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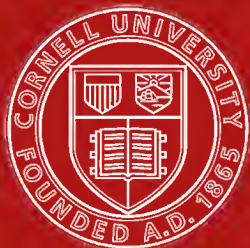
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Issue No. 20

THE

WORTHINES

OF

W A L E S

BY

THOMAS CHURCHYARD

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

1587

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1876

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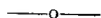
PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

NOTICE.

A COMPLETE Collection of the Works of Thomas Churchyard, reprinted in exact conformity to the original editions, has been long felt to be a great desideratum. The republications issued by Mr. J. P. Collier, valuable in themselves, have only applied to selected pieces, and the very limited number of copies printed have left the original demand, even as respects those, in a great measure unsatisfied. To remedy this generally admitted want, the Council of the Spenser Society propose, if the feeling of the members appear to coincide with theirs, to reproduce, according as they can be conveniently issued with due regard to the completion of other works now in progress, the various writings of Thomas Churchyard, and have now the pleasure of submitting, as a preliminary specimen, *The Worthines of Wales*, which has always been considered as one of the most interesting and valuable of his poetical productions, and is now reprinted as nearly as possible in fac-simile form from the beautiful copy of the original edition in Chetham's Library, Manchester.

JAS^S CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

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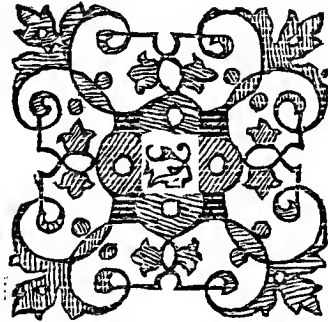
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THE
Worthines
of Wales:

*Wherein are more then a thousand severall things
rehearsed : some set out in profe to the pleasure of the
Reader, and with fuch varietie of verfe for the
beautifying of the Book, as no doubt fhall
delight thoufands to vnderftand.*

*Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange
matter to confider of : All the which labour and devic is
drawn forth and fet out by Thomas Church-
yard, to the glorie of God, and honour of
his Prince and Countrey.*



¶ Imprinted at London, by G.
Robinson, for Thomas Cadman.

1587.



To the Queenes

most Excellent Maiestie, Elizabeth,
by the grace of God, Queene of England,
Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Church-
yard wisheth alwayes blessednes, good fortune,
victorie, and worldly honour, with the encrease
of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and most
Princely government.



*O S T Redoubted and Royall
Queene, that Kings doe feare,
Subiects doe honour, strangers
seeke succour of, and people of
speciall spirit acknowledge (as
their manifold books declare)
I least of all, presume to farre,
either in presenting matter to be iudged of, or to ad-
uenture the cracking of credite, with writing any
thing, that may breede mislike (presents not well ta-
ken) in the deepe iudgement of so high and mightie
a Princeesse. But where a multitude runnes forward
(forced through desire or fortune) to shewe duetie,
or to see what falleth out of their forwardnes, I step-
ping in among the rest, am driuen and led (by affec-*

* 2 *tion*

The Epistle

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng, I finding my self brought before the presence of your Maiestie (but barely furnished of knowledge) to whom I must utter some matter of delight, or from whom I must retourne all abashed with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, vnder your Princely fauour I haue vndertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of VVales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people so exceedes, and surpasseth the common goodwill of the worlde, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in deede diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. For which cause I haue traauayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I haue beheld, and throughly seene, to my great contentment

Dedicatorie

tentment and admiration. For the Citties, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vnto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the cōditions of the people, & to shew somewhat of their curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your Maiestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth your highnes is no soner named among them, but such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meaneest of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shalbe so saluted, halsted and made of, as though he were some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers Stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

* 3 he

The Epistle

he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not used, and yet besides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither hewe nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for feare of iustice, loue of God, or good disposition, small Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer or a thief, is most odious among them, especially a Traytor is so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would haue torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they haue one of another, that neither in market townes, high wayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they striue not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting: for in sted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they vse frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowledging duetie thereby, & doing such reuerence to their betters, that euery one in his degree is so well vnderstood and honored, that none can iustly say hee hath suffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude & barbarous behauiour of the people. These usages of theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their ciuil maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is
some

Dedicatorie

Some more nobler nature in that Nation, then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am desirous to make manifest and publish: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely sheeld me from the hazard of worlds hastie iudgement, that condemnes men without cause for writing that they know, and praying of people before their faces: (which suspicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne speeches be offensive, the ignorant world shall dwell long in errors, and true writers may sodaynly sit in silence. I haue not only searched sondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also paynfully traueiled to trye out the substance of that is written, for feare of committing some unpardonable fault and offence, in presenting this Booke vnto your Highnesse. VVhich worke, albeit it is but litle, (because it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it shal reioyce the whole Countrey of VVales, whē they shall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious sight, & hath passed through those blessed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a stately Kingdome, and Terrytorie. And my selfe shall reape so much gladnesse, by the free passage of this simple labour, that
here-

The Epistle

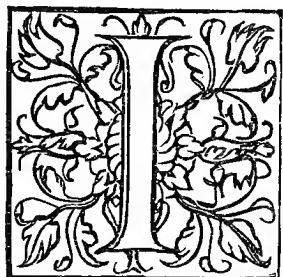
hereafter I shall goe through (GOD sparing life) with the rest of the other Shieres not heere named. These things only taken in hād, to cause your Highnesse to knowe, what puyfance and strength such a Princeesse is of, that may commaund such a people: and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in such a Country, as hereunto hath bin but little spoken of, and yet deserueth most greatest lawdation. And in deede the more honorable it is, for that your Highnesse princely Auncestors sprong forth of the noble braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully praying for your Maiesties long preseruation, (by whose bountie and goodnesse I a long while haue liued)

I wish your Highnesse all the hap, honour, victorie, and harts ease, that can be desired or imagined.

Your Highnesse humble Seruant and Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.



☛ To euery louing and
friendly Reader.



T may seeme straunge (good Reader that I haue chosen in the end of my daies to trauaile, and make discription of Countries : whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haüted the warres, and written somewhat of Martiall Discipline : but as euery season breedeth a feuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers : (drawing the mynd to fondrie dispositions) so common occasion that commands the iudgement, hath fet me a worke, and the warme good will & affection, borne in breast, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand, which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to shewe a difference in writing, and a playnnesse in speech (because playne people affect no flourishing phrafe) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could, declared my opinion of that sweete Soyle and good Subiects thereof, euen at that very instant, when Wales was almost forgotten, or scarce remembred with any great lawdation, when it hath merited to be written of: for fondrie famous causes most meete to be honored, and necessary to be touched in. First, the world will confesse (or els it shall do wrong) that some of our greatest Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey: which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the same Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardō me withall to com-

A mit

To the Reader.

mit you to the Chronicles, for the seeking out of her Auncestors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by vs, from her Maiesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and iust dealings. An act so noble & notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen vnresited.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the Crowne, and see how soone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in *Fraunce*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witness) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the seruice and preferuation of *Scotland* (at the siege of *Leeth*) and see how finely the French were all shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that neuer since they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards *Scotland* at the first.

Then consider how base our money was, & in what short tyme (with little losse to our Countrey) the bad coyne was converted to good siluer: and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places found cause to pray for her life, who fought to purchase their peace and see them in safetie.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for *Flaunders*, during the first troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Christianly conceiue how many multitudes of strangers she hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licensed them to liue here in peace and rest.

Then pause in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept the

To the Reader.

the Castle of *Edenbrough* against their owne naturall Lord and Maister: which presumptuous part of Subiects, her Highnesse could not abide to behold: whereupon she sent a sufficient power to ayde the Kings Maiestie: which power valiantly wonne the Castle, and freely deliuered the same to the right owner thereof, with all the treafure and prifoners therein.

Then regard how honourably she hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to see her, or needed her magnificēt supportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightinesse and managing of all matters gone about and put in exercise princely, and yet peaceably since the day of her Highnesse Coronation, and you shalbe forced to confesse that she surmounts a great number of her Predecessors: and she is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greatest Monarke of the world.

Is not such a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioysing to all her good neighbours? And doth not she daily deserue to haue bookes dedicated in the highest degree of honor to her Highnesse? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my fences and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of causes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my duetie hath no end of seruice, nor no limits are fet to a loyall Subiect, but to wish and worke to the vttermoſt of power.

Within this worke are feuerall discourses: some of the beautie & blessednes of the Countrey: some of the strength and statelynesse of their inpregnable Castles: some of their trim Townes and fine situation: some of their antiquitie, shewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their first name and prerogatiue. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houfes, and the rest of things whatfoeuer, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

To the Reader.

William
Malmesburie
de regibus an-
glorum.
Dauid Powell
a late writer,
yet excellently
learned, made
a sharp inuec-
tive against
William Par-
nus and Polli-
dor Virgill (&
all their com-
plices) accu-
sing them of
lying tongues,
enuyous de-
traction, mali-
cious slan-
ders, reproach-
full and veno-
mous lan-
guage, wilfull
ignorāce, dog-
ged enuie, and
cankered
mindes, for
that thei spake
vnreuerently
of Arthur, and
many other
thrife noble
Princes.
Ieffrey of
Monmouth.
Mattheue of
Westminster,
and others are
here in like
fort to be read
& looked on.

contenciously to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to aduance and winne credite to the present trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath iustly giuen euery Nation their due, and truely without affection hath fet downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a true Author, as I hate and detest a reporter of trifeling fables. A true Historie is called the Mistresse of life: and yet all Historyographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another: because the writers were not present in the tymes, in the places, nor saw the persons they make mētion of: but rather haue leaned and listned on the common report, than stayed or trusted to their owne experience.

Strabo a most famous writer findes fault (for the like occasion) with *Erstaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Possidonius*, and *Patrocles* the Geographer: And such discord did arise among writers in tyme past, as *Iosephus* saith against *Appio*, that they reprooued one another by bookes, and all men in generall reprooued *Herodotus*.

God shield me from such caueling for I deliuer but what I haue seene and read: alledging for defence both auncient Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (loving Reader) doe rather struggle with those two strong pillars of knowledge, than striue with the weaknesse of my inuention: which to auoyde sharpnesse (and bitter words) is sweetned and seasoned with gentle verses, more pleasant to some mens eares then prose, and vnder whose smooth grace of speech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the common fort of people can comprehend. For verses like a familiar friend (with a gallant phraze) rides quietly by thousands, and dasheth no one person, and galloping cleanly away merites no rebuke: when prose with a soft pace cannot with such cunning passe vnperceiued. But all is one when in neither of both is found no matter of mistrust, nor speeches to offend, there is no cause of dislike. So crauing thy good opinion, good Reader farewell.



A true note of the

auncient Castles, famous Monu-

ments, goodly Riuers, faire Bridges,

fine Townes, and courteous people,

that I haue seene in the noble

Countrie of *Wales*.



hrough sondrie Soyles, and stately

Kingdomes ritch,

Long haue I traekt, to tread out time
and yeares :

Where I at will, haue surely seene
right mitch,

As by my works, and printed bookes
appeares.

And wearied thus, with toyle in for-
rayne place,

I homeward dye, to take some rest a space :

But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,

Began a fresh, to trouble restless hed.

Then newfound toyles, that haies men ail in haste,

To runne on head, and looke not where they goe :

Bade reason vnde, where loue should be enhaiste,

And where tyme could, his labour best bestowe.

To Wales (quoth Wit), there doth plaine people dwell,

So mayst thou come, to heauen out of hell :

For Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,

Booze Flaunders grosse, and farre from happie daies.

Ritch Spayne is proude, and sterne to straungers all,

In Italie, popyning is alwaies rife :

B

And

The Authors
troublefome
life briefly
set downe.

A short note
of the nature
of many Cou-
tries, with the
disposition of
the people
there.

The worthines

And Germanie, to Dyrnkennesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and heare a cruell mynd,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware vnkynd:
England God wot, hath learnde such leawdnesse late,
That Wales methinks, is now the soundest state.

A commen-
dation of the
loyaltie of
Welshmen.

In all the rest, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie staynes the Soyle:
But since the tyme that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittish land, was neuer put to foyle,
For foule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or farre,
Because they know, ethe smart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearfall of
great strife and
dissention that
ruinated
Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish ryne and wꝛacke,
And Owen Glendore, set bloodie byoples abꝛach:
Full many a Towne, was spoyld and put to lacke,
And cleane consum'd, to Countreies foule repꝛach.
Great Castles raste, saye Byuldings burnt to dust,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by lust:
But since they came, and yeilded vnto Lawe,
Most meeke as Lambe, within one yoke they drawe.

How Lawe
and loue links
men together
like brethren.

Like byethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
In as much loue, as any men aslue:
The friendship there, and concord that I see,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hꝛue.
Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
Yet gladly shꝛwe, to straunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

The accusto-
med courtesie
of Wales.

Walle where you please, on Plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And heare your selfe, in sweete and ciuill soyt:

And

of Wales.

And you shall sure, be haulst with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by: on bzaues they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a traou'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and dutie franke and free,
In Towne or fielde, to yeeld you cap and knee.

They will not striue, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that trauailes through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of siluer stuffed thzowe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now:
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and guyde them there,
That doth to God, and man such Conscience beare.

No such theft
and robbrie
in Wales as in
other Coun-
tries.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The hot is great, when each mans pates his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is silde, with plentie all the yeare:
The grounde mannrude, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands liue, in wealth and blessed peace.

Victuals good
cheape in most
part of Wales.

But come againe, vnto their courteous thoe,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the same:
The like wherof, through all the world doe goe,
And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
For meeke as Doue, in lookes and speech they are,
Not rough and cude, (as spitefull tongues declare)
So sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
(But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

A great re-
buke to those
that speakes
not truly of
Wales.

How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefoote and vncled)

Good disposi-
tion neuer
wants good
maners.

B 2

In

The worthines

In gifts of mynd, should haue so great regarde,
Except within, from birth some grace were hied.
It must be so, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue :
In this remaines, a secrete worke deuine,
Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good & true
Authors that
affirmes more
goodnesse in
Wales than
I write of.

In Authors old, you shall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey twoo :
The third for troth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthe workes did doe.
What needes this prooffe, or genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their liues appeare :
Their stately Townes, and Castles euery where,
Of their renowne, doth daily witnelle beare.

A description of Mon- *mouth Shiere.*

Two Riuers
by Mōmouth,
the one called
Monnow,
and the other
Wye.

First I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a Riuer large and long :
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe throtwe,
Describe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treats of world, and giues to Wales no praise :
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than yeeld, right glorie to that Soyle,

King Henry
the fifth.
Neere the
Towne Sir
Charles Har-
bert of Troy
dwelt in a faire
Seate called
Troy.

A King of ours, was bozne in Monmouth sure,
The Castle there, records the same a right :
And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Through sore decay, shewes nothing layre to sight.
In Seate it selte, (and well plaste Citie old)
By biewe ye may, a Princely plot behold :

Good

of Wales.

Good myndes they had, that first these walles did raise,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

The King here bozne, did proue a peereles Prince,
He conquerd Fraunce, and raignd nine yeeres in hap:
There was not here, so great a Victoꝝ since,
That had such chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a ioynt, oꝝ winne the Cole by play.

If Monmouth bying, such Princes soth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it shalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is,
A trim Shiere towne, foꝝ Noble, Barron oꝝ Knight.
A Cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where Size is kept, and learned Lawyers rest:
Buylt auncient wise, in sweete and wholesome ayze,
Where the best soyt, of people oft repayze.

Not farre from thence, a famous Castle fine,
That Raggland hight, stands moted almost round:
Made of freestone, byright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beautie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged toole,
The stately Tower, that lookes oꝝ Pond and Poole:
The fountaine trini, that runs both day and night,
Doth yeeld in showe, a rare and noble sight.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose Seate is set, some part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That oꝝ a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer swift and great,
The Mountaine bigge, about doth shade the Seate:

At Wyneftow
now dwells Sir
Thomas Har-
bert, a little
from the fame
Troy.

Maister Roger
Ieames dwelt
at Troy nere
this Towne.

The Earle of
Worcesters
houfe and
Castle.
The Earle of
Penbroke that
was created
Earle by King
Edward the 4.
buylt the Ca-
stell of Rag-
gland sumptu-
ously at the
first.
Earle of Wor-
cester Lord
hereof.
A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis
of Saint Peere
dwelles nere
that.

B 3

The

The worthines

Sir Charles
Sommerfet at
the Grange
doth dwell
now.

The craggie Rocks, that ore the Towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder viewe of eye.

Sir William
Morgan that
is dead dwelt
at Pennycoyd.

The common Port, and Hauen is so good,
It meritis praise, because Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, aboue the Bridge abide.
Beyond the same, doth Tynnterne Abbey stand,

Harbet of Col-
broke buried
there.

As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right worthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not gote.

Chepstow.

In the Castle
there is an an-
cient tower
called Longis
tower, wherby
rests a tale to
be considered
of.

To Chestowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)
A long time since, the Lord and Haister was
(In princely fort) of Castle and of Towne.

Of this Earle
is a great and
worthie tale to
be heard.

Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norfolke Duke, a worthie knowne full well:
Who sold the samet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

A peece of a
petigree.

Earle Strong-
bowe was ma-
ried to the
King of Lyn-
sters Daughter
in Ireland, and
this Strong-
bowe wan by
force of armes
the Earledoms
of Wolster &
Tyroll.

His eldest Sonne, that did succede his place,
(Of Huntyngton: and Penbrooke Earle likewise)
Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And she was matcht, with pompe and solempne guise,
To Somerset, that was Lord Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry seuenths raigne:
Of him doth come, Earle Worster liuing nowe,
Who buildeth vp, the house of Ragglan throuwe.

A Creation of an Earle.

Edward by the grace of God, King most imperiall,
Of Fraunce, & England, & the Lord of Ireland therewithall,
To Archbishops, & Bishops all, to Abbotes and to Priors
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the shires,

To

of Wales.

To Iustices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
To Bayliesses, & my lichesholke all, haue herewith greeting sent.
Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
To yeeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great desarte:
Who of himselfe, his Royall house, and of the publique state,
Haue well deseru'd, their vertues rare euer to renumerate:
And to adorne with high reward, such vertue cleere and bright,
Stirs others vp to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
We following on the famous course, y^e former Kings haue run,
That worthie & approued wight, whose deedes most nobly dun,
Haue greatest things of vs deseru'd, we do intend to raise,
To fame and honours highest type, with gifts of Princely praise,
That ruely regall are we meane, that valiant worthie Knight,
That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
Whose seruise whē we first did raigne, we did most faithfull find,
When for our royal right we fought, which stil we call to mind:
To which we ad from then till now, continuall seruises,
Which many were whereof each one, to vs most pleasing is.
And chieflly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
A worthie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glozie rare:
When as that Rebell and our foe, euen Iasper Tudors sonne,
who said he Earle of Penbroke was, did westwales coast ouerū.
And there by subtilt shifts and force, did diuers sondrie waies
Anoy our State, and therewithall a hyle Seditiō raise.
But there he gaue to him a fiede, and with a valiant hand
Ouerthrew him and his forces all, that on his part did stand.
And marching all along thole Coastes, y^e most he slew out right,
The rest he brake and so disperst, they gaue themselues to flight.
Our Castle then of Hardelach, that from our first daies raigne,
A refuge for all Rebels did, against vs still remaine:
A fort of wondrous force, besiege about did he,
And toke it, where in most mens myndes, it could not taken be.
He wan it & did make them yeeld, who there their factie sought,
And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
These therefore his most worthie Actes, we calling into minde,
His seruises and great desarts, which we praise worthie finde:
And

The worthines

And for that cause we willing him, with honours royally
For to adorne, decke, and aduaunce, and to sublime on hye.
The eight day of September, in the eight yeere of our Raigne,
We by this Charter, that for ours shall firme for ever remaine:
Of speciall grace and knowledge sure, sound and determinate,
And motiō meere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
Crest, preferre, and vnto him the Title stile and state,
And name thereof and dignitie, for ever appropriate,
As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
All honours and preheminance, that state pertyne vnto:
With which estate, stile, honoz, great, and worthie dignitie,
By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors
verses in the
honor of no-
ble myndes.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
The seruice such, as merites noble fame:
The forme thereof, in verse I doe repeate,
And shewe likewise, the Lattin of the same.
He seru'd a King, that could him well reward,
And of his house, and race tooke great regard,
And recompent, his manly doing right,
With honoz due, to such a noble knight.

Good men are
made of, and
bad men re-
buked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
For to preserve, the Prince and publique state:
There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
As guerdon sent, by destiny and good fate.
No Soueraigne can, forget a Subjects troeth,
With whole good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
Great gifts and place, great glorie and renowne,
They get and gayne, that truly serues a Crowne.

Sir William
Harbert of
Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
Though Lordship, land, and Ragglands stately towers,
A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
Haue thee bereft, yet hearest his fruits and flowers:

His

of Wales.

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thyne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deuyne :
Oe Seas and Lands, these moue thee paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy sweete Soueraignes sake.

Here followeth the Creation of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglie & Frauciæ & Dominus Hibernie, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatib⁹, Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iusticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepositis, Ministris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus suis, salutē. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus censeamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas personas, cōgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate profequi : denique & iuxta eximias probitates, easdem magnificentius ornare & decorare, quatenus in personis huiuscemodi congestis clarissimis virtutum premijs ceteri, fœcordia ignauiaque sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque facinora laude & gloria concitentur : Nos ne à maiorum nrō laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri esse officij putamus probatissimū nobis virum qui ob res ab se clarissimè gestas quàm maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorū fastigijs attollere & verè regijs insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem loquimur militē Willūm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctū, cuius in regni nostri primordijs obsequia gratissima tum nobis multipliciter impensa cum nrō pro iure deceraretur, satis ambiguè obliuisci non possumus accessere & de post in hoc vsque temporis continuata seruicia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, presertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iampridē cū Rebellis, hostisque nostri Iasper Owini Tedur filliū nuper Pembrochiæ se Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes per-

C

uaderet,

The worthines

uaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & statum nostrum uilem pupulo seditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, societatis sibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electissimis uiris fidelibus nostris arma cepit, constigendi copiam hostibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruasus ab ipsis partes peruagatus est & nusquam eis locum permiserit quo non eos complicesque affligauerit, vires eorūdem fregerit, morteque affecerit, seu desperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Castrum nostrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni nostri contrarium. quo unicum miseris patebat refugium, obsidione vallabat, quod capi impossibile ferebatur, cepit, inclusos que ad deditionem compulit, adiacentem quoque primam omnem nostram Regiæ Maieitati rebellem hæcenus ad summam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque sua laudabilia obsequia, promeritaque memoriter & ut decet intimè recolentes volentesque proinde eundem Willūm condignis honoribus, regalibusque præmijs ornare amplificare & sublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni nostri octauo, per Chartam nostram de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostris ipsum Willūm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomē, statum, stilum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & singulis præeminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuscunque huius statui Comitis pertinentibus, siue congruis dederimus & concefferimus, ipsumque; huiusmodi statu, stilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij insigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was set downe, for causes more then one,
The world beleeueth, no more than it hath scene:
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blind people say, it is not so we weene.
It is a tale, deuised to please the eare,
More for delight, or rayes then truth may beare:
But those that thinke, this may a fable be,
To Authors good, I lend them here from me.

First

of Wales.

First let them search, Records as I haue done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true :
And all the rest before I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no wryters new.
The oldest sort, and soundest men of skill
Synce Authours are, now reade their names who will :
Their workes, their words, and so their learning through,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I wryte of now.

BEcause many that fauoured not Wales (partiall wryters and
historians) haue wrytten & set downe their owne opinions, as
they pleased to publish of that Countrey: I therefore a little de-
greiue from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch somewhat
the workes and wordes of them that rashly haue wrytten more
then they knewe, or well could proue.

As learned men hath wrote graue works of pore,
So great regard, to native Soyle they had :
For such respect, I blame now Pollydore :
Because of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
¶ Buckanan, the Scottisch Poet late
Were here in spite, of Brittons to debate :
He should finde men, that would with him dispute,
And many a pen, which would his works confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer striue,
(Though sondre works, of theirs were little worth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene aliu,
Than some such seedes, as brings no goodnesse forth :
Their praise is small, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but brawles, their bable bauld and bare,
That in disdaine, of fables wryters are.

What fable more, then say they knowe that thing
They neuer sawe, and so giue iudgement streight :

¶ 2

And

The worthines

And by their bookes, the world in error bring,
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told :
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold :
For all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrate
Are not alo'wd, for troth in euery state.

Though Cæsar was, a wise and worthie Prince,
And conquered much, of Wales and England both :
The writers than, and other Authoys since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humoys feede,
When soe was healde, to make a wound to bleede :
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body thotwe, was full of foule diseale.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were carped cleane, away from wisdomes loze :
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before :
For car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They could bp tyme, like threed about the thome :
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Much rotten stuffe, vnto the garment went.

Which stuffe patcht vp, a peece of homely ware,
In Printers shop, set out to sale sometyme :
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, for prose nor pleasant ryme :
But pass like chat, and old wices tales full bayne,
That thunders long, but neuer brings forth rayne :
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with hute of hugges and toys.

But aged sires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble fast with lyes :

This

of Wales.

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authoꝝ true, and wyters graue and wise.
Whole pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whole eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whole great charge, and labour witnesse heares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some wyter in their daies
For to aduance, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great passe,
And honord not, the Troyans for their warres.
Liui among, the Romaines wꝛate right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to entitch:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Sopyes, and yeeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wꝛate, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, ne man noꝝ matter then)
Yet wyter sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victoꝝ many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were neuer scene,
And men may wꝛite, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerweene,
And speake of Sopyes, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that through each water failes,
A Pylot good, in his owne Compasse failes:
A wyter that, beleuees in worlds report,
May roue to farre, oꝝ surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne cleere of light,
That searcheth thꝛough, the dim and darkest place:

C 3 The

The worthines

The gladsome eye, giues all the bodie sight,
 It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
 But where no face, no iudging eye doth come,
 The sence is blynd, the spirit is deaffe and dome :
 For wit can not, conceiue till sight lend in
 Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
 Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers wyte amis :
 If straungers do, our natiue people hate,
 Our Countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
 Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
 Or fauour those, that we for straungers knowe :
 Then straungely rade, the bookes that straungers make,
 For feare ye shroude, in bolome stinging Snake.

Polidorus Virgilus spake all of his owne nations praise, and sawe but little of Brittain, nor loued the fame.

The straungers skill, in auncient time that wate,
 Craft themselues, and keepes vs vnder foote :
 As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
 So beare they rust, and canker at the roote
 Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
 Their cunning can, with craft to cloke a troeth,
 That hardly we, shall haue them in the winde,
 To smell them foryh, or yet their sinenelle finde.

Venerable Bede, a noble writer.

Gildas, a passing Poet of Brittain.

Of force then must, you credite our owne men,
 (Whose vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
 Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen :
 And who did wyte, with such sweete flowing baynes,
 That honey seem'd, to drop from Poets quill :
 I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
 Our Countrey breeds, as faithfull men as those,
 As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Sibilla, a deuine Propheciar & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among vs best :
 For each man frounes, when fabling toys they heare,
 And

of Wales.

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jest,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare :
Yet Arthurs raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such prooffe there is, the troth thereof to trye :
That who so speakes, against so graue a thing,
Shall blush to blot, the fame of such a King.

*Merlinus Am-
brosius, a man
of hye know-
ledge & spirit.*

Condemne the daies, of elders great or small,
And then blurre out, the course of present tyme :
Cast one age downe, and so doe o'rethow all,
And burne the bookes, of printed prose or ryme :
Who shall beleue, he rules or the doth raigne
In tyme to come, if wyters loose their paine :
The pen records, tyme past and present both,
Skill byngs forth bookes, and bookes is nurle to troth.

Now follows the Castles and

*Townes neere Oske , and
there aboutes.*

A Pretie Towne, calde Oske neere Raggland stands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the selfesame name :
His Chyftall streames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Fresh water sweete, this goodly Riuer yeelds,
And when it swels, it spreds o're all the feelds :
Great stoye of fish, is caught within this flood,
That doth in deede, both Towne and Countrey good.

*A description
of Oske.*

A thing to note, when Sammon failes in Wye,
(And season there:goes out as order is)
Than still of course, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good fish, in Oske you shall not mis.
And this seemes straunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In some one place, are Sammons all the yeere :

*Two Riuers
nere together
of feuerall na-
tures, shewes a
strange thing.*

So

The worthines

So fresh, so sweete, so red, so crimp withall,
As man might say, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children, (as some affirme), and King Richard the third, were borne here.

A Castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene bozne:
It stands full oze, a goodly pleasant Plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to tozne,
(With wethers blast, and tyme that weares all out)
And yet it hath, a fayze prospect about:
Trim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers side,
With Bridge well built, the foze of flood to hide.

Castle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Castle is almost cleane downe.

Upon the side, of wooddie hill full fayze,
This Castle stands, full soze decayde and broke:
Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayze,
Full neere great Woods, and many a mightie Dke.
But sith it weares, and walles so wastes away,
In praise thereof, I mynd not much to say:
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten house, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancaster, these three Castles are, but not in good plight any way.

Thye Castles fayze, are in a goodly ground,
Grosfont is one, on Hill it builded was:
Skenfretth the next, in Walley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
Whit Castle is, the thurd of worthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
A stately Seate, a loftie princely place,
Whole beautie giues, the simple Soyles some grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Cistell is in Maister Roger Wilyams hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby stands, a Castle once of state:
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
As good an ayze, as there abouts is found:

It

of Wales.

It seemes to fight, the Seate was platt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thee hath bene, King Arthurs golden Hall:
In thee the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

Come learned loze with loftie style,
and leade these lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyle
to me the Muses nyne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledge whereon world doth gaze,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is kept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enowe,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdaine.
No friend for auncient peeres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

A description
of Carleon.

Maister Mor-
gan of Lan-
ternam in a
fayre houle
dwelles two
mile from
Carleon.

A plaine and
true rehearfall
of matter of
great antiqui-
tie.

A fayre Foun-
taine now be-
gun.
A free Schoole
now erected
by Maister
Morgan of
Lanternam.

A gird to the
flatterers and
fauners of pre-
sent tyme.

A houle of re-
formatiō new-
ly begun like-
wife.

The Bishop of
Landaffe still
lying in the
Towne.

D

The

The worthines

We praise and extoll strange Nations, and forget or abase our owne Countries.

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne :

What then I pray you shall we doo,
To pooze Carleon Towne.

In Arons the Martyrs Church King Arthur was crowned.

King Arthur sure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate :
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honoꝝ greate.

Three Archbishops, Yorke London, and Carleō, crowning King Arthur.

An Archbishop that Dubrick hight,
Did crowne this King in deede :
Foure Kings before him boze in sight,
Foure golden Swords we reede.

Arthur was great, that commanded such solemnitie.

These Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due :
Repayd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearse to you.

The true Authors are in the beginning of this booke for profe of this.

How many Dukes, and Earles withall,
Good Authoꝝ can you tell :
And so true wryters shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Actes he did,
What Conquest he obtaynd :
And in what Princely honoꝝ still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another notable solemnitie at a Coronation.

Queene Gueneuer was crown'd likewise,
In Iulius Church they say :

Where

of Wales.

Where that tower Queenes in solemne guise.
(In royall rich aray).

Foure Pigeons white, boze in their hands
Before the Princesse face :
In signe the Queene of Brittainish Lands,
Was worthis of that grace.

Carleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight :
As may be prou'd by sondrie things,
That I haue seene in sight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great :
It shewes it self this day throughout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there whereat he late :
As yet a plot of goodly ground,
Sets forth that rare estate.

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both :
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To trye this tale a troth.

There are such Mautes and hollowe Caues,
Such walles and Conditz deepe :
Made all like pyppes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may creepe.

Such streates and pauements sondrie waies,
To euery market Towne :

In Iulius
Church the
Martyr the
Queene was
crowned.
An honor rare
and great yet
feldome feene.

A deepe and
large round
peece of groud
shewes yet
where Arthur
fate.

A Church on
a hil a mile of
Saint Gillyans
is a faire house
where Sir Wil-
liam Harbert
dwelles.

Wonderfull
huge and long
pauements.

D 2

Such

The worthines

Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renowne.

The notablest
feate to behold
being on the
top that may
be seene.

As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note :
There is a Castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Castle al-
most downe.

It stands vpon a forced Hill,
Not sacre from flowing flood :
Where loe ye view long Wales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing
water may ea-
sily be brought
about both
Towne and
Castle.

A Seate for any King aloue,
The Soyle it is so sweete :
Fresh Springs doth streames of water driue,
Almost througk euery streate.

A great beau-
tie of grounds,
waters, groues,
& other plea-
sures for the
eye to be seene
from the old
Castle of Car-
leon.

From Castle all these things are seene,
as pleasures of the eye :
The goodly Groues and Wallies greene,
and wooddie Mountaines hye.
The crooked Creekes and pretie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine :
The flowing Tydes that spreadd the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.

I haue seene
Caues vnder
ground (at this
day) that goe I
knowe not
how farre, all
made of excel-
lent work, and
goodly great
stones both o-
uer head and
vnder foote, &

The stately Woods that like a hoope,
doth compasse all the Vale :
The Princely plots that stands in troope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Riuers that doth daily runne,
as cleare as Chyistfall stone :
Shewes that most pleasures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.

Great ruth to see so haue a Soyle,
Fall in so soye decay :

In

of Wales.

In forwe sit, full nere the foyle,
As fortune fled away.

close and fine
round about
the whole
Cauē.

And world forsooke to knowledgē those,
That earth hath bene so greate :
Where Kings and graue Philolophers,
Made once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæsars daies I trawe :
And Arthur holding residence there,
(As staries plainly shoue).

The name fo
mightie ar-
gues it was a
mightie and
noble towne.

Not only Kings and noble Peeres,
Repayde vnto that place :
But learned men full many peeres,
Receiu'd therein their grace.

Two hundred
Philosophers
were nori-
shed in Car-
leon.

Chan you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke surceale :
When prose is brought before your eyes,
He ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And loye his wonted fame :
And let each wise and worthie wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Yeeld right as
well to our el-
ders daies, as
to our present
age.

Would God the hute thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne :
And he that sits in reagall Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs rale and lyne)
Would marke these matters thowe :

¶ 3

And

The worthines

And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Arthurs praise,
Hath past for plainnelle sake:
In honoz of our elders daies,
That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each good tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent *from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coro- nation of King Arthur.*

Not unwilling to delate and make large the matter now
written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur
is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men
of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in
good Authozs) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that
merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine,
and with some paines and studie to present the world with in ge-
nerall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and
vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sort
(as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Prin-
ces of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaines, or
manasing and force of any foraine foe whatsoeuer. And for the
amending of my tale, let our Soueraine Ladie be well confide-
red of, (whose graces passeth my pen to shewe) and you shall see
great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about
and brought to good passe, in the action afoze named: which be-
commeth well a Queene of that race, who is descended of so no-
ble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to proceede to the
former

of Wales.

former discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue set doune some such Letters and Orations, as peradventure will make you to maruell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeeld me thanks for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to giue him any occasion to sit ydle, and so forget the vse of pen. There followeth hereafter those things befoze mentioned, which I hope the Readers will indge with aduise-ment, and construe to the best intent and meaning. For this matter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like maner declares with what pride and pomp the Romains sent hether (at the very instant of this great triumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and presently without further delay, gaue so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the Embassadors of Rome, that they were so vexed and abashed therewith, that they neither knew well how to take it, nor made any further reply: as followes by matter presently here, if you please thoroughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this Embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

The Coronation, and solemnitie ther-

of: The Embassage, and proude message of the

Romaines : And the whole resolution of
King Arthur therein, is first set
forth here in English.

TH Appoynted tyme of the solemnitie appoehing, and all being readie assembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Archbishops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon the Archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with
royall

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royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur . Dubright therefore (because the Court then lay within his Diocesse, furnished himselfe accordingly to perforce and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedrall Church of that Metropolitall See . On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbishops support him. And sower Kings, to wit, Angusell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carrying iiii. golden Swords. The companies also and concourse of sondrie sorts of officers, played afoze him most melodious & heavenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Queene was brought to the Church of professed Nunnes, being conducted and accompanied with Archbishops and Bishops, with her armes and titles royally garnished . And the Queenes, being wiues vnto the sower Kings aforesayd, carryed before her (as the order and custome was) sower white Doues or Pigeons.

For behold, twelue discreete personages of reuerend countenance came to the King in stately maner, carrying in their right hands in token and signe of Ambassage, Oliue boughes. And after they had saluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters contayning this effect.

¶ The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine*

Lucius Couerner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserued . I haue exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I say) and in considering the matter, I am angry and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou hast offered to Rome : and that thou, no better aduising thy self, refuselt to acknowledge her. Neither hast thou any care speedelie to redresse thyne ouersight, thus by vniust dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom
thou

of Wales.

thou art not ignorant, that the whole world owerth homage and service. For the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæsar, and other worthy Romaines long and many yeeres enjoyed the same, thou to the contempt of such an honorable Estate, hast presumed to detain and keepe backe. Thou hast also taken from them Gallia: thou hast wonne from them, the Provinces of Sauoy and Daulphinie: thou hast gotten the possession of all the Islands of the Ocean: the Kings wherof (so long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Ancestors. Sith therefore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and restitution at thy hands for these thy so great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middelt of August the next yeere; there to answer vnto thy Lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by iustice shall lay upon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will inuade thy Countries, and whatsoeuer thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assay to recouer and to them restore.

Allobroges.

¶ Cador the Duke of Cornewall

his Oration to the King.

I Haue hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to slouth and cowardize; and lose that honorable reputation of Cheualrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accounted to surmount all other Nations. For where the vse of Armes is not esteemed, but in steede thereof, Drincing, Carding, dalyng with women and other vayne delites frequented, it cannot choose, but there cowardize and sluggishie must needes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almost fise yeeres passed, since we hauing lacked Martiall exercise, haue effeminately bene nuzzeled in these foze layd delites. God therefore not willing to see vs any longer marred and stayned with sluggishie,

¶

hath

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hath stirred by the Romaines, that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient valour vnto the former state and dignitie. While hee vsed these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that every person was set and placed Arthur vsed this speech vnto them.

The Oration of Arthur *to his Lords and people.*

My fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduertitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I haue heretofore both in your sound counsels, and in exployting militare seruices had good tryall and experience of: listen now and affoord vnto me your aduise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wisely aforeshand deliberated and carefully foreseeene, when it commeth to the pinch, it is more easilie auoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeat and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cause greatly to feare him, sith vpon an vnreasonable cause he seeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he alledgeth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was paid to Iulius Cæsar and others his Successors, which being inuited and called hether through the discorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arriued here in Britaine with numbers of armed Soldiours: and with force and byolence, brought vnder their subiection, this our Countrey, miserably tolled with ciuile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they haue since taken and vniustly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and byolence, is iustly possessed by him that offered the byolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is vnreasonable,

of Wales.

ble, whereby he deemeth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therefore he thus presumeth to demaund of vs that which is vniust: let vs by the same reason, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, because Cæsar and other Romaine Princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my Predecessors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, tooke by force that Citie, and long while possessed it, hanging vp in the middelt of their chiefe Market place and high streete, twentieth of the chiefe Nobles among them. Constantine alſo the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere Cousins, and either of them successiuelly, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Emperre. What thinke ye now: Judge you that the Romaines haue any reason or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands: As touching Fraunce or other collaterall Ilands of the Ocean, it needeth no answer, sith they refused to defend them, when we forcibly tooke them out of their cloutches & iurisdiction.

Allobroges.

