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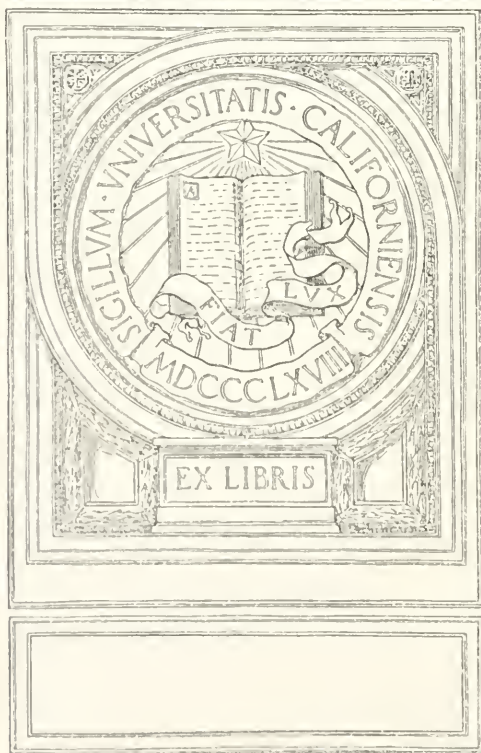
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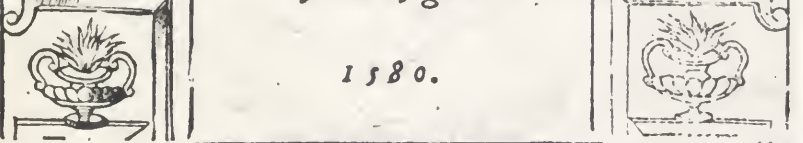



A light Bondell of li-
uly discourses called Church-
yardes Charge, presented as a
 Newe yeres giste to the right honou-
 rable, the Earle of Surrie, in whiche
 Bondell of verses is sutch varetie of
 matter, and severall inuentions, that
 maie bee as delitefull to the Reader,
 as it was a Charge and labour to the
 w^riter, sette fo^rthe fo^r a pecc^e
 of pastime, by *Thomas*
Churchoyde
 Gent.



I Imprinted at London,
 by Ihon. Kingston.

1580.





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Churchards

Armes.

My dear friend

Come Mithras send me thy best
 To find a hard breast in a young party
 For my sake, and to my love soft in soft
 For my sake, and to my love soft in soft
 For my sake, and to my love soft in soft

L C



To the right honourable my especial
good Lorde the Erle of Surrey: Thomas Churchyarde
wylbeth many happie Newe yerres, Fortunate
daies and weekes, encrease of honour and vertuz,
with molte assured felicitie.



Knowe not my good lorde, whether my boldnesse and presumption be greater, then the basenesse of my matter herein penned, and I mynde to present: considering the worthinesse of the personage, to whom I dedicate my booke, and the weakenesse of my wit, that presenteth vaine verses, where vertue of the mynde aboundeth. But for that I treate not of mere trifles, (nor meane to corrupt sound senses, and good maners with wanton wordes or leude rime) I am partly perswaded this myne Newyeres gift, shall giue your lordship delite, and purchace to my self the desired thanks, that every honest writer deserueth: Because the substance and effect of all my inuentions, are shadowed vnder the sheld of good meanyng: And a matter well meant (by the courtesie of true constructiō) maie passe

The Epistle

the muster & good opinion of the people, among the best assemblies that looketh on the furniture of my penne, and ableness of my penne. And albeit some weapons want to beate backe the thompyng boltes of euill tongues (in my defence be it spoken) yet the Armour of right, and Target of trothe shall bee sufficient to strike doune the blowes, that hautie hartes with threatnyng thwartes can offer. And who so euer hastely or vnaduisedly through malicious wordes, hinders the credite of any honest workes, maie be thought both a rash and a partiall speaker, & a busie medler in matters, thei neither mynde to amende, nor nor will suffer that the worlde shall speake well therof. But now farther to procede, & enter into the cause of this my boldnesse, the troth is in callyng to remembrance a promes that I made, touching some verses. And honoring in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordshipps graundfather, & my master (who was a noble Warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrarke) I could doe no lesse but publishe to the worlde somewhat that should shewe, I had lost no time in his seruice. And finding another of his race and towardnesse, who bath taste and feelyng in the good giftes of Nature, and noble vertues of his auncestours, (the hope of whiche graces, promiset h great perfection to follo we in tyme to come) I thought I might dedicate

Dedicatorie.

dicate a booke vnto your Lordshippe, named by myne owne liking Churchyards Charge. But no wright noble Earle, the worlde lowyng change and varietie of matter, waxeth a wearie of freuoulous verses (because so many are writers of Mieter) and looketh for some learned discourse, by whiche meanes my barrain bookes maie remaine vnred, or misliked, and so lye on the Stationers stall, as a sillie signe of a newe nothyng, neither worthe the buiyng, nor the regardyng. To that I maie aunswere (vnder pardon and correction) that the grounde whiche of Nature yeldeth, but Thistles or Brambles, maie bryng forth the no good Corne of it self, contrary to his operation and kinde. Nor a man that is accustomed to treat of trifles maie, not meddle with the deepenesse of graue argumentes. For as it passes the searche and capacitie of a simple witte, to se into any matter of importaunce, so it is necessarie that a pleasaunt and plaine companion, should alwaies be occupied about pastymes, and namely at Christmas, whē little short tales, drines out a pece of the long nightes, and rather with mirth to procure a laughter, then with sadnesse prouoke a lowryng: and he that sturreth vpon the heauie myndes to light some consaites, is more welcome in euery place, then he that ouerthrowes the weake senses of common people, with curious imagina-

The Epistle

tions, and burthens bothe bodie and mynde, with wordes of greater weight, then common iudgement can conceiue, and be able to beare. A tale or a toye mirrely deliuered, pleaseth moſte mennes eares: and an earneſte ſadde argument, either rockes a man a ſlepe, or maketh the hearers a wearie. And the nature of Rime is to reuiue the ſpirites, or moue a ſmile, when many a one is ſcarce pleaſauntly diſpoſed. A Rime goeth on ſutche feete, ſtandeth on ſutche ioyntes, and rappeth out ſutche reaſons, that wiſedome taketh pleaſure in, and follie will make a wonder of. The woordes by inuention hits a thyng ſo iompe, and kepes ſutche a decorum and methode, that bothe order and meaſure is ſeen, in the cunning conueyance of the verſes, eſpecially if the ſwete and ſmothe ſentences bee ſifted, from the ſowre rough Branne of needleſſe babble and Vanitie. A ſenſible witte hauyng the pennyng of the matter. But loe my good Lorde, in ſheuyng the nature and qualitie of a good verſe, how my hoblyng is ſcen, and perceiued by the badneſſe, or bare handelyng of the thynges herein written: yet now I haue ron ſo farre in ouerweenyng, that either I am forced to goe forward, or remaine in the midwaie diſcomforted, and without remeadye. Wherefore, albeit I ſhall ſheue but a bondell of drie deuſes, I muſt open my ſardell, & make ſale of ſutche ſtuſſe,

Dedicatorie.

stuffe, as my hedde hath been stuffed withall: Euen like the poore Peddlar, that trudgeth with his packe to a Faire, and there unfoldeth among some newe laces & odde trifles, a greate deale of old ware and little re-nantes, that for lacke of quicke sale, hath laine long in a close corner. I neede not to seeke out a patron to support them: for they are neither worthe the readyng, nor the buiying, yet hauyng no better, am compelled to utter the thynges I haue leste. Proudyng that my nexte booke maie shewe somewhat among the rest that goeth before: for that it shall be dedicated to the moste worthiest (and to wardes noble man), the Erle of Oxford, as my laisure maie serue, and yet with greate expedition. Thus beyng ouer tedious and bolde, in stretching out a short and sorie Epistle (that had been better knit up in fewe lines) I wishe your Lordship many newe and happie yeres, long life to your liking, to the honour of GOD, and encrease of good fame: and a peece or portion of eche goodnesse can be named.

From my lodging nere to the Courte the
first daie of Ianuarie. Your Lord-
shippes alwaies at com-
maundemente.

Thomas Churchyard.

STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
January 15, 1882.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE,
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE,
MAY 10, 1881.

ALBANY:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & COMPANY,
PRINTERS,
1882.



To the freendly
Reader.



