the sweet, which might have fed me
 first.

And thus I moane, in monnfull wise to sing,
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
 A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
 A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

Por whyles I mark this weak and wretched world¹⁰,
 Wherin I see, howe euery kind of man
 Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
 I seeme to muse, from whence such error springs,

⁶ Satyricall Poetry is sometimes rauished by vayne Delight.

⁷ False semblant and flatterie can seldome beguile satirical Poetrye.

⁸ The reward of bnsy meddling is Miserie.

⁹ Note now and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

¹⁰ Here the substance of them beginneth.

Such grosse conceits, such mists of darke mistake,
Such Surcuydry¹¹, such weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde,
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cause therof, and whence it should proceede,
My batted braynes, (which now be shrewdly
bruse)

With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
Can spye no cause, but onely one goeth,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
To see himsefe, yet so he seeth him not:
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely
Is not enough, the days are past and gon, [shew,
That Berrall glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
Might serue to shew, a seemely fauorid face.
That age is deade, and vanisht long ago, [true
Which thought that Steele, both trusty was and
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In steade wherof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better farr than it,
Beguyld with foyles, of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeue, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (belene me now my Lorde)
That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity.
That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot
thriue,

That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
That laymen lue, by mouing mischief stil,
That courtiers thriue, at letter Lamas day,
That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
That Soldiours sterue, or perch at Tiborne crosse,
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That sicophants, are counted idly giests,
That Lais leades a Ladies life alote,
And Lucrece lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muzze mistakes)
That things are thought, which neuer yet were
And castels buyit, aboue in lofty skies, [wrought.
Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue presume, my Lord for to present
With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and testament
Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucyllus¹², this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeatid the christel glasse,
To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
How foule or fayre, soeuer that they are,
He can bequeath a glasse of trustie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,

¹¹ Overweening conceit, from the French. C.
¹² A famous old satyricall Poete.

Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
And since mysefe (now pride of youth is past)
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherin I see, a frolike fauor frounst¹³
With foule abuse, of lawlese lust in youth:
Wherein I see, a Sampsons grim regarde
Disgraced yet with Alexanders bearded¹⁴:
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
(And such as might besee me the courte full wel)
Is cast at heele, by courtting al to soone:
Wherin I see, a quick capacitie¹⁵,
Berayde with blots of high Inconstancie:
An age suspect, bycause of youthes misliuedes
A poets brayne, posseste with layes of loue:
A Cæsars minde, and yet a Codrus might,
A Souldiours hart, supprest with feareful doomes
A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.
And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,
And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,
As it were not, that Reason ruleth me,
I should in rage, this face of mine deface,
And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,
Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
I see a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy so rulle,
As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,
Nor riches sought, vnlesse it be by right,
No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,
No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile,
No spot spends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight:
All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the scourge of mighty loue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,
Of such a land, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
Set forth euen so, by Solon (worthy wight)
Who taught king Cræsus, what it is to seme,
And what to be, by prooue of happie end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,
Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
And left the same, a mirroure to beholt,
To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse [rych,
Doth make us thinke, that realmes and townes are
Where fauor sways, the sentence of the law,
Where al is fishe, that cometh to the net,
Where mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
Where iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
Where bloody sword, makes euery booty prize,
Where banquetting, is compted comly cost,
Where officers grow rich by princes pens,
Where purchase comes by couin and dereit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serue God, but only tong tide men.
Aguine I see, within my glasse of Steele,
But some estates, to serue eche country soyle,

¹³ The auctor himselfe.

¹⁴ Alexander Magnus had hut a small beard.

¹⁵ He which will rebuke other mens faults, shal
doe wel not to forget bys owue imperfections.

The King, the Knight, the Pesant, and the Priest.
The King should care for al the subjects still,
The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,
The Pesant he, should labour for their case,
And Priests should pray, for them and for them-
selues.

But out alas, such mists do beare our eyes,
And christal glasse, doth glister so therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous great
When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant sights
To fede their fil, of daintie delicats,
To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sportes,
To fil their eares, with sound of instruments,
To breake with bit, the hot coregious horse, [gold,
To deck their handes, with sumptuous cloth of
To cloth themselves, with silkes of strange deuse,
To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones,
To delue the ground, for mines of glittering gold:
And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier
To feare the cries of gillies suckling babes, [bloud,
Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their
And stirre the wrath, of mightie thounding Ioue.

I speake not this, by any enlishe King,
Nor by our Zuceene, whose high foresight prouids,
That dyre debate, is fiedle to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace,
But there to turn my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who sawe themselues in glasse of trusty Steele)
Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did flourish most,
That no man might triumph in statly wise,
But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade
Five thousand foes in foughten field forelone.
Now he that likes, to luke in Christal glasse,
May see proud pomp, in high triumphant wise,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When Sergius, deuised first the meane
To pen up fishe, within the swelling floud,
And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast, exoesse on Princes bordes,
And euery dish, was charge with new conceits,
To please the taste, of vcontented mindes.
But had he seene, the strein of strange deuse,
Which Epicures, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
With secret cause, of sicknesse (oft) vnseene,
Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he say, that al the Romane crust
Was common trash, compar'd to sundrie Sauce
Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
Al eyes behold, with eare deep desire,
The Faulcon flye, the gryyhounde runne his course,
The haxted Bul, the Beare at statly stake,
These Enterluds, these new Italian sportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:

But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel,
Few loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete cousent, of Musicks sacred sound,
Doth rraise our mindes (as rapt) al vp on high,
But sweter soundes, of concordie, peace, and ioue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede
To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
With pampr'd fades, ought therewithal to wey,
What great excesse, vpon them may be spent,
(How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)
Might therwith al, in godly wise be fedde,
And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state,
But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes,
Our suites of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit silke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,
(Yea veluet serues, oft times to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queit aray,
Are prickinge spurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How lue the Moores, which spurne at glistring
perle,
And scorne the costs, which we do hold so deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,
(Which we enjoy, and neuer vey the worth.)
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
Which (though they lacke) they lue in better wise
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.
But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til grody mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out sundrie moulds
(As reddie and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischief)
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
And sellome seene, that kings can be contente
To kepe their boundes, which their forefathers left
What causeth this, but greedy gold to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The nest of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

But is this strange? when Lords when Knights
and Squire
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afraid to couet like a King?
O blinde desire: oh high a-piring harts,
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight,
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
(Which glistereth bright, and beares their gasing
eyes)

How euery life, beares with him his disease,
But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele.
I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordship lues, with lots of lesse delight,
(Though cappe and kneec, do seme a reuerence,

And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feede the fatherlesse,
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
Wil breake vp bouse, and dwell in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meane while) defends the common
welth?

Who rules the focke, when shepherds are so fled?
Who staves the staff, which shuld vphold the
state?

Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your selues:
Your countrie claymes, some part of al your
paines.

There should you liue, and therein should you
To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,
To see God seruede, and Belzebug suppress.
You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them sway, the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is
don,
Nor yet can yield, accompt if you were calde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to keepe
A courte at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(Al which his presence might haue pacified,
Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
And now the youth which might haue serued him,
In comely wise, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to seke aduance:
Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute.
(Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse:)
And so those imps which might in time haue
sprong
Alofte (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,
Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the
land,

And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
Yet here percase, it wil be thought I roue
And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And such as shew, most perfect is my glasse)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whose skil in armes, and long experience
Should still vphold the pillars of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, Lorde, Knight,
Squire,
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne.

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my selfe, of that profession)

I see a crew, which glister in my glasse,
The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene:
Behold behold, where Pompey comes before,
Where Manlius, and Marius insue,
Æmilius, and Curius I see,
Palamedes, and Fabius Maximus,
Aud eke their mate, Epaminondas loe,
Protesilaus and Phocyan are not faire,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.
I see not one therein, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes
And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius surnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
Aud brought such treasure, to the common cheats,
The fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine,
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, al onely to be markt,
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.
And yet in towne, he ietteth euery streete,
As though the god of warres (euen Mars himself)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward Constantiue.
I see none such (my Lorde) I see none such,
Since Phocion, which was in dede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold
Contented was to be but homely clad. [vaunt,
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forwaried legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stauds so much, vpon his painted sheath
(By cause he hath, perchance at Bolcyn bene
And wytered, since then in idlenessse)
That he accompts, no Souldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
Which joyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,
Were much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epaminondas, eke was much esteemde,
Whose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
Aud Fabius, surnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

These bloody beasts, appeare not in my glasse,
Which cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde:

But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand,
 Whose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
 That few regard, the very wrath of God,
 Which creued is, at cries of gitlesse bloud,
 Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
 And victor eke, in niue great foughen fields,
 Whereof he was the general in charge.
 Yet at his death he rather did reioyce
 In clemencie, than bloody victorie.
 Be still (quoth he) you grauc Athenians,
 (Who whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
 You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got,
 For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
 Was neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
 O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
 Beleue me (Lord) a soldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, wherou his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And shewe their scarres to euery comer by,
 Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,
 For so the faults, of Thraso and his trayne,
 (Whom Terence^{old}, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might some appeare, to euery skilful eye.
 Bolde Manlius, could close and wel conuey
 Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
 Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

What should I speake of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
 Of whom that one, can sit and hybbe his fil,
 Consume his coyne (which might good corage yeld,
 To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke
 Which might deserue (by sobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therewithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
 And so becoms, example of much euil,
 Which should haue seruede, as lanterne of good life:
 And is controlde, wheras he should commaund.
 Augustus Ceesar, he which might haue made
 Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And seldome drank his wine unwatered.
 Aristomenes, dayued to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chose, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, should foyle their chastitie.
 This was a night, wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayus come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glasse, and you shall see therein,
 Proud Crassus bagges, consumed by couctise,
 Great Alexander, drounde in drunkennesse,
 Ceesar and Pompey, spilt with priuy grudge,
 Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of beliefe,
 Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,
 Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
 Demetrius, light set for by his lust,
 Wherby at last he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are pursued up so close,
 And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouision must he made
 To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
 Justinian, that proude vngrateful prince,

Which made to begge, bold Belisarius
 His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
 In his defence, with euery enemy.
 And Scypio, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which suffred him (that had so truly serued)
 To leade pore life, at bis (Lynternun) ferme,
 Which did deserue, such worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
 Beleue for truth, that proude Justinian
 Did neuer die, without good store of beyres.
 And Romanes race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yssence springs, of such vnpleasant budds.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,
 When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub,
 Then be thou eke, as mewt as a mayde
 (I preach this sermon but to souldiours)
 And learn to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
 Let not the Mercer, plv thee by the sleue
 For sutes of silke, when cloth may serue thy turne,
 Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,
 Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
 Which wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
 If manhoode may, with manners well agree.
 Art thou a seruing man? then serue againe,
 And stint to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
 And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campe.
 Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
 Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
 And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
 Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions cke)
 Who lust, by warres to gather lawful weith,
 And so to get, a right renowned name,
 Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
 And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight bath held me al to long,
 Because he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
 High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
 Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
 And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
 I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
 Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow, and
 sowe, [snort.
 Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
 And serch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,
 But he that labours any kind of way,
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
 Al officers, all aduocates at lawe,
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants tome.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, deserted in decrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that should be cravde)
 He that can share from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,
 He that can plucke, sir Bennet by the slecue,
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
 He that cau winke at any foule abuse,

As long as gaines, come trauling in therwith,
Shal such come see themselves in this my glasse?
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gornes, be gathered in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king Henries clampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worse, than harmless homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yett their one eye, sharpe as Linceus sight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and preekes in euery place,
Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
He shal be sure, to drinke upon the whippe.
But piinie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and crouch so low,
As officers, can neuer see him slyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
He comes (I thinke) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to show,

Whereas long since, all officers were seene
To be men made, out of another mould.
Epamynond, of whom I spake before
(Which was long time, an officer in Thebes)
And toyle in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he spake, to such as sought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
Then wil I do it, for the vertues sake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte,
If so it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I berne, and bound by dutie both
To see it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld annoy
Vnto the state, which I preteride to stay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil trade Zeleucus steps?
Or who can byde, Cambyres cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good sir)
For iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.
O that al kings, would (Alexander like)
Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their master thecues¹⁷.
But Brutus died, without posteritie,
And Marcus Crassus had none issue male,
Cicero slipt, vsene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas¹⁸,
And were content, to vse their eloquence,
In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in Athens vsde his arts,
(Not for to heape, himselfe great hounds of gold
But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
Of Philips wyles, which had besieged it.
Where shal we reade, that any of these foure
Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
Or who can say, they builded sumptuously?
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
And yett content, to use their best deuoir,
In furduring, eche honest harmelesse cause.

¹⁷ False judges.

¹⁸ Advocates.

They did not rowte (like rude vringed swine)
To rowte nobilitie from heritage.
They stooode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
To leade a life, like true Philosophers.
Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
That euer lurde their fees about the cause,
I cannot see (scarce one) that is so bolde
To shewe his face, and fayued Phisnomie
In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
He shewes himselfe, to be by uery kinde
A man which meanes, at euery tyme and tide,
To do sinall right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauall ought
Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
Can finde the meane, to make Monopolyses
Of euery ware, that is accopted strange.
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
"Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales."

O painted fooles, whose hairbrainde heads must
haue
More clothes attones, than might become a king:
For whom the rocks, in forain realmes must spin,
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their
webbes
For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I speake not this by english courtiers
Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,
For whom these purples come from Persia,
The crimosine, and liuely red from Inde:
For whom soft siiks, do sayle from Sericane,
And al quaint costs, do come from fardest coasts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour,
Which rule the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his nieces everychone,
To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
And neuer carde, for silks or sumptuous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworkes, nor conceits.
He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
With brinzing home, oyle, graine, and sarrive salt
And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but Cento per cento)
To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde such babes, in father Derbies bauds,
To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
To rule yong roysters, with Recognisance,
To read Arithmetticke once euery day,
In Woodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery [house
Where such schoolmasters keepe their counting
To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large, [shine
Might sing perchance, abroad, when sunne doth
Of their mishaps, and how their fetters fel)
Vntil the canker may their corpe consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde
Bycause they shoue not in my glasse of Steele.
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,

I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse:
Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in dedde
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
But some vnshod, yea some ful thinty clothde,
And yet they seme, so heaumenly for so see,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires and Iacincts,
Their comly beards, and beare, of silver wiers.
And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
What should they be, (my Lord) what should
they be?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
These be my priests, deuorced from the world,
And wedded yet, to heauen and bolynesse,
Which are not prude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
Which enue not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
Which cannot fauie, which hate hypocrisie.
Which neuer sawe, Sir Simonies deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
Which loyter not, but labour all the yeaere,
Which thunder threts, of Gods most greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is iu store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
Descended from Melchisedec by line
Cosens to Paule, to Peter, James, and John,
These be my priests, the seasing of the earth
Which wil not leese, their sarrin: sse, I trowe.
Not one of these (for twenty hundreth groats)
Wil teach the text, that byddes lum take a wife,
And yet be combed with a concubine.
Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedly usurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.
Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe.
Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, devoutly at his booke.
Not one of these, wil rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.
Not one of these, wil paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.
Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, ploude pluralities,
Not one of these, reproveth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke upon his fist
And houndes at heele) doth quite forget his text.
Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet wil use for tythes.
Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamed, to do euen as he teacheth.
My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.
My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.
My priests can giue, in charitable wis-
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.
My priestes can place, all penance in the hart,
Without regard, of outward ceremonies.
My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet desie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my
priests?

Although they were, the last that shewed them-
I said at first, their office was to pray, [selues,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truly prayd,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your
beades

I wil presume (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to God him-
selte,

That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
Which walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Dukes and all estates,
Which sway the sworde, of royal government,
(Of whome our Queene, which liues without com-
pare

Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deserue, to lese both beades and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themselves,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffice, to hold it stil vpright. [closets,
Tell some (in Spaine) how close they kepe their
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt sutours
sterue

And pine before, their processe be preferre.
Theu pray (my priests) that God wil giue his
grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mend.
Tell some (in France) how much they loue to
dance,

While sutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.
Tel some (in Portugale) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion:
Which more esteeme, the present, pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) lest God such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.
Tel some (Italian) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quench soule filthy luste:
When as (in dede) they be the sinks of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God will not impute
Such wilful farts, unto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may growe therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al counsellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,
That they be not, too saintish nor too sowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him
Which is accused, absent as he is: [speake,
That cuermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpaste (so that they be not huge,

Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frette, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for your-
selues, [Priests.
For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeans, Deanes, and
And al that preach, or otherwise professe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
May walke upright, in your vocation.
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our fete.

Say therewithal, that some (I see them I
Wheras they fling, in Flaunders all affarre,
For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deauil,
So libertie, may launch about at large.
And some again (I see them wel enough [lurke)
And note their names, in Liezeland where they
Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely Dyademe.
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you
neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
Esteeme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.
Pray that the soules, of sundrie damned gosts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of some whose welth, maile them neglect their
charge

Til secret sinnes (untoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to
bane.
Some other ranne, before the greedy woofle,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox [eares.
Which durst nor barke, nor bawle for both they
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nourees, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cautabridge, shal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wise:
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,
Which Magike makes, in wicked mysteries:
That Logike leape, not ouer euery stile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.
That Sophistrie, do not deceiue it selfe,
That Cosmography keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be, Historiographers,
Trust not to much, in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor bynded be, by partialitie.
That Phisicke, thriue not ouer fast by murder:
That Numbring men, in al their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only Vnitie
Vnmeasurable, infinite and one.
That Geometrie, measure not so long,
Til all their measures out of measure be:
That Musike with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,

Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgot:
That Rhetorick, learne not to ouerreache:
That Poetrie, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens fautes, with Satyres corosiuus,
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulstesses:
Or that she dote not vpon Erato,
Wherin should inuoke the good Caliope:
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:
That Grammer grudge not for an english toug,
Bycause it stands by Monosyllaba,
And cannot be declind as others are.
Pray thus (my priests) for vniuersities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to God, the good be not abuse,
With glorious shewe, of ouerlodging skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you
For common people, eche in his degree, [pray
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who shal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
Stand forth good Peerce, thou plowman by thy
Yet so the Saylor saith I do him wrong: [name,
That one contends, his paines arc without pear,
That other saith, that none be like to bis,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But since I see no shipman that can lue
Without the plough, and yet I many see
Which lue by lande, that neuer saw the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth Peerce plowman first,
Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of
sweat
Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?
Such clyme to heauen, before the shauen crownes:
But how? forsooth, with true humiltye.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they set, debate betwene their lords,
By caring vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
(The guileful men, that euer God yet made)
When as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, eric out on landelordes lowde,
And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
When they themselues, do sel their landlords lambe
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
I see you Peerce, my glasse was lately scowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster
Therefore I say, that sooner some of them [pent:
Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
Than corned beasts, whose bellie is their God,
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for
Peerce,
As Peerce can pinch, it out for bim and you.
And if you haue a Paternoster spare
Then shal you pray, for Sayers (God them send
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes:
That they forget, to steale from euery freight,

And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
That manners make them giue their betters place,
And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
And say, that thus they shal be ouercharge,
To pray for al, which seeme to do amisse:
And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?

I tell thee (priest) when shoemakers make shoes,
That are wel sowed, with neuer a stitch amisse,
And vse no crafte, in vittring of the same:
When Taylours steale, no stuffe from gentlemen,
When Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
And both so dresse their hydres, that we go dry:
When Cutlers leaue, to sel old rustie blades,
And hide no crackes, with soder nor deceit:
When tinkers make, no more holes than they
founde,

When thatchers thinke, their wages worth their
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,
When maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
When smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
When milkers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
When bakers make, no barme beare price of
wheat,

When brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
When butchers blowe, not ouer al their fishes,
When horsecorsers, beguile no friendes with Jades,
When weauers weight, is found in huswies web.
(But why dwell I, so long among these lowts?)

When mercers make, more bones to swere and
lye,

When vintners mix, no water with their wine,
When printers passe, none errors in their bookes,
When hatters vse, to bye none olde east robes.
When goldsmithes get, no gaines by sodred
crownes,

When vpholsters, sel fethers without dust,
When pewterers, infect no tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themselues,
When Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
When custumers, conceale no covine vsde,
When Searchers see, al corners in a shippe,
(And spie no pens by any sight they see)
When shrives do serue, al processe as they ought,
When baylives strain, none other thing but strays,
When auditours, their counters cannot change,
When proude surueyours, take no parting pens,
When siluer sticks rot on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.
(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
When Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are espied, for Echoes, as they are,
When roysters ruffle not about their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therewithal a bobbe
When Laies liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al these thinges, are ordred as they ought,
And see themselues, within my glasse of steels,

Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday
And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde,
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue my selfe.
O worthy words, to end my worthless verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

—
EPILOGUS.

ALAS (my lord) my hast was al to hote
I shut my glasse, before you gasde your fill,
And at a glimse, my seely selfe haue spied,
A stranger troupe, than any yet were sene:
Behold (my lorde) what monsters muste here,
With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitfull thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer stand content,
With God, with kinde, with any help of Arte,
But curl their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with sundry subtil sleights,
But paint and slicke, til fayrest face be foule,
But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balm which nature
And dig for death, in delicatist dishes. [made,
The yonger sorte, come pypping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they
The elder sorte, go stately stalking on, [bryded.
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and towres, reuenewes and receipts,
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea farms and al.
What should these be? (speake you my louely
lord)

They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare such side long
gowns.

They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse.
They be no duels (I trow) which seeme so
saintish.

What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?
With dutchkin dublets, and with ierkins iaggde?
With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be so sure euen Wo to Men in dede,
Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world possesst,
Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
No, no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
We wil espie, some sunny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and see some seemly sights.
Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth beseech,
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
Vntil my braines, my better stuffe deuise.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

THE COMPLAINTE OF PHYLOMENE.

An Elegye compiled by
GEORGE GASCOIGNE
Esquire

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

To the right honorable, my singuler good Lord,
the L. Gray of Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter.

Ryght noble, when I had determined with my-
self to write the Satire before recited (called the
Steele Glasse) and had in myne Exordium (by
allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre Phyl-
omene, abused by the bloody king hir brother by
lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirteene
yeres past, I had begonne an Elegye or sorrowfull
song, called the Complaunte of Phylomene, the
which I began too deuise riding by the high way
between Cheimistord and London. and being ouer-
taken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my
copy, and stroke ouer into the *De Profundis* which
is placed amongst my other Poesies, leuing the
complaint of Phylomene vnfinisbed: and so it hath
continued euer since vntil this present month of
April 1575, when I begonne my Steele Glasse.
And bycause I haue in mine Exordium to the
Steele Glasse, begonne with the Nightingales
notes: therefore I haue not thought amisse now to
finish and pece up the said Complaunt of Phyl-
omene, obseruing neuertheless the same determi-
nate inuention which I had propounded and be-
gonne (as it is saide) twelue yeres nowe past.
The which I presume with the rest to present vnto
your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil ac-
cept my good entente therein. And I furder beseeche
that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof,
to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing
of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to
begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with
these rude lines, but besech of the Almighty long
to preserue you to his pleasure. From my pore
house in Walkamstowe the sixtenth of April
1575.

Your L. bounden and most assured
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE

IN sweet April, the messenger to May
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,
And western windes, do foster forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stooode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.
These thrifles birds (quoth she) which spend the
day,
In nedlesse notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, wherof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their
rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet seely soule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for seedes at large.

The Throste she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryeking lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in case: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good sooth (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttmouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aswel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they sing alofte,
And counted aith, as Lordes in high degree.
The Braudlet saith, for singing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.
Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the cole:
The tating Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
And some like best, the byrde as blacke as cole.
And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
Disgrace them quight, and make their courage
But should I so? no no so wil I not. [coole.
Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those,
(For like to like, the prouerbe saith I wot)
And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
For such vkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,
Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
The iangling Jay, for that becomes them wel.
Aod in the silent night then let them walke,
To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
And from henceforth, I wil no more constraîne
My pleasant voice, to sounde, at their request.
But shrowd my selfe, in darkesome night and
raine,
And learne to cowche, ful close upon my neast.
Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)
To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
It shal be done, in some such secret place,
That fewe or none, may therunto resorte.
These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song
But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
Let them come neare, for else they do me wroug.
And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,
There stands a squire, with paung of sorrow prest,
For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night:
And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
But such a liuely song (now by this light)
Yet neuer hearde I such another note.
It was (thought me) so pleasant and so plaine,
Orpheus harpe, was never halfe so sweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus she gan to plaine,
Most piteously, which made my hart to greue.
Hir second note, was fy, fy, fy, fy,
And that she did, in pleasant wise repteate,
With sweete reports, of heauenlie harmonie,
But yet it seemd, hir gripes of griefe were greate.
For when she had, so soong and taken breath,
Then should you heare, hir heauy hart so throbbe,
As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
And yet alwayes, in euery sigh and sobbe,
She shewed great skil, for times of vnisonie,
Hir Jug, Jug, Jue, (in griefe) had such a grace.
Then stinted she, as if her song were done.
And ere that past, not ful a furlong space,

She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, she warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart should swelt)
 Remember al, which hir sweete tong did tel.
 But one strange note, I noted with the rest
 And that said thus: Nêmesis, Nêmesis,
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir
 brest,

As though she blamde, (therby) something amisse.
 Short tale to make, hir singing sounded so,
 And pleasse mine eares, with such varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my selfe felt in my fantasie)

I stoode astôynde, and yet therwith content,
 Wishing in hart that (since I might aduante,
 Of al hir speech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirselfe, or else the Gods did graunt)
 I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
 To vnderstand, what hir swete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole desire to baue)
 I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
 And in my slomber, had I such a sight,
 As yet to think thereon doth glad my minde.
 Methought I sawe a derling of delight.

A stately Nimph, a dame of heavenly kinde,
 Whose glittering gite, so glimsed in mine eyes,
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel denise,
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
 She cast sometimes, a grieuous frowning glance,
 As who would say: by this it may appeare,
 That iust reuenge, is prest for euery chance.

In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
 And in her left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
 Bebest with gold, and many a gingling ring:
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,

The courteous dame, these words to me did say:
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
 To vnderstande, the notes of Phylomene,
 (For so she bight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
 And what the sound, of euery note might meane,
 Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the hartie prayers,
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
 With fauor eke, they furder such affaires,
 As tende to good, and meane to do none ill.

And siuce thy words, were grounded on desire,
 Whereby much good, and little harme can growe,
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
 And louingly, haue sent me here by lowe,
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
 Which Phylomene, doth darkely spend in spring,
 For he that wel, Dan Nasces verses notes,
 Shal find my words to be no fained thing.
 Giue eare (Sir Squire quoth she) and I wil tel
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

THE FABLE OF PHILOMELA.

IN Athens reignde somtimes
 A king of worthy fame,
 Who king in courte a stately traine,
 Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
 No holly breade of happe,
 (I meane such fruits as make men thinke
 They sit in fortunes lappe)

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Then had his golden giftes,
 Lye dead with him in toombe
 Ne but himselfe had none endure,
 The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewitcht,
 This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
 That poysou cannot be conuoyde
 In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
 That he two daughters had,
 Of bewtie such and so well giuen,
 As made their father gladd.

See: see: how highest harmes,
 Do lurk in ripest joyes,
 How courtly doth sorow shrowde,
 In trimmest worldly toyes.

These jewels of his ioy,
 Became his cause of care,
 And beawtie was the guileful bayte,
 Which caught their liues in Snare.

For Tereus, Lord of Thrace,
 Bycause he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do some triumphant things)

Was thought a worthy matche,
 Pandyons heire to wedde:
 Whose eldest daughter chosen was,
 To serue this king in bedde.

That virgine Progne bight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful Tragedie,
 Was called Phylomene.

The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To Thrace with his new wedded spouse
 He turneth at the last.

Where many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both satisfied with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

At last the dame desire
 Hir sister for to see,
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme
 Within hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
 Where Phylomene doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
 And findes the pleasant porte,
 Of Athens towne, which guided him
 To king Pandyons court.

There, (louingly receiue,
 And) welcomde by the king,
 He shewde the cause, which thither then
 Did his ambassade bring.

His father him embrast,
 His sister kist his cheeke,
 In al the court his comming was
 Reioyost of euerie Greeke.

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Oh see the sweete deceit,
Which blindeth worldly wits.
How common peoples loue by lumpses,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wise,
Is many times embraste,
And he which meanes most faith and troth
By grudging is disgrast.

Fair Phylomene came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of sisters helth
Had moued to be gladde.

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crimes of cost,
And prinake out hir parte.

Whom he no sooner sawe
(I meane this Thracian prince)
But streight therwith his fancies fume
All reason did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
Might kinde rotten reeds:
Euen so hir looke a secret flame,
Witlūn his bosome breedes.

He thinkes al leysure long
Til he (with hir) were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
Which after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he craude too much,
He then excusde him selfe, and saide
That Prognés words were such.

His teares confirmed all
Teares: like to sisters teares,
As who shuld say by these few drops
Thy sisters grieffe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
That wickednesse seemde wit,
And by the lawde of his pretence,
His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea Phylomene set forth
The force of his request,
And craude (with sigbes) hir fathers leaue
To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kist,
And for hir welth did seke the woe
Wherof she little wist.

Meane time stode Tereus,
Beholding their affectes,
And made these pricks for his desire
A spurre in all respects.

And wisht-himselfe hir sire,
When she hir sire embrast,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chast.

The Grecian king had not
The powre for to deny,
His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Supposing that for good successe,
Which hardest hadde must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)
Their shipping is prepaired:
And to the shore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vsde this parting speech:
Daughter (quoth he) you haue desire
Your sisters court to seech.

Your sister seemes likewise,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and Tereus here
The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coule I more withstande
So many deepe desires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of Thrace)
I constantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And all that seemeth sure,

That father like thou fende
My daughter deare from scathe,
And (siuce I counte al leasure long)
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my Phylomene,
(Quoth he) come soone againe,
Thy sisters absence puts thy syre,
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cbeeke,
And sent a second kisse
For Prognés part, and (bathde with teares)
His daughter duth he blisse.

And tooke the Thracians hand
For token of his truth,
Who rather laught his teares to scorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The sayles are fully spredde,
And winds did serue at will,
And forth this traitour king conuies
His praie in prison still.

Ne could the Barbrous blond,
Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my shippe
Is fraught with my desire.

Wherewith he fixt his eyes,
Vppon hir fearefull face,
And stil behelde hir gestures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a side
But like the cruel catte
Which gloating casteth many a glance
Vpon the selly ratte.

Why hold I long discourse?
They now are come on lande,
And forth the ship the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande

Vnto a selly shrowde,
A she-peccote closely buile
Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte.

There (like a lambe) she stode,
And askte with trimbling voice,
Where Progne was, who only sight
Might make hir to reioyce.

Wherewith this caytife kiog
His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful fast
This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floog the raines
Vnbridling blinde desire,
And ment of hir chast minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
With force he hir suppress,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
Whose flowre be liked best.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
With furious force did stay.

Alas what should she fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
Hir weapons were but weake (God knows)
And he was much of might.

It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And still before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did stande.

And yet she (weeping cride)
Vpon her sisters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers, oh;
Who facte did foyle her-feme.

And on the Gods she calde,
For helpe in hir distresse,
But al in vaine he wrought his wil
Whose lust was not the lesse.

The filthie facte once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greeete,
And there she sat much like a birde
New scape from falcons feete.

Whose blood embrues hir selfe,
And sits in sorrie plight,
Ne dare she prouine hir plumes again,
But feares a second flight.

At last when hart came home,
Discheveld as she sate,
With hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful state.

O Barbarous blood (quoth she)
By Barbarous deeds disgrast,
Could no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
Within thy brest be plaste?

Could not my fathers hests
Nor my most ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine owne yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?

Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst us al, and eke thy selfe,
We grievd, and thou vnjust.

By thee I have defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compte the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers grieffe must growe,
Who daughters twain (and two too much)
Vpon thee did bestowe.

But since my fault, thy facte,
My fathers just offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I caunot so dispence.

If any Gods be good
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou shalt be paid againe.

And (wicked) do thy wurst,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my wil.

Then might my soule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and saide,
That though I died discontent,
I liue and dide a mayde.

Herewith hir swelling sobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the Thracian tyrant there
To beare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast
At hir a frowning glance,
Which made the mayde to striue for spech,
And sterling from hir trauuce,

I wil reuenge (quoth she)
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shal witnesse with me beare.

I wil so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie facte.

These words amaze the king,
Conscience with choller strauce,
But rage so rackte his restles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
Ful desprately he drawes,
Wherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
Out of hir tender jawes.

The tong that rubbe his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that moude him to be mad,
And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
This trustie tongue he cast,
Whose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
When it is cut in twaine,
And so it seemes that weakest willes,
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
But sure best books say this:
That yet the butcher did not blush
Hir bloody mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
And ofter quencht the fire,
Which kindled had the furnace first,
Within his foule desire.

Nor herewithal content,
To Progne home he came,
Who askt him streight of Philomene:
He (faigning grieffe of game)

Burst out in bitter teares,
And sayde the dame was dead,
And falsly tolde what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The Thracian Queene cast off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weerd,
And drest in dole, bewailde her death
Whom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
(But for a liuing corse)
And praide the gods on sisters soule
To take a iust remorse:

And ofred sacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous Thracian Terens,
This was true force of loue.

The heauens had whirle aboute
Twelue yeeres in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
Their liueries did renew,

Whiles Philomene full close
In shepote stil was clapt,
Enforst to bide by stonie walles
Which fast (in hold) hir kapt.

And as those walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to scape,
So was hir tong, by knife, restrainde,
For to reueale this rape.

No remedie remaynde,
But mely womens witte,
Which sodainly in quaintest chance,
Can best itselfe acquit.

And Miseric amongst
Tenne thousand mischieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practises,
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

With curious needle worke,
A garment gan she make,
Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
And al for bewties sake.

This garment gan she giue
To trustie seruants hande,
Who streight conueid it to the queen
Of Thracian Tirants lande.

When Progne red the writ,
(A wondrous tale to tell)
She kept it close: though malice made
Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
Til time and place might serue,
But in hir winde a sharpe reuenge,
She fully did reserue.

O silence seldome seene,
The women counsell keepe,
The cause was this, she wakt hir wits
And lulde hir tong on sleepe.

I speake against my sex,
So haue I done before,
But truth is truth, and muste be tolde
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yerres rytes renewed,
Which Bacchus to belong,
And in that night the queene prepares
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in Bacchus gith)
With sworde hir selfe doth arme,
With wreathes of vines about hir browes
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
Hir handmaides following fast,
Vntil with hastie stepes she founde
The shepote at the last.

There howling out aloude,
As Bacchus priests do crie,
She brake the doores, and found the place
Where Philomene did lye.

And toke hir out by force,
And drest hir Bacchus like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
For being knownen by like.

And brought hir to hir house,
But when the wretch it knewe
That now againe she was so neere
To Terens untrue,

She trembled oft for dreade
And lookt like ashes pale.
But Progne (now in priue place)
Set silence al to sale.

And tooke the garments off,
Discouering first hir face,
And sister like did louingly
Faire Phylomene embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who should say: Thy right (by me)
Is left in wrongfull wise.

And down on ground she falles,
Which ground she kist hir fill,
As witness that the filthie facte
Was done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
In steede of tong to tell,
What violence the lecher vsde,
And how hee did hir quell.

Wherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And swa are with sworde (no teares) to venge
For craft of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
Some other meane more sure,
More stearne, more stoute, than naked sword
Some mischiefe to procure,

I swear by al the Gods,
I shall the same embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie bande
Vpon the king of Thrace.

Ne will I spare to spende
My life in sisters cause,
In sisters? ah what said I wretch?
My wrong shall lend me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
With al the princes pelfe,
And in the midst of flaming fire,
Wil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
That taught him first to lust,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or sleeping let me seeke
To sende the soule to hel
Whose barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did seeme to beare the bel.

These words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little sonne came leaping in
Which Itis had to name.

Whose presence, could not please
For (vewing well his face)
Ah wretch (quoth she) how like his groweth
Vnto his fathers grace,

And therewithal resolde
A rare reuenge in deede
Wheron to thinke (withouten words)
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerefully did smile,
And hung about his mothers necke
With easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Hir minde was moude to much remorse
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
But wept against hir will,
Such tender rewth of innocence,
Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)
Within hir brest she felt,
That too much pitie made hir minde
Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sister sit,
With heauy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she burst
(Quoth she) why flatters he?
And why againe (with tong cut out)
So sadly sitteth she?

He, mother, mother calles,
She sister cannot say,
The one in earnest doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
Remember stil your race,
And neuer marke the subtil shewes
Of any soule iu Thrace.

You should degenerate,
If right reuenge you slake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee,
Than this reuenge to make.

All ill that may be thought,
Al mischiefe vnder slake,
Were pietie compar'd to that
Which Tereus did deuise.

She holds no longer hande,
But (Tygrelike) she toke
The little boy ful boistrously
Who now for terror quooke.

And (crauing mothers helpe)
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir sonnes smal tender hart
An open wound she made.

The cruel dele dispatch,
Betwene the sisters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had slaine.

Some part, they boong on hooks,
The rest they laide to fire,
And on the table caused it,
Be set before the fire.

And counterfaite a cause
(As Grecians order then)
That at such feasts (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Deuoured there for meate.

His ouersight was such,
That he for Itis sent,
Whose murdered members in his mawe,
He priuily had pent.

No longer Progne then,
Hir joy of grieue could hide,
The thing thou seekst, O wretch, (quoth she)
Within thee doth abide.

Wherwith (he waxing wroth,
And searching for his sonne)
Came forth at length, faire Philomene
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in Bacchus copes,
Wherwith she then was cladde)
In fathers bosom cast the head
Of Itis selly ladde:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more desire to speeke,
Than now: wherby hir madding mood
Might at hir malice wreake.

The Thracian prince stert vp,
Whose hart did boyle in brest,
To feele the foode, and see the sawce,
Which he could not digest.

And armed (as he was)
He feuled both the Greekes,
On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he sekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
These bloudie deedes did see,
And found that bloud stil couits bloud
And so none ende could be.

They then by their foresight
Thought meete to stinte the strife,
And so restrained the murdering king,
From sister and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongest daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where covertly,
A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
She worthily can sing,
And as thou hearest, can please the eares
Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
A Swallow was assignde,
And builds in smoky chimney toppes
And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
A Lapwing for to be,
Who for his yong oncs cries alwas,
Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasant cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
Whose bloddie plumes declare the bloud
Wherwith his face was staind.

But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
The yongest dame to forrests fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

And Nightingale now namde
Which (Philomela hight)
Delights for feare of force againe
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,
Doth bend his weerie course,
Then Phylomene records the rewth,
Which craueth iust remorse.

And for hir foremost note,
Tereu, Tereu, doth sing,
Complaining stil vpon the name
Of that false Thracian king.

Much like the childe at schole
With byrchen rodde sore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In eury dreame he starts,
And (O good maister) cries,
Euen so this byrde vpon that name,
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
Whome prettie Merlynes hold
Ful fast in foote, by winters night
To feade themselves from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them scape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubtte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
Ful many times do crie,
Remembering yet the ruthful plight
Wherein they late did lye.

Euen so this selly byrde,
Though now transformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
She bearest stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
She notes that cruel name,
By whom she lost hir pleasant speech
And foiled was in fame.

Hir second note is fy,
In Greeke and Latine phy,
In English fy, and eury toug
That euer yet read I.

Which word declares disdaine,
Or lothsome leying by
Of any thing we tast, beare, touche,
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some sowre,
In hearing, some discorde,
In touch, some foule or filthy toye,
In smel, some sent abborde.

In sight, some lothsome loke,
And eury kind of waie,
This byword phy betokneth bad,
And thinge to cast away.

So that it semes bir will,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
Since phy beyfytte him so well,
In eury kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy false vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, on womankinde,
To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
Phy fierce, and foule forsworne,
Phy monster made of murdering mould
Whose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirroure of mischeuousnesse,
Phy, tipe of al vnt ruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging fyne excuse,
Phy periury, fy blasphemie,
Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,
Poor Philomene may meane,
And in hir selfe she findes percease,
Some phy that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
May not defended bee,
Hir sister yet, and she transgrest,
Thou not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deserte,
Their dedes grewe by disdainie,
But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
What wrong soeuer raigne.

Then Progne phy for thee,
Which kildst thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed hart
Which was not moude with milde.

Phy, phy, thou close conueydst
A secret if vsene,
Where good to keepe in counsell close
Had putrifide thy splene.

Phy on thy sisters facte,
And phy hir selfe doth sing,
Whose lack of tong nere toucht hir so
As when it could not sting.

Phy on us both saith she,
The father onely faulted,
And we (the father free therewhile)
The selly sonne assalted.

The next note to hir phy
Is Jug, Jug, Jug, I gesse,
That might I leaue to latynists
By learning to expresse.

Some commentaries make
About it much adoe:
If it should only Jugum meane
Or Jugulator too.

Some think that Jugum is
The Jug, she iugleth so,
But Jugulator is the word
That doubleth al hir wo.

For when she thinks thereon,
She beares them both in minde,
Him breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As fast as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So fast hir conscience choks hir vp,
And wo to wrong doth linke.

At last (by grieffe constrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
With Echo round about.

Hir next most note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my selfe the partie am
On whom she then doth call.

She calls on Némesis
And Némesis am I,
The Goddess of al iust reuenge,
Who let no blame go by.

This bridle bost with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in rashest rage,
Vntill the cause be scand.