The Answer of Howell King *of little Britaine.*

Though euery one of you should neuer so diligently consider: and debate with himselfe neuer so aduisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possiblie deuise any better counsell then this, which thy most graue wisdom hath now remembred. Thy eloquent and Cullie like aduise therefore, hath furnished vs with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commende in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefite of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason a-

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fore

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foze alledged, I doubt not but wee should winne triumph, sith wee doe but defend our libertie, and iustly demandaue of our enemies, that, which they haue vniustly begun to demandaue of vs. For whosoer goeth about to defeate or dispossesse an other of his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthy-ly and deseruedly may bee put from that, which is his owne, by him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence. Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from vs, that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them. Behold this is the conuict that al true hearted Britaines so long haue wished for: Behold these be the Prophees of Sybilla now fulfilled, which so plainly and truly foretolde, that of the third stock of the Britaines there should one be bozne, that should obtaine and possesse the Romaine Emppire. Now, for two of these, the Prophees bee already fulfilled: sithence it is manifest (as thou hast already declared) that those two most noble and excellent Princes Belinus and Constantine, ouercame, and gaue the Armes of the Romaine Emppire. And now haue we you, being the third, vnto whom such high exploit and honour is promised. Make haste therefore to receiue that which God is ready to bestowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing should be subdued. Hasten to aduance all vs, that are here ready for thyne aduancement & honour, neither to refuse wounds, nor to lose life and limme. And for thy better atchieuing hereof, I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed Souldiours.

Sybilla her
prophesies
touching the
Britaines.

An exhortatio
of Howell.

ANgusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende of his Oracion, began to declare his liking and opinion of the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard my Lord bitter his mynd, touching this case, I haue conceiued such inward loye as I am not able here afoze you to expresse. For, in all our victorious Conquests already passed, and in so many Kings and Regions as wee haue subdued, wee may well seeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines
and

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and Germanes still to remaine, and doe not manfully wrecke vpon them, those bloodie slaughters, which heretofore they inflicted vpon our Ancestors and Countrey men. And now sith wee haue occasion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirst to see that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirst, euen as if I had bene drye and kept thre daies, thirstie, from a fountaine of water. Oh that I might see that day, how sweete and pleasant should those wounds be, that I should either giue or take, when we coope together; yea, death it self shall be sweete and welcome, so that I may suffer the same in reuenging our fathers, in defending our libertie, and in aduancing our King. Let vs therefore giue the charge and oncet vpon yonder effeminate and meycooke people, and let vs stand to our tackle like men: that after we haue banquilted them, we may enioye their honors and offices with ioyfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie with two thousand Hoymen well appoynted and armed, beside Foostemen.

The sentence
and resolution
of the King of
Albania.

F I N I S.

Here followeth the Latin of the English
going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio solemnitate instante Archipræsules Londinensis Eboracensis: necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiscopus Dubricius ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthurem diademate regali coronarent Dubricius ergo quoniam in sua duecesi curia tenebatur: paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam suscepit. Rege tandem insignito ad templum metropolitanæ fedis ornate conducitur: à dextro & à leuolatero duo Archipontifices ipsum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz Angulfus rex Albanie, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cador rex Cornubiæ, & Sater rex Demetiæ: quatuor aureos gladios ante ipsum ferentes præibant. Conuentus quoque multimodocum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex alia parte reginam suis insignibus laureatam Archipræsules

E 3

atque

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atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus: ramos oliuæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur: & eo salutato literas ipsi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

Lucij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum
Britonum regem epistola.

LVcius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britaniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tyrannidis protervia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugas: nec animadvertere festines quid sit iniustus actibus senatum offendisse: cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Etenim tributum Britannia quod tibi senatus reddere præcæperat: quia Caius Iulius ceterique romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt: neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam: eripuisti Allobrogum provinciam: eripuisti omnes oceani insulas: quarum reges dum romana potestas in illis partibus perualuit, vestigal maioribus nostris reddiderunt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis senatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantem Augustum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romam te venire iubeo: ut dominis tuis satisfaciens sententiam quam eorum dictatori iustitia acquiescas. Sin aliter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vesania tua reipublicæ eripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs restituere conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

HVcusque in timore fuero ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignavos faceret famamque militiæ
qua

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qua ceteris gentibus clariores censentur in eis omnino dederet. Quippe ubi versus armorum videtur abesse, alearum vero & mulierum inflammationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adesse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignavia commaculet. Fere namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delictis dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur ut nos segnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit ut in pristinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs similia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia ubi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

Confocij (inquit) aduersitatis & prosperitatis: quorum probitatis hæctenus, & in dandis cõsilijs, & in militijs agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc vnanimiter sensus vestros, & sapienter prouidete quæ super talibus mandatis nobis esse agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim à sapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus quibus modis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Iulio Cæsari ceterisque successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorum Britonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britanniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantem suæ potestati vi, & violentiâ submiserunt. Quia vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuste ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi ut violentia acquiritur iuste ab ipso possidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos iure sibi tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniustum est

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est à nobis præfumat exigere : confimili ratione petamus ab illo tributum Romæ : & qui fortior superuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit . Nam fi quia Cæfar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim subiugauerunt veftigal nunc debere fibi ex illa reddi decernit : Similiter nunc ego cenfeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet : quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt . Belinus etenim ille Britonum fereniffimus rex vfus auxilio fratris fui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum : fufpenfis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis : vrbem ceperūt, capfamque multis temporibus poffederunt . Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter poft alterum diademate Britannie infignitus : thronum Romani imperij adeptus est . Cenfetis ne ergo veftigal romanis petendum ? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus infulis oceani non est refpondendum : cum illas diffugerent quando eafdem poteftati eorum fubtrahebamus .

Hoeli regis minoris Britannicæ, refponfio.

Licet vnufquifque veftrum totus in fe reuerfus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non exiftimo eum præftantius confiliū poffe inuenire quam iftud quod modo difcretio folertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit . Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita . Vnde conftantis viri affectum : fapientis animi effectum optimi confilij profectum laudare indefinenter debemus . Nam fi iuxta prædictā rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur : dum libertatem noſtrā tueamur dum iuſte ab inimicis noſtris exigamus quod à nobis iniuſte petere incæperunt . Quicunque enim ſua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ ſua ſunt per eum quem impetit amittit . Quia ergo Romani noſtra nobis demere affectant : ſua illis procul dubio : auferemus ſi authoritas nobis congregiendi præſtabitur

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bitur . En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus . En *Vaticinia Sibyllæ* quæ veris angurijs testantur : ex Britannico *bille de Bristol-*
genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū . *nibus.*
De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula : cum manifestum sit præclaros vt dixisti principes Belinum atque Constantinum imperij Romani gefsisse insignia & imperia . Nunc verò te tertium habemus, cui tātum culmen honoris promittitur . Festina ergo recipere : quod deus non differt largiri . Festina subingere quod ultro vult subingari . Festina nos omnes exaltare qui vt exalteris nec vulnera recipere : nec vitam *Exhortatis*
amittere diffugiamus . Vt autem hæc perficias decem millibus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor. *Hoeli.*

ANgufelus Albanix rex : vt Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat : quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare perrexit . Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conieci : tanta lætitia animo meo illapsa est : quantam nequeo in vestra presentia exprimere . Nihil enim in transactis debellationibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur : *Sententia regis*
si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant : nec in illos clades *Albanix.*
quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus . Ac nunc quoniam licentia congregandi permittitur gaudens admodū gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conueniamus æstuans sitio cruorem illorum quemadmodū fontem si triduo prohiberer . O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera quæ vel recipiam vel inferam : quando dextras conferemus . Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit : dum eam in vindicando patres nostros : in tuendo libertatem nostram : in exaltando regem nostrum perpeffus fuero . Aggrediamur ergo semiuiros illos & aggrediendo perstemus vt deuictis ipsis eorum honoribus cum leta potiamur victoria . Exercitum autem nostrum duobus milibus armatorū equitum exceptis peditibus angebo .

FINIS.

**Would to God we had the like ayde of Kings and oöer now
to daunt the pride of the Romish practises.**

F

The

The worthines
The true Authors of this
whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Ascenciu.
Merlinus Ambrosius.
Gualterus Monemotensis.
Giraldus Cambrensis.
Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
Ieffrey of Monmouth.
Gildas Cambrius, a Poet of Britaine.
Sibilla.

Analles fue
gentes.

Two Berythen that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Carleon, in whose names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Episcopus Landaph.

Saint Augustine could not make the Britaines be obedient to the Archbishop of Canterburie, but yet they onely submitted themselves to the Archbishop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme that was King of Kent.

A Hill most
notable neere
Carleō a myle
frō the towne.

Now must I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A Fort and strength, that stands beyond this Towne:
On which you shall, behold the noblest howe,
(Looke round about, and so looke rightly downe)
That euer yet, I sawe or man may view:
Upon that Hill, there shall appeare to you,
Of leauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
Where Hill it selfe, is sure a warlike Seate.

Ten thousand men, may lodge them there vnseene,
In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortresse well:
And yet amid, the Fort a goodly greene,
Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

In

of Wales.

In spyte of world, if Souldiours victuall haue,
The Hill so stands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Or man or beast, but once stirre vp the head
A Bowe aboue, with shaft shall strike it dead.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and scope,
It seemes it stood, farre off for Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope :
Or els in deede, the Duke of Gloster sence
(That did destroy, both Towne and all therein)
To serue his turne, this Fortresse did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the same,
Tombarlowm stands, a Mountaine of some fame.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Newport now, there is full fayre to viewe :
Which Seate doth stand, for profite more then strength,
A right strong Bridge, is there of Timber newe :
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Castle wall :
Pere Church likewise, a Mount behold you shall,
Where Sea and Land, to sight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of fīue sayre Sheeres.

As vpward hie, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull sort :
So downward loe, is many a Marchants shop,
And many sayle, to Bristowe from that Port.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the Castle hard to win :
Which yet shewes fayre, and is repayrd a parte,
As things decayd, must needes be helpt by arte.

A goodly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, or lastie for the Soyle,
By Riuer stands, from Newport not thre myle.
This house was made, when many a bloodie boyle,

A very high
Hill of a mar-
ueilous strength
which was a
strong Fort in
Arthurs daies.

Bellinus Māg-
nus made this
called Belling-
stocke.

A wonderfull
high moun-
taine with the
like maner of
defence.

The towne of
Newport.

On a round
hill by the
Church there
is for Sea and
Land the most
princely fight
that any man
liuing at one
instant may
with perfect
eye behold.
The Towne
hath Mar-
chants in it.
A Castle is at
the end of this
Towne, and
full by the
Bridges and
Riuer.
Greenefield
Castle that
was the Duke
of Lancasters.

¶ 2

In

The worthines

Eboyth is the
Riuers name
that runneth
here.

In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state:
Here men with sword, and shield did braules debate:
Here lastie stood for many things in deede,
That sought sauegard, and did some sucke neede.

For Riuer,
wood, pasture
ayre, walke &
pleasure, this
place passeth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly sure:
A fine sweete Soyle, most pleasant vnto sight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,
It may be praisde, a plot sought out so well,
As though a King, should say here will I dwell:
The Pastures greene, the woods, and water cleere,
Sayth any Prince may buyld a Pallace heere.

A true iudge-
ment of the
commodities
in Wales if the
people there
would be la-
borous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and Coyne, and fertile ground enough:
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughtout,
Where if men would, take paynes to ply the Plough:
Digge out of drosse, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth:
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whose people takes great paine.

Nychill.

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmelesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble hayne and best,
To bere the mynd, with worldly wearie waies.
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend:
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to proule and purchase still,
And searcho out wealth, as other Nations doe:
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

of Wales.

They haue begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where sturdie Dikes did stand:
Conuertes the meares and marriſh euery where,
Whole barcaine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

The people of wales in many places thrives by labour daylie, and gets great gayne through tillage.

They teare vp Trees, and takes the rootes away,
Makes ſtonie fieldes, ſmoorh fertile fallow ground:
Byings Paſtures bare, to beare good graſſe for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Sheeres,
In better ſtate, than twas theſe hundred yeeres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knowne, the Countrey halfe ſo well.

Whereas at firſt, they fought for Corne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the boord, they haue both Cheeſe and loſe,
To ſhewe the world, in houſe is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbiſh loſt,
Saiſth plentie is, through Wales in euery coaſt:
The well wrought ground, that thouſands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, ſayth now there ſprings vp gold.

I haue known many places ſo barcaine, that they haue fought for corne farre of, who now are able to liue without helpe of any other Countrey.

I meane where weedes, and thistles long hath growne,
(Wild drowle and docks, and ſtinking nettles bile)
There Barley ſweete, and goodly Wheate is ſowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honeſt labour wan:
What ſweat of browes, byings in is ſugred ſweete,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and ſpree.

F 3 Abor-

The worthines
 ↻ Aborgaynies Towne is walled
round about, and hath fayre
 Suburbs alfo.

It stands ouer
 two little Ri-
 uers, called
 Ceybbie and
 Ceyuennie, of
 which Ceyuē-
 nie, Aborge-
 uenie tooke
 the name.

Returne I must, to my discourse before,
 Of Boyrow townes, and Castles as they are :
 Aborgaynie, behind I kept in store,
 Whose Seate and Soyle, with best may well compare.
 The Towne somewhat, on steepe and mounting hill,
 With Pastor grounds, and Meddowes great at will :
 On euery side, huge Mountaines hard and hye,
 And some thicke woods, to please the gazers eye.

The Bridge of
 stone a eleuen
 fayre arches,
 and a great
 bridge of stone
 to come drylie
 to that bridge.

The Riuer Oske, along the Vale doth passe,
 Right vnderneath, an auncient Bridge of stone :
 A goodly worke, when first it reared was,
 (And yet the Shiere, can shewe no such a one)
 Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not base,
 And newe things blissh, that steps not so in place,
 With suretie good, and shewe to step on stage,
 To make newe world, to honoꝛ former age.

Of the boun-
 tie of tyme
 past, and the
 hardnes of our
 age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Castles trim,
 Made Bridges braue, and strong for tyme to come :
 And our young daies, that doth in glorie swim,
 Holds hard in hand, that finger fast may thome.
 Looke what tyme past, made gallant fresh and fayre,
 Tyme present spoyles, or will not well repayre :
 As in this Towne, a stately Castle shooes,
 Which loe to ruine, and wretched wracke it goes.

A fayre and
 noble Castle
 belonging to
 the auncient
 house and race
 of the hono-
 rable, the Lord
 of Aborgaynie.

Most goodly Towers, are bare and naked last,
 That cou'ed were, with timber and good lead :
 These Towers yet stand, as streight as doth a shaft,
 The walles wherest, might serue to some good stead.

For

of Wales.

For found and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in dedde, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Wid stay them by, for to encrease his fame.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly Plaine,
Faire Riuers runne, great woods and mountaines hye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye.
Great ruth to let, so trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countreies strength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to scoone, our patched buildings netwe.

The bountie
of the Castle
and Countrie.

The shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The worthie worke, that is so finely wrought:
The Sellers deepe, and buildings round about,
The firme freestone, that was so deuely bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any King.
Hea who so wayes, the worth of Castle yet,
With heauie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

A goodly and
stately peece of
worke as like
to fall as be re-
payred againe.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
The same disease, hath Oske in Castle wall:
Which on maine Rocke, was builded every way,
And now Got wot, is readie downe to fall.
A number moze, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blact of winde:
The losse is theirs, that sees them ouerthrowne,
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in
the world
would pittie
the decay of
Castles in Mō-
mouth shiere.

Though Castle here, thzough trackt of tyme is wozne,
A Church remaines, that worthie is of note:
Where worthie men, that hath bene nobly bozne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene forgot.

In this church
was a most
famous worke
in maner of a
genealogie of

And

The worthines

Kings, called
the roote of
Iesse, which
worke is de-
faced and pul-
led downe in
peeces.

And buried cleane, in graue past mynd of man,
As thousand are, forgot since world began :
Whose race was great, and who for want of Tome,
In dust doth dwell, vnknowne till day of Dome.

On the right
hand in a faire
Chappell.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Enclode in wall right well :
Crosselegged as it seemes to sight,
(As as recoyd doth tell)

Both the win-
dowe and in
other parts a-
bout him
shewes that he
was a stranger.

He was of high and princely blood,
His Armes doth shewe the same :
For thereby may he vnderstood,
He was a man of fame.
A shield of blacke he beares on hest,
A white Crowe plaine thereon :

Blewe is.

The labell
whereon are
nyne Flower-
deluces.

A ragged fleue in top and crest,
All wrought in goodly stone.
And vnder feete, a Greyhound lyes,
Thyee golden Lyons gay,
Nine Flowerdeluces there likewise,
His Armes doth full display.

On the left
hand a Lord
of Aborgany.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in sumptuous sort :
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His force was much:for he by strength
With Bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hornes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath vnder feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon vnder head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest guyse)

HP

of Wales.

My first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in deede, of charge and showe,
Amid the Chappell stands:
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with stretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred came,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Dauie Gam,
(A Knight likewise, of right and name)
This Harbert and his feere,
Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
As plainly doth appeere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuice:
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes thre ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in shield:
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in most rich field:
Behind her head is likewise there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make those famous euery where,
Whose vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that before,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes:
He was at Banbrie field of poze,
And through the battaile wise:
He past with Dollar in his hands,
A manly act in deede,
To preace among so many hands,
As you of him may ceede.

Sir William
Thomas
Knight (alias)
Harbert

Sir Dauie
Gam Knight
father to this
Knights wife.

This Knight
was slaine at
Edgingcourt
field.

His Tombe is
of hard and
good Allabla-
ster.

Sir William
Thomas was
father to the
next that fol-
lowes, called
Sir Richard
Harbert of
Colbroke
Knight.

In the Chro-
nicle this is re-
hearded.

Ⓖ

This

The worthines

On the left
hand of the
Chappell they
lye.

This balliant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
Nere Aborgaynie towne :
Who when his fatall destinie felt,
And fortune slong him downe,
Among his enemies lost his head,
A rusfull tale to tell :
Yet buryed was as I haue said,
In sumptuous Tombe full well.
His wife Dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth :
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honoz of them both)
Stands at their heads, thre Lyons white
He giues as well he might :
Thre Rauens blacke, in shield she giues,
As Daughter to a Knight.
A sheafe of Arrowes vnder head,
He hath as due to him :
Thus there these worthie couple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

She was
daughter to
Thomas ap
Griffith father
to Sir Rice ap
Thomas
Knight.

On the right
hand of the
Chappell.

Now in another passing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With colt set out at large.
Two Daughters and fixe Sonnes also,
Are there set nobly forth :
With other workes that makes the shewe,
And Monument more worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and children to,
Lyes shrouded in that Seate :
Now somewhat for that Squire I do,
Because his race was great.
He was the father of that Barle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of spreet most rare,

The old Earle
of Penbroke
one of the pri-
uie Councill.

And

of Wales.

And bozne to happie fate.
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe withall,
Shewes to the lookers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auncient race,
And bozne of noble blood :
Sith that he dyed in such a case,
And left such wordly good,
To make a Tombe so rich and bzaue :
Nay further now to say,
The thye white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race betwray :
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now :
Upon this Tombe there are
Thye Lyons and thye white Bozes heads :
The first thye are his owne.
The white Bozes heads his wife she gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon greene :
More things who lists to searck with eye,
On Tombe way well he seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than :
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuite of man :
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall :
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A colly worke to see :

In the win-
dowe now he
lyes.

¶ 2

In

The worthines

In which his noble Armes are thought,
Of purpose there to bee.
A ragged sleeue and six red Birds,
Is portrayd in the Glasse:
His wife hath there her left arme bare,
It seemes her sleeue it was
That hangs about his necke full fine,
Right oze a Purple weede:
A robe of that same colour too,
The Ladie weares in deede,
Under his legges a Lyon red,
His Armes are rare and ritche:
A Harrold that could shewe them well,
Can blase not many sitch.
Sixe Lyons white, the ground sayre blew,
Thre flowerdeluces gold:
The ground of them is red of hew,
And goodly to behold.
But note a greater matter now,
Upon his Tombe in stone
Were foreteene Lords that knees did bow,
Unto this Lord alone.
Of this rare worke a porch is made,
The Barrons there remaine
In good old stone, and auncient trade,
To shewe all ages plaine.
What homage was to Hastings due,
What honour he did win:
What Armes he gaue, and so to blaze
What Lord had Hastings bin.

Some say this
great Lord
was called
Bruce and not
Hastings, but
most doe hold
opinion he
was called Ha-
stings.

A Ladie of A-
borgaynie.

Right oze against this windowe, loe
In stone a Ladie lyes:
And in her hands a Hart I troe,
She holds before your eyes:
And on her breast, a great sayre shield,

In

of Wales.

In which she heares no more
But three great flowerdeluces large :
And euen soe, right oze
Her head another Ladie lyes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand :
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run :
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little perie Sun,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And tooke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of
some noble
house whose
name I knowe
not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight :
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings loze :
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the mortall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good gifts on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue :
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of Sunne :
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis
lately Iudge in
the Amoralitie

The worthines
of An Introduction for
Breaknoke Shiere.

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, so soone should seeke for rest:
Shall fences sleepe, when head in house is hid,
As though some charme, were crept in quiet brest.
And so bewitch, the wits with too much eate,
That dulc good speete, and blunts quicke sharpe deuice:
Which climes the Clowdes, and wades through deepest Seas,
And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
To cleere the coast, and make the passage free
For trau'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick concept, by slouth is rockt asleepe,
And fresh deuice, goes faynt for lacke of vse:
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breedes, in bodie great abuse.
If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take:
And when cleere things, are staynd with dyosse and dust,
They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
Wit is nought worth, in ydle haine to rest,
Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that sluggard seekes:
But men of speete, whose hearts do still aspire,
Do labour long, with leane and lentten cheekes,
To trye the world, and taste both sweete and sower:
Who much doth see, may much both speak and write:
Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
To winne the wise, or dwell in worlds delight.
Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
Shall reape with ioye, for stoye good Cozne againe.

In

of Wales.

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flew with winde,
Feete could not stay, the bodie mou'd so fast:
For euery part, thereof did answer minde,
Till aged yeeres, sayd wanton daies were past.
If that be true, sound iudgement should be fraught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight:
Sith sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight:
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treat of tyme, and make discourse of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
Doth well become, an auncient wryters pen:
If skill will serue, such secretes to debate.
If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
To talke of Townes, and Castles as they are:
And looke thou doe, no toyle nor trauaile shun,
To set forth things, that be both straunge and rare.
If age doe droope, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comest home, yet set out some sweete Soyle.

Though ioynts were stiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bendes downe, to earth where corps must lye:
And legges be lame, and gotte creepes in the toes,
Cold crampe, and cough, makes groning goatt to crye.
When fits are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, for that shall purchase praise:
Plea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all oze Wales, in thyne old aged daies:
Forget no place, nor Soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witnesse of for troth,
And leaue the rest, to them that after liues:

When

The worthines

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou hast no state, nor patten here on earth,
But boyrowed breath, the bodie beares about :
Death daylie wayts, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lifts, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue some worke, in world before thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a witer was.

My Muse thus sayd, and so she thanke aside,
As though some Speer, a space had spoke to mee :
With that I had, a friend of myne elpyde,
That stood farre of, behind a Lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale : but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorrowe great, that from his heart did rise.
Oh friend (quoth hee) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not liue, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agreed in one to tread thee vnder foote :
Thou wast long since, slong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blotomes, forooke both braunch and roote,
And left weake age, as bare as barraine storke,
That neither fruite, nor leaues will growe vpon :
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie thocke
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gon :
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bee.

'Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great good turnes are gote :
Eis walke or ride, abroade the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to date.

Thy

of Wales.

Thy trauaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breeds, disease and sicknesse oft:
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men loske aloft.
No loyer snib, nor nothing nips so neere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie cheere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was stayd,
Sawe that I tooke, in hand a iourney streight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whose Seate once thoroughly pend,
(With some such notes, as season serues therefore)
There all the rest, of toyle should make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right soie sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will haue it so.

Some men begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to passe:
But common course, so soone orecomes the wits,
In peeces lyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and mule are prest:
And sith that Soyle, and towne shalbe the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest sort, it shalbe witten out:
Yet with such words, as caries credit still,

¶

As

The worthines

As other works, in world can breede no dout :
So this small peece, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, before my leaue I take.

O Happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to bace,
My mule but serues in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My harte inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glozy should vnfold, they do thy Couëtrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
And blaze y^e same, wth colozs gay, whose glistering beautie shines.
My holdnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the haines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in highst degree of praise,
With any now aliue that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles sayre, so brauely stands in deede,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses neede.
A writers curall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with toys y^e fancies frame.
With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renoune should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the hute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids skill I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my mules glad, to please y^e worlds delite.
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrарke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For looke what gifts y^e Gods the gauē, they tooke the al frō hēce,
And left vs nought but hookes, to stare and poze vpon,
On which perchauce blind bayard lookes, whē skill & sight is gō.
Our former age did floe, with grace and learned loze,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that strue to run before.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since y^e gole was gon, & wit hath won y^e game.

¶ We

of Wales.

We shall haue rounte to play, and tyme and place withall,
To looke, to reade, to wyte and say, what shall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouerweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.
Yet wyte in Countries praise, that I cannot let out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to trauile Wales about.
Yet take now well in woꝛth, the woꝛks I haue begun,
I can no further thing let foꝛth, my daies are almost dun:
As candle cleere doth burne, to socket in small tyme, (pymie.
So age to earth must needes retorne, when youth hath past his

Now Breakenoke shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a peere, thou art not sure forgot:
For wytten of so much as I desire:
For sicknelle long made bodie soone vetye
Unto the Towne where it was boꝛne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe must lye my hed.
When laboꝛs all, shall reape a graue for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled best:
Then as I now, haue somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to wyte on mee.
Whose restlesse muse, and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde:
And who reioyst, and tooke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and wyte.

¶ The Towne and Church of Breakenoke.

THE Towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all lapt about with hill:
You may behold a ruinous Castle there,
Somewhat defaste, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streates, thꝛough all the Towne ye haue, Maister Gams
dwelles here.
Yet in the same, are sondꝛie houles haue:

¶ 2 Well

The worthines

Doctor Awerbrie hath a house here.

Well built without, yea trim and saye within,
With sweete prospect, that shall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bidges good, of stone stands oze each streame:
The greatest Bidge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, throughe age and tract of tyme:
Which Bishop now, refourmes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayd in haste,
That house and Seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One stands on hill, where once a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbyes were put downe,
But now the same, for Parrish Church doth passe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe oze two I finde,
That worthie is, in byete to bying to minde.

The auncient house of Gams.

Three couple lyes, one oze the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one race and lyne:
And to be plaine, two couple lyeth dead,
The thirde likewise, as destinie shall aslyne,
Shall lye on top, right oze the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeeld to mortall fate.

These are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepes great trayne, and doth full brauely liue.
The eldest Sonne, and chiefest of that race,
Doth beare in Armes, a ramping Lyon crownd,

And

of Wales.

And thre Speare heads, and thre red Cocks in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found :
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Thre fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close lapt about his necke :
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right oze the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A Lyon blacke, and thre Bulles heads I troe :
Thre Flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of
the Gams.

Thre Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And thre white barres were in these Armes likewise :
Let Harrolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffice.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of leuerall men, some other Armes to shoue.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
These persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side :
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride.
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is befoze your eyes
Thre Libbarts heads, thre cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse:and further to be sayd,

The Armes of
one Waters.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fiercely made,
With taylor wound by:these Armes thus endeth so.
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was
Reynold De-
breos.

H 3

Of

The worthines

Of most hard wood: which wood as diuers say
No woyme can eate, noz tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harcolds thought full meete,
In wood likewise, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Iust by the same, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and worship both,
And world him thought, both happie blest and wise,
A man that lou'd, good Iustice faith and troth.
Right oze this Tombe, of stone, to his great fame,
Good store in deede of Latin verses are,
And euery verse, set forth in such good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, for many graces good
That he posselt, besides his birth and blood.

☞ Somewhat of some Ri- uers and Waters.

Glasseberies
Bridge is with-
in two myle of
Portthamwel.

Maister Ro-
bert Knowles
that married
one of the
heires of the
Vaughhans
hath a fayre
house and a
Parke at Port-
thamwell.

Of other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now must I write, to furnish forth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, tryall thowes

There, who so list vpon the same to looke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay,
So Hartford shiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes Thlauenny as they say
At Tawllgath meetes, so into Wye they beare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tytarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Here Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine hye,
Which shewes so huge, it is full hard to clyme:
The Mountaine seemes so monstrous to the eye,
Yet thousandz doe repayre to that sometime.

And

of Wales.

And they that stand, right on the top shal see
A wonder great, as people doe report:
Which common byrte, and saying true may bee,
But since in deede, I did not there resort,
I wyite no more, then world will witness well:
Let them that please, of those straunge wonders tell.

What is set downe, I haue it surely seene,
As one that toyld and trauayld for the truth:
I will not say, such things are as I weene,
And frame a verbe, as common voyces goeth.
For yet to please the humors of some men,
I list not stretch, nor racke my termes awy:
My muse will not so farre abuse the pen,
That wyiter shall gayne any blot thereby:
So he haue thanke in vsing ydle quill,
He seekes no more for paines and great good will.

¶ Ludloe Towne, Church *and Castle.*

THE Towne doth stand most part vpon an Hill,
Built well and layze, with streates both large and wide:
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will.
As long as there the Councell lists abide,
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
With Conditis cleere, and wholesome water springes:
And who that lists to walke the Towne about,
Shall finde therein some rare and pleasant things:
But chiefly there the ayze so sweete you haue,
As in no place, ye can no better craue.

The names of
streates there.
Castle streate.
Broad streate.
Old streate.
And the Mill
streate.
A fayre house
by the gate of
the making of
Iustice Walter.

The Market house where Coyn and Cates are sold,
Is couered oze, and kept in finest soyt:

From

The worthines

Nere this is a fayre house of Maister Sackfords which he did buyld, and a fayre honse that Maister Secretarie Foxe did bestowe great charges on, & a house that Maister Berrie dwelles in. M. Townesend hath a fayre house at Saint Austins once a Frierie. The Lord Prefident Sir Harrie Sidneys Daighter, called Ambrosia, is entombed here in most brauest maner and great chargeable workmanship on the right hand of the Aulter. On the same is my Lord of Warwicks Armes excellently wrought, and my Lord Prefidents Armes and others, are in like fort there richly set out.

From which ye shall, the Castle well behold,
 And to which walke, doe many men resort.
 On euery side thereof sayre houles are,
 That makes a shewe, to please both mynd and eye:
 The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
 There is, (wherein doth sondrie people lye)
 My pen shall touch, because the notes I finde
 Therein, deserue to be well bozne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
 In Tombe most rich, the top of sayre Touchstone:
 There was bestow'd in honour of this mayd,
 Great cost and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
 For as the Tombe, is built in sumptuous guile,
 So to the same, a closet sayre is wrought,
 Where Lords may sit in stately solemne wise,
 As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
 To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
 Of that sayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Against that Tombe, full on the other side,
 A Knight doth lye, that Justice Townesend hight:
 His wife likewise, so soone as that she dyed,
 In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
 And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
 An Heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
 And as world sayth, a worthy vertuous Dame,
 Whose auncient Armes, in colours there doth stand:
 And many more, whose Armes I doe not knowe,
 Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrie Chappell stands,
 Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
 Bestow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto some lands,
 And helpt poore soules that in necessitie stood.

As

of Wales.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely shoue:
So Hoziers hands, and head were working still:
For those he did, in det or daunger knowe,
He smyld to see, a begger at his dooze:
For all his ioye, was to releue the pooze.

Another man, whose name was Cookes for troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
For to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A yeerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the pooze doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
For he bestow'd, great charge befoze he dyde,
To helpe pooze men, and now his bones doth lye
Full nere the font, vpon the foymost side.
Thus in those daies, the pooze was lookt vnto,
The rich was glad, to sling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the pooze some good might do.
In pooze mens bore, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold for one he leaues:
Or els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THE Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the betwe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lord President made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourse of things as true,

Sir Robert
Townes-end
Knight lyes
in a maruelos
fayre Tombe
in the Queere
here, and his
wife by him,
at his feete is a
red Rowbuck,
and a word
tout en dien.
On the left
hand Hozier
lyes in the bo-
die of the
Church.
On the right
hand Cookes
lyes.
This man was
my mothers
father.
Beawpy was a
great ritche and
verteous man,
he made ano-
ther Chantrie.

The Castle of
Ludloe.

Sir Harry Sid-
ney built ma-
ny things here
worthie praife
and memorie.

I There

The worthines

There are great works, that now doth beare no name,
Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
To see the same: for loe in elders daies
Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Over a Chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is S. Andrews Croffe ioyned to Prince Arthurs Armes in the hallwindowe.

Prince Arthurs Armes, is there well wrought in stone,
(A wortheie worke, that fewe or none may mend)
This worke not such, that it may passe alone:
For as the tyme, did alwaies people lend
To world, that might exceede in wit and spere:
So sondrie sorts of works are in that Seate,
That for so hye a stately place is meete:
Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greate.
Looke on my Loyds, and speak your fancies thow,
And you will praise, saye Ludloe Castle now.

In it besides, (the works are here bnnam'd)
A Chappell is, most trim and colly sure,
So brauely wrought, so saye and finely fram'd,
That to worlds end, the beautie may endure.
About the same, are Armes in colours sitch,
As fewe can shewe, in any Soyle or place:
A great deuice, a worke most rare and ritche:
Which truely shewes, the Armes, the blood and race
Of sondrie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that folowes are Armes of Princes and Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe Castle, whose Armes are there, and so followes the rest by order as you may reade.

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Mortymer the first Earle of Marchy an Earle of a great house matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell

of Wales.

Leonell Duke of Clarence soynded with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of Marchy matched with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of Marchy.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Maduile of Riuers.

Henry the seuenth matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquese of Penbryke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now folloves the rest of those that were Lord Presidents, and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lee Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Jhon Uellie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

The worthines

John Dudley Earle of Warwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Herbert (after Earle of Penbrooke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Herbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Browne Bishop of Bath and Welles Lord President.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord President.

Sir Harry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbret Knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blankes left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scoy Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Dauiés, Bishop of Saint Dauiés.

Thomas Dauiés, Bishop of Saint Allaph.

Sir James Crofts Knight, Controller.

Sir

of Wales.

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester and the three Shieres of Eastwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bromley Knight, and Justice of the three shieres in Wales.

William Ferrard, Lord Chauncelloz of Ireland, and Justice of the three Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Fore Esquier and Secretozie.

Ellice Price Doctoꝝ of the Lawe.

Edward Lighton Esquier.

Richard Sebozne Esquier.

Richard Pates Esquier.

Rafe Barton Esquier.

George Phetyplace Esquier.

William Leighton Esquier.

Hyles Sands Esquier.

The Armes of al these afoze spoken of are gallantly and cunningly set out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearsed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord President, buyt twelue rounes in the sayd Castle, which goodly buildings both shewe a great beautie to the same.

The great water called Teā, comes 17. mile frō a place called the Whitehall neere vnto Begyldie in the County of Radnor.

The worthines

The Forrest of
Brenwood is
west from the
towne.
The Chace of
Mocktrie and
Ockley Parkes
stāds not farre
from thence.

He made also a goodly Wardrope vnderneath the new Parloz, and repayred an old Tower, called Nozymers Tower, to keepe the auncient Records in the same: and he repayred a layre roume vnder the Court house, to the same entent and purpose, and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a most braue Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement there) made and set out to the honour of the Queene, and glorie of the Castle.

There are in a goodly or stately place set out my Lord Earle of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Worcester, the Earle of Penbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes in like maner: all these stand on the left hand of the Chamber. On the other side are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of
the Lord Pre-
fidents.

At the end of the dyning Chamber, there is a pretie deuice how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great grate of Iron of a huge height: so much is witten only of the Castle.

¶ The Towne of Ludloe, and many *good gifts graunted to the same.*

He gaue great
posseffions,
large liberties,
and did incor-
porate them
with many
goodly free-
domes.

King Edward fourth, for seruice truely done,
When Henry sixt, and he had mortall warre:
No sooner he, by force the victorie toone,
But with great things, the Towne he did preferre.
Gaue lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth, mainteyne the Townes great charge:
Whose people now, in as great freedomz are,

As

of Wales.

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

Two Baylieses rules, one yeere the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue therein likewise :
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chosen are, by oth and auncient guise.
Good lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and Justice take:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Schoolemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to sing,
And so serue God, and doe none other thing.

Three tymes a day, in Church good Sacrifice is,
At fixe a clocke, at nine, and then at thre :
In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
But sondrie sort, of people there to see.
And thirtie thre, poore persons they maintaine,
Who weekely haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a weeke, the poore are truely payde:
Which shewes great grace, and goodnelle in that Seate,
Where rich doth see, the poore shall want no meate.

An Hospitall, there hath bene long of old,
And many things, pertainning to the same :
A goodly Guyld, the Township did vphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of worthy fame.
This Towne doth choole, two Burgesles alwaies
For Parliament, the custome still is so:
Two Fayres a yeere, they haue on seuerall daies,
Three Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe :
And two great Parkes, there are full neere the Towne,
But those of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne.

That Towne hath bin well governed a lōg while with two Baylieses, twelue Aldermen, and fise and thirtie Commoners, a Recorder & a Townclarke affittant to the sayd Baylieses by iudiciall course of lawe weekely, in as large and ample maner for their triall betweene partie and partie, as any Cittie or Borrowe of England hath.

The poore haue sweete lodgings each one a part to himselfe. An Hospitall called S. Iones. A Guyld that King Edward (by Letters Patents) gaue to the Baylieses and Burgesfes of the towne. The Aldermē are Iustices of the Peace for the time being

These

The worthines

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
And world to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wise and ritche
Were bozne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did rest,
Where now full oft, the President dwels a space:
It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
And neere to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Within this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of Townes, that in Shropshire you haue,
I neede not touch, they are so througely knowne:
And further moze, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer byute be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit by here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to showe.
So cease my muse, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

An Introduction to re- *member Shropshire.*

How hath thy muse so long bene luld a sleepe:
What deadly drinke, hath sence in slumber brought:
Doth popson cold, througely blood and holome creepe:
Do is of spite, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
That vitall spretes, hath lost their feeling quite:
Do is the hand, so weake it cannot write:
Come ydle man, and shewe some honest cause,
Why writers pen, makes now so great a pause.

A deuice of
the Author
called Reafous
threatning.

Can

of Wales.

Can Wales be nam'de, and Shropshiere be forgote,
The marches must, make muster with the rest:
Shall Sallop say, their countreyman doth dote,
To treat of things, and write what thinks him best.
No since such fault, were dubble error plaine,
If in thy pen, be any Poets bayne,
Or gifts of grace, from Skyes did drop on thee,
Than Shrewfebrie Towne, thereof first cause must bee.

Both boyne and bred, in that same Seate thou wast,
(Of race right good, or els Records do lye)
From whence to schoole, where euer Churchyard past,
To native Soyle, he ought to haue an eye,
Speake well of all, and write what world may proue,
Let nothing goe, beyond thy Countries loue:
Wales once it was, and yet to mend thy tale,
Make Wales the Parke, and plaine Shropshiere the pale.

The Author
borne in
Shrewfeburie.

Shrewfeburie
the marches of
Wales.

If pale be not, a speciall peece of Parke,
Sit silent now, and neither write nor speake:
But leaue out pale, and thou mayst misse the marke,
Thy muse would hit, or els thy thast may breake
Against a stone, thou thinkest to glance vpon.
Now weigh these words, my cholish check is gon,
More gentle speech, hereafter may I spend,
When that in verse, I see thy Countrie pend.

Reasons
threatning is
done.

When Reasons threat, had rapt me on the pate,
(With priue blowes, that neuer dratwes no blood)
To studie streight, with pen and ynke I gate,
And sadly there, berthought me what was good.
But ere the locke, and dooze was bolted fast,
Ten thousand toyes, in head through fancie past,
And twentie more, concepts came rousing on,
That were too long, to talke and treat vpon.

The priue
blowes that
Reason giues.

R

Where:

The worthines

For feare of
shame slouth-
full men are
well occupied.

Wherefoze in brieft, I settled pen to worke,
For feare least world, found fault with slouthfull muse:
And calling vp, the spreeter that close did lurke
In cloke of ease, that would good wits abuse.
I held on way, to auncient Shrewfebrie Towne,
And so from hoyle, at lodging lighting downe,
I walkt the streeter, and markt what came to betwe,
Found old things dead, as world were made a newe.

Newe build-
ings makes
old deuice
blush.