Daily trouble the good Reader with Bookes, Verses, Pamflettes, and many other trifling thinges, as mutche to hold thee occupied in good Will towards me (and keepe thee from losse of tyme) as for any matter that I either cā gaine glorie by, or deserueth to bee embrased: but vsing me and my workes thankefully, and payng me for my paines, with the like courtesie, that other men reapeth for their labours, I thinke my studie well bestowed, and promes yet with my penne, to pleasure thee farther. And for that I would haue all wenne to thinke, that in trothe and plainnesse I haue greate felicitie, and doe hate any kinde of flatterie or finenesse. I meane in my next booke, called my Challenge, to ronne ouer many of myne other woorkes, and where peraduenture by some reporte of others, (that knewe not the trothe,) I haue failed in settng foorth of some seruices, emong the whiche Maister Iohn Norrice, and diuers wor-
** .j. thie

The Preface.

the gentlemen Captaines now in Flaunders, haue not the worthinesse of their seruices declared. I doe promes that now beyng better instructed, and hauyng true intelligence of thynges as thei were, I will at large write the commendation of as many, as merites to bee honoured for their well doying, and make amendes, where either by ignorauce, or the report of others I haue failed. For so sure as GOD is Almightye, if I could gaine mountaines of golde, to flatter any one in Printyng an vntrothe, I would rather wishe my handes were of, then take in hande sutch a matter. For neither affection, fauor, commoditie, fame, nor partiallitie, at no tyme nor season, shall willyngly lead my penne amisse. And farther, if I thought any one for his owne glories sake, had tolde me more then is truely to bee proued: I would not onely condempne my self for giuyng sutch hastie credite, to vainglorious people: But in like sorte my penne should shewe the blotte in their browes, that giueth me wrong aduertisements. And so good Reader, condēpne not me if anything bee amisse, or lefte out that ought to haue been touched: For as I knowe and am instructed (seeyng not all my self) I must write, and so till my nexte booke come fort he (where many thynges shall be treated of) and that my good will to the honouryng of Vertus shall

The Preface.

shall bee seen. I bidde thee fare well friendly Reader, crauyng thy fauourable Iudgemente on that I haue written. From those men for whom my booke hath bin a blast of fame vnto (as I did beleue by the true tro-pet of penne) are not of sutch greate abilitie, that either their purses power or countenaunces, could com-ptll me to followe their humours: nor by any meanes woorke my muse to their willes, whose ritchesse and wealth is not able (if men would be hired) to wrest a wrie the hande and hedde of an honest writer. And to make manifest that I neither will be infected, nor carried awaie from that whiche is good, for any badde praëctice and perswasions, I confesse before GOD and the worlde, I scarce haue receiued thankes, for the honest labors I haue taken (at their handes that I haue written of) mutche lesse haue I been recompenced, or founde cause to flatter the worlde. But in one thyng I maie reioyce, the honourable persone to whom my choice is dedicated (and others of great calling) hath bothe been gratefull sondrie waies (in moste bountifull maner:) and also hath encoraged me to proceede in the like paines, whiche in very deede I mynde to go about as well to the fame and glory of good menne, as for the aduoidyng of sloth and idelnesse my self.

FINIS.



A storie translated out of Frenche.



In old tyme paste in Picardie,
 there dwelt an honest man,
 Whose name the storie doeth not tell,
 what he was called than:
 A wife he had, a house he helde,
 as Farmers vse to doo,
 And lacked little for the same,
 that did belong there too.
 And as God sent hym suffisance,

to rubbe for the life here lent,

So for to chere vnweldie age, faire childzen God hym sent:
 Of whiche he had one moste in minde, a lad of iuily sprecte,
 Who with great care he kept to schoole, as for his youth was meete.
 This boye to glad his fathers harte, in bookes set his delite,
 And learnd to make a Latine versle, to reade and eke to wryte:
 And for his Nature was enclinde, to studie learnyngs loze,
 The better he aplyed his schoole, he profited the moze.
 To make his schoole the sweeter seem, with Musicke mixed was,
 The studie that he followd then, the tyme awaite to passe: (small let,
 Good bookes were bought and instruments, greate charge was but
 If that thereby the father might, the some some knowledg get.
 In seuen yeres (as tyme it was,) this striplyng gan to taste,
 Tyme well employed, tyme diuen for the, and tyme ill spẽt in walle,
 And made no small account thereof, but still sought moze to haue,
 Wherewith he to his father came, on knees this did he craue.
 I haue q he dete father now, my childishe daies oze roime,
 And as I thinke, and you belcue, my boyes delites are donne:
 And as my witte and grace hath seru'd, some learnyng haue I gotte,
 And as I knowe you loue me well, on me you should not dot:.
 I meane I should not still at honie, vnder my mothers wing,

A.s.

Be

Churchyardes Charge.

Be brought vp like a wanton child, and doe no other thing:
The worlde is wide, I want no witte, your wealth is not so greate,
But you maie thinke in some dere pere, I scarce deserue my meate,
And though your kinde and custome is, full fatherlike alwaie,
Yet should your sonne discretion haue, to ease you as he maie:
Wherefoze to make your burthen lesse, let me goe seeke my happ,
And let no longer now your sonne, be kullde in mothers lapp.
The father wise well vnderstoode, his childs request at full,
And that the fetters of his youth, he thought awaie to pull:
(Before he gaue hym leaue to parte) by councill graue and sage,
Well boye quoth he now art thou come, vnto thy flowryng age.
Now art thou like the little waide, that bent and bound will bee,
Vnto his haude or to his skill, that liste to maister thee:
Now are ripe peres soone rotten made, now art thou apt to take,
Bothe good and badd, but cheefly things, that age bids thee forsake.
And now large scope shall sone forget, what short rein learn'd in schole
And thou that wisely wast brought vp, shall plaie the wanton foole.
Abrode as wilde harebains are wont, newe taken from their booke,
And in a while laie all a side, nere after their on looke.
In eury place of thy repaire, thou shalt no father finde,
Nor scarce a freende to whō thou maiest, at all tymes sho thy minde:
But on Gods blessing goe thy waie, thy wilde Dtes are vsowne,
Hereafter time shall learne thee well, things to thee now vnknowne.
The ladde his leaue and farewell tooke, well furnisht for the nonce,
And had about hym as I trowe, his treasure all at once:
To court he came all maisterlesse, and sawe what likt hym beste,
Of runnyng Leather were his shues, his fecte no where could reste:
His booke es to blade and bucklar chang'd, he gaue oze scholars trade,
Where reuell roysted all in ruffe, there he his residence made.
This rule had soone his purse so pickt, that princoks wanted pence,
And oft he sawe some trussed vp, that made but small offence:
His father farre from seying this, he come of honest stocke,
He hoffryng forthe a hatefull life, in many a wicked flocke.
And pycked oft to slipper gifts, yet some regard he tooke,
To be a sclander to his kinne, that kept hym to his booke:
And in a better moode to thiue, to seruice did he drawe,

He must goe that the deuill diues, ye knowe neede hath ro laue.
 A maister of no meane estate, a mirrour in those daies,
 His happie Fortune then hym gate, whose vertues must I praise:
 Hope heauenly were those gifts he had, then yearthly was his forme.
 His corps to worthy for the graue, his flesh no meate for worme.
 An Erle of birthe, a God of spite, a *Tullie* for his tong, (rong:
 He thinke of right the worlde should shake, when half his praise were
 Oh cursed are those crooked crafts, that his owne countrey wrought.
 To chop of sutch a chosen hed, as our tyme nere forthe brought.
 His knowledge crept beyond the stars, & raught to Ioues hie trone
 The bowels of the yearth he sawe, in his deepe bzeast unknowne:
 His wigt lookt througheche mās deuce, his iudgemēt grouded was,
 Almosie he had foresight to knowe, ere things should come to passe.
 When thei should fall what should beried, oh what a losse of weight,
 Was it to lose so ripe a hedde, that reached sutch a height:
 In eurp art he feelyng had, with penne past *Pesrarke* sure,
 A fashon framde whiche could his foes, to freendship oft alure.
 His vertues could not kepe hym here, but rather wrought his harms,
 And made his enemies murimure oft, & brought them in by swarms:
 Whose practise put hym to his plonge, and losse his life there by,
 Oh cancred brests that haus sutch hartes, wherin sutch hate doth lye.
 As told I haue, this pong man seru'd, this maister twise twoo pere,
 And learnd therein sutch fruitfull kill, as long he held full dere:
 And vsd the penne as he was taught, and other gifts also,
 Whiche made hym hold the capp on hed, where some do croch full lo.
 As credite came he carefull was, how to maintaine the same,
 And made small count of life or death, to kepe his honest name:
 His father not a little glad, of his good happ thus founde,
 And he forgot no duetie sure, to whom he ought be bounde.
 From court to warts he wounde about, a Soldiours life to leade,
 And leaned to the worthiest soyt, their steppys to marche and treade:
 And followd Camion wheele as fast, to learne some knowlege then,
 As he afoze at maisters heeles, did waite wity scripung men.
 But those twoo liues a difference haue, at home good there he had,
 Abroad full many a hongrie meale, and lodgyng verie bad:
 All daie in cosplet cated faste, whiche made his shuldery ake,

Churchyardes Charge.