And such as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May scape this scourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And scorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the rost ful deare,
It smelleth of the smoke.

This is the cause (Sir Squire
Quoth she) that Phylomene
Doth cal so much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leagne:

She feelles a iust reuenge
Of that which she hath done,
Constraine to vse the day for night,
And makes the moone hir sunne.

Ne can she now complaine,
(Although she lost hir tong)
For since that time, ne yet before,
No byrde so swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaued,
To countervaille hir wo,
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
When it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fedde,
But whither knowes not she,
And like hir selfe transformed eke
A selly byrde to bee:

Ou him this sharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is beloude of make.

As soone as coles of kinde
Haue warned him to do
The selly shift of dewties dote
Which him belongeth to:

His hen straight way him hates,
And flicth farre him fro,
And close conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath batcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame should serue them ete,
As Progne had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To seke his sonne, and filles the syro
With loude lamenting cries.

This lothsome life he leads,
By our a unhtie dome,
And thus sin's she, where company
But very seldome come.

Now let my faithful tale
For fable should be taken,
And therevpon my courtesie,
By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make therof a metaphore,
So shalt thou quickly finde,

Both profite and pastime,
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy skill wil serue therto,
And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (methought) she flog so fast away,
That scarce I could, hir seemly shadow see.
At last: my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
Did slippe, and I, must needs awakend be,
Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
For willingly I could my selfe content,
Seuen dayes to sleepe for Philomela's sake, [spent.
So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were
But you my Lord which reade this ragged uerse,
Forgive the faults of my so sleepey muse,
Let me the heast of Nemesis rehearse,
For sure I see, much sense thereof esues.
I seeme to see (my Lord) that lechers lust, [fest,
Procures the plague, and vengeance of the high-
I may not say, but God is good and iust,
Although he scourge the furdest for the highest:
The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
Yea farre descents it bears the burden stil,
Wherby it failes (when vaine delight is done)
That dole steppes in and wilds the world at wil.
O whoredome, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
The best is bad that lights on lechery
And (al wel weyed) he sits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feelles no sharper scourge than beggery.
You princes, peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which by wtie force, to loose what bountie buides:
Think on the scourge that Nemesis doth beare,
Remember this, that God (although he wink)
Doth see al sinnes that euer secret were.
Væ vobis then which still in sinne do sinke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The flesh may spurre to cuerlasting fire,
But sure, that horse which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the grieffe of his forgedal sides,
Is better, much than is the hairbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But huntet for sinne in euery hit and holte.
He which is single, let him spare to spil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,
His finest graine be burnt, and ful of branue.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may suffice,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
Might make him lothe the bed where Lays lies:
For though Pandyon's daughter Progne shee,
Were so transformde into a fethered foule,
Yet seemes she not withouten heires to be,

Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
Til time and pace, may serue to worke their will.
Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whose force is not to force.
And way their words as blasts of blustering winde,
Which comes ful calme, when stormes are past by
course:

Yet God about that cau both lose and bynde,
Wil not so soone appeased be therefore,
He makes the male, of female to be bated,
He makes the sire go sighing wondrous sore,
Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.
I meane the sonnes of such rash sinning sires,
Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.
But plague (be like) by fathers foule desires
Do gaddie abroad, and lack the guide of grace.
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
And howles and cries to see his children stray,
Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
Hauet taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men (my Lord) be Metamorphosed,
From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beasts:
Yea brauest dames (if they amisse ouce tredde)
Finde bitter sauce, for al their pleasant feasts.
They must in fine condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at last (if they can bryde it wel)
They may chop chalke, and take some better trade.
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
Fayre Philomene forbad me fayre and flat
To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
(I take hard taske) or but to giue a glance,
At bewties blase: for such a wilful breache,
Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say, George, thinke on Philomela's song.

FINIS.

Tam Martin, quam Mercurio.

And thus my very good L. may se how cobler-
like I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sule,
beginning this complainte of Philomene, in April,
1562, continuing it a little furdur in April 1573,
and now thus finished this thirde day of Aprill,
1576. At which mine April showers are humbly
sent vnto your good Lordship, for that I hope very
shortly to see the May flowers of your fauour,
which I desire, more than I can deserue. And yet
rest

Your Lordships bownden and assured.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

[From Gascoigne's Prose Works, Dramas, &c.]

CHORUSSES FROM JOCASTA.

CHORUS TO ACT. II.

O FIERCE and furious Mars, whose harmefull
Reioycest most to shed the gilllesse blood, [harte,
Whose headie wil doth all the world subuert,

And doth eniue the pleasant mery moode,
Of our estate that erst in quiet stooode.
Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne annoy,
Which mightie Bacchus gouerned in ioye?

Father of warre and death, that dost remoue
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,
The trustie pledges of their tender loue,
So graunt the Gods, that for our final rest,
Dance Venus pleasant looks may please thee best,
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maist proue some other way full well
The bloudie promessee of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raigest from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,
Who when the weake, doe wander euery where,
And neuer rest to range about the coastes,
Tenricke that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde heare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venomous,
Euen she that can with red virmillion dye
The gladsome greene that florist pleasantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,
To sup the bloud of murdered bodies vp.

Yet thou returne O ioye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our wil depart,
Ne let thy worthis minde from trauell cease,
To chase disdaine out of the poynded harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Euen from the brest of Oedipus his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.

And thou great God, that doest all things decree,

And sitst on highe about the starrie skies,
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
And speedily redresse our miseries,
For what cause we poore wofull wretches doe
But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue therto?

CHORUS TO ACT III.

WHEN she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,
Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face,
On him, whom erst she deigned to aduance,
She neuer leaues to gaulde him with disgrace,
To tosse and turne his state in euery place,
Till at the last she hurle him from on high
And yeld him subiect vnto miserie:

And as the braunche that from the roote is left,
He neuer winnes like life to that he left:

Yea though he do, yet can not tast of ioy
Compare with pangas that past in his annoy.

Well did the heauens ordeine for our behoofe
Necessitie, and fates by them alowde,
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
(As though our eyes were muffled with a cloude)

1 " In the favourite address to Mars (See Phœnix, page 140. edit. Barnes.) Gascoigne has totally deserted the rich imagery of Euripides, yet has found means to form an original ode, which is by no means destitute of pathos or imagination."

WARTON.

Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde
From our auails wherwith we runne so farre:
As none amends can make that we do marre:

Then drawes euill happe and striues to shew his strength,

And such as yeld vnto his might, at length
He leades them by necessitie the way
That destinie preparte for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waues best please,

When thundring Joue with tempest list to threaten,
And dreads in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
To saue himselfe in such extremitie:

For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,
His only hope on mightie Joue doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished heauen at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Joue the maker of vs al,
And he that tempers all in heauen on high,
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiaall,
So that no leafe without bis leaue can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also

To guide and gouerne all things here below?

O bluded eyes, O wretched mortall wights,
O subiect slaues to euery ill that lights,
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and
Happie were he that neuer had bin borne.

Well might duke Creon driuen by destinie,
(If true it be that olde Tyresias saith)

Redeme our citie from this miserie,
By his consent vnto Meuecus death,
Who of him selfe would faine haue lost his breath:

" But euery man is loth for to fulfill
The heauenly best that pleaseth not his will.

That publique weale must needs to ruine go
Where priuate profite is preferred so."

Yet mishtie God, thy only aide we craue,
This towne from siege, and vs from sorowe saue.

FROM THE ADUENTURES OF FERDINANDO IERONIMI.

OF thee deare Dame, three lessons would I learne:
What reason first persuades the foolish Fly
(As soone as shee a candle can discerne)
'To play with flame, till shee bee burnt thereby?
Or what may moue the Mouse to byte the bayte
Which strikes the trappe, that stops hir hungry
breth?

What calles the bird, where snares of deepe deceit
Are closely coucht to draw hir to hir death?

Consider well, what is the cause of this,
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,
Yet de-ope desire, to gayne a heauenly blisse,
May drowne the minde in dole and dark distresse:
Oft is it scene (whereat my hart may bleede)
Foolles play so long till they be caught in deede.

And then
It is a heauen to see them hop and skip,
And seeke all shiftes to shake their shackles off:
It is a world, to see them hang the lip,
Who (earst) at loue, were wont to skorne and skoff.

But as the Mouse, once caught in crafty trap,
 May bounce and beate against the boorden wall,
 Till shee haue brought hir head in such mishap,
 That downe to death hir fainting lymbes must fall:
 And as the Flie once singed in the flame,
 Cannot commaund hir wings to waue away:
 But by the heele, shee gangeth in the same
 Till cruell death hir hasty journey stay:
 So they that seeke to breake the linkes of loue
 Striue with the streame, and this by paine I proue.

For when

I first beheld that heauenly hewe of thine,
 Thy stately stature, and thy comly grace,
 I must confesse these dazled eies of mine
 Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:
 But bold desire did open them againe,
 And bad mee looke till I had lookt to long,
 I pittied them that did procure my paine,
 And lou'd the lookes that wrought me all the wrong:
 And as the byrd once caught (but works hir woe):
 That strives to leaue the limes twigges behind:
 Euen so the more I straued to parte thee fro,
 The greater grief did growe within my minde:
 Remedilesse then must I yeeld to thee,
 And craue no more, thy seruauant but to bee.

SONNET.

LOVE, hope, and death, do stirre in me such strife,
 As neuer man but I led such alife.
 First burning loue doth wound my hart to death,
 And when death comes at call of inward grieffe,
 Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath
 Against my will, and yeeldes my wound reliefe:
 So that I liue, but yet my life is such,
 As death would neuer greue me halfe so much.
 No comfort then but only this I tast,
 To saue such sore, such hope will neuer want,
 And with such hope, such life will euer last,
 And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.
 Oh straunge desire, O life with torments tost,
 Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

In prime of lustie yeares when Cupid caught me
 in, [best begin:
 And nature taught the waie to loue, how I might
 To please my wandring eie, in beauties tickle trade,
 To gaze on eache that passed by, a carelesse
 sporte I made.

With sweete enticing baite, I fisht for manie
 a dame, [the flame:
 And warmed me by maucie a fire, yet felt I not
 But when at last I spied, that face that please
 me most, [I began to tost.
 The coales were quicke, the woods was drie, and

And smiling yet full oft, I haue behelde that face,
 When in my hearte I might bewaile mine owne
 vnluckie case: [grieffe,
 And oft againe with lokes that might bewraie my
 I pleaded harde for iust rewarde, and sought to
 finde reliefe.

What will you more? so oft my gazing eies did
 seeke, [cheeke:
 To see the rose and lillie striue vpon that liuelie
 Till at the last I spied, and by good prooffe I founde,
 That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer
 of my wound.

Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,
 And sought with secret sighes to quench my gredie
 skalding fire
 But lo, I did preuaile asmuche to guide my will,
 As he that seeks with halting heele, to hop agaiust
 the hill.

Or as the feeble sight, woulde searche the sunnie
 beame, [the streame.
 Euen so I founde but labour lost, to striue against
 Then gan I thus resolute, since liking forced loue.
 Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it
 proue?

And since none other ioye I had but her to see,
 Shoulde I retire my deepe desire? no no it woulde
 not bee: [well deserue,
 Though great the duetie were, that shee did
 And I poore man, vnwortheie am so wortheie a wight
 to scrue.

Yet hope my comfort staide, that she would
 haue regard, [for iust reward:
 To my good will that nothing crau'd, but like
 I see the faucon gent sometime will take delight,
 To seeke the solace of hir wing, and dallie with a
 kite.

The fairest Woulf will choose the foulest for hir
 make, [hir sake:
 And why? because he doth indure most sorrow for
 Euen so had I like hope, when dolefull daies were
 spent
 When wearie wordes were wasted well, to open
 true entent.

When fuddes of flowing teares, had washt my
 weeping eies,
 When trembling tongue had troubled hir, with
 loud lamenting cries:
 At last hir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,
 And comfort me hir owne poore slaue, whom
 feare had made so faint.

Wherefore I made a vowe, the stoany rocke
 should start,
 Ere I presume, to let her slippe out of my faith-
 full heart.

L'ENVOIE.

And when she sawe by prooffe, the pith of my
 good will,
 She tooke in worth this simple song, for want
 of better skill:
 And as my iust deserts, hir gentle hart did moue,
 She was content to answere thus: I am content to
 loue.

A CLOUD of care hath coured all my coste,
 And stormes of strife doo threaten to appeare:
 The waues of woe, which I mistrusted moste,
 Haue broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleare:
 Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amynd my choyce,
 To marre the mynd, that ment for to reioyce.

Before I sought, I founde the haue of hap,
 Wherein (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,
 But lowring loue hath lifte me from hir lap,
 And crabbed lot begins to hang the lip:
 The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thicke,
 They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.

What may be saide, where truth cannot pre-
naife?

What plea maie serue, where will it selfe in iudge?
What reason rules, where right and reason faile?
Remedlesse then must the guiltlesse trudge:
And seeke out care, to be the caruing knife,
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.

A MOONESHYNE.

DAME Cynthia her selfe (that shines so bright,
And dayncth not to leaue hir loftie place:
But onely then, when Phœbus shewes his face.
Which is her brother borne and leudes hir light,)
Disdaind not yet to do my Lady right:
To proue that in such heauenly wightes as she,
It sitteth best that right and reason be.
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,
Into the cloudes,
Her head she shroudes, [plaies.
And shamed to shine where she hir beames dis-

Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,
I should the name of Cynthia adore:
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,
My Ladies louely looks at mine owne will,
With deepe content, to gaze, and gaze my fill:
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdaine,
Dame Cynthia disclode my Lady plaine.
Shee did but leude hir light (as for a lite)
With friendly grace,
To shew hir face,
That else would shew and shine in hir dispiht.

Dan Phœbus hee with many a lowring looke,
Had hir bebedle in yore in angrie wise:
And when he coulde none other meane deuise
To staine hir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,
To be the baite that best might hide his booke:
Into hir eies his parching beames he cast,
To skorche their skinnes, that gaz'd on hir full
fast:
Whereby when many a man was sunne burnt so
They thought my Queene,
The sonne had beene.
With skalding flames, which wrought them all
that wo.

And that when many a looke had lookt so long,
As that their eyes were dimme and dazled both:
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and
loth

To looke agayne from whence that error sproug,
Gan close their eye for feare of farther wrong:
And some againe once drawn into the maze,
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,
How Phœbus ment,
By false intent,
To slaunder so her name with crueltie.

Wherefore at better leasure thought I best,
To trie the treason of his trecherie:
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie
When Phœbus fled and drew him downe to rest,
Amid the waues that walter in the west,
I gan behold this louely Ladies face.
Whereon dame nature spent hir giftes of grace:

And found therein no parching heat at all,
But such bright hew,
As might renew,
An Aungels ioyes in raigne celestiaall.

The courtesie Moone that wisht to do me
good,
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,
But when she sawe hir passing iollitie,
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,
And shrounke aside and kept hir hornes in hooide:
So that now when Dame Cynthia was gone,
I might enioye my Ladies lokes alone,
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent,
Who taught vs skill,
To worke our will,
And gaue vs place, till all the night was spent.

A CHALLENGE TO BEAUTIE.

BEAUTIE shut vp thy shop, and trusse vp all thy
trash,
My Nell hath stolne thy finest stuffe, and left thee
in the lash [wot,
Thy market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this
that I haue got
As for thy painted pale, and wrinckles surfied vp:
Are deare ynough, for such as lust to drinke of
euery cup: [bagges,
Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbact and with
Thy rowles, thy ruffles, thy caules, thy coifes, thy
Ierkins and thy Jagges.
Thy curling, and thy cost, thy friesling and thy
fare,
To court to court with all those tois, and there
set forth such ware
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on euery gest,
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please
their fancy best. [a glance,
But I whose sturdfast eies, coulde neuer cast
With wandring loke, amid the prese, to take my
choise by chaunce
Hauc wonne by due desert, a peece that hath no
peere, [there
And left the rest as refuse all, to serue the market
There let him chuse that list, there catche the
best who can: [a gazing man.
A painted blazing baite may serue, to choke
But I haue slipt thy flower, that freshest is of
hewe:
I hauc thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke
no new.
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with such
delight, [in my sight:
As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth
And not without iust cause, I can compare her so,
Loc here my gloue I challenge him, that can, or
dare say no.
Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge
with brand, [the Grecian land:
To proue howe faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd
Let mighty Mars himselfe, come armed to the
field:
And vaunt dame Venus to defend, with helmet,
speare, and shield. [embrace,
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to
Shal haue like lucke to stil hir foes, and daunt
them with disgrace.

And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,
How farre hir louelie looks do steine, the beauties
of them both.
And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris
wife,
And doth deserue more famous praise, then Venus
for hir life.
Which if I not perourme, my life then let me leese,
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to begge
for beauties feese.

SONNET.

THE stately Dames of Rome, their Pearles did
weare,
About their neckes to beautifie their name:
But she (whome I doe serue) bir pearles doth
beare,
Close in bir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.
No wonder then, though eu'ry word she speakes,
A lewell seeme in iudgement of the wise,
Since that hir sugred tongue the passage breakes,
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of
price,
Hir haire of golde, hir front of Iuory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)
Hir teeth of Pearle lippes Rubie, cristall eye,
Nedes must I honour bir about the rest:
Since she is fourmed of none other mould,
But Rubie, Christall, Iuory, Pearle, and Golde.
Ferdinando Ieronimy.

IELOSIE.

WHAT state to man, so swete and pleasaunt
weart,
As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy loue?
What life so blist and happie might appeare,
As for to serue Cupid that god aboute?
If that our mindes were not sometimes infect,
With dread, with feure, with care, with cold sus-
pect:
With deepe dispaire, with furious frenesie,
Handmaidens to her, whome we call iellosie.

For eu'ry other sop of sower chauce,
Which louers tast amid their sweete delight:
Encreaseth ioye, and doth their loue aduance,
In pleasures place, to haue more perfect plight.
The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,
The hungrie iawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaste:
Who hath not prou'd what death by warres doth
growe,
Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.

And though with eye, we see not eu'ry ioye,
Yet maie the minde, full well support the same,
And absent life long led in great annoyne.
When presence comes, doth turne from griefto
game,
To serue without reward is thought great paine,
But if dispaire do not therewith remaine,
It may be borne for right rewardes at last,
Followe true seruice, though they come not fast.

Disdaines, repulses, finallie eche ill,
Eche smart, eche paine, of loue eche bitter tast,
To thinke on them gan frame the louers will,
To like eche ioye, the more that comes at last:

But this infernall plague if once it tutch,
Or venome once the louers minil with grutch,
All festes and ioyes that afterwarde befall,
The louer comptes them light or nought at all.

This is that sore, this is that poisoned wound,
The which to hea'e, nor saue, nor ointmentes
serue,
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,
Nor obseruance of starres can it pre-erue,
Nor all the art of Magicke can preuaile,
Which Zoroactes found for our auaille,
Oh cruell plague, about all sorrowes smart,
With desperate death thou sleast the louers heart.

And me euen now, thy gall hath so infect,
As all the ioyes which euer louer found,
And all good haps, that euer Troylus sect,
Atchieued yet about the luckles ground:
Can neuer sweeten once my mouth with mell,
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in rest to dwell.
Of thy mad moods, and of naught else I thinke,
In such like seas, faire Bradamaunt did sincke

FROM THE PRINCELY PLEASURES AT
KENELWORTH CASTLE.

SONG.

COME Muses, come, and helpe me to lament,
Come woods, come waues, come hills, come
dolefull dales
Since life and death are both against me bent,
Come Gods, come men, beare witnessse of my
bales.
O heauenly Nymphs, come helpe my heauy heart:
With sighes to see dame pleasure thus depart.
If death or dole, could daunt a deepe desire,
If prittie pangs could counterpoise my plaint:
If tract of time, a true intent could tire,
Or cramps of care, a constant minde could taint,
O then might I, at will here liue and sterue:
Although my deedes did more delight deserue.

But out alas, no gripes of greefe suffice,
To breake in twaine this harmlesse heart of
mine
For though delight be banisht from mine eies,
Yet liues D sire, whom paines can neuer pine.
O strange effects, I liue which seeme to die
Yet die to see my deere delight go by.

Then farewell sweet, for whom I taste such sower
Farewell delight, for whom I dwell in dole:
Free will, farewell, farewell my fancies flower,
Farewell content whom cruell cares controle.
Oh farewell life, delightfull death farewell,
I dye in heauen, yet liue in darksome hell.

FROM THE GLASSE OF GOVERNEMENT.

CHORUS TO ACT I.

WHEN God ordeynd the restlesse life of man,
And made him thrall to sundry greuous cares:
The first borne grieft or sordy that began,
To shew it self, was this: to saue from suares

The pleasant pledge, which God for vs prepares,
I meane the seede, and offspring that he giues,
To any wight which in this world here lyues.

Few see themselves, but eāch man seeth his
chylde,
Such care for them, as care not for themselfe,
We care for them, in youth when witte is wilde,
We care for them, in age to gather pelf:
We care for them, to keepe them from the shelf
Of such quicke sands, as we our selues first founde,
When headdy will, dyd set, our shippes on gronde.

The care which Christ dyd take to saue his
sheepe,
Hath bene compard, to fathers care on child,
And as the hen, her harmles chicks can keepe
From cruell kyte: so must the father shyld
His youthfull Sonnes, that they be not begyilde,
By wicked world, by fleshly foule desire,
Which serue the deuill, with fewell for his fire.

Fyrst parentes care, to bring their children forth,
To breede them then, to bring them vp in youth,
To match them eke, with wightes of greatest worth,
To see them taught, the trusty tracks of trueth:
To braue excesse, from whence all sin eusueth.
And yet to geue, enough for common neede,
Least lothsōme lacke make vice for v̄irtue breede.

Let shame of sinne, thy Childrens bridle be,
And spurre them forth, with bounty wysely used:
That difference, each man may plainly see,
Twene parentes care, and maisters bodes abused:
So Terence taught, whose lore is not refused,

But yet where youth is prone to follow ill,
There spare the spurre, and use the brydell still.

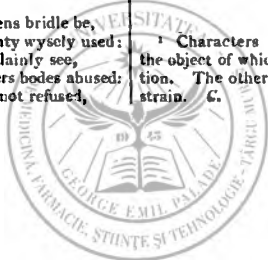
Thus infinite, the cares of Parentes are.
Some care to saue their children from myshappe,
Some care for welth, and some for honours care,
Whereby their Sonnes may sitte in fortunes
lappe:

Yet they which cram them so with worldly pappe,
And neuer care, to geue them heauenly crommes,
Shall see them sterue, when happe of hunger
comes.

Said Socrates; that man which careth more
To leaue his chyld, much good and rych of rent:
Then he forserth, to furnish him with store
Of vertues welth, which neuer can be spent:
Shall make him lyke, the steed that stylle is pent
In stable close: which may be fayre in sight,
But seldome serues, such horse in field to fight.

So Xenophon, his freend Dan Tully told,
And so do here, Phylopoes¹ and his pheare
Phylocalus¹, that selfe same lesson hold:
They rather loue to leaue their sonnes in feare
Of God about: then wealth to wallow heare.
Which godly care, O God, so deigne to blisse,
That men may see how great thy glory is.

¹ Characters in the Glass of Governement,
the object of which is to shew the errors of educa-
tion. The other chorusses, are much in the same
strain. C.





THE
POEMS

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.





GEORGE YONGE

LIFE OF GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet, descended from a family of considerable note in Dorsetshire, was a younger son of Nicholas Turberville of Whitchurch, and supposed to have been born about the year 1530. He received his education at Winchester school, and became fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1561; but left the university without taking a degree, and resided for some time in one of the inns of court. He appears to have accumulated a stock of classical learning, and to have been well acquainted with modern languages. He formed his ideas of poetry partly on the classics, and partly on the study of the Italian school. His poetical pursuits, however, did not interfere with more important business, as his well-known abilities recommended him to the post of secretary to Thomas Randolph, esq. who was appointed queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia.

While in this situation he wrote three poetical epistles to as many friends, Edward Davies, Edmund Spenser (not the poet¹), and Parker, describing the manners of the Russians. These may be seen in Hackluyt's Voyages, vol. I. p. 384. After his return he was much courted as a man of accomplished education and manners; and the first edition of his Songs and Sonnets, published in 1567, seems to have added considerably to his fame. A second edition appeared in 1570, with many additions and corrections².

His other works were, translations of the Heroical Epistles of Ovid, of which four editions were printed; and the Eclogues of B. Mantuan, published in 1567. The only copy known of this volume is in the royal library. Wood, who appears to have seen it, informs us that one Thomas Harvey afterwards translated the same Eclogues, and availed himself of Turberville's translation, without the least acknowledgement. Among the discoveries of literary historians, it is to be regretted that such tricks are to be traced to very high antiquity. Another very rare production of our author, although twice

¹ Such at least is Mr. Park's opinion, preferable in this instance to that of Dr. Tanner, and certainly to that of Dr. Berkenhout. C.

² A perfect copy of this edition is very rare. That used on the present occasion was obligingly lent by Mr. Hill. There is another in Trinity College, Cambridge, a present from Mr. Capell. C.

printed in 1576 and 1587, is entitled "Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville, in time of his troubles, out of Sundrie Italians, with the argument and L'Envoye to ech tale." What his troubles were we are not told. To the latter edition of these Tales were annexed "Epitaphs and Sonets, with some other broken pamphlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine of his friends in England, at his being in Moscovia, Anno 1569." Wood has mistaken this for his "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets," from which it totally differs.

Our author was living in 1594, and in great esteem; but we have no account of his death. There appear to have been two other persons of both his names, both natives of Dorsetshire, and nearly contemporaries; one of whom was a commoner of Gloucester Hall in 1581, aged eighteen, and the other a student of Magdalen Hall in 1595, aged seventeen. Wood was not able to tell which of the three was the author of "Essays, politic and moral," which were published in 1608, nor of the "Booke of Falconrye and Hawking, heretofore published by G. Turberville, Gent. and now revived, corrected and augmented by another hand, Lond. 1611." But the intelligent editor of Phillips's *Theatrum* is of opinion that this work was the production of our poet, from its having commendatory verses prefixed by Gascoigne; and, I may add, that the present collection confirms our poet's intimacy with the art of falconry and hawking. The curious biographical tract of Whetstone now printed in this volume before Gascoigne's works, notices a production of that author on hunting, which Mr. Park thinks is the one printed with the above Booke of Falconrye, and usually attributed to Turberville. Besides these, our poet wrote commendatory verses to the works of several of his contemporaries³.

Among the "Elegant and Witty Epigrams of sir John Harrington, 1625," we find the following *Epitaph in commendation of George Turberville, a learned gentleman*.

"When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour'd
To polish barbarism with purer style:
When times were grown most old, thy heart persever'd,
Sincere and just, unstain'd with gifts or guile.
Now lives thy soul, tho' from thy corpse dissever'd:
There high in blis here clear in fame the while:
To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving:
My pen doth praise thee dead: thine grac'd me living."

Turberville has a place in these volumes as a sonneteer of great note in his time; although, except Harrington, his contemporaries and successors appear to have been sparing of their praises. It is probably to some adverse critics that he alludes in his address to Sycophants. We have seen Gascoigne complain of the Zoilus's of his time.

There is a considerable diversity of fancy and sentiment in his pieces; the verses in praise of the countess of Warwick are ingeniously imagined, and perhaps in his best stile, and his satirical effusions if occasionally flat and vulgar, are characteristic of his age. Many of his allusions, as was then the fashion, are taken from the amusement of hawking, and these and his occasional strokes on large noses and other personal redundancies or defects, descended afterwards to Shakspeare, and other dramatic writers. He entitles his pieces Epitaphs and Epigrams, Songs and Sounets, but the reader will

³ See Ritson's *Bibliographia*, art. Turberville. C.

seldom recognize the legitimate characteristics of those species of poetry. His epitaphs are without pathetic reflection, being stuffed with common place railing against "the cursed cruelty" of death; and his epigrams are often conceits without point, or, in some instances, the point is placed first, and the conclusion left "lame and impotent." His love sonnets, although seemingly addressed to a real mistress, are full of the borrowed passion of a translator, and the elaborate and unnatural language of a scholar. The classics in his age began to be studied very generally, and were no sooner studied than translated; this retarded the progress of invention at a time when the language was certainly improving: and hence among a number of authors who flourished in this period, we seldom meet with the glow of pure poetry. It may, however, be added in favour of Turberville, that he seldom transgresses against morals or delicacy: it is also necessary to apprise his readers that his obsolete words are almost all to be found in the glossary to Chaucer.





TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LADY,

LADY ANNE, COUNTESSE WARWICK, &c.

GEORGE TURBERUILE WISHETH INCREASE OF HONOR AND ALL
GOOD HAPPES.

As at what time (Madame) I first published this fond and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in dedication of so vnworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladie: so haue I now also rubde my browe and wipe away al shame in this respect, aduenturing not to cease, but to increase my former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before. So much the more abusing in mine owne conceite your Ladishippes pacience, in that I had pardon before of my rash attempt. But see (Madame) what presumption raignes in retchlesse youth. You accepted that my first offer of honorable and meere curtesie, and I thereby encouraged, blush not to procede to the lyke trade of follie, always hoping for the like acceptance at your hands, which if it should faile me (as I hope it shall not faile) then should I hereafter not once so much as dare to set pen to Paper for feare of controlment and check, which bowe gricuous it is to a yong man nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and threshold, neyther is your Ladiship ignoraunt, and I my selfe presume to know. Wherefore as I haue (Madame) by a little enlarging this Booke, enlarged not a little my follie: so is my humble sute to you a little to enlarge your bounteous curtesie. I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceeding not so much vpon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke in some part the requitall of your bountye by some better deuise, though not more learned treatise. But what should I stand vpon terms of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the Writer, neither the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deuiser thereof, offering his dutie in such wise as best answers his abilitie and power. For as if subiectes shoulde haue respect more to the vnworthinesse of such things as they giue their Princes, than regard the worthie mindes and good natures of their Souereignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quite be discouraged from euer offering the like and slender giftes: so if I shoulde cast an eie rather to the basenesse of my Booke, than account of your Noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyuing the same: neither should I heretofore emboldned my selfe so farre as to haue offred you this trifling treatise, nor now haue the hart to aduenture anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leaue to molest your noble eies with suruey of my rash compiled toyes. It may please your Ladyship to wey my well meaning heart, at what time occasion ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you, was the onely cause of this my enterprize. Which done, I haue at this time no more to trouble your Ladiship, but ending my Epistle, to craue the Gods your happie preseruacion of present Honor, and luckie increase of blessed happes in all your life.

Your Ladiships daily Orator

GEORGE TURBERUILE.

TO THE READER.

HERE haue I (Gentle Reader) according to promise in my Translation, giuen thee a few Sonets, the vnripe seedes of my barraine braine, to pleasure and recreate thy wearye mind and troubled hed withal. Trusting that thou wylte not loth the bestowing thy tyme at vacant houres in perusing the same. Waying that for thy solace alone (the bounden dutie which I owed the noble Countesse reserved) I vndertoke this slender toyle, and not for anye pleasure I did my selfe in penning thereof. As I deeme thou canst not, so do I hope thou wilt not mislike it at all. But if there be any thing herein that may offend thee, refuse it, reade and peruse the reast with pacience. Let not the misliking of one member procure thee rashlye to condemne the whole. I stand to thy iudgement, I expect thy æquitie. Reade the good, and reiect the euill: yea rather condemne it to perpetuall silence. For so woulde I wyshe thee to deale wyth vnworthye Bookes: But assuredlye there is nothing in thys whole slender Volume that was ment amisse of me the Writer, howsoever the Letter goe in thy iudgement that arte the Reader.

Whatsocuer I haue penned, I write not to this purpose, that any youthlie head shoulde folow or pursue such fraile affections, or taste of amorous bait: but by meere fiction of these Fantasies, I woulde warne (if I mighte) all tender age to flee that fonde and filthie affection of poysoned and unlawfull loue. Let this be a Glasse and Myrror for them to gaze vpon: the soner may I (I trust) preuayle in my perswasion, for that my selfe am of their yeares and disposition. And as I am not the first that in this sort hath written and imployde hys tyme: so shall I not be the last, that without desarte (perhaps) shall be misdeemed for attempting the same. But let those curious Knightes cast au eye to home, and looke well about whether they themselues are blamelesse, or as well worthy reproche as others. This done and my intent considered, hoping of thy curtesie, I ende, alwayes readie to pleasure thee by my pains, wishing vnto thee, that arte the pacient Reader, as to my self the Writer and thy verie Friend

GEORGE TURBERUILE.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

TO THE RAYLING ROUTE OF SYCOPHANTS.

If he that once encountred with his Foes
In open fields at sound of blasted Trumpe,
Doe dare to yeelde his hewed head to bloes,
And go again to heare the Canons thumpe:
With dreadlesse bart and vnappalled brest
Not fearing till he be by Fous opprest:

If such as earst in cutting of the Surge,
By passing to the straunge and forraine lande
Bede bitter blast and scornefull Neptunes scourge,
Dreade not to take the like attempt in hand,
But rashly runne like sturdie ventrous Wights
Not fearing wind nor waue when Boreas fights:

If these (I say) doe nothing doubt at all
But valiantly giue freshe assault anw,
Not dreading daunger that is like to fall,
As they long earst by proufe and practise knew:
Then why should I of yore that haue assayde
The force of Zoylls' mouth, be ought dismayde?

Then why should I, like one that fearde to fight
Or neuer crusht his head with Helmet's heft,
Now shew my selfe a weak and coward Wight
As long as life or lym uncut is left?
For Ouid earst did I attempt the like,
And for my selfe now shall I stick to strike?

No, no, I march gainst Momus once againe,
My courage is not quailed by cruell fo.
Though Zoyll did his best my Flag to gaine,
Twas not his hap to haue the conquest so:
And since it was my luck to scape his night,
I here assaile the Beast with nouell fight.

1 Zoilus.

Thou Sycophant, unsheath thy shamefull blade
Plucke out thy bloudie-fawchon (Discard thou)
Wherewith thou hast full many a skirnish made
And scotcht the braynes of many a learned brow.
Now doe thy worst, I ferue not of thy stroke,
Thou shalt not bring my neck to seruage yoke.

Though thou affirme with rash and railing iawes
That I *impro* have *Mierpa* made
My other Booke, I gave thee no such cause
By any deepe of mine to drawe thy blade:
But since thou hast shot out that shamelesse
worde,
I here gainst thee uncote my cruell sworde.

I know thou wilt eche worde and sentence wrie
That in this slender Booke of me is write,
And wilt the same unto thy sense applie
Hoping for loue thereby to breede dispite:
And looke what I amisse did neuer meane,
Thou wilt mistake and eke misconster cleane.

Thou wilt the wylie braine that ought is bent
To fowle suspect and spot of fell distrust,
Perswade that here something of him was ment,
And Jealous Coales into his bosome thrust,
Thinking thereby thy purpose to aspire
In setting of his boyling breast a fire.

But as thou art in all thy other deedes
Deseruing no beleefe or trust at all:
Likewise what so from thy vile Jawes proceedes,
Is loathsome lie, fowle fitton, bitter Gall.
Beleue him not but reade the Treatise through,
He sowes debate with helpe of hateful Plough.

The modest mind that meanes but vertues trade
And shunnes the shameful shop of hawdie sect,
This spitefull Beast will (if he may) prswade
That these are Toyes: for that he should reject
And not perue the meaning of the same,
Thus Zoyll seekes but blot of black defame.

But thou that veste this stile with stayd brow,
Maik e rie worde, unjoit eche Verse of mine,
Thy judgement I and censure will allow,
Nor once will seeme for rancour to repine:
Thou art the man whose sentence I expect,
I scorne the scoffes of Zovills shamefull sect.

FINIS.

*IN PRAYSE OF THE RENOWNED LADIE
ANNE, LADIE COUNTESSE WARWICKE.*

WHEN nature first in hande did take,
The Clay to frame this Countesse corse
The earth a while she did forsake,
And was compelde of verie force
With mowle in hande to flee to Skies,
To eude the worke she did deieus.

The Gods that tho' in counsell sate,
Where halfe amazde (against their kinde)
To see so neere the stoule of state
Dame Nature stande, that was assignde
Among hir worldly Impes to wonne,
As she untill that day had donne.

First Jove began: what (Daughter deere)
Fath made thee scorne thy Fathers will?
Why doe I see thee (Nature) heere,
That oughtst of dutie to fulfill
Thy undertak'n charge at home:
What makes thee thus abroade to come?

Disdainfull Dame, how didst thou dare
So retchlesse to depart the grownde,
That is allotted to thy share?
(And therewithall his Godhead frownde)
I will (quoth Nature) out of hande
Declare the cause I fled the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece
Of Clay a featured face to frame,
To match the courtly Dames of Greece
That for their beautie beare the name:
But (Oh good Father) now I see
This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you mee assignde
Below in Earth, and gaue me lawes
On mortal Wightes, and wilde that kinde
Should make and marre, as she sawe cause:
Of right (I thinke) I may appeale
And crave your help in this to deale.

When Joue saw how the case did staude
And that the worke was well begunne,
Hee prayde to have the helping hande
Of other Gods till he had donne:
With willing mindes they all agreede
And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme did well dispose
And makes a creature of the Clay:
Next Ladie Venus she bestowes
Hir gallant giftes as best she may,
From face to foo'e, from top to toe
She let no whit untoucht to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coule
In making of hir carkas braue,
Then Pallas thought she might be bolde
Among the reast a share to haue,

1 Then.

A passing wvt shee did conuaye
Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had
Sane fingers fin: and feate to see,
Her head with heare Apollo clad
That Gods had thought it wolde to bee:
So glistring was the tresse in sight
Of this new formde and featurde wight.

Diana held hir peece a space
Untill those other Gods had donne:
At last (quoth she) in Dian's chase
Wyth Bowe in hande this Nymph shall ronne,
And chiefe of all my Noble traine
I will this Virgin entertaine.

Then joyfull Juno came and sayde
Since you to hir so friendly are,
I doe appoint this Noble Mayde
To match with Mars his peere for warre:
She shall the Countesse Warwick bee
And yeeld Diana's Bowe to mee.

When to so good effect it came
And every member had his grace,
There want d nothing but a name:
By hap was Mercurie then in place,
That sayde: pray you all agree
Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged haue
With one assent this Noble Dame
And eche to hir a vrtue gaue,
This terme agreeth to the same:
The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
This tale, did lyke it passing well.

Report was Summonde then in hast
And wilde to bring his Trumpe in hande
To blowe therewith a sounding blast
That might be heard throug Brutus lande:
Pandora streight the Trumpet blewe
That eche this Cowntesse Warwick knewe.

O siele Nature borne to paine,
O wofull wretched kinde (I say)
That to forsake the soile were faine
To make this Cowntesse out of Claye:
But oh most friendly Gods that woulde
Vouchsafe to set your hands to mowle.

THE ARGUMENT

TO THE WHOLE DISCOURSE AND TREATISE
FOLLOWING.

By sodaine sight of vnacquainted shape
Tymetes fell in loue with Pyndara,
Whose beautie farre excellede Sir Paris rape,
That Poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at first he durst not to displaye,
For feare he should offend Pyndara:
But couert kept his torments many a daye,
As Paris did from worthie Helena.

At length the Coale so ferie redde became,
Of him that so did fancie Pyndara,
That fuming smoke did wrie the hidden flame
To hir that farre exceeded Helena.

Which when shee saw, shee seemde with friendly
To like with him that lyked Pyndara: [eye
And made as though shee would oftsoone applye
To him, as to hir guest did Helena.

Tymetes (Loving man) then hoped well,
And moude his sute to Ladie Pyndara:
He plyde his Penne and to his wryting fell,
And sude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while dispayring wretched Wight
He found his Loue (the Ladie Pyndara) [light
So strange and eoye, as though she tooke de-
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was such to see,
That poore Tymetes hopte that Pyndara
Would yeelde him grace: But long it would not
Shee kept a oofe as did Dame Helena. [bre,

Thus to ixt dispaire and hope the doubtfull man
Long space did line that loued Pyndara,
In wefull plight: At last the Nymph began
To quite his loue as did faire Helena.

Then joyed her, and cheerefull ditties made
In prayse of his atribued Pyndara:
But soone (God wote) his pleasure went to
Another toke to wite this Helena. [glade,

Thus euer as Tymetes had the cause
Of ioy or smart, of comfort or refuse:
He glad or grieffull wove, and euer drawes
His present state with Penne as here ensues.

TO A LATE ACQUAINTED FRIEND.

If Vulcan durst presume
that was a Enouffe to see,
And strake with Hammer on the Stithe
a cunning Smith to bee,

Whose chiefe and whole delight
was aye to frye at Forge,
And listen to that melodie
Smithes sorrowes to disgorge:

If Vulcan durst (I saye)
Dame Venus to assaile
That was the worthyste Wight of all,
if witness may preuaile:

Then may you muse the lesse
though fansie force mee wright
To you a second Venus (friende)
and Helen in my sight.

For what he sawe in hir
a Goddess by hir kinde,
That I in you (my chosen friend)
and somewhat else doe finde.

And as that sillie Smyth
by Cupid was procurede
To fawne on hir, to whome in fins
hee firmly was assurde:

So by none other means
my senses are in thrall,
But by procurement of the God
that conquers Gods and all.

'Tis hee that makes mee bolde,
'tis hee that willes me sue
To thee (my late acquainted friende)
loues torments to eschue.

