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TRAGICAL TALES,

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF M.D.LXXXVII.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

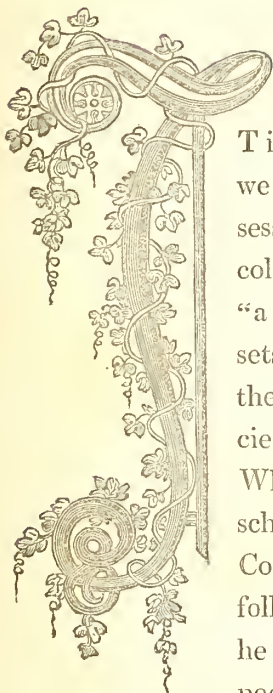
M.DCCC.XXXVII.

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Summa

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Prefatory Notice.



It is to the indefatigable industry of Antony à Wood that we are indebted for almost the only information we possess relative to George Turberville, author of the ensuing collection of Tragical Tales, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. He was “a younger son of Nich. Turberville of Whitechurch in Dorsetshire, son of Henry Turberville of the said place, and he, the fifth son of Joh. Turberville of Bere-Regis (a right ancient and genteel family) in Dorsetshire, was born in Whitchurch, before mentioned, educated in Wykeham’s school near Winchester, became perpetual fellow of New College, 1561, left it, before he was graduate, the year following, and went to one of the Inns of Court, where he was much admired for his excellencies in the art of poetry. Afterwards being esteemed a person fit for business, as having a good and ready command of his pen, he was entertained by Tho. Randolph, Esq. to be his secretary, when he received commission from Queen Elizabeth

to go ambassador to the Emperor of Russia.* After our author's arrival at that place, he did, at spare hours, exercise his muse, and wrote—

“ POEMS, DESCRIBING THE PLACES AND MANNERS OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF RUSSIA, ANNO 1568.”†

These will be found in the present volume. They are exceedingly curious, and give a very extraordinary idea of the barbarous state of society in Russia. One of the epistles, for so he terms them, is inscribed to Edmund Spenser, with whom he was in habits of intimacy.‡ Many of his minor poems are either addressed from Moscovia, or refer to his visit to that country. “ After his return,” continues Wood, “ he was esteemed

* Henry, the fifth son of John Turberville of Bere-Regis, and Isabel Cheverel de Whitchurch, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Bamfylde, in the county of Somerset, and by her had Nicholas, George, and Henry (Hutchins' Dorset, page 67). Nicholas succeeded his father in his estate of Winterborn, Whitchurch, in the county of Dorset, and married a daughter of Morgan of Maperton, by whom he had two sons. Whether this branch of the Turberville still exists, is uncertain; but their estate, originally acquired through the Cheverells, afterwards passed to the Tulfords of Toller, and was purchased from Francis Tulford, Esq. by Bennet Comb, Esq. Another family of the same name was once settled in Glamorganshire; but it appears to be extinct in the male line, from the following notice of the demise of Richard Turbervill, Esq., taken from the Gentleman's Magazine:—“ July 2, 1817.—At Ewenny Abbey, Glamorganshire, R. Turbervill, Esq. He was the eldest brother of the late Sir Thomas Picton, and, like the rest of his family, entered into the army when very young. He was a brigade-major at the siege of Gibraltar, where he distinguished himself upon many important occasions; but his health being much impaired, he was obliged to retire from service. He was descended by his mother's side from Sir Richard de Turbervill, one of William the Conqueror's twelve knights, who first founded the abbey, where his posterity have continued during a period of so many centuries.”

† Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, Bliss's edition. Lond. 1813. 4to. Vol. i. p. 627.

‡ P. 375.

a most accomplished gentleman, and his company was much sought after and desired by all men, especially, upon his publication of his labours, entitled

“EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, SONGS, AND SONNETS, 1570, 8vo. Some, if not most of which, were published a little before that time [in 8vo. 1567]. This book was the same, as I conceive, which was printed with additions under his name, in 8vo, anno 1587, with this title—

“TRAGICAL TALES, EPITAPHS, AND SONNETS, &c.”

In this supposition, however, the industrious antiquary is mistaken, as the two publications are distinct*—the latter being the one from which the present limited reprint has been taken.† From this mistake of Wood, it is plain that the Tragical Tales must have been exceedingly rare even in his time.

Turbervile was also the translator of the “Eglogs of the Poet B. Mantuan Carmelitan turned into English verse, and set forth with the argument to every Egloge.” Of this work, which is in duodecimo, there were two editions printed at London, one in 1567, the other in 1594. He also, about the same time, gave a metrical version of the “Heroical Epistles of

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the learned Poet, Publius Ovidius Naso, with Aulus Sabinus' Answers to certain of the same," of which, according to Dr Bliss, there were no less than four editions—three in the years 1567, 1569, and 1600, and one without date.

Wood continues, "The said Eclogues were afterwards translated by another hand, but not without the help of that translation of Turberville, though not acknowledged. The person that performed it was Thomas Harvey, who writes himself Gent. ; but whether the same Thomas Harvey, who was Master of Arts, the first Master of Kingston School in Herefordshire, founded 1620, and the author of the *Synagogue*, in imitation of divine Herbert, I know not."

The same author afterwards observes, that he finds "one George Turberville to be author of—(1.) *ESSAYS POLITIC AND MORAL*. Printed 1603, in oct. (2.) *THE BOOK OF FALCONRY OR HAWKING, &c.* heretofore publish'd by G. Turberville, gentleman, and now newly reviv'd, corrected, and augmented by another hand. Lond. 1611 [Bodl. 4to. p. 69. Jur.], adorn'd with various cuts. With this book is printed and bound, 'THE NOBLE ART OF VENERY OR HUNTING, &c.' translated and collected out of the best approv'd authors, which have writ any thing concerning the same, &c. Lond. 1611, adorn'd with wooden cuts as the former. There is no name set to this translation, only George Gascoigne hath verses commendatory before it.' Whether George Turberville, before mentioned, was the author of

the said two books, or another of both his names, who was a Dorsetshire-man, born a commoner of Gloucester Hall, anno 1581, aged 18, or a third, G. Turberville, who was born in the said county, and became a student in Magdalane Hall, 1595, aged 17, I cannot justly tell you, unless I could see and peruse the said two books, of which I am, as yet, totally ignorant."

There seems to be little doubt that Turberville the Poet was the compiler of the book of Falconry and Hawking; but from its having been announced as revived, corrected, and augmented by another hand, it may be presumed that the original Editor or Compiler was dead prior to the year 1611. Of a book on such popular subjects, there must, no doubt, have been earlier editions; but the only one the Editor has traced is that noticed in the *Censura Literaria* (vol. x. p. 122), "Imprinted at London, for Chr. Baker, at the signe of the Grashoper, in Paules Church-uarde, 1575."—4to. In this edition are a few poetical pieces by Turberville, and in particular some spirited verses in commendation of Hawking. In these is the following account of the fashionable sports and games of the day:—

“ To dice, to daunce, to coll, to kisse, to carde the time away,
 To prate, to prancke, to bowle, to bowse, and tipples out the day;
 To checke at chesse, to heaue at maw, at macke to passe the time,
 At coses or at saunt to sit, or set their rest at prime.
 Both tick tacke and the Irish game are sports but made to spend.
 I wote not, I, to what auaille those trifling games do tend,
 Unlesse to force a man to chafe, to chide, to sweat, to sweare,
 To brawle, to ban, to curse, and God in thousand parts to teare.

At eoekepit some their pleasures plaee, to wager wealth away.
 Where Faleoners only force the fields, to hear their spanels bay.
 What greater glee can man desire than by his euning skill
 So to reclaime a haggard hawke as she the fowle shall kill? &c.”