All night vpon a couche of strawe, right glad his rest to take.
Through thicke & thin a thistle tyme, he spent & felt nutch grief,
And euer hoppng for the same, at length to finde relief:
No small while there as ye haue hard, in colde sharpe winter nights,
Where he did feele strange plags enowe, and saue full vgly sights.
Some dy for lack, some seke for death, some liue as though ther were
Ne God nor man, nor torment here, or hence we ought to feare:
But yet he markt some of that sort, whose estimation stood,
Vpon eche point of honest name, and things that semed good.
He saue likewise how fortune plaid, with some men for a while,
And after paid them home for all, and so did them begile:
A wearie of these wastpng woes, a while he left the warre,
And for desire to learne the tonges, he traueled very farre.
And had of cury langage part, when homeware did he draue,
And could rehearfall make full well, of that abroad he saue:
To studie wholie was he bent, but countreis cause would not,
But he should haunt the warrs againe, assignde thereto by lot.
And eke by hope and all vaine happ, procured to the same,
As though eche other glozie grewe, on warrs and warlike same:
Without the whiche no worlds renowne, was worth a flye he heeld,
For that is honour wonne in deede, once got within the feeld.
Thus in his hed and hpe consaite, he iudg'd that beste of all,
And thought no mouth for Sugar mete, that could not taste the gall:
Good lucke and bad mixt in one cup, he dranke to quenche his thirst,
And better brookt the second warrs, then he did like the firste.
And lesse found fault w' fortunes freaks, time had so well him taught
At chanches soure he chag'd no chere, nor at swete haps much laught:
In prison thysie, in danger oft, bothe hurt and mangled soze,
And all in seruice of his p'ince, and all awaie he woze.
In meane estate in office too, somtyme a single paie,
Some tyme fewe had so muche a wecke, as he was loude a daie:
When worlde wart wise, & wealth did faile & p'inces pride appald,
And emptie purse, and p'iuie plag's, for perfite peace had cald.
And kings and kingdom's quiet nere, this man to court he came,
Newe from the giues with face and lookes, as simple as a Lane:
Freshe frō his enemies hands came he, where for his countreis right,
He

Churchyardes Charge.

3

He prised was and forste to grant, a ransome past his might,
Sent home vpon a bande and seale, whiche is to strange a trade,
There to remaine till he for helpe, some honest shifte had made:
All spoiled cleane bare as the bird, whose feathers pluckt haue bin,
Bothe sicke and weake his colour gon, with cheeks full pale and thin,
The sight so strange or worlde so nought, or God would haue it so,
This man had scarce a welcome home, whiche made him muse I tro
His countrey not as he it left, all changed was the state,
But all one thing this man deseru'd, therein no cause of hate,
A carelesse looke on hym thei caste, sauyng a fewe in deede,
Though warrs brought lawe for seruice sake, & felt therby his neede
Of suche as could a difference make, of drum and trompetts sounde,
(Frō tabber pipe & Harpole mirth,) their helppng hands he founde:
And those that fauor'd seatts of warre, and sauour tooke therein,
With open armes embraсте hym hard, and said where hast thou bin.
But none of these could doe hym good, to set hym by I meane,
His freends decayed his father dedde, and houtholde broke by cleaue:
Traue could he not, his hart so hpe, it would not stoupe to steale,
He scoznde to serue a foraine pñce, prefarryng common weale,
Aboue all other things on pearth, his countrey honourd he,
At home he likt moze pooze estate, then thence a lozde to be:
Where should he sue where rā those springs, could cote his feuer hot,
Where durst he moue or plaine for shame, where might relief begot:
But at the fountain or well hedde, vva at his pñces hande,
And in a fewe well couched lines, to make her vnderstande:
His cace his scourge, loe so he did, and boldly did he tell,
The same hym self vnto the pñce, who knowes the man full well.
And gracious words thre tyimes he gate, the fourth to tell you plain
Unfruitfull was things were strait laest, faire woords makes fooles full fain:
When pñce nor countrey made no count, of hym nor of his cace,
And none of bothe would help hym home, of whō he sought for grace.
For whom and for their cause alone, in enemies hands he sell,
And for their right to warrs he went, as all men knowes full well:
And losse his blood for their defence, and for their quarrell fought;
And for the same full slenderly, lookte to and set at nought.
When he his duetie to his powre, did cury daie and pere,

Churchyardes Charge.

Sutche unkinde gwerdon had receiud, as well befoze pou here:
He saied let *Marcus Regulus* in fame of Romains stande,
Whiche kept his othe and did retourne, againe to Carthage lande.
If *Tulle* were a liue to write, his praises moze at full,
Yet since I scapt my ennies hands, at home abide I wull:
He should not me perswade to goe, where nought but death is found,
My countrey cares not for my life, then why should I be bound.
To toiles or any other bande, that I haue power to bzeake,
Whiche I was forced by my foe, in persone for to speake:
And for the hope of countries helpe, and freends that there I had,
In any sort to please my fors, I was bothe faine and glad.
Not mindyng if my countrey would, release me from his bande,
To bzeake good order any whitte, or violate my bande:
For iustice bids eche man doe right, which God doeth know I ment,
But now a captiue yeeld my self, it maie not me content.
For where that *Tulle* doeth affirme, men ought to keepe their othe,
Unto their freends in eury point, and to their ennies bothe:
And bynggeth *Marcus Regulus*, example for the same,
With other reasons many a one, whiche were too long to name.
He shewed that the Senats all, would hym haue staid at Rome,
And as in counsaill then thei satte, their iugement and their doome.
Was that the prisners should be free, whiche thei of Carthage held,
And he should stape, full of his freends, this tale to hym thei teld:
Thei proffred helpe, and offred stull, this *Marcus* to redeeme,
But *Marcus* for a further skill, did litle that esteeme.
I finde no succour hope no aide, then bounde why should I be,
Dore to my countrey in this case, that countrey is to me:
These wordes this heauie man rehearst, so bade the warrs adue,
And thought he would no ransome paie, for any thng he knewe,
Wherefoze from court he tournd his face, and so an othe he swoze,
As long as he his liue witts had, to come in court no moze:
He kept that othe and cut his cote, as clothe and measure wold,
And doune to Sicardie he comes, some saied at thirtie yere old.
And for his lands and rents were small, a maister lent he too,
Who vsd his seruauent not so well, as maisters ought to doo:
He was not made out of that mould, that his laste maister was,

These

These two in vertues were as like, as Gold was vnto Glasse.
 Upon a daie alone he satte, and saied these words right sadd,
 Are soluiours cast at carts arse now, that long faire words haue had:
 Shall knyngs nere neede for helpe againe; is fortune so their freende,
 Haue thei a pattent of the Gods, this peace shall neuer ende.
 God graunt yet will I shift I trowe, for on oꝝ happ shall faile,
 And in the stormes my ship shall learne, to beare a quiet fall:
 And cleane forget braue daies agoe, that led my youthfull yeres,
 Full glad that I haue gotten home, and scapt the scrattynge Byers.
 Of warrs and other worldly toiles, adue I see their fine,
 A wife shall now content my mynde, suche as the Gods assigne:
 A wooynge thus this haplesse man, rode forthe not set to sale;
 Thought none like hym in this his suite, was meete to tell his tale.
 And as the heauens had agreed, the Planetts well were bent,
 He sone descended from his horse, and boldly in he went,
 Where dwelt a sober widowe then, bothe wise and wisly too,
 Late fallen sicke, vnknowne to hym, that tyme vnfit to woo:
 But her discretion was so greate, and his behauiour bothe,
 These straungers fell acquainted thus, if ye will knowe the trothe.
 He saind an other end to make, dissemblyng yet a space,
 Till he might spie a better tyme, to shewe her all his care:
 So takynge leaue for freends he wrought, to byng this thing about,
 In suche affaires some spake full faire, that are full well to doubt.
 For commonly men take no care, of others lutes for why,
 Their profite as thei gesse themselves, in hindryng that maie ly:
 Some prouise helpe and see no gain, maye spring to them thercof,
 Ware cold and slowe for lacke of sparre, and vse it as a scoffe.
 An other sort with stingyng tongs, saie maistres take good heede,
 This man will sone pour feathers pull, and cast ye of at neede:
 Will you that haue bothe wealth and ease, to yong mens curle stand,
 And let an other maister be, of that is in your hande.
 Some seekyng rule of that she hath, and fleecyng from her first,
 Doe faune and flatter all the daie, and guide her as thei list:
 And liue on her, and hate her life, and waite her death to see,
 And well can please her while she liues, her sectors for to be.
 Suche instruments these widowes haue, about them eury howe,
Perchauce

Churchyardes Charge.