Not too this day was seene
that any durst rebell
Or kicke at Cupid Prince of Loue,
as antique Poets tell:

But rather would with free
and vncoacted minde
Applye to please in any case
what so the God assignde.

What neede I here displaye
the spoyles by Cupid wonne?
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint
ere halfe the tale were done.

His Banner doth declare
what hearts haue bene subdude:
Where they are all in Sabells set
with blood and gore inbrude.

Not mightie Mars alone,
nor Hercules the stoutest:
But other Gods of greater state,
there standing in a route.

There may you plainly see
how Joue was once a Swanne,
To lure faire Leda to his lust
when raging Loue beganna.

Some other when a Bull,
some other time a showre
Of golden drops: as when he coyde
the closed Nunne in towre.

Apollo Loue appeares
and euer will be knowne,
As long as Lawrell leaues shall last,
and Daphnes brute be blowne.

May brainsick Bacchus brag
or boast himselfe as free?
Not I, but Aryadnas crowne
shewes him in loue to bee.

Since these and other mo
that Gods were made by kinde
Might uot auoide that guilefull God
that winged is and blinde:

Should I haue hope to scape
by force, or else by flight,
That in respect of those his thralls
am of so slender might?

As they did yeelde to Loue
for feare of Cupids yre:
Euen so am I become his thrall
by force of flaming fyre.

What time I first displayde
mine eyes vpon thy face,
(That doth allure eche lookers heart)
I did the P. imbrace.

And since that time I feele
within my breast such ioye,
As Paris neuer felt the lyke
when Helen was at Troye.

How coulde so barraine soyle
bring forth so good a Graffe,
To whom the reast that seeme good Corne
are in respect but Chaffe?

(O God) that Cupid woulde
vpon thy breast bestowe
His golden shaft, that thou the force
of liking loue mightst knowe.

Then should I stande in hope
and well assured bee,
That thou wouldest be as friendly (P.)
as I am now to thee.

Whome (tyll thy friendship fayle,
and plighted Hest doe swarue)
I vaunt and vowe by mightie Loue,
with heart and hande to sarue.

My senses all take heede,
and yee my wittes beware
That you attentie be on hir
and for none other care.

You eyes that woonted were
light louing lookes to cast,
I giue commaundment on hir hue
such yee be ankred fast.

Mine eares admit no sounde
ne womans words at all:
Be shutte against such Syrens Songes
repleate with lurking gall.

Tongue see that thou be tyde,
and vse no wanton stile:
By lawe of Loue I thre coniure
such fonde toyes to exile.

Legges looke that yee be lame
when you should reache a place
To take the vewe of Venus Nymphe
P. beautie to deface.

For such a one is shee
whome I would will you serue,
As to be plaste for Pallas peere
for wisdomes may deserue.

So constant are hir lookes
and eake so chaste a face:
As if that Lucrece liuing were,
shee Lucrece would disgrace.

So modest is hir mirth
in euery time and tyde,
As they that prick most nearste of all
their shiuerde shafts are wyde.

Pause Pen awhile therefore,
and vse tby woonted meane:
For Boccas braine, and Chaucers Quill
in this were fouled cleane.

Of both might neither boast
if they did liue againe:
For P. would put them to their shifts
to Pen hir vertues plaine.

Yet one thing will I vaunt
and after make an ende,
That Momus can not for his lyfe
deuise one iote to mende.

Thus to conclude at length,
see thou (my friend) perue
This slender verse, till leysure serue
abrode to bring my Muse.

For then you shall perceiue
by that which you shall see,
That you haue made your choyce as well
as I by chooing P.

THE IOUER

EXTOLLETH THE SINGULAR BEAUTIE OF HIS
LADYE.

LET Myron muse at Nature's passing might,
And quite resigne his pieuis Painters right;
For sure hee can not frame hir featurde shape
That for hir face excells the Greekishe rape.

Let Zeuxis Grapes not make him proude at al,
Though Fowles for them did -skyr against a wal:
For if hee should assay my Loue to paint,
His Art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxite'l presume with Pencill rude
Bas things to blaze the people to delude:
His featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare
That with the fayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles mate so well,
As Greece did iudge the Painter to excel:
Yet let not that enbolde the G. eke to graue
Hir shape, that beauties prayse deserues to haue.

For Nature when shee made hir, did entende
To paint a peece that no man might amende:
A paterne for the reast that after shoulde
Be made by haude, or cast in cunning mould.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH HOW FIRST HE WAS TAKEN AND
ENAMOURED BY THE SIGHT OF HIS LADIE.

I THAT had neuer earst
the craft of Cupid tride,
Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes
of Ladie Venus spide,

But spent my time in sporte
as youth is woont by kiode,
Not forcing Fancies pinching powre
that other Wights did blinde:

By fortune founde a Face
that likte my heart so well,
As by the s-daine vewe thereof
to fancies frame I fell.

No sooner had mine eyes
vpon hir beautie stayde,
But Wit and Will without respect
were altogether wayde.

Unwarely so was none
in such a snare before:
The more I gazde vpon hir face,
I lyke my Loue the more.

Forthwith I thought my heart
oute of his roome was rapte:
And witts (that woonted were to wayte
on Reason) were intrapte.

Downe by mine eyes the stroke
descended to the harte:
Which Cupid neuer crasde before
by force of Gulden darte.

My blood that thought it bounde
his Maisters part to take,
No longer durst abide abrode,
but outwarde limmes forsake.

When it had bene in breast
and frostye colde dismayde:
It hasted from the heart agaiue
externall parts to ayde.

And brought with it such heate
as did inflame the face,
Distayning it with Scarlet redde
by rasbnesse of the race.

And since that time I feele
such pangues and inward fitts,
As now with hope, and then with feare
encombred are my witts.

Thus must I Myser lue
till shée by friendly ruth
Doe pittie mee hir loouing thrall
whose deedes shall trie his truth.

Thrise luckie was the daye,
thrise happie eake the place,
And yee (mine eyes) thrise blessed were
that lighted on hir face.

If I in fine may force
hir pittie by my plaint:
I shall in cunningste verse I may
bir worthie prayse depaint.

Thereis one thing makes mee ioy
and bids me thinke the best:
That cruell rigor can not lodge
where Beautie is possesset.

And sure vnlesse she salue
and heale this canckred wounde
By yeelding grace, it must in time
of force my corps confounde.

For long it may not last
that in such anguish lyes:
Extreames in no case can endure
as Sages did deuise.

No Tyger gaue hir Teate,
she is no Lyons whelpe:
Ne was she bred of cruell rockes,
nor will renouce to helpe

Such as she paynes with loue,
and doth procure to wo:
She is not of the Currish kynde,
hir nature is not so.

**MAISTER GEORGE HIS SONET OF THE
PAINES OF LOUE.**

Two lines shall tell the grieffe,
that I by loue sustaine:
I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
of Hell I feele the paine.

**TURBERUILE'S AUNSWERE AND DISTICH TO THE
SAME.**

Two lines shall teach you how
to purchase loue anewe:
Let reason rule where Loue did raigne
and ydle thoughts eschewe.

**AN EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF DAME
ELYZABETH ARHUNDLE.**

HERE graued is a good and godly wight,
That yeelded hath hir cynders to the soyle,
Who ran hir race in vertues tylt aright
And neuer had at Fortunes hande the foyle:
The guide was God whome shée did aye ensue,
And Vertue was the marke wherreat she thrue.

Descending of a house of worthie fame
Shee linckt at length with one of egall state,
Who though did chaunge hir first and former
name,
Did not enforce hir virtues to rebate:
For Dannat shée Dame Arundel was hight,
Whose Feere was knowne to be a worthy Knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,
(Though with the best she might therin compare)
For that it was to age and fortune thrall:
Hir thewes I touch which were so passing rare,
As being eartht and reft hir vital breath,
Hir chiefest part doth lue and conquer death.

Let Spite not spare to speake of hir the wurst,
Let Envie feede upon hir godly life,
Let Rancour rage, let Hatreds bellie burst,
Let Zoull now unsheath his cutting knife:
For death hath closde hir corse in marble graue,
Hir soule is fled in Skies his seate to haue

Let Levster laugh that such a Mirrour bred:
Let Matrons mourne for losse of their renoune,
Let Cornwall crie since Dannat now is ded,
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne:
For she is reft that was at Vertues beck
Whome Fortune had no power to giue the check.

TO PIERO OF PRIDE.

FRIEND Piero, Pride infects a friendly minde,
The haughtie are pursued with deadly hate:
Wherefore eschue the proude and Peacocks kinde
That creedie are to sit on stoole of state:
The lowly hart doth winne the loue of all,
But Pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

PIERO TO TURBERUILE.

GOOD is the counsell (Turberuile) you giue
It is a vertue rare well to aduise,
But if your selfe in Peacocks sort doe lue
Men may deeme you are not perfitte wise:
Whose chiefest point in act consisteth aye,
Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

*VERSE IN PRAYSE OF LORDE HENRIE
HOWARDE ERLE OF SURREY.*

WHAT should I speake in praise of Surreys skil
Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will?
No one is able to depaint at full,
The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull.
Whose Penne approoude what wit he had in mue
Wher such a skill in making Sonets grue.
Eche worde in place with such a sleight is coucht,
Eche thing whereof he treates so firmly toucht,
As Pallas seemde within his noble breast
To haue sojournde, and bene a dayly guest.
Our mother tongue by him hath got such light,
As ruder speach thereby is banisht quight:
Reproue him not for fancies that he wrought,
For Fame thereby and nothing else he sought.
What though his verse with pleasant toies are fright?
Yet was his honours life a Lampe of light.
A myrrour he the simple sort to traine,
That euer beate his brayne for Britaus gaine.
By him the Nobles had their vertues blazde,
When spiteful death their honors liues had razde.
Eche that in life had well deserved aught,
By Surreys means an endles Fame hath caught
To quite his boone and aye well meaning minde,
Whereby he did his Sequell seeme to binde:
Though want of skill to silence me procures,
I write of him whose fame for aye endures,
A worthie Wight, a Noble for his race,
A learned Lord that had an Earles place.

OF IALOUSIE.

A STRANGE disease, a griefe exceeding great,
A man to haue his heart in flame inrolde,
In sort that he can neuer choose but sweat,
And feele his feete benumde with frostie colde.
No doubt if he continue in this heale,
He will become a Cooke hereafter olde,
Of such diseases such is the effect,
And this in him we may full well suspect.

TO HIS LADIE,

THAT BY HAP WHEN HE KISSED HIR AND
MADE HIR LIPPE BLEEDE, CONTROLDE HIM
AND TOOKE DISDAINE.

DISCHARGE thy dole,
Thou subtille soule,
It standes in littlë steede
To curse the kisse
That causer is
Thy chirrie lippe doth bleeds.

Thy blood ascends
To make amends
For damage thou hast donne:
For by the same
I felt a flame
More scorching than the Sunne.

Thou reftst my harte
By secret Arte,
My sprites were quite subdude:
My Senses fled
And I was ded,
Thy lippes were scarce imbrude.

The kisse was thine,
The hurt was mine,
My hart felt all the paine:
Twas it that bled
And lookte so red,
I tell thee once againe.

But if you long
To wreake your wrong
Upon your friendly foe:
Come kisse againe
And put to paine
The man that hurt you so.

MAYSTER GOOGE HIS SONET.

ACCUSE not God if fansie foude
doe moue thy foolish braine
To wayle for loue, for thou thy selfe
art cause of all the paine.

TURBERVILLE'S AUNSWERE.

NOR God (friend Googe) the louer blames
as worker of his woes:
But Cupid that his ferie flames
so frantically bestowes.

A COMPARISON

*OF THE LOUERS ESTATE WITH THE SOULDIOURS
PAINEFUL LYFE.*

If Souldiers may for seruice done,
and labours long sustaine,
For wearie watch, and perils past,
and armes with armour painde:

For push of pike, for holbers stroke,
for standing in the frunt,
If they expect rewarde (I say)
for byding battayles brunt:

Then what shall Cupids Captaines craue,
what recompense desire,
That warde the day, and wake the night
consumde with fretting fire?

No roome of rest, no time of truce,
no pleading for a peace:
When Cupid soundes bis warlike Trumpe,
the fight will neuer cease.

First you shall see the shivering shafts
and view the thirled darters
Which from their eies they cast by course
to pierce their enmies harts.

But if the Foe doe stande aloofe
(as is the Louers guise)
Then Canons with their cruell cracks
as thicke as thunder lies.

Sweete wordes in place of powder stande
by force which thinke to wiu,
That louing lookes of late had lost
when fight did first begin.

But on the breast to beare the brunt
and keepe them from the hart,
A sure and priuie cote is worne
repelling pellets smart.

They stop their eares against the sound,
which is the surest shielde
Against the dreadful shot of wordes
that thousandes had beguilde.

But when Cupidians flatly see
nor gunne, nor bowe preuaile,
Then they begin their friendly foes
with other fight t' assaile.

Then set the daskardes dread aside
and to the walles they run,
As though they would subdue the Forte
or ere the fight begun.

Forthwith the scaling Ladders come,
and to the walles are set,
Then sighs and sobbes begin to clime,
but they are quickly met.

Thus Cupid and his Souldiers all
the sharpe repulse sustaine:
Whome Beauty batters from the walles
whose Capitaine is Disdaine.

When all are gone and yeelde it lost,
comes Hope and whot Desire,
To see where they can haue the hap
to set the Fort a fire.

But naught preuailes their lingring fight
they can not Beautie win:
Yet doe they skirmish still behinde
in hope to enter in.

At length when Beautie doth perceyve
those soldiers are so true,
That they will neuer from the walles
till they the holde subdue:

She calles for Pittie for the keyes
and bids hir let them in:
In hope they will be true to hir
as they to Loue bad bin.

The gates no sooner are unlockt,
but souldiers all retire:
And enter into Beauties Forte
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I haue saide
of these two fightes aright,
Which is the greatest toyle of both
when warlike Tents are pight.

For Mars his men sometime haue ease,
and from their battaile blin:
But Cupids souldiers euer serue
till they Dame Beautie win.

THE LOUER

AGAINST ONE THAT COMPARED HIS MISTRESSE
WITH HIS LADIE.

A MADNESSE to compare
the Pipier with the Pine,
Whereof the Mariner makes his Mast
and hanges it all with line.

A follie to prefferre
a Lampe before the Sunne,
Or brag that Balam's lumpish asse
with Bucephall shall runne.

Then cease for shame to vaunt,
and crowe in craking wise
Of hir that least deserues to haue
hir beauties fame arise.

Thou foolish Dame beware
of haughtie Peacocks pride:
The fruite thereof in former age
hath sundrie times b. en tride.

Arachne can expresse
how angrie Pallas was,
When shee in needle worke would seeme
the Heauenly Wight to passe.

The Spider shows the spite
that she (good wench) abid,
In token of hir pride since hanges
at rooffe by rotten thrid.

No foode she hath allowde
lesse Fortune sende the Flie:
The Cobweb is hir costly Couch
appointed hir to lie.

With venim ranck and vile
hir wombe is likard to burst,
A token of hir inward hate
and hawtie minde at furst.

And thou that surely thinkest
thy Ladie to excell,
Example take of others harme
for judgement that befall:

When Pan the Pastors prime,
and Rex of rustick route,
To passe Apollo in his play
and Musick went aboute:

Mount Tmolus was the Judge
that there the roome possesset,
To giue his verditte for them both
which uttered Musick best.

First came the Rustick forth
with Pipe and puffed bag,
That made his eies to runne like streames,
and both his lips to wag.

The noyse was somewhat rude
and ragged to the eare:
The simplest man aliuie would gesse
that pierish Pan was there.

Then Phœbus framde his frets,
and wrested all his pinnes,
And on his curious strings to strike
the skilfull God beginnes.

So passing was his play
as made the trees to daunce,
And stubborn Rocks in deepest vales
for gladsome ioy to praunce.

Amphyon blusht as red
as any glowing flame:
And Orpheus durst not shew his face,
but hide his head for shame.

Ynough quoth Tmolus the,
my judgement is that Pan
May pipe among the ruder sort
that little Musick can.

Apollo playe doth passe
of all that ere I hearde:
Wherefore (as reason is) of mee
the Luter is preferde.

Meanwhile was Mydas prest
not pointed ludge in place:
But (lyke a dolt that went about
Apollo to deface)

Tushe Tmolus, tushe quoth hee,
Pan hath the better skill:
For hee the emptie bagge with winde
and strowting blast doth fill.

Apollo waggis his joints
and makes a jarring sounde:
Lyke pleasure is not in the Lute
as in the Bagpipe founde.

No sooner had hee spoke
those witlesse wordes and sed,
But Phœbus graft on Asses eares
vpon his beastly hed.

In proof of judgement wrong
that Mydas did maintaine,
He had a paire of sowsing eares
to shilde him from the raine.

Wherefore (my Friend) take heede
of afterclaps that fall:
And deeme not hir a Dearing that
deserues no prayse at all.

Your judgement is beguilde,
your Senses suffer shame:
That so doe seeke to blaze hir armes,
and to aduance hir fame.

Let hir go hide hir head
in lothsome lurcking mue,
For crabbed Crowfoote marres hir face
and quite distaines hir bue.

THE LOUER

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, THAT AFTER GREAT FRIEND-
SHIP WITHOUT DESART OR CAUSE OF MISLYK-
ING, REFUSED HIM.

HAVE you not heard it long ago
of cunning Fawkeners tolde,
That Hauks which loue their keepers Cal
are worth their weight in Golde?

And such as knowe the luring voice
of him that feedes them still:
And neuer rangle farre abroad
against the Keepers will,

Doe farre exceede the haggarde Hauke
that stoopeth to no stale:
Nor forcth on the Lure awhit,
but mounts with euery gale?

Yes, yes, I knowe you know it well,
and I by proufe: haue tride,
That wilde and haggard Hawkes are worse
than such as will abide.

Yet is there eke another kinde,
farre worse than the rest:
And those are they that flie at check,
and stoupe to euerie gest.

They leaue the lawe that nature taught
and shunne their wonted kinde,
In fleeing after euerie Foule
that mounteth with the winde.

You know what I doe meane by this,
if not, giue eare a while:
And I shall shewe you my conceite
in plaine and simple stile.

You were sometime a gentle Hawke,
and woont to feede on fist:
And knew my luring voice right well
and would repair at list.

I could no sooner make a beck
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly iudge my will
and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wyld
and rammage to be seene,
As though you were a haggard Hawke
your maners altdred cleene.

You now refuse to come to fist,
you shun my wonted call:
My luring liketh not your eare,
you force mee not at all.

You flee with winges of often change
at random where you please:
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.

Lie like a haggard still therefore,
and for no luring care:
For best (I see) contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.

So some perhaps will lue in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte
and luing birde to mee.

But if thou chance to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish Owle.

This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck:
But now giues up in open field
for feare of filthie check.

THE LOUER

OBTAYNING HIS WISHE BY ALL LYKELYHODE,
YET NOT ABLE TO ATTAINNE HIS DESIRE, COM-
PARES HIMSELF TO TANTALUS.

Of Tantalus plight,
The Poets wright,
Complayning
And fayning
In sorrowfull soundng songs:
Who feesles (they saye)
For Apples gaye
Such payning
Not gayning
The fruite for which hee longes:

For when hee thinks to feede therone,
The fickle flatterig Tree is gone:
And all in vaine hee hopes to haue
his famine to expell
The fitting fruite that lookes so braue
and likes his eie so well:
And thus his hunger doth increase,
And hee can neuer finde release.

As want of Meate
Doth make him freate
With raging
And gazing,
To catch the fruite that fies:
Euen so for drythe
The Miser crythe,
Not swaging
But waging,
For licour that he sees:
For to his painefull parched mouth
The long desired water fouth,
And when he gapes full gredilie
unthriftie thirst to slake,
The r'uer wasteth speedilie,
and awaywarde goes the Lake:
That all the licour from his lips
And dried chaps away it slips.

This kind of paine
Doth he sustaine
Not ceasing
Increasing,
His pittifull pining wo:
In plenties place,
Deuide of grace,
Releasing
Or ceasing
The pangs that pinch him so:
Of all the fretting fits of Hell
This Tantal's torment is most fell:
For that the reast can haue no hope
their freedome to attaine,
And he hath graunted him such scope
as makes the Myser faine:
But all for naught in fine it serues,
For he with dryth and hunger sterues.

Euen so fare I
That am as nie
My pleasure,
My treasure,
As I might wishe to bee:
And haue at will
My Ladie still
At leasure,
In measure,
As well it lyketh mee.
The amorous blysses flee to and fro,
With sugred wordes that make a show
That fansie is well pleasd withall
and findes it-elfe content:
Eche other friendly friend doth call
and eche of us consent:
And thus we seeme for to possesse
Eche others hart and haue redresse

We coll, we chip,
We kisse with lip,
Delighted,
Requigted,

And merely spend the day:
The tales ftell
Are fancide well,
Recited,
Not spited,
Thus weares the time away.
Looke what I like shee doth imbrace,
Shee giues good care vnto my case
And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie
To frame my dolorus plaiut,
To quite hir friend from ieopardie
Whome Cupid hath attaint:
Respecting nought at all his welth
But seeking meane to work his helth.

I seeme to haue
The thing I craue,
Shee barres not,
Shee iarres not,
But with a verie good will
Shee heares my sute,
And for the frute
Shee warres not,
But dares not
To let mee feede my fill.
Shee would (I know) with heart agree,
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,
I dare auowe full willinglie
shee would consent thereto,
And gladly would mee remedie
to banish away my wo:
Lo thus my wish I doe possesse,
And am a Tantal naythelesse.

For though I stande
And touch with haude
Allured,
Procured,
The Sainct I doe desire:
And may be bolde
For to enfolde,
Assured,
Indured,
The Corps that I require:
Yet by no meanes may I attaine
To haue the fruite I would so faine
To ryd mee from extremitie
and cruell oppressing care,
Euen thus with Tantal's penaltie
my destnie may compare:
Who though endure excessiue paine,
Yet mine is not the least of twaine.

THE LOUER

TO THE TEMS OF LONDON TO FAUOR HIS LADIE
PASSING THEREON.

THOU stately Streame that with the swelling Tide
Gainst London walles incessantly dost heate,
Thou Tems (I say) where barge and bote doth
ride,
And snowbite Swans do fish for needefull meate:

When so my Loue of force, or pleasure shall
Flit on thy foud as custome is to do:
Secke not with dread hir courage to appall,
But calme thy tyde, and smoothly let it go:
As shee may ioy, arriude to siker shore,
To passe the pleasant streame shee did before.

To wette vp and surge in wrathfull wise,
 (As did the foud where Helle drenched was,)
 Would but procure defame of thee to rise :
 Wherefore let all such ruthlesse rigor passe,
 So wish I that thou mayst with bending side
 Hauē powre for aye in woouted Goulfe to glide.

TO HIS RING

GIUEN TO HIS LADIE, WHEREIN WAS GRAUEN
 THIS VERSE.

MY HEART IS YOURS.

THOUGH thou (my Ring) be small,
 and slender be thy price :
 Yet hast thou in thy compasse coucht
 a Louers true deuice.

And though no Rubie redde,
 ne Turkesse trimme thy toppe,
 Nor other Iuell that commends
 the golden Vulcans shoppe :

Yet mayst thou boldely vaunt
 and make a true report
 For mee that am thy Mayster yet
 in such a semblant sort,

That aye (my heart is hers)
 of thee I aske no more :
 My Pen and I will shew the reast,
 which yet I keepe in store.

Be mindefull of thy charge,
 and of thy Maysters case :
 Forget not that (my heart is hers)
 though I be not in place.

When thou hast tolde thy tale
 which is but short and sweete :
 Then let my Loue coniect the reast
 till she aud I doe meete.

For as (my heart is hers)
 so shall it be for aye :
 My heart, my hand, my life, my limmes
 are hers till dying day.

Yea when the spirite giues vp
 and bodie breathes his last,
 Say naythelesse (my heart is hers)
 when life and all is past.
 Sit fast to hir finger,
 But doe thou not wring her.

THE DISPAIRING LOUER

CRAUES EITHER MERCEIE IN TIME AT HIS LADYES
 HANDS, OR CRUELL DEATH.

LIKE as the fearefull Poule
 within the Fawcons foote
 Doth yeelde him selfe to die,
 and sees noue other boote ;

Euen so dread I (my Deare)
 least ruth in thee will want,
 To mee that am thy thrall,
 who fearing death doe pant.

So fast I am in Gyne
 within your Beauties Gayle,
 As thence to make a brach
 no engin may preuayle.

The heart within my breast
 with trembling feare doth quake :
 And saue your loue (my Deare)
 nought can my torment slake.

To slea a ye:lding pray
 I iudge it not your kinde :
 Your Beautie bids mee hope
 more ruth in you to finde.

Where Nature hath yformde
 such featurde shape to showe,
 There hath she closde in breast
 a heart for grace to growe.

Wherefore my lingring paines
 redresse with ruthfull bart :
 And doe in time become
 Phisition to my smart.

Oh showe thy selfe a frinde
 and Natures limpe to bee,
 As thou a Woman art by kinde
 to Womans kinde agree.

But if you can not finde
 in heart my life to saue,
 But that you long to see
 your thrall lye dead in graue :

Send mee the fatall bole,
 and cruell cutting Knife :
 And thou shalt see me rid
 my wretched limmes of lyfe.

No lesse to like thy minde
 than to abridge my smart :
 Which were an yll reward
 for such a good desart.

Of both I count it leas
 by cursed fate to fall,
 Than ruthlesse here to lye
 and aye to be a thrall.

TO HIS FRIEND

TO BE CONSTANT AFTER CHOYCE MADE.

WHAT made Vlysses Wife
 to be renoumed so ?
 What forced Fame hir endlesse brute
 in blasting trumpe to blow ?

What Cleopatra causede
 to haue immortal prayse ?
 What did procure Lucrecias laude
 to lasten to our dayes ?

Cause they their plighted hestes
 vnbroken aye resarude :
 And planted Constance in their hearts
 from whome they neuer swarude.

What makes the Marble stone
 and Diamonde so deare ?
 Saue that they longest last of all,
 and alwayes one appeare ?

What makes the waxen forme
to be of slender price?
But cause with force of fire it melts
and wasteth with a trice,

Then if thou long for prayse
or blasted Fame to finde,
(My friend) thou must not change thy choyce
or turne lyke Cock with winde.

Be constant in thy worde
and stable in thy decde:
This is the rediest way to winne
and purchase prayse with speede.

=====
**THAT LOUERS MUST NOT DISPAIRE THOUGH
THEIR LADIES SEEME STRAUNGE.**

THOUGH Neptune in his rage
the swelling Seas doe losse,
And crack the Cables in despite
To further Shipmens losse:

Though Anckre holde doe fayle,
and Mysson go to wrack,
Though Sayles with blustering blast be rent,
and Keale begin to crack:

Yet those that are a boorde
and guide the Ship with steare,
Although they see such dangers prest
and perils to appeare:

Yet hope to light at last
vpon some harbour holde,
And finde a Porte where they to cast
their Anckers may be bolde.

Though Theeues be kept in Gayle
fast bound in surest Gyues,
They lay not all good hope aside
for sauing of their lyues.

They trust at length to see
such mercie in the ludge,
As they in open presence quit
may from the Prison trudge.

And those for gieedlic gaine
and hope of hidden golde
In deepest Mynes and Dongeon darke
that bide the bitter colde:

In fine doe looke to light
vpon some Golden vaine,
Which may be thought a recompence
for all their passed paine.

The Ploughman eke that toyles
and turnes the ground for graiue,
And sowes his seede (perhaps to losse)
yet standes in hope of gaine.

He will not once dispaire,
but hope till Haruest fall:
And then will looke assuredly
to stuffe his Barues withall.

Since these in perils poynt
will neuer once dispaire,
Then why should Louers stand in dread
of stormes in weather faire?

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Why should they haue mistrust
some better hap to finde,
Or thinck that women will not change
as is their woonted kinde?

Though straunge they seeme a while
and cruell for a space:
Yet see thou hope at length by hap
to finde some better grace.

For Tygers will be tame,
and Lyons shat were woode,
In time their Keepers learne to knowe
and come to them for foode.

What though they scorne as now
to listen to thy sute?
Yet thou in time when fortune serues
shalt reape some better frute.

And though thy sighes they scorne
and mock thy Welling teares:
Yet hope (I say) for after stormes
the shining Sunne appeares.

And neuer cease to sue,
nor from lamenting stint:
For often drops of falling raine
in time doe pierce the Flint.

Was neuer stone so strong
nor womans heart so harde,
But th' one with toole, and th' other with teares
in processe might be scarde.

=====
**COUNSELL RETURNED BY PYNDARE TO TYMETES,
OF CONSTANCIE.**

WHAT made the Troyan Duke
that wandring Prince to haue
Such yll report, and foule defame
as him Carthago gauē?

What faythlesse Iason forst
a Traytors name to gaine?
When he to Colchos came, and did
the golden Fleese attaine?

What Theseus caused to bee
reported of so yll,
As yet record thereof remaynes
(I thinck) and euer wyll?

Cause they their faythfull Friendes
that saued their doubtfull lyues
Forsooke at last, and did disdainē
to take them to their wyues.

They broke their vowed hecsts,
by ship away they went:
And so betrayde those siely soules
that craft nor falsehood ment.

Wherefore if you (my Friend)
the like report will see
Staud euer to the promise made,
and plighted troth to mee.

Those Dames of whome you spake
were constant (as you say)
But sure these Lovers I alleage
unfaithfull partes did play.

q q

More cause haue I to doubt
of you, Tymetes, then,
For (as you see) we Women are
more trustie than you men.

A LETTER SENT BY TYMETES TO HIS LADIE
PYNDARA AT THE TIME OF HIS DEPARTURE.

Of Pennes I had good store,
ne Paper did I want
When I began to write to thee:
but Inck was somewhat scant.

Yet Loue deuise a fetch,
a friendly sight at neede:
For I with pointed Pensill made
my middle finger bleede.

From whence the bloud as from
a clouen Conduite flue,
And these fewe rude and skillesse lines
with quaking quill I drue.

Now Friend I must depart
and leaue this lyked lande:
Now cankred Hap doth force mee take
a new founde toyle in hande.

Shee spites that I should liue,
or leade a quiet life:
Aye seeking how to breede my bale
and make my sorrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,
a place of pleasant blisse:
But whither I shall I wote not well,
I know not where it is.

Where she by Sea or Lande
me (cruell) will compell
To passe, or by the Desert Dales,
were verie hard to tell.

But needes I must away,
the Westerne winde doth blowe
So full against my back that I
of force from hence doe go.

Yet naythelesse in pawne
(O Friend) I leaue with you
A faithfull Heart, that lasting lyfe
will shew it selfe as true,

As louing earst it hath:
and if mee trust you dare,
Fill vp the emptie place with yours,
if you the same may spare.

Inclose it in my breast,
in safetie shall it lie:
And thou shalt haue thy Heart againe
if I doe chauce to die.

Thus dubble is your gaine,
a dubble Heart to haue:
To purchase thee another Heart,
and eke thine owne to saue.

Liue mindefull of thy Friend,
forget no promise past:
Be stouta gainst the stubburne strokes
of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope he true
to thy Vlysses still:
Let no newe chosen Friend break off
the threed of our good will.

Though I on seas doe passe,
the surge will haue no powre
To quench the flame that in my breast
increaseth day and boure.

Aud thus (the heart that is
your owne) doth wishe thee well,
With good increase of blessed baps
sinister chauce to quell.

Aduce my chosen Friend,
if fortune say Amen,
From hence I go thine owne, and will
thine owne returne agen.

PYNDARA'S AUNSWERE TO THE LETTER WHICH
TYMETES SENT HER AT THE TIME OF HIS DE-
PARTURE.

When first thy Letters came
(O louing Friend) to mee
I leapt for joy, in hope to haue
receyde good newes of thee.

I never stayde upon
those lines that were without:
But rashly ript the seale, to rid
my minde from dreadfull dout.

Which done (O cruell grieft) .
I saw a mournfull sight
This Verse "Of Pennes I had good store"
with purple bloud ywright.

With floods of flowing teares
straight drowned were mine eies,
On eyther Cheeke they trickled fast
and ranne in river wies.

My minde did yll abode,
it yrkt to reade the rest:
For when I saw the Inck was such,
I thought I saw the best.

Long stode I in a dumpe,
my hart began to ake:
My Liver leapt within my bulck,
my trembling hands did shake.

My Sense were bereft,
my bowing knees did bende:
Out from my nose the bloud it brake
much like the Letter pende.

Up start my staring Locks,
I lay for dead a space:
And what with bloud and brine I all
bedewde the drecerie place.

From out my feeble fist
fell Needle, cloth and all,
I knewe no Wight, I saw no Suane,
as deaf as stone in wall.

At last when standers by
had brought my Sense againe,
And force of life had conquerd grieft
and banisht deadly paine:

I thought the worst was past,
I deemde I could abide
No greater torment than I had,
unlesse I should haue dide.

To vewing then againe
of bloudie lynes I go:
And euer as I read the wordes,
mee thought I saw the blo.

Which pointed Pensell gave,
from whence that dol-full Inck
As from a cloven Conduit flue:
remembraunce made me shrinck.

Oh Friend Tymetes why
so cruell were thou than?
What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh
thou rashe and retchlesse man?

What! didst thou deme that I
could vew that gorie scrole
Withouten anguyshe of the minde?
or thinke upon the hole

Of that thy friendly fist
and finger that did bleede?
No, no, I haue a womans hart,
I am no Tygers seede.

As great a griefe it was
for me to think in hart
Of thy mishap, as if my selfe
had felt the present smart.

O cruell cursed want
of fitter Inck to write:
Good fayth that lycour was unmeete
Such loving lines t'indite.

But yet in some respect
it fitted with the case:
For (out alas) I read therein
that thou hast fled the place,

Where friendly we were woont
like faithfull friends to bee:
Where thou moughtst chat with mee thy fill
And I conferre with thee.

Oh spitefull cruell Chaunce
oh cursed canckred Fate:
Art thou a Goddess (Monster vile)
deseruing stoole of state?

O blinde and muffed Dame,
couldst thou not see to spare
Fwo faithfull harts, but reauing th' one
must breede the others care?

No wonder 'tis that thou
dost stande on whirling whelle:
For by thy deedes thou dost declare
thou canst doe naught but reele.

Art thou of Womans kinde
and ruthfull Goddess race,
And hast no more respect unto
a sielie womans case?

Avaunt thou froward Fiend,
thou so my Friend dost driue
From shore well knowne to forraine coast
our sugred ioyes to riuie.

If so thy minde be bent
that my Tymetes shall
Depart the presence of his Friend:
yet so doe guide the ball

As he at land may liue
not trying surge of seas:
Nor ship him from the Hauens mouth
to breede him more unease.

(Good Friend) aduerture not
so rashly on the floud,
As carst thou did in writing of
this Letter with thy bloud.

Seek not tincrase my cares
or dubble grieft begoon:
Think of Leanders bolde attempt
the lyke distresse to shoon.

What suretie is in ship?
what trust in oken plancks?
What credit doe the windes deserue
at land that play such prancks?

If houses strongly built
and Towers battled hie,
By force of blast be ouerthrowne
when Æols impes doe flie:

In puffing windes the Pine
and aged Oke doe teare,
And from the bodies rent the boughes
and lofty lugges they beare:

Then why shouldst thou affie
in Keale or Cable so,
Or hazard thus thy selfe upon
the tossing Seas to go?

Hast thou not harde of yore
how good Vlysses was
With stormie tempest chased sore
when he to Greece did passe?

A wearie trauaile hee
for ten yeares space abid.
And all the while this noble Greeke
on waltring wallow slid.

Hast thou not read in Bookes
of fell Charybdis goulfe,
And Scyllas Dogs, whom ships do dread
as Lambes doe feare the Woulfe?

Nor of the raggie Rocks
that under lurck the wau?e?
And rent the Barcks that Æols blasts
into their bosome draue?

Nor of the Monster huge
that belch out frothie fleame,
And singing Sirens that doe drowne
both man and ship in streame?

Alas the thought of Seas,
and of thy passage paines
(If once thou gage thy selfe to surge)
my hart and members straines

The present fits of feare
of afterclaps to cum,
Amaze my louing tender breast
And senses doe benum.

But needs thou must away,
 (oh Friend) what hap is this
 That ere thou flee this friendly coast
 thy lips I can not kisse?

Nor with my folded armes
 imbrace that ueck of thine:
 Nor clap unto thy manly breast
 these louing Dugs of miue?

Nor shed my trilling teares
 upon thy moisted face?
 Nor say to thee, Tymet adue,
 when thou departst the place?

O that I had thy forme
 in waxen table now,
 To represent thy liuely looks
 and friendly louing brow.

That mought perhaps abridge
 some part of pinching paine:
 And comfort me till better chance
 did send thee home againe.

Both winde and waue at once
 conspire to worke my wo,
 Or else thou shouldst not so be forste
 from me (thine owne) to go.

O wayward Westerne blast
 what didst thou meane so full
 Against Tymetes back to blow,
 and him from hence to pull?

Hast thou been counted earst
 a gentle gale of winde,
 And dost thou now at length bewray
 thy fierce and froward kinde?

I thought the Northren blast
 from frostie Pole that came
 Had bene the worst of all the windes
 and most deserved blame.

But nowe I plainly see
 that Poets did but faine:
 When they of Borias spake so yll
 and of his cruell raigne.

For thou of Æols brats
 thy selfe the woorst dost showe:
 And hauing no just cause to rage
 to soone beginst to blowe.

If needs thou wouldst haue use
 thy force and fretting moode,
 Thou shouldst haue broyde among the trees
 that in the Mountaines stode:

And let us friends alone
 that liue in perfitte blisse.
 But to request the windes of ruth
 but labor lost it is.

Well Friend though cruell hap
 and windes did both agree,
 That thou on sodaine shouldst forgo
 both countrie coast and mee.

Yet haue I founde the pawne
 which thou didst leave behinde:
 I meane thy louing faithful hart,
 that neuer was unkinde.

And for that firme behest
 and plighted truth of youre,
 Wherein my vow that loue begoon
 sball to the death endure:

To yeelde thee thy demaunde
 my written lines protest,
 Inclose my hart within thy bulck
 as I will thine in brest.

Shrine up that little lump
 of friendly flesh (my Friend)
 And I will lodge in louing wise
 the guest that thou didst send.

I ioy at this exchange
 for I assured stande,
 Thy tender hart that I doe keepe
 shall safelie lie at lande.

Nor doe I doubt at all
 but thou wilt haue regarde
 Of that thy charge, and womans hart,
 committed to thy warde.

Why dost thou write of death?
 I trust thou shalt not die,
 As long as in thy manly breast
 a womans hart doth lie.

To cruell were the case,
 the Sisters eke were shroes:
 If they would seeke the death of us
 that are such friendly foes.

But if the worst should fall
 and that the cruell death
 Doe stop the spindles of our life,
 and reave us both of breath:

Yet this doth make me joy,
 that thou shalt be the graue
 Unto my hart, and in my breast
 thy hart his fierce shall haue.

For sure a sunder shall
 these members neuer go,
 As long as life in limines doth lodge
 and breath in lungs bylow.

I mindefull liue of thee,
 and of my promise past:
 I will not seeke to change my choise,
 my love is fixed fast.

To my Tymetes I
 as faithfull will be found:
 As to Vlysses was bis wife
 while Troie was laide on ground.

As for new choise of Friends
 presume upon thy P.
 Thou knowst I haue thy hart in breast
 and it will none but thee.

Abandon all distrust
 and dread of mistie minde:
 For to the hart (that is mine owne)
 I will not be unkinde.

Adue my chosen Friend,
 adue to thee agen:
 Remaine my loue, but pray the write
 no more with bloudie Pen.

Thine owne in life, thine owne death,
Thine owne whilst lungs shall lende me breath:
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne
Thine owne whilst eie shall see the Sunne.

TO HIS ABSENT FRIEND THE LOUER WRITES OF
HIS VANQUIET AND RESTLESSE STATE.

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine
Was never taught with Poets pen to write,
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline
To purchase praise, or with the best to shine:
Yet cause my Friend shall finde no want of will,
I write, let hir accuse the lack of skill.

No lesse deserues the Lamme to be inbrast
Of lowring loue at sacred Altar slaine,
If with good zeale it offered be at last
By Irus, that doe Cræsus bullocks twaine:
For no respect is to be had of gaine
In such affayres, but to the giuers hart
And his good will our Senses must conuart.

Wherefore to thee (my Friend) these lines I
As perfitte prooffe of no dissembling minde, {send
But of a hart that truly doth intend
To show it selfe as louing and as kinde,
As woman woulde hir Louer wish to finde:
And more than this my Paper can declare,
I loue thee (Friend) and wishe thee well to fare.

I would thou wist the torment I sustaine
For lack of hir that should my wo redresse,
And that you knew some parcell of my paine.
Which none may wel by deeming judgement gesse,
Nor I with quill haue cunning to expresse:
I know thou couldst but rue my wofull chauce,
That by thy meanes was brought into this traunce.

The day doth breede my doole, and rancelling
rage
Of secret smart in wounded breast doth boyle,
No pleasant pangue my sorrowes may asswage,
Nor giue an ende unto my wofull toyle:
The golden Sunne that glads the earthly soyle,
And erie other thing that breeds delight
Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my spite.