Dr Bliss informs us, that amongst Rawlinson's MSS. there are “two copies of a translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bolloing*, by Sir G. T.,” which is conjectured, in a MS. note, to be the initials of Sir George Turbervile, “who was certainly, and I think with justice, considered the translator by Dr Rawlinson.” It is also stated, that the MS. was evidently intended, and prepared, for the press. “In one place there are even hints of heads for sculpture, perhaps intended as a companion for Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*.” That the author of the *Tragical Tales* was ever knighted is exceedingly problematical, as in none of his printed works has he been so designed, and we should therefore be very much inclined to doubt that this translation was by him.

The period of Turbervile's demise is unknown, and honest Antony is unable to throw any light upon this point.* As before remarked, he probably died before the year 1611; for it is very unlikely, if he had been then in existence, he would have per-

* Herbert, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. ii. 1053, mentions that there was entered in the Stationers' book for the year 1579 “a Dittie of Mr Turbervyle murdered, and John Morgan that murdered him: with a letter of the said Morgau to his mother, and another to his sister Turbervyle;” but as Wood asserts that “George Turbervill lived and was in great esteem in fifteen huddred and ninety-four,” it is plain that the author of the *Tragical Tales* could not have been the person murdered.

mitted his work on Hawking and Hunting to have been brought out “ by another hand.”

Turbervile’s merits as a poet have been variously estimated. He has been praised by Puttenham in his *Art of Poesie*; and Sir John Harrington, the witty author of the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, and translator of Ariosto—no mean authority—has the following lines in his commendation :—

When times were yet but rude, thy pen endeavour’d
 To polish barbarism with purer style ;
 When times were grown most old, thy heart persever’d
 Sincere and just, unstained with gifts or guile.
 Now lives thy soul, though from thy corpse dis sever’d
 There high in bliss, here clear in fame the while :
 To which I pay this debt of due thanksgiving ;
 My pen doth praise thee dead ; thine grae’d me living.

More recently our author has been treated differently ; and in the *Censura Literaria*,* where some very uninteresting notices of his works occur, Mr Park (the writer of them), after dismissing the *Tragical Tales* somewhat briefly, characterises the poetry of Turbervile as “ of a dry uninteresting cast, and his amatory pieces bespeak him to have been a *translator* only of the passion of love. In the *Epilogue* of his *Tragical Tales*, he writes with becoming diffidence of his own poetical pretensions ; and while other adventurers on the stream of Helicon sail in mid-channel

* Vol. i. 2d edit. Lond. 1815. 8vo. p. 319.

with the current, he seems content to have paddled along its banks, like a sculler who rows against the tide.”

How far this criticism is just, a perusal of the present work will enable the reader to judge. The Editor may only remark, that he can at least claim these merits for his author—that the versification is generally harmonious, and that not a few of the passages possess the energy and vigour which are characteristic of the poetry of the Elizabethan era.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that the Tales are mostly taken from Boccaccio, and the plots, consequently, must be familiar to those who are conversant with the writings of that inimitable novelist.

The present reprint is strictly limited to FIFTY COPIES, for Private Circulation.

EDINBURGH, 10th June 1837.



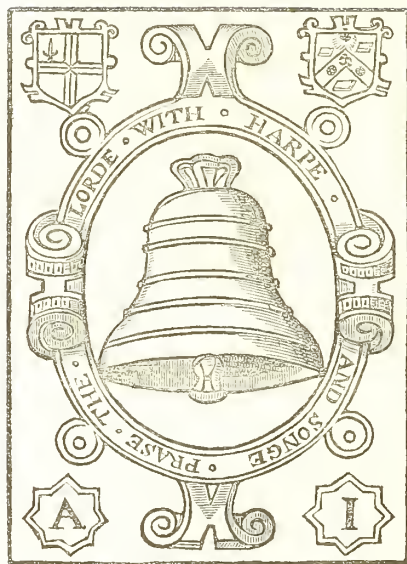
TRAGICAL
Tales, translated by

TVRBERVILLE,
In time of his troubles, out of
sundrie Italians, with
the Argument and
Lenuoye to
eche Tale.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

Imprinted at Lon-
don by Abell Ieffs, dwelling
in the Forestrecte without
Crepelgate at the
signe of the Bel.

Anno Dom. 1587.





**TO THE WORSHIP-
full his louing brother, Nicho-
las Turberuile, Esquire.**



*LB*EIT your many and great curtesies bestowed on me, deserue sundry, and no slender thanks from me: Nevertheless, mine insuffi-
eience pleading for mine exeuse, and disabi-
litie dealing in my behalfe, doe hope to receiue
from you no lesse good liking for a small re-
quitall, than he that yeelds you a treble recompence. Let it suffice
that I liue no vnmindfull man of your goodnesse, nor will be found
vngratefull for your gentlenesse, if euer fortune fauour my desires,
or alow me mean to make leuell with your good desarts. Till when,
I present you this little boke, as well the vndoubted badge of my
good remembrance, as the grettest part of my slender substance.
Following herein scabaten soldiers, and miserable mariners, who
in auncient age, after their happy ariuals, aecustomed to hang vp
in the temple before their saered Goddes, their broken oares, and
ragged sayles, with such like relik, the assured monuments of their

lamentable fortunes and perfit pledges of late escaped dangers. Which commendable custome of those thankfull Ethuicks I both allow for good, and follow at this instant, as fully apperteyning to my present state, in dedicating to you these few Poeticall parers, and pensive Pamphlets, the ruful records of my former trauel, in the sorrowful sea of my late uisaduentures: which hauing the more speedily by your carefull and brotherly endeouour, oucrpassed and escaped, could not but offer you this treatise in lieu of a more large liberalitie, and in steed of a greater gift, presuming of good acceptance at your handes, who haue alwayes been my most assured shielde, and stroughest stay in all my life. Wherefore take these (I pray you) in no worse part than I meane them, and at leasure for your pleasure peruse them, excusing my lacke of learning, and brooking my want of ennuing, both which defaults and imperfections might haue bene suffieient to haue staid my hastie haude: but that I euer chose rather to be reputed straungers vskilfull, than to be coudemned of my best friendes for vngratefull: for the one proceedes for lacke of iudustrie, but that other growes for want of humauitie. I leaue to trouble you further, recommending you to the Tragicall tales, where if aught delight you, I pray you peruse it, if aught offeud you, estsoone refuse it: if any history deserue reading, of curtesie respect it: if any seeme vtworthy, doe boldly reiect it. I fauour not the best so well, as I will wishe your trouble in surueyng the euill, whose indeuour was ouely to this ende, to doe you pleasure and seruice, for your auuncient goodnesse towards me, that am your bounden brother, and wholly to reast yours during life.

George Turberuile. .



To his verie friend

Ro. Baynes.



*Y worde, thy wish, my det, and thy desire,
I meane my booke (my Baynes) lo here I send
To thee at last, as friendship doth require,
Though reason willes it rather left rpend,
For that the same the Authour should not shend:
But blush who lust, so thou do like the worke,
I am content it shall no longer lurke.*

*Peruse ech page as leysure giues thee leaue,
Reade ore each verse thus ragged as they lie,
Let nothing slip whereby I may receiue
The hatefull checcke of curious readers cie:
For well I know how haut thy muse doth flie:
Therefore I yeeld this foule mishapen Beare,
Into thy choise, to tender or to teare.*

*Wherein if ought vnworth the presse thou finde
Insauoric, or that seemes vnto thy taste,
Impute it to the troubles of my minde,
Whose late mishap made this be hatcht in haste,
By cloudes of care best beauties be defaste:
Likewise be wittes and freshest heads to seeke,
Which way to write, when fortune list to strecke.*

Who knew my cares, who wist my wailefull woe,
(As thou my friend art priuie to the same)
Or vnderstoode how grieffe did ouergrow
The pleasaunt plot which I for myrth did frame,
Would beare with this, and quite me clean of blame.
For in my life I neuer felt such fittes,
As whilst I wrote this worke did daunt my wittes.