Perchance this man perceiu'd the like, and had good cause to lowze:
But as he knewe the fatall chance, of things comes from about,
So he began and sought to knowe, the fine of all his loue,
And found a daie full apt therefore, at large the same he told,
And flatly this her aunswere was, she neuer marrie would:
If no newe thoughts fell in her minde, whereof no doubt she made,
Except she chose a wealtheie man, that had a grounded trade.
To liue and had a hoord of gold, to keepe them bothe from dette,
Good sir quod she on riches sure, my minde is fully sette:
I can with ritches vertues make, vertue with want is bare,
I praie you come no more at me, thus answerd now ye are.
I would be lothe to hold you on, with wordes and meane in dedde,
That neither you for all your sute, nor any yet shall speede:
He hearpng this hangde doune the hedde, and similde to cloke his woe
A worde or two he after spake, and parted euen so.
The waie he rode, he curst hym self, for cruell death he cried,
And saied oh wretche thou kuest to long, to long here doest thou bide:
Not onely for this froward happ, but for all other chaunce,
At any tyme thou tookst in hande, thy self for to aduance.
Thy vertues ought if thei maie be, serues thee no whit at all,
Thy learnyng stands thee in no steede, thy trauell helps as small:
Thy knowledge sought in warrs abroad, at home doth thee no good,
Thy lāgage is but laught at here, where some would sucke thy blood
Thy Poetts vaine and gift of peime, that pleasurde thousandes long,
Hath now enough to doe to make, of thee a wofull song:
Thy freends that long a winnyng were, in court and countrey plain,
Doeth serue thee to as good a ende, as mirth doeth sicke mans pain.
Thy youth though part be left behinde, whose course yet is to romne,
With bragge of showe or seemly shape, what botie hath it wonne:
Thy honest life or manly harte, that through eche stozme hath passe,
Thy reputation hardly wonne, what helps thee now at laste.
Thus to his chamber in his heate, he comes with sompyng mouthe,
And in his bloodie breast he felt, full many fitts uncouth:
And on the bedde he laied hym doune, and for his Lufe he raught,
And brake a twoo those gitleste strings, as he had bin bestraught.
And ere he flang it to the walls, my platefere fare thou well;

Saied

Churchyardes Charge.

5

Said he as sweete as *Orpheus* Harpe, that wan his wife from hell:
 You Instruments eche one of you, keepe well your care of woode,
 And to the scralpyng eatyng wormes, I you bequeath as foode.
 Up stept he to his studie dooze, all that stooode in his waie
 He brake and burnt bothe booke and scroull, and made a foule araië:
 Some authours saie that could not be, his wisdomë did asswage,
 The inward passions of his minde, and heate of all his rage.
 But well I wotte he did prepare, to part from freends and all,
 And staided but till the Spying came on, for lease was at the fall:
 Now all these stormes and tēpests past, this man had sutch a vaine,
 When matter mould, and cause requierd, he went to warrs againe.
 And studyng Fortune all a like, as haplesse people doe,
 He fell straightwaies in ennies hands, and was soze wounded too:
 But taken prisnar, promised mutche, though little had too paie,
 (A subtell shift to saue the life, and scape a bloody fraie.)
 Yet still because he gallant was, and had some charge of men,
 He held by hedde, and in strange place, tooke mutche vpon hym then:
 The enuie sepyng this pong man, bothe well brought by and trainde,
 As one that kept sutch a state and grace, as he deceitfuldaine.
 And to be plaine (in eury point) vpon sutch termes he stooode,
 As his dissent and offspying came, of hie and noble bloode:
 Of gentill race he might make bolte, but of so greate a stocke,
 He could not vaunt for that deuice, was but a scozne and mocke.
 Well by this meanes he was so likt, and made of eury where,
 That all that laude rang of the fame, and byute that he did bere:
 And so the Princes of that realme, to court did call hym tho,
 Where he with feasts and triumphs greate, and many a courtly sho.
 Past of the tpyne, and grewe so farre, in fauour with the beste,
 That he would plaie at Dice and Cards, and so set by his reste:
 For he had money when he would, and went so gaie and byaue;
 On credite that he finely wan, as mutche as he could craue.
 And when to takers house againe, this prisner should repaire,
 The greatest lords of all that soile, when he would take the aire:
 Would in a maner waite at hande, to doe this prisner ease,
 And well were thei of all degrees, that best this man could please.
 A number of his nation then, of right greate wealthe and state,

B. J.

By

Churchyardes Charge.

By this mans worde & onely hand, straight waie their freedom gate,
For he was bounde for curp one, that taken were before,
And so did for their raunsome lye, and rummyng on the scoze,
And brauyng out the matter throughe, a Ladie of greate race,
In honest sozt, and frendly meane, his freendship did embrace:
Who promised hym, to set hym free, and helpe hym thence in haste,
But still about this prisner loe, a priuie gard was plaste,
Den sueche a bande and daiely watche, as he might not disceiue,
Yet he had hope in spite to scape, awaie without their leaue:
And thapt to slye, and giue the slipp, if fortune would agree,
The watche and ward, should be begilde, and prisner should goe free,
And as these things a doying were, a man of mutche renoune,
Was taken after in the feeld, and brought so to the towne:
Where he arpyng of this other wight, was aske if he did knowe,
The former persone nauide before, that daiely brau'd it so.
He is quod he that last was caught, a lustie Soldiour sure,
A man that mutche hath felt of woe, and greace things can endure:
Of gentill blood and maners bothe, and wants but wealth alone,
What what sir knight, haue you saied trothe, and is he sueche a one,
Then shall he bye his braury dere, and paie therefore so well,
We shall not boiste of that he gains, in heauen nor in hell:
So all in surie slang he forthe, and to this man he goes,
That was in deede so farre in debt, for meate for drinke and clothe,
And thrust hym in a prison strong, where feeble foode he had,
And heauie Irons whiche might make, a sillie soule full sad:
His mistres knowyng of the cace, her promes thought to kepe,
So wakyng in a Moone shine night, when neighbours were a slepe,
She dnye her nere the prison dooze, and at a windowe pryed,
Where plainly full before her vewe, her seruaunt had she spied:
To whom she spake and told her mynde, as closely as she might,
And gaue hym counicell in good tyme, to scale awaie by night,
And left hym siles to sette hym free, and robes to doe hym good,
With some hard eggs and bread in bagg, and told hym nere a wood:
There was a hoime, where she would wait, for him whē time dnye on
That doen she take a frendly leaue, for then she must be gon.
The prisner did deuise his beste, and bent to doe or dye,

Prepared eche thing in order well, as he on strawe did lye:
 The tynie approcht, of his adue, and he was come in deede,
 Unto the place appointed right, with gold and wealth for neede.
 But breaking doune a rotten wall, the prisoner was in feare,
 For out of bedde his keeper slept, and asked who was there:
 With that the prisoner stumbled on, a hatchet sharpe and keen,
 And raught the greater such a blowe, that long was felt and seen.
 He cried and roped like a bull, where at the village throuwe,
 Was by and straight to horsebacke went, but loe the prisoner nowe:
 Was at the wood, where he had found, his mistress all a lone,
 Who wept and blubberd like a child, and made so greate a mone.
 For that thei bothe in danger were, but what should moze be saied,
 The man pluckt by his harte and spites, the woman soze affraied:
 Ran home againe to fathers house, and he that now was free,
 Had neither minde on gold nor gift, but to the Brome goes he.
 And there abode a happie howe, yea two daies long at least,
 He laye as close on cold bare ground, as bird doeth in warme nest:
 His mistress well escaped home, and in the house she was,
 Before the crite and *larum* rose, so blawlesse did she passe.
 And her poore seruaunt, had wide worlde, to walke in now at will,
 Although he was in hazard greate, and long in danger still:
 For he had three score mile to goe, eimoing his enimies all,
 Whiche he did trudge in foule darke nights, and so as happy did fall.
 He scapt a scourge and scouryng bothe, and came where he desired,
 And finely had deceiud his foes, what could be moze requierd:
 Yet long at home he could not rest, to warrs againe he went,
 Where in greate seruice sondrie tymes, but half a yere he spent.
 And loe his Deastnie was so straunge, he taken was againe,
 And clapt by closely for a spite, and there to tell you y^raine:
 He was condemde to lose his hedde, no other hope he sawe,
 The daie drew on of his dispatche, to bye by Marciall lawe.
 The people swarming in the streets, and scaffold readie there,
 A noble Dame, his respice trau'd, and spake for hym so feare:
 That then the maister of the Campe, his honest answere hard,
 For whiche he came in crevice straight, and was at length prepared.
 To right good roome and wages too, then richly home he drew,

Churchyardes Charge.