I long for Phæbus glade and going downe,
My drearie teares more couertly to shed:
But when the night with uglye face doth frowne,
And that I am yplaste in quiet bed,
In hope to be with wished pleasure fed:
A greater grieve, a worsor paine ensues.
My vaporde eies their hoped sleepe refuses.

Then rowle I in my deepe despairing brest
The sweete disdaines, and pleasant anger past,
The louely strifes: when Stars doe counsell rest
Incroching cares renue my grieve as faste,
And thus desired night in wo I waste:
And to expresse the harts excessive paine,
Mine eies their deawie teares distill amaine.

And reason why they should be moysted so,
Is for they bred my hart this bitter bale:
They were the onely cause of cruell wo
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull stale.
Thus day and night ytost with churlish Gale

¹ Decoy.

Of sighes in Sea of surging brine I bide,
Not knowing how to scape the scowring Tide.

At last the shining Rayes of Hope to finde
Your friendship firme, these cloudy thoughts repels
And calmed Skie returns to mistie minde:
Which deepe dispaire againe eftsoone compels
To fade, and ease by Dolours drift expels:
That Gods themselves (I judge) lament my fate,
And doe repiue to see my wofull state.

Wherefore to purchase prayse, and glorie gaine,
Do ease your Friend that liues in wretched plight,
Doe not to death a louing hart constraene.
But seeke with loue his service to requight,
Doe not exchange a Fawleon for a Kite:
Refuse him not for any friendship nue
A worse may chauce, but none more just and
true.

Let Cressed mirror bee that did forgo
Hir former faythfull friend king Priams Sonne,
And Diomed the Grecke imbraced so,
And left the loue so well that was begonne:
But when his Cards were tolde and twist ysponne
She found hir Troian friend the best of both
For he renownat hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefs wil somewhat swage
And sorrow cease to grow in pensive breast,
Which otherwise will neuer blim² to rage
And crush the hart within bis careful Chest
Of both for you and mee it were the best,
To saue my life and win immortall fame,
And thus my Muse shall blase your noble name
For ruine on my wofull case.

THE ANSWERE OF A WOMAN TO HIR LOUER, SUP-
POSING HIS COMPLAINT TO BE BUT FAYNED.

You want no skill to paint
or shew your pangues with Pen,
It is a woride to see the craft
that is in subtile men.

You seeme to write of woes
and wayle for deadly smart,
As though there were no grieffe, but that
which gripes your faythlesse hart.

Though we but women are
and weake by law of kinde,
Yet well we can discerne a Friende,
we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that giues
a gleame and glittering showe,
Is to be counted Gold in deede
this prouerbe well you knowe:

Nor euery man that beares
a faire and fawning cheere,
Is to be taken for a Friend
or chosen for a Feere:

Not euerie teare declares
the troubles of the hart,
For some doe weepe that feele no wo
some erie that taste no smart.

² Or blin, to cease.

The more you seeme to me
in wofull wise to playne,
The sooner I perswade my selfe
that you doe naught but fayne.

The Crocodile by kinde
a flood of teares doth shed
Yet hath no cause of cruell crye
by craft this Fiend is led.

For when the siely soule
that ment no hurt at all
Approcheth neere, the slipper ground
doth give the beast a fall,

Which is no sooner done
but straight the monst'r vyle,
For sorrow that did weepe so sore
for ioy beginnes to smyle:

Euen so you men are woont
by fraude your friends to traine
And make in wise you could not sleepe
in carefull Couch for paine:

When you in deede doe naught
but takē your nightly nap,
Or hauing slept doe set your snare
and tyllē your guilefull trap.

Your braynes as busy bee
in thinking how to snare
Us women, as your pillowes soft
and bowlters pleasant are.

As for your dayes delights
our selues can witness well
To sundrie women sundrie tales
of sundrie iestes you tell:

And all to win their loues:
which when you doe attaine
Within a while you shew your kindes,
and giue them up in plaine.

A Fawcon is full hard
amongst you men to finde,
For all your manners more agree
unto the Kytish kinde:

For gentle is the one
and loues his keepers hande,
But thother Bussardlike doth scorne
on Fawconers fist to stande.

For one good turne the one
a thousand will requite,
But use the other neere so well
he shewth himselfe a Kite.

If Cresyd did amisse
the Trojan to forsake
Then Dyomedes did not well
that did the Ladie take.

Was never woman false,
but man as false as shee
And commonly the men doe make
that women slipper bee.

Wherefore leaue off your plaintes
and take the sheete of shame
To shrowde your cloking hands from colde
and fayning browes from blame.

If she that reades this rime,
be wise as I could wishe,
She should auoyde the bawdy booke
that takes the byting fishe.

And shoon the lymed twig
the flying fowle that tyes
Tis good to feare of erie bushe
where threed of thraldome lyes.

THE LOUËR

EXHORTETH HIS LADIE TO TAKE TYME, WHILE
TYME IS.

THOUGH braue your beautie bee
and feature passing faire,
Such as Apelles to depaint
might vtterly dispaire:

Yet drowsie drowping Age
inercrobing on apace,
With pensieue Plough will raze your hue
and Beauties beames deface.

Wherefore in tender yeares
how crooked Age doth haste
Reooke to minde, so shall you not
your time consume in waste.

Whilst that you may, and youth
in you is fresh and greene,
Delight your selfe: for yeares to fit
as fickle Flouds are scene.

For water slipped by
may not be calld againe:
And to reooke forepassed howres
were labour lost in vaine.

Take time whilst time applies
with nimble foote it goes:
Nor to compare with passed Prime
thy after age suppoes.

The Holtes that now are hoare,
both bud and bloume I sawe:
I ware a Garland of the Bryer
that puts mee now in awe.

The time will be when thou
that doste thy Friendes defye,
A colde and crooked Beldam shalt
in lothsome Cabbīn lye:

Nor with such nightlie brawles
thy posterne Gate shall sounde,
Nor Roses strawde afront thy dore
in dawning shall be founde.

How soone are CorpSES (Lorðe)
with filtie furrowes fild?
How quickly Beautie, braue of late,
and seemely shape is spild?

Euen thou that from thý youth
to haue bene so, wilt sweare:
With turne of hand in all thy head
shalt haue graye powdred heare.

The Snakes with shifted skinnes
their lothsome age doo waye:
The Buck doth hang his head on pale
to liue a longer daye.

Your good without recure
doth passe, receiue the flowre:
Which if you pluck not from the stalke
will fall within this bowre.

THE LOUER

WISHETH TO BE CONIOYND AND FAST LINCKT
WITH HIS LADIE NEUER TO SUNDER.

I READE how Salmacys sometime with sight
On suddain looude Cyllenus Sonne, and sought
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might
Too bring to passe hir close conceyued thought:
Whome as by hap shee saw in open mead
Shee sude vnto, in hope to haue bene spead.

With sugred words she wood and sparde no
speech,

But bounde him with many a pleasant tale,
Requesting him of ruth to be hir Leach
For whome shee had abyld such bitter bale:
But hee repleate with pride and scornfull cheare
Disdainde hir earnest sute and Songs to heare.

Away shee went a wofull wretched Wight,
And shrouded hir not farre from thence a space:
When that at leight the stripling saw in sight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
Hee shifts his robes and to the riuer ran,
And there to bath him bare the Boy began.

The Nymph in hope as then to haue attaine
Hir long desired Loue, retirde to flood
And in hir armes the naked Nourice straine:
Whereat the Boy began to striue a good,
But strugling nought auailed in that plight
For why the Nymph surpast the Boy in might.

O Gods (quoth tho the Girle) this gift I craue
This Boy and I may neuer part againe,
But so our corpses may conioyned haue
As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine;
The Gods agreed, the water so it wrought,
As both were one, thy selfe would so haue thought.

As from a tree we sundrie times espie
A twissell grow by Natures subtile might,
And beeing two, for cause they grow so nie
For one are tane, and so appeare in sight:
So was the Nymph and Noorie ioynde yfere,
As two no more but one selfe thing they were.

O Ladie mine, howe might we seeme yblest?
How friendly mought we Gods account to bee?
In semblant sort if they would breede my rest
By lincking of my carkasse vnto thee?
So that we might no more asunder go,
But limmes to limmes, and corse to carkasse grow?

O, where is now become that blessed Lake
Wherein those two did bath to both their ioy?
How might we doe, or snch prouision make
To haue the hap as had the Mayden Boy?
To alter forme and shape of eyther kinde,
And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes with louely linck be
tide,

And hearts of hate no taste sustaine at all,
But both for aye in perfect league abide
And eche to other liue as friendly thrall:

That th' one might feele the pangues the other had
And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O blessed Nymph, O Salmacys I say,
Would thy good luck vnto hir lot would liht
Whom I imbrace. and louen shall for aye,
By force of foud to change hir nature quight:
And that I might haue: ap as had the Boy
To neuer part from bir that is my Joy.

I would not striue, I would not stirre awhit,
(As did Cyllenus Sonne that stately Wight:)
But well content to be Hermaphrodit,
Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,
And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,
As in such sort fast to be linckd with thee.

THE LOUER

HOPING ASSUREDLY OF ATTAYNING HIS PURPOSE,
AFTER LONG SUTE, BEGINS TO IOY RENOUNCING
DOLORS.

BE farre from mee you wofull woonted cries,
Adué Dispaire, that madste my heart agries:
Ye sobbing sighes farewel and pensiué plaint,
Resigne your rooms to ioy, the long restraint
Without desart endure.

Reiect those ruthfull Rymes you (quaking Quill)
Which both declarede my wo and want of skill:
(Mine eyes) that long haue had my Loue in chase,
With teares no more imbrue your Mistresse face
But to your Springs retire.

And thou (my heart) that long for lacke of
Grace

Forepinde hast bene and in a doolefull case,
Lament no more, let all such gripings go
As bred thy bale, and nursd thy cankred wo
With Milke of mounefull Dug.

To Venus doe your due (you Senses all)
And to hir Sonne to whome you are in thrall:
To Cupid bend thy knee and thanks repay
That after lingred sute, and long delay
Hath brought thy shippe to shore

Let crabbed Fortune now expresse bir might,
And doe thy worst to mee thou stinging Spite:
My heart is well defenst against your force,
For she hath vowde on mee to haue remorce
Whome I haue looude so long.

Henceforth exchange thy cheere and wofull
voice

That hast yfounde such matter to reioyce:
With mirrie Quill and Pen of pleasant plight
Thy blisfull baps and fortune to endight
Enforce thy barraine skull.

THE LOUER

TO HIS CAREFULL BED DECLARING HIS RESTLESSE
STATE.

THOU that wert east a restfull place
dost now reuee my smart,
And woonted eake to saue my sore
that now increasest wo,
Unto my carefull Corse an ease,
a torment to my hart,
Once quieter of minde perdie,
now an vnquiet fo:

The place sometime of slumbring sleepe
wherein I may but wake,
Drenched in Sea of saltish brine
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No Use of Apenynus top
my flaming fire may quent,
Ne heate of brightest Phœbus beames
may bate my chillie colde,
Nought is of stately strength ynough
my sorrowes to relent,
But (such is hap) renewed cares
are added to the olde:
Such furious fits and fonde affects
in mee my fancies make,
That bathed all in trickling teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

The dreames that daunt my dazed hed
are pleasant for a space,
Whilst yet I lie in slumbring sleepe
my carkasse feeles no wo,
For cause I weime with elasped armes
my Louer to imbrace:
But when I wake, and finde away
that did delight me so,
Then in comes Care to Pleasures place
that makes my limmes to quake,
That all besprent with brackish bryne
(O bed) I thee forsake.

No sooner styrres Auroras Starte,
the lightest Lampe of all,
But they that roused were in rest
not fraught with fearefull drcames,
Do pack apace to labours left
and to their taske doe fall:
When I awaking all inragde
doe baine my bréast with streames,
And make my smokie sighes to Skyes
their vpwarde waic to take,
Thus with a Surge of teares bedewde
(O bed) I thee forsake.

Thus hurld from hungrie Hope by Hap
I die, yet am aliué
From pangues of plaint to fits of fume
my reslesse minde doth runne,
With Rage and Fancie Reason fights,
they altogether striue,
Resistaunce vayleth nough at all,
for I am quickly wunne:
Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde
that gladsome ioy may make,
Wherfore consume with flowing teares
(O bed) I thee forsake.

AN EPITAPH AND WOFUL VERSE

OF THE DEATH OF SIR IOHN TREGONWELL
KNIGHT, AND LEARNED DOCTOR OF BOTH
LAWES.

AND can you cease from plaint,
or keepe your Conduits drie?
May saltish brine within your breasts
in such a tempest lie?

Where are your scalding Sighes
the fittest foode of paine?
And where are now thy welling teares
I aske thee once againe?

Hast thou not heard of late
the losse that hath befell?
If not, my selfe (vnhappie Wight)
will now begin to tell:

(Though grieffe perhaps will grutch,
and stay my foltring tongue)
From whence this ragged roote of ruth
and mourning moode is sprong.

Was dwelling in this sheere
a man of worthe fame:
A Justicer for his desart,
Tregonwell was his name.

A Doctor at the Lawes,
a Knight among the mo:
A Cato for good counsell calde
as he in yeares did grow.

A Patrone to the poore,
a Rampire to the rest:
As leefe vnto the simple sort
as friendly to the best.

No blinde Affect bis eye
in iudgement becard at all:
Whose rightous verdit and decree
was quite deuouide of gall.

If hee in hatefull hearts
(where roote of rancour grew)
Of faythfull friendship seedes might sow,
no paynes he would eschew.

Minerua thought of like
and Nature did consent,
To proue in him by skilfull Arte
what cyther could inuent.

A plot of such a price
was neuer framde before:
To show their powre the Heauens had
Tregonwell kept in store.

The Prince did him imbrace,
and sought him to aduance,
And better former state of byrth
by furthering of bis chauce.

He still was readie bent
his seruice to bestowe,
Thereby vnto his natuie soyle
if gratefull gaiae might growe.

If sage aduice were scarce
and wholsome counsell scant,
Then should you see Tregonwells helpe
ne wisdome would not want.

When Legats came from farre
(as is there woonted gise)
To treat of truce, or talke of warre
as matters did arise:

Tregonwell then was calde
his verdit to expresse:
Who for the most part in the case
of fruitfull things could gesse.

Or if him selfe were sent
(which hap Tregonwell bad)
Into a farre and forraine lande,
then was Tregonwell gläd.

For so he might procure
wealepublick by his paine:
It was no corsie to this Knight
long trauaile to sustaine.

But what? vndaunted death
that seekes to conquer all,
And Atropos that Goddesses sterne
at length haue spit their gall:

And reft vs such a one
as was a Phoenix true,
Sawe that now of his cindrie Corse
there ryseth not a nue.

Where may you see his match?
where shall you find his leeke?
None, though you from the farthest East
vnto the Ocean seeke.

O house without thy head,
O ship without a steare:
Thy Palynurus now is dead
as shortly will appeare.

In daunger of distresse
this Knight was euer woont
To yeelde him selfe to perils prest,
and bide the greatest broont.

No tumults tempest could
subdue his constant hart:
Ne would the man by any meanes
once from his Coutric start.

But (oh) it nought auayles.
for death doth strike the stroke
In things humaine, no worldly wealth
his friendship may prouoke.

Let Troians now leaue off
By mouraing to lament
The losse of Priam and his towne,
when ten yeares warre was spent.

Yee Romaynes lay your Hoods
and black attyre away:
Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,
nor that sinister day

That reft a noble race
which might haue flowrisht long:
For neyther losse is like to this
our not deserued wrong.

Now Cornwall thou mayst crake,
and Dorset thou mayst crie:
For th' one hath bred, and th' other lost
Tregonwell sodainlie.

Whose corps though earthed bee
in lothsomc lumps of soyle,
His peerlesse prayse by vertue woonne
shall neuer feare the foyle.

Who so therefore shalt see
this Marble where he lyes:
Wish that Tregonwels soule may find
a place about the Skies,

And reach a rowme of rest
appointed for the nones:
For in this Tombe interred is
but flesh and-bared bones.

THE LOUER

CONFESSETH HIM SELFE TO BE IN LOUE AND
ENAMORED OF MAISTRESSE P.

If banisht sleepe, and watchfull care,
If minde affright with dreadfull dreames:
If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
If face besmearde with often streames:

If change of cheare from ioy to smart,
If altdred hue from pale to redde:
If foltring tongue with trembling hart,
If sobbing sighes with furie fed:

If sodaine hope by feare opprest,
If feare by hope supprett againe,
Be prouees that loue within the brest
Hath bound the heart with fancies chaine:

Then I of force no longer may
In couert keepe my piercing flame,
Which euer doth it selfe bewray
But yeelde me selfe to faucies frame.

And now in fine to be a thrall
To hir that hath my heart in Gyue,
Shee may enforce mee rise or fall
Till Death my limmes of life depriue.

P. with hir beautie hath bereft
My freedome from my thralld minde,
And with hir louing lookes ycleft
My Reason through both Barke and Rinde.

Yet well therewith I am content
In minde to take it patiently,
Since sure I am she will relent
And not enforce hir Friend to die.

So I in recompence may haue
Naught but a faythfull hart againe:
Then other friendship will I craue,
But thing my loue ylent to gaine.

THAT ALL THINGS HAUE RELEASE OF PAINES SAUE
THE LOUER, THAT HOPING AND DREADING
NEUER TAKETH EASE.

WHATSO the Golden Sonne
beholds with blazing light,
When paine is past hath time to take
his comfort and delight.

The Oxe with lumpish pace
and leysure that doth drawe,
Hath respite after toyle is past
to fill bis emptie mawe.

The lolarde Asse that beares
the burden on his back,
His dutie done to stable plods,
And reacheth to the rack.

The Deere hath woonted soyle
his fervent heate to swage:
When worke hath ende to respite runnes
the Peasant and the Page.

The Owle that hates the day
and loues to flee by night,
Hath queachie bushes to defende
him from Apollos sight.

Eche Cunnie hath a Cave,
eche little foule a neast
To shroud them in at needefull times
to take their needefull reast.

Thus vewing course of kinde
it is not on the gronde,
That at sometime doth not resort
where is his comfort foud:

Sauē me (O cursed man)
whome neither Sunne ne shade
Doth serue the burthen of my breast
and sorrowes to unlade.

Eche sport procures my smart,
eche seemely sight annoy:
Eche pleasaunt tune torments mine ease
and reaves my hoped ioy.

No Musick soundes so sweete
as doth the doolefull drum,
For somewhat neare unto my smart
that mournfull sounde doth cum.

A Gally slave I seeme
unto my selfe to bee:
The Maister that doth guide the ship
hath neare an eie to see.

You know were such a one
as Cupid is doth steare,
Amid the Goulfe of deepe dispaire
great perill must appeare.

Insteade of streaming sayles
hec wishes hang's aloft:
Which if in tempest chauce to teare
the Barck will come to nought.

For winde are scalding sighes
and secrets sobbings prest:
Mixt with a clowde of stormic teares
to baine the Louers brest.

Though Cupid neare so well
his beaten Barck doe giue,
By fleeing flats and sinking sandes
that in the wallow lie:

Yet those that are a boarde
must ever stand in awe,
For cause a Bussard is their guide
not forcing any flawe:

That followes none aduice,
but bluntly runnes on hed,
As proude as Peacock over those
that in his chaine are led.

Thus you may plainly see
that eche thing hath release
Of pensive paine, save Cupids thralls
whose torments aye increase.

A POORE PLOUGHMAN TO A GENTLEMAN, FOR
WHOM HE HAD TAKEN A LITTLE PAINES.

YOUR Culter cuts the soyle that earst was sowne
Your Harvest was forereaped long agoe,

Your Sickle sheares the Medowe that was mowne,
Ere you the toyle of Tilmans trade did knowe:
Good fayth you are beholding to the man
That so for you your husbandrie began.

He craues of you no Siluer for his Seede,
Ne doth demaunde a penny for his Graine,
But if you stande at any time in neede,
(Good Maister) be as bolde with him againe,
You can not doe a greater pleasure than
To choose you such a one to be your man.

TO HIS FRIENDE P. OF COURTING, TRAUAILING,
BYISING AND TENYS.

To liue in Court among the True is care,
Is nothing there but daylie diligence,
Nor cap nor knee, nor money must thou spare,
The Prince his Haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed Barck to passe the Seas
The forraine landes and straungie sites to see,
Doth daunger dwell: the passage breeds unease,
Not safe the soyle, the men unfriendly be.

Admit thou see the straungest things of all:
When eye is turnde the pleasant sight is gone:
The treasure then of trauaile is but small,
Wherefore (friende P.) let all such toyes alone.

To shake the bones and cog the craftie Dice
To carde in care of sodaine losse of Pence,
Unseemely is, and taken for a vice:
Unlawfull play can haue no good pretence.

To band the Ball doth cause the Coine to wast
It melts as Bitter doth against the Sunne,
Naught sauē thy payne, when play doth cease, you
To study then is best when all is doone. (hast):
For studie staves and brings a pleasant gaine,
When play doth passe as glare with gushing raine.

THE LOUER

DECLARES THAT VNLESSE HE VTER HIS SOR-
ROWES BY SUTE, OF FORCE HE DYETH.

LYKE as the Gunne that hath to great a charge,
And Pellet to the Powder ramde so sore,
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,
Till shiuerd flawes in sounding Skies doe ror:

Euen so my carefull breast that fraughted is
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurking Loue,
Unlesse I should disclose my drerinis,
And out of bande my troubled thoughts remoue:

A sunder would my cumbred Carcasse flee,
The hart would breake the ouercharged Chase
Of pensive breast, and you (my Loue) should see
Your faythfull Friend in lamentable case.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes
The Gunner to assist in time of neede,
And when you see the Pellet pierce the Skyes,
And Powder make a prooffe of hidden gleede:
Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,
Least in short time his Gunne to peeces go.

THE LOUER

TO A FRIENDE THAT WROTE HIM THIS SENTENCE,
"YOURS ASSURED TO THE DEATH."

O FAITHFULL Friend thrise happie was the fist
In so few words to such effect that wrought:
O friendly hart a thousand folke yblis
That hath conceiue so iust and ioyfull thought,
As not till death from pawnd loue to bende
But Friend at first and Friend to be at ende.

Wherefore to counteruaille those wordes of thine,
And quit thy loue with faithfull hart againe,
I vow that I will neuer once decline
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine:
If thou be mine "till death," I thee assure
To be thy Friend "as long as life shall dure."

OF CERTAINE FLOWERS

SENT HIM BY HIS LOUE VPON SUSPICION OF
CHANGE.

YOUR Flowers for their hue
were fresh and faire to see:
Yet was your meaning not so true
as you it thought to be.

In that you sent me Bame,
I iudge you ment thereby
That cleane extinct was all my flame
from whence no sparkes did fie.

Your Fenell did declare
(as simple men can show)
That flattrie in my breast I bare
where friendship ought to grow.

A Dasie doth expresse
great follie to remaine,
I speake it not by roat or gesse,
your-meaning was so plaine.

Rosemarie put in minde
the Bayes weare out of thought:
And Loucinydle came behinde
for Loue that long was sought.

Your Cowslips did portend
that Care was layd away:
And Eglantine did make an ende
where sweete with sower lay:

As though the leaues at first
were sweete when Loue began:
But now in prooffe the pricks were curst,
and hurtfull to the Man.

THE AUNSWERE TO THE SAME.

PERDIE I neede no Bame
ne forced beate by charme,
To set my burning breast in flame
whom Cupids gleames do warme

On Bayes is my delight,
Remembraunce is not past:
Though Daysee hit the nayle aright
my friendship aye shall last.

Though Loue in ydle bee,
yet will I not forgoe
Ne cast off care as you shall see,
and time the truth shall showe.

So I may tast the sweete,
I force not on the sowre:
The more is ioy when friends doe meete,
that Fortune earst did lowre.

Your Fenell failed quight
where such good fayth is ment:
For Bayes are onely my delight
though I for Bayes be shent.

*OF A FOXE THAT WOULD EATE NO
GRAPES.*

By fortune came a Foxe,
where grue a loftie Vine,
I will no Grapes (quoth hee)
this yarde is none of mine:
The Foxe would none because that hee
Perceiude the highnesse of the Tree.

So men that Foxlie are,
and long their lust to haue,
But cannot come thereby,
make wise they would not craue:
Those subtle Merchants will no Wine
Because they cannot reach the Vine.

*OF THE STRAUNGE COUTENANCE OF
AN AGED GENTLEWOMAN.*

It makes mee laugh a good to see thee lowre,
and long to looken sad:
For when thy crabbed countenance is so sowre,
thou art to seeming glad.
I blame not thee but Nature in this case,
That thought bestowde on thee a better grace.

TO THE ROUING PYRAT.

THOU winste thy wealch by warre
vngodly way to gaine:
And in an houre thy ship is sunck
goods drown'd, the Pirat slaine.

The Gunne is all thy trust,
it serues thy cruell foe
Then brag not on thy Canon shotte
as though there were no mo.

OF ONE THAT HAD LITTLE WITTE.

I THEE aduise
If thou be wise
To keepe thy wit
Though it be small:
'Tis rare to get
And farre to fet,
'Twas euer yit
Dearste ware of all.

IN COMMENDATION OF WIT.

WIT farre exceedeth wealth,
Wit Princely pompe excels,
Wit better is than Beauties beames
Where Pride and Daunger dwels.

Wit matcheth Kingly Crowne,
Wit masters Witlesse rage:
Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,
Wit guides the steps of Age.

Wit wants no reasons skill
a faithfull Friend to know:
Wit wotes full well the way to voide
the smooth and fleeing fo.

Wit knowes what best becommes
and what unseemely shows:
Wit hath a wile to ware the worst,
Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since Wit by wisdom can
doe this and all the rest,
That I employ my painefull head
to come by Wit is best.

Whome if I might attaine,
then Wit and I were one:
But till time Wit and I doe cope,
I shall be post alone.

AN ANSWERE IN DISPRAYSE OF WIT.

THE Wit you so commend
with wealth cannot compare:
For wealth is able Wit to win
when Wit is waxen bare.

Wit hath no Beauties beames,
to Kingly crowne it yeeldes:
Wit subject is to wilfull rage,
Rage Wit and Reason weeldes.

Wit rules not witlesse youth,
nor aged steps doth guide:
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,
Wit is so full of pride.

Wit wots not how to fie
the smooth and flattering gest:
Wit cannot well discern the thing
that doth become it best.

Wit hath no wyle to ware
mishap before it fall,
Wit knows not what good fashion meanes,
Wit can do naught at all.

Since Wit by wisdom can
doe nothing as you weene,
If you doe toyle to come by Wit,
then are you over scene.

Whome when you doe attaine,
though Wit and you seeme one:
Yet Wit will to another when
your backe is turnde and gone.

THE LOUER TO CUPID FOR MERCEIE,

DECLARING HOW FIRST HE BECAME HIS THRALL,
WITH THE OCCASION OF HIS DEFYING LOUE,
AND NOW AT LAST WHAT CAUSED HIM TO
CONUERT.

O MIGHTIE Lord of Loue
Dame Venus onely ioy
Whose Princely powre doth farre surmount
all other heavenly Roy:

I that haue swarvde thy lawes
and wandred farre astray:
Haue now returned to thee againe
thy statutes to obey.

And so thou wouldst vouchsafe
to let me pleade for grace:
I would before thy Barre declare
a sielie Louers case.

I would depaint at full
how first I was thy man:
And show to thee what was the cause
that I from Cupid ran.

And how I haue since that
yspent my wearie time:
As I shall tell, so thou shalt here
declarde in doolefull rime.

In greene and tender age
(my Lorde) till xviii yeares,
I spent my time as fitted youth
in schole among my Feeres.

As then no beard at all
was growne upon my Chin,
Which well approude that mans estate
I was not entred in.

I neede not tell the names
of Authors which I read,
Of Proes and Verse we had ynough
to fine the dullest head.

But I was chiefly bent
to Poets famous Art,
To them with all my devor I
my studie did conuert.

Where when I had with ioy
yspent my time a while:
The reast refuse, I gave me whole
To Nasos noble stile.

Whole volumes when I saw
with pleasant stories fright:
In him (I say) above the rest
I laide my whole delight.

What should I here rehearse
with base and barraine Pen,
The lincked tales and filed stuffe
that I perused then?

In fine it was my loare
upon that part to light
Wherein he teacheth youth to loue,
and women win by sight.

Which Treatise when I had
with iudging eie suruayde:
At last I found thy Godly kinde
and Princely powre displayde.

Of Cupid all that Booke
and of his raigne did ring,
The Poet there of Venus did
in sugred Dittie sing.

There read I of thy shafts
And of thy golden Bow,
Thy shafts which by their diuers heads
their diuers kindes did show.

I saw how by thy force
thou madest men to stoop:
And grisely Gods by secret slight
and Deuilish Imps to droope.

There were depainted plaine
thy quick and quiver wings,
And what so else doth touch thy powre
there Ouid sweetely sings.

There I thy conquests sawe
and many a noble spoyle:
With names annexed to the same
of such as had the foyle.

There Matrones marcht along
and Maydens in their roe,
Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw
with Neptunes troupe also.

With other thousands else
Which Naso there doth write,
But not my Pen or barraine skull
is able to recite.

O mightie Prince (quoth I)
of such a fearefull force,
How blest were I, so thou of mee
would daine to take remorse?

And choose mee for thy thrall
among the rest to bee,
That liue in hope and serue in trust
as waged me to thee?

With that (thy Godhead knowes)
thou gavste a friendly looke:
And (though unwortbie such a place)
mee to thy seruice tooke.

In token I was thine
I had a badge of Blue
With Sables set, and charge withall
that I should aye be true.

Thou balste me follow Hope
who tho thy Ensigne bare.
And so I might not doe amisse,
thus didst thy selfe declare.

Then who reioyst but I?
who thought himselfe yblest?
That was in Cupids seruice plasta
as brauely as the best?

And thus in Instie youth
I gruc to be your thrall,
And was (I witnesse of thy Dame)
right well content withall.

But nowe I minde to shoue
(as promise was to doe)
How first I fled thy Tents, and why
thy campe I did forgoe.

When I had been retainde
well nigh a yeare or more,
And serude in place of wage and mead
as is the Souldiours lore:

I chaunst by hap to cast
my floting eyes awrie,
And so a Dame of passing shape
my fortune was to spie.

On whom Dame Nature thought
such beautie to bestowe,
As she had neuer framde before
as proufe did playnely shoue.

On hir I gazde a while
till use of sense was fled:
And colour paper white before
was woxen Scarlet red.

I felt the kindled sparkes
to flashing flames to growe:
And so on sodaine I did looe
the Wight I did uot knowe.

Then to thy Pallace I
with frowarde foote did run,
And what I saide, I minde it yet,
for thus my tale begun.

O noble Sir (quoth I)
this is your free assent
I should pursue a Game unknowne
within your stately Tent?

If so (quoth I) thou wilt,
and givste the same in charge:
I mynde of all my brydled lust
to let the Raynes at large.

Then Hope did prick me forth
and bad mee be of cheere:
Who said I should within a while
subdue my Noble Feere.

He counseld me to shun
no dreadfull daungers place,
But follow him who Banner bore
unto your Noble grace.

He would maintaine my right
and further aye my cause,
And bannish all dispaire that grewe
by frowarde Fortunes flawes.

Tis Cupids will (quoth hee)
our Maister and our Lorde
That thou with manly hart and hande
Shouldst lay the Barck aborde.

She shall not choose but yeelede
the fruite for passed paines:
For shee is one of Cupids thralls,
and bound in Venus Chaines.

Thinkst thou our maister will
his servant live in woe?
No not for all his Golden darts
ne yet his crooked Bowe.

Wherefore with luckie Mart
giue charge unto the Wight:
Take Speare in hande, and Targe on arme,
and doe with courage fight.

With that I arme me well
as fits a warring man,
And to the place of friendly fight
with lustie foote I ran.

My Foe was there before
I came unto the field,
I thought Bellona had bene there
or Pallas with hir shielde.

So well shee was beset
with Plate and privie Maile
As for my life my limber Launce
might not a whit preuaile.

Yet naythelesse with Speare
and Shielde, we fought a space;
And last of all we tooke our Bowes
and Arrowes from the case.

Then Dartes we gan to fling
in wide and weightlesse Skies:
And then the fiercest fight of all
and combat did arise.

Instead of shivering shafts,
light louing lookes we cast,
And there I founde my selfe to weake
hir Arrowes went so fast.

But one above the reast
did cleave my breast so farre,
As downe it went, where lay my hart,
and there it gave a jarre.

So cruel was the stroke,
so sodaine eke the wounde,
As by the fearefull force I fell
into a senselesse sounde.

Thus having no refuge
to quite my selfe from death:
I made a vowe to loue hir well
whilst Lungs should leude me breath.

And since that time I have
endeuorde with my best:
To win hir loue, but naught preuailes
shee wayes it not a Mite.

Shee scorns my yeelding hart
not forcing on my best:
But by disdaine of cloudy browe
doth further my unrest.

Yet ruthlesse though she were,
and farsed full of yre:
I lovde hir well as bar could think,
or woman might desire.

I sought to frame my speach
and countnance in such sort,
As she my couert hart might see
by shewe of outward port.

To Troilus halfe so true
unto his Creside was
And I to hir, who fur hir face
did Trojan Creside passe.

At length when Reason saw
mee sotted so in lone
As I ne would, ne might at all
my fancie thence reynoue:

She cause hir Trumpe be blowne
to cyte hir servaunts all
Into the place, by whose aduise
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearde
with sage and solemne sawes:
And in his hande a golden booke
of good and Greekish lawes,

Whose honnie mouth such wise
and weightie wordes did tell:
Gainst thee and all thy troupe at once
as Reason lykte it well.

When Platoes tale was done,
then Tullie prest in place:
Whose filed tongue with sugred talke
would good a simple case.

With open mouth I heard
and jawes ystrecht awyde,
How hee gainst Venus dearlings all
and Cupids captiues cryde.

Then Plutarche gan to preache
and by examples prove,
That thousand mischiefs were procurede
by meane of guilefull loue.

Whole Cities brought to spoyle,
and Realmes to shamefull sack:
Where Kings and Rulers good advice
by meane of Loue did lack.

Next Plutarch, Senec came,
seuere in all his sawes;
Who cleane defide your wanton tricks,
and scornde your childish lawes.

I neede not name the reast
that stooode as then in place:
But thousandes more there were that sought
your Godhead to deface.

When all the Hall was husht,
and Sages all had donne:
Then Reason that in iudgement sate
hir skilfull talke begonne.

Gramercie Friends (quoth shee)
your counsell likes me well:
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes
and listen what I tell.

What madnesse may be more
than such a Lorde to haue,
Who makes the chieftaine of his bande
a ruke aud raskall slave?

Who woonted is to yeelde
in recompense of paine?
A ragged recompense God wote
that turnes to meere disdaine?

Who gladly would ensue
a Conduct that is blinde?
Or thrall himselfe to such a one
as shoves himselfe unkinde?

What Ploughman would be glad
to sowe his seede for gaine,
And reape when Harvest time comes on
but traunaile for his paine?

What madman might endure
to watch and ward for nought?
To ride, to runne, and last to loose
the recompense he sought?

To waste the day in wo,
and restless night in care,
And haue in stead of better foode
but sobbing for his fare?

To bleare his eies with brine
and salted teares yshend:
To force his fainting flesh to fade,
his colour pale and dead?

And to fordoe with carke
his wretched witherde hart?
And so to breede his bitter bale
and hatch his deadly smart?

I speake it to this fine,
that plainely might appere
Cupidos craft and guilefull guise
to him that standeth here.

Whose eies with fancies mist
and errors clowdes are dim,
By meane that bee in Venus lake
and Cupids goulfe doth swim.

And hath by sodaine sight
of unacquainted shape
So fixt his hart, as hope is past
for eucr to escape.

Unlesse to these my wordes
a listning eare he leade:
Which oft are woont the Louers minde
and fansie to offende.

But he that would his health
sowre Sirops must assay:
For erie grieve hath cure agayne
by cleane repugnaunt way.

And who so mindes to quite
and rid himseife from wo,
Must seeke in time for to remove
the thing that hurts bim so.

For longer that it lastes
it frets the farder in
Untill it growe to curelesse maine
by passing fell and skin.

The Pyne that beares his head
up to the haughtie skie,
Would well haue been remoude at first
as daylie prooffe doth trie:

Which now no force of man
nor engine may subvart:
So wide the creeping rootes are run
by Natures subtle Art:

So Loue by slender sleight
and little paine at furst
Would haue beene stopt, but hardly now
though thou wouldst do thy wurst.

The woonted saw is true,
shun Loue, and Loue will flee,
But follow Loue and spite thy use
then Loue will follow thee.

And though such grafted thoughts
on sodaine may not die,
Ne be forgone; yet processe shall
their farther growth destrie.

No Giaunt for his lyfe
can cleaue a knarrie oke,
Though he would seeke to doo his wurst
and utmost at a stroke.

But let the meaneest man
haue space to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende bis head
and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling showre
can pierce the Marble-stone,
As will the often drops of raine
that from the gutters gone:

Wherefore thou retchlesse man
my counsell with the mo
Is, that thou peecemeale do expell
the loue that paines thee so.

Renounce the place where shee
doth make sojourn and stay:
Force not hir trayning truthlesse eies,
but turne thy face away.

Thinke that the hurtfull hooke
is couerde with such baite:
And that in such a pleasant plot
the Serpent lurkes in waite.

Waie well bis scorefull cheere,
and thinke shee seekes thy spoyle:
And though thy conquest were atchide
may not acquite thy toyle:

Not ydle see thou bee,
take aye some charge in hande:
And quickly shalt thou quench the flame
of carelesse Cupids brande.

For what (I pray you) bred
Agistus foule defame?
And made him spoken of so yll?
what put him to the shame?

What forste the Foole to loue
his beastly ydle lyfe
Was cause that he besotted was
of Agamemnon's Wyfe.

If he had fought in field
encountring with his Foe,
On stately steede, or else on foote
with glave had giuen the bloe:

If he that Lecher lewde
had warlick walles assailde
With Cannon shot, or bownsing Ramme
his fenced enmies qualide:

He had not felt such force
of vile and beastly sin,
Cupidos shafts had fallen short
if he had busie bin.

What Myrrha made to loue,
or Byblos to desire
To quench the heate of hungrie lust
and flames of filthy fire?

What Canace enforce
to frie with frantick brandes,
In sort as up to yeelde hir selfe
unto hir brothers handes?

And other thousand mo
of whom the Poets wright?
Nought else (good fayth) but for they had
in ydle thoughts delight.

They spent their youthfull yeares
in foule and filthie trade,
They busied not their ydle braines
but God of Pleasure made.

Wherefore if thou (I say)
dost couet to avoide
That beblam Boyes deceitfull Bowe
that others hath anyoide:

Eschewe the ydle life,
flee, flee from doing nought:
For neuer was their ydle braine
but bred an ydle thought.

And when those stormes are past
and clowdes remoovde away:
I know thou wilt no Reason think
and minde the wordes I say.

Which are: that loue is roote
and onely crop of care,
The bodies foe, the harts annoy,
and cause of pleasures rare.

The sicknesse of the minde,
the Fountaine of unrest:
The goulfe of guile, the pit of paine,
of griefe the hollow Chest.

A fierie frost, a flame
that frozen is with ise,
A heauey burthen light to beare,
A Vertue fraught with Vice.

It is a warlike peace,
a safetie set in dred,
A deepe dispaire annex to hope,
a famine that is fed.

Sweete poyson for his tastr,
a Porte Charybdis leeke,
A Scylla for his safetie thought,
a Lyon that is meeke,

And (by my Crown I sweare)
the longer thou dost loue,
The longer shalt thou liue a Thrall
as tract of time will proue.

Wherefore retire in haste
and speede thee home againe,
And pardned shall thy trespasse bee,
and thou exempt from paine.

Take Reason for thy guide
as thou hast done of yore:
And spite of Loue thou shalt not loue
ne be a thrall no more.

Repaire to Platoes schoole
and Tullies true aduce:
Let Plutarch be and Seneca
thy teachers to be wise.

This long and learned tale
had broosed so my braine;
As I forthwith to Reason ran
and gave thee up in plaine.

Fie, fie on Loue quoth I,
I now perceiue his craft:
For Reason hath declarde at large
how bee my freedome raft,

I see his promise is
farre fayrer than his pay:
I finde how Cupid bearde mine eies,
and made me run astray.

I wote how hungrie Hope
hath led me by the lip,
And made me moue an endlesse sute
well worth an oken chip.

Hee trainde mee all by trust,
I fardre as Hounde at hatch:
The lesser fruite I founde, the more
I was procurde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left
thy lawes and statutes strong
For rayling Reasons trifling talke
and offerd thee a wrong.

But now Dame Venus knowes,
and thou hir sonne canst tell
That I within my couert hart
doe loue thee passing well.

Now fully bent to be
(so thou wilt cleane put out
Of minde my passed injuries)
thy man and souldier stout:

Prest to obey thy will
and neuer swarve againe,
As long as Venus is of force
and thou shalt keepe thy Raigne.

I weigh not Tullies tale,
ne prating Platoes talke:
Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,
let skurvey Senec walke.

Olde Ouid will I reade,
whose pleasant wit doth passe
The rest, as far as stubborne Steele
excells the brickle Glasse.

In him thy deedes of Armes
and mauly Marts appeere,
In him thy stately spoyles are scene
as in a Mirroure cleere.