For as the Pilot in the wrathfull waue
Beset with stormes, still beaten too and fro
With boysteous belloues, knowes not howe to saue
His siclic barke, but lets the rudder goe,
And yeeldes himselfe whither tempest list to blowe.
So I amidde my cares had slender skill,
To write in verse, but bowde to fortunes will.

The more thy paine, thy trouble and thy toile,
That must amend amisse eache faulte of mine,
Yet grudge not (Baynes) with share to turne the soile,
In sorte as though the same were wholie thine,
The charge whereof, loe here I do resine
For want of health, my friend at large to thee,
Since that my limmes with greef surecharged be.

Apollos lore I quite haue layde aside,
And am enforst his Phisicke to peruse:
I hate the Harpe, wherein was all my pride,
I hunt for hearbes, I lothe Mineruas muse,
My want of health, makes me my booke refuse:
The bloming rage that erst inspirde my braine,
Saturnus chilling humour doth restrain.

*Wherefore sith I confesse my want of skill,
And am to seeke to better this my booke,
See (Baines) thou runne vnto Parnassus hill,
To Helicon, or else that learned brooke,
Which Pcgase made, when he the soile forsooke:
For well thou knowst, where Clio and the rest,
Do tune their Lutes and pipe with pleasant brest.*

*I can no more, but for thy nickle paine,
Yeeld thousand thankes vpon my naked knee,
And if thou neede the like supply againe,
Assure thy selfe then I will pleasure thee:
So friends vnto each other bounden be.
(My Baynes) Adew, this little booke of mine,
When thou hast done, may best be termed thine.*

Thy friend.

George Turberuile.



Ro. Baynes to the Reader,
in the due commendation
of the Author.



WHAT waight of graue aduice, what reson left vnsought,
What more, of Pallas braine hath tast, than Poets
pens haue taught.

Whose powdred saaes are mixt, with pleasure, and delight:
Aduising this, forewarning that, directing still the right.
Which vaine though Grecians first, and Romaines after
found:

Yet now the same in English phrase, doth gorgeously abound.
A vertue lately wonne, to this our natie soile:
By such as seeke, their countrey praise, though to their greater toile.
Among the rest, who hath, employed therein more paine?
Or who? than Turberuill hath found, in verse a sweeter vaine?
Whose quill, though yet it tread, the path of greene delight:
The same who vewes, shall find his lines, with learned reason dight.
And as to elder age, his stayed braine shall grow:
So falling from, his riper penne, more graue conceites may flow.
The while, let eeh man reape, the pleasure that he lends.
The cost is free, his charge but small, an others wealth that spends.
The subieet here, is such, as difers farre from pelfe:
I deeme thee wise, thy iudgement good, the thing will praise it self.

Qui nihil sperat nihil desperat.



¶ The Authour here declareth
the cause why hee wrote these Hi-
stories, and forewent the translation of
the learned Poet *Lucan*.



UNDERTOROKE Dan Lucans verse,
and raught hys horne in hand,
To found out Cæfars bloody broiles
and Pompeis puifant bande :
I meant to paint the haughtie hate
of thofe two marshall men,
And had in purpose ciuill fwords
of rufull Rome to pen :
Of rufull Rome to penne the plagues
when Cæfar fought to raigne,
And Pompey pitying Countries fpoyle,
would doe him downe againe.

THE AUTHOR

I had begonne that hard attempt,
 to turne that fertile foyle.
 My bullocks were alreadie yokte,
 and flatly fell to toyle.
 Me thought they laboured meetlie well,
 tyll on a certaine night :
 I gazde fo long vpon my booke
 in bed by candle light,
 Till heauy sleep full flilie came
 and muffled fo mine eye,
 That I was forst with quill in hand
 in flumber downe to lie.
 To whom within a while appeard
 Melpomene, the Mufe,
 That to intreat of warlike wights,
 and dreadfull armes doth vse.
 Who me beheld with graue regard,
 and countnance fraught with feare :
 And thus the gaffly Goddeffe spake,
 her wordes in minde I beare.
 And art thou woxe fo wilfull, as
 thou seemest to outward eye ?
 Darste thou presume, with ymped quilles
 fo prowde a pitch to flie ?
 Remember how fonde Phæton farde,
 that vndertooke to guide
 Apollos charge, by meane of which
 that wilfull wanton dide.

Eare thou doe wade fo farre, reuoke
to minde to bedlam boy,
That in his forged wings of waxe
reposed too great a ioy:
And foard fo neare the scorching blaze
of burning Phœbus brande,
As feathers failde, and he fell short
of what he tooke in hand.
In this thy hauty heart thou shewst,
too playne thy pryde appears,
How durst thou deale in field affaires?
leauē off, vnyoke thy steeres.
Let loftie Lucans verse alone,
a deed of deepe deuife:
A stately stile, a peerelesse pen,
a worke of weightie pryce.
More meete for noble Buckhurst braine,
where Pallas built her bowre,
Of purpose there to lodge her selfe,
and shew her princely powre.
His swelling vaine would better blafe,
those Royall Romane peeres:
Than any one in Brutus land,
that liude these many yeeres.
And yet within that little Isle
of golden wittes is store,
Great change and choife of learned ymps
as euer was of yore.

THE AUTHOUR

I none dislike, I fancie some,
 but yet of all the rest,
 Sance enuie, let my verdite passe,
 Lord Buckurft is the best.
 Wee all that Ladie Muses are,
 who be in number nine:
 With one accord did bleffe this babe,
 each said, This ympe is mine.
 Each one of vs, at time of birth,
 with Iuno were in place:
 And each vpon this tender childe,
 bestowd her gift of grace.
 My selfe among the moe alowde
 him Poets praised skil,
 And to commend his gallant verfe,
 I gaue him wordes at will.
 Minerua luld him on her lappe,
 and let him many a kisse:
 As who would fay, when all is done,
 they all shall yeeld to this.
 This matter were more meet for him,
 and farre vnfit for thee:
 My sifter Clio, with thy kinde,
 doth best of all agree.
 Shee deales in case of liking loue,
 her lute is fet but lowe:
 And thou wert wonte in such deuise,
 thine humour to bestow.

1 As when thou toldest the Shepherds tale
 that Mantuan erst had pend:
 2 And turndest those letters into verse,
 that louing Dames did fend
 Vnto their lingring mates, that fought
 at sacke and siege of Troy:
 3 And as thou didst in writing of
 thy Songs of fugged ioy.
 4 Mancynus vertues fitter are,
 for thee to take in hande,
 Than glittering gleaues, and wreakfull warres,
 that all on slaughter stand.
 The Giants proud, aspiring pompe
 when they so fondly froue,
 And hopde with helpe of heaped hilles
 to conquere mightie Ioue,
 Is not for euery wit to wield,
 the weight too heauy weare,
 For euery Poet that hath wrote
 in auncient age to beare.
 Vnlesse that Lucan, Virgill, or
 the great renowned Greeke,
 Would vndertake those boysteous broiles,
 the rest are all to seeke.
 Each slender ship that beares a faile,
 and flittes in quiet flood:
 Is not to brooke the byllow, when
 the roaryng Seas be wood.