And lest the warrs, and in greate heate, he for a wise did setwe,
But haste makes waste, an old prouerbe, *for he was wred in deede,*
God sende all Soldiours in their age, some better lucke at neede:
Now he bethought hym on the woords, the widdowe tolde hym of,
Whiche long he held but as a ieast, a scoyne and merrie scoffe.
She saied that witte and wealch were good, but who a winyng goes
Must needs be sure of wealth befoze, els he his sute shall lose:
For want but breeds mistikpng still, and wit will weaue but woe,
(In louers lonies, where clothe is rackt, as farre as threde will goe)
And whē the threde of wealth doeth bzeake, let wit and wisdom too
Doe what thei can to tie the threde, the knot will sure vndo.
The storie treats no moze thereof, yet therein maie you see,
That some haue vertues and good witte, and yet vnluckie bee.
In winyng wealth, in worldly happs, whiche common are of kinde,
To all and yet the vse thereof, but to a fewe a sinde:
For some haue all thetr parents left, all thei them selues can catche,
And tenne mens liuyngs in one hande, and some haue nere a patche.
And some not bozne to sixteene pence, finde twentie waies to get,
By happye yet some as wise as thei, no hande thereon maie sette:
I heard a whitc hoare hedded man, in this opinion dwell,
That witte with wealth, & hap with witte, wouid gree togeth: & wel.
But for to chuse the one alone, he held that happy was beste,
He saied witte was a happie gifte, but wealth made all the feaste:
Witte with the wise must companie keepe, then cold oft is his chere,
Wealch hath companions eury where, and banketts all the yere.
Wealch hath the waie the cappe and knee, and twentie at his taile,
When witte hath nere a restyng place, no moze then hath a Snaile:
Wit is compeld to be a slaue, to wealth and serue hym still,
Yet wealth is naked wout witte, nought worthe where lacketh skill.
But if that wealth maie match with hap, then bid fine wit goe plea,
Our old Prouerbe is giuen me hap, and cast me in the Sea:
Unhappie must I iudge this man, in sondrie sozts and waies,
Yet fortunate I call hym then, in true report of praies.
The cheefest Jewell of our life, is vertues laude well won,
Whiche liu's within the other worlde, when fame of this is doen:

FINIS.

Churchyardes



*I Churchyardes fare well from the Courte, the
seconde yere of the Queenes Maiesties raigne.*



Though Fortune casts me at her heele,
And lifts you by upon her wheele:
You ought not ioye in my ill happe,
Nor at my harms, your hands to clapp.
For calmes maie come, and skies maie cleare,
And I maie chaunge, this mournyng cheare:
To gladsome thoughts, and merrie looks,

Although you fishe, with golden hooks.
And make the worlde, bite at your baits,
And seede pour selues, with sweete conlairs:
Hyne anglyng maie, at length amende,
Hy rodde it can, bothe bowe and bende.
As caules falls, for my behoofe,
I leaue you Courtiers in your ruffe:
I will goe liue, with plainer menne,
And vse my booke, and plie my penne.
Perhappys that I, a smutche haue seen,
As they that bzaues, it on the Spleen:
Where Cannon roard, and Dromme did sounde,
I did not learne, to daunce a rounde:
And haunte I maie, my happe the woozle,
I haue with many, a thyeede bare purse.
Been glad to serue, in Countries cause,
When you at home, were pickyng strawes:
Since you did spite, my doynges all,
And tolle from me, the tennis ball.
By woords and woorks, and pyiue nippys,
A man maie saie, beshye we pour lipps:
And vse a kinde, of ridyng Rime,
To sutche as wooll, not let me clime.

Churchyardes Charge.

Where euery one, would Apples sheake,
Though at the hiest, the bowes are weake:
The Crowe bids there, full saffe ye wotte,
And neare the topp, the fruite is gotte:
Well I full lowe, must beare my sailes,
Inclimpyng often, footyng sailes.
Watche you the ball, at first rebounde,
So I maie stande, on euen grounde:
And plaie at pleasure, when I please,
I am not greued at your ease.
Although that you, with shiftyng haine,
Doe reape the profite of my paine:
And thanks your hedds, tweene hap and me,
Whose hands doe plucke, the barke from tree.
So greate and greedie is your gripe,
You eate the fruite, ere it be ripe:
And none maie feede, but you a lone,
You can not spare, a dogge a bone,
Vs cleaue together, so like Burres,
Perhaps in winnyng of the Spurre:
You maie the horse, and saddle lose,
When that her hedde, whose vertue flowes,
Shall see the deepnesse of your sleight,
And sette your crooked dealyngs straight:
And all your painted sheathes espie,
And waie what stuffe, in shadowes lye,
Thinke you she smiles not once a daie,
To see how many vices plaie:
Uppon the stage, where matter lacks,
You doe no souer tourne your backs,
But greater laughyng riseth there,
Then at the baityng of a Beare:
We thinke you chuse, your shopp not well,
In Court youe follies soj to sell.
That shopp stands full, withur the winde,
Dzels so muche, in peoples minde:

That if one fault be in your warè,
 Teime thousande eyes, thereon doe stare.
 And when thei finde, a counterfeite,
 Or see, fine Her chaunts vsd deſeite:
 Ther criè a loude, wee ſmell a Ratte,
 Some haue moze witte, within their hatte,
 Then in their hedde, that ſells ſuche ſtuffe,
 Well euery man, vnto his ruffe:
 And I into, my coate of Frees,
 For I in Courte, can hiue no Bees:
 The Honie there, is bought ſo deare,
 I were as good, with countrey cheare.
 Sitte free in mynde, and farre from ſtats,
 And daiely matche, me with my mats:
 As waite emong, the hautie breede,
 Whose humourss are, full hard to feede,
 Where ſmiall is wonne, and mutche is ſpent,
 And needleſſe hands, doe ſtoppe the vent:
 That well might ſerue, a thousande tourne,
 Cuſhe at the picke, to kicke and ſpourne.
 I ſhould but hurte, my ſhimmes ye knowe,
 From Court to Countrey will I goe:
 With mutche ill happ, and loſſe with all,
 Now maie my boule, to byas fall.
 In alleys ſmothe, where it maie ronne,
 I ſee in Court, ſhines not the Sonne:
 But on a ſewe, that Fortune liks,
 And there a man, ſhall paſſe the Wiks.
 Care he maie purchace that he craues,
 As one doeth poole, an other ſhaues:
 And marquesotts, the beard full trimme,
 Yet nothyng runneth oze the byimme.
 Till purſſe be full, and then perhapps,
 When ſtrings doe breake, there fallès ſome ſtrapps:
 Into your hands, watche that who liſte,
 A birde is better ſure in liſte.

Churchyardes Charge.

Then flie in feeld, keepe that thou haste,
Where wealth and witte, and tyme doeth waste:
Looke not to dwell, what drawes thee there,
But gaine or glorie, loue, or feare.
If gaine to Courte, doeth make thee goe,
Thou art no frend, but flatterpug foe:
That daiely seeks, thy self to helpe,
And couchest like the faunpug whelp,
Till Prince hath filde, thy purse with pence,
And then sin subtil gets hym thence:
If thou in Courte, for glorie iette,
As dizard daunfeth in a nette:
The worlde shall thee, rewarde with praise,
Was neuer Courtier in our daies.
So braue as he, then will thei saie,
And all not worthe, a trusse of haye:
At home thy loue, as well is seen,
And better, then in Courte I wene.
If like a subiecte, there thou liue,
And often good example giue:
To suche as stands thereof in neede,
If feare drawe thee, to Courte in deede.
The Prince can finde sutche quakyng soals,
She knowes whose harte is full of hoals:
And seeth what lucks in hollowe stocks,
And treads byon sutche tremblyng blocks.
From sutche is bounties larges bard,
And then is bountie laced hard:
From suche the well hedde stopped is,
A volume could I write of this.
As large as any Chequer rowle,
But I the plaine, and sellie soule:
Must thinke and wishe the beste I maie,
And little of these matters saie.
Yet he that stands, and griueth aine,
Paie iudge what shot doeth lose the game:

What shooter beats the marke in vaine,
 Who shooteth faire, who shooteth plaine.
 At little hoales, the daie is seen,
 Some in this case, maie ouer ween:
 And thinke thei see in Hillstones farre,
 And take a Candle for a Starre.
 Passe oze sutchetoyes, and aunswere me,
 What cause hast thou in Court to be:
 If gaine ne gloxie, feare noz loue,
 To Courtyng doeth thy fancie moue.
 What drawes thee thether hedlong now,
 Giue eare, and I shall shewe thee how:
 Thei sitte and stare in Courte some while,
 Vea on the other doeth beguile.
 With fairest semblaunce that is sure,
 And euery craft, is put in vze:
 To snatche oze compasse that thei seeke,
 Although it be not worthe a Leeke.
 The finest hedds, haue furthest fatche,
 The deepest sight, doeth neereft watche:
 To trapp the vpright meanyng man,
 And eche one doeth the beste he can.
 To helpe hym self, by others harme,
 These Courtiers haue so fine a charme:
 I graunt there is honour wonne,
 And thether ought the subiects ronne.
 To shewe their dueties by some meane,
 But why haue some consumed cleane:
 Their liues and lands in this desire,
 We knowe a man maie loue the fire.
 Full well, and leape not in the flame,
 Some thinke thei wiue a goodly name:
 When thei at home are Courtiers calde,
 It is full gaie, if he be stalde.
 An almes knight ere that all begon,
 His happ is hard, that hopes thereon:

Churchyardes Charge.