Thy mothers prayse and thine
in him are to be founde,
For conquests which you had in heauen
and here by low on grounde.

Forgiue my former guilt,
forget my passed toyes:
And graunt I may aspire againe
unto my woonted ioyes.

If euer man did loue
or serue in better steade,
Then shape my wages to the same
and doe restraine my meede.

But so I fight in fieldes
as fiercely as the best:
I hope that then your Godhead will
reward me with the rest.

**AFTER MISADVENTURES COME GOOD
HAPS.**

I NEVER thought but this that luck in fine
Would to my will and fansie well incline.
For daylie prooffe doth make an open show
That common course of things would have it so.
When stormie clouds from darkned skyes are fled,
Then Phœbus shewes his gay and golden hed.
His princely pride appeeres when showres are past,
And after day the night ensues as fast.
When winter hath his trembling carkas showne,
And with his frostie foote the spring down throwne,
Then in leapes Æstas gay with gladsome gleames
That harvest brings and dries up winter streames.
The Bark that broyld in rough and churlish Seas
At length doth reach a Port and place of ease.
The wailefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace,
The Larms lowde and Trumpets sounde doth
cease:

Thus may we see that chauce is full of change,
And Fortune feedes on foudes that is full strange,
Wherefore doe not dispaire thou louing Wight,
For Seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:
From worse to good our haps are changed oft,
And basest things sometimes are raysde aloft.
So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,
Which prooffe appeeres and is exprest by mee.

TO HIS LOUE

**THAT CONTROLDE HIS DOGGE FOR FAWNING ON
HIR.**

IN deede (my Deare) you wrong my Dog in this
And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,
That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse
You first, that fauie would shew hys Maisters
miude:

A Mastife were more fit for such a one,
That can not let hir Louers dog alone.

He in his kinde for mee did seeme to sue,
That earst did stande so highly in your grace,
His Maisters minde the wittie Spanell knewe,
And thought his woonted Mistresse was in place:
But now at last (good faith) I plainly see
That Dogs more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore since you so cruelly entreate
My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,
You shew your selfe with pride to be repleate,
And to your Friend your nature doth appeere;
The Prouerbe olde is verifide in you,
Loue mee and loue my Dog, and so adue.

Both I and hee that siely Beast sustaine
For louing well and bearing faithfull harts,
Despitous checks, and rigoros disdainde,
Where both hath well deserued for our parts,

For Friendship I, for offred seruice hee,
Aud yet thou neyther loouste the Dog nor mee.

**VPPON THE DEATH OF THE AFORENAMED DAME
ELIZABETH ARHUNDE OF CORNEWALL.**

WHAT Tongue can tell the wo?
what Pen expresse the plaint?
Vnlesse the Muses helpe at neede
I feel my wittes to faint.

Yee that frequent the hilles
and highest Holtes of all,
Assist mee with your skilfull Quilles
aud listen when I call.

And Phœbus, thou that first
amidst the learned route,
Doe way thy Bowe, and reach thy Lute
and say to sounde it oute.

Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe
to write the fatall fall
Of hir, whose lyfe deserues to be
a Mirrour to us all.

Whose Parents were of fame
as Leyster well can showe:
Where they in worship long had liude,
with yeares did worship growe.

Of worship was the house
from whence she tooke hir line:
And shee a Dannat by discent
to worship did incline.

What neede I pen the prayse
of hir that liude so well.
That of it selfe doth yeelde a sounde
we neede not ring the Bell.

Whilst Dannat did ensue
Diana in the race,
A truer Nymph than Dannat was
was neuer earst in place.

With Beautie so adrest
with Vertue so adornde:
Was not that more imbraste the good
nor at the wicked scornde.

When fleeing Fame with Trumpe
and blasted brute had brought
This Dannats thewes to Courtrlike eares
(which Dannat neuer sought)

To Court she was procure
on Princesse to attende:
A seruice fit for such a one
hir flouing yeares to spende.

Where when she had remaynde
and serude the Princesse well,
Not rashly but with good aduice
to Iunos yoke shee feil.

A Wouffe by hap espide
this sielic Laube in place,
And thought hir fittest for his pray:
uot gastly was his face,

Not Wouldlike were bis eyes,
ue barrish was bis voyce:
Nor such as Lambes might feare to heare
but rather might reioyce.

A heart not bent to hate
or yeelding pray to spill:
Unto Licoun farre vnlike
whose pleasure was to kill.

Arhundle was his name,
his stock of great discent:
Whose predecessors all their liues
in Vertues path had spent.

Hee not vnlike the rest
behaude him selfe so well,
As he in fine became a Knight,
so to his share it fell.

Thus was this Ladie fast
conioynde in sacred knot:
Whose prime and tender yeres were spent
deuoyde of slaunders blot.

The match no sooner made,
when marriage rites were donne:
But Dannat ranne hir race as right
as she hir course begonne.

And sooth it is, she liude
in wiuely bond so well,
As she from Collatinus wife
of Chastice bore the bell.

Vlysses wife did blush
to heare of Dannats prayse:
Admetus Make (the good Alcest)
did yeelde vp all hir Kayes.

The Greeks might take in grieife
of such a one to heere,
Who for hir well deserued fame
could haue no Greekish Peere.

Thus manie yeares were spent
with good and soothfast life,
Twixt Arhundle that worthie Knight
and his approued wife.

Of whome such Impes did spring,
such fruite began to grow,
Such issue did proceade as we
them by their braunches know.

The Oke will yeelde no grapes,
the Vine will beare no Hawes:
Ech thing must follow kindly course
by Natures fixed lawes.

Fuen so that worthie Tree
such fruite is seene to beare,
As yet commends the withred stocks
and them to Welkin reare.

Thus did they liue in ioy,
till chaunce and spitefull death
These louing Turtles did deuide
and reft the Cock his breath.

Then first the bale began,
then black attire came on:
And Dannats dreerie doole was seene
with neuer stinting mone.

Nought might hir sorrow swage,
but still she did bewaile
The Cinders of hir seuerd Make
with teares of none auail.

Seuen yeares she spent in wo
refusing other Make:
For such is Turtles kinde you know
they will noue other take.

I doubt where Dido fealt
the like tormenting rage,
When that the guileful Guest was gone
that layde his fayth to gage.

This Dannats vertues were
so rife aud eke so rare,
As few with hir for honest life
and wisedome might compare.

Minerua did sojourne
within that wifely brest:
Hir deedes declarde that in hir head
Dame Pallas was a guest.

But what we conet most
or chiefest holde in price,
With greedie gripe of darting death
is reaued with a trice.

The cruell Sisters three
were all in one agreeede,
To let the spindle runne no more
but shrid the fatal threede.

And Fortune, (to expresse
what swing and sway she bare)
Allowde them leau to vse their force
vpon this Jewell rare.

Thus hath the Welkin wunne,
and we a losse sustainde:
Thus hath hir corse a Vaute found out,
hir sprite the Hcauens gainde.

Since sobbing will not serue,
ne shedding teares anaile
To bring the soule to corps againe
his olde and woonted Gaile:

Leaue off to bath hir stoe
with Niobs teares to long,
For thou shalt aide hir nought at all
but put thy selfe to wrong.

Wish that bir soule may reach
the place from whence it came:
And shee be guerdond for bir life
with neuer dying fame.

For sure she well deserude
to haue immortall prayse,
And laud more light than clearest sunne
or Phœbus golden rayes.

If ought my slender skill
or writing were of powre,
No processe of ingratefull time
bir Vertues should deuour.

DISPRAYSE OF WOMEN THAT ALLURE AND LOUE NOT.

WHEN so you vew in Verse
and Poets rimes the prayse,
Of Lucrece and Vlysses wife
so famous in their dayes:

When Hippo comes by hap
or good Alceste yfeare,
And other some that by desert
with fame renowned weare,

Then you with hastie doome
and rashfull sentence straight,
Will vaunt that women in that age
were all with Vertue fraight.

And for those fewe that liude
in wiselye bondc so well:
You will esteeme the reast by those
that onely bare the bell.

But follow sound aduice,
let eche receyue hir doome,
As eche in vertue did surmount
or sit in highest rourne.

So cleane was neuer seede
ysifted, but among
For all their paynes were weedes that grew
to put the graine to wroug.

That troupe of honest Dames
those Grisels all are gone:
No Lucrece now is left aliuē,
ne Cleopatra nonc.

Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is flected by:
They myrrors were Dame Nature made,
hir skilfull haude to try.

Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth yeelde a worsser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest Matrons staine.

Deceite in their delight,
great fraude in friendly lookes:
They spoyle the fish for friendships sake
that houer on their Hookees.

They buie the bayte to deare
that so their freedome lose:
And they the more deceitfull are
that so can craft and glose.

With beautie to allure,
and murder with disdainē:
What more may be gainat womens kind
where ruth of right should raigē?

So Memphite Crocodile
(as we in Poets fine)
Where Nylus with his seuenfold streame
to Seaward doth incline.

With truthlesse tricking teares
and lamentable sound,
The siely beast with pitie mooude
doth cruelly confound.

So Marmaides in the foud
and Syrens sweetely sing,
Till they the musing Mariner
to speedie fate doe bring.

Now Helen for hir traine
with Dian may compare:
Such sundrie Helens now are found,
and Dians Nymphes so rare.

Who if by craft espie
thy Senses once to bende,
And bow by Cupids subtile breach
that burning gleames doth sende:

Then will they seeke in hast
by force of friendly blinck,
And wrested looke into the breast
their beauties shape to siuck.

Which if be brought to passe,
then haue they their desire:
And standing farre doe smile to see
the flaming of the fire.

Then looke they on a loofe,
and neuer once repaire
To end the strife that they haue stirrd
twixt Louer and Dispaire.

As shepherdes when they see
the Ganders foe in snare
Reioyce, that from their foldes of late
their siely cattle bare:

Or Boy that knowes the Foule
to be in pithole caught,
That woonted was to steale the stale
and set the snare at naught:

So wily women woont
to laugh, when so they spie
The louing Wight ytrainde by trust
in point and pinch to die.

But if such chauce doe chauce
(as often chauce we see)
The fish that earst was hangde on Hooke
by better chauce be free,

If he by happie hap
doe cast off Cupids yoke,
Not setting of hir Loue a Leeke
that gaue the cruell stroke:

Then are remooude the cloudes
of hir disdainfull brow:
Aud friendships flood that earst was drie
a fresh begins to flow.

Then wresteth shee hir grace,
and makes a seeming slow
As though she meant no change at all,
ne would hir Hestes forgo.

Thus are they fright with wiles
whome Nature made so plaine,
Thus Sinons shifts they put in v̄ro
their purpose to attaine.

Wherefore let bee our care
 Vlysses trade to trie:
 And stop our eares against the sounde
 of Syrens when they crie.

Think when thou seest the baite
 whercon is thy delite,
 That hidden Hookes are hard at bande
 to bane thee when thou bite.

Think well that poyson lurckes
 in shape of Sugar sweete:
 And where the freshest flowres are seene
 there most beware thy feete.

But chiefly women shoonne
 and follow mine aduice,
 If not, thou mayst perhaps in proufe
 of follie beare the price.

To trust to rotten boughes
 the daunger well is seeue:
 To treade the tyled trap vnwares
 hath alwayes perill beene.

Haue Medea still in minde,
 let Circe be in thought:
 And Helen that to viter sack
 both Greece and Troie brought

Let Creside be in coumpt
 and number of the mo,
 Who for hir lightnesse may presume
 with falsset on the row.

Else would she not haue left
 a Troian for a Greeke:
 But what? by kinde the Cat will hunt,
 hir Father did the like.

As wilie are their wits,
 so are their tongues vntrue:
 Vnconstant and aye fleeting mindes
 that most imbrace the nue.

When fixed is their fayth
 it restes on brittle sande:
 And when thou deenste them surste of all
 they beare thee but in hande.

Though Argus did reuiue,
 whose eyes in numbres were
 As many as Dame Iunos Birde
 in glaring taile doth beare:

Yet women by their wyles
 and well acquainted drifts,
 Woulde soone deceiue his waking head,
 and put his eyes to shifts.

Nought haue they neede at all
 Cylenus Pipe to blow
 To forge their fraud, their tongues will scrue
 as learned writers show.

First trie, and then tell
 Where I haue sayd well
 For without a triall
 There vailis no deniall.

OF A PHISITION AND A SOOTHSAYER.

MARCKE fealt himselfe diseasde,
 The Soothsayer sayd: There bee
 Sire yet remaynder dayes of life,
 no mo (Friend Marcke) to thee.

Then skilfull Alcon came,
 he fealt the Pulses beate:
 And out of bande this Marcus dyde,
 there Phisick wrought his feate.

This shoves Phisition doth
 the Soothsayer farre exceede:
 For th' one can make a short dispatch,
 when th' other makes no speede.

A CONTROUERSIE OF A CONQUEST TWIXT FORTUNE AND VENUS.

WHILST FISHER kest his line
 the houering fish to hooke:
 By hap a rich mans daughter on
 the Fisser kest hir looke.

Shee fryde with frantick Loue,
 they maride eke at last:
 Thus Fisser was from lowe estate
 in top of Treasure plast.

Stoode Fortune by and smylde:
 how say yow (Dame) quoth shee
 To Venus? was this conquest yours
 or is it due to mee?

'T was I (quoth Vulcans wife)
 with helpe of Cupids bowe,
 That made this wanton wench to rage,
 and match hir selfe so lowe.

Not so: 't was Fortune I
 that brought the Trull in place:
 And Fortune was it that the man
 stoode so in Maydens grace.

By Fortune fell their loue,
 't was Fortune strake the stroke:
 Then detter is this man to mee
 that did this match prouoke.

THE LOUER

VOWETH HOW SO EUER HE BE GUERDONED TO
 LOUE FAITHFULLY.

In thankfull though she were
 and had disdainfull browe,
 Regarding nought my constant heart,
 ne forcing of hir vowe:

Since sowen is the seede
 of faithfull friendships lore,
 Vnconstant will I neuer be
 ne breake my Hest therefore.

Let Fortune vse hir force
to Cupide stand mine ayde,
And Cyprid laugh with lowly looke,
I will not bee afrayde.

By me the Noble kinde
of man shall not be shamde,
Recorde through me shall neuer force
our sequell be defamde.

Albe that I consume
my greene and growing youth,
Yea age and all quite guerdoulesse
yet nill I swarue my truth.

Eche that shall after come,
and liue when I am Dust,
My louing heart shall well descrie
the key of perfect trust.

Hir while my vitall breath
these fainted limmes shall moue:
Yea, after death in hollow Vawte
ytombed, will I loue.

Force shce my seruice true
I force it not at all:
Rue shce by ruth my droerie life
or it to mercie call:

In stay my Ioue shall stande,
ue will I false my faith,
Ne breake my former plighted hest
or promise to the death.

Disdaine shall neuer force
my friendship wrest awrie:
Ere that I craue immortal powres
that ye will let me die.

Let Dido still complaine
Æneas broken Hest,
Of all that came to Carthage Coast
the most vnfaithfull guest.

Untrustie Theseus eke
let Ariadne clepe,
That fleeted from his friendly Feere
yled in slumbring sleepe:

So let Medea accuse
the Knight that wonne the Flise,
Who forced naught at all in fine
hir cleepings and hir cries:

Haue thou the faithfull heart
of thine assured Friend,
Ere he be of that retchelesse race
the Sunne awrie shall weude.

Where so thou yeelde him grace
or as an outcast shoon:
Expect his former plighted Hest
as thou tofore hast doon.

Loue will hee neuer blame
ne Venus lawes forgo,
Life sooner shall than loue decrease
his faith is fixed so.

HE SORROWES THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS
LADIE. P.

Now once againe my Muse renue my woes
Which earst thou hast in doolefull ditfie soong,
For greater cause of sorrow not arose
To mee at all, then now of late is sproong:
As you shall heare in sad and solomne Verse,
A wofull Wight his haplesse hap rehearse.

Come (Clio) come with pensieue Pen in hande
And cause thy sisters change their cheerefull
voice,
Ye Furies fell that lurck in Plutos lande,
Come skip to Skies, and raise a doolefull noice:
Helpe to lament the Louers wofull chance,
And let Alecto leade the lothsome daunce.

All ye that Ladies are of Lymbo Lake
With hissing baire, and Snake bush bedect,
Your beddes of Steele and dankish Dennes forsake,
And Stix with stinking Sulpher all infect:
Do what you may to ayde my careful Quill,
And helpe to ring a Louers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled
Who was the guide and giuer of my breath,
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed
And haue escapt the ruthlesse hande of Death:
Who was the Key and Cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A Starre whereby to steare my bodies Bark,
And ship of soule to shoare in safetie bring,
To quite my Corse from painefull pining cark,
And ferie force of craftie Cupids sting:
Euen she that me from Syllas shelve did shroude,
That light is lost, that Lodestarre vnder cloude.

Whose absence breeds the tempest I sustaine,
And makes my thoughts so cloudie backe to bee,
And brackish teares from swollen eyes to raine,
Aud churlish gale of surging Sighes to flee:
That Anoor scarce ne harbour I may haue
From deepe dispaire my shaken Ship to saue.

The Rubie from the Ring is rest I finde,
The foile appears that vnderneath was set:
The Saint is gone, the Shrine is left behinde,
The fish is scapt, and here remains the Net:
That other choise for me is none but this,
To waile the want of hir that is my blisse.

I curse the Wight that caudse hir hence to goe,
I hate the Horse that hence hir Corse conuaide,
The Bit, the Saddle all I curse aroe,
And ought that else might this his journey staide:
I curse the place where she doth now sojourne,
And that whereto she mindes to shape retourne.

My mouth, that kist hir not before she went,
Mine eyes, that did not seeke to see hir face,
My head, that it no matter did inuent,
My hande, that it in Paper did not place:
My feete, that they refuse to trauell tho,
My legges I curse that were so loth to go.

My tongue, that it no paine did then procure
To vtter all my close and couert minde,
To hir who long hath had my wounds in cure,
In whome such ruth and mercie I did finde:

My heart I curse, that sought not to bewray
It selfe to hir or ere shee went hir way.

And last my selfe and euerie thing beside,
My life, my limmes, my carrion Corse I curse:
Sawe hir for whome these torments I abide,
That of my life is onely well and sourse:
loue shroude hir safe, and keepe hir from annoy,
And sende hir soone to make returne with ioy.

TO HIS LOUE

LONG ABSENT, DECLARING HIS TORMENTS.

O LINGRING LOUE, O friend
that absent are so long,
Where so thou bee, the Gods the guide
And quit thy Corse from wrong:

And sende thee harmelesse health,
and safely to recuart,
How soone your selfe may deeme full well
to saue a dying hart.

For since your parture I
baue lead a lothsome state:
And saue the hope of your returne
nought might my woes abate.

And will you know the time
how I haue spent away?
And doe you long in ruthfull rime
my torments to suruay?

Though but with weeping eyes
I may the same recite:
Yet naythelesse the truth herein
to thee (my Friend) I write.

When flicking Fame at first
vnto mine eares had brought
That you to trauell were addressd,
and fixed was your thought

In London long to lodge,
and flee your friendly soile:
Then dolour first in daunted Corps
and wounded breast did boile.

I felt how griefe did giue
the onset on my hart,
And sorrow sware that pensiuë pauges
should neuer thence depart.

With clinching Clawes there came
and talants sharplie set,
A flock of greedie griping Woes
my grunting heart to fret.

The more I sought the meane
by pleasant thought to ease
My growing griefe, the more I felt
increase my new disease

When other laught for ioy,
it brought to minde my woe:
When Musick slakte their sorowes, then
my secret sore did growe.

When they at meate were set
their daintie foode to taste,
In stead of Viands heartie sighes
I had for my repaste.

When Bacchus came to Boorde,
and eche to other drincks:
My swollen floud of salted teares
did ouerflow his brincks,

And out did gush amaine
of drinck to stande in steede
To me, that of such straungie meate
as sorrow was did feede.

From boorde to bed I go
in hope to finde reliefe,
And by some pleasant nap to rid
my troubled ghost from griefe:

But slumbring sleepe is fled,
and Morpheus shewes his spite:
That will not yeelde one minuts reast
in all a Winters night.

O Lord, what sundrie Kindes
of care doe then begin
T'assault my wearie waking head,
and trembling hart within?

A thousand thoughts arise,
eche thought his torment brings:
And thus the lothed night I spend
and feele how sorrow springs.

And if in dawning chauce
some drouping sleepe do light
Upon the careful Corse that thus
hath spent the waking night:

It standes in little steade,
so dreadfull are my dreames
As they by force of wo procure
mine eies to runne with streames.

Then bathe I bed with brine,
and cloy my couch with teares:
And mid my sleepe thy grisly Ghost
in straungie sort appears.

Not with such friendly face
and brow of gladsome cheare
As earst thou hadst: those loutchy lookes
and blincks are all areare.

More grimmer is your grace
more coye your countnance eake,
More lowring lookes than were of yore
and Brow more bent to wreake.

In hande mee thinkes I see
thee holde the hatefull knyfe
To flea thy Friend, and for good will
to reauë deserued lyfe.

Wherewith I wake afright
and strain my pillow fast
To garde me from the cruell toole
untill your wrath be past.

At length I see it plaine
that fansie did enforce
Unto his ugly monstrous dreame
my weake and slumbring Corse.

I vewe thy secret hart,
and how it longs to bee
With him that for unfayned loue
unpawnde his faith to thee.

For mercie then I call
of you that iudge so yll,
Whose pleasure is to garde your Friend,
and not your Foe to kyll.

Of dreames a thousand such
eche night I haue a share.
To bannish sleepe from pining corse
and nurse my canckred care.

Thus day and night I liue,
thus night and day I die:
In death I feele no smart at all,
in life great wo I trie.

Wherefore to rid my griefes
and bannish all annoie
Retire from Greece and doe sojourne
here with thy Friend in Troie.

Who longs to see thy face
and witness of thy state:
And partner be of thy delights
his furious fits to bate.

THAT DEATH IS NOT SO MUCH TO BE FEARED AS
DAYLIE DISEASES ARE.

WHAT? yst not follie for to dread
and stand of Death in feare,
That Mother is of quiet reast,
and griefs away doth weare?

That brings release to want of wealth,
and poore oppressed Wights?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he smites.

Was neuer none that twice hath fealt.
of cruell Death the Knife:
But other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on the life,

And oftentimes one selfe same Corse
with furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatch of life
doth bring the soule to rest.

THE EPICURES COUNSELL,
EATE, DRINCK, AND PLAIRE.

MY Friend, where as thou seest thy selfe
to be a man in deede,
Eate, quaffe, and play, with present ioyes
thy greedie fancie feede.

For I (thou seest) am dust become
that earst so wealthie was:
I haue that I aliuie did eate,
the reast away did passe.

What so I poorde in pampred paunch
and to my guts conuaide,
To gaping ground with mee I bore,
the reast behinde is staide.

My haughtie buildings huge to see,
my Turrets and my traine,
My Horse, my Hounds, my cofred Coine
for others doe remaine.

Wherefore a Myrrour make of mee
and drowne thee in delight:
For Death will sweepe away thy wealth
and reauie thy pleasures quight.

TO BROWNE OF LIGHT BELIEFE.

BEWARE my Browne of light beliefe,
trust not before you trie:
For under cloke of great good will
doth fained friendship lie.

As wylie Adder lurkes in leaues
and greenest grasse of all,
And stings the stalking Wight that thought
no danger would befall.

So is the plaine unplayted man
by subtile dealing guilde
And soonest snarrie by subtile shifts
of him that smoothly smilde

We neuer see the frowning Friend
that frets to outward showe,
Beguile or seeke to false his Friend,
as doth the fleeing Foe:

The Mastiffe Dog is voyded well
that barcks or ere be bite:
But (oh) the Cur is cruell that
doth neuer barck a whit.

Deale thou as Courtiers dayly doe
in wordes be franck and free,
Speake fayre and make the weather cleere
to him that gybes with thee.

For so thou shalt assured stande
from hurt to be as farre,
As from the grounde of true good will
those glosing Marchaunts are.

A wisdomme to beware of Woufles
and Foxes guilefull guise:
For t'one is craftie by his kinde,
the other passing wise.

So that it is a matter harde
their double drifts to see:
And yet thou shalt auoyde the worst
if thou be rulde by mee.

quoth G. T.

THE ANSWERE TO THE VILE AND CANCKRED
COUNSELL OF THE OUTRAGIOUS EPICURE.

My Friend, for that I see my selfe
to be a man in deede,
Thy quaffing counsell I refuse,
vnlesse to serue my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art dust,
thy beastly liuing here
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,
the sooner for thy cheere.

Thou thoughtst to pamper vp thy paunch
but thou didst feede ywis
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,
for them a daintie dish.

Good reason that thou shouldst forgo
and leaue thy goods behinde,
For that a beast so like a beast
didst liue against thy kinde.

A man in name, no man in deede
thou art that counsellst mee
To liue as thou hast liude, and die
a Monster like to thee.

For since thy life so lothsome was,
and shamefull eake thy death:
I will beware, and make a Glasse
of thee whilst I haue breath,

To shunne thy sluttish sinfull Sect,
thy tipling and thy toyes:
For after death those pleasures passe
as did thy fickle ioyes.

OF HOMER AND HIS BIRTH.

THE Poet Homer Chius claimes,
Colophon doth the lecke:
And Smyrne swears that he is hir
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamine some say he was,
of lo other some:
And diuers make report that he
of Thessale line did come.

Thus sundred and deuided are
the peoples mindes of thee
(Thou Princely Poet) but my thought
with neyther doth agree.

For I assuredly suppose
and deeme the Heauenly Speare
The soyle, and Pallas lap the wombe
that did thy bodie beare.

Hir breast the Dug that thou didst suck
in Cradle when thou layst:
With haughty stile somuch (thou Greeke)
my mazed head dismayst.

THAT TIME CONQUERETH ALL THINGS.

Was neuer Bull so fell
with wrinkle fronted face,
But Time would make him yeeld to yoke
and toyle the ground apace.

The Horse ybred in Holte
and fed in lustie Lease
In Time will champe the somie Bit
his Riders will to please.

The Lions that are woode
and raging in their kinde,
By tract of Time their keepers know
in whome they friendship finde.

Those Beastes that come from Inde
and farthest partes of all,
In Time do swerue their sauage sect
and to their dutie fall.

Time makes the Grape to growe
and Vine to spreade at large,
So that the skin scarce able is
to holde bis inwarde charge:

So Ceres fruite doth sproute
by force of growing Time,
Which makes the strength of hidden seeds
into the stalke to clime.

Time makes the tender twig
to bousteous tree to grow:
It makes the Oke to overlooke
the slender shrubs bylow.

It frets the Culter keene
that cuts the froting soyle,
It forceth hardest Plint of all
and Marble to recoyle.

Time wreakefull wrath subdues
it breaketh angers gall,
And eche disease in Time hath helpe:
thus Time doth conquer all.

Though these and other like
by processe are procured,
Yet naythelesse my festred wounde
can not in Time be curde.

For that which sendeth salue
and comfort to the reast,
Doth cause my rancckling sore to rage
and dubble in my breast.

As springs that from a Mount
doe take their downewarde sourse
To whome there may no barre be found
to stop their headlong course:

So Lordlike Loue ystaulde
and ceazde in yeelding minde
May not be disposed againe,
Such is his stately kinde.

TO HIS FRIEND RIDING TO LONDON.
WARDE.

As Troylus did reioyce
when Cresid yeelded grace,
And dained him from seruice true
so neare hir heart to place:

So haue I ioyde (my Deare)
for friendship which I found,
And loue, requited with the like
which curde my carefull wound.

As he full shrilly shrigh
and doolde his wofull chauce,
On Greekish Steede from Troian towne
when Cresid gan to prauce,

And leaue the liked soyle
where did soiuorne hir ioie,
I meane the worthie Troylus
the louingst youth in Troie :

Euen so I waile at thy
departure, wouldst thou wist,
And out I crie a wretched Wight
that thought himselfe yblis.

O London lothsome Lodze
why dost thou so procure
My Loue to leaue this pleassant soyle
that hath my heart in cure?

Since needes it must be so,
gainsend hir home in hast:
Let hir retire with harmelesse health
that sicklesse hence is past.

Yeelde mee a good account
of hir that is my ioie,
And send hir to hir Troylus
that long for hir in Troie.

OF THE RAINE AND CLOUDY WEATHER AT THE
TIME OF HIS FRIENDS DEPARTURE FROM
TROIE.

No meruaile though the Sunne do hide his hed
And vnder Cloud do keepe his lowring lookes,
No wonder that the Skie his teares doth shed
And with his streames increase the water brookes:
The cause is knowne, the prooffe is passing plaine,
My Loue and I be sundred to our paine.

Now she is gone that did sustaine my breath
And saude my Ship of bodie from the wrack,
By whome I scapte the cruell hande of Death
Which thought to bring my Corse to vtter sack:
The Welkin weepes and helps me to bewaile
With gushing showres the losse of mine auaille.

Wherefore O Heauenly States that Rulers bee
Of starrie Skies from whence these teares discead
And flush so fast as Mortall Wights doe see:
Of ruth in needefull time my woes to end,
Procure my loue to make returne in post,
To gard from grieffe hir Friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flashing flame and thunder dint
By Vulcan forgede and hammered for the nones,
Consume to dust my fleshe my wo to stint,
And with thy Mace (O loue) unioint my bones:
That by such scath and losse of vital breath
I may auoide a worse and straunger death.

For like the teene that now my hart sustaines
Was neuer felt nor such oppressing care:
Of force my life must yeelde to pinching paines
Of hasting Death, the fits so furious are:
Which though be so, when I am wrapt in Clay,
(My soule) to hir thou shalt repaire and say,

That whilst the lyfe would suffer me to woonne
With mortal Wights, my hart was hirs at will,
And now my Spindle hath his course yroune
And t a ist is none yleft, thou wilt fulfill
The dutie which thy Maister ought of right,
And which he would accomplish if he might.

OF A COUETOUS NIGGARD, AND A
NEEDIE MOUSE.

ASCLEPIAD that greedie Carle,
by fortune found a Mouse
(As he about his lodgings lookte)
within his niggish house.

The chiding Chuffe began to chafe,
and (sparefull of his cheere)
Demaunded of the siely Beast
and sayde what makste thou heere?

You neede not stand in feare (good Friend)
the smyling Mouse replide:
I come not to deuoure your Cates
but in your house to bide,

No man this Miser I account
that chid this hurtlesse Else:
No Mouse the Mouse, but wiser than
the Patch that owde the Pelfe.

A PRETIE EPIGRAM

OF A SCHOLER, THAT HAVING READ VERGILS
ÆNEIDOS, MARRIED A CURST WYFE.

A SCHOLER skilfuld in Vergils verse
and reading of his booke
(Arma virumque) that begins,
was caught in Cupids booke.

At length to marriage flat he fell,
when wedding day was doon,
To play hir prancke, and bob the Foole
the shrowish Wife begoon.

The Husband daylie felt the fistes
and buffets of his Wife:
Untill at last he thus began
to plaine of painefull life.

(Oh Caitiffe mee) the Scholer cryde
well worthy of this wo,
For Arma I Virumque read
in Vergil long ago:

Yet could not see, to scape the plague
whereof the Poet spake.
No doubt that Noble Poet for
a Prophet I will take.

For Arma now Virumque I
both day and night sustaine
At home, I need not runne to Schoole
to read the Verse againe.

Would (Virum) were away, and then
let (Arma) doe their wurst:
But when I matcht with such a shrew
I think I was accurst.

TO A YONG GENTLEMAN OF TAKING
A WYFE.

LONG you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe,
That pleasant is in deede, and voyde of care?
I neuer wishe you then to take a Wyfe
Nor set your foote in craftie Cupids snare.

A filthie Trull is yrkesome to the eie,
A gallant girle allures the lookers minde:
A wanton wench will have the head too die
An aged Trot to lyke is hard to finde.

A bearing Wyfe with brats will cloy thee sore,
A greater carcke than childrens care is none,
A barraine beast will greuee thee ten times more,
No joy remains when hope of fruite is gone.

Wherefore let wyuing go, lyue single aye,
Apply the Booke and bande the Ball among:
A shrew (we see) is wedded in a day
But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

THE ANSWERE FOR TAKING A WYFE.

LONG you with greedie minde to beare mine eie
And unake mee thinkc of mariage thus amisse?
I cannot deeme so yll of wyuing I,
To loue and wed for loue is perfite blisse.

A filthy trull (you say) is lothsome sight,
Put case she be not passing faire to vewe?
If she with vertue do the want requight
Of comely shape thou hast no cause to rue.

A gallant girle allures the lookers minde,
What shall we say the womans is the shame?
Because the cleerest eyes by course of kinde
Can not abide the Sunne, is he to blame?

A wanton wench to die will have the hed,
Canst thou not see before thou wade so farre?
His be the hurt that looks not ere he wed,
The Husband may the woman make or marre.

Put case an aged trot be somewhat tough?
If coyne shee bring the care will be the lesse,
If shee haue store of muck and goodes ynough
Thou needste not force so much of handsomnesse.

A bearing Wife doth make the husband glad,
A greater ioy than Childrens may not bee:
A barraine wench sometime must needes be had
There doth not fruite spring out of every tree.

So that I finde no reason, none at all
In that thou wist a man to single life,
And quite to shun the comfort that may fall
And daylie doth to him that hath a Wife.

For sure though some be shrewes as some
ther be,

(As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)
Yet must we prayse the match whereby we see
The earth maintaine with men, and stored full.

But if you thinke so ill to take a Wyfe,
Let others wedde, leade you the single lyfe.

Quoth G. T.

OF A DEAFE PLAINTIFFE, A DEAFE DE-
FENDANT, AND A DEAFE IUDGE.

By hap a man that coulde not heare
but born deafe by kinde,
Another cited to the Court
much like himselfe to finde,

Whose hearing Sense was quite bereft:
the Iudge that of the casē
Should give his verdit, was as deafe
as deafest in the place.

To Court they came: the Plaintife praide
to haue the unpaid rent.
Defendant saide, in grinding I
this wearie night have spent.

The Iudge behelde them both a while,
is this at last (quoth hee)
Of all your stirred strife the cause?
you both hir children bee:

Then Reason wils, and Law allows
your Mother should have aide
At both your handes that are hir Sonnes.
When thus the Iudge had saide,

The People laught a good to heare
this well discussed case,
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit
to sit in Iudges place.

Upon so blinde a matter that
was deafe as any rock:
And thus the simple men were shamde,
the Iustice had a mock.

A PROMISE

OF OLDE GOOD WILL, TO AN OLDE FRIENDE AT
THE BEGINNING OF NEW YERE.

THE Chuffes for greedie gaine
and lukers loue expende
Their New yeares gifts upon their Lords
as erie yeare hath ende:

But I in token that
the yeare his course bath roon,
And prooffe that ioyfull Ianus hath
a nouell yeare begoon.

(As Lone and Dutie wylles)
the Herald of my hart
Here send to you to make a shewe
that Friendship shall not start.

Though yeares doe change by course
and alter by their kinde:
My olde good will and faith to slip
I trust you shall not finde.

Timctes will be true,
his loue shall neuer blin:
But gather strength and grow to more
than when it did begin.

A VOW TO SERUE FAITHFULLY.

In greene and growing age, in Iustie yeeres,
In latter dayes when siluer bush appeers:

In good and gladsome hap when Fortune serues,
 In lowring luck when good aventure swarves
 By day when Phœbus shewes his princely pride,
 By night when golden Starres in skies doe glide,
 In Winter when the groues haue lost their greene
 In Sommer when the longest dayes are seene,
 In happie helth when sicklesse limmes haue life,
 In grieffull state, amidst my dolors rife,
 In pleasant peace when Trumpeters are away,
 In wreakful warre when Mars doth beare the sway,
 In perillous goulfe amid the sinking sande,
 In safer soyle and in the stable lande.
 When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
 You beare your faithfull Friend unfriendly face,
 In good report and time of wooser fame,
 I will be yours, yea though I loose the game.

FUNERALL VERSE

VPON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN HORSEY KNIGHT.

THAT welth assigned is to waste away,
 And stately pomp to vanish and decrease.
 That worship weares and worldly wights decay,
 And fortunes gifts though nere so braue do cease
 May well appeere by Horseys hatefull hierce,
 Whose Corse (alas) untimely Death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as Nature to subdue
 By reauing breath and rowne in worldly stage:
 So blasted brute to blot, and Fame that due
 Of him that well deseru'd in all his age
 For worship and renowne to haue his share
 Among the reast that prayse for Vertue bare.

But seeking wails to wrong this worthy wight,
 Shee fowly mist hir purpose in the fine:
 For Horsey gaynes by deaths outragious spight,
 And endlesse fame, whereat his Foes repine:
 But eche man else laments and cries alowde
 That Horsey was to soone ywrapt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did reigne,
 And pittie lodg'd within his louing brest,
 The simple say that for no maner gaine
 He hath at any time the poore opprest:
 Thus both estates his worthy life commende,
 And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I say) such flushing teares to shed,
 Doo way thy doole, repress thy ruthfull mone,
 For Horsey liues, his soule to Skies is fled,
 The onely Corse is clos'd in Marble stone.
 So that thou hast no cause to waile his chauce,
 Whome spitefull death by hatred did aduance.

TO HIS FRIEND T.

HADING BEEN LONG STUDIED AND WELL EXPERIENCED, AND NOW AT LENGTH LOVING A GENTLEWOMAN THAT FORCED HIM NAUGHT AT ALL.

I THOUGHT good fayth, and durst haue gagde my hand
 For you (Friend T.) that beantie should now hight
 Haue ras'd your hart, nor Cupid with his brand
 Haue brought thy learned breast to such a plight

I thought Minerua's gift had bene of powre
 By holsome reade to roote this fansie out:
 But now I see that Venus in an bowre
 Can beud the best, and dawnt the wise and stout.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the Tiger tame?
 To win a Wolfe so cruell by his kinde?
 To suffer Esops Snake thou art to blame
 That stoonge the mau where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in her but Woman's name alone,
 No Woman sure she is, but Monster fell,
 That scornes hir friende, and makes him die with mone:
 Who makes an Idoll of a Deuill of Hell.

She was cut out of some sea braten rock,
 Or taken from the cruell Lyons tet,
 That feedes hir Friend for friendship with a mock
 And smiles to see him matcht in Follies net.

If thou were wise (as thou art full of loue)
 Thou wouldst account hir beantie but a Glasse,
 And from thy hart such fancies foud remoue
 I loth to see the Lyon wex an Asse.

If so she were thy faithfull Friend in decde,
 And sought a salue to cure thy cruell sore,
 (As now shee seekes to make thy heart to bleede)
 Good fayth thou couldst account of her no more.

But waying now hir great abuse to thee
 A Friend to hir, but to thy selfe a Foe:
 Why shouldst thou loue, or so enamoured bee?
 Leau'e off be time, let all such dotage goe.

Should I embrace the man that hates my life?
 Should I account of him that settles me light?
 Should I yeeld by my throate to murding knife?
 Or seeke for to reclaim a haggard Kite?

Hast thou not read how wise Ulysses did
 Enstufte his eares with waxe, and close them up,
 Of Cyrces filthie loue himself to rid,
 That turnd his Mates to Swine by witches cup:

And how he did the lyke upon the Seas
 The pleasant noysome Syrens songues t'endure,
 That otherwise had wrought him great unease
 If once they mought his mates and him allure?

Put thou the Greekes deuise againe in ure,
 Stop by thine eares this Syren to beguile,
 Seale up those wanton eies of thine, be sure
 To lend no eare unto hir flattering stile.

For all hir talke but to deceit doth tende,
 A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes:
 Shee all hir wittes to thy decay doth hende,
 Thou art the Fish, she beares the bythng hookes.

No savage beast doth force a man a whit,
 That loues him not: we see the dogged Curre
 Fawnes not on him that with the whip doth smite
 The horse hates him that pricks him with the spur.

And wilt thou loue, or place within thy brest
 The cruell Dame that weaues thy web of woe?
 Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guest:
 In stead of Doue wilt thou retaine a Crowe?

Beware in time, ere Beautie pierce to farre,
Let fancies go, lone where is loue againe:
For doubtlesse now to much to blame you arre.
To sowe good will and reape but foule disdaine.

I counsaile thus that may thee best aduise,
For that iny selfe did serue a cruell Dame
The blinde recorde can iudge of bleared eyes,
The triple healde, knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,
For feare the print thereof remaine behind:
A happie man is he that feares no check,
But liues at freedome with contented minde.

AN EPITAPH

UPON THE DEATH OF THE WORSHIPFULL MAYSTER
RICHARDE EDWARDES LATE MAYSTER OF THE
CHILDREN IN THE QUEENES MAJESTIES CHAP-
PELL.

If teares could tell my thought,
or plaints could paint my paine,
If doubled sighes could shew my smart,
If wayling were not vaine :

If gripes that gnawe my brest
Could well my griefe expresse,
My teares, my plaints, my sighes, my way-
ling neuer should successe.

By mean whereof I might,
unto the world disclose
The death of such a man (alas)
as chaunced us to lose.

But what auayles to mone?
If life for life might bee
Restorde againe, I would exchange
my lyfe for death with thee.

Or if I might some way,
to pay thy rawnsome know,
(O Edwardes) then beleue me sure
thou shouldst not lie so low :

That O then cruell Death,
so fierce with dint of dart
Doe courses on my knees I yeelede
to thee with all my hart.