Alcides flippers are too wide
 for euery wretch to weare :
 Not euery childe can Atlas charge,
 vpon his shoulders beare.
 Not euery dick that dares to drawe
 a fword, is Hectors peere,
 Not euery woodman that doth shoote,
 hath skill to chofe his Deere.
 No beaft can match the Lions might,
 his force is ouer fell :
 Though euery little ftarre doe fhine,
 yet doth the Sunne excell.
 Not euery bryer, or tender twigge,
 is equall to the Pyne,
 Nor euery Prelate that can preache,
 is thought a deepe deuine.
 Not euery fifh that flittes amyd
 the floud with feeble finne,
 Is fellowe to the Delphine fwifte,
 when he doth once beginne.
 The peeuishe puttocke may not preace
 in place where Eagles are.
 For why, their kingly might exceedes,
 their puiffance paffeth farre.
 All which I fpeake to let thee wyte,
 that though thou haue fome skill,
 Yet haft thou not fufficient ftuffe
 this Authors loome to fill.

Too flender is thy feeble twifte,
 thy webbe is all too weake:
 Before thy worke be halfe difpatchte,
 no doubtte thy warpe will breake.
 Wherefore renounce thy rafh deuice,
 thy yeelding force I knowe:
 And none fo well as I can iudge,
 the bente of Lucans bowe.
 Thinke of the toade in Efops tale,
 that fought to matche the Bull,
 For highneffe, and did burft at length,
 his bowels were fo full.
 So thou, vnleffe thou take good heede,
 Tranflating Lucans warre,
 Shalt fpoyle thy Lute, and froy thy ftrings,
 in ftraining them too farre.
 I heere aduife, and eke commaunde
 that thou no farther goe:
 Laye downe thy Lute, obey my will,
 for fure it fhall be fo.
 With that my droufie flumber fledde,
 my fenfes came againe:
 And I that earft was drownde in dreames,
 behelde the Goddes playne,
 Whofe frowning phrafe and fpitefull fpeech
 had daunted fo my witte,
 As for my life I wifte not howe
 to fhape an aunfwere fitte.

THE AUTHOR

Each worde (me thought) did wound me fo,
 eache looke did lurche my harte:
 Eache fentence bredde my forrowes fuch,
 eache lyne was lyke a darte.
 But yet at lafte with manly minde,
 and mouth vnfraught of feare,
 Vnto this loftie learned Mufe,
 theſe wordes I vttered there:
O noble Impe, and daughter deare
 to mightie Ioue his grace,
 It much relieues my weakened wittes
 to ſee thy heavenly face.
 For which ten thouſand thanks I yelde
 that heere with bended knee:
 And counte my ſelfe the bleſſedſt man
 aliue, thine eyes to ſee.
 Thy preſence makes me to perfume,
 thou holdſt me verie deare:
 But (out alas) thy wordes were ſuch
 as I was loathe to heare.
 Controlements came from haughtie breaft,
 for that I vnderooke
 With Engliſh quill to turne the verſe
 of learned Lucans booke.
 And ſhall I (Lady) be miſlykte
 to take in hande a deed,
 By which vnto my natiue foyle
 aduantage may ſucceede?

By which the ciuill fwordes of Rome
and mischiefes done thereby,
May be a myrrour vnto vs,
the like mishappes to flie ?
I yeelde my brayne too barraine farre,
my verses all too vyle,
My pen too playne, with metre meete
to furnish Lucans style :
Whose deepe deuise, whose filed phrase,
and Poets peerelesse pen,
Would cloye the cunningst head in court,
and tyre the lustiest men.
But yet sith none of greater skill,
and ryper witte would write
Of Cæsar and Pompeius warres.
a woorke of rare delight :
I thought it good as well to passe
the idle time away,
As to the worlde to fet to viewe
howe discorde breedes decay :
To turne this princely Poets verse,
that simple men might see
Of Ciuill broyles and breach at home,
how great the mischeiues bee.
But sith it standes not with your wills
who lady Muses are,
That one so dull as I, should deale
in case concerning warre :

THE AUTHOUR

I am content to plie vnto
your pleasures out of hande,
It bootes me not against the will
of heauenly fates to stande.
Yet being that my present plight
is stufte with all anoye,
And late mishaps haue me bereft
my rimes of roisting ioye:
Syth churlish fortune clouded hath
my glee, with mantell blacke,
Of foule mischaunce, wherby my barke
was like to bide the wracke:
(Good ladie) giue me leaue to write
some heauy founding verse,
That by the vewe thereof, my harmes
the readers heart may perse.
With that the Goddesse gaue a becke,
and yeelded my request,
And vanisht streight without offence,
and licenst me to rest.
Then I to reading Boccas fell,
and fundrie other moe
Italian Authours, where I found
great stoare of fates in woe,
And fundrie fortes of wretched wights:
some flayne by cruell foes,
And other some that through desire
and Loue their lyues did lose:

Some Tyrant thirsting after blood,
 themselues were fowly flayne:
 And some did sterue in endlesse woes,
 and pynde with bitter payne.
 Which gaue me matter fitte to write:
 and herevpon it grewe
 That I this Tragicall deuise,
 haue fette to open viewe.
 Accept my paynes, allow me thanks,
 if I deferue the fame,
 If not, yet lette not meaning well
 be payde with checke and blame.
 For I am he that buylde the bowre,
 I hewe the hardened stone,
 And thou art owner of the house,
 the paine is mine alone.
 I burne the bee, I holde the hyue,
 the fommer toyle is myne:
 And all bicause when winter commes,
 the honic may be thine.
 I frame the foyle, I graue the golde,
 I fashon vp the ring,
 And thou the iewell shalt enioye,
 which I to shape doe bring.
 Adieu (good Reader) gaze thy fill,
 if aught thine eyes delight:
 For thee I tooke the woorke in hande,
 this booke is thine of right.



The Argument to the first

Historie.



THROUGH wilful loue, and liking ouermuch,
Nastagios state did melt, and without returne
Of like good will: Euphymius minde was such,
She felt no flame, when he, good man, did burne:
But made his griefe her glee, his bitter smarte,
Might nothing rize or pierce her marble harte.

2 By friendes aduise at last he parted thence,
Though greatly greeued, remouing racke him sore,
To quit the cause of al his fond expence,
And purchase ease which he had lost before:
A death (no doubt) it was to put away,
And yet no life with her in place to stay.

3 Beholde the happ, as he ful pensiuie stoode
Amyd a groue adioyning to his tent,
Recounting former toyes: athwart the wood
With cruell curre an armed knight there went,
That had in chace a frotion fresh of hewe,
Whom he by force of sword and mastiues slewe.

4 And after death this lady liude againe
 Vp start away she ran before the Knight,
 For thus the Goddes allotted had her paine,
 Bycause she slewe by scorne that louing wight:
 In death he was her plague, whome she in life
 Enforst to slay himselfe with murthering knife.

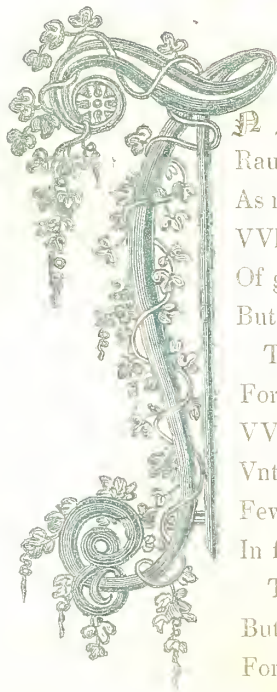
5 Nastagio pondering in his restlesse thought
 As wel the sequele as the cause of all.
 Seing that skorne the ladies penance wrought,
 For dealing earst so hardely with her thrall:
 Bethought him howe to make a myrrour right
 Both of the mayde, and eke the eursed knight.