For buildings gay, and gallant finely wrought,
Had old deuice, throught tyme supplanted cleane:
Some houles bare, that seem'd to be worth nought,
Were fat within, that outward looked leane:
What had won wealth, to stufte each emptie place,
The cunning head, and labouring hand had grace
To gayne and keepe, and lay vp still in stoze,
As man might say, the heart could wish no moze.

Labour reapes
reward.

A number sure, were rich become of late,
By worldly meanes, by hap or wisdomes arte:
He had no praise, that did apayze his state,
And he most latwde, that playd the wisest parte.
To come by goods, well won with honest trade,
And warely looke, there were no haucock made:
Such thixtie men, doe dwell in Shrewfebrie now,
That all the Towne, is full of Marchants throw.

Many well
borne and rich
in Shrewfebu-
rie.
Diuers Almes
houes in
Shrewfeburie,
and hath bin
there maintey-
ned in old
time.

And condzie bozne, of right good race and blood,
Who freely liues, from bondage euery way:
Whose rent and lands, whose wealth and worldly good,
(When other works, giues them free leaue to play)
Most part are rich, or els right well to liue,
And to the pooze, the godly people giue:
To preaching still, repayzes both young and old,
Makes moze thereof, then of rich pearle or gold.

¶ Now

of Wales.

Now cometo poynts, and rules of ciuill men,
Good maner calde, that shewes good nature still :
And so with Wales, ye may compare them then,
The meanest sort, I meane of stendrest skill.
For as some whelpes, that are of gentle kinde,
Exceedes curre dogges, that beares a doggish minde :
So these meeke folke, that meetes you in the streete,
Will curchise make, or shewe an humble spieete.

Shrewfeburie
and Wales are
like in courte-
sie.

Fayre wordes
and reuerence
is a common
thing there.

This argues sure, they haue in Wales bin bred,
Or well brought vp, and taught where now they dwell :
If haughtie heart, be spyde by loftie hed,
And curteous foikes, by lookes are knowne full well :
He thinks the myld, wins all goodwill away,
The sturdie stands, like Stagge or Bucke at bay :
The tame white Dsue, and Faulkon for delytes,
Are better farre, then fiftene hundred Kytes.

Good nature
and good man-
ners shewes
good mynds.

Stout beha-
uiour is rather
abhorred then
embraced.

Myr theme is Wales, and to that theme I goe,
Perhaps some seede, of that same Soyle is here :
Sowne in such sort, that dayly it doth growe
In fayrest fourme, to furnish forth this thiere,
Admit the same, the sequell graunts it well,
Paske that discourse, and giue me leaue to tell
How Shrewfeburie stands, and of the Castles seate,
The Riuer large, and stonie bridge so greate.

Many of wales
wealthie men
in Shrewfebu-
rie.

The Towne threeparts, stands in a valley loe,
Threeparts there are, through which you needes must passe,
As to the height, of Towne the people goe :
So Castle seemes, as twere a looking glaasse,
To looke through all, and hold them all in awe,
Treangle wise, the gates and Towne doth drawe :
But Castle hill, spyes out each streete so plaine,
As though an eye, on them did still remaine.

A deepe de-
nuice the founda-
tion of
Shrewfeburie.
The Castle
built in such a
braue plot,
that it could
haue espied a
byrd flying in
euery streete.

R 2 In

The worthines

- A matter to
be marked.
- In midst of Towne, lower Parrish Churches are,
Full nere and close, together note that right:
The betwe farre of, is wondrous straunge and rare,
Foz they doe seeme, a true loue knot to sight:
They stand on hill, as Nature wrought a Seate,
To place them lower, in stately beautie greate:
As men deuout, to buyld these works tooke care,
So in these daies, these Temples famous are.
- A Knight lyes
croffelegged
in S. Maries,
his name is
Leyborne.
- First foz the cause, whereon they so were made,
Then foz their fourme, and fashion framed fine:
Next foz the cost, the stones and auncient trade,
And chiefe of all, foz mans intent deuine.
Their placing thus, the plots whereon they stand,
The workmanship, with cunning Masons hand:
Their height and breadth, their length and thickeesse both,
Argues in deede, a wondrous worke of troth.
- Of the fame
of Churches.
- Not farre from them, doth goodly Seuarne run,
An arme of Sea, a water large and deepe:
Whole headstrong streame, the fisher can not shun,
Except by banke, both hote and he doth creepe.
This Riuer runs, to many a noble Towne,
As Wyfter one, and Bristowe of renowne:
With moe besides, which here I neede not name,
The Card can shewe, both them and all their fame.
- Of the Riuer
of Seuarne.
- Not farre from them, doth goodly Seuarne run,
An arme of Sea, a water large and deepe:
Whole headstrong streame, the fisher can not shun,
Except by banke, both hote and he doth creepe.
This Riuer runs, to many a noble Towne,
As Wyfter one, and Bristowe of renowne:
With moe besides, which here I neede not name,
The Card can shewe, both them and all their fame.
- A notable Ri-
uer, called Se-
uarn, running
vnder two
faire bridges
of stone.
- About the walles, trim vnder goodly banks
Doth Seuarne passe, and comes by Cotten hill:
Much praise they had, and purchast many thanks,
That at Stonebridge, made place foz many a Mill.
About the Towne, this water may be brought,
If that a way, were nere the Castle wrought:
So Castle should, stand like a peereles mount,
And Shrewsbrie Towne, be had in great account.

Full

of Wales.

Full from Welshbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, most fayre and fine to bewe:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is seldome scene
In many parts, if that I heare be true.
Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
And ayre is fresh, by euery Riuers side:
But lince this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

There is a
bridge called
Welshbridge,
which shewes
Shrewfeburie
to be of Wales

Who hath desire, to bewe both hill and vale,
Walke by old wall, of Castle rude and bare,
And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
In kindly sort, as though some Marchants ware
Were set in shop, to please the passer by:
Or els by shewe, beguyld the gazers eye:
For looke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

The Castle
though old
and ruynate
stands most
braue and gal-
lantly.

Maister Prince
his house stands
so trim and
finely, that it
graceth all the
Soyle it is in.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey forehed yet:
A long great streate, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wisht with wit:
Where Abbey stands, and is such ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To hide all blasts, all wethers stormes and windes.

Another way, full oze Welshbridge there is,
An auncient streate, cal'd Franckwell many a day:
To Ozeftri, the people passe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Castle forehed both,
A streate well pau'd, two severall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Castle stood, to bewe hath subiect bin.

Here is the
wayto Meluer-
ley, to Wattels
Borrow where
Ma. Leighton
dwelles, to
Cawx Castle
Lord Staf-
fords, and to
Maister Wil-
liams house.

¶ 3 But

The worthines

Aldermen in
Scarlet orderly
in Shrewfebu-
rie, and two
Bayliefes as
richly fet out
as any Mayor
of some great
Cities.

But now doth hold, their freedome of the Prince,
And as is found, in Records true vnfaund,
This trim shiere towne, was buylt a great while since:
Whose priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two Bayliefes there, doth rule as course doth fall,
In state like Maioz, and orders good withall:
Each officer due, that sits for stately place,
Each peere they haue, to yeeld the roume more grace.

Great & costly
banqueting
in Christmas
and at all Ses-
sions & Sizes.

On sollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe,
Good house they keepe, as cause doth serue therefore:
But Christmas feasts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London sure, whose state is farre much more.
That Cities charge, makes straungers blush to see,
So princely still, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Torch beyond the best,
This Lanterne light, may shine among the rest.

A matter of
trafficke to be
noted and cō-
sidered of.

London com-
pared to the
flowing Sea.

This Towne with more, sit members for the head,
Makes London rich, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, for Clothes and markes of lead,
And for Welch ware, exchaungeth English pence.
A fountaine head, that many Conditis serue,
Keepes moyst dye Springs, and doth it selfe preferue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May spare some shewres, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great
muff main-
taine the smal.

So London must, like mother to the Realme,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue lucke and pap:
Small Brookes swelles vp, by force of mightie streame,
As little things, from greatest gaynes good hap.
If Shrewfebrie thriue, and last in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of worldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate stands well,
Great health they haue, in such sweete Soyles that dwell.

Thus

of Wales.

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in deede,
Or els at least, the marches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no neede,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A goodly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient gyse:
Where Kings and Queenes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God plealde, that good Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is fet
out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So sondrie Townes, in Shropshire doe for troth:
As Ozeftre, a pretie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likte and prayesd both.
It stands so trim, and is maintaynd so cleane,
And peeped is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserue, to be enrould and thynd
In each good breast, and euery manly mynd.

Ozeftre and
Bishops Ca-
stle doth front
in Wales.

The Market there, so farre exceedes withall,
As no one Towne, comes neere it in some sort:
For looke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, foule, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable
market a mer-
uelous matter.

They hacke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
Poore folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of naught:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and vnshod,
With song in Welsh, or els in praying God:
O swete content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'lt to gec thy food.

Poore folkes
makes fewe
words in bar-
gayning.

¶

The worthines

The blessed-
nesse of plaine
people.

¶ plaine good folke, that haue no craftie braines,
¶ Conscience cleere, thou knowst no cunning knacks:
¶ harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
¶ simple Soules, as sweete as Virgin ware.
¶ happie heads, and labouring bodie's blest,
¶ allie Doues, of holy Abrahams hest:
You sleepe in peace, and rise in ioye and blisse,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report
yet truly gi-
uen of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies:
Where is such cheere, so cheape and chaunge of fare:
Ride North and South, and search all beaten waies,
From Barwick bounds, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I shall be, your slaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You must
reade further
before you
finde Ludloe
described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes returne,
A season short, no long discourse doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in deede to doe I haue.
Looke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this hower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power:
Not hyperd thereto, but hal'de by hart's desire
To giue them praise, whose deedes doe fame require.

Verte folium.

The Authors
forgetfulnesse
excused.

¶ *Of Shrewsbury Churches and the Monuments*
therein, with a Bridge of stone two bowshot long, and
a freate called Colam, being in the Subbarbs,
and a fayre Bridge there in like maner:all
this was forgotten in the first copie.

I had such haste, in hope to be but briefe,
That Monuments, in Churches were forgot:

And

of Wales.

And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where Playes haue bin, which is most worthie note.
There is a ground, newe made Cheatoꝝ wise,
Both deepe and hye, in goodly auncient guise:
Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleafant
and artificiall
peece of ground

A space helowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players too, great rounge and place at will.
And in the same, a Cocke pit wondrous leare,
Besides where men, may wrastle in their fill.
A ground most apt, and they that sits aboue,
At once in betwe, all this may see for loue:
At Aftons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Afton
was a good
and godly
Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne streame, runs round about this ground,
Saue that one side, is closde with Shrewfebric wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
In that same Soyle, behold at will ye shall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be seene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall say the Towne, is sure a princely Seate.

A Friery house
flood by this
ground called
the Welsh
Fryers.
In Shrewfebu-
rie were three
Fryer houses.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a streate, doth answer in degree,
And by some part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as though bridge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of freestone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe skill, that first the founders were:

¶ Good

The worthines

Good right they should, the fruite of labour reape,
Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the spreetes and sence so quicke:
O golden age, that car'de not what was spent,
So leaden daies, did stand therewith content.

Gold were those peeces, that sparde such siluer pence,
And brazen world, was that which hoorded all:
The leaden daies, that we haue sauerd since,
Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
What newe things now, with franknesse well begun,
Can staine those deedes, our fathers old haue done:
Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewise,
Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Looke on the works, and wits of former age,
And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind:
If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,
And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,
For all our braue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
Tyme past would run, with all the fame away.
Aske Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,
In this one poynt, shall you resolue at ease.

A brieft dis-
course of aun-
cient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,
To buyld their Townes, on steepe and stately hill:
To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,
So should their works, declare their worthie will.
And for that then, the world was full of strife,
And fewe men stood, assur'd of land or life:
Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,
That no one Soyle, was free from soule debate.

The occasion
of buylding
strong Holds.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discorde,
They made strong Holds, and Castles of defence:

And

of Wales.

And such as weare, the Kings the Prince and Lord
Of any place, would spare for no expence,
To see that safe, that they had hardly won:
For which sure paynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people waxed wyld,
They brought in feare, by this both man an child.

And if men may, iudge who had most ado
Or gesse by Forts, and Holds what Land was best:
Or looke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Or search what made, men seeke for peace and rest,
Behold but Wales, and note the Castles there,
And you shall finde, no such works any where:
So old so strong, so costly and so hye,
That vnder Sunne, is to be seene with eye.

Wales hath a
wonderfull
number of
Castles.

And to be plaine, so many Holds they haue,
As sure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pause there a while, my muse must pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon such matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be set forth in verse,
Which shall both Towne, and Castle here rehearse:
So that the verse, such credit may attayne,
As wyter shall, not lose no peece of payne.

A description
of Denbigh-
shire.

☞ An Introduction to bring *in Denbighshire.*

H Art flourish and sleepe, bewitcht my senses so,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muse, become so great a foe,
That labring pen, in pennoy still shall stand.
What trifeling toy, doth trouble wryters brayne,
That earnest loue, forgets sweete Poets bayne:

A conceyted
toy to set a
broach an ear-
nest matter.

L 2

Wid

The worthines

Bid welcome mirth, and sad conceytes adue,
And fall againe, to wryte some matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
To giue skill light, and make sound iudgement see:
Since gazing eyes, hath seene what each thing is,
And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
Set forth in verse, as well this Countrey here,
As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere:
Praise one alone, the rest will thee disdain,
A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muster-
maister of
Kent more
chargeable
then well cōsi-
dered of there.

Though former toyles, be lost in Sommer last,
Dispayre not now, for Wales is thankfull still:
Thou hast gon farre, the greatest hunt is past,
Then forward passe, and plucke not backe goodwill,
Put hand to Plough, like man goe throug with all,
Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall:
When seede is sowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of good graine.

Hold on thy course, and trauaile Wales all oze,
And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
And thou shalt see, thou neuer saw't before,
Right goodly things, in deede that doth excell:
More auncient Townes, more famous Castles old,
Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold:
With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
And thou shalt see, what glozie thou shalt win.

Chirke Castle
a goodly and
princely house
yet.

So I tooke horse, and mounted by in haste,
From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde:
When frost and snowe, and wayward winters wasse,
Mid beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde.
I entred first, at Chirke, right oze a Brooke,
Where staying still, on Countrey well to looke.

¶

of Wales.

A Castle fayre, appeerde to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers both large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the same doth Keeryock run,
A raging Byroke, when rayne or snowe is greate:
It was some Prince, that first this house begun,
It shewes farre of, to be so hyaue a Seate.
On side of hill, it stands most trim to bewe,
An old strong place, a Castle nothing newe.
A goodly thing, a princely Pallace yet,
If all within, were througely furnisht fit.

Keeryock a
wondrous vio-
lent water.

Maister Iohn
Edwards hath
a fayre houfe
nere this.

Beyond the same, there is a Bridge of stone,
That stands on Dee, a Riuer deepe and swift:
It seemes as it, would riue the Rocks alone,
Or vndermyne, with force the craggie Clift.
To Chester runs, this Riuer all along,
With gushing streame, and roying water strong:
On both the sides, are bankes and hilles good stoye,
And mightie stones, that makes the Riuer roye.

Newe Bridge
on the Riuer
Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,
And swellles like Sea, with waues and coming flood:
A wonder lure, to see this Riuer Dee,
With winde alone, to ware so wyld and wood,
Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,
And shewe such life, as though some sprecete it had.
A cause there is, a nature for the same,
To bring this flood, in such straunge case and frame.

A straūge na-
ture of a water

There is a
poole in Me-
ryonethshiere
of three myle
long rageth fo
by storme that
it makes this
Riuer flowe.

Not farre from this, there stands on little mount,
A right fayre Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of good account,
Full finely wrought, amid the Queere I spyde,
A Tombe there is, right rich and stately made,
Where two doth lye, in stone and auncient trade.

Ruabon
Church is a
fayre peece of
worke.

The worthines

The man and wife, with sumptuous sollemne guyse,
In this rich fort, before the Aulter lyes.

This Gentle-
man was cal-
led Iohn Bel-
lis Eytton.

His head on crest, and warlike Helmet stapes,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he layes,
Two Gauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, appeeres in many a place:
His house and lands, not farre from thence doth shoue,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmest glasse, that may in window bee,
(Wherein the roote, of Jesse well is wrought)
At Aulter head, of Church now shall you see,
Hea all the glasse, of Church was deereley bought.

Offaes Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offaes Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines strength.
Wats Dyke likewise, about the same was set,
Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke still, but passing bounds by sleight,
The one did take, the other prisner sleight.

Wats Dyke.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
Good rule and lawe, makes baddest things to stay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The hyutest healts, that sauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as season is allynde:
The angryest men, that can no friendship hyde,
Must ceace from warre, when peace appaltes their pryde.

¶Now

of Wales.

Now let this goe, and call in haste to minde,
Trim Wrickfam Towne, a pearle of Denbighshiere:
In whose fayre Church, a Tombe of stone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on side of Queere.
On th'other side, one Pilson lyes in graue,
Whose hearle of blacke, sayth he a Tombe shall haue:
In Queere lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Ho-
well lyes there
a Gentleman.

But speake of Church, and keeple as I ought,
My pen to base, so fayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are so finely wrought,
I cannot praise, the workmanship too much.
But buylt of late, not eight scoze yeeres ago,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth shoue:
No common worke, but sure a worke most fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The keeple there, in forme is full foure square,
Yet euery way, fise pinnackles appeere:
Trim Pictures fayre, in stone on outside are,
Made all like ware, as stone were nothing deere.
The height so great, the breadth so bigge withhall,
No peece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that stands, to stayne a number moze,
In any age, that hath bin buylt befoze.

A generall Commenda- *tion of Gentilitie.*

NEre Wrickfam dwels, of Gentlemen good scoze,
Of calling such, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not seene no moze,
(In such small rounge) that auncient Armes doe giue.
They

The worthines

In Maylor, are
all these Gen-
tlemen.

Maister Roger
Pillfons houfe
at Itchlay.

Maister Alm-
mer at Pant-
yokin.

Maister Iohn
Pillfon of Ber-
fan.

Maister Ed-
ward Iones of
Cadoogan.

Maister Iames
Eaton of Eat-
ton.

Maister Ed-
ward Eaton
by Ruabon.

Maister Owen
Bructon of
Borras.

Maister Iohn
Pillfon of Ha-
berdewerne.

Maister Tho-
mas Powell of
Horsley.

Maister Iohn
Treuvar of
Treuolin.

A generall
praise of all
Gentlemen in-
habiting of a-
ny Countrey.

They are the ioye, and gladnesse of the poore,
That dayly feedes, the hungrie at their doore:
In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found,
Some houfe is kept, and bountie doth abound.

They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey too,
And furnisht are, to serue at neede in feeld:

And euery thing, in rule and order do,
And vnto God, and man due honour yeeld.

They are the strength, and luerie of the Land,
In whole true hearts, doth trust and credit stand,
By whose wise heads, the neighbours ruled are,
In whom the Prince, reposes greatest care.

They are the flowers, of euery garden ground,
For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes:

Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is sownd,
Their noble myndes, will bring forth faithfull breedes:

Their glorie rests, in Countries wealth and fame,
They haue respect, to blood and auncient name:

They weigh nothing, so much as loyall hart,
Which is most pure, and cleane in euery part.

They doe vphoid, all ciuill maners myld,

All manly actz, all wise and worthie waies:

If they were not, the Countrey would grow wyld,

And we should soone, forget our elders daies:

Ware blunt of wit, in speech growe rude and rough,

Want vertue still, and haue of vice enough.

Shewe feeble speete, lacke courage euery where,

Dout many a thing, and our owne shadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hie renowne,

To scale the Cloudes, if men might clyme the ayre:

Allault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,

Giue charge on Moone, and Sunne that shines so fayre.

¶

of Wales.

I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly ore, high Hillles if they had wings:
Beate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines too,
Whea what dare not, a man of courage doo.

Now must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leauz, and pen out further place:
So if my muse, were now in pleasant bayne,
Holt Castle should, from herse receiue some grace:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly rounes throughout,
Strong Vaultes and Caues, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of worthy pite.

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent (and pen is readie prest)
To seede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remaines, in head and labouring brest.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Writhen both,
Where are great Hillles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Of Mountaines now, in deede my muse must runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables sayne:
Because some say, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taste somerymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and best.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer skill of rest,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hillles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A Discourse of Mountaynes.

DAME Nature drew, these Mountaynes in such sort,
As though the one, should yeeld the other grace:

Holt Castle
an excellent
fine place, the
Riner of Dee
running by it.

Maister Hues
dwelles there.
Maister Euan
Flud dwelles
in Yale, in a
fayre house.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen on
a wooddie hill
on the one
side, & Greene
Castle on the
other.

A Bridge of
stone very faire
there stands
ouer Dee.

Maister La-
kon.
Ma. Thlude
of Yale.

¶

¶

The worthines

As each Hill, it selfe were such a Fort,
They scoznde to scoope, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and smooth like garden ground,
Where should hye woods, and goodly groues be found:
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coast,
With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On Hill we betwe, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate or cold, and so sucke by sweete ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and looke on Countries fayre.
And who so sits, or stands on Mountayne hie,
Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may looke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged Rocks, byngs playnest people forth,
On Mountaine wylde, the hardest horse is bred:
Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
Sweete is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And neere the Skye, growes sweetest fruit in deede:
On marrish meares, and warrie moflie ground,
Are rotten weedes, and rubbishy drosse vnfound.

The fogges and milks, that rise from vale belowe,
A reason makes, that highest Hilles are best:
And when such fogges, doth oze the Mountayne goe,
In foulest daies, fayre weather may be gett.
As bitter blasts, on Mountaynes higge doth blowe,
So noysome smells, and saours breede belowe:
The Hill stands cleere, and cleane from filthy smell,
They finde not so, that doth in Talley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yeere,
Then those in Vale, in playne or marrish soyle:

¶

of Wales.

A lustie hart, a cleane complexion cleere
They haue on Hill, that for hard liuing toyle,
With Cwe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greatest toyles, to rub out wearie day:
And when to house, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure, and wholesome as the Hill,
Both man and beast, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it keepes one nature still,
Trim neate and dye, and gay to go vpon.
A place most fit, for pastime and good sport,
To which wold Stagge, and Bucke doth still resort:
To crye of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yeelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It stands for world, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets sayne, on shoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are begyld.
The maker first, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made Hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A strong defence, for needfull fruit and Corne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlorne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and diuen backward too,
They would destroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischief doo.
God saue what smart, and grieue the earth would hyde
By sturdie stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to saue the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaues, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should braunches dayly beate:

¶ 2

How

The worthines

How could pooze soules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their leate.
Who buylds his tower, right vnder foote of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus proue I here, the Mountaine crenedeth all,
Standes stiffe gaynst stormes, like steele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hye,
Whose princely power, can hyde both hont and shocke
Of bitter blast, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortresse stands, vpon so firme a Rocke.
A Prince helps all, and doth so strongly sit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake must leane, where strength doth most remayne,
The Mountayne great, conunaunds the little Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
Thrust full of stones, and Rocks as hard as steele:
A peereles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who sits full fast, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of luttel ayre,
A den of dyssol, oft tymes more soule then fayre:
A durtie Soyle, where water long doth hyde,
Yet ritche withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mays wit, and weazes out bertue cleane,
An eating worme, a Cancker past recure:
A trebble loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Musick makes, but rather iacres procure:
A stirrer vp, of strife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that staynerh euery state
With giftes and bribes, that greedie glutton feedes
And filles the gut, whereon great treason breeds.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit oreweene, an man beleue to farre:

Enfects

of Wales.

Enfects the mynd, with vice in euery part,
That quickly lets, the fences all at warre.
In Walley ritche, these mischiefes nourish are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne pooze and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of hayne, ne craft noꝝ cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discoꝝd oꝝ dubble waies,
But where ritche Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is moze loue, who hath moze happie daies,
Then tholepooze hynds, that digges and delues the ground.
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
He Coꝝne noꝝ grasse, noꝝ plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth giue,
That sweet content, with Dten Takes can liue.

Sowze Whey and Curds, can yeeld a sugred tast,
Where sweete Martchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emptie gorge, hath hole of Milke-embast,
And Cheele and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
He craues no feast, noꝝ seekes no banquets fine,
He can digest, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepes so sound, as he that hath no Sheepe,
Noꝝ heard of Beasts, to pastoꝝ and to feede:
Who feares the Woolke, but he who Lambes doth keepe,
And many an hower, is forst to watch in deede.
Though gold be gay, and cozdyall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd.
Pooze Mountayne folke, possesse not such great stoꝝ,
But when its gon, they care not much therefoꝝe.

M 3 Of

The worthines
 Of Yale a little to
be spoken of.

The names of
 the Riuers of
 Denbighshire.
 Keerioock parts
 Shropshire &
 Debigthere,
 before Chirk.
 Dee at newe
 Bridge, and
 Thlangoth-
 len.

Aleyn in the
 valley of Yale.
 Clanweddock
 in the fayre
 vale of Duftrin
 Cloyd.
 Cloyd receiues
 Clanweddock
 and Elwey by
 Saint Affe.
 Istrate by
 Denbigh.
 Raihad comes
 to the Vorn-
 ney.
 Keynthleth
 comes into
 Rayhad.

THE Countrie Yale, hath Hilles and Mountaynes hye,
 Small Valleys there, saue where the Brookes do ron:
 So many Springs, that field that soyle is drye:
 Good Turffe and Peate, on mollie ground is won,
 Wherewith good fires, is made for man most meete,
 That burneth cleere, and yeelds a sauour sweete
 To those which haue, no nose for dayntie smell,
 The finer soyt, were best in Court to dwell.

This Soyle is cold, and subiect vnto winde,
 Hard dulkie Rocks, all couered oze full dim:
 Where if winde blowe, ye shall foule weather finde,
 And thinke you feele, the bitter blafts full hym:
 But though cold bytes, the face and outward skin,
 The stomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
 For still more meate, the Mountayne men digest,
 Then in the playne, you finde among the best.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yeelds,
 Some softnesse too, as tract of foote hath made:
 But to the Dames, for walke no pleasant feelds,
 For no great woods, to shroud them in the shade.
 Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
 And good welsh Nagges, that are of kindest race:
 With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
 That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treat as reason is,
 But licence craue, to talke on such a Seate:
 Excuse my skill, where pen or muse doth mis,
 Where knowledge sayles, the cunning is not great.

But

of Wales.

But ere I write, a verse upon that Soyle,
I will crye out, of Tyme that all doth spoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace.

A discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde:
The sayest Sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
And brightest things, bying quickly out of minde.
The trimmest Towers, and Castles great and gay,
In procelle long, at length thou doest decay:
The bravaest house, and princely buildings rare,
Thou walts and weares, and leaues the walles but bare.

O Cancker byle, that creepes in hardest mold,
The Marble stone, or flint thy force shall feele:
Thou hast a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
fling downe the strong, and make the stout to reele.
O walking woyme, that eates sweete kernels all,
And makes the Nut, to dust and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
And yet thy selfe, no better art therefore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to sinders small:
Tyme steales in man, much like an Age to fit,
That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
O wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
O dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou stingest flat, the highest Tree that growes,
And triumph makes, on pompe and paynted shoves.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For thowing downe, a rare and goodly Seate:

By

The worthines

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Castle throwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers most fayre, that long a buylding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but grasse:
The stones lye walte, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Castle *and the Towne.*

The Castle of
Wrythen is
yet outwardly
a marueilous
faire and large
princely place.

This Castle stands, on Rocke much like red Bycke,
The Dykes are cut, with toole througħ stonie Cragge:
The Towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it selfe, would shake a Subjects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne:
It rests on mount, and lookes oze wood and Playne:
It had great store, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did first erect the same:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was foymde in such a frame.
One tower oze wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth stand,
Set foorth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a
Poole here a-
bout that
hath in it a
kynd of fish
that no other
water can
shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuier swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreds the feeld:
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare fish, in sealon due doth yeeld,
As is most straunge: let men of knowledge now
Of such hid cause, search out the nature throwe:

My

of Wales.

A Poole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
Where is a fish, that come a Whiting call:
Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
Yet hath good store, of other fishes all
Asue that Poole, and so beneath that flood
Are Sammons caught, and many a fish full good:
But in the same, there will no Sammon bee,
And neere that Poole, you shall no Whiting see.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
And both of them, are fayre and worthie note:
Who will them seeke, shall find them still in Yale,
They beare such fame, they may not be forgot.
The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
And where it springz, the issue doth abound:
And into Dee, this water doth descend,
So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called
Aleyne, in the
valley of Yale.

Good ground likewise, this Valley seemes to bee,
And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
On Mountayne top, the Valley shall you see
All ouer greene, with goodly Meddowes feare.
This Valley hath, a noble neighbour neere,
Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appeere:
Which Towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
The noble Soyle, and Countrey is so fayre.

The valley of
Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
In Tombe of stone, amid the Chauncell lay:
But since remou'd, as worldly matters went,
And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes
Right hand of Queere, full playne before your eyes:
An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
With trim wrought worke, in wall is buried well.

The Earle of
Kent lyes here.

An Anckres
in King Hen-
rie the fourths
tyme buried
here.

¶

¶ Now

The worthines

**Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muse must passe, a Soyle most ritche and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none anoyd,
That sawe the same, and rode or went that way:
The hewe thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd:
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each mans eyes.**

The pleafant
vale of Diffirin
Cloyd.

**This Vale doth reach, so farre in hewe of man,
As he farre of, may see the Seas in deede:
And who a while, for pleasure trauayle can
Throughtout this Vale, and thereof take good heede,
He shall delight, to see a Soyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the rest excell.**

The Vale
thoroughly de-
scribed.

**As it belowe, a wondrous beautie shoves,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On euery side, as farre as Walley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye shall behold:
They keepe the Vale, in such a quiet soyt,
That birds and beasts, for succour there resort:
Pea flocks of foule, and herds of beasts sometyme,
Drawes there from storme, when tempests are in pyme.**

Three Riuers
in this Vale.
A naturall fe-
cret touched.

**Three Riuers run, amid the hottome heere,
Istrate, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyle of streames, in Sommer morning cleere,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That palleth there, a second Heauen is:
No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis:
A Musick sweete, that throught our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.**

The

of Wales.
The Castle of Cargoorley
in Denbighshiere,

CArgoorley comes, right now to passe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and toyne:
As though it had, bin neuer knowne to men,
Or carelesse left, as wretched thing forloine:
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whose wacke doth none bewayle.
But if she knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that Seate, it should repayed bee,
For further cause, then common people see.

But sondrie things, that are full farre from sight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in sine:
So such as haue, thereto but little right,
Possesse the same, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or suite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer bring, his betters in dispute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or suite:
So rest good muse, and speake no further heere,
Least by these words, some hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, so tyme still roulety on,
Good Subiects serue, for somewhat more or lesse:
And when we see, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater gesse.
First how to gayne, by present tyme and state,
Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date:
Tyme past growes cold, and so the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it selke, by Castle, house or farme:
That reach is good, that rule my friends God lend,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

¶ 2

¶

Thomas Salefburie of Lleweni.
Robert Salefburie of Bachaubid.
Foulk Lloyd of Houllan.
Piers Holland of Kynmel.
Piers Owen of Abergele.
Edward The-call of Beren.
William Wyn of Llamuaire.
Elis Price of Spitty.
John Middleton.

The worthines

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
I neede no glose, nor shade to set thee out:
For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
Thou shalt be knowne, as worthe well thou art,
The noblest Soyle, that is in any part:
And for thy Seate, and Castle doe compare,
With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The strongest
Castle & feate
that euer man
beheld.

This Castle stands, on top of Rocke most hye,
A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or Steele:
A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
That no deuce, may well the bottom feele.
The Rocke descendz, beneath the auncient Towne,
About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
That goes through Rocke, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the
situation and
buylding of
the fame.

I want good words, and reasons apt therfore,
It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale:
But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat more,
Of Castles praise, as I haue spoke of Vale.
A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as sayre,
Yet sayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
Made of freestone, and not of burned Wycke:
No buylding there, but such as man might say,
The worke thereof, would last till Iudgement day.

The Seate so sure, not subiect to a Hill,
Nor yet to Wyne, nor force of Cannon blatt:
Within that house, may people walk at will,
And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.
If Cannon rode, or backt against the wall,
Friends there may say, a figge for enemies all:
Five men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious Coy) that shall approach that Seate.

Who

of Wales.

Who stands on Rocke, and lookes right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I sought my selfe, from top to fling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyd.
If such a height, the mightie Rocke be than,
Be force nor sleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the Foxt, if house be furnisht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witness now.

A practise by
the Author
proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Rocke to clyme
To Castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Rocke to goe, yea any step sometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Castle strongly stands,
Past winning sure, with engin sword or hands:
So lookes it oze, the Countrey farre or neere,
And Shines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

Wherefoze Denbigh, thou bearst away the praise,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and latode a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Cloudes shall raise.
The Castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount, now all that ere I sawe.

A great glorie
giuen to Den-
bigh.

¶ Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and the Castle Dynosebrane.

THE great desire, to see Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muse, from other matter true:
But as that sight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I should present to you.
So duetic bids, a wyter to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, must yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke some grace.

¶ 3

An

The worthines

The Abbey of
Valey Crucis.

An Abbey nere, that Mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple too likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hie as hee:
And in one place, the Mountaynes stand so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their hight is great, and full of narrowe waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Mountaynes end:
Amid them all, and those as man may gette,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in soze distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes oze both house and thatch,
When for their liues, poore men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hie,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Roche alone, full farre from other Mount
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly
bridge of stone
here.
The Towne
and the bridge
with the vyo-
lent Riuer be-
fore that
Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is nere, the goodly Riuer Dee,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Roche, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Roche cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remaine,
That backward might, the flood of soze constrainne.

from

of Wales.

From thence to Chirke, are Mountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Mountaynes stood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whicless betwixt, the valley and the wood.
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Mount doth well appeere:
It kept those bounds, from foynne force and power,
That men might sleepe, in सुरetic euerie hower.

Here Denbighshiere, departs from wryters pen,
And Flintshiere now, comes brauely marching in,
With Castles fine, with proper Townes and men,
Whereof in verbe, my matter must begin:
Not for to sayne, and please the tender eares,
But to be playne, as woorlds eye witnesse beares:
Not by herelap, as fables are set out,
But by good prooffe, of betwe to boyd a dout.

A little spoke
of Flintshiere.

The Author
fell sicke here.

When Sommer sweete, hath blowne oze Winters blast,
And waies ware hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calme Skyes, sayth bitter stormes are past,
And Clowdes ware cleere, that now doth lowze and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, oze rockt a sleepe with paine.
For labour long, hath weariet so the wit,
That studious head, a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring, comes on with newe delite,
You shall from me, heare what my muse doth wryte.

The wryter
takes here
breath till a
better seafon
serues.

Here endeth my first booke of the worthines of Wales: which being wel taken, will encourage me to set forth another: in which work, not only the rest of the Shieres (that now are not wrytten of) shalbe orderly put in print, but likewise all y^e auncient Armes of Gentlemen tyere in general shalbe plainly described & set out, to the open bene of the woorld, if God permit me life and health, towards the finishing of so great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.



Churchwards

Armes.

EN-DIEV. ET-MON ROY.

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OR

VERTUES HISTORIE.

BY FRANCIS ROUS.

One hundred and fifty copies only.

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THULE,
OR
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BY FRANCIS ROUS.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXXVIII.

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS.
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INTRODUCTION.

FRANCIS ROUS, whose *Thule* was written in his 16th and published in his 19th year, was one of the earliest of the imitators of SPENSER. Only two years elapsed between the appearance of the second quarto of the *Fairy Queen* and that of the Poem of which a reprint follows. Its rarity probably caused it to be unknown to Anthony Wood, and, with the exception of Thomas Park, who has given extracts from it in the *Restituta*,¹ and styles it a Poem of considerable merit, it has received little notice from Critics or Bibliographers. Yet it is undoubtedly, with all its imperfections — which are pardonable enough from the early age of the Author — a work of promise, and, as the production of one whose subsequent career placed him amongst the conspicuous characters of a memorable period of our history, cannot but be deserving of attentive examination.

Of the life of the writer a volume might be written, so various and extensive are the materials for his Biography,² but for the purposes of this brief introduction the exhaustive labours of Messrs. Boase and Courtney, in the very valuable second volume of their *Bibliotheca Cornu-*

¹ *Restituta*, vol. iv, pp. 7-458.

² I have to thank my friend Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., for several useful communications regarding Rous, but which the limits of this notice preclude my turning to account as much as I could have wished.

biensis (1878), under the head of Francis Rous to which reference must be made, simply render it necessary to state that he was the son of Sir Anthony Rous of Halton, Cornwall, knight, by his first wife Elizabeth Southcote, and was born at Dittisham, Devon, in the year³ 1579,⁴ and that he died, being then Provost of Eton, at Acton, near London, 7 January, 1658-9, and was buried in Provost Lupton's Chapel, Eton College Church, on the 25th of the same month.⁵

His first appearance in print was as the author of the following Sonnet, prefixed to "Sir Francis Drake his honourable life's commendation," &c. (Oxford, 1596, 8vo). Sir Anthony was the circumnavigator's executor, and this Life was written by the Divine and Poet Charles Fitz Geoffrey, who appears to have been the clerical friend of the Rous Family.

To C. F.

When to the bankes of fweete *Elyfium*
 Came worthy DRAKE, to get his passage there,
 The ferriman denied his ghofst to come,
 Before his exequies folemniz'd were :

³ The Registers of this Parish do not begin till 1650, and therefore do not afford any assistance in ascertaining the exact day or month of his birth.

⁴ There is a Note in *Camden's Visitation of Cornwall* (Harl. Soc. p. 495) to say that Francis Rous married Ebbot Greynville, daughter of George Greynville. Esq., of Penheale, on the 2nd April, 1612, but if the date is correct how came it to be omitted by Camden ?

⁵ His very interesting Will is given in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series 9, 440, and should be consulted by everyone who wishes to form an estimate of his character.

But none t'adorne his funerall hearfe did prove ;
 And long he fate vpon the hapleffe shoare,
 Vntill thy Mufe (whome pittie still did move)
 Helpt thee to rife, and him to reft no more :
 And fent her mournefull teares unto his ghoft,
 And fweete (though fad) complaintes, as exequies,
 Paffing him to thofe fields which long he loft,
 And won his foule the ioy, thy pen the prife :
 So ftill thy funeralles fhall adorne his name,
 And ftill his funeralles fhall enlarge thy fame.

Francis Rous.

In 1598 *Thule* came out,⁶ but, contrary to the usual custom at the time, where Poets, particularly young Poets, were concerned, without any encomiastic verses from the Author's admirers and friends. No doubt⁷ Fitz Geoffrey's

⁶ The title page to the first book in its first state had only his initials "F. R." as they stand in the title page to the second book, but in its second state, as in Malone's copy in the Bodleian, from which that of the reprint is taken, it has his name Rous in full.

⁷ The following lines noticing *Thule* were afterwards printed by Fitz Geoffrey in his *Affaniæ* (1601, 12mo).

Ad Francicum Rovsœvm.

Ecquid, vt in patria Thamarini fluminis vndæ
 Nuda fuperfusis corpora tingis aquis,
 Marmoreisq; fecas fluctus, cohibefq; lacertis
 Atq; agili falias per freta fumma pede ;
 Dum pectus candore nivis mirantur, et artus
 Non credam Paphios obftupuiſſe cynos ?
 At dum lacteolæ ſtupeant Modulamina vocis,
 Crediderim victos erubuiſſe magis.
 Quorum aliquis quem diua Venus volucerq; Cupido
 Delicias inter geſtit habere fuas,
 Vnde novus noſtris acceſſit fluctibus, inquit,
 Sive Cayſtrinus feu Thamiſinus Olor ?
 Cui contra blandum ridens tenet ore Cupido
 Hic venit è Thyles littore cynus, ait.

pen would have been ready, but judging from Rous's rather defiant address "To the Reader" he seems to have rejected all such assistance with some degree of scorn. He thus refers to the early age at which the poem was composed :

The fixteenth spring had with her flowrie vaile
 Wrapt all the earth, warm'd with the approaching Sunne,
 And did gainst winter's ragged force prevaile ;
 Who streight to cold Cocitus streams did runne :
 Where in congealed frost for deepe disgrace,
 He wilful hides his blushing hoary face.