For that it list thee trie
thy foule and cankred spite
On that so rare a peece, on that
so wise and worthy Wight.

Suffisde thee (since thou must
be mad) the simple sort
To sea, or on the brutish blood
of beastes to take thy sport,

And not in furious wile
with haste and headlong rage
To kill the floure of all our Realme
and Phœnix of our age.

The fact doth erie reuenge,
the Gods repay thine hire,
Deepe darckned Lake of Lymbo lowe,
and still consuming fire.

His death not I but all
good gentle harts doe mone :
O London, though thy griefe be great,
thou dost not mourne alone.

The seate of Muses nine
where fiftene Welles doe flowe,
Whose sprinckling springs and golden streames
ere this thou well didst knowe.

Lament to loose this Plant
for they shall see no more
The braunch that they so long had bred,
whereby they see such store.

O happie House, O Place
of Corpus Christi, thou
That planteste first and gauste the roote
of that so braue a bowe :

And Christ Church which enioydeste
the fruite more rype at fill,
Plunge by a thousand sighes, for griefe
your trickling teares distill.

Whilst Childe and Chappel dure
whilst Court a Court shall bee
(Good Edwardes) eche estate shall much
both want and wishe for thee.

Thy tender tunes and Rimes
wherein thou woontst to play
Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne
shall beare in minde alway.

Thy Damon and his Friend
Arcyte and Palemon
With woe full fit for Princes cares,
though thou from earth art goue,

Shall still remaine in fame,
and like so long to bide
As earthly things shall liue, and God
this mortall Globe shall guide.

For loe, thus Vertue list,
hir Pupils to aduance :
Yet for my part I would that God
had giuen thee better chaunce.

A longer time on earth,
thy hastned death before,
But Edwardes, now farwell, for teares
will let me write no more.

Well may thy bones be lodgde
thy fame abroad may flie,
Thy sacred soule possesse a place
about the starrie Skie.

Quoth THO. TWINE.

TO HIS LOUE

THAT SENT HIM A RING WHEREIN WAS GRAUDE,
"LET REASON RULE."

SHALL Reason rule where Reason hath no right
Nor neuer had? shall Cupid loose his landes?
His claim? his crown? his kingdom? name of
might?

No, (Friend) thy Ring doth will me thus in vaine,
Reason and Loue haue euer yet been twaine.

They are by kinde of such contrarie mould
As one mislikes the others lewde devise,
What Reason willes Cupido neuer would,
Loue neuer yet thought Reason to be wise.
To Cupid I my homage earst haue donne,
Let Reason rule the hearts that she hath wonne.

TO HIS FRIEND FRANCIS TH:

LEADING HIS LIFE IN THE COUNTRY AT HIS
DESIRE.

My Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede
Athwart the fields in peace to practise warre,
In Country whilst your kennel Hououds doe feede,
Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre:

Whilst you with Haukes the selie Foule doe slaye,
And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
To flee to make, and heare the Spanels baye
Wasting your age in pleasure passing braue:

In Citie I my youthfull yeares do spende
At Booke perhaps sometime to weare the day:
Where man to man not friend to friend doth lende,
With us is naught but pitch (my Friend) and pay.

Great store of Coyne, but fewe enjoy the same,
The owners hold it fast with lymed handes.
We liue by losse, we play and practice game
Wee buy and sell, the streate is all our laudes.

Well storde we are of erie needfull thing,
Wood, water, coale, flesh, fishe we haue ynow:
(What lack you) Wyues and Maides doe daily sing
The horns is riite, it sticks on many a brow.

But yes (I say) the Countrey hath no peere,
The Towne is but a toyle, and warie lyfe:
We like your Countrey sportes (Friend Francis)
here.

The Citie is a place of hate and strife.
Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift
That fledst the Towne, and hast that blessed gift.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN

THAT ALWAYS WILLED HIM TO WEARE ROSE-
MARIE, (A TREE THAT IS ALWAYS GREENE)
FOR HIR SAKE, AND IN TOKEN OF HIS GOOD
WILL TO HIR.

The greene that you did wish mee weare
aye for your looue,
And on my helme a braunch to beare
not to remooue:
Was euer you to haue in minde,
Whom Cupid hath my Feere assignde.

As I in this haue done your will,
and minde to doo:
So I request you to fulfill
my fansie too:
A greene and louing heart to bane,
And this is all that I doe craue.

For if your flowing heart should chaunge
his colour greene.
Or you at length a Ladie straunge
of mee be seeme:
Then will my braunch against his use
His colour chaunge for your refuse.

As Winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue:
So let no chaunge of loue disgrace
your friendship true:
You were mine owne and so be still,
So shall we liue and loue our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee
well recompent,
For wearing of the Tree that is
so well defenat
Agaynst all weather that doth fall,
When waywarde Winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true,
looke on my hed,
And I will craue an oth of you
where Faith be fled:
So shall we both assured bee,
Both I of you, and you of mee.

AN EPITAPH OF THE LADY BR.

STATE (gentle Friend) that passet by
and learne this lore of mee,
That mortell things doe hue to die,
and die againe to bee.

For daylie proufe hath daylie taught
and yet doth teache it plaine,
That all our substance comes to naught,
and worldly welth is vaine.

No rawnsome may redeeme thy fleshe
from lothsome lumps of soyle,
The Wormes will soone thy Beautie freshe
with greedie gripe dispoyle.

I that was earst of gentle blood
that neuer sufferd staine,
Haue nothing but a winding shrowde
iu stead of all my gaine.

I twise was bound by solemne oth
unto a louing Make:
Yet twas my luck to burie both,
and eke a thirde to take.

The ioy that fourtie yeares had growne
by those two husbands dayes,
In two yeares space was ouerthrowne
and altdred sundrie wayes.

As luck would not allow my choice,
so Death mislikte the same:
Those two agreed with common voyce
my bondage to unframe.

The Lady (Br.) quoth Fortune tho
hir worship shall not loose:
Then shee (quoth Death) shall haue no mo,
nor other husbände choose.

Thus did they both contend at once
 who mought the friendlist bee:
 Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce
 did make my body free.

Pray gentle Friend therefore for me,
 to Mightie loue on hie:
 For as I am so thou shalt bee
 since thou dost liue to die.

Trust neuer Fortunes fickle fate,
 but Vertue still retainae:
 Thou mayst in time exchange estate,
 yet Vertue will remaine.

OF THE TIME HE FIRST BEGAN TO LOUE AND
 AFTER HOW HE FOREWENT THE SAME.

Howe may it be that Suow and Ise
 ingender heate?
 Or how may Glare and Frost intise
 a fervent sweate?
 Or how may Sommer season make
 of heate a colde?
 How may the Spring the leaves downe shake
 and trees unfold?
 Though these too others seeme full rare,
 To mee no newes at all they are.

For I my selfe in Winter tide
 when colde was rife,
 Whote gleames of Cupid did abide
 and stormes of strife,
 In frostie weather I was warme
 and burning whot,
 But when the Bees and Birds did swarme,
 full colde God wot:
 In Winter time began my loue,
 Which I in Sommer did remoue.

THE ASSURED PROMISE OF A CONSTANT
 LOUER.

WHEN Phenix shall haue many Makes,
 And Fishes shun the silver Lakes:
 When Woulfes and Lambes yfeare shall play,
 And Phœbus cease to shine by day:
 When Grasse ou Marble stone shall groe,
 And cuerie man imbrace bis foe:
 When Moles shall leaue to dig the grounde,
 And Hares accorde with hatefull Hounde,
 When Lawrell leaues shall lose their hue,
 And men of Crete be counted true:
 When Vulcan shall be colde as Ise
 Chorœlus eake approved wise:
 When Pan shall passe Apollos skill,
 And Fooles of fancies haue their fill:
 When Hawkes shall dread the selie Fowle,
 And men esteeme the nightish Owle:
 When Pearle shall be of little price,
 And golden Vertue friend to Vice:
 When Fortune hath no change in store,
 Then will I false and not before.
 Till all these Monsters come to passe
 I am Timetes as I was,
 My Loue as long as lyfe shall last,
 Not forcing any Fortunes blast.

No threate, nor thraldome shall prouaile
 To cause my fayth one iote to faile,
 But as I was, so will I bee,
 A Louer and a Friend to thee.

THE PINE TO THE MARINER.

O MAN of little wit,
 What meanes this frantick fit,
 To make thy ship of mee
 That am a slender Tree,
 Whome erie blast that blowes
 Full lightly ouerthrowes?
 Doth this not moue thy minde
 That rage of roring winde
 Did beate my boughes agood
 When earst I grue in Wood?
 How can I here auoyde
 The foe that there anyde?
 Thinkst thou now I am made
 A Vessel for thy trade,
 I shall be more at ease
 Amid the flashing Seas?
 I feare if Æole frowne,
 Both thou and I shall drowne.

AGAINE OTHERWISE.

A VESSEL to the winde
 when earst I grew in wood,
 How shall I fauour finde
 now fleeting in the flood?
 For there whilst reaching rootes did holde
 I thought I mought be somewhat bolde.
 But now that I am cut
 and framde another way,
 And to this practise put
 in daunger erie day,
 I feare the force of cruell foe,
 my ribbes are thin, my sides be lowe,
 But if thou venter life,
 then I will hazard bim,
 For thee is all my griefe,
 for lightly I shall swim:
 Though top and tackle all be torne,
 yet I aloft the surge am borne.

TO AN OLDE GENTLEWOMAN, THAT
 PAINTED HIR FACE.

LEAUE off good Beroe now
 to sleeke thy shrivled skin.
 For Hecubes face will neuer be
 as Helens hue hath bin.

Let Beautie go with youth,
 renouance the glosing Glasse,
 Take Booke in hand: that seemly Rose
 is woxen withred Grasse.

Remouue thy Pecoeks plumes
 thou cranck and curious Dame:
 To other trulls of tender yeares
 resigne the flagge of Fame.

OF ONE THAT HAD A GREAT NOSE.

STANDE with thy Nose against
the Sunne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discern
what 'tis oclock perhaps.

OF ONE WHOSE NOSE WAS GREATER
THAN HIS HAND.

O PROYLES, tis in vaine
that thou about dost stande,
For well I see thou mindste to wipe
thy Nares with thy bande.

Truth is that though thou be
fowle fisted out of frame:
Yet doth this tossing Nose of thine
in bignesse passe the same.

When neezing thou on Ioue
for succour seemste to crie
Thou canst not heare, thy Nose debarres
the noyse to Eare to sie.

It beateth back the sounde,
it stands in middle place
Twixt Eare and Mouth, but sure it castes
A shade to all the face.

OF A NIGHTINGALE THAT FLEW TO
COLCHE TO SIT ABROODE.

THOU siele foule what means this foolish paine,
To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there?
A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
Medæa will destroy thy broode I feare.
For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
Will she stand friend to Fowles that are unkuowne?

AGAINE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT (Philomela) means this fond intent
To hatch thy broode in fell Medæas lap?
What? doste thou hope hir rigor will relent
Towarde thy Babes, that gaue hir owne no pap?
But slue them all at once, and at a clap?
I wote not what thou meanste: unless that shee
Should kill thy Brats, to make the Mother free.

OF A CONTRERIE MARIAGE.

AN aged Trot and tough
did marrie with a lad:
Againe, a Gallant Girl to
hir Spouse, a Graybeard had,

A monstrous match (God wote)
for others she doth wed:
And he bstowes his serde on ground
that lets it take no bed.

In fayth, a foolish choyce,
for neither bath his wishe,
For tone doth lacke his wife and to-
ther feedes on filthie fishe.

OF DRONKENNESSE.

At night when Ale is in,
like friends we part to bed:
In morrow graye when Ale is out,
then hatred is in bed.

AGAINE OF DRONKENNESSE.

MEN hauing quaff
are friendly overnight:
In dawning drie
a man to man a spright.

OF THE PICTURE OF A VAINE RHE-
TORICIAN.

THIS Rufe his Table is,
can nothing be more true:
If Rufus bolde his peace, this peece
and hee are one to vewe.

OF THE FOND DISCORD OF THE TWO
THEBAN BROTHERS, OETEOCLES AND
POLYNICES.

IN death you part the fire,
you cut the cruell flame:
If so you had deuicid Thebes
you might enioyde the same.

OF A MARVEILOUS DEFORMED MAN.

To drawe the minde in Table to the sight
is harde: to paint the limmes is counted light:
But now in thee these two are nothing so,
For Nature splayes thy minde in open show.
We see by prooffe of thy unthriftie deedes,
The couert kinde from whome this filthie proceedes.
But who can paint those shapelesse lius of thine,
When eche to vewe thy carkasse doth repine?

A MYRROUR OF THE FALL OF PRIDE.

SOMETIME the Giants did rebell
against the mightie Ioue,
They thought in Olymp mount to dwell
and long for that they strove.

A hundred handes eche Monster had
by course of cursed kinde:
A stock so stubborne and so mad
I no where else can finde.

Dame Tellus was their Mother thought
of pleasant poets all,
By whome they would have brought to nought
the seate Olympicall.

First Briareus began the broyle
who tooke a hill in hand,
And layde it on another soyle
that thereabout did stand:

Still calling on his monstrous mates
 exhorting them the same,
 And with the reast the Gauffe debates
 bow stately Gods to tame.

Ossa was layde on Pindus backe,
 and Pelion on hie:
 And thus they thought to bring to sack
 in time the starrie skie.

They did enuie the Gods the place
 by nature them assignde:
 And thought it meeter for a race
 which Tellus bred by kinde.

They would haue had the highest throne
 that loue had long possesset:
 And downe they would the Gods haue throwe
 and Princely powre repest.

At length the rowte began to rore
 in making dreadfull sound,
 The like was neuer harde before
 in Heauen from the ground.

Then Iupiter began to gaze
 and looke about the Skie,
 And all the Gods were in a maze
 the Monsters were so nie.

They calde a counsaile then in haste
 the Gods assembled tho:
 And common sentence was at last
 that mightie Ioue should throw

His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame
 prepared for the nonce,
 Whereby he might elssoone make tame
 the haughtie Giants bones.

Then might you see the Mountaines fall
 and hill from hill depart,
 And Monsters in the valley cawle
 whome Thunder did subvert.

The Mountaines were not rayde so quick
 but downe they fell as fast:
 And Giants in a cluster thick
 to Tellus fell at last.

Such plagues had pride in former time,
 the Gods abhorred so
 That mortal men should dare to clime
 the heavens hie to know.

And not alone the heavenly rowte
 the loftie lookes correct
 Of such as proudly go about
 their Empire to reject:

But other Gods of meaner state
 (of whome the Poets write)
 Such pievish Pecoocks pride doe hate
 and seche reunge by might.

The grisly God whome floods obay
 and drenching Seas imbrace,
 Who in the waters beares the sway
 where Nereus shewes his face:

Whōme forceth he by surge of Seas
 into Charybdis chanes?
 Or whome doth Neptune most disease?
 or whome to Scylla driues?

Not him that beares his Sailes alowe,
 nor him that keepe the shoare:
 Ne yet the Bargeman that doth rowe
 with long and lumber oare.

Not those that haunt the Haven sure
 and port of perill void,
 They cannot Neptunes wrath procure
 the Chanell that auoide:

But those that voide of carck and care
 and feare of Neptunes yre,
 Doe hoise their Sailes and neuer spare
 to further their desyre,

And doe receiue whole Gales of winde
 from mightie Æole sent:
 Those, those are they by course of kinde
 that Neptune makes repent.

He spoiles the Sailes, and tackle teares,
 the Mast is gone to wrack:
 The Ribbes they rent, the Shipmen feares
 when Cables gin to crack.

Then whereto scrues the Pilots pride
 that hoyst his Sailes so hie?
 And where is he that fearde no tide
 nor threatening from the Skie?

His pride procure his fearfull fate
 and fortune that befell
 Which Neptune most of all doth hate
 as Shipmen kuow right well.

Let Giants fall and Shipmens case
 a myrrour be therefore
 To such as seeke to hie a place,
 for like shall be their lore.

Narcissus may example bee
 and myrrour to the prowde,
 By whome they may most plainly see
 how pride bath beene allowde.

His beautie braue such loftie cheere
 in him did breede in time:
 That Gods themselues agreed were
 with such a haynous crime.

No looving Lasse might him allure,
 nor Dians nymphs at all
 By ought his friendship might procure:
 but wote ye well his fall.

In Sommer time as Fortune would
 his Fortune was to bee
 In open fiede, where no man could
 his blazing beautie see.

At length in raging to aud fro
 his fortune was to finde
 A Fountaine freshe that there did flow
 as Gods (I think) assignde.

He thought forthwith his thirst to quent
 by pleasant trauaile gote,
 But there he found or ere he went
 a greater droughth God wote.

In stooping downe to take the taste
 of Christall waters theare,
 (Unhappie Buy) had spide at last
 a little Boy appeare.

Whose beautie braue, and liking looke
his fansie please so well:
That there himselfe the Boy forsooke
and in a frensie fell.

He had that he so fondly looude:
and yet it was not so:
And from him-selfe he was remooude
that thence did neuer go.

He was the Boy that tooke the vewe,
he was the Boy espile,
And being both he neyther knewe,
such was the ende of pride.

Then gan he shed his teares adowne,
then gan he make his plaint:
And then at length he fell to grounde
sore feebled all with faint.

His spirite that earst so powde was seene
converted into wunde:
But of his Corps a flower greene
still there abode behinde,

Narcissus callde (as Poets tell)
as Narcisse was before,
In token that to Narcisse fell
this most unhappie lore.

I could recite the hystories
of many other moe,
Whome pievish Pride the miseries
of Fortune forst to knowe.

But I of purpose will let passe
Apollus Bastard Sonne,
Who Phaeton yelped was
when first his fame begonne.

I minde not to rehearse at all
the charge he tooke in hande,
I wittingly omit his fall
into Eridan sande.

But this I say assuredly
had it not bene for Pride,
The Charret had not gone awrie
through Phaeton were gnide.

But glorie vaine and want of skill
enforste his haughtie hart,
Of Phœbe to craue to worke his will
in ruling Phœbus cart.

The like attempt tooke Icarus
from Creta that did flie
By wings of Wax with Dedalus
when Icar flue to hie.

His Fathers wordes preuailed not
nor lesson taught before,
Till fained fethers were so what
as he could flie no more.

For want of winges then gan he clap
his breast with open armes
Till downe he fell: such was his hap,
whose pride procurde his harmes.

When wrastling windes from Æole sent
befight themselues so long
That East against the West is bent,
and North puts South to wrong:

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Then may you heare the Pine to crack
that beares his head so hie
And loftie lugs go then to wrack
which seeme to touch the Skie.

When Ioue flings downe his thunding bolts
our vices to redresse,
They batter downe the highest holtes
and touch not once the lesse.

The Cotte is surer than the Hall
in prooue we daylie see:
For highest things doe soonest fall
from their felicitée.

What makes the Phœnix flame with fire
a Birde so rare in sight?
What causeth him not to retire
from Phœbus burning light?

In faith if he would liue belowe
as Birds Dame Nature tought,
The Esterlings should neuer knowe
their Phœnix burnt so oft.

All ye therefore that surtie loue
and would not have a fall,
From you the Peacocks pride remooue
and trust not Fortunes Ball.

Let Phaetons fate be fearde of you
and feare lot also:
Remember that the Pine doth rue
that he so high doth grow.

OF THE CLOCK AND THE COCK.

Good reason thou allow
one letter more to mee
Than to the Cock: For Cocks doe sleepe
when Clocks doe wake for thee.

OF A TAYLER.

THOUGH Tayler cut thy garment out of frame,
And strie thy stuffe by sowing it amis:
Yet must we say the Tayler makes the same,
To make and marre is one with them ywis.

THE LOUER

FINDING HIS LOUE FLITTED FROM WONTED TROTH
LEAVES TO WRITE IN PRAYSE OF HIR.

THOUGH cleane contrarie by my Verse
to those I wrote before,
Yet let not retchlesse doome accuse
my wandring wits the more.

As time doth shape and shew (they say)
so ought our stile to frame,
In Sommer Sunne, we neede no fire,
yet Winter asketh flame:

So that I earst found cause of sport
and matter to reioyce,
Of force by fancie was procurde
to use a gladsome voyce.

And now since deepe dispaire hath drencht
my hope, I will assay
To turn my tune and chaunge my cheere
and leaue my woonted lay.

Not farre unlike the chirping Foule
in Sommer that doth sing,
And during Winter hides his head
till next returne of Spring.

They say when altdred is the cause
of force effect doth sue:
As new repaire of better blood
doth cause a Hawke to mue.

Though Ætna burne by kindly course
and belke out fire with fume:
When Sulpher vaine is cleane extinct
the fier will consume.

Whereby I may conclude aright
that eche effect must bee
As is his cause: So fruite ensues
the nature of the Tree.

Then I of force must shape my stile
as matter is I write:
Unless I would be thought to match
a Fawcon with a Kite.

When winde and waue at Sea doe rore
and Barck is in distresse,
Then time requires that shipmen should
their Tackles all address.

Then crooked Ancors must be cast
the shaken ship to stay
From sincking Sands, and ruthlesse Rocks
that Shipmen oft afray.

No sooner Triton blowes his Trumpe
and swollen waters quailles,
And Æole makes his windes retire:
but hoise they vp the Sailes.

Then fleete they forward in the fload,
then cut they waues in twaine:
Then launch they on (as earst they did)
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay
my woonted tune to chaunge
As time requires, and I in loue
shall finde my Ladie strauage.

If she be one of Cresids crue
and swarue hir former Hest,
No Lucrece must I tearme hir then,
for that were but a iest.

For if she false hir fixed fayth,
Vlysses wiues renowne
Unsitting is for hir whose loue
endureth but a stowne.

Wherefore I will as time shall shape
and she hir loue prolong,
Applic my Pen, and tell the troth
as best I may in song.

HE SORROWES OTHER TO HAUE THE FRUITES OF
HIS SERUICE.

SOME men would looke to haue
a reconpence of paine,
And Reason wils it so to be
vnlesse we list to faine:

Some would expect for loue
to haue vnfaigned hart,
And think it but a fit reward
for such a good desart.

But I (vnhappy Wight)
that speud my loue in vaine,
Doe seeke for succour at hir hands
while other get the gaine.

As thirstie ground doth gape
to swallow in the shoure:
Euen so fare I poore Harpalus
whome Cupids pains deuourc.

I holde the Hiue in hande
and paine my selfe thereby,
While other eate the bidden foode
that are not halfe so dry.

I plough the soyle with paine
and cast my seede thereon:
And other come that sheare the sheaues
and laugh when I am gon.

Mine is the Winters toile,
and theirs the Sommers gaine:
The Haruest fallles out of their share
that felt no part of paine.

I beare the pinching yoke
and burden on my back,
And other driue when I must draw,
and thus I go to wrack.

I fast when other feede,
I thirst when other drinke:
I mourne when they triumph for ioy,
they swimme when I must sinck.

They haue the hoped gaine
whiles I the losse indure:
They whole at heart, whilst I my griefe
by no means can recure.

They shroud them selues in shade,
I sit in open Sunne:
They leape as Lambes in lustie Leaze,
I lie as one vndunne.

They tast their nightly rest,
my troubled head doth wake:
I tosse and turne from side to side
while they their sorrowes slake.

I would, but they enioye,
I craue that is debarde:
They baue, what will you more I say?
their seruice is preford.

Thus I procure my woe
by framing them their ioy:
In seeking how to salue my Sore
I brudee my chiefe annoy,

So sheepe with Wooll are clad
 their Maisters haue the gaine,
 So Birds doe build their Nests on Brakes
 and put them selues to paine,

But other tast the fruite
 when so their Broode is hateht:
 The Nest remaines, the Birds are gone,
 the Chickens are dispatch.

So Bees for Honnie toyle
 in fleeing to and fro,
 And siele wretches take great paynes
 for whome they little know.

I think it is procurede
 by griesly Gods aboute
 That some should gape, and other gaine
 the guerdon of their loue.

But sure if Womans will
 be forged of my wo,
 And not the mightie Gods ordaine
 my destnie to be so:

Then must I needes complaine
 and curse their ruthlesse kinde,
 That in requitall of good will
 do shew them selues vnkinde.

But whether be the cause,
 hereafter I intende
 To fawne on them that force on mee,
 and bow when other bende.

This one abuse shall make
 me take the better heede
 On whome I fixe my fancie fast,
 or make a friend indeede.

THE LOUER

SEING HIMSELFE ABUSDE, RENOUNCETH LOUE.

THOUGH men account it shame
 and folly to repent,
 Or grutcht good will that was bestowde
 when nought saue fayth was ment:

Yet can they not withsay
 but if the knot be burst
 Then may we shew our selues vnkinde
 that friendly were at first.

He runnes an endlesse race
 that neuer turnes againe,
 And he a fonded Louer is
 that wastes bis Loue in vaine.

Nought can he iudge of hues,
 that can not see when guile
 In place of friendship cloakes hir selfe
 in forme of forged wile.

And he that plainly sees
 the Trap before bis eie
 And will not shunne from perill, tis
 no matter though he die.

I tell my tale by proufe
 I speake it not by rot,
 To loue a subtile Lasse of late
 was fallen to my lot.

On whome I set such store
 such comfort and delight,
 As life it was to see hir face,
 a death to want hir sight.

So I might doe the thing
 that might abridge hir smart,
 And bannish all annoy that grew
 by froward fortunes Art:

What daunger should I dread?
 or perill seeme to shunne?
 None that is here below on earth
 or subiect to the Sunne.

To shew my selfe a Friend
 to hir, I was my Foe:
 She was the onely Idoll whome
 I honorde here belowe.

This is (thought I) the same
 that was Vlysses wife:
 Who in the absence of hir Make
 did lead a doolefull life.

Or else tis she at least
 whome Tarquyn did enforce
 By beastly rape with piercing sworde
 so to forlooe hir corse,

But such is hir abuse
 so froward eke bir grace,
 As loue it may no longer last
 since frindship hides his face.

I did not well aduise
 I built on sincking Sande,
 And when I thought she loude me best
 shee bore me but in hande.

Where I had thought a Porte
 and Hauco sure to be:
 There founde I hap and dreadfull Death,
 as gazers on may see.

As Mouse that treades the trap
 in hope to finde repast,
 And bites the bread that breeds bis banne
 and is intrapped fast:

Like was my doolefull case
 that fed vpon my wo,
 Till now repentance forceth mee
 such fancies to forgo.

And (thancked be good hap)
 now once againe I fleete
 And swim aloft, that sanck of late
 fast haupred by the feete.

Now is my fortune good
 so Fortune graunt it last:
 And I as happie as the best
 now stormie Cloudes are past.

I finde the bottom firme
 and stable where I passe,
 There are no haughtie Rocks at hande
 ne yet no grouod of glasse.

Good Ancor holde I haue
 so I may vse it still,
 I am no more a bounden thrall
 but free I liue at will.

But that which most torments
my minde, and reaves my ioy
Is, for I seruide a fickle Wench
that bred me this annoy.

But Gods forgiue my guilt
and time mispent before,
And I will be another man
then I haue bene of yore.

AGAYNST THE IELOUS HEADES THAT ALWAYS
HAUE LOUERS IN SUSPECT.

WHEN Ielous Iuno saw hir mighty Make
Had lo turnde into a brutish kinde
More courtly of hir his lust to take:
To work hir will and all his fraud to finde
She crsude the Cowe in gift at loue his hande,
Who could not well his Sisters sute withstande.

When yeilded was hir boone and Hest fulfillde
To Argus charge committed was the Cow,
For he could wake so well, him Iuno willde
To watch the Beast with neuer sleeping browe:
With hundred eyes, that hatefull Hierds hed
Was deekt, some watcht when soom to sleepe were
led.

So warded he by day, so wakte by night
And did Dame Iunos will accomplish so,
As neyther loue might once delude his sight
Nor lo part hir pointed pasture fro:
His staring eyes on lo still were bent,
He markt hir march, and sude hir as shee went.

Till Ioue at lenth to ruth and pitie mooude
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare
To hir, whome he so feruently had lououde
And who for him abode suche endelesse care:
His fethred Sonne Cyleus sent from Skies
To reoue the carefull Clowne his watchfull eies.

Who to fulfill his Lord and Fathers Hest
Tooke charmed Rod in hand and Pipe to play,
And girt him with a Sworde as likte him best
And to the fielde he flue where Argus lay,
Disguised like a Shepheard in his weede
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his sort,
To brag vpon his Pipe the Clowne begoon,
And sayd, that for that noise and gallant sport
All other mirthes and Maygames he wold shoon,
His onely ioy was on his Pipe to play:
And then to blow the Rustick did assay.

In fine when Argus had his cunning showde,
And ech to other chatted had a space
Of this and that as was befallne abroad,
Mercurius tooke his Pipe from out his case
And theron playde hee so passing well,
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed Rod he stroke
The drowsie Dolte to keepe him in that plight,
And playde so long till time be did prouoke
All Argus eies to bid the beast God night:
Whome when he sawe in such a slumber led,
He stole the Cowe, and swapt of Argus bed.

Such was the fine of his dispitous hate,
Such was the boone and guerdon of his hire,
And all the good the carefull Coward gate
For seeking to debarre the Gods desire:
A fit reward for such a good desart,
The Cowarde might haue playde a wiser part.

God sende the like, and worse to such as vse,
(As Argus did) with euer waking eie
The blamelesse sort of Louers to abuse,
That alwayes readie are and prest to prie
The purpose to bewray and couert toyes
Of faithfull friends, and barre their blissefull ioyes.

I trust there will be found in time of neede
A Mercurie with charmed Twig in hand
And pleasant Pipe, their waking eies to feede
With drowsie dumps, their purpose to withstand:
That Ielous heads may learne to be wies
For feare they lose (as Argus did) their eies.

For Cupid takes disdain and scorne to see
His thralls abuse in such vnseemely sort,
Who seeke no greedie gaine nor filthie fee,
But pleasant play, and Venus sugred sport:
A slender hire (God wote) to quite the paine
That Louers bid, or they their loue attaiue.

THAT IT IS HURTFULL TO CONCEALE SECRETS
FROM OUR FRIENDES.

A SMART in silence kept
(as Ouid doth expresse)
Doth more torment th' afflicted man
than him that seekes redresse.

For then it respite takes,
and leysure to procure
Such mischief as for want of helpe
the longer doth endure.

As if thou set no salue
where rauckleth swelling sore,
It will in further processe paine
and thee torment the more.

I sundrie times haue seene
a wound that earst was small,
In time for want of Surgions sight
to greater mischief fall:

And eke the balefull blowe
that grieuous that was thought,
Full quickly curd by Surgions sleight
if he were quickly sought.

So fareth it by man,
that keepes in couert breast
The pinching paine that breedes within
increasing great vbreast:

That neuer will disclose
the secrets of his hart,
But rather suffer feruent paine
and deeper piercing smart.

For why was friendship found
and quickly put in vre,
But that th' one of th' others helpe
should think himselfe full sure?

Why are they like in minde
and one in erie part?

Why are they two in bodies twaine
possessing but one hart?

And why doth one mislike,
that so displeaseth his Feere,
But that they two are one in deede
it plainly might appeare?

Did Tullie euer dreade
his secrets to disclose
To Atticus his louing Friend,
in whome he did repose

Such credit and such trust
and in him selfe he might,
To whome alwayes with painefull Pen
this Tullie did indight?

What euer Theseus thought
Perythous could tell,
With wearie trauell that pursude
his louing friend to Hell.

Was Damon daiotie found
to Pythias at all,
For whome he would with Tyran staid
as pledge to liue in thrall?

In Pylades was nought
but that Orestes knew,
Who priuie was from time to time
how care or comfort grew.

Gysippus felt no griefe
but Titus boade the same:
And where that Titus found reliefe
their Gysippe had his game.

When Lælius did laugh
then Scipio did ioy:
And what Menetus Sonne mislikte
Achylles did anuoy.

Æurialus his thoughts
and secrets of his hart
To Nysus would declare at large
were they of ioy or smart.

All these conioyned were
in surest league of looue,
Whome neyther Fortune good or bad,
nor Death might once remooue.

They would not think in minde
nor practise that at all:
But to that same their trustie Friend
they would in counsell call.

All those therefore that wish
their inward paines redresse,
Must to their most assured Friend
it outwardly expresse.

So may they chauce to finde
a salue for secret sore,
Which otherwise in couert kept
will soone increase to more.

OF THE DIUERS AND CONTRARIE PASSIONS AND
AFFECTIIONS OF HIS LOUE.

To Phisick those that long haue gone
and spent their time in griefe,
Affirme that Patients in their paynes
will shunne their best reliefe.

They will refuse the Tysants taste
and wholesome drinckes despise,
Which to recure diseases fell
Machaon did deuise:

But when they be debar'd the same
which so they shunde before,
They crie and call for Tysants then
as soueraigne for their sore.

Such is the wayward guise of those
with pangues that are opprest,
They wish for that they neuer had,
and shunne that they possess.

I may to those right well compare
the Louers diuers thought,
That likes, and then mislikes againe
that they long earst had sought.

They will not, when they may, enjoy
their hearts desired choise:
They then desie, they then detest
with lowde and lothsome voice.

They will refuse when time doe serue,
but when such time is gone,
They sigh and schreach with mournfull crie
and make a rutfull mone.

They little think that Time bath wings
or knoweth how to flie:
They hope to haue it still at hande
that swiftly passeth bie.

They think that Time will tarie them
and for their fancie stay,
But Time in little time is gone
it fleeteth fast away.

So standes the foole by fleeting floud
and looketh for a turne:
But Riuer runnes and still will runne
and neuer shape returne.

What? doe they hope that beauties glasse
will still continue bright?
Nay, when the day is gone and past
by course appeeres the night.

For crooked age his wanted trade
is for to plough the face
With wrinkled furrowes, that before
was chiefe of Beauties grace.

Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,
and once intrapt in loue
Will neuer strue to breake the snare
nor neuer to remoue.

No Fowler that had wylie witte
but will forsee such hap,
That Birds will alway buske and bate
and scape the Fowlers Trap.

And if their Fortune favour so,
then who doth mount so hie
As those that guilefull Pitfall tooke
prepared for to die?

What Fish doth fleete so fast as that
which lately hangde on booke?
By happie hap if he escape,
he will not backwarde looke.

Take time therefore thou foolish Feeme,
whilst Time doth serue so well:
For Time away as fast doth flee
as any sound of Bell.

And thou perhaps in after Time
when Time is past and gone,
Shall lie lamenting losse of Time
as colde as any stone.

Yet were thou better take thy time
whilst yet thy Beautie serues,
For Beautie as the Flower fades
whome lack of Phœbus sterues.

OF DIDO AND THE TRUTH OF HIR DEATH.

I DIDO and the Quene of Carthage ground,
Whose lianes thou seest so lively set to sight:
Such one I was, but never to be found
So farre in loue as Vergill seemes to wright,
I liude not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he that wandring Duke of Troie
Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie land aride:
But to escape Iarhos that did anioie
Mee sore, of lyfe my Carcasse I deprinde,
To keep my Hest that he would too haue riude.

No storme of loue nor dolour made me die,
I slue my selfe to saue my Sheete of shame:
Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie:
Then Vergill then the greater be thy blame,
That so by loue doest breede my fowle defame.

OF VENUS IN ARMOUR.

In complete armour Pallas saw
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who said, let Paris now be iudge
encounter we with hande.

Replide the Goddess: what?
scornste thou in Armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida Mount
so foylde and conquere thee?

OF A HARE COMPLAINING OF THE HATRED OF DOGS.

The senting Hounds pursue
the hastie Hare of foote:
The sielic Beast to scape the Dogs
did iumpe vpon a roote.

The rotten scrag it burst,
from Cliffe to Seas he fell:
Then cride the Hare, vnhappy mee,
for now perceyue I well

Both lande and Sea pursue
and hate the hurtlesse Hare:
And eake the dogged Skies aloft,
if so the Dog be there.

TO ONE THAT PAINTED ECCHO.

Thou witles wight, what menes this mad intent
To draw my face and forme, vnkowne to thee?
What meanst thou so for to molcsten mee?
Whome neuer eie behelde, nor man could see?

Daughter to talking Tongue, and Ayre am I,
My Mother is nothing when things are waid:
I am a voyce without the bodies aid.
When all the tale is tolde and sentence said,

Then I recite the latter worde afresh
In mocking sort and counterfayting wies:
Within your eares my chiefest harbour lies,
There doe I woonue, not seeme with mortall eies.

And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Ecco height of men below in ground:
If thou wilt draw my Counterfait in deede,
Then must thou paint (O Painter) but a sound.

TO A CRUELL DAME FOR GRACE AND PITTIE.

As I doe lack the skill
to show my faithfull hart:
So doe you want good will
to rue your Louers smart.

The greater is my fire
the lesser is your heate:
The more that I desire
the lesse you seeme to sweate.

O quench not so the Coale
of thys my faithfull flame,
With naves thou frowarde soule,
let yeas increase the same.

Let us at length agree
whome Cupid made by law
Eche others friend to bee
in fancies yoke to draw.

If I doe plaie my part
at any time amis,
Then doe bestowe thy hart
where greater Friendship is.

But if in true good will
I beare my selfe upright,
Let mee enjoy thee still
my seruice to requight.

Go thou my ferie Dart
of scalding whote desire
To pierce bir ysie hart
and set hir brest on fire.

That I may both prolong
my painefull pyning dayes,
And eke auendge hir wrong
that paine for pleasure paye.

I neuer sawe the stone
 but often drops would wast:
 Nor Dame but daylie mone
 would make hir yeele at last.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN FROM WHOME
 HE TOOKE A RING.

WHAT needes this frowning face?
 what meanes your looke so coye?
 Is all this for a Ring,
 a trifle and a toye?

What though I rest your Ring?
 I tooke it not to keepe:
 Therefore you neede the lesse
 in such dispite to weepe.

For Cupid shall be iudge
 and Umpire in this case,
 Or who by hap shall next
 approche into this place.

You tooke from mee my heart,
 I caught from you a Ring:
 Whose is the greatest losse?
 where ought the grieffe to spring?

Keepe you as well my heart,
 as I will keepe your Ring,
 And you shall iudge at last
 that you have lost nothing.

For if a Friendly heart
 so stult with staide loue,
 In value doe not passe
 the Ring you may reprove

The reauing of the same,
 and I of force must say
 That I deserude the blame
 who tooke your Ring away.

But what if you doe wreake
 your malice on my hart?
 Then giue me leaue to thinck
 yon guiltie for your part.

And when so ere I y'ald
 to you your Ring againe,
 Restore me vp my heart
 that now you put to paine.

For so we both be please,
 to say we may be bold
 That neyther to the losse
 of vs hath bought or sold.

THE LOUER

BLAMES HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO VTTER HIS
 SUTE IN TIME OF NEEDE.

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before
 Shamelesse vntruth, and lothsome leesings lore,
 I finde my selfe ill recompent therefore
 Off thee my Tongue.

For good desart and guiding thee aright,
 That thou for aye mightst liue deuoide of spight,
 I reape but shame, and lack my chiefe delight
 For silence kept.

When happie hap by hap aduauust my case,
 And brought mee to my Ladie face to face,
 Where I hir Corps in saftie might imbrace,
 Thou heldest thy peace.

Thou madst my voice to cleaue amidst my throte,
 And sute to cease vnluckyllie (God wote)
 Thou wouldst not speak, tho thou hadst quite forgote
 My hearts behest.

My heart by thee suspected was of guile,
 For cause thou ceast to vse a louing stile,
 And wordes to forge and frame with finest file
 As Louers woont.

Thou madste my bloud from paled face to start,
 And flie to seeke some succor of the hart,
 That wounded was long earst with dreadfull dart
 Off Cupids Bowe.

And thou as colde as any Marble stone
 When from my face the chillie bloud was gone
 Couldst not deuise the way to make my mone
 By wordes appeare.

And (yee my teares) that wanted were to flowe
 And streame adowue as fast as thawed Snowe,
 Were stopt, as then yee had no powre too showe
 A Louers sute.

My sighes that earst were woont to dim the Skie,
 And cause a fume by force of flame to flie,
 Were tho as slack as Welles of weeping drie
 Too showe my Loue.

The heart that laie incombred all within
 Had fainted quite had not my lookes ybin:
 For they declare the case my heart was in
 By tongues vntroth.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE
 VSED.

WAS neuer ought by Natures Art
 Or cunning skill so wisely wrought,
 But Man by practise might conuart
 Too worsor vse than Nature thought.

Ne yet was euer thing so ill
 Or may be of so small a prise,
 But man may better it by skill
 And chaunge his sorte by sound aduise.

So that by prooffe it may be seene
 That all things are as is their vse,
 And man may alter Nature cleene,
 Aud things corrupt by bis abuse.

What better may be found than flame,
 Too Nature that doth succor paie?
 Yet we doe oft abuse the same
 In bringing buildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in v're
 Their malice, moode to wrath and yre:
 To wreake their mischiefe, will be sure
 Too spill and spoyle thy house with fyre.

So Phisick that doth serue for ease
And to recure the grieved soule,
The painefull Patient may disease,
And make him sick that earst was whole.

The true Man and the Theefe are leeke
For sworde doth serue them both at neede,
Saue one by it doth safetie seeke
And th' other of the spoile too speede.