Yet ſith I fauour Courtyng well,
Would God I had moze lands to ſell,
To be at their commaundement ſkill,
If that a man haue their good will:
He hath enough, what needeth moze,
Old laddes maie ſiſte vpon the ſcore.
And let their garments ly and ſweate,
Or with their Oſes woozke a feate:
To ſette the hoſe in ſtable free.
But now the wiues ſo hongrie bee.
And houſ bands looke ſo nere their gaine,
A man as ſone on ſall byie plaine:
Shall haue a cheate, as by that trade,
The daic hath bin, who could with blade.
And Buckler ſquare it in the ſtreets,
Had bin a minion fine for ſheets:
But now the pence doe make the place,
And worlde is in an other cace.
Well let the matter paſſe a while,
And heare my tale, but doe not ſmile:
I hapt in Courte (as newe Broome maie,
That ſweepeth trimely for a daic.)
To be deſiſerd to plaie and ſyng,
And was full glad in euery thyng:
To pleaſe the Lordes, and lordely ſorte,
For that ye knowe with chaunge of ſpote.
Theſe Courtiars humours ſhould be ſedde,
And glad I was to bende my hedde:
And be at becke when thei did call,
In hope that ſonime good happ would fall.
To me for that apt will of myne,
Although my doyngs were not fine:
A Tabber with a Pipe full loude,
To better noyſe is but a cloude.)
Well as the Hackney is deſiſerd,
And ridden till the Jade betiſerd:

I did continue long me thought,
 And still I spent the small I brought,
 And neuer got I one denere,
 Then thought I to beginne the yere:
 On Newe yeres daie with some deuice,
 And though that many men be nice,
 And blushe to make an honest shifte,
 I lent eche Lorde a Newe yeres gifte:
 Suche treasure as I had that tyme,
 A laughyng verse, a merrie ryme,
 Some thinke this is a crawing guise,
 Tushe holde your peace, world waxeth wise
 A dulled horse that will not stirre,
 Must be remembred with a spurre:
 And where there serues ne spurre noz wand,
 A man must needs lead horse in hande,
 So I was forste on causes greate,
 To see in fire where laye the heate:
 And warme their wittes that cold did ware,
 But thrust the fire into the flax:
 It will not burne if flaxe be wette,
 The fisher these daies can shome the nette.
 And hide them in the weeds full ofte,
 Thou knowest that ware is tempered softe:
 Against the fire, so frosen minds,
 Must be assaied by many kinds.
 To byyng them to a kindly thawe,
 Who thrusts a candle in the strawe:
 Shall make a blase, and raise a smoke,
 An honest meane there is by cloke.
 To stirre the noble harts from sleepe,
 Whose coffers, custome makes to keepe:
 Faste lockt, that should be opened wide,
 To helpe the poore at euery tide,
 Thei saie that knewe our elders well,
 That often tymes thei hard them tell:

Churchyardes Charge.

That larges linketh loue full faste,
And hardnesse loseth harts at laste,
And honour leanes on liberall waies,
And fame and honour nere decays:
Till hooorde in hodie mucke doeth holde,
The free and wortie vse of golde,
Oh sentence hie of fathers wise,
If we are by all the gods in Skies:
These woords deserue inimmortall fame,
And nothyng is so mutche to blame,
As pintchypng hands that should be franke,
Admit the taker yeelds no thanke:
To hym that giues, the gifte doeth binde,
Eche vertuous man and honest minde,
As captiue in all good respects,
To be a freende in full effects:
As farre as potwe maie stretche vnto,
And thei that haue in warres to doo,
Can saie, what bountie bypngs about,
Where that is not, the fire goeth out:
And dyes as coale to ashes falls,
As fouler takts the birde by calls.
In strawyng come and chaffe by heapes,
So bountie as a sickle reapes:
The harts and all within the brest,
No perfect loue can be posselt.
Where francknesse makes no place befoze,
Though soze of earnest loue is moze:
And lookts not on the gifte a whit,
If man in neede and daunger sit.
And aude their freends bothe cold and dype,
Then loue will shewe a lowpynge eye:
And halte with you, as you with hym,
Although that some can cloke it trim.
I tell you loue is easly loste,
If you on loue bestowe no coste:

Thus

Thus as before I did rehearse,
 I sent eche Lozde a merrie bearse.
 A iollie libell long and large,
 And therein did good will discharge:
 But nothpyng did retourne to me,
 That I could either feele or se.
 Saue from a brooke, set penne before,
 Ranne droppps of gold, what will ye more:
 Thus in this withred age of ours,
 The sinell is gone from goodly flowrs.
 And golden worlde is cournd to brasse,
 Or hardnesse dwells where bountie was:
 There is no waie to gaine nor saue,
 Then learne to keepe the thyngs we haue.
 For he that wants shall hardly gette,
 Except he fishe wih finer nette:
 Then eüher rime or reason knitts,
 This worlde peelds not to pleasaunt witts.
 To basest mynds sometymes it bends,
 For all the happs blinde Fortune sends:
 Doeth light on those she fauours mitche,
 Some man you see can uere be ritche.
 Though twentie yere he toyle and tolle,
 For he is bozne to liue by losse:
 And some that neuer taketh paine,
 In worloly wealth doeth still remaine.
 In Court nor Countrey seru's some man,
 To thriue in, doe the best he can:
 Then finde thou faut wih none of bothe,
 Wih blinde affection eche thyng gothe.
 Happ lyes not in mans rompyng still,
 Nor Fortune follows finest skill:
 Nor he doeth not the wager win,
 That in the race hath for moste bin.
 In Iudges mouthe the sentence lyes,
 So whether men doeth fall or ryse:

Churchyardes Charge.

Looke vp to hym that ruels the Skies,
The ritche the poore, the foole the wise,
And thei shall finde my woords are true,
Thus for a while, now Courte adue.

FINIS.

*O*f a mightie greate personage.



When *Thebus* tooke his Purple bedde,
to rest from daies diseale,
Maie see wde to dippe his golden hedde,
vnder the Ocean seas:
And faire *Lucina* gaunte to shine,
and modant in starrie Skies,
Then crept the sweete and kindly slepe,
a long my slombryng eyes.

And pickt me so to take a napp, that as in coultche *Maie*,
I dreampyt that *Nature*s liccle babes, about my bedde gan plaie:
And bad me rise, and be we a worke, that kinde a netwe would frame,
For that she thought bothe gods & men, would help to forge the same
You speake but like yong girles of *I*, she hath all ready doen,
Sutche works as now her hands would misse, if thei were unbegon:
With that dame *Nature* had *I* spide, with angrie visage redden,
And in her furie latte her doune, full right against my bedde.
Why foole quod she is *Nature* not, so perfitte of her skill,
That she can giue to fleshe and fell, what shap and sozme she will:
Thou seest eche woorkman finer growes, eche wit doeth riper ware,
And knowledg can amende at full, the faultes where cunnynge lacks.
The Goldsmith and the Carver bothe, and all that works with toole,
Doe mende their hands and daitely are, by *Nature* set to schoole:
The Princes pallace made of old, lookes like a sheepe coat now,
So if this tyme and *Nature* liste, to shewe their cunnynge thow.
Wee can set for the a Candle blase, beyond the shynynge Sonne,
And take the light fro twinkling startz, whiles *Adone* her cours that
Can *I* not call for Beautie whour, that *I* haue lent at large,
Haue not the hie inmytall Gods, giu'n Beautie to my charge.

And

And maie not Nature breake eche mould, y once her hand hath made,
 And worke this yearthly drasse againe, vnto a finer trade:
 Yes sure saied she, and I therewith, did humble pardon craue,
 And at one instaunt by a signe, that mightie Nature gaue,
 A thousande woozkmen all with tooles, came thurstyng in a rout,
 And eche vnto his labour falls, as tourne doeth come about:
 Thei blewe and pufte and smoke out sweate, as though in the did lye,
 To shape a mould, or shew through cloude, that *Venus* droopt fro skie
 Haue doen quod kinde it shalbe thus, too long ye trifle here,
 Then Cunnyng by her curious art, deuil de suche collour clere:
 That did the ruddie Rose disdaine, and passe the Lillie white,
 If that a medley of those twaine, were made to please delite.
 The woozkmen in this hastie boile, had raised vp a mould,
 And eche one in his office fine, had doen the beste he could:
 Now satte thei still in silence sabb, and rested for a space,
 With that dame Nature by her skill, set forthe so trimme a face.
 That Sonne and Moone and seuen starrs, did seem therein to shine,
 In whiche the pleasant gods had plast, a paire of gladsome cync:
 Pea euery God one gift her gaue, as *Pallas* for her parte,
 Posselt her with a noble hedde, to iudge or talke by arte.
 And *Inno* made request to *Ioue*, that *Venus* Queene of Loue,
 Should neuer with false sonde desiers, her modest maners moue:
 Dan *Cupid* brake a bowe for ioye, when this faire dame was made,
 In signe y she w *Dians* Nymphes, should walke in grenetwood shade
 The lilly woozkmen sepyng this, that seruaunts were to kinde,
 Trust by their tooles and stole awaie, yet left the mould behinde:
 Whiche as I gesse of diuers stones, was wrought by deepe deuice,
 For therein Iazings might you see, and pearles of passyng price.
 The Rubbie ritche, and pretie sparkes, of Diamonds clere & bright,
 The Emerald greene, and Margarets faire, & Turkes blew to sight
 Whose vertues passeth farre my penne, or yet my tong to tell,
 Demaunde ye that of skilfull men, that knowes their Natures well
 Loe foolishhe man, loe here thou dolte, quod kinde to me aloude,
 How saiest thou is not this new worke, moze faire then star in cloude
 Doeth not this worke make all the blusse, y I haue wrought before,
 Pea sure, for Nature is in minde, to make the like no more.