6 His plat was thus: he hyd in friendly sort
 Vnto his tente, to feast and banket there
 His auncient loue, that made his payne hir sporte,
 Whose mother came and diuers friendes I feare,
 Amyds the feast the knyght persude the mayde,
 And slewe hir there, as I before haue sayde.

7 Which sight amazde the route, but most of all
 That virgin coye, so carelesse of the man
 Begonne to quake, it toucht her to the gall,
 And therevpon hir liking first began.
 For after that she woxe his wife at last,
 Dreading the gods reunge for rigour past.



Tragicall Tales.



A *Italic* there is a citie, hight
Rauenna, by report as braue a place
As may be found, both fresh and fair to fight,
VVherein of yore there was a noble race
Of gallant wights, great choise of men of fame,
But one in chief, Naftagio by name.

The father of this forward ympe did dye,
Forespent with yeeres, and load with siluer locks,
VVhose land and fee descended orderly
Vnto the Sonne, with store of other flocks:
Few fathers of this aged mans degree,
In so good case did leaue their fomes as hee.

This might suffice to make Naftagio rich,
But, *where wealth is, there lightlie follows more,*
For hee an vncke had, who gaue as mych
At tyme of death, as father left before :

The wealth of these two ryche renowned wights,
In little space vpon Naftagio lights.

Not one in all Rauenna might compare
With him for wealth, or matcht him for his muck :
He liude at full, not tafting any care,
But tooke his time, and vſde his golden luck :
Not wanting ought that fitted for his ſtate,
By meane of flowing wealth full warme he fate.

This youth his wanton prime without a wife,
Retchleſſe confumde, and liude in ſingle fort,
Eſteeming that to be the bleſſed life,
Becaufe he found it ſtuft with glee and ſporte :
*As yonkers that at randon vſe to range,
Refuſe to wed, becauſe they loue to change.*

Vntill at length his roauing eies hee keſt
Vpon a wench, and tooke ſo perfect view
Of Graces that did harbour in her breſt,
As ſtreight to liking of this maid he grew :
His fanſie fed vpon hir featurde lookes,
In fort as none faue her this gallant brookes.

Who doubleſſe was a neate and noble Dame,
Trauerfar cleaped was her worthie Sire,
And ſhe herſelfe Euphymia cald by name,
As freſh of hewe as men might well deſire :
With her I faye Naftagio fell in loue,
Whoſe ſetled choyſe no reaſon might remoue.

Her chriſtall eyes had lurcht his yeelding heart,
And razde his bending breſt by often glaunce,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Her glittering locks so queyntly coucht by art,
 Had brought this youth to such a louing traunce,
 As all his care was how to compaffe grace,
 From her whom he so derely did imbrace.

(Then as it is the trade of Cupids knights)
 He fell to feast, where lackt no daintie fare,
 To come be forraine cates that breede delights,
 For no expence this courtly wight would spare.
 Hee vsde the tilt on jenate trapt with gold,
 To please his Donnas eyes with courage bold.

For if she be a noble Dame in deede,
 Shee pleasure takes to view a manlie knight
 In armour clad, bestriding of his steed:
 And doth detest the base and coward wight,
*For that the valiant will defend her fame,
 When carpet squires will hide their heads with shame.*

Thus wasted he the day in Loue deuice,
 And spent the nights with costly musikes found,
 In hope at length this virgin to entice
 To salue his fore, and cure his couert wounde:
 Nothing was left in any point vndone,
 Whereby the loue of Ladies might be wonne:

By lettres he vnfolded all his fittes,
 By message eke imparted all his paine,
 His mournfull lines bewraïd his mazed wits,
 His fongs of loue declarde his passions plaine:
 The rockiest heart aliuie it would haue moude,
 To see how well this noble man had loude.

Yet cruell shee, when he had done and faide
 The most he might to moue her stonie heart,
 To like of him might not at all be waide,
 For she was struck with Cupids leaden dart,
 Whose chilling cold had bound her bowels fo,
 As in no wife she could abridge his wo.

But how much more the louer made his mone,
 Suing for ruth and well deferued grace,
 The more shee fate vnmoued, like the stone,
 Whom waues do beat, but wag not from his place:
 Either beauties pride or stately flocke did force
 This haughtie dame from pitie and remorse.

Shee rigorously refusde, and tooke disdaine,
 So much as once to yeeld him friendlie cheare,
 Who for her sake had bid such bitter paine,
 As any tender heart would bleed to heare:
 And in reward of all his friendship past,
 Shee gaue him leaue to spoile himselfe at last.

Wherto through deep despaire his mind was bent
 In hope thereby to end his wretched woe,
 Because he saw her malice not relent,
 Who for good will became his deadlie foe:
*For in such case aye death is counted light,
 Where men may not enjoy their sweete delight.*

His wilfull hande was armed with naked knife,
 And euen at point to giue the fatall stroke,
 By short dispatch of loathed lingring life,
 To ridde his wearie neck of heauie yoke:

But life was sweete, and he to liue, would leaue
The Dame, from whom he might no ruth receaue.

When Fanſie ſaw his raging humour ceaſe,
And Reaſon challenge rule, and charge againe,
Whereby his fond affection woulde deceaſe,
And hee be quitt of all his former paine:
To keepe him in, and hold his louer faſt,
She gaue him Hope, to come by loue at laſt.

Thus diuers thoughts did ſoiourne in his breaſt,
Sometimes he meant himſelfe with ſword to ſlay,
An other time to leaue to loue was beſt:
Some other while affection bare the ſway:
Was neuer man belowe the ſtarrie ſkie,
So loth to liue, and yet ſo woe to die.

For why? in life he found himſelf a thrall,
Vnable aye to compaſſe his delight:
And yet by death there was no hope at all,
For then he was aſturde to looſe her quight:
So neither life nor death might eaſe his minde,
That by the Gods was thus to loue aſſignde.

VVhilt thus Naſtagio fought his owne decay,
By liquorous luſt, his friendes and neareſt kinne
Perceiuing how his wealth did waſt away,
And that his bodie pinde and waxed thinne:
Did diuers times their friendly counfell giue,
That from Rauenna he abroade ſhould liue.

For change of place perhaps wold purchaſe helth
And abſence cauſe his fooliſh fancieſ weare:

They did not leaue to tell him how his wealth
 And all things els confumde, and melted there :
 But ſcornfull he did ſcoffe their good aduife,
 And had their graueſt wordes in ſlender price.
*As louers wont, who fancie nothing leſſe
 Than ſpeeches tending all to their awaile :
 Not much vnlike the lame, for whoſe redreſſe,
 When counſell commes, they lightlie turne their taile,
 Loathing to lend an eare to holſome lore,
 Of ſuch as ſeeke to ſalue their lingring ſore.*

Yet they like friends would neuer blin or flint,
 To ſhew him meanes to better his eſtate :
 Whereby, *As often drops do pearce the flint,*
 So they at length by many ſpeeches, gate
 His free conſent to trauell for a ſpace,
 To trie what chaunce would hap by change of place.

Judge you that loue, and can diſcerne a right,
 How great annoy departure bredde in minde
 To him that loude a paſſing proper wight :
 (Though not beloved) and now muſt leaue behinde
 The idoll that was ſhrinde within his breſt
 Whoſe riſe remembrance lowde him little reſt.

But yet away for promiſe fake he would,
 All needfull things were ready for the fame,
 Both cates and coyne, with plate of beaten gold :
 And for his better comfort, kinſmen came,
 Who ioyed to ſee him part away from thence,
 Where ſhe abode that cauſd his lewde expence.