When I too young doe drive this chariot,
 Plowd up the furrowes of my fruitless wit
 And in this spring this timely child begot,
 And to men's favours now adventure it :

What reception the poem met with from his contemporaries we have not much data for ascertaining. Whether the legal studies and business pursuits in which he engaged on leaving college gave a different direction to his thoughts, or the Puritanism which he imbibed from his tutors, or his connections

Represt his noble rage
 And froze the genial current of his foul

yet certain it is, as far as we can judge from his published works, that he appears to have abandoned the cultivation of poetry till he set himself in his old age,⁸ either from his own aspirings or the promptings of others, to compose

⁸ The first edition was entitled "*The Booke of Psalmes* in English meeter, by Fr. Rous. London, printed by R. Y. for Ph. Nevil at the Signe of the Gun in Ivie-lane 1641." 18mo.

that poetical version of the Psalms, which, after undergoing various corrections by the Committee of the Assembly of Divines, was adopted by the Commons in Parliament in 1645, and subsequently became, after some revision, the established version of the Kirk of Scotland.⁹ Whatever may be thought of its merit, and it has been, as extravagantly praised as it has been unjustly depreciated, it is scarcely such a production, from the veteran of sixty, as might have been expected from the poet who had written *Thule* when sixteen.

In the fac-simile reprint which follows, there are obscurities that induce a suspicion that the text has suffered from the original printer's want of care. It has been thought unnecessary to append a verbal Glossary as there is no word which can create a difficulty to any one who is conversant in the poetry of the time.

There have been Provosts of Eton of more elegant minds, of greater administrative powers, of higher classical learning, of more exact and recondite erudition, but none who cherished a stronger affection for that noble foundation, those

Spires and antique towers
That crown the watery glade

than Francis Rous,—and “this it is,” as an accomplished¹⁰ successor observed to me in pointing out the fine portrait

⁹ “That metrical version of the Psalms which was one day to be the cherished treasure in joy or in affliction of every Scottish household.” Gardiner's *Charles I*, 1628–37, vol. i, p. 52.

¹⁰ The late Dr. Hawtrey.

of him yet preserved in the Master's Lodge, "which, in spite of his¹¹ *Mella Patrum*, and Anthony Wood's "disparaging character, still makes one look at the "Speaker of Barebone's Parliament with a feeling of "profound respect."

J. CROSSLEY,

PRESIDENT.

¹¹ A compilation by Rous from the fathers, published at his expence, with this title, in 1650, in a volume of nearly 1000 pages, but in which the Greek fathers are given in the Latin translations, and the texts are exceedingly inaccurate.

THVLE,

Or
Vertues Historie.

To the Honorable and vertuous Mistris
AMY AVDELY.

By Francis Rous.

The first Booke.



At London
Printed by Felix Kingston, for
Humfrey Lownes.
1598.



To the Reader.

NOr list I craue the gentle Readers prayse,
Nor make base prayers to the Critick eares,
Nor humbly beg for vnderferued bayes,
My bolder Muse no cruell censure feares :
Let starueling Poets and that baser sort,
To wrested fauour witles heads exhort.

Nor doe I feare those *Scyllaes* dogged heades,
Which still are barking at the passingers ;
And fate their thirstie iawes on worthier deedes,
Scorning the bones of threedbare carrion verse :
My Muse shall flie those Basilisks aspect,
VVhich with their poysned rayes all things infect.

The sixteenth spring had with her flowrie vaile
VVrapt all the earth, warm'd with th'approching Sunne,
And did gainst winters ragged force preuaile ;
Who streight to cold *Cocitus* streames did runne :
Where in congealed frost for deepe disgrace,
He wilfull hides his blushing hoary face.

VVhen I too yong doe driue this chariot,
Plowd vp the furrowes of my fruitles wit,
And in this spring this timely child begot,
And to mens fauours now aduenture it:
VVhere let it hazard for more lucky chance,
And with his worth his humble name aduance.

A 2 VVhere

To the Reader.

Where infant lie the lowring browes of age,
Auoꝝd the wrinkles of his furrowed face,
Thy ſtate fits not their grauer carriage,
But to the yonger fort direct thy pace:
VVhere while thou ſitſt thy loued peeres among,
Bid them or not correct or mend thy ſong.

And fly the earthly poets ſeruile ſoule,
That fels the Muſes for each peaſants braſſe;
Thoſe mercenaries faults thou maiſt controule,
VVhoſe deeds fayre *Helicons* ſweet ſtreames debaſe:
And thou more glorying in immunitie,
Fly farre the name of prentiſe-poetrie.

Next ſcorne the ſcorner of a Poets pen,
That counts it baſe in tuned lines to ſing,
And leaues it for the poore and needy men
That hope to gaine by rimed flattering:
Tell him not all *Parnaſſus* yet is fold,
But yet one head the louely Muſes hold.

VVhich heau'nly *Sydney* liuing did adorne,
And Scottiſh *Iames* bedeckt with princely writ,
VVhoſe names black enuy and deaths force doe ſcorne,
Eterniz'd with the glorie of their wit:
Whoſe hallowed ſteps not to be troden more,
Following a farre full humbly I adore.

The



The Prologue vnto the
first Booke.

These haue I carelesse writ with running hand,
Whom art not shadoweth, but as clearest light,
Wanting none Oedipus all open stand,
Fit for the dimmer eyes and weaker sight.

*But they whose Eagle-eyes can dare the Sunne,
And loue high soaring from the lowly ground,
Let them not blame what I haue wilfull done,
Some better like the Oaten rurall sound.*

*And let those curious eyes a while await,
Vntill the second seruice shall begin,
Where we will seeke for some more dainty meate,
And stranger fruites then on this table been:
Where if they list they may their thirst appease,
Which songs my Muse to higher tunes shall raise.*



The Argument.

O *F that same Ile which darknes long hath chaind
In gloomy prison of obscurity;
Islandia I meane, so long retaind
From humane view by times impiety;
Olde stories newly shall be intertaind.
Freed from the silent graues impurity,
To tell the vertuous though their dayes doe end,
Yet on their fall their glory doth ascend.*

*Islandia that Artick-seated Ile,
Of which th' Italian swan sung long agoe,
Whose Queene the lothed wooers did beguile,
And causde them for a shield to Paris goe,
And for her sake to suffer Loues exile,
Exagitate by dangers to and fro :
From thence my pen must fetch her forraine taske,
And thence transport my hidden stories maske.*

*Onely (sweete you) to whom this shew shall come,
Harken attentiuue to the strangers tale
Summond thus lately from Obliuions tombe,
Expecting for your fauours gentle gale:
Else shall he wish that he had still beene dombe,
Nor raysde his pitch from out that lowly vale:
Where loue enioynd him for a while to dwell,
To paint the torments of that burning hell.*

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. I.

*Aged Sobrinus and his wife
Are tane a sleepe, their daughter flies:
The Captaine riddes his mates of life,
Because they quarrels doe devise.
At last the stately fort they burnd;
And with Erona thence he turnd.*



Owne in a valley lies a bufhy woode,
Of mighty trees in order faire compofde,
Within whose center ftately buildings ftoode,
In this aire-climing Siluan wall enclofde,
And feemde their equall tops each other woo'd,
That Arte to Nature all her ftrength oppofde:
And Nature fcorning at her feruants pride,
With a dimme fhadow did her beautie hide.

Within this Caftle dwelt an aged Sire,
Who with his yeares had learnd experience,
And though he wanted youths now-quenched fire,
Yet had a holy flame, sweete refidence,
And kindled in his heart a pure defire,
To doe good workes and farre from all offence:
Sobrinus was his name, his nature fuch,
He thought his almes too few, his wealth too much.

And yet he gaue to poore continuall plenty,
Filling the bellies which were long vnfed;
And quickly made his treafure coffers empty,
Sparing himfelfe to giue the needy bread;
Such was his goodnes, fuch his liberall bounty,
As ftill he payd though ftill he borrowed;
Their port was fmall he and his wife alone,
A daughter and a maide but feruants none.

Thus

Vertues Historie.

Thus had they spent the tenor of their dayes
In mirth,with reason,and in ioy with meane ;
He neuer felt sad sicknes sharpe diseafe,
And she from any grieffe was euer cleane,
Both post the troubles of lifes wearie wayes,
And scap't those dangers which doe others paine,
Sleeping securely each in others brest,
No feare their careles mindes had ere opprest.

Vntill when Night the counfeller of ill,
Had lift her cloudy head from pitchy deepes,
And did with darknes all th'Horizon fill,
Mischiefe the hellish witch that neuer sleepest,
VVhen euery thing besides is calme and still,
From out her snaky cabin vgly creepes ;
And tooke with her a box of diuelish drugs,
VVhich issue from her venome-nourisht dugs.

Sister she is of hell begotten Night,
Her eyes by day are dimme,and still she lyes
VVithin her cell,remoued from the light :
But when the tyred Sunne to bedward hyes,
Then doth she bristle vp her wings for flight,
As soone as she her sister once espyes :
And going thence she flies with double haste,
And comes back mourning that her ioy doth waste.

And now this hag of Hell,foule loathsome spright,
Crawling from out her gore-bedewed nest ;
And hauing fet her skalie pineons right,
Trauailles when other things from labour ceast,
And to a groue adioyning takes her flight,
VVhere after boles of wine and riotous feast,
Buried in sleepe the theeues and robbers lay,
Forgetting that the night had brought their day.
She

Vertues Historie.

She hauing entred to this cell of finne,
Her self more sinfull then fins loathsome cell,
To sprinkle all their bodies doth beginne,
And charme them with this foule-peruerting spell.
Which done she lifts her on her double finne,
And flowly flyes vnto her vices Hell:
Which done she weepes vpon her pitchie dore,
That she should in ere she had mischief'd more.

The while that rout of mischief-tainted theeues,
Rouzing each other from their cabinets,
One puls the other by their venom'd sleeues,
And with more poyson all his hand bewets,
Which with more stings his egged conscience greeues,
That this their stay should interpose more lets:
At last all wak't, all into counsell fall,
And which hurteth most, that pleaseth all.

At length their Captaine *Bonauallant* hight,
Rifeth from out their hellish counsell-houfe,
And takes a golden cup with pearles bedight,
And drinking to his mates a full carroufe,
Tels them, let neuer danger you affright,
Nor let your harts great hils bring foorth a moufe;
But follow me that still haue happie beene,
(The worfer hap for some such hap was feene.)

Then all arising like the studious Bees,
That for the golden hony follow fast:
Each hopes to gaine his ferious labours fees,
And euery one doth scorne to follow last,
Least he his hoped fruits perhaps might leese,
Therefore each striues to make more speedie hast:
At length they come vnto this stately fort,
And each to mischief doth his friend exhort.

B

Eu'n

Vertues Historie.

Eu'n as when good *Aeneas* crost the seas,
And *Aeolus* sent his whirling seruants out ;
Neptune awaked from his nightly ease,
Calde all his *Tritons* and his guard about,
And counfeld all the tumults to appeafe,
And be reueng'd on that vnruly rout :
 So doe these rau'n-tongd birds of *Plutoes* quier,
 Complot to spoyle that holy sleeping fier.

At laft with violence and open force,
They brake the posternes of the Castle gate,
And entred spoyling all without remorse,
Nor could old *Sobrin* now refist his fate,
But stiffe with feare eu'n like a fenceles corfe,
Whom grifly terror doth fo much amate,
 He lyes fupine vpon his fatall bed,
 Expecting eu'ry minute to be dead.

While as *Deuota* his religious wife,
Sent prayers the sweet ambaffadors to God,
The heralds to prepare a better life :
For now approacheth deaths deuasting rod,
Sharper then sharpest edge of keenest knife,
That with his stroke denies lifes long abroad :
 Which now is fetled in these butchers hands,
 That bound in chaines of sinne passe confcience bands.

Vp ruffing now vnto the lodge they runne,
Striuing who first should worke this cruell deed :
Nor could their prayers stay what was begunne,
But still they profecute with greater speed,
And long it seem'd before their fact was done,
So much did blood their hellish hunger feed,
 That to inuent some kind of cruell death,
 They added loathed respite to their breath.

At

Vertues Historie.

At last one bellowed from his woluiſh throat,
This bloody doome the brat of ſauage minde,
Quoth he, Then let this old gray-haired goat
Be fet in graue aliue, and there be pinde,
And to this varlet, which for age doth dote,
To be beheaded only is aſſigne:
 So he is buried ere his corps be dead,
 And ſhe with cruell blow parts from her head.

So haue I feene the chaſte and pureſt doue,
Striken by cruell fowlers ſhivering ſhot,
Diſſeuerd from her nere-forſaken loue,
Fall on the ground ere ſhe her ſelfe had wot,
And with one ſpraule for ſweeteſt liuing ſtroue,
But all her piteous ſtrugling helpt her not:
 So haue I feene that pureſt bird to dye,
 As here doth this ſweet carkaffe mangled lye.

Now whiles this wicked pageant thus is playd,
Viceina daughter to this reuerend man,
Viewing theſe facts and of the like afraid,
As faſt as tender thighes transport her can,
Flyes comfortles, and poore forſaken mayd,
Her looke with former terror pale and wan:
 But her miſ-haps when theſe black deeds are told,
 In fequent lines more fit I will vnfold.

The houſe all ranſackt, and the coffers torne,
They found *Sobrinus* mayd *Erona* calde,
Whom *Bonauallant* thence would ſtreight haue borne,
For ſhe was fayre and then with feare appalde,
She added double grace to that before,
Which with ſharp ſtings his burning ſtomack galde,
 That with this ouerſcorching paſſion fir'd,
 To carry her cloſely thence he ſtreight conſpir'd.

B 2

But

Vertues Historie.

But they whose eyes foule lawles lust had taught
Moued with enuie at so faire a pray,
Told him that he false treacherie had wrought,
In seeking thus to steale the prize away,
Since it was common, and in common caught,
He should vnto the common lawes obey,
Which is, that what so ere by force was gaind,
Should to their common vse still be retaind.

But he whom beautie, and these words commou'd,
Drew out his often-blood-embrewed sword,
And cryes ; here take the sport so much ye lou'd ;
This lasse shall kisses to your lips afford,
And with that speech his mightie valour prou'd ;
And cloue ones skull like to a riuen bord :
The second laying downe the ware he found,
Left ware, and crased head vpon the-ground.

Their fellowes seeing this their mates mis-hap,
Left all their treasure, and their gaines behinde,
And fearing some ensuing thunderclap,
In coward swiftnes do their safetie finde,
While he triumphing in this lucky hap,
Taught by the maid two courfers doth vnbind,
Which in a roome with mightie cords were tied,
And long had there laine still vnoccupied.

Then doth he set much fewell all about,
Encompassing the walls of all the towers :
And that no flame might quench the fier out,
He lightens all the wood-ingraued bowers,
Which ioyned to the wall full faire and stout,
And perisht quickly built in many howers ;
While he and she in dawning of the day,
Mounted aloft and parted thence away.

The

Vertues Historie.

The fuming vapors mount vnto the skie,
Where turned into teare-diftilling raine,
They mourne their masters helpes miferie,
Returning to the former feat againe:
But viewing there the spoyles of iniurie,
In trickling streames they mourne his torturing paine,
While raging *Phæbus* wrapt in duskie clowdes,
Angrie with fates his mantled visage throwdes.

CANT. 2.

*Viceina wanders all forlorne,
In middest darknes of the night:
But at the rising of the morne,
She meetes the wicked lustfull knight;
Whom once well knowen she defies,
Hating those sensuall vanities.*

THus raignes deepe sacriledge and wicked armes,
Yspent in perfecuting vertuous foules:
The fire is quencht, which with his vigour warmes
Distressed hearts, now truth doth hide in hoales,
Afraid of falshoods terrifying alarmes,
Whose eniuous force her sweetest rest controules:
Iustice from out the goared earth is flowne,
And left her vertues offspring all alone.

From which poore stock this sweet *Viceina* bred,
Wanders vnhappie virgin all forlorn,
Foule cares doe deadly wrack that blessed head,
Whose braine in streaming teares is much forworne,
For pitie that her steps are so mis-led
In blackest night, and cannot see the morne:
Yet still she hopes on that sweet Sunne oflight,
Which leades her soule in all this earthly night.

B 3

At

Vertues Historie.

At length the Mornings chariot climbd aloft,
Bringing sweet comfort to this pilgrim mayd,
The gratefull light which she so long had fought,
To guide her errant footsteps farre astrayd,
When viewing whither now her feete were brought,
Her fighting heart was drerily dismayd,
 And forrow furrow'd her sweet countenance,
 With black remembrance of her sad mischance.

Yet still she moues in vnaccustom'd pace,
And meanes to try fatall misfortunes worst,
Plunged in various thoughts distorting case,
And tortur'd thus by enuy most accurst,
At last she spide a Deere that fled apace,
Whose bleeding side a piercing dart had burst,
 And fled and ranne, and as he ranne and fled,
 Moued with griefe downe trickling teares he shed.

When followes on a lusty courser fet,
A goodly knight (as seem'd) and faire of looke,
That striues in swiftest course his game to get:
But quickly all his game and course forfooke,
When once he saw, then deare a dearer let,
And to this Pilgrim back his iourney tooke,
 And from his horse dismounted to the ground,
 Comforts her with his words alluring sound.

And then her state he curious doth enquire,
Asking the cause of her distressed plight,
When she Sir knight replide, let me desire,
Not to torment an ouer-tired wight,
With new memoriall of her fates so dire,
Rubbing my soule with a fresh tragick fight,
 Only (faire sir) helpe this my poore estate,
 And I your seruice euer will awaite.

Moued

Vertues Historie.

Moued with pitie much, but more with lust,
He dar'd not countermand her sad demaunds,
But from his heart with pleasures flames combuft,
Vollied these words scarce shut in vertues bands:
Come (fayre) and to my gentle mercie trust,
And yeeld thy bodie to my embracing hands,
 Ile leade thee where in pleasure thou shalt dwell,
 Remoued from black melancholies hell.

Viceina whose most pure milk-washed hart
Neuer supposde what fraud before did plot,
Told him to ease her soules tormenting smart,
And that she thought such looke maintained not
Foule knighthoods shame, to work her sorrowes part,
Agreed to take her offerd fortunes lot:
 Then hand in hand conioynd they forward went,
 And in sweete talke their tedious wayes they spent.

Foule euill on his cursed heart alight,
For thus seducing thence the virgins feete,
For this fame knight *Philedonus* is hight,
And he to pleasure giu'n for men vnmeete:
Yet faire he feemeth at the sudden sight,
Yet foule he is at last when men him weete;
 Vnder a pleasing hew and ciuill hood,
 He carries poyson'd baytes and venom'd food.

With which flie crafts and flatteries deceiu'd,
Vnto his castel she agrees to goe;
Where comming they full fairely were receiu'd
Of one *Makerus*, who downe binding low,
Told her that happily she was arriu'd,
And many gratefull speeches did bestow:
 At last vnto a stately hall he brought her,
 Glad that within his limits he had caught her.

Foule

Vertues Historie.

Foule wight he was that at his masters gate,
Which open stood vpon a beaten way,
All commers passage carefull did awaite,
And when he spide them like a cock at day,
He lifting vp his vgly carrion pate,
To trap them with sweet mufick doth assay :
For he an Eunuch is, and sweetly sings,
And to their eares deepe rauishment he brings.

But hoping now that this new gwest is sure,
Prepares no prologue for his Comedie,
And as alreadie taught to know the lure,
He leades her to a lodging by and by :
But as they past, sights did her eyes allure,
Her eyes, but not her heart to vanitie :
For she full warie was what ere she did,
Resisting still to what delight did bid.

But this that now her careles eyes did view,
Was how within the spacious builded hall,
She saw faire youths and maydens in a rew,
Treading sweet measures at the muficks call,
And then anon as fetching forces new,
Into each others armes they kissing fall :
Where quenching pleasures thirst with beauties dew,
Their wonted dancing they againe renew.

But turning quickly thence her lothing eyes,
She followes where her wicked captaine guides,
Who nimbly mou'd with hellish pleasure flies,
And at the last into a lodging slides,
Whose fairer richest art cannot deuife,
Nor euer can be found in earth besides :
Where placed for a while *Makerus* left her,
While ioyfull thoughts by sorrow are bereft her.

And

Vertues Historie.

And she detesting this vnseemly place,
Wisheth that rather she had dyed abroad,
Then euer seene this knights deceiuing face,
And thinks how she might shorten her aboad;
But here of force she must abide a space,
So quickly she can neuer rid her load:
Which keeps her blessed heart in languor pinde,
Because no way to scape her soule can finde.

And in that fit the night approaching nye,
Vnto her bed which there was faire prepar'd,
As wanting rest she presently doth hye,
But following cares her sweetest rest debar'd,
That she in these great woes was neere to dye:
And certes like it was she ill had far'd,
Had not the heau'ns foreseene and sent their ayd,
To comfort weakned heart well-nigh dismayd.

For when her fathers house in pleasure stood,
And in the pleasant fields adioynd she went,
There came a holy Hermite from the wood,
That all his time in godly precepts spent,
Who as he told of words and doings good,
His chaine of beades about his arme vn bent,
And sayd: this stone doth cares and grieue expell,
And gaue it to her and then bad fare-well.

This stone is Elpine calde, whose vertue is,
To driue away great griuings and dispayre:
Or what-soere doth leade the heart amisse,
With sweetest influence it doth repayre,
Which now appli'd reduc'th her former blisse,
And much diminisheth her cruell care:
Blest be the heauens which did thus prouide,
To ease those tortures which she did abide.

C

Thus

Vertues Historie.

Thus somewhat freed from these tormenting woes,
To sleepe her fences all she doth addresse,
But ere her wearied members tooke repose,
She was disturbed from her quietnesse :
For to her chamber vp a comfort goes,
That thought to comfort her all comfortlesse,
 And rather to enchant then to delight,
 They thought, but now they want their wonted might.

And yet well neere these fiends had luld asleepe,
With charming Musick that diuinest wight,
But that strong vertue still fure watch did keepe,
And put fond pleasures yeelding thoughts to flight :
For she still marking how delight did creepe,
And by allurements, not by force did fight,
 Stopt with her fingers her imprifond eares,
 And with stout courage all temptations beares.

At length these Crocodiles their harping ended,
And she is left to prosecute her griefe :
For rest is banisht thence by thoughts offended,
Which doe accuse her for this nights reliefe,
And cruciate themselues that condiscended,
To fained words without some further priefe ;
 That twixt her thoughts and guilts fierce perturbation,
 Her soule is cast into a restles passion.

That little sleepe she tooke, but when she slept,
Dreames of her fault and fained phantasies,
Into the closet of her sweet soule crept :
And thus the night deludes her watching eyes,
Care all the gates of troubled fences kept,
Which made her thinke it long ere day did rise :
 So vice and vertue striue together met,
 They cannot rest within one cabinet.

At

Vertues Historie.

At length though long this length the morning starre,
Told that the night was fled from out the ayre,
When she more glad then trauailers that farre,
Spying some tower their fainting course repayre,
Thinking that there their longed dwellings are:
But when they neerer come againe dispayre,
 And feeing they mis-tooke that happy place,
 Stumble againe in their fore-wonted place.

So was she caught with hopes disguised attire,
When black dispayre went masking all within:
For now she saw no hope of her desire,
Nor could she free her selfe once closed in:
So many eyes hath lust, so hot the fire,
Which kindles burning flames in scorched skin:
 Though *Argus* hundred eyes in watch doth keepe,
 Yet lust at length will lull them all asleepe.

So is she watcht with neuer resting eyes:
The former hope of libertie is gone,
And now *Philedonus* doth all deuise,
For to entangle her thus left alone;
Foule lust within his breast gins to arise,
And from his heart faire blushing shame is flowne:
 And he begins with words sole-tempting found,
 To cast her chastitie vnto the ground.

But by the happie fortune which befell,
At last her soule was set at libertie:
But how it chanced yet I may not tell,
Though I am loth so long to let thee lie,
(Sweet mayd) within the torments of this hell:
But that same theefe so fast away doth flie,
 That I shall neuer see *Erona* more,
 Vnles I goe and fetch her back before.

C 2

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 3.

*Erona and her new found loue,
Come to the bower of fond delight :
But thence by warning they remoue,
And in a Castle spent the night :
In morne she faines dissembled paine,
He leaues her and goes back againe.*

WHat ere thou be that to a womans care,
Commitst affayres or matters of import,
Too rashly to aduventure doe not dare,
Vnles vpon some certaine truths report :
For constancie in most is found but rare,
And they will change their thoughts for wanton sport :
But some there be (blest he that some can finde)
To whom fayre graces vertue hath assignde.

· Amongst which thou rare virgin of these dayes,
(Whom only this my wandring muse hath found)
Meritst eternall volumes of thy prayse,
For louing Muses and their sweetest found,
Accepting kindly rude mis-tuned layes,
Which els had laine long buried vnder ground :
Be not (kind) angrie at this mayds disgrace,
That Musethy gifts shal praise, that doth her faults deface.

For she is worthie of perpetuall blame,
For condescending to this theeues request :
For now she curseth still her masters name,
Swearing she neuer could obtaine her rest,
Vntill this happie newes vnto her came :
And now she sayes she'le follow his behest,
Goe where he will, and stay where he commands,
And lay her open soule before his hands.

And

Vertues Historie.

And he seduced by her flatterie,
And blinded quite with lust and lewd desire,
His loue is bounded by no meane degree,
He sweares through freezing cold and burning fire,
To be her champion for her beauties fee,
She sayes she readie is when he wil try her :
 Thus in fond pleafure they confume their dayes,
 And after sport still walke their wonted wayes.

But as they climbd the hils ascending fide,
The scorching Sunne sent downe fire-darting rayes,
That they vnneath this feruence could abide,
Therefore they seeke some cooler shadowed wayes :
At last downe in the vale a lake they spide,
By which there was a bower of thorne and bayes,
 A bower whose ground was fet with Cammomill,
 Whose bankes the sweetest rose and flowers did fill.

Where entred there they see a grauen stone,
In which a historie was fairely writ :
The picture of a Lady was vpon,
And verses which were written vnder it.
Here lyes the fairest Lady of the Ile, ,,
Whom from sweet rest fond pleasure did exile, ,,
To warne the rest, who yet are kept unstaind, ,,
To flie that plague, which keepes the soule enchaind. ,,

The theefe enamor'd on that louely hew,
Which niggard arts weake force had much defac'd,
Would needs the substance of that shadow view,
And would the curious tombstone haue displac'd :
But from this deed a noyse his fancie drew,
And rushing of the lake as with a blast :
 Where looking there they saw the fayrest face,
 Whose louely feature did the Swannes disgrace.

C 3

But

Vertues Historie.

But by the pictures likenes streight they knew,
This was the Ghost of that entombed mayd,
When she : O cause not wretch more griefe to rew,
And trouble not the bones for rest vp layd,
But fly this place leaft it procure to you,
For which my foule deere punishment hath payd.
 When seem'd her head to droupe as in a fowne,
 And with new racking griefe to sinke adowne.

But streight he cried : O tell (fweete Lady) tell,
What danger doth attend this fearefull place,
And how to thee this wicked hap befell,
And how thou cam'ft into this wofull case ?
Then she : as long as messengers of hell,
Which still attending stand before my face,
 Shall suffer me to stay with you aboue,
 Ile shew you what with griefe my selfe did proue.

Heere by this riuer is a gaping pit,
Which leades vnto the floods of *Acheron* :
And on the mouth thereof a witch doth sit,
That dwelleth in a roome there built vpon ;
Getica she is calde, who by her wit,
Hath damn'd to restles dolours many one :
 And she (before *Persephone* was Queene)
 Had *Plutoes* Concubine long season beene.

But now to her this dwelling is assignde,
Where she hath leaue to charme each truest hart,
And in eternall torturing to binde,
The foules she hath entrapped by her art ;
And she enrag'd, that men sweet ioy should finde,
Not bearing any of her torments part,
 Affayes by all the meanes she can inuent,
 To make them fellowes in her punishment.

And

Vertues Historie.

And euery yeare once she a feaft doth make,
Within that bower, where you now doe lye :
Whither full many a knight his way doth take,
And many a Lady thitherward doth hie :
When she her loathed house doth foone forsake,
Attir'd in robes and portly maieftye,
And to the banquet house doth solemne come,
Welcomming all with voyce, and kissing some.

And after meat a seruice all of wine,
Is brought before the guefts, when thus she fayer ;
My wifh (fweete friends) is you should better dine,
And haue some cheere that were more worthie prayfe :
But this I hope shall rest as loues fure signe,
The rest shall be fupplied in other waies :
Onely the while take this in gentle part,
From one defiring to get more defart.

Heere are as many cups as you are heere,
Fild with some liquor of fo forciue might,
That what-foere you loue or holde most deere,
As beauty, magick, riches, pleasing fight,
Or lengthned youth, vntil full forty yeare,
Whither it good shall be, or things vnright,
It shall be giuen you without delay,
Ere fecond night driue hence the darkned day.

On this condition that when all the date,
(Which is the fpace of forty yeares orepaft)
Shall be expirde, then shall you pay the rate
Of all th'accounts, which I this while shall caft ;
Nor may ye then refift the common fate,
For ioy long may endure, not euer laft :
This fayd, all thofe that wifh for any good,
Drinke vp that Philter poyfoning all their blood.
Amongft

Vertues Historie.

Amongst those birds was I caught in the net,
Layd to entrap the frayiltie of youth,
And at a little price my foule did fet,
Now all bedewd into late comming ruth,
And I admonish you vnchaind as yet,
To credit what my foule doth finde for truth :
 Make speedie haste to get your felues away,
 To morrow comes that hellish banquet day.

This sayd, she funke into the drowning waues,
Drowned almost with flowing teares before,
Like *Phaetusa*, while she madly raues,
Playning that she could see the boy no more :
And while his sweetest companie she craues,
A spreading roote her feeble feete vpbore,
 A furrow'd rinde encompass all her skin,
 A tree she was without, a mayd within.

So doth she feeme to melt in liquid teares,
For where before that fayrest substance stood,
Nothing but bubling water now appears :
And while they looke vpon the billowing flood,
Wonder their eyes posses's'th, their hearts deepe feares,
That in their face appears no liuelihood :
 At last each plucking by the others arme,
 Giue warning both of that ensuing harme.

And mounted thence, they assay to climb the hill,
Whose bended steepnes caufde them take much paine,
And though they mainly striue with labour still,
Yet in much striuing they doe little gaine ;
The nature of the place resists their will :
For so it is where pleasure doth remaine,
 That with a current in his armes we fall,
 But back full few can creepe, or none at all.

Nor

Vertues Historie.

Nor can these now attaine their mindes desier,
But forc'd they turne their Palfreyes heads aside,
And fory they can climbe the hill no higher,
Vpon the conuex,all along they ride,
At last by smokie sparkles of a fire,
A chimney top far off they haue espyde :
 And now the Sunne was driuing to the west,
 And they were glad they found some hope of rest.

Forward they prickt,and shortly there they came,
For all the way was playne as eye might see,
And lighting downe he and his wanton dame,
Goe in to know if they might lodged be,
And he no fooner had discried his name,
But all the knights salute him by degree :
 For all the house with knights and dames was fraught,
 Which went to trauell for their mornings draught.

Reioycing thus that they so fit were met,
And striuing who should shew most curtesy,
They spend the time till on the bord was set,
The daintyest feast that euer curious eye
Could view,or wealth, or all the Ile could get,
Such was this feast of filthie luxury,
 And they as prompt to take as that to bring,
 Sit downe:some eate,some drinke,some play,some sing.

Their heads perswaded by the fuming wine,
After the empty dishes all were sackt,
Doe condescend their places to resigne,
And yeelde to sleepe, which as it seem'd they lackt ;
For so the fume their ey-lids doth combine,
That they vnneath can keepe themselues awakt,
 And still the ground as proffring them a bed,
 With a kinde knocking kisse salutes their head.

D

At

Vertues Historie.

At laft fome by the little remnant of their fight,
And fome by others helpe to bed are got,
Where drown'd in sleepe they spend the fliding night,
And had almoft in morne their care forgot :
But wickednes that euer-haunting fpright,
Rung in their eares and warn'd them of their lot :
 And they afrayd their happy chance to lofe,
 Shooke fluggard sleepe away and ftraight arofe.

But falfe *Erona* fearing of her mate,
That if he fhould vnto the banquet goe,
He would forfake his choyfe, and change his fate,
And leaue her quite, and fo procure her woe,
Faines that a fudden grieffe doth her amate,
Wounded with piercing ficknes *Ebon* bow,
 And faves ſhe cannot moue from out her bed,
 And prayes him not to leaue her almoft dead.

Sweet loue (quoth ſhe) whom in my tender armes,
So oft I haue embrac'd and euer lou'd,
O leaue me not alone to following harmes,
But if that ere thy minde fayre *Meny* mou'd,
Or yeelded to delights, or fancies charmes,
Or if my foule doth loue thee euer prou'd,
 Then doe : and with that word fo deeply figh't,
 As though death on her broken heart did light.

He thinking that her griefes extremitie
Did interrupt the office of her tung,
And moued with her words did feeme to pitie,
When falling downe vpon her neck he hung,
And faves, if my delaying could acquite ye
From this ſharpe grieuance, that your heart hath ftung,
 I would not leaue you for the worlds wealth,
 Nor worke difparagement vnto your health.

But

Vertues Historie.

But this delay can worke you no redresse,
But hurt me with the sight of this your payne,
And all the other knights themfelues addresse,
To goe vnto the feaft where I would fayne
Accompany them,as my oth expresse
Doth binde me,but I will returne againe,
 Before the funne remoue his fierie wheeles,
 Turning vnto our view his panting Palfreyes heeles.

This fayd,he went from out her burning fight,
Stopping his eares vnto her playning cryes,
And she still prayes to pitie wofull wight,
But like the faithles Troian Knight he flies,
Leauing sweete *Dido* swelling in despight,
Who powring raging playnts self-wounded dyes.
 So is this Knight from out her hearing gone,
 And she can onely hope he comes anone.

But how he sped,and she was left alone,
The fequence of the story shall declare,
But sweet *Viceina* doth so deepely grone,
Burdened with ouerpressing load of care,
That sure my heart relents to heare her mone,
And Ile assay to caufe her better fare,
 For what hard heart would not all seruice doo,
 To helpe a fayre,a chaste,a woman too?

D 2

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 4.

*A stranger knight the mayde doth free,
Which long had layne in pleasures bands :
While she her foemans death doth see,
Loofde by good fate from cursed hands,
And with that knight her way doth take,
Glad that foule prison to forsake.*

THough deepe distresse still threaten heauy fall,
And stormy cloudes thy fortunes wrack pefage,
Let not white-liuer'd feare thy thoughts appall,
A power there is that can all stormes affwage,
That makes the thunder bellow at his call,
And parbreake sulphur vapours in his rage :
This power is present still to ayde the iust,
Though hembde in hostes they be of hellish lust.

So is the virgin heere preferu'd from shame,
Which like a blood-hound haunts her hallowed feete,
For since vnto this shameles knight she came ;
She cannot turne but still he doth her meete,
Tempting her foule to yeeld to foulest shame,
With fayrest words that Pandors art did weete ;
But still she keepes her bulwark of defence,
Hoping some happy day will rid her hence.

But long she watch't to see that happy day,
Before misfortune left her tyranny,
The sliding glasse of time doth spend away,
And therewithall her wasting hope doth fly,
But he that in iust weights doth all things way ;
Viewing the poore opprest with cruelty,
Sent meanes whose thought dispayring thoughts did pas,
To helpe that dying Saint : And thus it was.

Sobrinus

Vertues Historie.

Sobrinus fame through all the Ile was blowne,
(For he was borne of royall pedegree)
And his fayre daughters name to all was knowne,
That holy were and hated vanitie,
Amongst the rest her vertuous praise was flowne,
Vnto a Lady of no meane degree,
Whose spotles heart was purenes pureft pure,
Whose soule no fenfuall thoughts could ere allure.

Aguria was this holy widowes name,
For she had layd her husband in the graue,
And since like Ancres, or a Vestal dame,
To heauenly thoughts her minde she wholly gaue :
But her sweet fonne a iolly knight became,
Great thoughts to try his valiance him draue,
And he was meeke to those that hated ill,
But to the wicked he was fearefull still.

This knight was moued by this damfels fame,
And with his mothers leaue departed thence,
Vowing by heauens-makers fearfull name,
As long as life should stay, or liuely fence,
Not euer to returne from whence he came,
Before (as signe of his beneuolence)
He shall salute this Lady face to face,
And with his armes that Saint-like Nymph embrace.

Thus purpose foorth he goes, as errant knight,
In gliftring armes yclad and mightie lance,
While vnder him in trappings gorgeous dight,
A sturdie courser all the way doth dance,
And as compacted of a liuely spright,
His trampling hooves aloft he doth aduance,
And for adventures armd in warlike wife,
He pricks his palfreys sides and forward tries.

D 3

But

Vertues Historie.

But what great dangers in his weary way,
Or what he saw or did, my Muse must passe,
For they would much my stories course delay :
Besides they are ingraud in during braffe,
By one who doth antiquitie bewray,
Writing what euer in that Iland was :

Let this suffice that he now iourneyes nye,
Vnto that place whereas this Dame doth lye.

But Night had spread her gloomy wings abroad,
Which forced thoughts of ease into his breast :
Therefore with swifter pace he faster road,
Hoping to get some place of gentle rest :
But while an easie gale vnto him blowd,
The sweetest sound that euer eare posselt,
Which made him turne his horse toward the noyse,
At last he came where he had heard the voyce.

And askt if lodging for a Knight there were,
Quoth he that sung, straight leaping from his seate,
None can approach (fayre Sir) more welcome here,
Then those that errant are, whom knightly heate
Enforc'th to seeke adventures farre and neere :
And with this filed speech did worke deceit,
The Knight full glad he had a harbour found,
Dismounted straight and lighted to the ground.

But little did he thinke that fayrest mayd,
Was prisoner in this cell of riotife :
For this same castle where he now is stayd,
Is that where poore *Vicina* captiue lyes,
And sure they thought to haue this Knight betrayd,
But his sweet thought did frustrate their surmise :
Yet in this foolish hope vp was he led,
Into a chamber fairely Arrafed.

Where

Vertues Historie.

Where after delicates and curious feast,
Full weary of his way and toylfome watch,
To pleasing sleepe his body he adrest,
Least during labour should him ouermatch :
When he no sooner setled him to rest,
But slumber in his fences feate did hatch,
Partly by toyle wherewith he now was fore,
Partly by Mufick founding at his dore.

Thus halfe her light fayre *Cynthia* had spent,
And he in sleepe had spent halfe *Cynthias* light,
Vntill a cry vnto his eare was sent,
Which did his tumbling fences all affright,
It seem'd to come from heart in peeces rent,
The wofull offspring of a wretched wight :
But thus the plaint was form'd in dolefull fort,
Carrying vnto his eares a sad report.

Haples *Viceina*, whom thy father lost,
Ynough tormented not, though dearly lou'd,
Nor sad remembrance of thy mothers ghost,
Though she to teares mine eyes hath often mou'd,
Nor thine owne harme which grieueth others most,
Ynough thy hearts great patience hath prou'd :
But here dispoyle of sweet virginitye,
Thy spotted soule in vgly sinne shall dye.

But rather let the confort of dread Night,
(Which sing sad notes before her chariot,
When she in progresse rides to chase the light)
Feare me before I take Sinnes filthy blot,
The scritchling Owle race out my loathed sight,
Before it see that sight of wretched lot,
The rauens of darknes take my corse for pray,
That they may hide it from the blushing day.

And

Vertues Historie.

And to those ghastly shades which haunt my soule,
And to the Night consenting to this ill,
My latest testament I will vnroule,
The dreery fumme of my death-grauen will,
They shall my seruants be my bell to toule,
To ring the dolefull accents of my knill,
 Death be the head, and Shame shall be the next,
 Then Night, and Guilt which holds my heart perplext.

These on their damned backs shall beare my corse,
Vnto the funerall which is prepar'd,
My soule prouide thy selfe against remorse,
From hope of better death thou art debar'd ;
For Sinne still threatens his vngentle force,
To wound thee deeply which had els been spar'd :
 But till death come take solace in the Night,
 For darkned soule there fits no better light.