As law and learning doth redresse
That otherwise would go to wrack:
Euen so it doth oft times oppresse
And bring the true man to the rack.

Though Poyson paine the drincker sore
By boyling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refuse therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth reast:

And mixt with Medicines of prooffe
According to Machaons Arte,
Doth serue right well for our behoofe
And succor sends to dying harte.

Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better vse,
But we of custome take a trade
By wilfull will them to abuse.

So nothing is by kinde so voide
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,
But it by vs may be anoide,
And brought in tractt of time too naught

Againe there is not that so ill
Bylowe the Lampr of Phœbus light,
But man may better if he will
Applie his wit to make it right.

THE LOUER

EXCUSETH HIMSELF FOR RENOVNING HIS
LOVE AND LADIE IMPUTING THE SAME TO HIS
FATE AND CONSTELLATION.

THOUGH Dydo blame Æneas truth
for leauing Carthage shore
Where he well entertaide had beene,
and like a Prince before:

Though Theseus were vnthriftic thought
and of a cruell race,
That in reward of death escape
by Aryadnas Lace,

Amid the desert woods so wilde
his louing Lasse forsooke,
Whome by good hap and luckie lore
the drouisie Bacchus tooke.

Yet if the Iudges in this case
their verdit yeelde aright,
Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact
deserue such endlesse spight,

As wayward Women stirre to wrath
beare fixed fast in minde,
Still seeking waies to wreake their yre
vpon Æneas kinde.

For neither lack of liking loue,
nor hope of greater game,
Nor fickle fancies force vs men
to breake of friendships chaine.

They loth not that they looude before,
they hate not things possest:
Some other weightie cause they haue
of change, as may be gest.

And waying with my selfe eche one,
I cau none sifter kinde,
Than that to men such blessed hap
is by the Gods assignde.

The golden Starres that guide their age,
and Planets will them so:
And Gods (the Rulers of their race)
procure them to fergo

Their forged faith and plighted truth,
with promise made so sure,
That is to seeming stroug as Steele,
and likely to endure.

For did not mightie Ioue himselve
the swift Cylenus send
To will the Trojan Prince in hast
into Italia bend:

And leaue the liked land so well,
and Carthage Queene forsake,
That made him owner of hir heart,
and all that shee could make?

And such was Theseus lot perdye,
so hard the Maydens hap.
That shee in desert should be left
and caught in Bacchus trap.

Should Iason be proclaime and cride
a Traitor to the Skies
For that he Medea left at last
by whome he wan the Flise?

No, such was Oetes Daughters chance
in Cradle hir assignde,
And Iasons Birthstarre forst the Greeke
to shoue himselve vnkinde:

For if rewards might binde so fast,
and knit the knot so sure,
Their faith (no doubt) and lincked loue
should then of force endure.

For Dido gaue him Carthage Kayes,
the wealth, and soile withall:
Those other two preserude their liues
that else had liude in thrall.

Then sithens streaming Starres procure,
and fatal powers agree,
And stawled Gods doe condescend
that I my friendship see:

And reauce your Bells and cast you off
to liue in haggards wies,
That for no priuate stale doe care,
but loue to range the Skies:

I must not seeme then to rebell
nor secret Treason foige,
But change my choice, and leaue my loue
and iancies fond disgorge.

I craue of Cupid Lorde of loue
 a pardon for the same,
 For that I now reiect his lawes
 and quight renouance his game.

OF THE CRUELL HATRED OF STEP-
 MOTHERS.

THE Sonne in lawe his Stepdame being dead,
 Began hir Hierce with Garlands too commend:
 Meanewhile there fell a stone vpon his head
 From out the Tombe that brought the Boy abed,
 A prooffe that Stepdames hate hath neuer eud.

AGAINE.

GLAD was the sonne of frowning Beldames death,
 To witness ioy to deck hir Tomb gan trudge:
 A peece of Marble fell and rest his breath
 As he (good-Lad) stood strowing floures beneath,
 Asigie that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

TO CUPID

FOR REVENGE OF HIS VNKIND AND CRUELL LOUE.
 DECLARING HIS FAITHFULL SERUICE AND TRUE
 HEART BOTH TO THE GOD OF LOUE AND HIS
 LADIE.

If I had heene in Troyan ground
 When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound:
 If I in Grekish Campe had bene,
 Or clad in armour had bene scene:
 If Hector had by mee bene slaine,
 Or Prince Æneas put to paine:
 If I the Machin huge had brought
 By Grexian guile so falsely wrought,
 Or raysted it about the wall,
 Of Troie that procurde the fall:
 Then could I not the (Cupid) blame,
 If thou didst put mee to this shame.
 But I haue alwaies beene as true
 To thee and thine in order due,
 As euer was there any wight,
 That faith and truth to Cupid plight,
 I neuer yet despise thy lawe,
 But aie of thee did stand in awe:
 I neuer calde thee Bussard blinde,
 I no such fault in thee did finde,
 But thought my time well spent to bee
 That I unploide in seruing thee.
 I wiste thou wert of force and powre
 To conquere Princes in an howre
 When thou retaindst mee as thy man
 I thought my selfe most happie than.
 Since this is true that I haue saide,
 Good Cupid let mee haue thy aide,
 Helpe mee to wreake my wrath ariht
 And succor mee to worke my spight.
 To thee it appertaines of due
 Him to assist that is so true:
 And thou of reason shouldst torment
 Such as by wilfull will are bent
 To triumph ouer those that serue
 Thee in the field, and neuer swerue.
 Go bend thy Bowe with hastie speede,
 And make hir Tigers heart to bleede,

Cause hir that little sets by mee,
 Yet still to stand in awe of thee.
 Let hir perceiue thy feruent fyre,
 And what thou art in raging fyre.
 Now shoue thy selfe no man to bee,
 Let hir a God both feele and see.
 She forceth not my cutting paine,
 Hir vowed othes shew waves as vaine.
 Shee sits in peace at quiet rest,
 And scornes at mee so disposses.
 Shee laughs at thee, and mocks thy might,
 Thou art not Cupid in hir sight
 Shee spites at mee without cause whie,
 Shee forceth not although I die.
 I am hir captiue bounde in Giew
 And dare not once for life to strue.
 The more to thee I call and crie,
 To rid mee from this crueltie,
 The more shee seekes to worke hir yre,
 The more she burnes with scalding fyre.
 And all for Cupids sake I bide,
 From whose decrees I doe not glide.
 Wherefore (I say) go bende thy Bow,
 And to hir heart an Arrow throw:
 That Dart which breaketh hearts of Flint
 And giues the cruell erasing dint,
 Upon hir crabbed breast bestow,
 That shee thy force and powre may know:
 That shee a Myroure may be knowne
 To such as be thy deadly fone,
 So shall they good example take,
 How to abuse men for thy sake,
 Let hir (good Cupid) vnderstande,
 That I am thine both heart and hande.
 And to play quittance, force a fire,
 That shee may frie with whote desire
 Of me, whome carst she put to paine,
 And this is all that I would gaine.

AN ANSWERE TO HIS LADIE,
 THAT WILLED HIM THAT ABSENCE SHOULD NOT
 BREDE FORGETFULNESSE.

THOUGH Noble Surrey sayde
 that absence woonlers frame,
 And makes things out of sight forgot,
 and therof takes his name:
 Though some there are that force
 but on their pleasures prest,
 Unmindefull of their plighted truth
 and falsely forged hest:
 Yet will I not approue
 mee guiltie of this crime,
 Ne breake the friendship late begoon
 as you shall trie in time.
 No distance of the place
 shall reate thee from my breast:
 Not fawning chauce, or frowning hap
 shall make mee swarue my Hest.
 As soone may Phoebus frame
 his fierie Steades to roon
 Their race from path they woonted were,
 and ende where they begoon:
 As soone shall Saturne cease
 his bended broowes to show,
 And frowning face to friendly Starres
 that in their Circles go:

As soone the Tiger tame
and Lion shall you finde:
And brutish beastes that sauage were
shall swarue their bedlam kinde:

As soone the frost shall flame,
and Ætna cease to burne,
And restlesse Riuers to their springs
and Fountaines shall returne:

As absence breede debate,
or want of sight procure
Our faithfull friendships writh awrie
whilst liuely breath indure.

As soone I will commit
my selfe to Lethes lake
As the (sweete friend) whome I a Friend
haue chose for vertues sake.

How may a man forget
the coale that burnes within?
Augmenting still his secret sore
by piercing fell and skin?

May Martirs cease to mourne
or thinck of torments prest,
Whilst paine to paine is added aie
to further their vnrest?

May Shipmen in distresse
at pleasure of the winde
Tost too and fro by surge of Seas
that they in tempest finde,

Forget Neptunus rage,
or blustering Borias blast,
When Cables are in sunder crackt,
and tackle rent from Mast?

Ne may I (Friend) forget
(vnlesse I would but faine)
The salue that doth recure my sore
and heales the scarre againe.

I send thee by the winde
ten thousand sighes a day,
Which dim the Skies with cloudie smoke
as they doe passe away.

Oft gazing on the Sunne
I count Apollo blest,
For that he vewes thee once aday
in passing to the West.

Oh that I had his powre
and blasing Lampe of light
Then thou my friend should stand asurde
to neuer see the night.

But since it is no so,
content thy selfe a while:
And with remembrance of thy Friend
the lothsome time begile.

Till Fortune doe agree
that we shall meete againe:
For then shall presence breede our ioyes
whome absence put to paine.

And of my olde good will
(good Friend) thy selfe assure,
Haue no distrust, my loue shall last
as long as life shall dure.

OF A THRACYAN THAT WAS DROWNDE
BY PLAYING ON THE ISE.

A THRACYAN Boy well tiple all the day
Upon a frozen Spring did sport and play,
The slipper Ise with hieft of bodies sway
On sodain brake, and swapt his head away:
It swam aloft, bylowe the Carcas lay.
The Mother came and bore the head away:
When shee did burie it thus gan shee say.
This brought I forth in flame his Hierce to haue,
The rest amids the flood to finde a graue.

THE LOUER

HOPING IN MAY TO HAUE HAD REDRESSE OF HIS
WOES, AND YET FOULVE MISSING HIS PURPOSE,
BEWAILES HIS CRUELL HAP.

You that in May haue bathde in blis
And found a salue to ease your sore:
Doe May obseruance, Reason is
That May should honour be therefore.

Awake out of your drowsie sleepe
And leaue your tender Beds of Downe,
Of Cupids Lawes that taken keepe
With Sommer floures deck your Crowne.

As soone as Venus Starre doth showe
That brings the dawning on his back
And chearefull light begins to growe,
By putting of his Foe to wrack:

Repaire to heare the wedded Make
And late ye coupled in a knote,
The Philomela that sits in Brakes
And telles of Tereus truth by note:

The Thrussell, with the Turtle Doue,
The little Robin eke yfeare
That makes rehearsall of their loue,
Make hast (I say) that yee were there.

Into the fields where Dian dwels
With Nymphs enuiound round about,
Hast yee to dance about the Wels,
a fit pastime for such a rout.

Let them doe this that haue receaude
In May the hire of hoped grace:
But I as one that am bereaude
Of blissefull state, will bide my face,

And doole my daies with ruthfull voice
As fits a retchesse Wight to doe:
Since now it lies not in my choice
To quite mee from this cursed woe.

I harboured in my breast a thought
Which now is turnde another way,
That pleasant May would mee ybrought
From Scylla to a better bay.

Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,
And placed here in earth bylowe,
When Spring returns, of woonted trade
Doe banish griefe that erst did growe,

And chaungeth eke the churlishe cheare
And frowning face of Tellus hew,
With vernant flowers that appeare
To clad the soile with Mantell new:

Since Snakes do cast their shriueled skinnes,
 And Bucks hang vp their beads on pale,
 Since frisking Fishes lose their finnes,
 And glide with new repaired scale:

Then I of force with greedie eie
 Must hope to finde to ease my smart,
 Since eche anoy in Spring doth die,
 And cares to comfort doe conuart.

Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port
 And fast mine Ancker on the ground,
 Where lyes my pleasure and disport
 Where is my suretie to be found:

There shall my beaten Barke haue rode,
 And tackle torne be new repaired,
 My sorrowes quite shall be vnlode,
 Euen thus vnto my selfe I said.

But (out alas) it failes not so,
 May is to mee a Month of mone,
 In May though others comfort gro,
 My seedes of griefe are surely sowne.

My bitter Teares for water serue
 Wherewith the Garden of my breast
 I moist, for feare the seedes should sterue,
 And thus I frame mine owne vnest.

Let others then that feelen ioy
 Extole the merrie Mouth of May,
 And I that tasted haue annoy,
 In praise thereof will nothing say.

But wish returne of winters warre
 And blustering Boras force againe,
 These sower seedes of wo to marre.
 By force of winde and wisking raine.

And so perhaps by better fate,
 At next returne of Spring, I may
 By chaunging of my former state
 Cast off my care, and cchange my lay.

=====

THE LOUER

TO HIS LADIE THAT GASED MUCH VP TO THE
 SKIES.

My Girle, thou gazest much
 vpon the Golden Skies:
 Would I were Heauen, I would behold
 thee then with all mine eies.

=====

THE PENITENT LOUER

VITTERLY RENOUNCING LOUE, CRAUES PARDON OF
 FOREPASSED FOLLIES.

If such as did amisse
 and ran their race awrie
 May boldly craue at ludgeth hand
 some mercie ere they die,

And pardon for their gilt
 that wilfully transgress,
 And sawe the bownds before their eies
 that vertue had redrest:

Then I that brake the bancks
 which Reason had assignde
 To such as would pursue hir traine,
 may stand in hope to finde

Some fauour at hir hand:
 since blind forecast was cause,
 And not my wilfull will in fault
 that I haue swerude hir lawes.

Misguided haue I beene
 and trayned all by trust,
 And Loue was forger of the fraude,
 and furtherer of my lust.

Whose vele did dase mine eies,
 and darckned so my sight
 With errors foggie mist at first,
 that Reason gaue no light.

And as those wofull Wightes
 that saile on swelling Seas,
 When winds and wrathfull waues conspire
 to banish all their ease,

When heauenly Lamps are hid
 from Shippens hungrie eies,
 And Lod starres are in couert kept
 within the cloudie Skies:

As they without respect
 doe follow Fortunes lore,
 And run at randome in the flood
 where Æols Impes doe rore,

Till golden crested Phebe,
 or else his Sisters light,
 Haue chasde away those noysome clouds,
 and put the stormes to flight:

So I (vnhappie man)
 haue followde Loue a space,
 And felt the whottest of his flame,
 and flashing fierie blase.

In darcknesse haue I dwelt,
 and Errours vglie shade,
 Unwitting how to raise a Starre
 from perill to euade.

Few daies came on my head
 whercin was cause of ioy,
 But day and night were readie both
 to hasten mine anoy.

Short were my sleepes (God wot)
 most dreadfull were my dreames,
 Mine eies (as Conduits of the heart)
 did gush out saltish streames.

Tormented was my Corse,
 my minde was neuer free,
 But both replete with anguish aie
 disseuerde sought to bee.

No place might like mee long,
 no pleasure could endure,
 In stead of sport was smart at hande,
 for pastime paine in vre.

A Bonilman to my selfe,
 yet free in others sight,
 Not able to resist the rage
 of winged Archers might.

Thus haue I spent my time
in seruage as a thrall,
Till Reason of hir bounty list
mee to hir mercie call.

Now haue I made retourne,
and happylic retire,
From Cupid's Camp, and deepe dispaire,
and once againe aspired

To Ladie Reasons stawle
where wisdomē throned is,
On promise of a wend's releast
is all that was amiss.

To Plato now I flie
and Senecs sound aduice:
A Fatch for Loue, I force not now
what Chaunce fall on the dice.

OF LADIE VENUS,

THAT HAUING LOST HIR SONNE CUPID GOD OF
LOUE, AND DESIROUS TO VNDERSTAND OF HIM
AGAINE, DECLARES BY THE WAY THE NATURE
OF LOUE AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SAME, BY
PRETIE DISCRPTION AS FOLLOWETH.

WHAT time the Ladie Venus sought hir little
Sonne [begonne:
That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus
My friends (quoth she) if any chaunce in open
streete [to meete,
Or crossing pathes, the wandring amorous Elfe
That Runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap
Shall first bring tydings of the Boy, in Venus lap
Is sure to sit, and haue in price of taken paine,
A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home
againe,
A busse? yet not a busse alone doubtlesse shall
haue

But like a Friend I will entreate him passing
braue. [Lim

I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every
And member of my straide Sonne that is so trim.
Not sallow white his bodie is, but like to flame,
A fierce and fierie roling eie sets out the same.
A mischievous wylie hart in Breast the Boy doth
beare,

But yet his wordes are Honnie like and sweete to
eare. [goe:

His talking tongue and meaning minde a sunder
Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe.
But being once inflamde with ire and raging wrath,
A cruell canckred dogged hart the Urchin hath,
False Foxely subtle Boy, and glancing lying Lad,
He sports to outward sight, but inward chafes like
mad. [browe:

A curled Sconce he hath, with angrie frowning
A little hand, yet Dart a cruell way can throwe.
To shadie Acheron sometime he flings the same,
And deepest damp of hollow Hell those Impes to
tame.

Upon his Carkasse not a cloth, but naked bee
Of garments goes, his minde is wrapt, and not to
see.

Much like a fethred Foule he flies, and waggēs
his wings [Miser wrings
Now here now there: the man sometime this

Sometimes againe the Lasse to loue he doth en-
force, [remorce:
Of neither kinde, nor man nor maide, he hath
A little Bow the Boy doth beare in tender hande,
And in the same an Arrow nockt to stringe doth
stande.

A slender shafte, yet such a one as far will flie,
And being shot from Cupids Bow will reach the
Skie.

A pretie golden Quiuer hangs there albeinde
Upon his back, wherein whoso doth looke, shall
finde [Boy

A sort of sharpe and lurching shafts, unhappie
Wherewith his Ladie Mother she he doth annoy
Sometimes, but must of all the foolish fretting elfe
In cruell wise doth cruelly torment and vex him-
selfe.

Doe beate the Boy and spare him not at all, if
thou [ish brow
On him doe chaunce to light, although from child-
And moist-d eies the trickling teares like fouds
distill,

Belceue him not, for chiefly then beguile he will.
Nor if he smile unlose his pynioud armes take
heede, [do feede

With pleasant honie words though he thine eares
And craue a kisse, beware thou kisse him not at
all:

For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter Gall,
Or if with friendly face he seeme to yeelde his Bow
And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my Friend)
forgo. [Dart

Touch not with tender hand the subtile flattering
Of Loue, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee
smart.

Where this that I haue sayde be true
Yee Louers I appeale to you.
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,
Yee feele his smarts, yee taste his ioyes.
A fickle foolish God to serue,
I tearme him as he doth descrue.

TO A FICKLE AND VNCONSTANT DAME.
A FRIENDLY WARNING.

WHAT may I thinke of you (my Fawcon free)
That having hood, lines, buets, bells of mee,
And wooented eart when I my game did spring
To flie so well and make such nimble wing,
As might no Fowle for weightnesse well compare
With thee, thou wert a Birde so passing rare:
What may I deeme of thee (faire Fawcon) now,
That neither to my lure nor traine wilt bow.
But this that when my backe is turnde and gon,
Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.
Well wanton well, if you were wise in deede
You would regard the fist whereon you feede.
You would the Horse deuouring Crow refuse,
And gorge yourselfe with fleshe more fine to
chuse.

I wishe thee thys for wooented olde good will
To flie more high, for feare the stooping will
Breedle him that now doth keepe thee out of loue
But thinke his Fawcon will a Bussard proue.
Which if he deeme, or doe suspect at all,
He will abate thy flesh, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee
 Too do by him as now thou doste by mee:
 That is to leaue the keper, and away,
 Fawlcen take beede, for this is true I say.

TO HIS FRIEND

THAT REFUSDE HIM WITHOUT CAUSE, WHY, BUT
 ONELY VPON DELIGHT OF CHAUNGE.

You shoue your selfe to bee
 a woman right by kinde:
 You like and then mislike againe
 where you no cause doe finde.

I can not thiuke that loue
 was planted in your brest,
 As did your flattering lookes declare,
 and periurde tongue protest.

Tbou swarste alone that I
 thy fansie did subdue,
 Then why should frēsie force thee now
 to show thy sellie untrue?

Fie faythlesse woman fie,
 wilt thou condemne the kinde
 Because of just report of yll
 and blot of wauering minde?

Too plaine it nowe appears
 that lust procurde thy looue.
 Or else it would not so decaye
 and causelesse thus remouee.

I thought that I at first,
 a Lucrece had subdue,
 But now I finde that fansie fonde
 my senses did delude.

I deemde that I had got
 a Fawlcen to the fist,
 Whome I might quickly have reclaimde,
 but I my purpose mist.

For (oh) the worsor hap
 my Fawlcen is so free,
 As downe she stoups to straungers lure
 and forceth least of mee.

Goode shape was yll bestowde
 upon so vile a kite,
 That Haggard wise doth loue to liue
 and doth in change delight.

Yeelde mee thy flanting Hood,
 shake off those Belles of thine,
 Such checking Bussards yll deserue
 or Bell or Hood so fine.

With Fowles of baser sort
 how can you brooke to fie,
 That earst your Nature did to Hawkes
 of stately kinde applie?

If want of pray enforste
 this chaunge thou art to blame:
 For I had euer traines in store
 to make my Fawlcen game.

I had a Tassel eke
 full gentle by his kinde,
 Too fie with thee in use of wing
 the greater ioy to finde.

No, doubtlesse wanton lust
 and fleshy fowle desire
 Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
 and set thy hart on fire.

Too trie what mettall was
 in Bussards to be founde
 This, this was it that made thee stowpe
 from loftie gate to grounde.

Wherefore if euer luck
 doe let me light on thee,
 And Fortune graunt me once againe
 thy keeper for to bee:

Thy diet shall be such,
 thy tyring rumpes so bare,
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well
 and for none other care.

Meanwhile on carren feede,
 thy hungrie gorge to glut:
 That all thy lust in daylie change
 and diet new dost put.

Disensas must of force
 such feeding fowle ensue:
 No force to me, thou wert my Birde,
 but (Fawlcen) now adue.

TO ONE THAT VPON SURMISE OF AD-
 UERSITIE, FORWNED HIR FRIEND.

As too the whyte, and lately lymed house
 The Doues doe flock in hope of better fare,
 And leaue their home of Culvers cleane and bare;
 As to the Kitchen postes the peeping Mouse

Where Vittales fine and curious cates are drest,
 And shoons the shop where lyuelyhood waxeth
 thin,
 Where he before had fillde his empty skin,
 And where he chose him first to be a guest:

As Lyse unto the lyuing Carcase cleaue,
 But balke the same made readie to the Beare,
 So you that earst my Friend to seeming weare,
 In happie state: your needie Friend doe leaue.

Unfriendly are those other, Doue and Mouse
 That doe refuse olde harbour for a newe
 And make exchange for lodge they neuer knewe,
 Unfriendly eke the slowe and lumpishe Lowse.

But more unciuill you that wittie arre
 To judge a Friend, your Friendship to forego,
 Without a cause and make exchanges so:
 For friendes are needed most in time of warre.

Put case that Chaunce withdrew hir olde good will
 And frownde on mee to whome shee was a friend?
 Is that a reason why your loue should end?
 No, no, you should a friend continue still.
 For true good will in miserie is tride,
 For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

TO MAISTER GOOGES FANCIE

THAT BEGINS, GIUE MONIE MEE TAKE FRIEND-
SHIP WHO SO LIST.

FRIEND Googe, giue me the faithfull friend to
trust,

And take the sickle Coine for mee that lust.
For Friends in time of trouble and distresse
With help and sound aduise will soone redresse
Ech growing griefe that gripes the pensiu brest,
When Monie lies lockt vp in couert Chest.
Thy Coine will cause a thousand cares to grow,
Which if thou hadst no Coine thou couldst not
know.

Thy Fri-nd no care but comfort will procure,
Of him thou mayst at neede thy selfe assure.
Thy Monie wakes the Theefe in waite to lie,
Whose fraude thy Friend and falsehood will descrie,
Thou canst not keepe vnlockt thy carefull Coine,
But some from thee thy Monie will purloine:
Thy faithfull Friend will neuer start aside,
But take his share of all that shall betide.
When thou art deal thy Monie is bereft
But after life thy trustie Friend is left:
Thy Monie seruus another Maister than,
Thy faithfull friend luncts with none other man.
So that (Friend Googe) I deeme it better I,
To choose the Friend and let the Monie lie.

THE LOUER ABUSED RENOWNCETH
LOUE.

FOR to reuoke to pensiu thought
And troubled head my former plight,
How I by earnest sute haue sought
And griefull paines a louing Wight
For to accoy, accoy,
And breede my ioy,
Without anoy, makes saltish bryne
To flush out of my rapord eyne.

To think vpon the sundrie snares
And priue Panthers that were led
To forge my daily doolefull cares,
Whereby my hoped pleasures fled,
Doth plague my hart, my hart,
With deadly smart,
Without desert, that haue indurie
Such woes, and am not yet recorde.

Was neuer day came on my hed
Wherein I did not sue for grace,
Was neuer night but I in bed
Unto my Pillow told my case,
Bayning my brest, my brest,
For want of rest,
With teares opprest, yet remedie none
Was to be found for all my none.

If she had dained my good will
And recompent me with hir Loue,
I would haue beene hir Vassell still,
And neuer once my heart remoue:
I did pretend, pretend,
To be hir Friend
Unto the end, but she refusde
My louing heart, and mee abuse.

I did not force vpon the spite
And venemous stings of bising Snakes,
I wayed not their wordes a Mite,
That such a doe at Louers makes:
I did reioyce, reioyce,
To haue the voyce
Of such a choyce, and smild to see
That they reported so of mee.

Oh mee most luckie Wight (quoth I)
At whome the people so repine,
I trust the rumor that doth lie
Will force hir to my will incline,
And like well mee, well mee
Whome sice doth see,
Hir loue to bee, vnfaignedly,
In whome she may full well affie.

But now at length I plainly vew
That woman neuer gaue hir brest,
For they by kindly course will rue
On such as seeme to loue them best:
And will relent, relent
And be content,
When nought is ment, saue Friendly hart
And loue for neuer to depart.

Some cruell Tiger lent hir Tet
And fostred hir with sauage Pap,
That can not finde in heart to let
A man to loue hir, since his hap
Hath so assignde, assignde
To haue his miude
To loue inclinde, in honest wise
Whom she should not of right despise.

But since I see hir stonie hart
Cannot be pierst with pitties Launce,
Since nought is gainde but wofull smart,
I doe intend to breake the daunce,
And quite forgo, forgo
My pleasant Fo,
That paines mee so, and thinks in fine
To make me like to Circes Swine:

I cleang defie hir flattering face,
I quite abhorre hir luring looks:
As long as loue shall giue me grace
She neuer comes within my bookes,
I doe detest, detest
So false a Guest
That breeds vnrest, where she should plant
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.

Let hir go seeke some other Foole,
Let hir intrage some other Dolt:
I haue beene taught in Platos Schoole
From Cupids Banner to reuolt:
And to forsake, forsake
As fearefull Snake,
Such as doe make, a man but smart
For bearing them a faithfull heart.

THE FORSAKEN LOUER

LAMENTS THAT HIS LADIE IS MATCHED WITH
ANOTHER.

As Menelaus did lament
When Helena to Troie went,

And to the Teucrican Guest applide
 And all hir Countrie Friends deside:
 Euen so I feele tormenting paine
 To lurck in euerie little vaine,
 And ransack all my Corse, to see
 That she hath now forsaken mee,
 The faithfu'st Friend that she could finde:
 But tickle Dames will to their kinde.
 A simple change in faith it was
 To leaue the Flower for the Grasse,
 Such chopping will but make you bare
 And spend your life in carck and care,
 You might haue taken better beede
 Then left the Graine, and choose the weede:
 Your Haruest would the better beene
 If you had to your Bargain seene,
 But to recant it is to late,
 Go too, a Gods name to your Mate.
 Tis Muck that makes the Pot to play
 As men of olde were wont to say,
 And Women marrie for the gaine
 Though oft it fall out to their paine:
 And so I gesse thou hast ydoon
 When all thy twist is throughly spoon,
 It will appeare vnto thy fose,
 Thou pluckst a Nettle for a Rose:
 In faith thy Friend would loth to see
 Thy cursed luck so ill to bee.

THAT ALL HURTES AND LOSSES ARE TO BE RE-
 COURED AND RECURED SAUE THE CRUELL
 WOUND OF LOUE.

THE Surgion may deuisse
 a Salue for erie sore,
 And to recure all inwarde griefes
 Phisicians haue in store

Their simples to compound
 and match in mixture so,
 As ech disease from sicklie Corse
 they can enforce to go.

The wastfull wrack of wealth
 that Merchants doe sustaine,
 By happie vent of gotten varres
 may be supplide againe.

A Towne by Treason lost,
 a Fort by falsehood woon,
 By manly fight is got againe
 and helpe of hurtfull Goon.

Thus erbe thing hath redresse
 and sweete recure againe:
 Saue onely Loue, that farther frets,
 and feedes on inward paine.

No Galen may this grieffe
 by Phisickes force expell:
 No Reasons rule may ought preuaile
 where lurcking Loue doth dwell.

The Patient hath no powre
 of holesome things to tast:
 No Drench, no Drug, nor Sirrop sweete
 his hidden harue may wast.

No comfort comes by day,
 no pleasant sleepe by night:
 No needefull nap at Noone may ease
 the Louers painefull plight.

In deepe dispaire he dwels,
 then in comes hope of ease,
 Which somewhat lessens paines of loue,
 and calmes the surge of Seas.

His head is fraught with thoughts,
 his heart with throwes repleate:
 His eies amazde, bis quaking hand,
 his stomack lothing meate.

This bale the Louer bides
 and hatefull hurtes of Hell,
 And yet himselfe doth deeme that bee
 in Paradiçe doth dwell.

OF THE CHOISE OF HIS VALENTINE.

WITH others I to choose a Valentine
 Address my self: Ech had his dearest friend
 In Scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.
 See now the luck by lot that Chance doth send
 To Cupids crewe, mark Fortune how it falls,
 Aud mark how Venus Imps are Fortunes thralls.

The Papers were in couert kept from sight,
 In hope I went to note what hap would fall:
 I chose, but on my Friend I coule not light,
 (Such was the Goddesses wil that wilds the Ball)
 Bnt see good luck, although I mist the same,
 I hapt on one that bare my Ladies name.

Unegall though their beauties were to looke,
 Remembrance yet of hir well featurde face
 So often scene, thereby my Senses tooke,
 Unhappie though shee were not then in place:
 Long you to learne what name my Ladie hight?
 Accompt from U. to A. and spell aright.

OF ONE THAT WAS IN REUERSION.

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,
 and I enioy that bee imbraste:
 I reape the Graine, and pluck the Peare,
 but he had Peare and Corne at laste.

Which sithens Fortune had allowde,
 let eyther well contented bee:
 I hate him not for bis delights,
 then let him doe the lyke too mee.

For so we both be pleasede, I say,
 this bargaine was deuisd well:
 Let him with present good delight
 as I what time to mee it fell.

If euer he by hap forgo,
 I trust my hope is not in vaine,
 I hope the thing I once enioyde
 will to his owner come a:aine.

Which if be so, then happie I
 that had the first, and haue the laste:
 What better Fortune may there bee
 than in Reuersion to be plaste.

OF AN OPEN FOE AND A FAYNED
FRIEND.

NOR he so much anoies
that sayes: I am thy Fo,
As he that beares a hatefull hart,
and is a Friend to sho.

Of t'one we may beware
and flie his open hate,
But tother bites before he bareh,
a hard auoyded Mate.

AGAINE.

OF both give mee the man
that sayes, I hate in deede:
Than him that hath a Knife to kill,
yet weares a friendly weede.

OF A RITCH MISER.

A MISERS minde thou hast,
thou hast a Princes prife:
Which makes thee welthy to thine Heire,
a Beggat to thy selfe.

OF A PAINTER THAT PAINTED FAVOUR.

THOU (Painter fond) what meanes this mad devise
Favour to drawe? sith uncouth is the hed
From whence it comes, and first of all was bred?
Some deeme that it of Beautie doth arise.
Dame Fortunes Babie and undoubted Sonne,
Some other doe surmise this Favour was:
Againe, some thinke by Chaunce it came to passe,
Another saies of Vertue it begonne.
What Mate is he that daylie is at hand?
Faire speaking he and glosing Flattrie bight.
What he that slowly comes behind? Auns. Despight.
What they (I pray) that him inviron stand?
Wealth, Honor, Pride, and noble needefull Lawes.
And leading Lust that drives to thousand ills.
What meane those wings, and painted quiuering
Quills?

Cause upward aie Dame Fortune Favour drawes.
Why blinde is Favour made? (Auns.) for cause
That is unbrifitie once yplast amownt [that he
From baser step not had in any cownt
Cannot discerne his Friends, or what they be.
Why treades he on the tickle turning wheele?
He followes Fortunes steps and giddie Gate
Unstaid Chaunces aye unstedfast mate:
And when that things are well, can never feele.
Then tell me one thing else to please my minde
My last demaund. What meanes his swelling so?
How chaunst that Favour doth so prowdly go?
Good haps by course us men doe maken blinde.

THE LOUER

WHOSE LADIE DWELT FAST BY A PRISON.

ONE day I hide mee fast vnto the place
Where lodgde my Loue, a passing propre dame

For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace
And being there my sute I gan to frame,
The smokie sighes bewrayde my ferie flame.
But cruell she, disdainefull, coy and curst,
Forst not my words, but quaiid hir friend at furst.

Wher'at I lookt me vp, a wofull Wight,
And threw mine cies vp to the painted Skie,
In minde to waile my hap: And saw in sight
Not farre from thence, a place where Prisoners lie,
For crimes forepast the after paynes to trie:
A Laberinth, a lothsome Lodge to dwell,
A Dungeon deepe, a Dampe as darke as Hell.

O happie you (quoth I) that feele the force
Of girding Gyue, thirst, colde and stonie bed,
Respect of mee, whose loue hath no remorse:
In death you liue, but I in life am ded,
Your ioy is yet to come, my pleasure fled,
In prison you haue minds at freedome aye,
I seee am thrall, whose loue seekes his decaye.

Unworthise you to liue in such distresse
Whose former faults repentance did bewaile:
More fitter were this Ladie mercilesse
At grate to stand, with whome no teares preuaile:
More worthise she to liue in lothsome Gaile
That murders such as sue to hir for life,
Aud spoyles hir faithfull Friends with spitefull
kuife.

COMPLAINT

OF THE LONG ABSENCE OF HIS LOUE VPON FIRST
ACQUAINTANCE.

O CURSED, cruell, canckred Chaunce,
O Fortune fraught with spight,
Why hast thou so on sodaine reft
from mee my chiefe delight?

What glorie shalt thou gaine perdie
or purchase by thy rage?
This is no Conquest to be cald,
wherefore thy wrath asswage.

To soone eclipsed was my ioy,
my dolors grow to fast:
For want of hir that is my life,
my life it can not last:

Is this thy fickle kind so soone
to hoise a man to ioy,
And ere he touch the top of blisse
to breede him such anyoy?

Now doe I plaine perceiue and see
that Poets faine not all,
For churlish Chaunce is compted blind
and full of filthy Gall.

I thought there had bene no such Dame
ne Goddesses on a wheele:
But now too well I know hir kinde,
too soone hir force I feele.

And that which doth augment my smart
and maketh more my wo,
Is, for I felt a sodaine ioy
where now this griefe doth grow.

THE VENTROUS LOUER

If thou hadst ment (vnhappie hap)
 thus to haue nipt my ioy,
 Why didst thou show a smiling cheere
 that shouldst haue lookte ayo?

For griefes do nothing grutch at all
 but where was blisse before:
 None wailes the want of wealth so much
 as he that had the store.

Not he that neuer saw the Sunne
 complaynes for lack of light,
 But such as saw his Golden gleames
 and knew his cheerefull might.

Too late I learne through spitefull chauce
 that ioy is mixt with wo,
 And ech good hap hath late in boord,
 the course of things is so.

So poyson lurcks in Suger sweete,
 the Hooke so hides the bayte:
 Euen so in greene and pleasant grasse
 the Serpent lies in wayte.

Vlysses wife I learne at last
 thy sorrow and distresse,
 In absence of thy lingring Loue,
 that should thy woes redresse.

Great was your grief (ye Greekish Girls)
 whilst stately Troie stood,
 And kept your husbands from your laps
 in perill of their blood.

All ye therefore that haue assayde
 what torments lack procures
 Of that you loue, lament my fate
 which ouerlong endures.

Ye winds transport my soking sighes
 to my newe chosen Friend,
 So may my sorrow swage perhaps
 and dreerie state haue ende.

Ye sighes make true report of teares,
 that so beraine my brest,
 As Helens husbands neuer were
 for treason of bis Guest.

If thou (my Letter) maist attaine
 the place of hir abode,
 Doe thou, as Herauld of the heart,
 my sorrowes quite vnlode.

'In thee as in a Myrroure cleare
 or Christall may she vewe
 My pangues, my paynes, my sighes and teares
 which Tigers could but rewe.

There shall she see my secret parts
 encombred all with mone,
 My fainting lims, my vapord eien
 with heart as colde as stone.

I know she can but rue my case
 when thou presentst my sute,
 Wherefore play thou thy part so well
 that I may reape the frute.

And if (when she hath read thee through)
 she place thee in hir lap,
 Then change thy cheere thy Maister hath
 his long desired hap.

AFTER LONG ABSENCE CRAUES HIS LADIE TO
 MEETE WITH HIM IN PLACE TO ENTERPARLE
 OF HIR AVENTURES.

If so Leander durst
 from Abydon to Sest
 To swim, to Hero whom he chose
 his Friend about the rest,

And gage his comely corse
 vnto the sowsing Tyde
 To lay his water beaten lims
 fast by hir tender side:

Then I (my Deare) whose gleames
 and ardor doth surpasse
 The scorching flame and blasing heate
 that in Leander was,

May well presume to take
 the greatest toyle in hande,
 To reach the place where thou dost lodge
 the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders loue
 my friendship doth excell,
 Nor Hero may compare with hir
 that beares Dame Beauties Bell.

There resteth nought for thee
 but to assigne the place,
 The mirrie day, the ioyfull hoore
 when I may see thy face:

Appoint the certaine Tide
 and fixed stem of stay,
 And thou shalt see thy faithfull Friend
 will quickly come his way.

Not dreeding any doubt:
 but ventrously will go
 Through thick and thin to gaine a glimpse
 of thee bis sugred fo.

Where when by hap we meete,
 our long endured woes
 Shall stint by force of friendly thoughts
 which we shall then disclose.

Then eyther may vnfolde
 the secrets of the hart,
 And show how long dislodge hath bred
 our cruell cutting smart.

Then may we freely chat
 of all forepasseed toys,
 And put those pensiuue panges to flight
 with newe recourse of ioyes.

Then pleasure shall possesse
 the lodge where Dolour lay,
 And mirrie blincks put cloudes of care
 and lowring lookes away.

Then kissing may be plide
 and clipping put in ure,
 And lingred sores by Cupids salues
 aspire to quick recure.

Oh dreede thou not at all,
 set womens feare a part
 And take the courage of a man,
 that hast a manly hart.

In hostage aie with thee
to use at thy devise.
In all affaires and needefull howres
as matter shall arise.

Reuoke to louing minde
how ventrous Thisbe met
In fearefull might with Pyramus
where Ninus Tombe was set.

So hazard thou to come
unto the pointed place,
To thwart thy Friend, and meete with him
that longs to see thy face.

Who better will attende
thy friendly comming there,
Than Pyramus of Thysbe did
his disappointed Feere.

For (oh) their meeting was
the reauer of their breath,
The crop of endlesse care, and cause
of either Louers death.

But we so warely will
our fixed time attende,
As no mishap shall grow thereby,
and thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,
and hope to meete in place
To enterparle with thee (my Friend)
and tell my dolefull case.

TO MAISTER GOOGE

HIS SONET OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF THOUGHT.

THE lesse I see, the more my teene,
The more my teene the greater griefe
The greater griefe, the lesser scene,
The lesser scene, the lesse reliefe:
The lesse reliefe the heauier spright,
When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer scene, the rifer sobs
The rifer sobbes, the sadder hart,
The sadder hart, the greater throbs,
The greater throbs, the worsor smart,
The worsor smart procedes of this
That I my P. so often misse.

The neerer too, the more I smilde,
The more I smilde, the merier minde:
The mirrie minde doth thought exile,
And thought exile recourse I finde
Of heauculy ioyes all this delight
Haue I when P. is once in sight.

THE LOUER

WHOSE MISTRESSE FEARED A MOUSE, DECLARETH
THAT HE WOULD BECOME A CAT, IF HE MIGHT
HACE HIS DESIRE.

If I might alter kinde,
what think you I would bee,
Nor Fish, nor Foule, nor Fle, nor Frog
nor Squirrel on the Tree.

The Fish the hooke, the Foule
the lymed twig doth catch.
The Fle the Finger, and the Frog
the Bustard doth dispatch.

The Squirrill thinking naught
that feately cracks the nut,
The greedie Goshawke wanting pray
in dread of death doth put.

But scorning all these Kindes
I would become a Cat,
To combat with the creeping Mouse
and scratch the screeking Rat.