To forraine coast Naftagio now was bent,
 But not refolude what fpeciall place to fee,
 Eyther Flaunders, France, or Spain, I thinke he ment
 For that thofe feates of ciuile nature be:
 To make it fhort, hee tooke his horfe in poaft,
 And fo departs the foyle he fancied moft.

They had not trauailde farre, before they came
 Vnto a place, that from Rauenna flood
 Three miles or thereabout, the village name
 Was Claffye, there Naftagio thought it good
 To make aboade for eafe and folace fake,
 Wherefore he pight his tent, and thus befpoke.

I thank you (friends quoth hee) with all my hart,
 I hold myfelfe indebted for your paine,
 Now here you may (if fo you lift) depart,
 And to Rauenna fhape returne againe:
 For I and mine will refpite here a fpace,
 I like the feate, and fancie well the place.

Here doe I meane to make affured ftay,
 Vntill the rufull Gods doe eafe my woe,
 And Cupide chafe my forowes cleane away,
 I purpofe not a foote from hence to goe:
 Lo here I pledge my faith to come no more
 Vnto the foyle where I receiude my fore.

Which promife, if I hold, you haue your willes,
 Who gaue aduife and counfell to the fame:
 There reftes no more, your penfiue friend fulfilis
 A heauie charge, to flee fo faire a Dame,

As to my doome, there are not many moe,
To match with her, whose beautie breedes my woe.

But well content I am, at your request
To liue exile, in manner as you see,
I will no more procure mine owne vnrest,
By louing her that loathes to pitie me:
And hauing thus at full declarde his minde,
They tooke their leaues, he paufde and ftaid b[eh]inde

Thus he at plasure lodgde, did banket more,
And led his life at greater libertie
Than in Rauenna he had done of yore:
Hee did exceede for courtly iolitie,
There wanted no delight that youth doth craue,
Which he for coyne or any cost might haue.

And whylom, as his auncient custome was,
For diuers of his friendes he vsde to fend,
In gladfome ioyes the wearie day to passe:
Whereby no loue care might his ease offend:
Was neuer wight that loude in greater glee,
Nor spent his time in brauer fort than hee.

When May, with motly robes began his raigne,
(A lustie time for euery louing lad)
Nastagio pondering in his busie braine,
The slender hyre that he receiued had,
And foule repulse for all his good defart,
Gan walke abroad, and wild his groomes to part.

Whereby he might the better call to thought,
The causelesse rigour of the cruell Dame:

Whofe fmal regard his former fpoil had wrought
 And turnde his torments into pleafaunt game:
 Along he paced into a gladfome groue,
 Whilft in his head ten thoufand fancies flroue.

There ftalkte he on, as foft as foote could tread,
 In deepe difcourfe of beautie and difdaine,
 Vntill himfelfe a mile or more he lead
 Into the Coppysfe, not hauing any traine:
 So long he ftaide, as dinner time drew neare,
 Which he forgot, not minding bellye cheare.

Loe fee the hap, that him did there betide,
 Within a while he heard a dolefull noyfe,
 Of one that in the groue full shrilly cryde,
 Who feemde to be a virgin by her voyce:
 The fodayne feare fo much amazde the man,
 As freight to leauc his pleafant thoughtes he gan,

Vplifted he his head, and glewde aboute
 To fee what woofull wight it was, and why
 She fo exclamde, and made fuch fodaine fhoute:
 And as alongft the lawnde he kept his eye,
 A naked Nympe well fhapte in euery lym,
 With fpeedie pace, he fawe come towards him.

Retcheleffe fhe ran through thicke and thin amayn,
 Bebrutht with bryers her broofed body bled,
 The brambles fkirmifhte had with euery vayne,
 Vntruff her haire hoong rounde about her head:
 And euer as fhe ranne athwarte the wood,
 Mercy fhe cryde with open mouth a good.

Two monftrous maftyues eke he fawe that ran
 Clofe by her fide, two vgly enres they were,
 Who euer as they onertooke her, gan
 Her haunches with their greedie teeth to teare:
 To view (alas) it was a wofull fight,
 Such hungrie houndes on naked flefh to light.

He lookte a little more afcance, and vewde
 One riding fafte, as jenats legges could goe,
 A hydeous knight, to feeming fwarthie hewde,
 And (as appearde) he was the maydens foe:
 For in his hande a naked fworde he had,
 Whofe face was grimme, and he in blacke yclad.

Who gallopt on, and glewde with fell regard,
 Pronouncing threates and termes of hie difdaine,
 With cruell tooles for murther well preparede:
 And cryde fo loude Naftagio heard it plaine,
 That he reuenge of her by death would take,
 With other thundring words which thoe he fpake.

Thus for an houre fpace, or thereabout,
 In one felfe brake Naftagio mazed floode
 Perplexed fore, and greatly in a doubt,
 Beholding howe the dogges athwarte the wood,
 Did chace the wench, and how the wrathful knight
 With gaffly looke purfewde this fillie wight.

So long he gazde, that pitie grew in fine,
 And fwelling yre incenft his manly brest,
 Pricking him on, and making him repine,
 To fee a fillie dame fo fore diftreffe:

So as vnlesse he rescued hir from foes,
She was assurde eftfoone her life to lose.

But bootlesse twas to meane to helpe the mayde,
Not hauing weapons fit, nor sworde, nor launce,
But yet, bicause the case required ayde,
He raught a truncheon from a pyne by chaunce,
And therewithall against the armed knight
And both his cures he made with all his might.

The horsfeman when he sawe Naftagio bent
For her supplie, whom he would reauce of life:
Exclande alowde, withstande not mine intent
Naftagio, finte and breede no further stryfe,
Forgoe thy force, let mastiues haue their will.
Sith they and I this monster meane to kill.

He fearfly spaké the worde, but by and by
The egre cures vnto her flankes they flew,
And with her blood that ran abundantly,
Their monstrous mouths they haftned to imbrew:
Withall the knight dismounted from his steede,
And in he ranne his hungrie dogges to feede.

Naftagio seeing this, approcht the knight,
I muse (quoth he) how thou shouldst know my name
Who neuer earst, eche other sawe with fight,
But this assure thy selfe, it is a shame,
A man at armes his honour to distaine,
With conquest of a mayde so fowly slaine.

A blouddie facte, a simple wenche to kill
With cruell sworde, whose force consistes in flight:

A beastly parte, such maftiues mawes to fill,
 With gillteffe bloud, a villaines nature right.
 Thou dealfte with her, as though ſhe were a beaſte
 In foreſt bredde, not taſting womens breaſt.

Aſſure thy ſelfe as much as lyeth in me,
 I meane to garde her, maugre all thy might,
 I compte her cleare without offence to be,
 She is vnlike to be a guiltie wight:
 I may not brooke ſuch wrong in any wife,
 Agaiſt my kinde and honour fore it lies.

Wherto the knight to this effect replyde:
 Naſtagio would thou wiſt and knewſt it well,
 That I to thee am verie neere allyde,
 Both borne and bred where thou and thynce do dwell:
 My firſt deſcent I tooke of noble race,
 Thou knoweſt my ſtocke. Now liſten to my caſe.

I lyued when thou wert but of tender age,
 A mortall man, and hight Sir Guye by name,
 My lucke was ſuch as fanſie made me rage,
 And fall in liking with this ſtately dame,
 Whom here thou ſeeſt, my loue was nothing leſſe
 Than that which doth thy yeelding heart poſſeſſe.