This sayd, a bitter sigh euapour'd out
The sad conclusion of a sadder tale,
When gan the Knight his thoughts to stir about,
Pondring what wight thus lay in sorry bale :
But while he wauered in vncertaine doubt,
He soone vnto his troubled minde did call,
 How that mayd had her selfe *Viceina* hight,
 Wherewith he gan to burst with raging fight.

As *Tereus* in the banquet of his sonne,
When he a while his hungrie wombe had fed,
Knowing the bloodie mischief that was done,
And that he ate him whom before he bred,
Into a headlong rage along did runne,
And curs'th the liuing execrates the dead,
 In such a furie was this knight distraught,
 With thoughts of blood and vengeance fully fraught.
 But

Vertues Historie.

But well he could his raging fences tame,
And thought this time was not so fit to get
The freedome of this foule-diseafed dame ;
The night and suddenn noyfe his deede would let,
Therefore he refted till the morning came,
When to this actt himfelfe he ready fet,
 And watcht to fee the Lady of his loue,
 That from this feare he might her foule remoue.

But he not long had fought the Lady fayre,
Ere he had fpide where as that lozell mate
Walkt with her in the garden for the ayre ;
And he of luft and filthie finne did prate,
The Knight went ftraight vnto that louing payre,
Not able longer to refraine his hate,
 When fhe ftraight blufht to fee her felfe alone,
 Except this villaine compani'd of none.

Then lightned with reuenge thus gan the Knight ;
Thou fouleft fhame of all that breath this ayre,
How dar'ft thou to abufe this facred wight,
Inclofing her in den of black difpayre?
Either defend thy deede in martiall fight,
Or els here dye,my minde can like no prayer :
 Her champion I, and *Aidon* is my name,
 Thou or thy kind that dare defend the fame.

But freight he quailing funke vnto the ground,
For he of warre before had neuer heard,
The name of death ftraight caft him in a ffound,
His heart did pant, he was fo much afeard,
The while Sir *Aidon* gaue a deadly wound
Vnto his heart, that all the ground befmeard
 With filthie blood, his fouleft pleasures price,
 The nourifhment of his vngodly vice.

E

His

Vertues Historie.

His foule funke downe gnashing for furious mad,
That she should lose the pleasures of her bower,
Repining at the cursed fate she had,
Thus to be banisht in vnlookt for hower:
This while the Knight vnto that Lady sad,
Told why and whence he came, who thankt that power,
Whose prouidence preuented her mis-hap,
Sheelding her foule from deaths fierce thunderclap.

But thence departing to the hall they went,
Where mingled wanton troopes of either kinde,
Dallied together in their merriment,
He that most filthie is, he seemes most kinde:
The Knight could not refraine his discontent,
But drawing forth his sword, doth bid them finde
Some fitter kinde of mirth, or fitter place:
When all affrighted forth they fled apace.

All fled, he sets on fire those walls of lust,
Whose ayre infected was with filthie sent,
Downe fall the walls confum'd to fruitles dust,
With eating flames of firy force yspent,
While *Venus* wept to see her fort combust,
And those foundations from the bottome rent:
But that fayre virgin with the errant Knight,
Left those foule dwellings, glad they met so right.

But looke the Captaine now had chang'd his face,
And out of knowledge he will shortly grow,
If that I doe not follow him apace,
A gowne he now hath got full hanging low:
But wonder not at this his changed case,
The hap which did befall, you straight shall know:
But let me breath awhile, it needs no haste,
For yet I pant with chafing him so fast.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 5.

*Th'inchanter on a plaine doth ly,
And while he looketh all abrode,
He sees a Lady passing by,
To whom enforst with lust he rode,
Fidamours loue and Philarets charge,
Phucerus crueltie is told at large.*

DEare foule, what euer wandrest here below,
Chained in the sinfull bodies sensuall bands,
Yeeld not thy selfe to what doth fayrest show,
Nor walking in these worldly *Nilus* sands,
Giue listning to the tunes that sweet doe blow :
Tis easie falling into pleasures hands,
But at deare rate he selleth all his ware,
The entrance pleaseth, but the end is care.

This hast thou found thou euer-damned ghost,
And payest dearly for thy marchandise,
Gnashing thy teeth in that infernall coast,
Rowling to banisht heauen thy glowing eyes :
Now doth he curse what once did please him most,
Seeing his accounts to such a summe to rise,
And in deepe horror from his bowels cries,
To learne iustice, nor the Gods despise.

But all too late he moanes his wicked deede,
Now was it time all euill to preuent,
Before foule finne had hatcht his cursed feede,
Better he had his guts in famine spent,
Then with this feast his poysoned flesh to feede,
But what to doe himselfe did not repent,
Shall not much grieue my warned minde to tell,
Better to heare then doe what is not well.

E 2

After

Vertues Historie.

After his faithles heart had her forfooke,
That still ingeminates his hated name,
With th'other knights he fourth his iourney tooke,
And to *Geticas* bower at length they came,
Where they infcrib'd their names in curfed booke,
Incorporated in the citie of defame,
 The citie which foule shame on earth hath built,
 To trap mens foules in finnes accusing guilt.

And euery one his fundrie choife had gaind,
As each mans liking doth him most direct,
But wicked *Bonauallant* hath obtaind,
To be of *Hecates* accursed fect,
Taught now to hold grim *Dis* and Spirits chaine,
And plague the furies for his words neglect,
 And foule *Megeera* at his kindled brest,
 Will rack mens tortur'd foules in fad vnrest.

No sooner doth he moue his charmed wan,
But hell eruets foule Spirits which attend,
To worke the will of this accursed man,
He can with deadly charmes earths belly rend,
And with swift wings the fliding ayer fan,
Making sterne *Pluto* at his words to bend,
 One houre this Pole shall see his charmed wings,
 And in the fame he to th'Antartique flings.

But now vpon a fayre plaine he doth lye,
Harbourd within his charme-enchanted wall,
Where on a tower he fees who paffeth by,
Hoping at length some purchafe will befall,
On whom to worke his curfed witchery,
To which a sudden fight his fence doth call,
 For a farre off he fees a Lady bright,
 That armed was and all arayd for fight.

Her

Vertues Historie.

Her face like *Phæbus* at the suddēn rise,
Gauē such a glister in her beauties morne,
As made him hope some vnaccustom'd price,
And richer treafure then he saw before,
Therefore his curfēd art he now applies,
Hoping he should this game away haue borne ;
 And armed with infernall spirits might,
 Thus he affayd to clofe this blessed wight.

Out from his cell he flyes with greateft hafte,
Like stormie *Notus* on his dewy plumes,
And from his castles fight he quite is paft,
Where hid in charming fogges and chaunted fumes,
Like to a Snake his skin he off doth caft,
And fained fhape and forme he now affumes,
 Vpon a hackney he is fairly fet,
 Whofe fides his feete not stirropt flagging beat.

His hoary beard downe fnowing on his breast,
And fwanny locks the chronicles of age,
Witneffe that elder yeares haue him opprest,
But that his sword doth tell that youthfull rage,
Within his haughty heart is not deceaft:
Thus doth he goe as in a pilgrimage,
Euen like *Silenus* now he doth appeare,
But he a tankard, this a sword doth beare.

Thus doth he march toward that fayrest dame,
His horfe scarce mouing his vntoward feete,
When as the Sunne vnto his lodging came,
And did no fooner his faire *Thetis* greeete,
But this *Tithonus* fetled for his gaine,
Did fayrer farre then fayre *Aurora* meete,
 And careles seemed he to passe aside,
 But though his horfe go'th forth, his hart doth back abide.

E 3

When

Vertues Historie.

When she back turning her celestiall spheares,
(In one of which sweet *Venus* darts her rayes,
In th'other *Mars* and warlike loue appeares)
Father (quoth she) know you how farre awayes
Is fayre *Doledra*, where *Phucerus* beares
The Diadem in these vnhappy dayes?

Well doe I know (quoth he) but tis so farre,
You cannot there come by the light of starre.

Then poynting to this witches charmed place,
(Quoth she) what Knight dwels in those goodly walls,
Or will he offer Lady this one grace,
(Because the night me so vntimely calls)
To entertaine me for this little space?
And if at any time the like befalls,
Which may requite his gentle curtesie,
Ile try to quite his great humanitie.

Euen like to *Jupiter* when once he brought,
That fayre *Europa* on his back did sit
Daunc'd through the flowry fields, glad he had caught
His game, applauding his successefull wit:
So doth this carle at this good newes, he fought,
And to the Lady thus his speech doth fit:
Well may you goe, none are more welcome there,
Then those that for true cause doe armour beare.

And to assure you here my selfe will lead,
Vnworthie loadstarre of so fayre a Sunne,
Vnto that castle where I sure aread,
Not common kindnes to you will be done:
She harkning to his speech the path doth tread,
Which to this labyrinth of shame doth runne,
Where pleasing doubt doth lead her to the center,
But there foule *Minotaurs* will her incounter.

But

Vertues Historie.

But least long wonder might your thoughts possesse,
Who was this Lady, and from whence she came,
And why here she her journey did addresse,
I will vnfold the storie of this Dame ;
Strong loue her bounden heart doth much oppresse,
Which any thought of danger ouercame:
 Not many fights and perils doe her moue,
 She counts them all but pleasures for her loue.

Vpon *Eumorphos* plaines a castle stands,
VVhere dwelt an ancient and a comely Knight,
VVhich all the country bordering commaunds :
But that which greatest raifde his glories hight,
VVas not his treasure, nor farre stretched lands :
But three fayre daughters, lights most brightest light,
 VVhose wondrous beautie lookers did amaze,
 That in one heauen so many Sunnes did blaze.

Amongst these lookers, one there did surprize
An vncouth heate of vndermining loue,
VVho knowing that stopt fire more hotly fries,
And with his owne light doth his cloake remoue,
Made knowne the Comet which withdrew his eyes,
And to his Lady did his passions proue:
 She *Philaret* was calde, the eldest mayd,
 The Knight Sir *Fidamour* thus ill apayd.

VVith earnest fute an answere he hath gaind,
The golden shaft shot soorth from *Cupids* bow,
That if the victorie he haue obtaind,
In that aduenture which this mayd shall show,
His gentle proffers shall be entertaind,
And happy match betweene these louses shall grow :
But if he doe not, then all former band
Came back as free into the makers hand.

Downe

Vertues Historie.

Downe in the westerne coast there dwelt a king,
Phucerus he is hight, his goodly feate,
Is calde *Doledra*, whose high towers doe sing
Soft murmuring tunes, when windes then gently beat,
And loftie turrets mighty tops doe bring,
Vnto the skye which neuer saw so great,
That dar'd to looke vpon the starry skye,
And lift their maffes in the ayre so hye.

Within this towne a prophesie did passe,
That from *Eumorphos* should a mayden come,
Whose hand should change the kingdomewhence it was,
Which made the king in priuate charge to some,
That whofoere could bring that countries lasse,
Vnto th'appoynted *Eumorphean* tombe,
He should be recompenc'd with liberall see,
Beside the grace in which he still should bee.

Thus had he flaine and tombde in bloody pit,
Many that guiltles came with no pretence,
And *Philaret* glad to be reuengde of it,
Enioynd the knight these deedes to recompence,
And to prouoke them more he should him fit,
Womans apparell which breeds more offence.
And thus with speare and targe he forth should goe,
To be reuenged on his wicked foe.

Forth he is gone (the gods him prosper fayre)
And to this castle is this iourney spent,
Where I must leaue him to his fortunes fare,
But still imagine that he forward went,
For strongest loue imprints a deepest care,
That nothing can withdraw his hearts intent;
But let him goe as fast as loue him driues,
Ile ouertake him ere he home ariues.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 6.

*Eronaes craft and filed tung,
And pleasing looke and flattring face,
Deogines his heart hath stung;
Aidon doth finde in wofull case,
His mother kept in bondage chaine,
In whose defence himselfe is slaine.*

THou sacred Muse which with thy siluer spring,
A little sprinklest my scarfe-moyftned brow,
Helpe me in ampler field my verse to bring;
These deedes doe grow to larger number now,
Nor can this little pipe them fully sing,
Therefore my limits with my song must grow :
The diuers webs are now so diuers spunne,
They cannot end so neere as they begunne.

Whither defiled foules thus runne ye mad ?
Wallowing in filthy shames sinck most obscene :
What? see you not how *Adraftéa* sad,
With iron whips inflicting hellish peine,
Still houereth ouer, marking what is bad,
And like *Celeno* clasps her wings vncleane,
For ioy that she a subiect fit hath found,
On whom reuengement deeply may rebound.

This if *Erona* had considered than,
When she first yeelded her to finnes delight,
And drawne her feete againe when she began,
This sorrow had not vext her troubled spright,
Now desolate left off that curfed man :
But since none other way is found in fight,
Vnto her wonted arte she runnes againe,
And modestie in poysoned heart doth faine.

F

After

Vertues Historie.

After the castle was left desolate,
And all betooke them to that wicked way,
Faine would she after goe but tis too late,
So shall her sleights appeare as bright as day,
Therefore she doth inuent all desperate,
This path or none for helping to affay,
 All clad in black like mourning for the dead,
 Or Pilgrim that is all disquieted.

A hood of black vpon her head she wore,
Which fought against the Sunne her forme to shield,
And on her backe a mourning gowne she bore,
Which loofely flagging swept the verdant field,
And at her brest a booke there hung before,
Whose backe nor painting clad nor golde did guild;
 But black it was without and so within,
 Onely the letters white in all were seen.

Thus is the Ancres gone to seeke her fate,
Clad in the cloudes of forrow and despayre,
Which to eclipse these rayes which shine of late;
Yet in this battell of her bewties fayre,
Opposde to blacke this white supports more state,
Which litle teary dimples doe repayre;
 So that or now, or neuer so diuine,
 Doth this fayre *Cynthia* at her fullest shine.

So long she had the playnes and valleys tras't,
That *Phæbus* gallopt downe the westerne hill,
Seeing his fierie torches so to wast,
And she then hoping for no lesser ill,
Then in some outcast harbour farre displas't,
To lye, while night keeps all in silent still;
 Goes forward seeking for some shady place,
 To hide her from the view of mens disgrace.

But

Vertues Historie.

But see an aged man this way doth ride,
Vpon a lusty Palfrey fayrely set,
Who though his hayres in ages graine are dyde,
Proues that his heart the mastery doth get,
And that some heate within his breast doth bide,
Not full remou'd from out his wonted feat,
Euen to this damfell is he come at last
Whence fiery dartes into his eyes are cast.

Sometimes he lookes, yet straight lookes back againe,
Sorry his heart should be captiu'd with loue,
Sometimes he viewes yet not to view doth fayne,
He fix'th his eyes, yet freight he doth remoue,
His thoughts be gone, yet thoughts he would restrain,
Which battle in his flaming breast doth proue :
That though he fight and striue with his desire,
Dry sticks must needs consume once put to fire.

Faine would he passe, but burning loue denyes,
And makes him see he striues against his heart,
Therefore this medicine he now applies,
And hopes to win his loue by loues defart,
He doth enquire which way her iourney lyes,
And if her busines binds not to depart :
Euen neere (quoth he) my castle fayre doth stand,
Which shall be ready at thy sweet command.

She then replies a pilgrim mayde I am,
And sinnes deepe spot farre buried in my breast,
Tells me I neuer can cleane purge the same,
Except I banish quite the bodies rest,
Which still prouokes the soule to endlesse flame,
But for this profer and your kinde request,
One night with you fayre friend I may remaine,
So in the morne I shall returne againe.

F 2

Euen

Vertues Historie.

Euen as the baited hooke in Thamis waues,
Floteth along and swimmeth fast away,
As if no gainfull hinderance he craues,
And when the fish his guilefull course doth stay,
Playing a while his tangled life he faues,
But at the last he takes him for a pray:
 So doth this mayde seeme careles for her gaine,
 But he shall feele her craft to greater paine.

This Knight now widow'd had a comely wife,
Whose fayrenes with his fiercenes badly met,
The chastest Vestall liu'd no chaster life
Then did this Lady, yet he still did fret,
A strangers looke would fet them both at strife,
He thinks she doth her vowed loue forget,
 Which made her weary of her prison'd breath,
 And with a sword her foule vnburdeneth.

Her ghost embrued in that crimson gore,
Still plaines to *Rhadamant* with ceaseles cry,
For fierce reuenge to make him once deplore,
That wrought her that accursed misery,
Who deeply moued, wild her weepe no more,
And bad reuenge vnto the earth to fly:
 Where he should get him still desired food,
 Of cruell torments and new issuing blood.

Now hath he got this fained penitent,
To play the pageant of his plotted ill,
Who though she seemeth inly to repent,
Yet sinnes *abyffus* there remaineth still,
The filthy dregges of shame whose noysome sent,
VVith poysened humors shall her louer fill:
 But since his heart a woing needes must goe,
 He leaue him to his woing and his woe.

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now change thy Myrtle for a Cypresse bow,
Put on thy mourning weedes, come mourn my Mufe,
VVith Ebon dye vailing thy smiling brow,
Loth would I tell it, yet I cannot chuse,
And tis too late to helpe thy loffes now,
Floods of my teares cannot thy ioy reduce :
 Ah good Sir *Aidon* whose vntimely fate,
 Makes me to mourne euen fast by pleasures gate.

After this Knight returnde with victorie,
Into the country where he first was borne,
It chanced as he did arriue full nie
His castle, day was fled, and double horne
Of *Cynthia* gan aduance their tops full hie,
VVhen wearines their limmes had much forworne,
 And the Sunnes scorching (now ore-passed heate)
 VVith labour made their panting hearts to beate.

But now a Chrystal well they haue espide,
In whose cleere streames beauties fayre looking glasse,
Phæbe, when in her circuit she did ride,
VVould ioy to see the glorie of her face,
VVhere they alight, and by the fountaine side
Doe lay them downe vpon the pleafant grasse :
 And while they harke how *Zephire* soft doth sing,
 A murmur to their cares these words doth bring.

You goodly boughs of youth which proudly beare
Your climbing tops vnto the smiling ayre,
Thinke how fierce winter shall your garments teare,
And with his stormes ore-shadow all your fayre,
The goodliest vesture which you ere shall weare,
Times aged feathers safely shall impayre,
 Your ioy the mornings smile, but fable night
 Shall drowne in forrowes floods your most delight.

F 3

The

Vertues Historie.

The worlds great pride shall haue a greater fall,
Vncertaine men haue no possession fure,
He that is neereft death is best of all,
The leffer troubles hath he to endure,
He that doth fit attire in princely pall,
Cannot the purchase of one day procure;
 When our ioyes Sunne from *Tethis* waues doth wade,
 Tis figne there was, and shall againe be shade.

Therefore thou body which doft pine away,
VVhich age hath furrow'd with his iron plow,
Reioyce that thou shalt see that glorions day,
VVhose bright Sunnes Chariot shall not downward bow,
But lighten beames which black night doth obay,
So chaine she neuer can from darkenes glow;
 And while thou drawest this thy fainting breath,
 VVeepe for to wash thy finnes, not for thy death.

This mournfull voyce with hoarce and hollow found,
Sayled full gently to their listning eares,
VVhose noyse that did from out the caue rebound,
Brought to their stonied hearts affrighting feares,
At last by earnest thought the Knight hath found,
VVhat wracked wight this dolefull musick beares;
 And knew that this his mother deare had beene,
 Griewing her woe, and not her selfe is feene.

Distracted quight about the place he goes,
Like *Bacchus* priests whom holy *Thyrse* had raught,
But now the found with crying he doth lose,
And with the found the place so much he faught,
But then he thinks some wicked forraine foes,
His castle haue and her both captiue caught:
 Therefore vnto the Castle he doth flie,
 As one intranced in an extasie.

He

Vertues Historie.

He fiercely knocks against the castle gate,
He knocks againe as fury doth him driue,
At last one comes, and cryes who dares thus late
VVith troubling noyse hither to ariue :
No sooner saw he him, but vrgde with hate,
(VVith which his passions doe all vainely friue)
He with a mighty blow stroke at his head,
Thinking euen then t'haue sent his soule to bed.

The other voyding drew his fiery blade,
And here (quoth he) goe to thy mothers ghost,
His mothers loued name such entry made,
As he for thought thereof gan faint almost,
In which deepe traunce he doth the Knight inuade,
And stroke him deeply to the vtmost cost :
Downe falls the Knight as if he dead had bin,
The other left him so and entred in.

After *Vicina* softly followeth,
At last she comes, where she doth weeping view
The mournfull picture of vngentle death :
Nor doth she looke vpon his plight to rue,
But with a linnen closely couereth
The wound, and doth a litle life renew ;
VVhere helped by the stopping of his blood,
He went with her vnto a ioyning wood.

Yet knowes he not how this vngentle deede
VVas wrought, nor who abusde his mothers right ;
It was a bloody man that did exceede
In furious wrath, each word would make him fight:
Yet mighty was he, and his happy speede
Caufde him of any foes to make but light:
And still his iawes like smoaky *Orcus* caue,
VVould reeke forth othes when he did curse and raue.
This

Vertues Historie.

This furious *Aiax* when the drowfie night
Had couerd all things with her pitchy vaile,
Comes to this caftle where he doth alight,
And cries for entry, but his cry doth faile:
Then fwelling deepe with rage and great defpight,
The gates with violence he doth affaile:
VVhich broken downe, he takes the fleeping Nun,
And fhuts her in a caue, and roules a ftone vpon.

But now good *Aidon* like the dying fwan,
Knew that the time of death approached neere:
Therefore to fmg sweet tunes he now began,
The tunes which pleafe the great Creators eare,
The cruell fates haue burnt the liuely bran,
VVith whofe confuming breath and life doth weare
Cruell *Althea*, death rest of vnrest,
Leauing the earth-wormes carrying hence the beft.

But as his eyes had almoft rolde the laft,
To him his mothers fhadow doth appeare,
Quoth ſhe; reioyce thou foule worlds woe is paft,
This burden now no longer fhalt thou beare,
Our liues account in heauens booke is caft,
Throw hence earths cloake, and follow me my deare:
This heard, he fix'th his ftanding eyes on hye,
His winged ghofth to heauens bower doth flye.

As fayre *Creufa* in confumed *Troy*,
Fled from *Aneas* lifted in the ayre,
Rauifht with heauens ouer-pleafing ioy,
And left him crying in his loues defpayre,
Freed from thefe troubles and the worlds annoy,
So hath this ghofth now fet in ftarry chayre,
Left her that with the fhrlnes of her cry,
Pierced refifting ayre and ftroake the sky.

The

Vertues Historie.

The greateſt woe that heart did euer beare,
With grifly tallants gripeth on her foule,
Sorrow her inward parts doth fiercely teare,
And in griefes couer doth her heart enroule,
And when the leaſt relenting doth appeare,
Then doth deaths viſnomie her peace controule :
 The Sunne of loue hath fet her heart on fire,
 The ſmoake is fighs,the flame is her deſire.

As when in open field a mounting flame,
Halfe-quenched with the clowdes diſtilling raine,
Doubles anon his height,and with the ſame
Yeelds foorth freſh vapours to the clowdes againe,
Till they ore-burdned fend them whence they came,
Rebating ſo th'aſpiring fire amaine :
 So fighs and teares runne ſtill this weeping fourſe,
 And end themſelues,but neuer end their courſe.

Strike rocky foule (quoth ſhe) a teary ſhowre,
From out the hollow of my ſtony breaſt,
And all thy moyſture into riuers powre,
For him that did procure thy ſweeteſt reſt,
And melt in teares vntill thy lateſt howre,
Becaufe thy deareſt Deare is now deceaſt :
 Then to a Cypreſſe tree thy ſhadow turne,
 And on his tombe ſhew that thou ſtill doeſt mourne.

*Alluding to
Cypariſſus.*

While thou thrice-blefſed foule in happy peace,
Shalt ſing ſweet accents rauifhing concert,
In tunes whoſe harmony ſhall neuer ceaſe,
But ſtill endure with thy ſtill-during feate,
While nothing ſhall my heart from grieſe releaſe,
Till with my woe my life ſhall be expleate :
 Fayre dayes ſhall tell me of thy fayreſt hue,
 And clowdy gloome ſhall bid me euer rue.

G

This

Vertues Historie.

This fayd, a shade encompass all the wood,
Her darkned fight abroad can nothing see:
So by *Lyrcaean* groue fayre *To* stood,
Enuellop'd with a shadie Canopee,
While she thus masked in this pitchie hood,
Was forst the great gods concubine to bee:
 But at the last at once this cloudy night
 Is chafed by the Sunnes new rising light.

But where before that Sainted Temple lay,
Nothing appeares, and where the blood did staine,
The dyed grasse, there now fayre Rofes stay,
The damaske colourd in a ruddie graine,
That bluseth at the rising of the day,
To see her beautie naked all remaine:
 And purple violets ne'er growing right,
 But seeke to hide their forme from common sight,

Thus is the Mother and her holy Sonne,
The truest types of chastitie and shame,
Dead ere new offspring from their loynes begunne,
To propagate fayre vertues sacred name:
Which is the reason that th'all-seeing Sunne,
Seldome hath feene a chaste and spotles Dame:
 Except *Eliza* that celestiall wight,
 And you whose tapers burne pure virgin-light.

But fayre *Viceina* now doth walke alone,
Faine would I bring thee to some lodging place,
For curtesie denies to heare thee moane,
And thus to leaue thee in this wofull case,
Forfaken and accompanide of none:
But take it not I pray thee for disgrace,
 I see some riding here with might and maine,
 He but examine them and come againe.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 7.

*Adonia goes t'auenge her Knight,
After her charming nought preuailes :
Deogin seeing Erona light,
Amidst the waues his chance bewailes :
Erona on the sea doth float,
Chang'd by a charme into a boat.*

WHen in th'*Ægæum* of thy wandring dayes,
Fortune full softly fills thy swelling faile,
Let no *Circæas* hinder quite thy wayes,
Nor let her cups against thy heart preuaile,
Then vertue of thy spotted foule decayes,
Blinded in worldly pleasures cloudy vaile:
This pleasing draught shall so bewitch thy will,
Well mayst thou see the good, but doe the ill.

Which doth appeare in this most wretched wight,
Who after *Aidon* had their Captaine flaine,
Returneth to the dregges of fond delight,
Hoping t'haue found their carpet knight againe,
And bring her ancient customes new to light :
But as she fought him with incessant paine,
At last a mangled carcasfe she had spide,
With skarlet blood and filthie gore bedide.

As *Peleus* daughters, when they saw their fire
Vanisht from earth into a gasty shade,
Their raging thoughts rapt vp in furies gire,
Curst heauen and earth, and that life-loosing blade,
Damning that vgly witch to *Orcus* fire,
And then themselues which first the motion made:
So doth this furnace burning hellish flame,
Breath curses gainst great heau'ns fate-ruling name.

Medea.

G 2 Foule

Vertues Historie.

Foule fiends(quothe)which gnash your fretting iawes,
Enuying at mens dying felicitie,
Goe,heeres a subiect for your rending clawes,
Ascend to heauen and raze his hatefull eye,
That bloody Sunne which with his influence drawes
The toffed ship of life to miserie :
 With sulphure smoake darken each quenched starre,
 Which could behold this bloody act so farre.

And on your Dragon backs lift *Neptune* hie,
Into the heauens with his watric traine,
That downe perpetuall showres still may flye,
The fates vngentle power to complaine :
Let earth decay,let all things earthly dye,
Till with their moanes my loue returne againe:
 Inuest thee here ayr-ouerpreading Night,
 Now he is dead, all is none other light.

And take you vestures which black *Stixes* waue,
Seuen times hath dyed in his sable flood,
And let each starre a pitchy garment haue,
And let these suits attire all heauens brood,
Where in a progresse they shall mourning craue,
The deare renewing of this blessed blood,
 And breake the distaffe of death-guiding fate,
 Loosing the soules from out hell prison gate.

But looke,the Sunne fends downe his smiling rayes,
Laughing to scorne the sorrow of my heart,
Words cannot bring him to his sweetest dayes,
No power pities my tormenting smart :
Therefore Ile try some soule-inchanting wayes,
Whose might shall make the fates their doome reuert :
 And since they moue not with my mourning teares,
 With deadly charmes Ile pearce their glowing eares.
 Seuen

Vertues Historie.

Seuen dayes she mournd about her dearest loue,
The seuenth night she wandred farre away,
And all the forts of liuely herbes did proue,
Gathering the dew from leaues of springing bay,
And all the fpices which might calour moue,
And Serpents skin which summer laft did lay :
 Only she could not get a Deeres warme hart,
 Whose want confounded all her charming art.

Now back she goes, when as the wakened Sunne
Gathred his horfes from the Westerne plaine,
And softly vp the Easterne mount did runne,
When she vnto her Knight returnde againe,
Where,when in order all her charme was done,
She loof'th about her head her tressie traine :
 And laying in his mouth, and in his wound,
 Her charme she runneth seuen times around.

Then seuen times these words she doth repeate,
By the great secrets which in *Memphis* lie,
And by the bloody waues which *Pharus* beate,
By three-formd *Hecates* great Deitie,
By pitchy *Stixes* heauen-feared feate,
And by the labours of thy Lunacie:
 Phæbe recur'd by *Temesæan* brasse,
 I charge this soule to come where first it was.

This sayd, a Christall glasse she fourth doth take,
Holding it right against the shining Sunne,
That beames contracted might a fire make,
Whose smoake into a liuely soule might runne :
The charme is kindled and he seemes to wake,
But wanting force the charme is straight vndone :
 She did but trouble his affrighted ghost,
 Lacking the thing which helpe *Medea* most.

G 3

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now fits she downe,all helpe and hope is gone,
Reuenge can only now his foule acquite :
Therefore on vengeance she doth thinke alone,
To be reuenged on that holy Knight:
And as she plots she spies an armed one,
Ready prepar'd as seem'd for bloody fight ;
His loftie speare he doth aduance on hie,
As though he menac'd warre vnto the skie.

This pecocke irond thus of euery side,
A coward is vnfit of manly speare,
Neuer in ought he hath his valour tride,
Bet is so faint and humble slaue to feare,
That when the shadow of his lance he spide,
His fainting carcaffe downward gan to beare :
And if deaths thought had not him rousde away,
No doubt for famine he should there decay.

And now he went into this filthie land,
Where Knights but seldome vſe their prowesse trie,
And now the mayd of him doth this demaund,
That sharpe reuenge might quite this iniurie :
Then lifting out his vow confirming hand,
Lady(if this fame caitife hidden lie
Vnder the compasse of this emptie ayre)
This hand thy losses fully shall repayre.

Out in *Tartaria* when a mightie hoast
Encompast me : but then bespoke the mayd,
No further of thy deedes I pray thee boast,
Well doe I trust thee for thy gentle ayd,
Though he had neuer been in any coast,
Which in a new Meridian is layd :
But trauerfing the Iland vp and downe,
Neuer did worthie deed in field nor towne.

The

Vertues Historie.

The mayd vp mounted led him in the way,
Which to Sir *Aidons* fort directly brought:
Where come by breaking of the blushing day,
He bid the mayd stay back till he had fought,
The battell which her foes in dust should lay:
Which done, he very studious bethought,
 How he the battell any way might flie,
 Or if he fought, some place of flight espie.

Thus musing straight he sees the portall shut,
And hoping none were remanent within,
With speare he gaue the gates a mightie butt,
And cries, what are you fled for feare your sinne,
Reueng'd with death my hungry speare should glut?
Or of my coming haue forewarned bin?
 Then forth *Tigranes* comes that furious Knight,
 And cries, what peasant troubles my delight.

No harme (quoth he) forfooth an humble friend,
Come to congratulate your victorie,
And here this captiue mayd a pledge doe send,
Yeelding her to you with humilitie:
Let not I pray my boldnes you offend,
But take this mayd a pledge of fealtie.
 The Knight appeasde, them gently entertaind,
 And they a place of rest haue now obtaind.

Now had *Viceina* past this bloody feat,
And wandred thorow way-leffe woods and dales,
VVhen in a vale a cottage she hath met,
VVherein a Hermite still in prayer calles,
To clenfe his foule and wickednesse forget,
VVhose thought the thoughts of his sweet conscience galls:
 Thus did he spend the day and watch the night,
 Still lifting vp for grace his troubled spright.

VVho

Vertues Historie.

Who seeing such a modest Lady by,
Told her if cottage might not be disdaind,
Nor herball fare which in his house doth ly,
Of him she gladly should be entertaind :
Who finding comfort of extremity,
Told him she gladly hath his lodging gaind :
 VVhere we will leaue them to their hearty prayer,
 And old mindes griefes with ioy new to repayre.

But see how fayre *Erona* chang'th her coat,
And taught the feigniour with a cleerer breath,
To sing his tunes vnto a higher note :
She that but one night in his house would rest,
Least wicked sinne her holy foule should blot,
She thinks to tarie here is farre the best :
 And *Deogin* enamour'd on her face,
 VVith many sports hath made her like the place.

But he is come vnto his wonted rate,
His eyes are euer glistering with fire,
He euer thinks she hath another mate,
And other loues doe kindle her desire,
VVhich often causeth strife and great debate,
But she will gently quite her ielous fire :
 And since he stumbles thus without a stone,
 She meanes to giue him rocks to fall one.

Euen by this Castle *Neptune* once in loue
Of a wood Nymph, did follow fast his game :
But she to fly his kisses mainly strove,
And to her woods of harbour flying came :
Neptune enrag'd, his trident mace vphoue,
And mainly stroake the harbour of the Dame:
 The earth gan melt, and trees consum'd away,
 Neptune rusht in and caught the swimming lay.

So

Vertues Historie.

So now a lake it is, once firmeſt land,
And Knights much vſde to croſſe this watry way:
But once arriu'd a Knight vnto the ſtrand,
About the darkning of the conquerd day,
And at this caſtle lodging did demand:
The carle was loth, but threatnings did affray,
That in he goes into that burning gate,
The tragick actor of the churles fate.

When ſupper comes all doe themſelues addreſſe,
To faciate with foode their natures neede:
But this grim fir doth fit all ſupperleſſe,
And on his gnawed guts apace doth feede,
And when he eates, he mindeth nothing leſſe:
For on the Knight his eyes kept careful heede,
That ſometimes when his meate he ſhould deuide,
The knife awry into his fleſh doth ſlide.

Thus paſſeth forth the prologue of his woe,
But the next morne brings forth his tragedie:
For that ſame Knight his wife had handled ſo,
That in a chamber now they both doe lie:
But ſtill *Deogines* goes to and fro,
To ſee if he his louing mates can ſpie:
At laſt he ſees the flame whoſe fry dart
Kindles the ſulphure of his fuel hart.

About he runnes and cryes I burne I burne,
And in black famine all his bones doth ſpend:
At laſt vnto the riuer he doth turne,
Thinking to giue this flame a watry end:
But he ſo light is growne, each waue doth ſpurne,
And any way his ſliding courſe doth bend:
At laſt fayre fayling with a Northerne blaſt,
This barebond feend on *Britains* ſands was caſt.

H

But

Vertues Historie.

But now *Erona* will her courfe betake,
As ſhe was wont to luſt and filthie ſhame;
A whirry on that riuer ſhe doth make,
And ſhe her ſelfe the paſſenger became,
Ferrying each knight vpon that gulſie lake,
That condifends vnto her damned game:
 The reſt by cunning of her ioynted boat,
 She layes in waues and makes ore bord to float.

For in two parts her boat ſhe doth deuide,
She in the firſt doth row, and that behinde
VVith a fleight viſe vnto the firſt is tide,
VVhich with a pin ſhe can both looſe and binde:
Now while vpon the waues they rowing ſlide,
If any Knight reſiſt her filthie minde,
 Then doth ſhe looſe her pin, he falleth downe,
 And drenching waues his haples carkaffe drowne.

If he vnto her dalliance doe yeeld,
Then doth ſhe paſſe him ſafely to the land,
And gently ſets him on the other field:
And thus her dayes conſum'd like duſtie ſand,
VVhich *Boreas* to and fro with blaſts doth wield,
And is not ſeene where it before did ſtand:
 So doth her body fo her ſoule conſume,
 Dide vgly black in finnes ſtill-reaking fume.

Nor doth her guilt eſcape vnpuniſht quite;
For as it fell this way her Captaine came,
Old *Banauallant*, once her deare delight,
But now new-changed in another frame:
VVho when ſhe ferried, and with pleaſing ſight
Woo'd to agree to deeds of black defame:
 He harkned not to her vntam'd deſire,
 VVhich kindled in her breaſt reuenges fire.

But

Vertues Historie.

But he had spide how she with turning vice
VVas loofing downe the dead-fall of her hate,
And with a charme did croffe her first deuce,
Giuing her punisht soule a new-found fate;
Into a boat her breast,her legs,her thighs
Are chang'd,and bound by charme for endles date:
That since she had delighted still to carrie,
Here in eternall carriage she doth tarrie.

Her armes the oares do cut the fleeting sea,
And passe each traueller to the furtherd side:
Her face in which sweet beautie once did play,
The plowed waues in furrowes doth deuide:
So the Propætides that common lay,
And passers violence did still abide,
Because their face no ruddie shame could print,
VVere turned to a neuer blushing flint.

But let me quickly to *Doledra* flie,
Vnles I thither make the greater haft,
Fidamour homeward doth so hafty hie,
That all the mariage will be ouer-paft,
The feast and triumphs of his victorie,
And tilts vnto their latest day will waft:
But I will after on my thoughts swift wing,
And in triumphing tunes his trophees sing.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 8.

Fidamour from th'Inchanter fled,
With fayre Doledraes King doth fight :
She victor doth her foe behead,
And to Eumorphos takes her flight,
Where at the mariage suddenly,
Th'Inchanter downe to hell doth fly.

AS when *Ioues* lightning on a towre doth fall,
No humour can allay his fry might,
But with his hungrie iawes confumeth all,
On which his rending tallands can alight :
So doth this filthie flame vnnaturall,
Burne in this witches heart in hearts despight :
His thoughts like water in *Pyracmons* forge,
Make his fire-breathing throte more flames disgorge.

When in the castle all the night was spent,
In morne they hasted to depart away,
Which deeply wrought th'inchanters discontent,
And by these meanes doth seeke their course delay :
He takes a potion from *Cocitus* sent,
Whose force in weakned heart deepe loue will lay :
This had he mingled in some fatall wine,
Hoping to make her heart in furie pine.

But *Epimel* her carefull watching page,
(Which still about his mistris did attend)
Had spide the witches faithles cariage,
And quickly bad her on her steed ascend :
She kindled with disdaine and mightie rage,
Vnto *Doledra* now her course doth bend :
Where come, without in suburbs she doth stay,
And to *Phucerus* thence fends mortall fray.

The

Vertues Historie.

The king that neuer thought in open fight,
He and his kingdome should be ouerthrowne:
But that some mayd would by her subtile flight,
Or other policie vndermine his throne,
Went foorth full fraught with rage and high despight:
And though his loues about him still did mone,
 And curtizans about him euer cry,
 The sad euent of wofull flight to fly.

Yet he respected not their vaine request,
But marched foorth to meete this warlike Dame:
And at his sight she kindling in her breast,
The Pyramis of an ascending flame,
Straight open enmitie to him profest,
And with well couched lance toward her came :
 Their flashing speares that from their breasts rebound,
 Made eccho tell the horror of the found.

The flintie flakes drop from the riuen plate,
And make the hollow earth from deepe to grone,
Whose noyse the trembling spirits dide amate,
Fearing their couering would haue false vpon :
So angry *Ioue* inflam'd with ruthles hate,
Darts from the heau'ns a mightie thunderstone,
 And in his rage from out a clowd doth rore,
 That *Atlas* limmes doe quake which heau'n vpbore.

But at the first encounter deeply fell
On *Fidamours* left side a heauy blow,
Which wofull newes vnto her heart did tell :
But at the next she him requited so,
His foule was wafted halfe the way to hell,
And made his conquerd corps her valour know :
 Whom from his palfrey fayrely she vpheau'd,
 And of the greeting earth a kisse receiu'd.

H 3

The

Vertues Historie.