I would be present aye
and at my Ladies call,
To gard hir from the fearefull Mouse
in Parlour and in Hall.

In Kitchin for his lyfe
he should not shew his bed,
The Peare in Poke should lie untoucht
when shee were gone to bed.

The Mouse should stand in feare,
so should the squeaking Rat:
All this would I doe if I were
converted to a Cat.

THE LOUER

DRIVEN TO ABSENT HIM FROM HIS LADIE,
BEWAYLES HIS ESTATE.

WHEN angrie Greekes with Trojans fought
In minde to sack their welthie Towne,
King Agamemnon needefull thought
To beate the neighbour Cities downe,
And by his Princely power to quell
Such as by Pryams Realme did dwell.

Thus forth he trauailde with his traine
Till he vnto Lyrnesus came,
Where cruell fight he did maintaine,
And slue such Wights as were of fame:
Downe went the wailles and all to wrack
And so was Lyrnes brought to sack.

Two Noble Dames of passing shape
Unto the Prince were brought in fine
That might compare with Paris rape,
Their glimring beauties so did shine:
The Prince choze fayrest of the twaie,
And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike Chieftaines liude
Eche with his Ladie in delight:
Till Agamemnon was depride
Of hir that golden Chrysesight.
For Gods did will as (Poets faine)
That he should yeelde hir vp againe.

Which done, he reft Achylles Mate
To serue in Chrysis place at neede,
Not forring on the fowle debate
That followde of that cruell deede:
For why Achylles grutchted sore
To lose the Lasse he wan before.

And what for grieft and great disdain
The Greeke his Helmet boong aside,
And Sworde that many a Knight had slaine,
And Shield that Troian Darts had tride:
Refusing to approch the place
Where he was woont his foes to chase.

His manly courage was appalde
His valiant heart began to yeelde,
His braued armes that earst were galle
With clattring Armour in the field
Had lost their force, his fist did faint,
His gladsome songs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refusde his woonted foode,
His tongue could feele no tast of meat,
His hanging cheekes declared his mood,
His fealtred beard with haire vnset,
Bewraid his sodaine change of cheere
For loosing of his louing Feere.

His eares but sorrowes sound could heare,
The Trumpets tune was quite forgot,
His eyes were fraught with many a teare,
Whome carcking care permitted not
The pleasant slumber to retaine
To quite the sielic Misers paine.

The thousande part of pensieue care
The Noble Greeke endured than
In Bryseis absence, to declare
It farre surmounts the Wit of man:
But sure a Martyr right he liude
Of Bryseis beautie once beriuide.

If thus Achylles valiant heart
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,
That was invrde too dint of Dart
His louing Bryseis to fergo.
If thus the sturdie Greeke (I say)
Bewaile the night and wept the day:

Then blame not mee a louing Wight
Whome Nature made to Cupids Bow
To liue in such a piteous plight,
Bewasht with waues of worsor wo
Than euer was the Greekish Peere
Dispoiled of his Darling deere.

For I of force am faine to flee
The presse, the presence and the place
Of you my Loue a brauer B.
Than Bryseis was for foote and face,
For Head, for Hande, for Carkasse eke
Not to be matcht of any Greeke.

Whose troth you haue full often tride,
Whose heart hath bene vnfolded quight
Whose faith by friendship was discride
Whose ioy consisted in your sight,
Whose paine was pleasure if in place
He might but gaze vpon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke I would I might
Exchange my trouble for thy paine:
For then I hope I should acquite
My grieft with gladsome ioyes againe.
For Bryseis made retourne to thee,
Would B. might doe the like to mee.

But to exchange my Loue for tiiiue,
Or B. for Bryseis I ne would:
To labour in the Leaden Mine.
And leaue the ground where growes the Golde
I miude it uot, it follie were
To choose the Peare, and leaue the Peare.

THAT LOVERS OUGHT RATHER BY FIRST AC-
QUAINTANCE TO SHEW THEIR MEANINGS BY
PEN THEN BY MOUTH.

If all that feele the fits of loue
And flaucking sparkes of Cupids fire,
By tatling tongues should say to moue
Their Ladies to their fonde desire:
No doubt a number would but gaine
A badge of Follie for their paine.

For Ladies eyther would suspect
Those sugred wordes so sweete to eare
With secret poysons baite infect:
Or else would wisely stande in feare,
That all such flame as so did burne
To dustie Cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume
On small acquaintance to display
His hidden fire by casting fume
Of wanton wordes, doth misse the way
To win the Wight he honours so,
For of a Friend he makes a Fo.

For who is shee that may endure
The dapper teames that Louers vse?
And painted Proems to procure
The modest Matrons minde to muse?
No, first let writings go to tell
Your Ladies that you loue them well.

And when that time hath triall made
Of perfect loue and faithfull brest,
Then boldly may you further wade
This counsell I account as best:
And this (my Deare) procure my Quill
To write, and tongue to be so still.

Which now at first shall flatly shoue
(As faithful Herald of the hart)
The perfect loue to thee I owe
That breedst my ioy, and wilt my smart,
Unlesse at last (Remembraunce) rue
Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole
To hir the sielic Mouse that shoones,
Salute in friendly sort the soule
Among those pretie beastes that woonnes,
That bit the pocat for the Peare,
And breede the seule to such a feare.

AN EPITAPH

OF MAISTER WIN DROWNED IN THE SEA.

WHO so thou art that passest by this place
And runst at random on this sliper way,
Recline thy listning eare to mee a space
Doe stay thy ship and hearken what I say:
Cast Ankor here vntill my tale be donne,
So maist thou chauce the like mishaps to shonne.

Learne this of mee, that men doe line to die
And Death decayes the worthiest Wightes of all,
No worldly wealth or kingdomes can supplie
Or garde their princes from the fatall fall;
One way to come vnto this life we see,
But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.

My gallant youth and frolick yeares behight
Mee longer age, and siluer haire to haue,
I thought my day would neuer come to night,
My prime prouokte me to forget my graue:
I thought by water to haue scape the death
That now amid the Seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanell me doe chock
Now surging Seas conspire to breede my carke
Now fighting flouds enforce me to the rock,
Charybdis Whelps and Scyllas Dogs doe barke
Now hope of life is past, now, now I see
That W. can no more a liues man bee.

Yet I doe well affie for my desert
(When cruell death hath done the worst it may)
Of well renowned Fame to haue a part
To saue my heart from ruine and decay:
And that is all that thou or I may gaine,
And so adue, I thank thee for thy paine.

AGAINE.

O NEPTUNE churlish Chuf, O wayward Woolf
O God of Seas by name, no God in deede,
O Tiran Ruler of the grauell Goolfe
Where greater Fish on lesser Spawne doth feede
Why dost thou drench with deadly Mace a Wight
That well deserueth to run his course aight?

O cruell cursed tide, O weltring waue
That W. wrought this detestable care
O wrathfull surge, why wouldst thou not vouchsafe
A mid the rage so good a youth to spare,
And suffer him in luckie Bark to reach
The pleasant Port of ease and blisfull beach?

But what though surging Seas and tossing Tide
Haue done their worst and vttered all their force
In working W. wrack that so hath tride,
The cruelst rage that might be fall his Corse:
Yet naythelesse his euer during name
Is fast ingraude within the house of Fame.

Let Fishes feede vpon his flesh apace,
Let crawling Cungers creepe about his bones,
Let Wormes awake and W: Carkasse race
For why it was appointed for the noues:
But when they haue done all the spite they can
His good report shall liue in mouth of man.

In stead of stonie Tombe and Marble Graue
In lieu of a Lamentable Verse,
Let W. on the sandie Cheseell haue
This dolefull rime in stead of better Hierse:
Lo, here among the Wormes doth W. woon
That well deserue a farther race to roon.

But since his fate allotted him to fall
Amid the sowsing Seas and troublous Tide,
Let not his death his faithfull Friends appall
For he is not the first that so hath dide,
Nor shall he see the last: as nie away
To Heauen by waters as by Land they say.

PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

APPELLES lay the Pensile downe
and shun thy woonted skill,
Let brute no more with flattering Trumpe
the Greekish Eares fulfill:

Call not to thee such Painters praise
as thou hast done of yore,
Least thou in fine be foiled flat
and gained glorie lore.

So seeke not to disgrace the Greekes
thy louing Natiue land,
But rather from depainting formes
withdrowe thy skillesse hand.

For so thou stiffely stand and vaunt
that thou wilt frame hir like
Whome I extoll about the Starres,
thou art a stately Greeke.

As soone with might thou mayst remoue
the Rock from whence it growes,
As frame hir featurde forme in whome
such flouds of graces flowes.

If I might speake unburt of hate,
I would auant that kinde
In spite of Rose and Lillie both
had hir in earth assignde

To dwell among the daintie; Dames
that seee hath placed heere:
Cause, by hir passing feature might
Dame Natures skill appeere.

Hir Haire surmounts Apollos pride
in it such beautie raineis
Hir glistring eies the Chrystall farre
and finest Saphire staineis.

A little mouth with decent Chin,
a Corall lip of hue.
With Teethe as white as Whale his bone
ech one in order duc.

A body blannelesse to be found,
Armes rated to the same:
Such Hands with Azure deckt, as all
that warre with hir doe shame.

As for the partes in covert kept
and what is not in sight,
I doe esteeme them by the reast
not forcing on dispiht.

If I were foreman of the Quest
my verdit to expresse,
Forgiue mee (Phoebus) of thy place
shee should thee dispossesse.

P. should be raised to the cloudes
and Phœbus brought a low,
For that there should liue none in earth
but might hir vertue know.

Thus to conclude and make an ende,
to vouch I dare be bolde:
As soone as Nature had hir made
all Natures ware was solde.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FRIEND OF HIS HAUING LOST HIS DOUE.

WHAT shold I shed my teares to show mine inward pain [again.

Since that the Jewell I have lost may not be had
Yet bootlesse though it bee to utter couart smart.
It is a meane to cure the griefe, and make a ioyfull hart. [Loue,

Wherefore I say to you that haue enjoyde your
Lament with me in wofull wise for loosing of my
Doue. [bereft,

You Turtle Cocks that are your louing Hennes
And do beuaile your cruell chance that you alive
are left :

Come hither, come I say, come hie in haste to mee.
Let eyther make bis dolefull plaint amid this
dreerie tree.

A fitter place than this may no where else be found
For friendly Echo here will cause ech cry to yelde
a sound.

In youth it was my lucke on such a Doue to light,
As by good nature wan my loue, she was my whole
delite [hue,

A fresher fowle than mine for shape and beauties
Was neuer any man on earth that had the hap to
rewe.

Dame Nature hir had framde so perfit in hir kinde
As not the spitefull man hitself one fault in hir
could finde.

Hir eie so passing pure, hir beake so brate and fit,
The stature of hir limmes so small, hir head so
full of wit,

Hir neck of so good sise, hir plume of colour white,
Hir legs and feete so finely made, thou seldom
seene in sight: [his place

Eche part so fitly pight as none mought change
Nor any Bird could lightly baue so good and
braue a grace.

But most of all that I did fansie, was hir voyce,
For sweete it was unto mine eare, and made the
hart rejoyce

No sooner could I come in place where she was set,
But up she rose, and ioyfull would hir Mate and
louer met.

About my tender neck she would haue clasped tho,
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, sweet kisses
to besto. [me at all,

And ought besides that mought haue pleasurde
Was neuer man that had a Birde so fit to play
withall. [mee.

When I for ioy did sing, she would haue song with
When I was wo, my grief was hers, she wold not
pleasant be. [Death,

But (oh) amid my ioyes came cruell canckred
And spiting at my pleasures rest my louing bird
hir breath.

Who finding me alack, and absent on a day,
Caught bow in hand, and strak bir downe, a bred-
ing as she lay. [Doue,

Since I haue cause to waile the death of such a
(Good Turtles) help me to lament the losse of my
true loue.

The tree whereon she sat shall be the place where I
Will sing my last, and end my life: for (Turtles)
I must die.

You know it is our kinde, we can not liue alone,
More pleasant is the death to us then life when
loue is gone.

To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies,
And selfe same death that slue my Doue, begins
to close mine eies.

THAT LOUERS

UGHT TO SHUNNE NO PAINES TO ATTAINE
THEIR LOUE.

If Marchants in their warped Keales
commit themselues to waue,
And dreadfull daunger of the Goulfe
in tempest that doth raue,

To fet from farre and Forraine lands
such ware as is to sell,
And is not in their Natiue soile
where they themselues doe dwell :

If Souldiars serve in perills place
and dread of Cannon shot,
Ech day in daunger of their liues
and Countrie losse God wot,

Whose Musick is the dreadfull Drumme
and dolefull Trumpets sounde,
Who haue in stead of better bed
the colde and stonie ground,

And all t'attaine the spoile with speede
of such as doe withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
when so it comes to hande :

If they for lucre hight sustaine
such perill as ensues,
Then those that serue the Lorde of Loue
no trauaile ought refuse.

But lavish of their lively breath
all tempest to abide,
To maintaine Loue and all his lawes
what Fortune so betide.

And not to shrink at erie showre
or stormie flawe that lights,
Ne yet to yeeld themselves as thrall
to such as with them fights.

Such are not fit for Cupids Campe,
they ought no wages win
Which faint before the clange of Trump
or Battels broyle begin.

They must not make account of hurt,
for Cupid hath in store
Continually within his Campe
a salue for erie sore.

Their Busigne bearer is so stoute
cleeped Hope by name,
As if they follow his aduise
eche thing shall be in frame.

But if for want of courage stoute
the Banner be bereft,
If hope by hap be stricken downe,
and no good hope yleft :

Tis time with Trump to blow retreat,
the Field must needes be won:
So Cupid once be Captive tane
his Souldiars are undoon.

Wherefore, what so they are that Loue
as waged men doe serue:
Must shun no daunger drift at all
ne from no perill swerue.

Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night
and neuer yeelde to rest:
For feare least thou a waiting naught
on sodaine be opprest.

Though hunger gripe thy emptie Maw
endure it for a while,
Till time doe serue with good repast
such famine to beguile.

Be not with chilly colde dismaide,
let Snow nor Ice procure
Thy lustfull limmes from painefull plight
thy Ladie to allure.

That is the spoyle that Cupid giues
that is the onely Wight
Whereat his Thralls are woont to roue
with Arrowes from their sight.

My selfe as one among the moe,
shall neuer spare to spend
My life, my limmes, yea hart and all
Loues quarrell to defend.

And so in recompense of paines
and toile of perills past,
He yeelde me but my Ladies lone:
I will not be agast.

Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face,
I naught shall force hir cheere,
But tend on erie turne on hir
that is my louing Feere.

A REQUEST

OF FRIENDSHIP TO VULCANS WYFE MADE BY
MARS.

THOUGH froward Fortune would that you who are
So braue a dame, with Vulcan shoulde liue:
Yet may you loue the lustie God of warre,
And beare his eies that no such frawde will thinck.
Tis Cupids charge, and all the Gods agree,
That you be Feere to him, and Friend to mee.

THE LOUER

THAT HAD LOUED LONG WITHOUT REQUITAL OF
GOOD WILL.

LONG did I loue, and likte hir passing well
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought,
Long did I sue to hir for to expell
The foule disdain that beauties beames had
wrought:

Long did I serue, and Long I would haue doon,
My minde was bent a thorow pace to roon.

Long when I had looude, sude, and serued so,
As mou,ht haue likte as braue a Dame as shee,
Hir Friend shee forced not but let him go,
She looude at least besides him two or three:
Hir common cheare to erie one that sude,
Bred me to deeme shee did hir Friend delude.

Great was my grieft at first to be refuse
That Long had looude with true unfained hart,
But when I sawe I had been long abuse
I forste the lesse from such a friend to part:
Yet ere I gaue hir up I gainde a thing
That grieft to bir, and ease to me did bring.

TO A FRIEND

THAT WILD HIM TO BEWARE OF ENVIE.

THIS sounde aduise and counsell sent from you
With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe giue,
With willing minde I purpose to ensue,
And to beware of Enuie while I liue,
For spitefull it doth naught but malice brue
Aye seeking Loue from faithfull harts to riuie,
And plant in place where perfit Friendship growe
A mortal hate good Nature to dcpruie:
And those that nip mee by the back behinde,
I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

OF MISREPORTERS.

I HOPE (mine Owne) this fixed Loue of thine
Is so well staide and rooted deepe in brest
That not, unless thou see it with thine eie
That I from thee my loue and Friendship wrest,
Thou wilt untie the knot of thy bebest.
I trust yourself of Enuie will beware
That wild your friend take heede of Enuies snare.

THAT NO MAN SHOULD WRITE BUT SUCH AS
DOE EXCELL.

SHOULD no man write (say you)
but such as doe excell
This fonde deuisse of yours descrues
A Bable and a Bell.

Then one alone should doe
or verie few in deede:
For that in erie Art there can
but one alone exceede.

Should others ydle bee
and waste their age in vaine,
That myght perhaps in after time
the prick and price attaine?

By practice skill is got
by practice wit is wooone.
At games you see how many doe
to win the wager rooune.

Yet one among the moe
doth beare away the Bell:
Is that a cause to say the rest
in running did not well?

If none in Physick should
but onely Galene deale,
No doubt a thousand merly would
whome Physick now doth heale.

Eche one his Talent hath,
to use at his deuise:
Which makes that many men as well
as one are counted wise.

For if that Wit alone
in one should'rest and raine,
Then God the skulles of other men
did make but all in vaine.

Let eche one trie his force,
and doe the best he can
For thereunto appointed were
the hande and hed of man.

The Poet Horace speakes
against thy reason plaine,
Who sayes, tis somewhat to attempt
although thou not attaine

The scope in erie thing:
to touch the highest degree
Is passing hard, to doe the best
sufficing is for thee.

TO HIS FRIEND,

DECLARING WHAT VERTUE IT IS TO STICK TO
FORMER FLIGHTED FRIENDSHIP.

THE sage and Siluer haired Wights doe thinke
A v'rtue rare not to be proud of mind
When Fortune smiles: nor cowardly to shrink
Though changed Chaunce do shew hir self unkind,
But chiefest prayse is to imbrace the man
In welth and wo with whome your loue began.

OF TWO DESPERATE MEN.

A MAN in deepe despaire with Hempte in hand
Went out in haste to ende his wretched dayes:
And where he thought the Gallo tree should stand
He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes
Therewith eftsoone, and in exchange he left
The Rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie Carle came within a space
That ownd the good, and saw the Pot behinde
Where Ruddocks lay, and in the Ruddocks place
A knottie Corde, but Ruddocks could not finde:
He caught the Hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,
For griefe that he his Treasure coulede not see.

OF THE TORMENTS OF HELL AND THE
PAINES OF LOUE.

THOUGH they that wanted grace
and whilome liued heere,
Sustaine such pangues and paines in Hell
as doth by Bookes appeere.

Though restlesse be the rage
of that infernall route,
That voide of feare and Pitties plaint
doe flinge the fire aboute,

And tosse the blasing brandes
that neuer shall consume,
And breath on siely Soules that sit
aud suffer furious fume:

Though Tantal. Pelops Sonne
abide the Dropsie dry,
And sterue with hunger where he hath
both Foode and Water by:

Though Tytius doe indure
his Liuer to be rent
Of Vultures tyring on the same
unto his spoyle ybent:

And Sysiphe though with paine
and neuer stinting drift
Doe role the stone from Mountaynes top
and it to Mountaine lift:

Though Belydes doe broyle
and suffer endlesse paine,
In drawing water from the deepe
that falleth down againe:

Though Agamemnon's Sonne
such retchlesse rage indure,
By meane of furies that with flame
his griefull smart procure:

Though Mynos hath assignde
Prometheus to the rack,
With hande and foote ystrecht awide
till all his limmes doe crack:

To leade a lothsome life
and die a living death,
Amid his paines to waste his winde
and yet to want no breath:

Though other stand in Stir
with Sulphur that doth flame,
And other plunge in Phlegiton
so gastly for the name:

Though Cerberus the kaie
of Plutos Denne that beares,
With hungrie throte and greedie gripe
the new come straunger teares:

Though these condemned Ghostes
such dreadfull paine indures,
Yet may they not compare at all
with pangues that Loue procures.

His tiring farre exceeds
the gnawing of the gripes,
And with his whip such lashes giues
that passe Megeras stripes.

He lets the Liuer lie,
tormenting aye the Hart:
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall
with dubble hedded dart.

His fire exceeds the flame
of deepe Auernos lakes:
And where he once pretendes a plague,
a spitefull spoyle he makes.

His foes doe wake by day
they dread to sleepe the night:
They banne the Sunne, they curse the Moone,
and all that else giues light.

They passe their lothsome liues
with not contented minde:
Their dolefull dayes draw slow to date
as Cupid hath assignde.

To Tantal like, but yet
their case is worse than his:
They have that they imbrace, but straight
are quite bereft of blis.

They waste their winde in sighes
they beare their eyes with brine:
They breake their bulcks with bowncing griefe,
their harts with lingring pine.

Though Orpheus were aliu
with Musick that appeasde
The ugly God of Lymbo Lake,
and soules so sore diseasde.

By Arte he might uot ease
the Louers fervent fits,
Ne purchase him his harts desire
so troubled are his wits.

No place of quiet rest,
no roome deuouide of ruth:
No swaging of his endlesse paine
whose death doth trie his truth.

His Chamber serues for naught
but witnesse of his plaint,
His Bed and Bolster to bewaile
their Lord with Loue attain.

The man for murther caught
and clogde with yron colde
To sware that he more happie is
than Louers may be bolde.

For he in little space
his dreadfull day shall see,
But Cupids Thralls in dayly griefes
tormented dayly bee.

A thousand deaths they bide
whilst they in life remaine,
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts
they are the Louers gaine.

AN EPITAPH

OF THE DEATH OF MAISTER TUFTON OF KENT.

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull Death
And what a sway it beares in worldly things,
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,
He slayes the Keasers and the crowned Kings.

Nothing preuailes against his hatefull hande
He heares no suters when they pleade for life,
The rich mans purse cannot Deaths powre with-
stande,
Nor Souldiers sworde compare with fatall knife.

He recketh not of well renowned fame
He forreth not a whit of golden Fee,
His greatest ioy is to obserue the name
Of such as seek inmortal aye to bee.

For if that wealth, blood, lynage, or desart,
Loue, pittie, zeale or friendship mought preuailld,
If life well ledde, if true unfayned hart
Mought purchase lyfe: then Death had not assailld.

Then Tuftons lyfe with curst and cruell blade
Breaking the course of him that ranne so right
A race as he no stop at all had made
Had death not tript this Tufton for despiht.

The poore haue lost, the rich haue nothing
gainde,
The good haue cause to mourne, the yll to plaine:
For Tufton was to all a Friend unfainde.
Let Kent crie out that Death hath Tufton staine,
Yet this there is whereof they may reioyce
That his good life hath wonne the peoples voyce.

AGAINE.

LET neuer man presume on worldly wealth,
Let riches neuer breede a loftie minde,
Let no man boast too much of perfite health
Let natures gifts make no man ouer blinde
For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchlesse thought
Let no desart or life well led before,
Let no renoune or glorie greatly sought
Make man forget his present state the more:
For death is he that keepes and riddes the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,
if Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,
If lyfe forepast, if glories Golden Bowre
Mought haue preuailld, or stopt the dolefull knill
Of Tufton, then had Tufton liued still.

But now you see that Death hath quight undoon
His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile:
Yet lives the vertue that aliu he woon,
The times alone are shrowded in the soile:
Thus Death is ende of all this worldlesse toile.

IN PRAYSE OF LADY P.

P. SEEMES of Venus stock to bee
for beauties comely grace
A Grysell for ber grauitie
a Helen for her face:

A second Pallas for hir wit,
a Goddesse rare io sight,
A Dian for her daintinesse,
shee is so chaste a Wight.

Doe vew hir Corse with curious eie,
eche lim from top to toe,
And you shall say I tell but truth
that doe extoll hir soe.

The head as chiefe that standes aloft
and ouer looketh all,
With wisdome is so fully fraught
as Pallas there did stall.

Two Eares that trust no trifling tales
nor credit blazing brute :
Yet such againe as readie are
to heare the humbles sute.

Hir eies are such as will not gaze
on things not worthy sight,
And where she ought to cast a looke
she will not winck in spite.

The Golden Graines that greedie Guests
from Forraie Countries bring,
Ne shining Phœbus glittering beames
that on his Godhead spring:

No auncient Amber had in price
of Roman Matrons olde
May be compare with splendent haire
that passe the Venys Golde.

Hir Nose adorne hir countenance so
in middle iustly plaste,
As it at no time will permit
hir beautie be defaste.

Hir Mouth so small, hir Teeth so white
as any Whale his bone,
Hir Lips without so liuely red
that passe the Corall stone.

What neede I to describe hir Cheekes?
hir Chin? or els hir Pap?
For they are all as though the Rose
lodge in the Lillies lap.

What should I stand vpon the rest
or other partes depaint:
As little Hand with Fingers long?
my wits are all to faint.

Yet this I say in hir behalfe
if Helen were hir leeke,
Sir Paris neede not to disdaine
hir through the Seas to seeke :

Nor Menelaus was vnwise
or Troupe of Trojans mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
for hir such combat had.

Leanders labour was not lost
that swam the surging Seas,
If Hero were of such a hue
whome so he sought to please.

And if Admetus Darling deare
were of so fresh a face,
Though Phœbus kept Admetus flock
it may not him disgrace.

Nor mightie Mauors way the floutes
and laughing of the rest,
If such a one were shee with whome
he lay in Vulcans Nest.

If Bryseis beautie were so braue,
Achylles needes no blame
Who left the campe and fled the field
for loosing such a Dame.

If she in Ida had bene seene
with Pallas and the rest,
I doubt where Paris would haue chose
Dame Venus for the best

Or if Pygmalion had but tane
a glimpse of such a face,
He would not then his Idoll dumme
so feruently imbrace.

But what shall neede so many wordes
in things that are so plaine?
I say bot that I doubt where kinde
can make the like againe.

THE LOUER

IN VTTER DISPAIRE OF HIS LADIES RETURNÉ,
IN ECHE RESPECT COMPARES HIS ESTATE
WITH TROYLUS.

My case with Troylus may compare,
For as he felt both sorrow and care:
Euen so doe I most Miser Wight,
That am a Troylus outright.
As ere he could atchieve his wish,
He fed of many a dolefull dish,
And day and night unto the Skies
The sieffe Trojan at his eies,
Requesting ruth at Cresids bande
In whome his life and death did stande:
So night and day I spent in wo,
Ere she hir pittie would bestow
To quight me from the painefull plight
That made me but a Martir right.
As when at last he favour founde,
And was recured of his wounde,
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,
And torments from the Trojan fue:
So when my Ladie did remooue
Hir rigour, and began to looue
Hir Vassel in such friendly sort,
As might appeere by outward port:
Then who began to ioy but I
That stode my Mistresse hart so nie?
Then (as the Trojan did) I soong
And out my Ladies vertues roong
So lowde, as all the world could tell
What was the meaning of the Bell.
And as that pleasaunt taste of ioy
That he endured had in Troy,
From sweetes to sower did conuert,
When Cresida did thence depart:
So my forpassed pleasures arre
By spitefull Fortune put a farre
By hir departure from this place,
Where I was woont to view hir face.
So Angelike that shone in sight
Surpassing Phœbus golden light,
As when that Diomed the Greeke
Had giuen the Trojan Foe the gleeke,
And reft him Cresids comely hue
Which often made his hart to rue,

The wofull Troylus did lament,
 And dolefull dayes in mourning spent:
 So I bereft my louing Make,
 To sighes and sobbings mee betake,
 Repining that my fortune is
 Of my desired Friend to misse,
 And that a guilefull Greeke should bee
 Esteemde of hir in such degree.
 But though my fortune frame awrie,
 And I dispoyle hir companie
 Must waste the day and night in wo,
 For that the Gods appointed so:
 I naythesse will wishe hir well
 And better than to Cresid fell.
 I pray she may haue better hap
 Than beg hir bread with Dish and Clap,
 As she the sielie Miser did
 When Troylus by the Spittle rid.
 God shield hir from the Lazars lore
 And lothsome Leapers stincking sore,
 And for the loue I earst hir bare
 I wishe hir as my selfe to fare:
 My selfe that am a Trojan true
 As shee full well by trial knue.
 And as King Priams worthie Sonne
 All other Ladies seemde to shonne
 For loue of Cresid: so doe I
 All Venus Dearlings quight desfe,
 In minde to loue them all aleeke,
 That leaue a Trojan for a Greeke.

THE LOUER

DECLARETH WHAT HE WOULD HAUE IF HE MIGHT
 OBTAIN E HIS WISH.

If Gods would daine to lend
 a listning eare to mee
 And yeelde me my demaunde at full,
 what thinke you it to bee?

Not to excell in seate
 or wield the Regall Mace,
 Or Scepter in such stately sort
 as might commende the place.

For as their Hawle is hue,
 so is their ruine rough,
 As those that earst haue felt the fall
 declare it well ynough.

Ne would I wishe by warre
 and bloodie blade in fist,
 To gore the grounde with giltlesse blood
 of such as would resist.

For Tirants though a whyle
 doe leade their liues in ioy,
 Yet Tirants trie in tractt of time
 how bloodshed doth annoy,

I would none office crave,
 ne Consulship request:
 For that such rule is full of rage,
 and fraught with all unrest.

Ne would I wish for welth
 in great excesse to flow,
 Whiche keeps the Keyes of discords Denne
 as all the world doth know,

But my desire should farre
 such base requests excell,
 That I might hir enjoy at will
 whome I do loue so well.

O mighty God of Gods
 I were assured than
 In happie hap him to surpass
 that were the happiest man.

Then might I march in mirth
 with well contented minde,
 And joy to thinke that I in loue
 such blissefull hap did finde.

What friendly wordes should we
 together then recite?
 More than my tongue is able tell
 or this poore Pen to write.

Then should my hart reioyce
 and thereby comfort take,
 As they haue felt that earst haue had
 the use of such a Make.

If Fortune then would frowne
 or sought me to disgrace:
 The touching of hir chirry lip
 such sorrowes would displace.

Or if such griefe did growe
 as might procure my smart,
 Hir long and limber armes to mee
 might soone reduce my hart.

For as by foming fouds
 the steating Fishes liues:
 To Salamanders as the flame
 their onely comfort giues:

So doth thy Beautie (P.)
 my sorrowes quite expell:
 And makes me fare where I should faint
 unlesse thou looudste mee well.

And as by waters want,
 fish falleth to decay,
 And Salamander cannot liue
 when flame is tane away:

So absence from hir sight
 whole Seas of sorrowes makes,
 Which presence of that Paragon
 by secret vertue slakes.

Would Death would spare to spoyle
 and crooked age to rase
 (As they are woont by course of kinde)
 Pees beaue in this case.

Yet though their rigour rage,
 and powre by prooffe be plaine:
 If P. should die tomorrow next,
 yet P. should liue againe.

For Phœnix by his kinde
 to Phœnix will returne,
 When he by force of Phœbus flame
 in scalding skies doe burne.

Then P. must needes reuiue
 that is a Phœnix plaine:
 And P. by lack of liuely breath
 shall be a P. againe.

OF A GENTLEWOMAN

THAT WILDE HIR LOUER TO WEARE GREENE
BAYES IN TOKEN OF HIR STEDFAST LOUE
TOWARDS HIM.

B. TOLDE me that the Bay would aye be greene,
And neuer change his hue for winters thret:
Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainly may be seene
What loue thy Ladie beares, the Lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the Helmet weare,
Presuming that untill the Lawrell die
And loze his native colour, I will beare
A faithfull hart, and neuer swerue awrie.

I (siely soule) did smike with ioyfull brow
Hoping that Daphnis would retaine hir hue
But not haue chaunge: and lykewise that the vow
My Ladie made would make my Lawrie true.

O Gods, beholde the chaunce, I wore the Tree
And honord it as stay of stedfast loue:
But sodainly the Lawrell might I see
To looke as browne as doth the brownest Doue.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight:
Within a day or two came newes to mee
That shee had chaunge, and swarvde bir friend-
ship quight
Wherefore affie in neither trull nor tree.
For I perceive that colours lightly change,
And Ladies loue on sodaine waxeth straunge.

AN EPITAPH OF MAISTER EDWARDS

SOMETIME MAISTER OF THE CHILDREN OF THE
CHAPPELL, AND GENTLEMAN OF LYNCOLNS
INNE OF COURT.

YE learned Muses nine
aud sacred sisters all,
Now lay your cheerfull Cithrons downe
and to lamenting fall.

Rent off these Garlands greene
doe Lawell Leaues away,
Remoove the Myrtell from your browes
and stint on strings to play.

For he that led the daunce
the chiefest of your traine,
(I meane the man that Edwards height)
by cruell death is slaine.

Yee Courtyers change your cheere,
lament in wailefull wise,
For now your Orpheus hath resignde,
in clay his Carcas lyes.

O ruthe, he is bereft
that whilst he liued heere
For Poets Pen and passing lirt
could have no English Peere.

His vaine in Verse was such,
so stately eke his stile
His feate in forging sugred Song
with cleane and curious file.

As all the learned Greekes
and Romaines would repine
If they did liue againe, to vewe
his Verse with scornfull eise.

From Plautus he the Palme
and learned Terence wan,
His writings well declare the Wit,
that lurked in the man.

O Death thou stoodste in dread
that Edwards by his art
And wisdome would have scapt thy shaft
and fled thy furious Dart.

This feare enforste thy fist
thy cursed Bow to bende,
And let the fatall Arrow flie
that Edwards life did ende.

But spite of all thy spite
when all thy hate is tride,
(Thou cursed Death) his earned praise
in Mouth of Man shall bide.

Wherefore (O Fame) I say
in trumpe thy lipps applie,
And blow a blast that Edwards brute
may pierce the Golden Skie.

For here bylow in earth
his name is so well knowne:
As eche that know his life, laments
that he so soone is gone.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF MAISTER ARTHUR BROOKE
DROWNDE IN PASSING TO NEW HAVEN.

AT point to ende and finish this my Booke,
Come good report to mee, and wild me write
A dolefull Verse, in praise of Arthur Brooke
That age to come lament his fortune might.

A greede (quoth I) for sure his Vertues were
As many as his yeares in number fee:
The Muses him in learned laps did beare,
And Pallas Dug this daintie Bab did chew.

Apollo lent him Lute for solace sake
To sound his Verse by touch of stately string,
And of the neuer fading Bayde did make
A Lawrell Crowne, about his browes to cling,

In proufe that he for Myter did excell
As may be iudge by Iuliet and hir mate:
For there he shewde his cunning passing well
When he the Tale to Buglishe did translate.

But what? as be to forraine Realme was bownd
With others moe his Soueraigne Queene to serue,
Amid the Seas unluckie youth was drown'd,
More speedie death than such one did deserue.

Aye mee, that time (thou crooked Delphin)
Wast thou, Aryons help and onely stay, [where
That safely him from Sea to shore didst beare?
When Brooke was drown'd why wast thou then
away?

If sound of harp thyne care delighted so
And causer was that he bestrid thy back,
Then doubtlesse thou mought well on Brooke
bestow
As good a turne to saue him from the wrack.

For sure his hande Aryons Harp excelde,
His pleasant Pen did passe the others skill,
Who so his Booke with iudging eie beheld
Gauē thanks to him, and praisde his learned quill.

Thou cruell Goulf what meanst thou to deuoure
With supping Seas a lewell of such fame?
Why didst thou so with water marre the Flowre
That Pallas thought so curiously to frame?

Unhappie was the Hauē which he sought,
Cruell the Seas whereon his Ship did glide,
The windes to rough that Brooke to ruin brought,
Unskillfull he that undertooke to glide.

But sithens teares can not reuoke thē ded,
Nor cries recall a drowned man to lande:
Let this suffice t' extall the lyfe he led
And print his praise in house of Fame to stande
That they that after us shall bee and liue
Deserued praise to Arthur Brooke may give.
quoth G. T.

*OF THE RENOWNED LADY, LADY ANNE
COUNTESSSE WARWICK.*

An Earle was your Sire a worthie wight,
A Countesse gave you Tet, a noble Dame,
An Earle is your Feere, a Mars outright,
A Countesse eke your selfe of bruted fame:
A brother Lord your Father Earles sonne,
Thus doth renoune iu Lordes and Earles ronne.

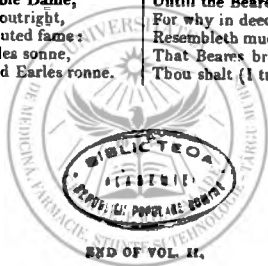
You were well knowne of Russels race a childe,
Of Bedford's blood that now doth liue an Earle,
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in fielde,
And Venus Peere, a ritche and orient Pearle,
Wherefore to you that Sister, Childe and Wife
To Lorde and Earles are, I wishe long life.

You Alpha were when I this Booke begoonne
And forrest, as became your state did stande,
To be Omega now you will not shoonne,
(O noble Dame) I trust: but take with hande
This ragged rime, and with a courteous looke
And Countesse eie peruse this trifling Booke.

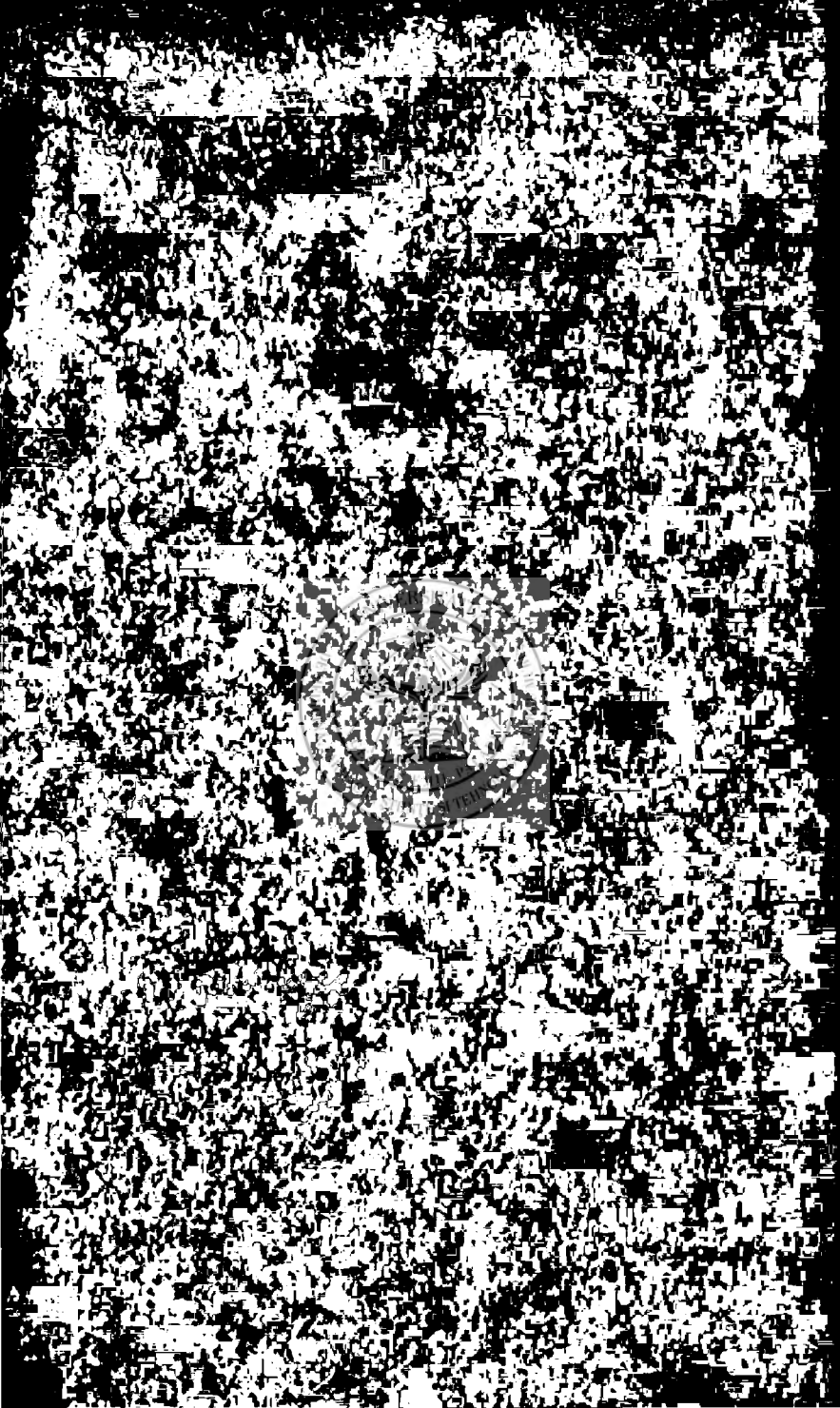
*THE AUTHOURS EPILOGE TO HIS
BOOKE.*

THE countnance of this Noble Countesse marck
When she tby Verse with eie that Saphire like
Doth shine suruayes, let be thy onely carck
To note bir Lookes: and if she ought mislike
Say tbat thou shouldst haue hid it from hir sight,
Thy Authour made the best for bir delight.

The worst he wild in couert scrole to lurke
Untill the Beares were ouerlickt afresh,
For why in deede this hastie hatched wurke
Resembleth much the shapelesse lumpe of flesh
That Beares bring forth, So when I lick thee ouer
Thou shalt (I trust) tby perfitte shape recouer.









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