I likte her well, I helde her verie deare:
 But cruell ſhe fo tygrelyke requites
 My great good will with ſuch a ſkornfull cheare,
 As lacke of ruthe berefte me my delightes:
 Deſpaire fo grewe within my hapleſſe breaſt,
 As on a time to compaſſe greater reſt,

TRAGICALL TALES.

This fauchion fell, in deepe despite I drewe,
 To flinte my woes which neuer would aflake,
 And with the fame my felfe I fowly flewe,
 In hope thereby an ende of bale to make:
 Which wicked deede the Gods detefted fo,
 As I was iudge to hollow hell to go.

And there affignde by rightfull doome diuine,
 For fhortning of my life to liue in payne,
 Where lingring griefes fhould make my ghoft to pine,
 For life mifpent, the fitteft hire and gayne:
 With Pluto thus it was my lot to ftay,
 Woe worth the time that I my felfe did flaye.

But liften on, within a little fpace,
 This haughtie dame that haftned on my death,
 For yeelding me fuch flender hire and grace,
 Who thought it none offence to ftoppe my breath,
 Likewife did dye, whome mightie Ioue and iufte,
 For her defarte, among the Furies thruft.

To quit her fhame, in hell ſhe had a fhare,
 With diueliſh impes, that whilom wanted grace:
 And after that ſhe had remayned thare,
 And plungde her limmes in frozen pittes a fpace,
 She was aduanfte vp to the earth againe,
 And I with her to breede eche others payne.

Loe thus the Gods did will it for to bee,
Whofe ſentence may at no time be vndone.
 That ſhe in poaſte (as thou thy felfe doeſt ſee)
 All bare of roabes before theſe dogs ſhould ronne,

And I on horsebacke after her should goe,
Not as a friende, but like a mortall foe.

And looke howe ofte I reachte her on the way,
So oft I should difmember all her corse,
With felse fame sworde that did his maister slay,
She giuing cause, though I did vse the force:
And butcherlike to rippe her downe the raynes,
Who for good will, allowde me bitter paines.

And hauing cut her carkasse quite in twayne,
That I should crushe the heart as colde as stone,
Not sparing to dispoyle eche little vayne,
Eche tender corde and string that grewe theron:
And take those other inwarde partes, to feede
My hungrie dogs, to ferue their present neede.

This heauie doome was by the Gods afflignde
The cruell dame, for wanting dewe regarde:
She is assurde no greater ease to finde,
This torment is for her outrage preparte:
These cures and I in order as you see,
Appoynted are her daily scourge to be.

And in this felse fame groue where now we goe,
Eache Friday neere about this tyme of day,
This wicked wenche bewayles her wretched woe,
And I with helpe of cures my part do play.
The mastiues they doe chace her thwarte the wood,
And I imbrew my weapon with her blood.

Ech place where she hath wroth my wo ere this,
And yelded griefe in guerdon of good will,

Vnto her plague that place appointed is,
 There muſt I her with bloudie weapon kill:
 And marke how many monthes I ſpent in loue,
 So many yeeres muſt ſhe this penance proue.

Wherefore doe let me put the ſame in vre,
 Which ſhe deſerues, and loue did giue in charge,
 Let her for former pride ſuch paines endure,
 As ſhe may ſmarte, and I my ſelfe diſcharge:
 In any wiſe take not her cauſe in hande.

In vaine it were for man with God to ſiande.

Naſtagio hauing hearde the tale he tolde,
 And waying well the earneſt words he ſpake,
 Although he were a ventrous wight and bolde,
 Yet gan his trembling limmes with fear to quake:
 He had not tho a haire but ſtoode vpright,
 Wherwith he ſtarte abacke as one afright.

And gazde vpon the girle in woful caſe,
 Marking the rigour that the knight would vſe
 And practiſe thereupon the wench in place,
 Who was to bide his force, and might not chuſe:
 His harte it bled within his breaſt to vewe,
 Howe tho the knight to diueliſh cholere grewe.

For when he had his tedious proceſſe donne,
 Full lyke a bedlym beaſt in forrett bred,
 He gan vpon the filly wretche to ronne,
 Who to eſcape, before the maſtiues fled:
 With naked ſworde he preaſt to do the deed,
 And came behinde, full cowardlyke to ſpeede.

Bootlesse it was for her away to flye:
 The jenate was too good for her of foote,
 And more than that, the tyrant was so nye,
 As to appeale for pitie was no boote:
 Wherefore with faint, forseebled as she was,
 With bowing knee she fell vpon the graffe.

The greedie houndes eftsoone began to bite,
 Seazing vpon her carkas with their iawes:
 With that comes in the gastly sweating knight,
 Who thrust her through, and made no longer pawfe:
 Streight down she went, with bloody brest to ground
 Vnable to sustayne so great a wounde.

Then backe he put his hand behinde his hippes,
 And drewe a shoulder knife of purpose made,
 Wherwith the beast the bukiet bone vnrippes,
 As is the bluddie butchers common trade:
 And out he hewde the lately leaping harte,
 Whereof eche wayling waffre had a parte.

They quickly cleopto by vp, and made dispatche,
 As carrion curres and rauening whelpes do vse,
 That every filthy morrell hightly hatche,
 And being ripe with famine, nought refuse:
 As soone as this was doone, the virgin rose,
 And was on fone, and so she seawards goes.

As though there had beene no such matter past,
 And by her side the waffres round a wayne,
 The knight he returned on his horse in haste,
 Not sparing spares, and out he drew agayne

The dreadfull fworde, as he had done of yore:
 Within a while Naftagio fawe no more.

They vanifht foone as thofe that went apace,
 On neither fide was flackneffe to be founde.
 The mayde fhe mounted, being had in chace,
 Life made her leape, euen as the Hare doth bound:
 The hungrie dogs, that hunger ftarued weare,
 Layde on as faft her flefhye flankes to teare.

The ruftie knight he gaue his horfe the rayne,
 And followde harde, as men for wager ronne,
 Vpon defire to plague the wenche againe,
 Who earft to him fo great a wrong had donne:
 Thus famine, feare, and fell reuenging minde,
 Made maftiues, maid, and knight their legs to finde.

Naftagio hauing feene this pageant plaide,
 Stoode ftill in parte to pittie movd withall,
 In part with ftrangeneffe of the fight difmaide,
 Began to ponder with himfelfe, and call
 To minde afrefh, how that the knight had told,
 Ech fryday that he might the like behold.

Which fitted well he thought for his intent.
 It might perhaps turne him in time to good:
 Wherefore he markt the place, and home he went,
 Leauing a figne vndoubted where he ftood,
 Till time he were difpozde to put in vre,
 That newe deuife, his quiet to procure.

Retirde vnto his tent, his man he fendes
 Vnto Rauenna, out of hand to will

His neareſt kin, and beſt beloued friends
 To viſite him in prooſe of their good will:
 Who being bid, came poſting ſtreight away,
 To whom Naſtagio thus began to ſay:
 Mine auncient friends, you counſeld me of yore
 To ſhun the ſhamefull loue, that whylom I
 Beſtowde on her, that me tormented fore,
 And plagude me ſo as I was like to die:
 You warned mee to flie my pleaſant foe,
 Within whoſe breſt no tender ruth might grow.

And more than that, you friendly did aduiſe
 That I ſhould part my countrey, to auoide
 My monſtrous charge, that dailie did ariſe
 And mount ſo hie as I was much anyoide.
 Now friendes, the wiſhed time is come, for I
 Am readie here vnto your heſt to plie.

I yeeld you heartie thanks in humble fort,
 In great good part your holfome reade I take:
 I craue no more, but that you will reſort
 Vnto my lodge on Friday next, to make
 Good cheere, bring Paule Trauerfar then along,
 And eke his wife, or els you do me wrong.