The feeble foule from out his breaft was fled,
Wandering through gloomy wayes of hellish shade,
While with her sword she martyreth his head :
The ensigne which her victorie displaide,
And with her louing page she homewards sped.
But what great ioy this ouerthrow hath made,
 Let them declare who doe their loue obtaine,
 This pleafure in my heart did neare remaine.

Go whistling winds with easie murmuring bring
This happy Lady to her hearts desire,
And all the way let sweetest musick sing,
Melodious concert in loue-carols by her,
And goe my thoughts thorow fliding ayre fling,
And view the heat of her deepe printed fire :
 Burne not your felues, nor come the flame too nie,
 Icarus once drown'd can teach you how to flie.

Thus in triumphing to *Eumorphos* brought,
All doe applaud the fortune of his fight :
The ranfome which they still before had fought,
To free them from *Phucerus* foule despight :
But sudden ioy so much his Lady raught,
Her heart drew exhalations of delight,
 Which kindled by her loue enkindled flame
 Vnto her Knight, as darted Sunbeames came.

She giues him kiffes, pledges of her heart,
Sweeter than *Ioue* receiues of *Ganymed*,
While them betweene sweet Nectar downe doth moue,
The hony dew with which fayre loue is fed :
Such is the billing of the Cyprian doue,
Their mouths in others mouth emprifoned :
 But she with talke loofing that rosial binde,
 Drew back her lips, but left her heart behinde.

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now all things for the Mariage are prepar'd,
As when great *Perseus* maried *Andromede*,
No cost nor any ornament is spar'd,
With which the mariage may be beautifide:
No Knight nor commer is from hence debar'd,
To see the band which shall these louers wed:
Shine bright sweet Sunne, now comes that happy day,
That in the port these gladfull loues shall lay.

Now for that holy Hermite haue they sent,
With whom *Viceina* all this while hath stayd,
Who both inuited to *Eumorphos* went,
Where stands the Knight and that diuineft mayd,
Ready to be conioyned with one consent:
The Hermite many holy prayers sayd,
While sayre *Viceina* by the payre doth stand,
And holds a torch in her ambrosiall hand.

But *Bonauallant*, whom ny fortie yeares
With foule *Geticas* date had neere opprest,
Thought ere he went to hurt these faithfull pheares,
And with his charmes to trouble holy rest:
But when this Hermites godly speech he heares,
His charmes are frustrate and enchaunting ceast,
Thus in despight of enuies stormy wrath,
These loues are fetled in their quiet path.

Now all things for the tilting ready are,
And many Knights are gatherd from about,
And fierce *Tigranes* hitherward doth fare:
But poore *Anander* wraps a filthie clout
About his hand, and faves this cloth he ware,
Because a wound hath pearc'd his hand throughout:
But he receiu'd no wound in field nor fight,
This is his cowardise accustom'd flight.

He

Vertues Historie.

He with *Tigranes* comes vnto the feast,
But faies he cannot runne for grieuous paine :
Tigranes doth beleeeue the cowards leift,
And with him comes vnto the tilting plaine,
Where stood two Knights with ready fpeares in rest
To try who could most valours glorie gaine :
They runne and fairely breake each others fpeare,
And throughly passe as if no let there were.

After runne many whose part youthfull heat,
Drew to expresse the fire of their heart :
Others whom loue taught in this warlike feat,
To proue before their Ladies loues defart :
As if in telling how their loue was great,
They begd some eafing of impatient smart,
Which with emprezaes they doe fairely shew,
Fitting their outward to their inward hew.

One hath a Salamander in the fire,
The word vpon fayre beautie is the flame :
The next a Linnet in a cage of wire,
The mot my prifond thoughts still fing the fame,
To shew the firmnes of his chafte desire :
The third, small birds that to the fire came,
The faying there conioynd : my light my night,
To shew he pines confum'd with beauties light.

Thus most had tride their valour and their might,
And to *Anander* all are come anon,
Defiring him to doe the Mariage right,
And that his fame and credit stood thereon,
To proue himfelfe a stout and valiant knight,
And not in looking let the time be gone :
For they perceiu'd not yet his cowardife,
Thoughts are not knowen certaine by the eyes.

Anander

Vertues Historie.

Anander thus befet as bird of night,
Compaft with fmaller foule in time of day,
Began to rub his pulfe and pluck his fpright,
And clofely puls his winding cloth away,
(Quoth he) I flay not for I feare their fight,
For thoufands by this right hand conquered lay.
But with my valiance to conclude the iuft,
A thing not ending well, is laide in duft.

Now is he on a gallant Palfrey plafted,
And ready to encounter with his foe:
The other Knight (good Knight too much debaft
With coward braggart to encounter fo)
Spurring with fpeare in reft toward him pafte,
But forth he empty to the ende doth go,
For good *Anander* meaneth harme to none,
But forth another way in hafte is gone.

When firft the Courfer gan to lift his feete,
He fhuts his locked eyes with all his might ;
And with his fpurres amaine the horfe doth greeete:
The Palfrey blindly driuen and vnright,
Makes him vnwares, with fpeare a wall to meete,
With whofe rebut ftands vp the horfe on hight,
Downe on the earth his carcasse doth rebound,
And layde his crauen combe along the ground.

The Knight enraged with his foule difgrace,
Tolde to *Tigranes* t'was no knightly part,
To bring fuch cowards and the iufte deface ;
Who rending open earths diffeuerd hart,
Catching pale *Stix* by her infected face,
(Quoth he) by *Erebs* wife no Knight thou art,
That doeft impute his cowardife to mee,
Which ne're before few dayes his face did fee.

I

Then

Vertues Historie.

Then drawing out his not returning blade,
He thought at first his heart to deerey pay :
But well defended it no entry made ;
The other with like load on him doth lay,
That each began to reele as ill apayde,
And each againe doth streight renew the fray :
 Their fwordes true schollers in this martiall fight,
 Anfwer each others arguments aright.

As *Vulcanes* seruants in the *Lemnian* caue,
VVith restles blowes doe frame a thunderbolt,
Or hammering for *Ioue* an iron clauē,
VVith mightie terror shake their groaning holt,
So these fierce Knights,one at another draue,
Nor from their kindled fury will reuolt:
 But thundring each vpon the others crests,
 VVrite with their fwordes the raging of their breasts.

But loe a trumpet roares with hollow found,
And deadly skreeches breath from out below:
VVhich doe their cooled soules with feare astownd
To heare such dumpish notes so gastly blow :
But now the cause thereof they trembling found,
Twere winged spirits which from *Orcus* flow,
 Sent by the king of hell to apprehend
 That charming thiefe,and cite him to his end.

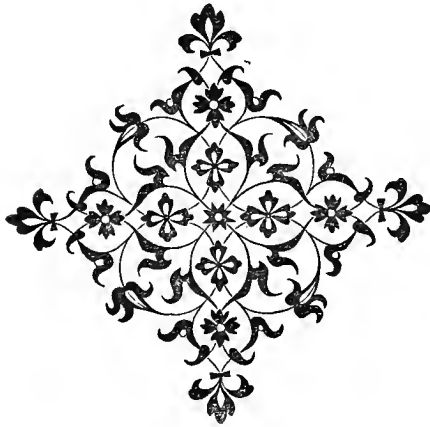
Full fortie yeares are past,while herc he lookes,
And careles views these warriors martiall deedes,
But *Pluto* sees his name within his bookes,
And to the fiends his doome and iudgement reedes,
VVho breaking from the cloudy smoaking nookes,
VVhose breath the soule with during torment feedes,
 Ceaze on his backe,and gripe him with their clawes,
 And teares him with their iron-rancked iawes.

Out

Vertues Historie.

Out breathes he curses gainst the starry sky,
Tearing high *Ioue* with his still-gnashing teeth,
And execrates all mens felicity :
Hating the light, and cursing all he seeth:
Thus banning in this furious extasy,
Vnto the seate of damned soules he fleeth:
The wounded earth hells entralls doth vnshroude,
Downe sinkes his soule,maskt in a smoaky cloude.

The ende of the first Booke.



I 2

THVLE,

Or

Vertues Historie.

To the Honorable and vertuous Mistris
AMY AVDELY.

By F. R.

The second Booke.



At London

Printed by Felix Kingston, for
Humfrey Lownes.

1598.



The Prologue vnto the
second Booke.

*T*Hus farre my lowly Muse in course aray,
Shewes the least riches of her treasury ;
And in the plainer tearmes she doth assay,
To please the eares of popularity.

*Now shall she tread one litle step aboue,
For those whose itching eares are neuer fild :
But with the thunder of almighty Ioue,
And tales how Giants daring armes did wield.*

*Yet not so high, though higher then the rest,
Contents me in the Sea beare lowly sayle,
VVith litle barke, least canuas fittest best,
That can with lesser might gainst tide preuayle.
But when to greater seats she shall aspire ;
Then may she boldly sing great Phlegraes fire.*

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. I.

*The tyrant Aimaran oppres'th the iust,
Whose miseries reuengè doth soone acquite,
That basely layes his honour in the dust:
And curtains vp his names obscured light,
While Bdellaes walls downe to the earth are borne,
Whose haughty tops did kisse the skie beforne.*

O F bloody gufts, and those vermilion fwordes,
VVhich didethemfelues in Brothers broken hearts,
How swimming blood in streets made flowing fords,
And ruthfull turmoyles rofe in diuers parts
I meane to fing: That fury which affords
Sighs to the fad, and pearc'th with Ebon darts:
Come with thy fnaky head engorde in blood,
VVhich while these things were done fpectator ftoode:

Lift vp blacke *Nemefis* thy glowing eyes,
VVith *Orcus* vapours ouerspread the light,
Let not the Sunne from out his couch arife:
But let me write in darke these deedes of night,
Only that burning torch fhall here fuffife,
VVhose waxe is thickned blood around bedight:
About the finew of a conquerd foe,
This gloomy light about my eyes fhall gloc.

And roare thou from thy earth appaling iaw,
Put me in minde of dread and defolations,
Let vncouth fights keepe downe my thoughts in aw:
As burning blood in fiery exhalations,
And Rauens which a dying carkaffe draw,
VVhile deadly screeches helpe to paint their paffions,
VVhile harpyes, Owles, and Night-crowes all around,
Fluttring about me breath a gaffly found.

And

Vertues Historie.

And thou death-boding Mufe whose Tragick quill
Painteth each ruthfull stratagem aright,
My pen with that fame dreery water fill,
Whose dropping letters readers doe afright,
Whither from *Stixes* streames it doth diftill,
Or *Mare Rubrums* floods oreuaylde with night :
That this my Cronicle of woe and death,
May feeme a dying foules laft powred breath.

And thou Sedition ftill thyfelf prefent,
That euery member right I may difplay,
And whifper words of woe and dreerement,
Sad notes of ruine and of black decay,
Helpe hatreds praife, and enuies to inuent,
And farre expell the thought of loue away,
While cruell difcord thundring in mine eares,
Deepe drownes my heart in high-afounding feares.

Towards the North a goodly Citie lyes,
Whose ftately bowers wrought by *Dædale* hand :
Lay forth their curious riches to the eyes,
And make the paffers to admire the land,
Arts chiefest beautie hence doth fayre arife,
And once both fayre and happie was this ftand.
But now the renting earthquakes of debate,
Shake *Atlas* pillars which vpholde the ftate.

This City *Bdella* calde, and he that raines,
Is *Aimaran*, the cruelft wight aliue,
His foule doth leape to view his fubiefts paynes:
And when his Taxers doe great heapes contriue,
Of fubiefts riches and extorted gaines,
Then doth his foule into his port ariue,
Like rauens that on carcasses doe feede,
And glut their corps full glad while others bleede.

But

Vertues Historie.

But furious hate had with his egging sting,
Commou'd them to the feeling of their woe,
And fraight the Commons fall a counfailing,
How they their heavy yoke might from them throw,
And in some bounds this bloody deluge bring,
Leaft it should fhortly make an ouer-flow,
 And driue this Wafpe from out their hony-neft,
 Before his tyrannie confume the reft.

Thefe murmuring conuents came to *Midas* eares,
(For what from Kings and Potentates are hid?)
But difmall horror in his heart appears,
An hundred gardians he about doth bid,
And parasites whose troope the State downe teares,
Foule wormes which neuer yet a crowne could rid;
 While he at rufhing of each moued ftrow,
 Thinks he an hoft of armed foemen faw.

The guilt of confcience doth his thoughts torment,
Feare is immured in his rented skin,
It feemes here doth a ghofit it felfe present,
And houering afke where all his kinsfolks bin,
There one who cryes out blood and dreeriment,
And *Tifphon* to plague him for his fin;
 While horror in his eares deaths knill doth toule,
 And deadly trembling grafpeth on his foule.

It chanc'd this time that *Phæbus* wending downe,
And breathles driuing to his loued weft,
Saw where in *Thetis* breafits fofts-foftest downe,
Neptune was taking his vnlawfull reft:
Phæbus thereat was wroth and gan to frowne,
And fraight forfwore his loues now lothed weft,
 Vowing with *Tellus* now fhould be his feate,
 And fhe fhould feele the comfort of his heate.

K *Phæbus*

Vertues Historie.

Phæbus then timely rose, and did embrace
Fayre *Tellus* with the vigour of his rayes,
Who straight begun to spring and grow apace :
And hence it came that in these later dayes
We haue our spring, when *Phæbus* glorious face
Begins to lengthen his protracted wayes :
 And still this time remembering her offence,
 He makes on earth his greater residence.

These dayes were come, and *Phæbus* with his shine
Doth make the solac't earth her fruits to bring,
Whose sight refresheth mens foredaunted eyne,
While tuning birds their sweetest carrols sing,
And naked trees their vestures doe refine,
Mou'd with this sight goes forth a solacing ;
 The lustie youth, and to his bonibell,
 Each doth a lesson of the Summer tell.

Amongst the rest walks forth a forlorne wight,
Euen like *Heraclitus*, from whose moyst eyes,
Still-flowing teares notes of a griued spright,
As welling fountaines fruitfully arise,
His head as scorning heauens most delight,
Looking still downward on his shoulder lyes,
 As though his heart and troubled spirits haue,
 His ioy intumulated in the graue.

Sometimes to heau'n he lookes, and then he weepes
For her sweet soule that to her rest is fled ;
Vpon the ayre, and then his eyes he steepes
In flowing Oceans which by grieue are bred ;
Vpon the earth, then in a trance he sleepe,
And slumbring sinketh done as carkasse dead :
 But then some sence doth him recall againe,
 In life to dye and liue in deadly paine.

But

Vertues Historie.

But now a groane doth beate his hearkning eare,
And many tumbings iffuing from below,
When ftraight he cryes,O death thrice-welcome heare,
My yeares are ripe,come,downe them gently mow,
Giue end vnto the woe my heart doth teare,
And sweeteft eafe vpon my foule beftow :
 With that he falls vnto the loued ground,
 While ioyes his drowned heart doe deepe aftound.

But then the ghoft replies,awake deare loue,
No death,thy life and deareft wife I am,
VVhom tyrants hand from thee did once remoue,
Now doe I come for to reuenge the fame,
Strike vp thy fences (deare) thy valour proue :
And when to him the Lady neerer came,
 She gaue him armour which *Achilles* wore,
 VVhen *Hectors* fide with hideous ftroke he tore.

And fayes,here be the ranfomes of my life,
That fhall plead vengeance of the tyrants foule :
He at the name of his beloued wife,
Thrice 'ffayd within his armes her to enroule,
But thrice her flying ghoft doth end the ftrife,
And doth his warring fences ftreight controule :
 Farre flyes her foule efcaping human fight,
 Like louring Falcon in her ayrie flight.

This was his loued fpoufe,whom *Aimaran*,
Not yeelding to his luft,caufde to be flaine,
Dicæa was her name,whom wicked man
In fepulcher too timely doth detaine,
VVhen firft her wofull husband hopes ran
Into defpayre,not daring to complaine :
 And ftill lamenting all his dayes outweares,
 Vpon her graue greene growing with his teares.

K 2

As

Vertues Historie.

As one whom rauing *Hecuba* hath bit,
Whose blood corrupted with her venom'd tung,
Confounds his fences and amaz'th his wit,
And vncouth noyse that in his eare still rung,
Casteth him downe in some outrageous fit,
With such a fury was this mourner stung:
 Despayre still howleth in his flagging eare,
 Haunting his heart like ouer-hungry beare.

But now hath hope that sweet phisition,
Lifted the spirits which were farre deprest,
Infusing in a cordiall potion,
Solacing drops which worke eternall rest,
And driuing thence this mourning passion,
Inthroniz'th thoughts of Ire within his breast:
 Whose sulphure kindled with a mounting fire,
 Blow vengeance in his hearts contorted gire.

Foorth doth he march to the seditious campe,
Who only did expect some worthy head,
That might conduct them as their lights bright lampe,
Amidst warres darknes which are menaced:
Who when they saw him,like a cloudy dampe
That doth the vayled fields all ouer-sped:
 So doe their troopes concurre from euery part,
 As veniall blood vnto the liuely hart.

They haue agreed of placing euery wing,
Themistos is the Generall of the field:
They pitch their tents with ioy and reuelling,
And warlike bowers now apace they build,
And now black night her rusty coach doth bring,
Furthering with filence all euent they wild:
 All things for battell readie are prepar'd,
 The townsmen sleepe as they that nothing car'd.

The

Vertues Historie.

The morne no fooner op'd her ruddy gate,
But straight a peale of Trumpetters doe found,
To stirre their hearts with thoughts of hie debate,
Whose hate against their king might deepe rebound,
As Mandrakes cry a paffer doth amate,
Striking his foule with irrecured wound :

So doth this noyfe affright great *Bdellaes* peeres,
To heare such musicke rattle in their eares.

Hark *Aimaran* how death with gastle cry,
Doth found the knill of thy deserued fate :
Heare how the trumpet of thy destinie,
Loofeth the bands of blood ennurtur'd hate,
That tingles in thine eares and bids thee die :
Yet stops deaths doores and shuts that loued gate,
Bellona howling from her bellowing caue,
Bids thee torment thy selfe and curfe and rau.

Where shall thy haunted foule finde place of rest?
The heau'ns are darkned with the bloody fmoke
Of harmles Saints, whose liues thy hands opprest,
Hell vapours ready are thy foule to choke :
In earth the fhrikes of ghosts thy thoughts molest,
And furies which the doores of bondage broke,
Come vp to banquet on thy powerd blood,
And make their damned felues this damned food.

As *Athamas* whom furie doth enflame,
Teares poor *Learchus* with his bloodie hands,
And madly runs whom no restraint can tame,
But furious wanders through vnknowne lands :
So doth this tyrant burne in quenches flames,
Breaking with violence all natures bands,
Like one that drunke the *Æthiopian* lake,
Into whose foule thousands of furies brake.

K 3

But

Vertues Historie.

But now in counsell house they doe all fit,
To trie if policie can better fight,
And make their battels with the armes of wit :
But troubled fences cannot iudge aright,
And they rapt in the trance of fudden fit,
VVith staring gazes each their mates affright,
That now they are but like a flock of owles,
VVondring to see themfelues such shaples fowles.

At last a *Neslor* bolder doth arise,
And tels no time it was thus staring fit,
But send some Legate to the enemies,
To tell if their requests with reason fit,
They should be granted all in ample wise :
Another as reprouing former wit,
Thinks it is best with fierce and open warre,
To driue these rebels thence remoued farre.

But now stands vp *Vlyffes* : certes (quoth he)
All that you say is but consumed winde :
But rather let our Kings great maiestie,
Himselfe with solemne oth in letters binde,
That whatfoeuer rebels armed be,
If they returne they shall great fauour finde,
And haue rewarded them incontinent,
VVhat wrong foeuer causede their discontent.

But when they come well shall we then prouide,
To quite their curtesie with cutting fare,
The sword of vengeance shall the cause decide,
Each rebell that tumultuous armour bare,
Shall his rebellion with great smart abide:
And for the peoples voyce let no man care,
The Lion roring in his princely den,
Shall with his noyfe astonish lesser men.

Foule

Vertues Historie.

Foule serpent-head within whose poyf'ned braine,
A thousand diuels keepe a cabinet,
VVhich mightie *Ioue* hath damn'd to during paine,
VVhen for this deed thou shalt for anguish fret,
Thy cankerd foule who shall no rest obtaine,
But feed thy wombe with woe and deepe regret,
 Millions of furies yawning with their iawes,
 Shall combe thy carkasse with their renting clawes.

Horror within thy foule shall thee affright,
VVhich mak'ft of nought the truth despising good,
Damnation doth awayt: But O dread fight!
Loe many I doe see in raging mood,
VVhich bid me silent be, and in despight
Bid me leaue preaching, or the'ile haue my blood:
 VVell I recant this counf'ler was not bad,
 But worst, and what degree Ill greater had.

Now while this mate was telling on his text,
In breakes *Themistos* with a mightie host,
The gates are broken and the towne perplext,
It hapt this counfell which they counted most,
Hath lost his end, come come deuise the next,
Or worfe then this, and then thy haunted ghost
 VVith the next furie that to *Orcus* went,
 May for a token to great *Dis* be sent.

But tis too late, looke where the winters frost
Fals, that shall kill thy boughs with pinching cold:
Looke *Azmaran*, see thy heapes which now are lost,
Those heapes which thou from subiects didst withhold,
See how thy fouldiers dying ban thy ghost,
And ding it downe to hell a thousand fold:
 Goe curfe and dye, accompany their foules,
 Carroufe with *Pluto* black *Cocitus* boles.

Behind

Vertues Historie.

Behind thee doth a hagge away thy end,
To carrie hence that blood-defiled masse :
At hell doe all the ghofts in rancks attend,
For to falute thee when thou fourth doest passe :
Yonder thy deaths-man stands, whose hand shall fend
Thy spirit to his well deserued place,
While infants wallowing in their mothers gore,
Shall passe thee downward with a gasty rore.

Looke how thy subiects lye all martyred ;
There sits a matron dying on her child ;
Their mangled carcaffes but tortured,
By neuer dying paine from death beguiled ;
The rebell-fonnes runne where their fathers bled,
And in vnhumane blood their feete defilde :
The heapes of corfes like a *Pharus* ly,
And bloody riuers like the red-sea by.

Nothing but skarlet doth inueft the streete,
Which like a iudge doth frowne vpon the sky,
A great *Agæum* all along doth fleete,
In which dead heapes of men ore-whelmed ly ;
Here a big rock of armour you shall meete,
There a great Ile of men you shall passe by,
While fanguine obiect with his strong reflexe,
Staines heau'ns fayre face with purple scattered strekes.

Howle foule *Megæra* from thy gulfie throat,
And ring thy knill for *Aimaranes* ghoft ;
Charon prouide thy neuer emptie boat,
He meanes anon to trauell yonder coast ;
Alecto now put on thy crimson coat,
Leaft he in bloody fayrenes thee out-boat ;
Combe downe thy snaky locks, dresse right thy head,
He louing meanes with thee to take his bed.

Like

Vertues Historie.

Like *Margiates* in West Indy's land,
When *Ioues* great thunder bellows in their eares,
Quauering and fhaking they afrighted stand,
To heare that heauen a bafe fo hollow beares,
So doth this monfter at his foemens band,
Faint feare vp lifts his bloody clotted heares,
For feare (which doth his heart fubdued take)
His paralitike members ftill doe quake.

When comes *Themiftos* and with gliding fword,
No fooner pearceth his diffeuerd fkin,
But thoufand Diuells on his corfe doe bord,
And greedie thruft their bloody muzzels in.
After they heaue him to the Stygian ford,
Where for the guilt of deepe inured fin,
With wieri whips he fuffers grisly wounds,
And with his rauing, hells vaft vault rebounds.

But where that wicked counfailer was gone,
Each man doth doubt, fome fay that downe to hell
Alive he was diftraught, and many a one
That by the fwords well worthy edge he fell ;
But howfoeuer let him lye alone,
No man fhall grudge the chance that him befell :
The heauen fhall melt, the Sunne fhall baite in South,
Before he fhall efcape hells yawning mouth.

L

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT 2.

Themiftos *with Encrata takes his way,*
Astonisht with a hideous yelling cry :
And Erophel is flying fast away
From her sweete loue that for her wrong will dye ;
Who now affrighted with a rarest chance,
Against his life his owne hand doth aduance.

THE comet fumes which from the earth ascend,
Vnto great *Cinthias* concaue circulation,
May long defer their doome-denouncing end,
Before they be compact in conglobation,
But at the last their fury they protend,
Kindled with some celestiall inflammation,
No cloude their eating flames with moysture stops,
But downe they poure their ruddy-burning drops.

So may the smoaky sighs of innocents,
VVhich by great *Ioue* still make their sad complaint,
Long volley forth, before reuenge assents,
The guiltie damned foules for to attaint,
But when deepe vengeance once her clawes indents,
The comet of their plague shall neuer faint,
But with new brimstone freshly still relieu'd,
Shall keepe them in still-during torments grieu'd.

VVhich *Bdellaes* towers, wel-worthy towres haue feene,
And felt the stroake which long hath been deferd,
Iustice long houerd heauen and them betweene,
And with repining eares their follies heard,
At last inflamde with wrath and ragefull teene,
Maskt in a bloody fire she streight appeerd,
VVhose flakie flame pitching on *Bdella* walls,
VVith them in euerlasting ruin falls.

So

Vertues Historie.

So is it left all defolate forgone,
No call of Musick nor of man doth found,
The shady Owle in deadly notes doth groane,
And luckles VVezells nestle in the ground,
VVhile goary blood besprinkled all vpon,
Reflecteth in the ayre a circle round,
VVhose gloomie sight vntill these latest day,
Driues fearefull passengers another way.

Sometimes the ghosts walke in those paths of wo,
And with their skreeching fright the neighbour land,
Sometime a fier doth feeme alone to go,
A thousand torches as in battell band,
And brandish in the darknes to and fro,
At which the inhabitants appalled stand,
It seemes blacke hell hath ript her prifon wombe,
And meanes in maske vnto the earth to come.

Now hath *Themistos* left this fearefull place,
And he alone is gone to feeke his chaunce,
Minded not euer back to turne his face,
But armed with that sword of piercing Lance,
VVhich slew great *Aimaran*, he forth doth passe,
And gainst each foe his weapon doth aduaunce :
Now hath he crost full many a wood and hill,
To vertue no way euer happens ill.

This time it chaunft that *Ereb* had debate,
VVroth with his wife, rapt forth a fire brand,
VVho lothing light, and kindled straight with hate,
Lifts vp from fable hell her pitchy band,
And with her gloomy troupe at *Phæbus* gate,
To keepe the light from earth enragde did stand:
So was *Themistos* ere he was aware,
Left in black shadow and to nightly care.

L 2

But

Vertues Historie.

But on the plaine he spies a mightie tree,
Whose greene attire did shield the falling raine,
And oft in vnder *Floraes* Nymphs with glee,
Would dauncing leade their fayre *Napean* traine,
That with soft downe his rootes inuested bee,
Where *Faunus* with this Nymph hath often laine :
 Here doth he meane to passe the silent night,
 Till with his eyes he shall salute the light.

The Starres all ready as their watch doe lye,
And silent murmur whistles through the greene,
Which rockes his senses with a Lullaby,
That in deepe slumber now they buried beene,
Delighted with this dumpish harmony :
But now fayre *Phæbe* halfe her way hath seene,
 And his deepe dreaming is so violent,
 It cannot longer time be permanent.

Morpheus hath left his blacke pauillion,
And hath vnlockt the portals of his eyes,
When streight he lookes the continent vpon,
Whither the Mornings chariot yet did rise,
But she with *Tithon* kept her mansion,
And in his colde embraces chayned lies :
 This while the Knight doth smile vpon the aire,
 To see it shining such a duskie faire.

But as he viewes, the most celestiall face,
That euer nature made to shew her power,
Sends to his eyes the beames of such a grace,
As beauties fairest rayes they forth did powre,
Naked she was, and spotles from deface,
Beautie she seemde it selfe, or beauties bower :
 That if fayre heauen on earth did euer dwell,
 Then this was heauen, on whom all graces fell.

Her

Vertues Historie.

Her skinne the linnen where with cunning start,
Beauty had wrought the fumme of all her skill,
While with her needle heere and there apart,
With azure worke her fampler she doth fill,
And turning to the brestplate of her heart,
She worketh fairely there a double hill,
Where on her double ruddy stewards doe stand,
Which keepe the haruest of fayre beauties land.

These lightning darts his heart had almost brent,
Though not in lust but in diuineft loue,
Therefore his eyes as messengers he sent,
Vnto that mayde her curtesie to proue,
Who with these words her treasure doores vnent,
Let not the thought of me your passions moue,
For from the heauens I come to guide your fecte,
In purest paths from deedes and waies vnmeete.

He gently proferd her a Nectar-kisse,
She met him yet did blush as halfe with flame:
He now is hers, and she is wholly his,
But not as loofer wantons them doe name,
This thoughts diuine harmoniall confort is,
Farre from the deedes of night those worthy blame,
Whose noysome poyson cankering within,
Consumes the flesh with paine, the foule with fin.

But while within their foules this melody
Sounds pleasing tunes all rauishing the heart,
They are affrayghted with a hideous cry,
Like to an host conioynd in bloody Mart:
And bellow forth a note when downe they dye,
Which doth perfwade these louers to depart:
Where let them take the chance to them as signd,
Ere long time passe, I shall their iourney finde.

L 3

This

Vertues Historie.

This noyfe which tumbled in fuch fearefull wife,
Came from two brethren twixt whom deadly hate,
Still caufes of new difcord doth deuife,
For when the watrie Queene faire *Thetis* late,
In *Lemnos* walke, *Vulcan* did her furprife ;
And on that Lady thefe two fonnes begate ;
VVho of two difagreeing Natures brought,
In paffions difagreeing euer fought.

But *Vulcan* wrought them armour with a charme,
And mighty fwords which incantation bound,
That neuer could they worke each others harem,
But in their foes would dint a grievly wound,
After he did his Sonnes thus strongly arme,
He fet them in a ship, when firft this ground
Receade thefe warriors, that each little houre,
Their blades into each others brefts they poure.

This *Diaphon* that *Pyrhydor* is hight,
VVho fince they came into this litle Ile,
Haue ouercome in doughty ftrokes of fight,
All Knights within the fpace of forty mile ;
But fhe on which thefe brethren now alight,
A Lady is that did her felfe exile :
From thofe which loue her as their deare delight,
And doth bewaile this her vngentle flight.

VVhom feeing ftraight they ran to captiuate,
Firft *Diaphon*, then *Pyrhydor* doth flie,
But cruell *Pyrhydor* inflamde with hate,
That he before him to the game fould hie,
VVith a huge blow downe cloue his riuen pate,
The other fairely quites his furquedry,
The Lady flying, piteoufly doth crye,
On ground they wounded, bellowing doe lye.

VVhere

Vertues Historie.

VWhere lye they may this dame I'le follow fast,
And by enquest fearch out her caufe of flight,
She was a vertuous (but that time is past)
A vertuous Lady lou'd of each mans fight,
But now her faithles deedes haue quite defast,
And darkned all her glories fhining light :
 Blacke cloudes of finne, and neuer blufhing flame,
 Doe wrap thofe filuer wings of former fame.

As when the bloffomes of a fpringing tree,
Promife the owner haruefts chiefeft pride,
And *Ver* yclad in gorgeous iollity,
Though *Floraes* kingdome in her pompe doth ride,
Great hope there is that there great ftore will be:
But when the lightning from the heauen doth flide,
 Then are they choaked in the sweeteft prime,
 And all forget it was fo good a time.

So did the bloome of her fayre fpringing youth,
Clad in the robes of fnow-white chaftity,
Perfwade the world a fruitfull time enfueth,
And largeft riuers of fertility,
But all this hope is turned into ruth,
VWhen filthy flame of infidelity,
 Scorcheth the wings on which pure faith doth flye,
 And makes her in her verdant blooming dye.

She *Erofel* is calde, whom long there lou'd,
Good *Erophil* well tride at fword and fpeare,
And to her match, her ftill her parents mou'd,
VWhile fhe great kindnes in her front did weare,
And feemde to loue him as it her behou'd,
But in went masking heart of cruell beare ;
 VWhich Loue doth hate, and takes his deepeft ioy,
 VWith treacherous words to worke her lous annoy.
Mifchiefs

Vertues Historie.

Mischiefes foule venome bloweth up her wombe,
VVorfe then *Calipsoes* toxicating draught:
Her wicked heart is his funereall tombe,
From whence the fource of his sad death he raught,
Hence doe his foules corrosiue drenches come,
VVhich in deepe sorrow his deare foule indraught ;
 VVhile the like *Iuno* at her husbands thunder,
 Laugheth to see fayre *Semele* torne afunder.

For when in gentle forte she feemde to quite
Faire glaunces to his euerdarting eyes,
He would in mariage bands confirme delight,
VVhat ere he askes, she seeming not denies ;
And doth auow to doe her Virgin-right,
The day is come whereon his hope relies:
 They are conioyned in a holy band,
 He with his heart, she only with her hand.

Now doth he pray the Sunne to flie apace,
And lash great *Picrois* on his lightning side,
Then *Cynthia* he desires to shew her face,
And bids her nightly chariot vpward slide,
Then doth he pray the cloudes for to disgrace
The darkned night, and with their vailes to hide
 The loathed beames of *Phæbus* lingring light,
 And make the Sunne arise of his delight.

O foolish man how are thy wits yblent,
VVhy dost thou runne into thy latest path,
Stay yet sweete Knight before thou doe repent,
To late then will it be to heale thy skath,
And quench the fire when as thy bones are brent,
But so dire fate our deedes directed hath,
 That like blinde Moles into our bane we goe,
 But then she giues vs eyes to see our woe.

Night

Vertues Historie.

Night vp doth rife the marke of all his thought,
But fure his dart will miffe the prick anon:
For *Erofel* hath an *Æthiop* hath fought,
Whom with rewards and mony ſhe hath won,
That to the genial bed this hagge is brought:
For *Erofel* to bed would goe alone,
Refufing offred helpe, but ſhe hath fet
Another Pigeon in her cabinet.

And as the cuſtome was ſhe fet a vaile,
Which hid the worfer face, and ſhewd the fayre:
Thus doth ſhe fet her rotten ſhip to faile,
And to a priuate chamber doth repayre:
But *Erophil* his hower doth not faile,
At her due time he meanes all debts to pay her:
He off doth caſt the clowdes, whoſe euioſ darke
Hinders his fayling to the goodly barke.

The torches quenched he is left to reſt,
And fets on foote vpon his fatall bed:
O foote ſtep back before thou be vnbleſt,
And be not guided with ſo raſh a head:
O head feduced with ſo foule a gueſt,
With ſuch alluring bayt O be not fed:
And O ſweet Knight before thou grieſe do reape,
Fall not ſo ſoone, but looke before thou leape.

But all in vaine, downe he his bones doth lay;
O haples bones that neuer thence ſhall riſe,
He hopes to driue the chariot of the day,
Whoſe beames did daze a while his ſtaring eyes:
But *Erofel* doth giue his wiſhes nay;
Straight to her breaſt embraces he applies,
Then ſugred-bitter kiſſes, and anon:
But ſhame and grieſe now bid me to be gon.

M

The

Vertues Historie.

The Moore downe wept a dewy dropping raine,
Wayling the fate of sweetest *Erophill*,
And feemed to fayre *Tellus* to complaine,
That twas great grieffe that loue fuch foule should kill,
Her darksome steedes she would haue fetled faine,
And made black night aboue remaining still,
That day might neuer bring that funny ray,
Whose fight might bring this wofull Knights decay.

But *Phæbus* rose,forbidding longer night,
And faine the *Æthiop* would betime depart :
O no(quoth he)my chiefeft loued light,
Then shalt thou take away my dearest hart,
And with eclipsing this thy cleereft bright,
Thou shalt eclipse my soules essentiall part :
And then with an embrace he caught her head,
Therewith her beautie was vncouered.

Out leapes a face like to the *Lician* men,
That suddenly were turned into frogs :
Or when that *Cerberus* raised from his den,
Gastly presents three vgly barking dogs :
Or to the pitchy Queene of darknes then,
When she goes masking all in dampish fogs,
Fearing to put her beauties vaile away,
Leaft to the wind she should her forme display.

The Knight astounded, rapt his mighty sword,
And present die thou *Incubus* (quoth he)
Which with a fiend haft wrought these deedes abhord :
Farewell thou falsed loue where ere thou bee,
This edge shall end to grieffe and life afford:
With that his troubled ghost he soone doth free,
Who to those mirtle groues doth pearcing flie,
Where he with *Dido* mournes his miserie.

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now *Erofell* is gone in triumph fled,
And laugheth at her Tragick-plotting wit ;
Where still with feare be thou disquieted,
Let gaffly thoughts thy gnawed conscience bite;
And let those wormes within thy soule be bred,
That neuer may surcease tormenting it :
While with all plots of mischief that I may,
Ile compasse thee, not resting night or day.

CANT. 3.

*Themistos heares a wofull wight complaine,
And fights against the fearfull Giants twins,
While Erofel doth heare Pirinoes paine,
And to torment him freshly she begins :
Still he repeats his loue and loues desire,
Still she doth scorch him in a greater fire.*

THough fortune seed thee with her delicates,
And starres doe seeme t'aspire vnto thy blisse,
Trust not the fickle reeling of the fates,
Nor in fond pleasures lap doe lie remisse,
Hell still in op'ning her black rustie gates,
And sends foorth fiends that tempt vs to amisse :
Therefore about thy soule keepe surest watch,
Least that temptation should thee ouer-match.

Though good *Themistos* had from heauen sent
A blessed gardian to direct his feete,
Yet cleere he was not, for incontinent
A wicked Lady doth his iourney meete,
And arm'd she was as one for iustice bent:
But she was wanton and for pleasure meete :
At her birth-day fierce warriours angry king,
VVith the fayre Queene of loue was reuelling.

M 2

And

Vertues Historie.

And *Cipribe* her name, who now in loue
With good *Themistos*, still did tempt to shame,
And with vaine questions did his fancie moue :
But fayre *Encrata* would her sharply blame,
And with some holy tale her talke remoue,
That she enraged with this Angell dame,
 Swelleth with wrath that neuer can be quencht,
 So deepe in poyfond heart it is indrencht.

She would haue rackt her lims ten thousand wayes,
And spred her like the duft vpon the ground :
But loue enforcing, she much other fayes,
When soone *Themistos* had her purpose found,
And seemes to yeeld to her : but with delayes,
Least he should quite enforce a cureles wound :
 And still he seekes to turne her path awry,
 Into some other iourney lying by.

Now while they passe, loe yond they see a wight,
Beating his breast with huge and ruthles blowes :
Sometimes he staring lookes on heauens light,
And streight himselfe vpon the earth he throwes :
Then on his haire his fingers doe alight,
And flyes as if he were purfu'd with foes,
 And then as burden of his deadly song,
 He scricheth that the woods resound along.

His face so pale and skin transparent was,
It seem'd Deaths ghastly looking glasse to be,
And then he cryes, loe yond he comes alas !
The Giant ! O now whither shall I flie ?
But soone toward him doth *Themistos* passe,
And bids him cheare his wofull heart : but he
 Refuseth any sparke of least delight,
 And with his foule gainst comfort strong doth fight.

O

Vertues Historie.

O what haue you to doe in dead mens graues ?
(Quoth he) why trouble you what longs to death ?
And hinder my repast, as curfes, raues,
And sighs and teares, which feede my lingring breath,
Sorrow within my breaft round-vaulted caues
Sings tunes, which most my eares sweet rauifheth :
 Go fondlings to your haples wanton end,
 I will on Griefe and blessed Death attend.

Then with a griping gnafh he ends his tale,
As though an earthquake all his bow'ls did teare :
But him the Knight befpoke to tell his bale,
And who the authors of his sorrow were.
But he : so shall I caufe thee to bewaile,
And I grow worfe : for curfed hope may nere
 Take me from out my loued forrowes bands,
 For all my foule I yeeld into thy hands.

But since thou needs wilt draw my curfed chance,
I *Algier* am calde, that happie of yore,
Till fortune frownd with crabbed countenance,
But now ill luck downe all my triumphs bore :
Yonder two monsters did their strength aduance
Against my houle, which fearfull ruin tore,
 My friends are flaine, and I am left alone
 To be : and there he breathd a deadly grone.