Churchyardes Charge.

By this tyme was the Larke a loft, loude chirppng in the aire,
And eche one to their daiely toiles, gan busily repaire:
So rose I vp and rold in thought, where this faire wight doeth dwell,
And at the length I founde in deede, I knewe the woorthy well.

FINIS.

J Of Beautie and Bountie.



When Beautie *Venus* daughter deare,
from *Ioue* descended doune,
To reigne on yearth an Emperesse here,
with scepture and with Crowne:
To Pleasures pallace she repairede,
where with a Princely porte,
She helde an open houtholde long, in feasts and royall spozte.
The fame whereof rang through the worlde, so shall in euery eate,
That welk was him, & glad was she, that might come banquet there:
The lists were made, the scaffold deekt, eche thyng in good arraie,
The Lords full braue, the Ladies fine, the Courtiers trim and gaie.
And as these states in triumphe were, all plaste in their degrees,
And to beholde the shiured staues, the people swarmde like Bees:
In slept a goodly armed knight, on courser white as Snowe,
And wise he passe the Tilt about, as soft as horse could goe.
And when he came where Beautie satte, he pausde with bowed hed,
And loude in open audience then, all haile faire Queene he sed:
I came quod he from *Hainboods* court, the woorthiest prince aliue,
Who keepe his kyngdome all by sworde, and doeth for honoz striue.
By battaill and by breakyng launce, who sent me hether plaine,
To chalenge for my mistresse sake, the stoutest in thy traine:
No sooner he his message saied, but in there rusht a bande,
Whose clattering harnessse causde their steeeds vpo no ground to stand.
The dust flewe vp, the preece did shrinke, the sompyng horses naied,
The trumpets blewe, the launce in rest, the spures on sides thei laied:
Fie cowarde knight quod Courage then, can all you fight with one,
So thei retierd, and to the shocke, came youth all armede alone.
These chāpions met as yearth should shake, so fierce thei seemd to be

As

As man became a Lyon woode, and horse in aire should flie:
 At eche encounter crasht their stauces, and fell amid the throng,
 The buffets were so freely dealt, the blood through Beauer sproung.
 The Queene cride hola, cease quod she, you turne your sport to sp'ie,
 Some cause your collour doeth encrease, & Mars the pastime quite:
 A cause quod Youth (moste worthy dame) and my leege Ladie dere,
 Came euer yet before a Prince, so stoute a challenge here.
 Who dare with Venus daughter bovie, dame Beautie iustly calde,
 That came from Skies, and satt next Ioue, in sacred honoz stalde:
 Though Beautie sprang frō earthly cause, & had but shape of kinde,
 And did no heauenly gifts possesse, noz vertues lodge in minde.
 Yet Boldnesse churlishe challenge braue, too sawtie is you knowe,
 And Beautie hath too many freends, to see her handled so:
 When Boldnesse hard this taunting tale, & markt the peoples chere,
 He thrust through the thickest throng, and drew the scuffolde nere
 And all on knees he crau'd to speake, and aunswere to this care,
 On whom the Queene for honours sake, did shewe a gracious face:
 Speaks on quod she, so stept he by, and thus to her he saied,
 O puissant prince, thinks Youth of braggs, y boldnes stands afraied
 I am a branche of Panhoods blood, that stoute conceite begate,
 The hope and helpe of hie attempts, and stait of every state.
 That hether came for that no Courte, can be where I am not,
 No Tornay seen, no triumph made, no fame noz glorie got:
 And wotte you well, a Princesse too, in Court I serue this howze,
 That is as grate in some respects, as she is small in powze.
 If stately honour can be gett, by goodly graces trime,
 O perfect beautie be posselt, where Bountie swines at byme:
 O wisdom vnder seemly shaens, maie shine oz yet be scene,
 My mistres is a worthe dame, though Beautie be a Queene:
 Report hath blowne to Panhoods eares, the troche of that I tell,
 Then Boldnesse needs not blushe to boast, y Bountie beares the bell
 And sith you licence me to speake, I dare deuouide of blame,
 Light suche a torche vnto your eyes, shall shewe this Ladies name:
 When Skie is clere, and Sommer set, to shewe the weather faire,
 I meane when calme blowes the winde, and pleasaunt is the aire.
 A Harie gold then maie you finde, full nere an Eglantine,

D. J.

Whose

Churchyardes Charge.

Whose flowrs within the North new buds, & yet in court doth shine:
Her countenance carries such a state, full right amid her face,
As though therein the Muses nine, had made their mansion place,
A racking sounde vnto your eares, of her now here I shoue,
Now racke & wrest my meauing out, and you my mind shal knowe:
This saied eche one on others lookt, and he on horsebacke leapt,
And some that dwelt in their concept, full close in coyners creapt,
The glorious sort that gayte for fame, where no deserts could be,
Did drawe a backe and preast a pace, with plaine reproche to flee:
The hautie minds held downe their heds, hys looks gan blush for fere,
As Vouch beheld this sodaine chaunge, he thought no tariing there,
The Gods regardyng from the starres, what strife by Beautie rose,
Had *Venus* call her daughter home, and home wards so she goes:
Then sawe I Boldnesse turne againe, who gaue for Vouties weare,
A garlande of the goodliest flowres, that euer earth did beare,
And foarst her for to take the same, in signe of glozie wome,
As Beautie mounted to the Gods, and all the triumphe doen:
The people seyng Beautie gon, with one assent did crie,
That Vountie pleased moze their mindes, then Beautie did the eye.

FINIS.

*Of one that by dissembling,
fedde his desire.*



If loue be luste, the moze my latke,
and lesse I thinke your lucke,
Yet loue I not for leude delight,
nor gaine of worldly mucke:
But for a finer freak, be you the iudge thereof,
When craft to cloke some secret smart,
begins to scozne and scoffe.

Witte workes with words and wicells, a waie to winne his will,
And where y sleight shewes gladson smides, y world coceius none ill
Dirthe bears the peoples eyes, and makes the matter light,
And sadnesse breeds suspect to sone, in hedds of deepe foresight.
And worlde mislikes no topes, that mirrie laughter byngs,
God knowes what care the bird doeth feele, in cage that sweetly sings

Some

Some weepe in weddyng weeds, and laugh in mournyng gownes,
 And sure I smile my self sometyme, when fro ward fortune frounes.
 There is moſte cauſe of care, moſte ſigne of ioye I ſhowe,
 For pleaſure is redoubled oft, where men diſſemble woe:
 Who bluntly bites a baite, and ſwallows vp a hooke,
 Is caught like Gogon in a netts, or conquered by a looke.
 But ſutche as warely feedes, and pikes out bones full cleane,
 Shall eate their fill, & learne to knowe, what daintie morsells meane
 Thus reſtyng at your will, I feede my hidden thought,
 With fauours merrie ſweete conceipts, a foode full dearely bought.

FINIS.

*O*f ſtedfaſtneſſe and conſtancie.



When Conſtance maketh her boed in bloudie breaſt,
 And builds her bowre, with bowes of bloming trothe:
 There friendly faithe, is ſure a welcome geaſt,
 And *Ioue* doeth dwell, and *Ladie Venus* bothe.
 The Gods are glad, to ſee ſutche trothe belowe,
 The heauens hopp, to ſee ſutche Conſtance flowe.

But where ſonde luſte, doeth leade firme loue awrye,
 And ſicke toies, in feeble fancie falls:
 And ſoule delite, doeth feede the wantons eye,
 And ſtedfaſt harts, are toſte like *Tennis balls*,
 There *Pluto* raignes, with all his hounds of hell,
 In irkſome ſhame, and ſwothyng ſmoke to dwell.

O what a praiſe, hath Conſtance ſhinyng face,
 What greater blott, maie be then breache of loue:
 The conſtant minde, hath ſodaine change in chace,
 But thei that will, of eury water pyde.
 Shall drinke ſowre whey, in ſtede of ſirup ſweete,
 For licrus luſts, a licour ſitte and meete.

Tenne thouſande falſe, I finde where one is true,
 With faithe forſworne, loe eury face appears:

D. ij.

Theſe

Churchyardes Charge.

These faithlesse fooles, that chaunge for eury newe,
Doe looke full smothe, yet proue but scrattynge Beares,
Since foule deceipts, hath filde the worlde with vice,
We ought to giue, dame Constance all the price.