Faine would the Knight more of his tale expresse,
But he to any earthly ioy was dead ;
His foule entombd in deepe heauineffe,
Into a pleasing fenles dreame was led.
The Knight full greatly mou'd with his distresse,
Awakt him from his cares most vncouth bed :
 But for no treafure that on earth doth lie,
 Would he this Knight in way accompanie.

M 3

Where

Vertues Historie.

VWhere leauing him, the Knight doth forward goe,
Seeking by any meanes the way to finde :
But soone he found it, for all passers know,
VWith sad experience all that monstrous kinde,
For still they worke the countrie scath and woe,
Leauing each where sad notes of ruth behinde :
 And now the Knight arriues vnto the place,
 VWhere his great valour shall their force deface.

He knocks against the posternes of the gate,
VWhen streight fourth steps a beldam dry with age,
VWhen she the Knight espies, then plung'd in hate,
Vnto her sonnes she runnes, who all in rage
Come forth embrued with the spoyle, which late
They made, for safely passe no carriage :
 This find hath *Policlopon* to his name,
 That *Pantarpazon* children of one dame.

Huge mighty corps they haue, which like a tree
March to and fro full gaftly to behold :
Their heads with rau'nish iawes foule woluish bee :
Some fay a diuell did their dame infold,
Other that with a wolfe lay vgly fhee :
But how-soere, all filthie is her mold,
 Harpyia she, well worthie such a brood,
 At whole birth-time some hagge as midwife stood.

Now with the Knight the elder boy doth fight,
Yawning like *Orcus* iawes and gaping wide :
But at the first downe in his throte there pight
The speares sharpe poynt which doth full deeply slide,
VWhen streight he parbreakes forth (O lothsome fight)
Great filthie gobbets which doe vpward glide,
 And rawish meate and flesh that yet did bleede,
 The nourishment on which his vice did feede.

But

Vertues Historie.

But then *Harpya* foule doth curfe amaine,
VVhen as ſhe fees him groueling on the ground,
And howles and raues, and bids his brother gaine
The full reuengement of that deadly wound :
He thought with meeting blow at firſt t'haue flaine,
The Knight auoyding, downe it doth rebound :
 The hideous beame wherewith this monſter fought,
 Into the groning earth full deepe is wrought.

VVhen nimble he diuides his conduit-pipe,
Through which the *Lerna* of his finne did flow,
It ſeem'd for *Pluto* now his foule was ripe,
VVith ſuch a trice off doth his forehead goe :
The whining dame doth with her apron wipe
His brothers throte, thinking his life to flow :
 But all the furies of infernall hell,
 Long ſince within his damned corps doe dwell.

They thus captiu'd, he takes that foggie fiend,
And ſtrips her naked from her antique hew,
And to a ſpreader both her feete doth binde,
That ſhe might neuer him nor his purfew,
And with a cord doth tye her hands behinde :
Thus is this haggard placed in her mew,
 And to the ſcorching Sunne her face doth turne,
 VVho with his beames doth her moſt feruent burne.

She with her curfes gripes heau'ns higheſt feat,
Accuſing them of her deſerued paine,
And execrates the Sunne for ſending heat,
Bidding him drench his ſteeds within the maine,
Then gainſt the fearfull throane ſhe foule doth bleat :
But all her plaints and curfes are in vaine,
 Her tortur'd foule to bloomy *Ereb* fell,
 VVhile on her carkaffe crows and rauens dwell.

Here

Vertues Historie.

Here to his spoyles we'le leaue this worthie Knight,
And follow *Erofel* that flies amaine,
Whom those two brethren did but now affright,
She to her former tricks returnes againe,
Seeking to worke fayre loue her foule despight ;
And that she fooner might her end attaine,
In mans apparell she is fairly clad,
While womans skin and woluifh heart she had.

Thus fourth she marched in her way alone,
But that comforted with deceit and guile,
And she in many Sunnes hath painfull gone,
But none she meets whom may her art beguile :
Further she trauailes still, but now anon
A voyce she heard that fits her plotted wile,
And thus it faintly beates the yeelding ayre,
Issuing from pangs of woe and deepe despayre.

Heart leaue to pine, since pining cannot faue,
Soule loue not her, that doth not loue thy loue,
Minde be no longer to that force a slaue,
That can deepe passions, but no mercie moue,
You clowdes of forrow no more issue haue,
This tree for all your watring will not proue :
For that fayre plant bout which your waters flow,
In midst of them all barren will not grow.

O she is sick with vnrecur'd difeafe,
That serpent foule disdaine her sharp doth sting,
And to the cure I proued many wayes ;
Of my heart-blood I did a plaister bring,
And kept it warme with fighs, and stroue to please,
And washt it with the wels of forrowing :
My foules deare garden-plots I did reuale,
Yet by the chiefeft herbs she will not heale.

But

Vertues Historie.

But no, I am diseas'd, here lyes the wound ;
For when her beautie had the harts in chace,
Which in the pale of loue were seruants bound,
Then I not able to withdraw my pace,
My selfe by those her arrowes gored found,
Which fly from that fayre bow of her sweet face :
 Yet though I feele the arrow in my hart,
 It doth deny me leaue to breake the dart.

Therefore thus festring deepe in venom'd skin,
Since my liues Surgeon doth her helpe deny,
And all my sinewes are confum'd within,
No hope remains on which I may rely,
After this death my foule no life shall win,
But in a second griefe shall ending dy:
 So shall her cruell heart be fully pleas'de,
 My wounds embalmed, and my passions eas'de.

These and more mournfull words still fighting deepe,
He breathed vainly to the senseles sky,
Which might haue brought a stony heart asleepe :
But *Erofel* arm'd with black crueltie,
Shutteth the gates which pitie vs'de to keepe,
And barring forth the plaints of miserie :
 Thus doth she boord the Knight with words of guile,
 Which craft and fained sorrow did compile.

O doe not cloud the heauen of your face,
With mistie vapours which black woe did spread,
Nor those bright lineaments so much disgrace,
That in their chiefeft spring they should be dead :
Sorrow with swiftest wings still flies apace,
And ioy goes flagging on the plumes of lead :
 Driue that away which of it selfe will flie,
 You need not open gates to miserie.

N

What

Vertues Historie.

What is it loue ? I know that poyfon strong,
Yet to resist against his powers assay :
If then you be too weake to daunt his wrong,
Open (if safely) all your storie lay :
And if my helpe you will accept among,
And to my precepts will estfoones obay,
My greateft ayd to you I will auow,
Within this breaft hath loue been cur'd ere now.

O neuer may(quoth he)my wound feele ease,
I turne with *Sisphus* a restles stone :
The flames of hell the furies may appeafe,
But these heart-burning coales will nere be gone :
Gods may *Prometheus* from his chaines release,
This vultur euer feedes my heart vpon :
These euerlasting pangs and weary breath,
Vnto my woes giue life, to life a death.

But since her name thus founded by my words,
Doth so much rauish my euen-sleeping soule,
And then Diddaine like many thousand fwords,
Rips vp the closed wound which erst was whole,
And neerer end to fainting thought affords,
This Tragick storie here I will vnrole,
The Chronicle of many a wofull thing,
Which in those dayes were done when loue was king.

VVithin a stately pallace happie dwels
A mightie Lord, whose now-extolled height,
By fortunes ayd the state by much excels,
Of any neighbour Prince or forren Knight
Blest now he is, but not so bleffed els,
Had not fayre Nature lent those torches light,
VVhich guide the fortune of each mightie peere,
VVithout whose helpe their fame will nere be cleere.

The

Vertues Historie.

The fayrest offspring from his loynes proceed,
That euer heau'ns coniu'r'd should rauish eye,
VVhose very thought my dying soule doth feed,
VVith fainting sight of such felicitie :
Sure some diuine she is, no earthly feed,
No man can found so sweet a harmonie,
 Fairest of faires, burning bright beauties flame,
 Heauenly her nature, *Bellamy* her name.

O let me see the mornes fayre blushing rise,
Or let the doue set forth her fayrest white ;
Let heauen vnclouse his treasure to the eyes,
And fayrest gemmes present them to my sight,
Or pleasant'ft shew that in each colour lyes,
VVith which faind beautie often shineth bright :
 These all vnited in one goodly frame,
 Can scarce describe the picture of my dame.

Sure *Ioue* was framing a new starry light,
And seeing heauen full, here made her place :
Heart-plunging thoughts doe rauish with delight,
VVhen I but once doe seeme to view her face;
Me thinks my spirit nere should see the night,
Rapt deeply with the image of her grace :
 In vaine I haue her fame and praises sung,
 My tongue disgraceth her, she grac'th my tung.

Now doth she flourish in her chiefest spring,
(O heauenly spring, though winter to my dayes)
And thirtie Knights there lie a reuelling,
Seeking by valiant acts and fundrie wayes,
VVho to her thoughts may sweetest pleasure bring,
And who may win the sunshine of her rayes :
 O rayes which through my heart as thinnest glasse,
 VVith pearcing light and brightest edge doe passe.

N 2

One

Vertues Historie.

One time in Iufts a ſpectacle they made,
When as my eyes the ſad ſpectators were,
Still with my growing ſight my hope did fade,
And ſtill my loue did grow though hope did weare.
Thus preſſed with deſpayres moſt heauy lade,
Her ſight all hopeles,heartles I forbear :
For when ſo many woo'd one onely dame,
I thought too late my fancies ſuing came.

Therefore expoſde to forrow and deſpayre,
Here will I ſing the Dirges of my death :
Sometimes the Nightingale doth here repaire,
Conſorting with me in a plaining breath:
Sometimes the turtle robbed of her paire,
In groaning noyſe my tune accompaneth,
While pleaſant death ſweet ſinging in mine eare,
A part in this my plaining ſong doth beare.

Thus farre this Swan ſung foorth his mournfull plaint,
And much I rue the paine which him doth hold :
For well I know the plague which doth attaint,
This wofull man doth him moſt heauy fold.
Now *Erofel* with words which ioy did paint,
Seemed to haue his forrow much controld :
But what ſhe ſpoke occaſion doth deny
To tell, till better time ſhall bid reply.

Now ſome will thinke that I am much vnkinde,
To let this wofull wight thus plunged ly :
But little doe they know what I doe finde,
That yet remaines more infelicitie,
And ſhe as women wont will haue her minde,
Though for his eaſe I many wayes doe trie:
And though in his defence I ſtrongly ſtand,
Theſe women needs will haue the vpper hand.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 4.

*Diaphon and Pirrhydor in endles blowes
Batter the castles of their furious harts,
Brethren by birth, by deeds most cruell foes,
That bloody still torment each others parts,
While Algiger all mortifide in soule,
The worlds short pleasures deeply doth controule.*

AS when a fire brand that fiercely burnes,
Taken from *Vulcans* euer-breathing flame,
And in the water layd, each other turnes
Their force, their angry enemy to tame,
And while that either others might doth spurne,
From twixt them both a mightie ratling came :
At last when neither gets the upper side,
The force of both in might away doth slide.

Such is the flame which *Discord* doth incense,
That still it fights, and still it wafts away,
Still suffering loss, without a recompence,
With her owne subiect still she doth decay :
Still on her face she doth perfume defence,
When still she meanes to get a spoiled pray,
The filthie rust that in our soule doth creepe,
And with her griping teeth still gnaweth deepe.

Thus doe these brethren waite each others might,
Hewing their armour with down-thundering blowes :
The burning fire neuer wanteth light,
Which discord with her envious bellows blowes ;
Her bellows to her seruants likned right,
Whereof one fwels when downe his mate he throwes :
Such is the state of any envious minde,
That by anothers fall his feat doth finde.

N 3

But

Vertues Historie.

But now the mightiest fit that euer mou'd
A warring foule to furie and to rage,
Their concord with new quarels hath reprov'd,
Whose force no hope there is ere to affwage:
If euer least degree they faining lou'd,
Their loue shall neuer see that infant-age,
 Madnes hath blowen vp their swelling harts,
 Whose tumour neuer from his feate departs.

For while they trauaild on a pleafant plaine,
They faw a little mount, that with his head
A profpect made vpon the fmiling maine:
No bushie tree his beautie shadowed,
But open his faire flowrie top hath laine:
And to this hill a path directly led,
 Whither these warring brethren take their way,
 Willing to see what nouelties there lay.

Streight to their eares the sweetest harmonie
Doth blow, that euer sweet to eare can blow,
Whose force like fire could melt black crueltie,
And make it quickly gentle mercie know:
From out that little hill it soft doth flie,
As if *Apollo* all his art would show:
 A little death it is, which vp doth fend
 Our foules to heauen, before we make our end.

O cease those murdring strokes what ere thou be,
My soule will flie from hence vnto thy cell,
And all in loue with this will banish me;
Sweet hony issuing from a siluer well,
Which giu'ft a surfet, not facietie:
O doe no more such pleasing murmurs tell,
 But leaue my virgin thoughts without annoy,
 Which thou wilt rauish with too great a ioy.

When

Vertues Historie.

When this enchanting noyse their eares doth kis,
They hating all what harmonie doth make,
With madnes almost burft,all turned is
To egging ire,and forth their swords they take,
And like mad bedlams when their wit's amis,
Into an open fight most fierce they brake,
 Where we will leaue them there to learne some wit,
 No other schoole then this can be more fit.

But now perchance this seemeth truth to passe,
That from the earth such heauenly tunes ascend :
But thus the Chronicles report it was,
That long agoe within this land did wend
A Mathematick,that did work with brasse,
And other things which to his art did tend,
 So skilfull that no found on earth deuifde
 Hath been,but he hath highly equalizde.

And here within the earth he built a cell,
Where he will try the vtmost of his art,
And hath by labour now conioyned well,
Each mouing member and each founding part,
When with a running streame that thither fell,
To each he doth a motion impart :
 Which all conioynd do frame a Musick found,
 Whose forcive might can stony hearts confound.

Now Death his seruant Sicknes forth hath sent,
Who with his dooming mace doth him arrest,
And well he knowes his bow so long ly'ne bent,
For euer in his vigour may not leaft:
Therefore vnto this vaulted cell he went,
Where minding to set vp his latestt rest,
 He closely shuts the caues fast ceeled dore,
 VVhich entrance may forbid to any more.

And

Vertues Historie.

And now his engines he in worke doth fet,
Which sent forth dulcet tunes to chant the eare,
While he to Nature payes his common debt,
And to the world did neuer more appeare :
Therefore some thought that in this cabinet,
Immortall he all ages did outweare :
 Some superstitious thought he was diuine,
 And offred sacrifice vnto his shrine.

But he is dead (wo that such worth should die)
And darknes triumphs ore his rotten masse :
But his bright fame shall on her pineons flie,
As long as light from *Eos* doores shall passe :
Nor euer may that base obscuritie,
Blot from mens thoughts that such an Artift was :
 Obluion all thy teeth may nere deuoure,
 His famousde names still ouer-liuing powre.

But here the musick and these fighting mates
I now must leaue, where with vnweldie blowes
And mightie thunderclaps each other bates :
So angrie *Neptune* forth the furies throwes,
When *Aeolus* hath loofd his windy gates,
And so against a rock the billow goes,
 As doe the lightnings of black enuies heat,
 With slicing dints their rocky armour beat.

But let me see where *Algiger* is gone,
That erst was wounded deepe in cureles hart ;
Looke yond I see him where he walks alone,
Still yelling with the horror of my smart :
Sometimes to heauen he darts a heauy grone,
Then to the earth he doth a sigh impart,
 While with the teares downe rouling on his skin,
 He wash'th his face without, not wo within.

Not

Vertues Historie.

Not long he trauaild till a mournfull found,
Sadly doth beat his fadder feated eare,
VVhen ô he cryes, and is there on the ground,
That can with me such part of sorrow beare,
Thrife happie I that such a mate haue found,
VVose foule woes mourning gowne alike doth weare,
Sweet forrow which my fainting breast doth feed,
And with new cause of grieffe new ioy doth breed.

Further he comes, when soone he sees a cell,
A little clowdie cell scarce taking light,
In which one only wofull wight did dwell,
That in the mortall world did not delight,
But still with teares vnto his prayers fell,
Mourning full deeply what he did not right,
And still perfwades his care-encompass minde,
That on the earth it could no pleasure finde.

True, true (quoth *Algiger*) no ioy there is,
That may delight the burdned foule of man:
Sorrow doth streightest leade the minde to blisse,
VVhence perfect ioy and happines began.
VVherefore good Sire (and if I speake not misse)
Since I so rightly haue this fortune wan,
Let vs together here vnknowne goe,
Telling each other of vncured woe.

Let vs perfwade the wandring passenger
VVith morall precepts mortifying the minde,
In funder all his former ioyes to teare,
And bid him mourne for that his foule hath find,
Telling him neuer can his faults be cleare,
Vnles his former thred he doe vnwinde,
VVhich leades vnto the labyrinth of hell,
VVhere nere returning ghosts downe damned fell.
O Agreed

Vertues Historie.

Agreed (quoth he) and these cloudes of mine eyes
Shall from their vaults in fertill showers fall,
To fructuate the earth that barren lyes,
Those earthly foules I meane, to grace to call,
That life is fullest farre of miseries,
VVhom sharpest miserie doth neuer gall :
 For pleasure feemes some solace forth to bring,
 But deadly it doth pearce with Scorpion sting.

Thus they conioynd begin to ambulate,
And when they meet a wandring pilgrim-wight,
Then doe they tell mans miserable state,
How pleafures light is but a blackest night,
How nothing that we doe can quench the hate,
VVhich heauenly powres doe beare, but in despight
 Of earth and what the chained hurt may draw,
 Make to our lawles hearts a new-found law.

Plunge deepe in teares to wash thy spotted skin,
In *Iordans* waters feuen times thee clense,
To purge the leprosie that lyes within :
Let fighs still offer vp a sweet incense,
And where with foule contagion of sin,
Those filthie fumes haue wrought the foules offence :
 There let that heauenly sacrifice repaire,
 And make the rined foule twice brighter faire.

Contemne the world, where nought but griefe is found,
VVhere fighs the ayre, and sorrow is the food,
Eternall teares the drinke, and howles the sound,
VVhose gasty notes we heare, while dropping blood
Makes seas of woe within our heart abound,
And discontent the fire, our selues the wood :
 From whose great flames black vapours do arise,
 VVhich turnd to cloudes doe rainedowne from our eyes.
 But

Vertues Historie.

But lie below where neuer tempest blowes,
Seeke out some narrow place where thou maist weepe,
VVhere solitarines inuested goes :
On day remember grieffe,in silent sleepe
Dreame of thy faults,and those deserued woes,
VVhich in a prifon doe thy sad thoughts keepe :
 No thunder may thy cottage ouerturne,
 Nor thus bedewd with teares can lightning burne.

VVhile mightie Cedars feele the tempests wrack,
Each little shame as winters timeles frost,
Makes them all bare,and doth vnclath their back,
VVhile they below smile at their garments lost,
Each of their faults and each vnlawfull act
Is seene to all,and they are learned most,
 VVhich in these great mens crimes a lesson reede,
 And tell their fellowes any lawles deede.

VVhile we in filence passe our silent dayes,
No ill on earth nor forrow after death,
VVe feare not enuious tongues,nor black disprayse,
VVhile they (though soothed in this liuely breath)
After their time are punisht many wayes,
Each swelling heart his hate vnburdeneth,
 And wiseth that the earth may heauy lie,
 And presse them deeply with her grauitie.

Thus passing foorth a rufull sight they view,
VVhere many hung vpon a crossing tree :
O these (quoth they)no more earths woe shall rew,
Thrise happie easde of mortall miserie :
VVe haue a mighty Ocean yet anew,
 Through which our toffed ships to port must flie,
 Brought to the summe of great felicitie.

O 2

Further

Vertues Historie.

Further they goe when comes a down-caft wight,
VVhose face the Sunne had dide with funnie black :
O friends(quoth he)and can you take delight
On earth,while heau'ns great pleasures you doe lack ?
Come,come each man breath vp his ending spight,
Before foule sin it driue to deadly wrack:
 Send vp to heauen a foule, ere sin it get,
 Intangled in his nere-dissolued net.

O ceafe (quoth they) to make an ouerflow
Ouer the bounds of our ny-drowned mindes :
This worlds vncertaintie we well doe know,
VVho so seekes ought, nought but deffpayre he findes,
And these our earthly bodies sinking low,
In mancipate of fframe our foules doe binde :
 Our Sunne with clowds is darkned in the rise,
 The noone is black,but brightest when he dyes.

Since then the fates our meeting thus ordaind,
Let vs not seeke to teach what each doth see :
But let him happiest be most foules that gaind,
Franchising them to immortalitie:
Here will we tell how that the foule is paind,
Laden with earthly things,not euer free,
 Before the bodies seruice they reiect,
 And here we'le counsell them to that effect.

Agreed,they fram'd full many a wooden crosse,
And digd vp pooles and many other wayes,
VVhen they perswade them to this gaining losse,
The worlds losse gaine, which gaine our foule imbayes
In happy rest where neuer tempests tosse :
But sweet content our foules in quiet layes,
 VVhere *Æol* dares not foorth his seruants fend,
 VVhere ending wo, woes heire doth neuer end.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 5.

*The Hermite tels Afotus Tragedie,
His wicked deeds and filthie luparie :
And Cipribel there learns felicitie,
But Erofel still plagues with crueltie
Pirinoes soule, whose craft when they had found,
They stript her clothes, and to the steed her bound.*

H Aples that wight within whose bowels lye
The deep-drencht poysons of vncured vice,
Nor any Antidote can helpe apply,
To whose foules cure no leach-art will suffice,
But tossed in the waues from any eye,
Payes desperate his foules vnmatched price :
But happy they awakt from sleepe of night,
To see the blessed dayes thought-cheering light.

Which feld feene blisse new-changed *Cipribel*,
Hath by her gentle-smiling fortune gaind :
So they that in a parfum'd house doe dwell,
The parfum'd odour after long retaind ;
And wicked chaine with those that vse doe well,
Haue from their wicked customes soone refraind :
The horse whose back the tamer oft bestrides,
At length with easie pace full gently rides.

After the Giant-fight when downe he threw,
The filthie sonnes which *Aloeus* bare,
And those same monstres great *Themistos* flew,
Spoyling those woules which all the passers tare,
From their black mansions he is feete withdrawd,
And with the Ladies in his way doth fare :
Freeing each wretch from his vnworthie paine,
Restoring them vnto their rest againe.

O 3

At

Vertues Historie.

At length they past where they all wondring spide
A little rocky forme, whence did arise
A fruitfull issuing streame, that still did slide
From out the hollow stone in ample wise :
Fast by a little cabinet they eyde,
Whither desirous of some nouelties,
They goe enquiring what these things mought bee,
VVhich they so strange and neuer-heard did see.

VVhen by a crany there they silent view,
An old age-worne-out father that with beades
Praying full deeply, seem'd some gift to sue
Of the great king, when still he earnest reads,
And letting downe his beades fayer prayer new :
Thus he his lifes cold Autumne-yeares doth leade,
Nor caring for the world nor worldly wealth,
But his beloued soules beloued health.

When streight *Themistos* ; Sir, without offence,
If tell you may, pray tell the mysterie
Of yonder stone, and if oft recompence
Can quite, I pray my kindnes proue and trie :
Sir, your request (quoth he) doth grieue my sence,
With new memoriall of this historie :
Yet though each word doe bring with him a teare,
You shall my storie and sad fortune heare.

VVeeping and speaking thus the mourner fayer :
VVhere now vast rudenes shewes her rugged face,
Here on these plaines shone in the former dayes,
The stateliest walls that ere with glories grace,
Send to the world their fayre prospectiue rayes,
The place to them gaue worth, they to the place,
That twixt both worths farre worthiest they were seene :
O that as once they were they now had beene.

Here

Vertues Historie.

Here dwelt (vnworthie farre here for to dwell)
My brother(why should I him brother call ?)
Afotus height,that nere-recured,fell
Into the snares of vice (O haples fall !)
Nothing but luxurie did please him well,
Drinking and feasting and confuming all :
His belly was the ship whereto he fet
All marchandize that he could euer get.

Like to the yawning mouth of vgly *Dis*,
That euer gapes still hungry for his pray,
Where sinking downe into the black *Abyffe*,
The pained soules their sinnes deare tribute pay :
Such was the neuer-fatiate gulfe of his,
Wherein still soules of beafts he fresh did lay :
VVhen to extinguish his thirsts raging fire,
VVhole haruests he of prest-grapes doth require.

Once when the Sunne began for to release
His teames,all weary with their daily paine,
Came by a godly father,whom he prayes
His castles lodging for a night to daigne,
Though loth he were so much to yeeld to ease,
Yet by requests here now he will remaine :
In is he gone to take his nightly rest,
Meaning to lodge within this *Pythoes* nest.

Hunger the vulture that on euery maw
Bites with her meager teeth her wombe to fill,
Bids them to yeeld to common natures law,
And fatiffie her not refitted will :
The father who before then neuer saw
The dish where rawish blood downe did distill,
But *Pythagorean* like with gardens fed,
VVonders to see so many creatures dead.

Fie

Vertues Historie.

Fie shame (quoth he) to kill the harmles beaft,
That with his fleece maintaines our vestiment,
And with this bloodie meate to make a feaft,
VVhich nature made for a more good intent :
VVhat hath the oxe deferu'd,that still opprest
VVith heauie yoke in paine his yeares hath spent ?
Or what the sheepe,the sheepe that innocent,
VVhich neuer cries for slaughte vp ypent ?

Sauing your tale (quoth he) and taking wine,
Afotus in a full caroufe doth fwill :
But he whofe grieued heart doth much repine,
To see him with thofe bloodie meates to fill
His rau'ning panch,goes forward to diuine ;
Telling that for his foule this feaft was ill,
Who in deepe hell for penance long shall fast,
Guiltie to thinke vpon his pleafure past.

Thus long he fpoke when downe *Afotus* lyes,
Whom deep-fetcht draughts had ouer-nie opprest,
When streight the Sire from out the castles flies :
Whence fled, he falls vpon his humbled breast,
And zealous to the king of heauen cries,
Turning his face vnto the darkned East,
Praying to shew fome iudgement on his fin,
Before more foules this wicked vice might win.

No fooner hath he prayd,but vanisht quite
The old foundations of the ruinde walls,
Like to a bird that flieth from the fight,
And in fome farre remoued valley falls,
Nothing appeares,but this vngodly wight,
Who while for helpe all curfing deeply calls,
Into this ftone was chang'd,whence still arife
New iffuing ftreames of superfluities.

And

Vertues Historie.

And here stay I, that to the rising Sunne,
For that his soule full many prayers fay ;
Beginning still, nor euer will haue done,
Vntill to rest his soule tranfport I may :
This faid ; down riuolets of teares do run,
And streight all vehement begins to pray :
 A ruthfull fight it was, for deepest smart
 Was sure ingrauen in his grieued hart.

But now is *Cipribel* quite shapte a new,
Sorrow within her heart doth tirannize,
Her former pleasure she doth deeply rew ;
And be their Gods which see our vanities,
Quoth she ; rewarding men their sins great due,
Or is there any heauenly paradise,
 Where euerlasting haruest shall repay
 The fruites of good which here on earth we lay ?

This faid, she doth the aged Sire request
To tell the blessed newes she nere did heare :
Who all the rites that holy men profest,
And who vnhappie, and who blessed were,
Which was the way to euiternall rest,
Where was the place of horror and of feare :
 To her in largest tolde where we will leaue
 This new made Saint her lessons to receiue.

Now good *Pyrino* must I tell thy wo,
The mighty wrack, thy weary barke fustaines,
Whom *Erofel* thus tumbleth to and fro,
With boiftrous winds of her infected braines ;
Nedes must thou to thy haples fortune goe,
When desperat rider holds thy guiding raines :
 Loffe of a loue, in loue is greatest death,
 But mocking of his losse twife burdeneth.

P

After

Vertues Historie.

After he had fung forth the historie,
VVherein his Tragedies he did reueale :
Erofel feemes fome comfort to applie,
And where the poyfon laies, the feemes to heale,
Like the *Hiena*, that will forriest crie,
VVhen she in cruellst manner meanes to deale:
The Adder in his seeming kiffe doth sting,
And mischiefe lies within most flattering.

Now she perfwades to lift his wearied fecte,
And to his Lady turne his dolefull courfe ;
Perchance (quoth he) fome streames of hope doe fleete,
VVhich may quench out the flame, ere growing worfe ;
VVho neuer ventures, prize shall neuer meete,
And he his owne vnwillingnes will curfe :
That while occasion turnes her hairy face,
Staies not her neuer-back returning pace.

Nor when the darkened euening cals to rest,
VVhen Stars all ready in their watch doe stand,
VVhen he doth of his loue remember least ;
Then comes she in, and questions doth demaund,
To ouercharge the wight so deepe opprest,
To make him dreame of things like furies brand,
In the infernall nookes of gaping hell,
Torturing the foules which downe condemned fell.

So lankish famine guawing on her breast,
Tires *Erisicton* with a restles drought,
And makes him euer hungry for a feast ;
VVhen yet that swallowed feast but grieues his thought,
That his luxurious end so soone hath ceast,
Eu'n such loue famine hath this Tiger brought :
To this ore burning youth, within whose soule
A thousand *Sisephus* their restles burdens roule.

Sometimes

Vertues Historie.

Sometimes in womans cloathes she would appeare,
In mightie shadowes to affright him more,
And *Bellamies* diuineft image beare,
And play an Anticke by his chamber dore :
VVhen ftraight the louer thinks that ſhe was there,
And in purfuite out from his bed he tore :
 She flies,he now remaines of all bereft,
 Like one whom Fayries company hath left.

One night ſhe came to play her wonted game,
When he all deſp'rate in a mightie rage
Drewforth his blade,and brandiſhing the fame,
Betwixt them made an vncouth mariage,
And made her arme giue to her head the blame,
That fram'd ſuch plaies vpon ſo ſtrange a ſtage :
 For he deepe ſtroke vnto the center-bone,
 O haples ſtroke it had no further gone.

Like *Cadmus* Dragon in the *Theban* caue,
VVhen with his ſpeare he pierſt his writhed tayle,
Begins within his den to rage and rauce,
And ſwelling deeply means then to preuaile,
VVhen with vnited force at him he draue,
Such rancor doth her cancred heart affaile :
 As *Ioues* great Eagle leſſer foule doth rent,
 To maſſaker him ſo,her heart is bent.

But now the fates thy whiter threede haue ſpun,
Foule *Erofel*,now hath thy ſhady loome,
All died in pitch her grieſly birth begun,
Masking miſfortunes ſhade and haples bloome :
Now hath thy night vailde thy moſt orient funne,
Blacke chance to worfer fortune doth thee doome :
 Caſt downe Loues Scepter,tirannize no more,
 The wings are ſcorcht which once thy flight vpboare.

P 2

VVhen

Vertues Historie.

When chearing *Phæbus* bad his fiery steeds
Breath forth bright lightning in the rising morne :
Pirino on whose heart grim sorrow feeds,
Left his sad couch in which no rest is borne,
Now easier fate his happier chance areedes,
Loue doth not pricke him as it wont beforene:
Whose preface drieth vp the ice of smart,
And makes a verdant spring within his hart.

Vpon his foaming Palfrey doth he mount,
When straight his furie hath his heart in chafe :
But let the cottages make great account,
When *Boreas* turnes his cloud-in-wrapped face,
This Castell now all stormes wrath doth furlmount,
It scornes to stooping now his height debafe :
Goe *Erofel* those iawes in funder teare,
Whose poyson to no worth their edge doth reare.

Foreward they trauell in appoynted way,
Driuing the tediousnes of shortned miles,
She still is egged to the Knights decay ;
And with new stinging tales his eares defiles,
While nothing can her words his minde afray :
But now a sudden noyfe doth end her wiles,
Like to the humming of great swarmes of Bees,
VVhich in this forte vnto their hearing flees.

Goe *Aspicke* goe, which with thy venomd sting
Defil't the puritie which nature gaue,
VVithin thy head a thousand fiends doe ring,
And whispering counfell doe thy thoughts deprauce,
Let mischief thee vnto thy buriall bring,
Or robbers lay thee in some vncouth caue :
VVhere thou entombd in eternall night,
Maist not defile the toxicated light.

VVhile

Vertues Historie.

VVhile thou my foule whom spots of finne doe staine,
Vanish from this thy worldly pilgrimage,
And to the highest powers of heauen complaine,
Thou didst vnwilling spoyle thy heritage,
VVhile as the funne who knowes my inward paine,
Viewing the wofull offspring of my rage :
 Shall witnes to blacke *Radamant* that I,
 A penitentiall finner fainting dye.

VVhile thou fell hagge, whose foule corrupted minde
Doth glut his thought with sight of others grieve,
Maist wander haples neuer helpe maist finde,
But driuen from thy hauen of reliefe,
Tosse vp and downe with some vncertaine winde,
Not euer trusted neuer get reliefe :
 And I appoynted to a fatall end,
 VVill dye that life, whose death is liues deare friend.

Following the found vnto a bush they came,
VVhom when he saw: and doest thou liue (quoth he)
And tooke his sworde and would haue pearst the dame :
But straight *Pirino* ; pray Sir patient be,
VVhat euer your offended thoughts can blame,
I deeply vow shall be redrest by me :
 Onely bewray the reason of your wrath,
 And who the author is of all your scath.

O Sir (quoth he) this is a woman borne,
Though falsely hid in seeming mans disguise,
VVhose beautie as his badge my heart hath worne :
VVoe to the time I heard her flatteries,
For since that time my foule was still forlorne,
Of th'Angell hew of my faire infancies :
 I toucht the pitch which in her corps doe lye,
 By which the vestalls of my heart doe dye.

P 3

For

Vertues Historie.

For this was she whose once beloved face
VVrought deepe affections in my yeelding minde ;
And ouer rulde me with her pleasing grace,
VVhile in this loue, her tractable I finde,
And all my words doth seeme glad to imbrace,
VVhich doth in double bands my dutie binde :
Her did I worship, Idoll of my hart,
And more most dearest foules more dearer part.

Now are we ioyned each in giuing troth,
And haue appoynted certaine time to bride,
One was the minde, one was the thought of both,
VVhen I was sad, then she her light would hide,
And seeme as if to ioy her foule was loth,
Both in uniting of their loues abide :
But this so high a sea of rising loue,
Soone to a lowest ebbe then ere did proue.

See seemde like *Phaeton* in her desire,
And needs would driue the chariot of Sunne,
Carying her Sunnes to ouercharging fire,
VVhen thus to me her dolefull speech began:
O loue whose heart the feate where I aspire,
Hath with so deepe a loue my louing wonne :
O be not hard which Nature soft hath made,
Nor let the spring of kindnes scarce borne fade,

Here is my heart whom thy Sunnes loue doth melt,
But it like waxe more melting more doth hang,
VVhich loues comburing zone full deepe hath felt,
This heart which in my breasts faire temple rang,
Vnto thy seruice still ; and still hath dealt
Faithfull in loue, though thorough many a pang :
Ease it and me from such a sweltring zone,
VVhere thirftie still ; still water we haue none.

This

Vertues Historie.

This heart all bloodles let it be thy white,
And shoote therewith thy arrowes piercing steele ;
Or if in his confusion thou delite,
Then torture it vpon a racking wheele,
Or let thy swordes sharpe edge thine ire acquite,
And let it any torment plagued feele :
 Onely first pierce it with a dart of loue,
 Then all the instruments of anger proue.

Sweete loue,one onely Nectar-drop I craue,
Doe not denie me one : one is not much,
Though to thy loue thus I am bound a slaue,
Yet litle meat to feede me doe not grutch,
And with one morfell me from dying faue,
O cruelt death of all,whose death is such :
 O didst thou see my heart,how it doth beate
 And pant for hunger,sure it should haue meate.

Perchance the peoples voyce thou much doest feare,
That's like a winde which neuer man can see,
VVhose idle rumor many things doth beare
VVhich are vntrue,the euery where doth flee,
The best doe often her worst colours weare,
And on her fable pinsons lifted be :
 Beside our mariage,to be made ere long,
 VVill strenghen al the breach,& make it twice as strong.

Now in my heart Reafon and Loue did fight,
Reason with ensigne red,Loues ensigne pale,
My face the field where they doe wreake their spight,
Sometimes Loues ensigne vanquished,downe would fall
Then Reasons colour plaied most in fight,
And in a blushing red enuellop'd all :
 Straight Loue recouering his former spight,
 Kept Reason downe,and claimde the place for right.
 Then

Vertues Historie.

Then said I to my foule, how dost thou kill,
The onely childe I have sweete Chastitie,
The Iudge for murther damne to torments will,
Thy wicked thoughts? O whither dost thou flye?
O doe not leaue thy goodly fort, vntill
VVith these thy holy goods thou needs must dye:
 But then my foule that scornde a woman stay,
 Opend the Castell doore and made her way.

Mow am I robbing from my spoyled Saint,
Those milke white robes wherewith she was araide,
And with this sacriledge my foule doe taint,
My goddesse in her shrine no longer staide:
VVhen as she saw her seruants faith to faint,
And on her turtle wings her selfe she laide:
 VVhen to my thoughts she gaue her latest will,
 That still hereafter shame her seate should fill.

Now is my garden naked of his flower,
Whom I before with care did till and dresse,
And gaue it to her for my chiefeft dower,
The vtmost toll of all that I possesse:
But then her wanton lookes began to lower,
And filthie figure of ingratefulnesse:
 Leauing my bower vnto the world she fled,
 Since when with horror all my daies I led.

And here a Pilgrime haue I spent my life,
My life growne olde with care and guiltie shame;
VVhere now blacke melancholy is my wife,
Harb'ring my thoughts when they for succor came,
Scorning the world, whose forrowes are so rife,
VVhere one howres ioy doth bring one ages blame:
 VVhile musing thoughts which on my wife I bred,
 Doe finde me meate on which I still haue fed.

Thus

Vertues Historie.

Thus hath he sayd, while guilty *Erofell*
Did oftentimes affay from thence to flie :
But good *Pirino* that her guiles did smell,
Made her the lifting of the tale aby :
Which when he ended, both vpon her fell,
And stript the cloathes of her hypocrisie :
VVhen by the fresh apparence of the wound,
Pirino all her craft and guile had found.

Then bound they fast her naked armes behinde,
And to the horse her feete they strongly tide,
And let her goe where she shall neuer finde
Rest nor reliefe, but still in horror ride :
Like to the *Affrick* Mares that on the winde
Engender, and their kinde haue multiplide :
So doth this furie on the emptie ayre
Breed guiltie shame, and stinging deepe despayre.

She scoures like *Auster* on the sandie plaines,
And when a farre she vieweth any man,
She turnes her course and flieth thence amaine,
VVhile as the Sunne with his still scorching bran,
Dies her quaint face in a farre blacker graine,
And her deformed haire down still doth fan,
VVhile on her heart sharpe hunger still doth feede,
Quenching her thrift with teares that euer bleede.

Now doe *Pirino* and this Knight consent,
To wander through the Ile as errant Knights,
And sweare to keepe their martiall thoughts vnent
From Ladies seruice, or those loues delights,
Though I still bad them from their vow relent,
Telling the worth of all those femall wights,
VVhen they fro me all raging spurd amaine,
Swearing that womans loue I nere should gaine.

Q

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 6.

*Faire Cypribe doth proud Orguillo meete,
And wins his helmet by her martiall might,
Who lay low conquerd humbly at her feete,
And with a Tiger fiercely she doth fight,
And her lous tombe and death she now doth see,
Themistos doth a Knight from bondage free.*

AS doth the Elixer with his secret power,
Turne baser mettals into purest gold :
Or as the comfort of a moystning shower,
Reuiues the flowers which downe their heads did hold,
VVhose parched rootes barren drouth did deuoure :
So doth the speech which he to her hath told,
Clening the droffe from her defiled minde,
As mightie fogges with a North scouring winde.

And now *Themistos* will depart away,
Sundring their diuers wayes vnlike euent :
And *Cypribe*, whose foule in new array,
Goes forth to helpe the poore and innocents,
Is marching early by the blufh of day,
With speare in rest and shield fit for defence:
Meaning to teach the worfe what she doth learne,
Or with her sword to make them dearly earne.