O blaspyng starre, that burnes like *Eathna* flanne,
O sickle dames, goe hide your hedds in holes:
Appoche not nere, where I doe Constance name,
Pour dwellyngs are, among the danipned soles.
Goe girnyng girles, and gylottes where ye luste,
Dame Constance lites, in glorie with the iuste.

FINIS.

I Of one that founde falshed in felowship.

If faithe take soile, and plaine good will be losse,
Let fained loue, seke Larks when Skie doeth fall:
If triall greate, be made a double poste,
No practyse seru's, to shoffull Cards with all.
If waityng long, can winne but cold reward,
Bid wilie wites, goe warme his hands at fire:
If trothe want, happ, for toile and greate regade,
There is no hope, that workeman shall haue hire.
If letters large, but litle likyng winne,
Pour bablyng tongs, in fine small boste shall make:
If seruice paste, a sute must newe beginne,
Newe hangers on, in haste their leaue maie take.
Since suertie shyinks, and freendship smells of gyle,
Adue hadd worlde, thy fauour lasts no while.

FINIS.

*Written to a vertuous gentle woman,
whose name is in the verses.*

Deme all my deedes by true desarts,
that she weth eury frute,
And passe my woords, and proue my woorks,
and so esteeme my suites:

My troche vntried bids me retire, and bypings me in dispaire,
 Paffe on faith hope, good hap maie come, the weather maie be faire.
 Preate not to faste saicth Danger then, for feare thy foote doe slide,
 O shastie speede greate harmes doe rise, as often hath bin tried:
 R epentance comes care men beware, for want of perfitte skill,
 T herefoze let reason rule the raine, and wisdomes master will.
 Thus in myne hedde a battaill is, betwene my hope and deed,
 Hope pycks me forthe, feare dzu's me backe, my fancie thus I feed:
 Though hope be farre aboue my happ, good lucke maie me aduance,
 And this great warre maie be a peace, as al things haue their chance.
 The tossed shipp maie haue it, that anker holde hath none,
 As rainie droypps by length of tyme, maie pearce the Marble Stone:
 What fort oz holde is halfe so strong, that euer man could make,
 But poulders foze and Cammon blast, can make it doune to shake.
 The pellets all that I must bypnyng, vnfained faith must be,
 The ladder for to scale the walls, is troche when tried is he:
 This aunswere maie the captaine make, to whom my siege I laie,
 Whose fort is wonne by sutch a fault, oz by none other waie.
 With Ensigne spred, and battrie set, I hope to make a breache,
 And trust to winne by suite at length, that now is past my reache.

FINIS.

A fare well to a fondlyng.



The heate is past, that did me fret,
 The fire is out, that Nature wrought:
 The plants of loue, whiche youth did set,
 Are drie and dedde, wltchin my thought.
 The Frost hath kilde, the kindly sappe,
 Whiche kept the harte, in liuly state:
 The sodaine stormes, and thonder clappe,
 Hath tourned loue, to moxtall hate.

The milke is gone, that beard myue eyes,
 The lowpnyng clouds, I see appere:
 Although the blinde, eats many flies,
 I would she knewe, my sight is clere.

Churchyardes Charge.

Her sweete disceiupng flattryng face,
Did make me thinke, the Crowe was white:
I muse how she, had sucche a grace,
To seeme a Hauke, and be a Kite,

Finis.

*Written to the good Lorde Maior (of
London now in office) called Sir Nicho-
las Woodrosse Knight.*



He tyme shoves all, as fire woorks ware,
in tyme greate thyngs are doen,
Tyme weau's the web, and wrought the flate,
that paine through tyme hath sponne:
Tyme must be sought, tyme must be vsde,
tyme must be temped well,
As out of tyme, in any sozte,

the tale is that we tell.

So tyme moues pen, & sturrs the muse, (that time had lulld a slepe,)
To write of tyme and matter sucche, as maie good credite kepe:
Then my good Lorde, to former tyme, I doe referre my verse,
And auncient yeres, with elders daies, that can great things reherse,
Tyme brought the sword (that eche one fears) to rule the rurall sozt,
Tyme wanne this Citie hpe renowne, and gatt it good report:
Time made the chosen Maior a knight, and time did greater things,
For tyme made subiects loue the lawe, and honour rightfull Kinges.
Thus tyme was nours, and mather bothe, to chosen childzen here,
And tyme out woyn, takes life of trothe, so shoves like candle clere.
Whiche time my verse reuiu's againe, and bringeth freshe to minde.
The tyme that long is paste befoze, and thousandes left behinde:
For those that in this present tyme, list looke on Elders daies,
Who in their tyme did some good deeds, and reaped peoples praise.
As gwerdon for the tyme well spent, and vertues right reward,
That giuen is to graffs of grace, that God doeth mutche regard:
As tyme hath taught, good men so rule, and made the bad obaie,
So tyme hath rooted vp all weedes, that made good flowers decaye.

This

This Citie claimes by tracte of tyme, a stately Ciuill trade,
 And is a Lampe, or shynyng Sunne, to Countreies lillie shade:
 For Ciuill maners here began, and Order roote did take,
 Whē sauage swaines in rubbishe soiles, did ciuill life forsake. (tends,
 Here wit throwe wisdomē weldeth wealth, & worlde good tyme at:
 And God through trafficks toile & paine, a worlde of treasure sends:
 Here states repaire, and lawes are tried, and noble customes shine,
 Here dwells the Sages of the worlde, and all the Muses nine,
 The Court it self, & Innes of court (where wit & knowledge floes,)
 Haunts here as terme and time cōmands, and people comes & goes:
 Here are Embastours feasted still, and foraine kynges haue bin,
 Here are the wheeles of publike state, that bypnyngs the pagent in.
 And here is now the Maiden toune, that keepes her self so cleane,
 That none can touche, nor staine in trothe, by any cause or meane.
 Then here ought be no member left, that maie infecte the reste,
 Whip faultors hence, and plage the worst, and make but of the beste:
 Let stubburne route be taught to worke, bid paltrars packe awaie,
 Gine Idell folke no lodgpyng here, cause wantons leaue their plaie.
 Searche out the haunts of noughcie men, & break the nest of theues,
 Pea plucke their liurey oer their eares, and badges from their fleues:
 That byeeds misrule, and rudenesse showes, so shall the Ciuill seate,
 (As Lanterne to all Britaine lande) remaine in honour greate.
 Demaūde how thredbare figboies liue, & swearing dāyned spretes,
 Reforme those blading despyrate dicks, that roiste aboute the stretes:
 Disperse that wicked shamelesse swarme, that cares not for reproch,
 Purge cury house from gracelesse geastes, that setts all vice abroche.
 Rebuke those common alehouse knights, y spends awaie their thurst,
 And aske on Benche where Justice sits, how roges & beggers shift:
 Teache railyng tonges to tune their speeche, and talke of that is fitte,
 Holde in the ralle and harebraine hedds, by Lawe and Orders bitte.
 Knowe whence these faulst libells come, y faine discord woud make,
 And woork by art and crafte to pluke, the styng from subtil Snake:
 This Citie is no harbyng place, for vellells fraught with vice,
 Here is the soile and seate of kyngs, and place of p̄cious p̄rice.
 Here worthis makes their mancions still, & buildeth stately towers
 Here sits the Nobles of the realme, in golden halles and bowers:

Churchyardes Charge.

O London looke to thy renowne, thy fame hath stretched farre,
Thou art a State in tyme of peace, a helpe in cause of warre.
A feare to foes, a ioye to frends, a Jewell in our daies,
That well maie matche with any Coune, or feare of greatest praise:
Here people are so meeke and milde, that foraine nations throwe,
In Cunnill soft, with wealth and ease, maie liue in quiet nowe.
What Citie can make hoste and saie, (great God be blest therfoze)
It doeth so many straungers feede, and so maintaine the store:
For here the more the number is, the lesse of want we finde,
Of coyne and cates, such store is here, it answers eche maus minde.
Waxe well the hearth of other realines, and you shall see in deede,
The plentie of this little Ile, supplie our neighbours neede:
In worlde who trauesiles any where, and then repaireth here,
Shall haue eche thing good chepe at home, that is abroade full dere.
And none but London note it well, doeth keepe one stint and rate,
Of vittalles in the market place, looke throughout eury state:
Hea, here when God for wicked life, his bountie will withdraue,
The Haor and brethren shonmeth dearth, by rule and noble lawe.
Here is prouision for the poore, and who that markes the same;
Shall see that worthe Sages graue, deserues a noble name:
By boldnesse now (O my good lorde,) excuse through my good will,
That euer in my Countries praise, is prest and readie still.
And where the noughtie liues of some, are touched by my penne,
It is for Londons honour spoke, that can reforme such menne:
Whiche in this stately shepherds foide, like rotten shepe doe liue,
And who for want of lookyng too, doe til example giue.
God graunt whiles worthe Woodroffe rules, (euey other yere,
There comes no Hothes among good men, nor Caterpillars here:
Thus wishyng well, in Londons laude, my penne I must excuse,
To Printer sent these verses plaine, of this laste moynyngs muse.

FINIS.



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