Forth gone, she meetes vpon a mountaines head
A stately Knight that proud vpbore his crest,
His footcloth all with starres bespangled,
And on his shield all azurde was imprest
An Eagle, or, aboue a Sunne was leyd,
VVhereon his fastened eybeames still did rest :
Sic oculos his word, the world to tell,
That fo on high his haughtie minde did dwell.

Behind

Vertues Historie.

Behind him on a lingring affe there rode
A fober man,downe by whofe belt was tide
An inkhorne pendant,from his neck there yode
A thinnest robe not cut of any fide,
VVhereon his poefie patchingly was fowde,
A bird that pickt a Serpents iawes all wide :
Dura neceffitas the word,to show,
Hunger and want did make them both doe fo.

This was a poet whom this loftie Knight,
Maintainde to write his verfe ennobled gefts :
For he to ground full many foes had dight,
Vpheauing them from out their faddle refts,
All which in loftie verfe this hand did write,
And fure I ftoric was that Mufes hefts,
Should thus be prentifes to feruile deede,
But rocks cannot refift fharpe pearcing neede.

Now are they met,when quoth that loftie mate,
Giue me thy fword,leafst this my breath confound
Thy blasted foule,if once I wreake my hate :
When nay,replide fhe,things fo hardly found,
May not be giuen to each that big will prate :
But fight for it,and firft we will compound,
That who orecomes fhall this for reward beare,
He fhall the helmet haue his foe did weare.

He is agreed : now are they fet for race,
And fiercely runne each againft th'others breaft :
So haue I feene when *Neptune* with his mace,
Hath made the raging floods with ftormes oppreff,
Two hugie Argoes with moft tumbling pace,
Too much with toffing tempefts ouerpreff,
Thunder againft his fellowes bellowing fide,
VVhile in the gulfe downe fwallowed both they flide.

Q 2

Both

Vertues Historie.

Both tumbled downe,they doe renew with hand
The fight, which on their palfraies not preuailes,
Each on the other laies his steely brand,
And where they see defence most surest failes,
There streight their cleauing weapon fixt doth stand :
At last *Orgillo* on her helmet nailes
 VVith mightie force his plate-intrenching blade,
 And on her head a skarring wound he made.

She moued with the rigour of the blow,
Plucks in one stroke the force of all her might,
And on his shoulder downe her blade doth throw,
VVhich sliding thence his arme doth sharply bite:
VVhich wounded,doth his fencing targe let go,
VVhile she doth claime her victories due right :
 He willing,but not able to resist,
 Doth suffer her to doe what ere she list.

Downe doth she take his helmet from his head,
VVhose loftie plume vp on the highest set,
Told that his proud heart would to heauen have fled,
But that the droffe of his foule corps did let :
And streight her helmet she uncoverd,
VVhen from her crowne the curled coronet,
 In which she pleated had her tangled haire,
 Fell from her head downe playing with the aire.

Orguillo shaming now to see a maide
That got the conquest ore his quailed might,
Himselfe vpon his palfrey streight he laide,
And spurring mainly vanisht out of fight,
His peny poet hastie after made,
But neuer was he since seene by the light :
 Yet often hath his poet since been knowne,
 Nor yet from out the earth his name is flowne.

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now *Cypribe* still followeth on her way,
Led by a beaten path vpon a plaine,
VVhen streight she fees,as farre as see she may,
A Tiger,hunting seem'd for bloodie gaine,
VVho thinking that she hath espide a pray,
VVith yawning iawes runnes hoping to attaine :
 And with the Lady ramping she doth meete,
 VVho with her sword her grisly foe doth greeete.

Such in the *Næmæan* Forrest was the fight,
VVhen *Ælcid* with the hideous Lion fraue :
Such was the battell when in furious spight,
Iafon the fire breathing monsters draue
Vnto their end,by *Colchis* magicks might:
And such was *Theseus* when in writhed caue,
 VVith puissant force and deeply graued dint.
 His wrath on *Minotaure* he did imprint.

The Tiger bites, she cuts,but now at last
With griping teeth he hath vnloofd a plate:
Where when his iawes he ment next time to cast,
Drawing her bodies sent,he doth abate
The dreadfull furie which is ouer-past,
And fawning seem'd that was so fierce of late :
 VVhen straight he back returnes his wonted way,
 And seem'd to follow did the Lady pray.

For when he softly went,he turnes his eyes
Back to the dame,whom nothing feare difmayd,
But streight she followes him,that humble wife
Led to a Sepulcher this errant mayd :
A Sepulcher it is that couered lyes
VVith helmets and with shields all ouer layd,
 VVhich from the passing Knights this Tiger tore,
 And for a couering to his master bore.

Q 3

This

Vertues Historie.

This is a Knight whose thoughts like to the skie,
VVere turnde about this Ladies beauties pole,
A vertuous Knight he was,whom wantonlie
This Lady in her fond youth did controle :
But now his losse she mourneth inwardlie,
That she hath fent away so sweet a foule :
 But when to cindars all consumed are,
 Too late then fall the watrie teares of care.

This Knight,when *Cypribe* was fled away,
Wandred through many a dale and weary hill,
Seeking his wretched fight on her to lay ;
But she whom deepe difdaine too much did fill,
Flies from his fight,and seekes an vncouth way:
VVhen he his labour neuer left,vntill
 All in defpayre he came vnto this plaine,
 VVhich by a forrest neerely doth remaine.

Here when he came, he heard a hollow grone,
VVhich from some caue did seeme to volley out:
VVhen following the found,he now is gone
Vnto the wood,where searching all about,
He saw a doore which placed was vpon,
To trap the wild beafts by some rustick lout :
 VVhich when he opened forth a Tiger came,
 That to a flattring looke his face did frame.

Nor euer would he leaue his dearest Lord,
Who ment ere long to leaue himselfe and all:
But ferues him faithfully at bed and bord,
VVatching by night,by day abroad he stalle
Such forrest pray as did the wood afford,
Or he could get in great *Syluanus* hall :
 But nothing could his former ioy reduce,
 VVhose only cates are on her forme to muse.

He

Vertues Historie.

He powres foorth teares when downe the Tiger lies,
And with a wrinched face doth feeme to weepe :
Sometimes in hope to flatter fantasies,
He with his eyes doth woo sweet banisht sleepe,
VVhen softly wrapt,the beaft doth clofe his eyes,
Yet not full clofde,a watch he ftill doth keepe,
That rockie heart he hath,whom could not moue
This Tigers and this mans fo fruitles loue.

But now he fees where death with greedie fpade,
Meanes vp to dig the minerals of his hart,
And his foules treafure dearely to inuade :
VVhen readie and prepared to depart,
He tooke a ftone,on which he grauing made
The wofull ditty of his pinching fmart,
And wrote his stony loue on marble ftone,
That to the grauer feem'd for pittie mone.

Receiue thou ftone the iffues of my woe,
Of which blood-iffue now my heart muft die :
And you black words fhall forth teftators goe,
Of this my will to her that hence doth flie :
And if you fee her,for me tell her fo,
That in you all my teftament doth lie :
Tell that on you I haue ingrau'd by art,
That art and nature could not on her hart.

Tell her how ftill I lou'd her till my night,
And then I wrote to you,you fhould her loue :
Tell how that teares my eyes did euer fright
Till now,and then I bad you fprings to moue :
Tell how I mou'd you with my penfils might,
VVhen her my pensfue heart in vaine did proue :
How on my graue I grau'd thefe things to her,
My felfe the grauesman and my felfe the beare.

These

Vertues Historie.

These things he writing dide, and dying wrote,
And left that storie tomb-stone for his hearfe :
When he no sooner past black *Stixes* bote,
But freight the Tiger with his clawes did pearce,
The trenched earth as deepe as ere he mote,
Wherein he put the corfe and heaue verfe,
 And from the Knights their helmets still would teare,
 Which for a couering he would thither beare.

Now when the Lady came vnto the graue,
She rouled thence the armes that on him lay :
Whom when she saw, from out her eyes she draue
A gushing flood that did his face imbay
In siluer streames, which dying he did craue,
Yet could not gaine it in his dying day :
 But now his face all sprinkled with her dew,
 Seemes looking fresh againe and liuing new.

Sweet Nectar teares *Electrus* pretious drops,
Wound saluing balme, whose sweet infusion
The bloody festring or an issue stops,
Cælestis-aqua, whose sweet potion
Makes winter boughs renew their naked tops :
Æson Medeas incantation,
 Which powred life into the wrinkled eld,
 And plants the tree Deaths woodman downe had feld.

Then takes she vp the grauen marble-stone,
And through her watrie spectacles she reedes,
Which makes the letters three which erst were one :
O then (quoth she) of you there is no needes,
Vnles three hearts I had for all to mone,
My heart for one enough alreadie bleedes :
 O cruell heart that in so sweet a chace,
 Coudest deny to turne thy flying face.

This

Vertues Historie.

This fiercest Tiger seemes to rue his case,
Thou wroughtst this miserie whom he doth rue :
He with the earth hath couered his face,
Thou didst vnclafpe his heart, and there imbrue
Thy tyrant-thoughts that had too little grace :
These armes for shelter he about him drue,
 When I denide my armes about him wreath,
 Which might orecome the furquedrie of death.

But now she leaueth this funereall song,
And causeth on his graue a stone be set,
While in the Forrest by, the trees among,
There she hath fram'd a fyluan cabinet,
Vowing to make the Knights that passe along,
To pay their shields to quit her forrowes det :
 But vaine, thy beauties shield would once haue done,
 More then the heape of shields thou now hast wonne.

Where leaue we her to penance for her loue,
And turne our driuing failes another way,
Searching *Themistos* forth, that now doth roue
Towards the maiden towne, where streight a fray
He hath begun, and with his fauchion droue
The quailed citicens to their decay,
 Hewing and flicing with his gliftring blade,
 Such spoyle with lambes haue rau'ning Lions made.

This is a towne whither a wanton dame,
That fled an exile through the loathed land,
And to these parts with her attendants came,
Where streight this goodly towne they tooke in hand,
And in a little fpace vpraisde this frame,
Where that same Ladie Queene did still command,
 And many lawes she made, whose greater part
 Art quite extinguisht, not without defart.

R

And

Vertues Historie.

And this was one, that euery Lady might
Two husbands haue, and he that did refuse
To haue a partner in his loues delight,
Should beare that paine that womens heads should chuse.
One time it chanft when darkned was the light,
The Sunne downe sinking low from mortall viewes,
VVhen to this towne arriu'd a valiant Knight,
VVhere with his Lady will he spend the night.

There had he past that night and many a day,
Blinded with pleafure of fo fayre a place,
And ment a longer time to make delay :
But while a citizen that faw the face
Of that fayre dame, where beauties beames doe play,
So rauifhing and with fo pleasing grace,
That his burnt heart was fcorcht with too much heat,
Feeling no moyfture where the flame was great.

And feeing no good falue to heale his fore,
VVhere chafitie the Surgeon should bee,
Vpon the womens law he trusted more,
And vnto that his only hope doth flee :
VVherewith he warnes the Knight, who not forbore
His lightning wrath, but quickly makes them see
How ill a caufe they had, and with his fword
Hundreds of foules on *Charons* bote doth bord.

But multitudes his valour much opprest,
And tooke him prifoner : fo a Lyoneffe
VVhom from his young a ranger hath fupprest,
Caught in the fubtile gins of craftineffe,
Bound in an iron grate doth quiet rest,
Helples despayring and all comfortleffe :
But when his libertie he once doth finde,
He deeply fhewes the furie of his minde.

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now is this Knight captiude, and freight they call
A Iurie all of women, that must fit
To iudge this captiue gotten in their thrall :
Some hags that meate in ten yeares did not bite,
Scarfe able from their rustie couch to crall :
Some whose downe sinking nose their chin did hit,
 And some deepe furrowed fogs with hollow eyes,
 On whom who lookes ten months he sooner dyes.

These nod their heads like to a flock of geese,
Consulting what must in this cause be done :
VVhen forth there steps an old vnlusty peece,
That twentie yeares hath neuer seene the Sunne,
On whose furd chin did hang a budgie fleece,
VVith filthie mosse and drosse all ouerrunne,
 VVhose gummes the palfie so to ods did fet,
 That they their loosed teeth did all out spet.

Quoth she, euen strip the youth that is so nice,
And let him naked there before them stand,
Bound to a post, that shall this once suffice :
No sooner she this iudgement did command,
But all about him runne like to the mice,
VVhose troopes conioyned in an endles band,
 About the Bishop of great *Mentz* did runne,
 And on his corps an vncouth conquest wonne.

Now is he led vnto an open place,
VVhere shameles creatures with his shame disclose :
But by the way a Knight there comes a pace,
Wondring a farre to see such troopes as those,
And doth enquire why this so great disgrace
Is offred him, and why he chained goes :
 They freight the manner of his storie tell,
 VVho to their words replide they did not well.

R 2

Then

Vertues Historie.

Then streight on him him they ruff, and left alone
The prisoner, only one attending stayes :
Whom downe he throwing drew his fauchion,
And on his masters throte it freely layes :
This while the other Knight so much hath done,
That many saw the latest of their dayes :
 And sinking downe to *Plutoes* smokie fort,
 Told him they could not stay to see the sport.

So *Perseus* of the Centaures hauock made,
Cleaving their hoofie legs with steely dint,
And *Stixes* banks with damned foules doth lade,
As doe their Knights whose wrath will neuer stint,
Vntill the edge of euer-hungrie blade,
Shall with his bloodie seale each foman print,
 And make his pasport currant downe to hell,
 Not hindred by the ghofts below that dwell.

The captiue now is freed, while downe they fall
Like to vntimely fruit, whom bluftring winde,
Breaking from out his iron-prison wall,
Strooke from the tree, and made new place to finde
In lowest ground, that erst on boughes so tall,
All loftily his proudest stem did binde :
 Dying into the dust he downe doth flide,
 Neuer to see his summer beauties pride.

CANT.

Vertues Historie.

CANT. 7.

*The brethren still renew their sharpe debate,
Pirino viewes a fayre distressed dame,
Whom cruell Knight had brought to wofull state :
With whom vnto a castle soone he came,
After he had reuen'gd the bloodie deede,
Quiting the bloodie man with bloodie meede.*

WHen as the earths great palsiedoth her moue,
Shaking her bowels with an ayrie rent,
It thiuers downe the Citadels aboue,
And her great burthens all in peeces rent :
But not so much as discord doth remoue,
Whose quartan shaking in his continent,
Feeds on the intrals of the stinging harts,
And teares his bowels in tormented parts.

Which mightie earthquake now these brethren shooke,
That with their swords each others limbes doe hew,
And makes them like the ruddy morning looke,
Embrude in fanguine and in purple hew :
No time doth slide but one the other strooke,
Dying the stayned earth with gory dew :
The musick still in harmonie doth sing,
While still their swords to others sides they fling.

Thus doe they hack and spoyle with grisly wounds,
The vitall fountaines of their welling blood :
Like to the Bore whom *Meleagers* hounds
In *Calidons* forwaisted fields withstood,
Whose iron tuske with renting edge confounds
The springs fayre fruits and summers growing food,
Tearing the vine and *Bacchus* ensigne downe,
And in his panch that sacred iuyce doth drowne.

R 3

Thus

Vertues Historie.

Thus doe they cruelly their forces waste,
Vntill two princes came vnto the place,
Two princes that with loue each one imbrafte,
Ioyned in strongest league and mightie grace,
That in a louing heart could ere be plaste,
No enuie could their plighted loue deface :
 But like two doves that in the woods doe fly,
 Starue out themselves when as his mate doth dy.

They pitying to see that spitefull hate,
Should thus distract the foules of tortur'd wights,
VVent streight to part them from that sharpe debate :
But they now swelling with vnbounded sprights,
No whit the more their furie did abate,
But exercising still their hatefull sprights,
 Vpon each other wreake their mightie wrath,
 And in each others gore their swords imbath.

Like mightie buls that in a femall flock,
Striue who should be the droues promoted head,
VVith horny engines do their frontiers knock,
That from their browes a purple streame downe bled,
VVhile drumming still with mightie blowes they stroke,
And with their fellows hurt their ire they fed,
 VVhen ramping fiercely on each others skull,
 Downe to the earth their carkasses they pull.

But now at length they haue disseuered
These fighting brethren, and their swords vp lay,
And euery prince with him one brother led,
And parted thence vnto a diuers way :
VVhen home this burden soone they caried,
VVhose teeth yet gnash that this their bloodie fray
 VVas not full tried, and with venome swell
 Gainst those that parted them, though doing well.
And

Vertues Historie.

And still doe egge these sworne friends to fight,
Stirring so long to strife their burning mindes,
That though no cause they had of their despight,
Yet enue still some secret reason findes :
And they send challenges to try by might
Their strife, no longer league their friendship bindes :
 But like two beares that from a keeper scape,
 Doe waste the fields with massacre and rape.

VVhere we will leaue to defolation,
Those whom fell discord doth so much increafe :
And to *Pirino* will againe be gone,
VVho marched forward still in great pretence,
That Ladies seruice he would nere haue done :
But he his formers sinne shall recompence,
 And ere I leaue him (so I loue your kinde)
 His heart and hands another way shall finde.

After the shameles *Erofels* defeate,
VVhen with the pilgrime Knight he ioynde his way,
They for aduentures strangest paths doe beate,
Searching out works of valour euery day,
VVhose haughtie mindes thinke nothing is so great,
But with their puiffance they'le ouerway :
 About whose boldest hearts encircled was,
 Strong mightie oke and thrife enfolded brasse.

Not long they forreind, till on plaine they spide
A wofull fight as euer eye beheld,
A Ladie that on ground all wounded lide,
Fayrer then her the Sunne hath viewed feld,
And more mishap did neuer dame betide :
For she to ground with ruthles blow was feld,
 Like to the sweetest rose in haruest time,
 Is mowen downe in youths most lustie prime.

They

Vertues Historie.

They rested not vntill they to her came,
Vpon whose eyes death seemeth to arrest :
And turning vp their Alabafter frame,
Made death in loue with them that lou'd death best:
But now those Knights did ransome fayre the dame,
Barring her foule from such a heaueie rest,
 And vp did binde the life diffoluing wound,
 VWho wept in blood, that it on her was found.

But now *Pirino* quite his oth forgate,
And moued much with pitie,more with loue,
Downe from his horse as light as winde he gate,
And from the ground her quickly doth remoue,
Curfing the fword,the hand,and curfed fate,
That on this Lady crueltie did proue :
 O who can tell what vertue hidden lyes,
 VWithin the charming of a Ladies eyes.

Now doth he wish that he the sword had beene,
For to haue kift that Ladies downy breast:
Or he were Balsamum to powre betweene
The lips of that broad wound: where sweetest rest
In beauties haruest yet lookes euer greene,
And would from stony hearts haue teares exprest,
 To see so fayre a Ladie foully vfde,
 And that same beautie which such wrong abusde.

Forth doe they goe to finde some resting place,
VWhere they her deepe intrrenched wound may dresse,
VWhile still *Pirino* musing on her face,
Studieth the astronomie of happinesse,
VWhose starres doe leade vnto the port of grace,
VWhere is inuested perfect blessednesse :
 The starres of her sweet eyes where beautie plaines,
 That wrongfull prifon her in bonds detaines.

Forth

Vertues Historie.

Forth doe they cary her their purpofde way,
VVhile ftill fhe lieth dumbe, no word doth flowe:
From out the Oracle where beautie lay,
Silence in darknes all within doth goe,
To keepe her whom fharpe paine holds for a pray,
Subdued to pinching grieffe and grievly woe:
That filthie dragon keepes the garden gate,
VVhere heauenly Rofes flourifhed of late.

Now haue they fpied a caftell from a farre,
VVhether with all their fpeede they forward make,
Meaning to make that heauen of this ftarre,
That makes all heau'n where her bright beames doe flake,
But ere vnto the fort they arriued are,
A new aduerture doth them ouertake:
Foure Knights doe meete them with their drawen fwords,
Whofe edges on their armes aēt Tragick wordes.

Now on a banke the Lady downe they fet,
And to the battell doe themfelues addrefse,
VVhere with outragious blowes each other beat,
And on their foemen doe Reuenge imprefse:
At laft one brutling in a furious heat,
Ran through his mate, whom he his foe did gefse:
The other quitting him, they downeward fell,
Their bodies to the earth, their foules to hell.

VVhere we will leaue the other to their fight,
And of this Ladies wofull ftorie tell:
And what miſfortune brought her to this plight,
How to this gulfe of miferie fhe fell:
But thinke the whiles that to the pilgrim Knight,
Pirino ftill his fight continues well:
And pray that he the victorie may win
Here in this fray which they a freſh begin.

S

This

Vertues Historie.

Sometimes downe in a groue they would difcend,
And print the graffe with beauties brightest feale,
And with the bowes a round faire garlonds bend :
Mingling in pofies which their loue reueale,
While to their eares the birds loue-carrolls fent,
And ftill among the doue with groning peale,
 Doth feeme to found a farewell to his loue,
 Which fowlers hand did cruelly remoue.

Thus doe they fpend the fummer of their daies,
Studying how each might worke them moft delight,
Vntill they came to thefe vnluckie waies,
Where let blacke darknes ftand and pitchy night,
And fearefull Earthquake vp huge mountaines raife,
Renting the place that wrought thefe loues defpight :
 Let ftill fierce winter choke the dying fpring,
 And none but night-crowes groning fcriches fmg.

For hither when they came, a Knight they met,
That without challenge or a caufe of hate,
Vpon her Knight downe blowes full fpitefull let,
And with his fword infring'd the pretious gate
Which keeps the entrance to his fenfes feate,
Freeing his foule with this vntimely fate :
 Downe on the luckles earth his bones doe fall,
 While Saints his foule in heauen doe inftall.

Which when his Ladie faw twixt rage and wo,
His fword ſhe takes from out his loued hand ;
And to her ruthles enemye doth goe,
Offering with force that tirant to withftand,
But to her ftong heart, weake armes anfwere no,
Telling they cannot fuch a waight command :
 This while that curfed man with cruell blade,
 Into her tender brest a deepe wound made.

S 2

O

Vertues Historie.

O heart so stony as the rocky mount,
On which fayre *Rhodope* doth buried lye,
VVhich doth th'*Hircanian* Tigars far furmound
In blood and tirranizing crueltye :
That of sweete beautie mak'ft so small account,
And couldst with that accurfed flaming eye,
Beholde a Lady thus most louely fayre,
Driuen to mightie woe and deepe difpayre.

But O : he heares me not, for he is fled,
And with him caryed her louing Knight,
VVhile she twixt woe and grieffe is almost dead,
The fayrest and the farre most griued wight
That euer heauenly beautie coloured,
In whom terrestriall shone diuineft light:
Her wound doth pearce vnto her gored heart,
Yet then that wound she feeles more wounding smart.

This cruell Knight was one that still did liue
By rapine, and did rob each passenger:
VVho, as he once with valiant Knight did striue,
Lofte his left hand, when he did deeply sweare,
That all the Knights he could to worfer driue,
Should so be martird, thus he vp doth reare
VVithin his fort a heape of ioynted hands,
That like a wall now rayfed lofty stands.

And this is he that with *Pirino* fought,
Thinking such victory of him to win:
But so the prouidence of heauen wrought,
That to repent his deedes he doth begin,
For now to conquest he is shamefull brought,
And he that hath so proudly cruell been,
Lyes at the mercie of the victors hands,
VVho leade him prifoner in vnknownen bands.

After

Vertues Historie.

After this battell to the fort they go,
VVhile still *Pirino* folaceth the Dame,
Hoping to drye the Ocean ofher wo,
But now too late all comforts fun-shine came,
Griefe more refisted still the more doth grow,
And ioy too flow goes euer halting-lame:
 The cloudes which darke the glory of her light,
 Prefage there still fhall be blacke forrowes night.

Now to their lodging are they come at laft,
VVhich was the caftle where this tirant dwelt:
VVhen ftraight his bloody triumphes forth they caft,
And now *Pirino* hath fo carefull delt
That fhe is cured, but her forrow pafte,
Can ne'er be pafte which fhe fo deeply felt:
 VVhile in a tombe fhe layes her loued Knight,
 VVhose view might banifh thence all ioyes delight.

CANT. 8.

*Pirino with the Lady doe addres,
 To fee fayre Bellamyes fad funerall,
Her loue is told, and how all comfortles,
 For Amians fake in wo her heart doth fall:
Where blacke eclipsing of his radiant light,
 Maskt her fweet foule in forrowes drery night.*

O VVho could giue me Eagle foaring wings,
Or plumes of vapours to afcend on hye:
VVhich *Sol* exhaled to the heauen brings,
That I might fee the true diuinity,
Or view the Angel-thoughts, whose mufick fings
Vnto heau'ns maker fweeteft harmony:
 There onely could my thoughts the thought approue
 Of thought-furpaffing and diuineft loue.

S 3

VVhich

Vertues Historie.

Which like *Arion* in the floting waues,
Can chaunt the Dolphins with his charming founds,
And bindes al base affections as slaues,
VVhich with celestially beautie it confounds,
Sweet-faluing balme which wounds difpayred faues,
VVhose kingdome cannot suffer earthly bounds :
 The cinofigure of all our ioys it is,
 VVhich leades vs through a world of happy bliffe.

VVhich this faire Lady fully doth possesse,
Raught with the thought of her deceased Knight,
And euer keeps her foule in heauineffe :
Like to the Moone that must obscure her light,
VVhen as the Sunne his beautie doth repressse,
Of whom she borrowes beames of all delight :
 VVhich buried in the sad Sepulchrall ground,
 Downe to the earth her captiue thoughts hath bound.

Which when *Pirino* saw (whose words of ioy
Still wooed forrow to forsake her brest)
Knowing her Knights deare fight wrought this annoy,
Did counsell her to leaue this idle rest,
VVhich still with musing thoughts did her accloy,
And trauell forth where neuer should molest
 Her quiet thoughts the spectacle of death,
 VVhose saddest fight the foule disquieteth.

She loth to leaue that where her treafure lay,
VVhere she had buried thoughts of all delight,
Determines neuer to depart away:
But so *Pirino* fues by day and night,
That now she'le wander till a certaine day,
Though forie to remoue from out his sight:
 VVhose tombe containd with him her dearest hart,
 VVith whom in graue she left her better part.

The

Vertues Historie.

The Sunne appeareth in his bright aray,
Of fry beames and golden-wreathed gowne,
Meaning to cheare her with so fayre a day,
Now hauing banisht mistie vapours downe,
VVhen forth they ride now fetled in their way,
Flying the place whence all her woe was growne :
 But though vnto the farthest Indes thou flie,
 Swifter then winde will sorrow after hie.

They had not gone as farre as Scithian bow
Darts forth an arrow with his bended string,
Before they see where an old man doth goe
As fast as dried bones his feete can bring :
Who ouertaking him whom age made flow,
Enquired whither he was traouiling :
 But deepest cares that rained in his thought,
 Had silence and black melancholy brought.

At last they roud him from his musing dreame,
VVhen of a Ladies death he gan a tale,
VVhile downe his cheekes doth raine a pearling streame,
From out the clowdes of wrack and weary bale:
And this is *Algiger* that doth exclaime
Against our life, that still in woe doth fall :
 VVho like the luckles owle these many yeares,
 Neuer but at some funerall appears.

And *Bellamy* was she whom ugly death
Hath couerd with the graues vntimely shade,
Her now in dusky bloome he manteleth,
That with her beames the world astonisht made,
And on her corps his colours he displayeth,
VVhose colours in too soone a haruest fade :
 The weeds doe grow and worfer things furuiue,
 VVhile as the good are thought too long aliue.

Pirino

Vertues Historie.

Pirino like to *Dædals* winged fonne,
That from great heau'n fell to the lowest flood:
To sinke in forrowes drery gulfe begun,
And in his face doth care depaint in blood,
The victorie he ouer him hath wonne,
Senceles with too much fence of grieffe he flood:
 Vntill thus brake the cloudes into a showre,
 VVhich forth with drery teares he thus did powre.

O curfed earth goe maske thee from the light,
VVhose light is quenched that did make the day,
And let the fpring no more with green bedight,
Adorned be with birds or Musick lay,
For she in whose sweete face spring still did write
Her chiefeft glory, now in sad decay,
 Hideth the heauenly lampe of louely grace,
 And shadoweth from the earth her starrie face.

Her tresses like the flakie beames of morne,
Sheuld along vpon her snowie backe,
That did the golden *Tagus* colour fcorne,
And dangling made behinde a goodly tracke,
Those which haue many harts in triumph borne,
And in loues fea haue driuen them to wracke:
 These lye embraced of the basest ground,
 VVhose curly traines haue many louers bound.

Thus forth he driues his passion with his plaint,
VVhen they agree to see her funerall,
VVhere we will leaue them wearied and faint:
Pricking toward her wofull buriall,
VVhile I full deeply greeud will strue to paint,
The story of this ladies wofull fall,
 And when my teares shall stop their weeping spring,
 I will plaine forth the tale I cannot sing.
VVhen

Vertues Historie.

When at the Dukes long time thofe thirtie Knights,
Lay for to try who could obtaine the prize,
Where with continuall showes and pleafant fights,
They woo'd the deare attention of her eyes :
One Knight there was whom ſhe aboue all wights
Moſt dearly lou'd,whoſe image deeply lyes,
Sealed below vpon her ſoftened hart,
From which his preffure neuer can depart.

Within the bleſſed heauen of her thought,
His comely face,the onely ſtarre doth ſhine,
Whoſe beautie to her foule amazement brought,
That then her ſelfe a wight was more diuine,
Like *Cinthia* when on *Latmus* top ſhe ſpide
The ſleeping ſhepherd lately dreaming ly'ne:
She is amazed at ſo great a grace,
And with ſweete Mel-dewes doth anoint her face.

No winde but *Amian* her ſhip doth blow,
Filling with pleaſing breath fayre beauties fayles,
In which to happy Iles ſhe meanes to go ;
He beares the rule,and he ſo much preuailes,
That now ſhe doth not ſticke to let him know,
How his moſt gratefull fuite with her auailles :
Who though with thoſe ſweete wordes in loue he was,
Yet ſcarſe for kiſſes could he let them paſſe.

She grants the garden where delight doth ly,
Which with chaſte marriage they will feale anon :
And now ſhe brings him roſes by and by,
From which he wiſhed neuer to haue gone,
So ſweete an ayre vnto his ſmell doth fly,
That would with pleaſure quite haue ouerflowne,
Drenching olde aged bones in youthfull dew,
And make the hoary man his dayes renew.

T

Like

Vertues Historie.

Like *Hibla* fields, where though Bees still doe suck
The hony of delight and rauifhing,
Yet in this fertile field remaine to pluck
Heauenly posies, deeply folacing
Distressed mindes which sharpe misfortune strook,
And in thoughts winter doth vpreare the spring,
Whose verdant head shall neuer languish downe,
But stand adorned with a flowery crowne.

VVhich when the lothed woers quickly found,
They did enuy the happie chance he gate,
And ten of them in mightie challenge bound
His valiant heart to answer their debate,
VVho now thus settled on so sure a ground,
Scorned the easie shafts of fruitles hate,
And sent them answer that next rising day,
He would controle what enuy durst to fay.

But still fayre *Bellamy* doth him intreat,
To shun the dangers of the bloody fight,
And doth his breast with sighs and gronings beat,
Enchafing with fayre pearle her clouded fight,
VVhich drooping downe her richest eyes beget,
And to his louing bosome take their flight,
VVhen watering the plants that loue doth sow,
They quickly made sweet lowly pittie grow.

But he that had his vowed promise past,
VVith kisses still her open lips doth stay:
She openeth still, he still his lets doth cast,
Sweet lets, which let him in where beautie lay,
That doubt it was whether she spoke so fast,
Because more kisses of him gaine she may:
Or kisses seeming for to stop the dore,
Still kist, because they would haue kisses more.

Thus

Vertues Historie.

Thus in this golden chaine of pureft loue
They paff the euening,when with ruffie coach
The Rauē-hud night her dusky traine vphoue,
And grifly darknes doth on her encroach,
The weary Sunne his wagon doth remoue,
Seeing the vgly night fo neere approach,
That from the furnace of her footy throte,
Forth foggy vapours and black fmoke vphote.

Still *Bellamy* vnluckie chance doth feare,
VVarned with fatall noyse of nightly soule :
Now doth she feeme fweet *Amians* voyce to heare,
Yeelding the lowly present of his soule
Vnto his maker,when her heart doth reare
A fwelling sigh his fortune to condole,
The mournfull pefage of some euill hap,
As lightning flames before a thunder-clap.

Thus in fad thought the filent night is fpent,
VVhen *Phæbus* gan vpreare his fry creft,
And had the eafterne heauen with flames ybrent,
VVhen ftreight doth *Amian* leaue his quiet reft,
And armed to the place appoynted went,
VVhere nine ftrong Knights that enmitie profest,
He with his fpeare difmounted to the ground,
VVhere with difgrace an humble feate they found.

Like to a loftie ranke of Cedar trees,
VVhen *Æolus* is kindled deepe with rage,
And with a whirlwing vp from earth he frees
Their riuen rootes,now layd in equipage
VVith bafier fhrubs,while to the heauen flees
The roring noyse,ypent in iron cage
Of tumbling vapours that doe fcoure the ayre,
Inuefted highly in a clowdy chayre.

T 2

Now

Vertues Historie.

Now *Bellamies* good heart for ioy doth dance,
Driuing forth stormes of forrow and of care,
VVhen the tenth Knight his speare did high aduance,
That ouer al his armour *Cypres* ware,
Shadowing with clowdes of griefe his countenance,
VVho now towards the Knight his palfrey bare :
 VVhere meeting with a hideous shiuering stroke,
 Their yelding speares in sprinkled duft they broke.

On foote they try what thus on horfe doth faile,
Each other driuing with a deadly blow,
And with their weapons kiffe the splitted maile,
Which riuengushing blood in streames doth throw,
While now or never meaning to preuaile,
Sir *Amian* droue vnto his riual foe,
 And with his sword his intrals doth vnclofe,
 Whose foule vp fled his earthly bowels doth lose.

Viewing the sword wherewith his riual fought,
That on it written had his fathers name,
Whom with a charme from vnknowne land he brought,
He curst himfelfe with much vnworthie blame,
That he this wofull Tragedie had wrought :
For well he knew his brother was the same,
 Whom with his wretched might he thus had flaine,
 To whom his father gaue that hurtfull gaine.

Now horror ringeth in his griued foule,
And guilt of thought that he his brother flew,
VVhere fearfull fight his rest doth deepe controle :
Wherefore vnto his palfrey he withdrew,
And doth to none his inward griefe vnrole,
But to the woods all folitarie flew,
 Banishing any thought of pleafing mirth,
 Or any ioy which lighteth on the earth.

In

Vertues Historie.

In leavy shadowes and in bushie brakes,
He with the wood-doue grones for pinching woe:
Sometimes in hand his curfed sword he takes,
But streight his sword he from his hand doth throw,
Now in a bush a hollow nest he makes,
From whence he swares his feete shall neuer goe :
 Each little glimfe of light his foule doth shun,
 And in despayre to headlong death doth run.

But how fayre *Bellamy* doth rue his case,
Plaining and seeking him that her forgat,
Is deeply grauen in her parched face,
Which doth not lighten as it did of late,
Earth-brightning beames of neuer-matched grace:
But frowning with the force of angrie fate,
 Downe drooping doth she close her folded eyes,
 Drowning themfelues in their owne Nectaries.

And euery where to seeke him out she fends,
Whom neuer shall againe her eyes behold :
Wherefore despayring now her thoughts she bends,
Fixt on th' Idea of his heauenly mold,
And to her minde that only food she lends,
While from her body rest she doth withhold,
 And still her beautie doth consuming pine,
 Wafting those torches which are so diuine.

Like as the sweetest Querister of Night,
VVhen rau'ning fowle bereft her of her young,
VVhile *Phæbe* fends from high her cloudy light,
Vnto the Moone in chanting tunes she fung,
That rauishing the trauailer with delight,
Made him bewale the birds disproferd wrong :
 So doth each eye lament this wofull plaint,
 VVhich beautie makes while she in woe doth faint.

T 3

But

Vertues Historie.

But O my pen transforme thy swanny face,
And in eternall streames my inck shall weepe :
Driue madly downe thy coach in tumbly pace,
O thou which heauens mightie lights doft keepe,
That neuer beames may brighten any place,
Since she in neuer-ending dreame doth sleepe:
 O *Bellamy* that now vntimely dyes,
 And in fad tombe deaths cruell triumph lyes.

The fearfull thought of her deare loued Knight,
Eats on her heart confuming vitall heat,
That taking in the world not left delight,
She with her hands that fostest breast doth beat,
And vexeth still with grieffe her wofull spright,
VVho weary of so much vneasie feat,
 To heauen on her snowy pineons fled,
 VVhere in *Ioues* breast she layes her quiet head.

Now came the Knights that dwelt remoued farre,
To see the buriall of this Angel wight :
The Sunne arose with his low drooping carre,
To see (though grieu'd to see) that wofull fight:
And *Pirin* with the dame ariued are,
And *Cypribel* her tombe forsaketh quight,
 Prepar'd all to doe honour to her graue,
 The latest honour now her corps could haue.

Where with such rites as loue and wit deuise,
VVhich might renew a storie to expresse,
She was entombed in most glorious wife,
Accompanide with number numberlesse,
VVhile fountaines ouerflow the Dukes fad eyes,
That now for lack of teares to weepe doe cease:
 Faine would he in her armes his death-bed see,
 That in two heauens he and his foule might bee.

But

Vertues Historie.

But enuious fates resist his louing will,
VVho doe command his foule here to remaine,
VVhere with lamenting noyfe she plaineth still,
Yet neuer can her plaints bring back againe
That foule, which mounted on Olympus hill,
In sacred spirits and the Muses traine,
Singing foule-pleasing tunes her dayes doth spend,
VVhose musick and whose dayes haue neuer end.

And now ye heauens, if euer Musick straine
Issued from a concord-mouing spheare,
Then in a dolefull language helpe to plaine,
And mourning part in sorrowes confort beare :
For neuer shall you haue like cause againe,
For neuer may the like on earth appeare :
And for her death ring out a dolefull knell,
VVhile dewy teares at euery stroke distill.

And ye fayre Ladies in a pilgrimage,
Attiring blushing white in mourning black,
Vntill the world shall end his endles age,
Go to her tombe, and plaine her beauties wrack,
Raught from the earth by deaths vnfatiate rage :
And though your teares can neuer bring her back,
Kissing her tombe, to *Libitina* pray
The earth may easie on her bofome lay.

VVhere with the parbreake of vnclouded hell,
Night wraps in ruggy black the ayres darke face,
Still vomiting fro her defiled Cell,
The shadowy fumes that mought the light disgrace,
VVhile scriching Owles their fearfull stories tell,
Hoarsly complaining in that gloomy place,
Groning with hollow notes their dismall song,
VVhile trembling tunes to giltie hearts they rung.

The

Vertues Historie.

The wolues about that haples place doe cry,
And howling weepe for her that lieth flaine :
Sometimes in hollow fearfull harmony
The Harpyes doe a dumpifh confort straine :
Sometimes it feemes they see some passing by,
That on a beere a carkaffe doe sustaine,
 VVhile meager Death with hels vnchained hags,
 Vpon her graue difplaye their pitchie flags.

The Conclusion of all.

THese haue I sent vnto the Muses hearse,
 Whose daies of honour now haue found an end,
To spread therewith this my latest verse,
 Whom the vnworthie world too much offend.

*Nor yet because some change-affecting braine
 Debas'th the Muses and their sacred hill :
Fault I my selfe as hauing writ in vaine,
 Know he I only loue the Musicke skill.*

*But whether he delight in feates of armes,
Or prouder vaunt the glorie of his race,
Know he I feare not Martiall alarmes,
Nor yeeld a step his friendship to embrace,
 Though now in shade I whisper to the winde,
And plaine the Muses can no harbour finde.*

FINIS.

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For the First Year 1867-8.

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

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For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flowers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvédère; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

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21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Eleventh Year, 1877-8.

23. Thule, or Vertues Historie. By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the original edition of 1598.