In any wife let not the Matron leaue
 That daintie peate her daughter deare behind,
 I meane in friendly manner to receiue
 My friendes as then: ſuch fare as you ſhall find,
 Accept in gree, faile not to come, I pray,
 And bring with you theſe parties at the day.

TRAGICALL TALES.

So many as were present there in view,
 Both gaue him thanks, and promise not to faile
 Themselues to come, and bid the residue,
 Which they performde, the fute did soon preuaile
 With all the gnestes, saue with that rockie maide,
 Who scorn'd his feast, and gladly would haue staid.

But yet at length with much ado she went,
 The presence of her parents led her on,
 Who being come vnto Naftagios tent,
 With courtly grace he greeted euerie one,
 Reioycing there to see so braue a traine,
 But her chiefe, that bred him all his paine.

Iust vnderneath a very statelie Pine,
 That shadowed all the troupe in compasse round,
 The table stood, where all these states should dine:
 To tell you truth, it was the selfe same grounde,
 Where earst the knight had had the maid in chace:
 The feaster prayde eche one to take his place.

And so they did, regarding their estate
 That worthie were the highest roome to holde:
 The fourme was fraught, vpon the bench there sat
 Euphymia, so as shee must needs behold
 From first to last all thinges that fortune tho,
 There was no shift, Naftagio meant it fo.

I leaue to descant of their daintie fare,
 (*Set bankets made by courtiers lacke no cates,*)
 We may presume the seruice there was rare,
 Because the board was viron'd round with states:

So much the more becaufe his mistresse came,
Whom he had found so coy and queint a dame.

When second course was seruede in order rowne:
Euen then the bloodie Tragedie began:
The Sewer fet the meate no sooner downe,
But by and by was heard of euery man,
A yelling noife that echode in the skies,
The wofulft found that man might well deuife.

Whereat ech one that fate at meate did muze,
Demaunding who that wretched wight should bee,
And asking what should meane that fodain newes,
They heard a voyce, but coulde no creature see:
They vaunft themfelues, and stood mee bolt vpright,
Because they would the sooner haue the fight.

Within a while, ech one might plainly viewe
A naked Nymph with mastiues by her side,
And eke an vgly knight that did pursue,
And posting on a Croyden jenate ride:
It was not long before they proched neere
The place, where as was held this royall cheere.

Wherein among the gazing gnefts she flew,
Exclaiming there for ruth with open armes:
With that regrete and tender pitie grew
Within their breastes, to rescue her from harmes:
To whom the knight cryde, let alone the maid,
Reciting that which he before had said.

He shewde at large, both who the partie was,
And did vnfolde the cause of all her woe,

And why the fentence of the Gods did paffe
 In cruell fort vpon the mayden fo:
 Which proceffe made them muze and marueile much,
 So as none durft the knight or cures to touch.

Then he behavde him as he did of yore,
 Slaſhing the Lady with his fauchion fell.
 The dogs receivde their pittance as before:
 Who fed vpon the heart, and likte it well:
 As many men and women as did view
 This wofull fight, and both the parties knew.

And eke the houſes whence they did defcende,
 And wiſt the cauſe of all this curſed caſe,
 Both how ſir Guye for faithfull loue was ſhend,
 And how the cruell maiden wanted grace:
 With one conſenting minde lamented fo,
 As out braſt teares in witneſſe of their woe.

When that the knight had vſde the matter thus
 In blooddie fort, as you haue heard it told:
 Amongſt themſelues the feaſters gan diſcuſſe,
 And diuerſly debate from young to old,
 From firſt to laſt, what lately hapned there,
 Toucht all with dread, but moſt that dame did fear

Whom good Naſtagio lovde, and tendred much
 Becauſe ſhe thought within her guiltie minde,
 That her in chiefe this tragedie did touch,
 For foule diſdaine and being ſo vnkinde
 To him who for good will deſerued ruth,
 And could atchieue but ſerne for all his truth.

Then first of all reforted to her thought,
What rockie heart and brafen breaft the bare
The courteous knight, her loue that dearly bought,
And who for her had languisht long in care:
And hereupon as there thee fate in place,
Shee thought herself the wench that was in chafe.

Full fore she feard her flanks, and thought thee fawe
Her friende pursue her on his fretting steed,
And how he did his wrathful weapon draw
To take reuenge of that her curfed deed:
And meant besides his hungrie hounds to fill
With flesh of her, for want of due good will.

So passing was her dread, as then there grewe
A deepe desire within her mellow breaft,
Her louing friend in gentle wife to rewe:
Whereby her selfe might purchase quiet rest,
And scape the scourge and penance for her pride
Bestowde on him, who deepe in fanfie fride.

When finisht was this feaft and royall cheare,
And euery guest returned backe again
Vnto her home, Euphymia did appeare
Tormented fore, and vext with monstrous paine,
The sodaine feare of what shee saw of late,
Had planted in Loue, in place of former hate.

The silent time that others doe bestowe
From heauie cares and troubles of the day

To quiet sleepe did breed this Ladies woe,
 Who might not chafe those deepe conceites away :
 No wished winke could enter in her eye,
 Vnto her pillow fanfie fate fo nie.

When day drew on, and Phœbus with his waine
 Had cleard the pole, and darkneſſe put to flight,
 She felt a freſh ſupply of pleaſant paine,
 And wept the dayes as ſhee had watcht the night :
 Naſtagio ſtacke fo firmly in her breaſt,
 As for her life ſhee could not compaſſie reſt.

Wherefore ſhee calles a chamber maide of truſt,
 (A wittie wench, and one that knew her good)
 And told her that in all the haſt ſhee muſt
 Vnto Naſtagios tent in Claſſy wood:
 To let him wit, that if he would vouchſaue
 Her honeſt loue, he might his purpoſe haue,
 For ſhee was fully bent without delay
 To ſtoupe vnto his will, if fo it were
 His pleaſure, then with ſpeed to come away.
 The maid departs, and being entred where
 Naſtagio was, ſhee told her miſtreſſe minde
 From point to point, as dutie did her binde.

All haile (good fir) quoth ſhee, in luckie houre
 And bleſſed time I viewe thy louely face:
 Mine vnexpected comming to thy boure,
 And preaſſing here thus ouerbold in place,
 Is by my ioyfull newes to wright thy caſe.

Whose noble minde in loue hath melted long,
As to thy pains, so to thy open wrong.

Sufficieth now thy sad and solemne cheare,
Discharge those cankered cares that fret thy mynde,
Lay sorrow quite aside, which thou too deare
Hast bought, by means my Mistresse was vnkinde:
Plucke up thy spirites, hencefoorth be sure to finde,
As great good liking at my Ladies hand,
As thou wouldst wish, she means thy friend to stand.

And for a prooue of what I vtter now,
Loe the lines that flatly do vnfolde
Her yielding necke, that to thy yoke doth bowe,
With such good will as may not well be tolde,
So faire a friend is worth her weight in gold.
Thus much by mouth my mistresse wild me say,
The rest (I iudge) this paper will bewray.

The Ladies Letter of pittie

to her afflicted friend, to whom
she had been cruell.



S thou wilt muze to reade,
so I might blush to write
These lines of loue, who for good will
haue fed thee with despite:
And from the day when thou
becamst a thrall in loue,
Could neuer spare one sparke of grace
that was for thy behoue:

TRAGICALL TALES.

Till now, both cleane againſt
mine honour and mine vfe,
A Ladie, and a mayden both,
I fende thee termes of truce.
But liſten well vnto
the tale that I ſhall tell,
Ere raſhly thou my kindneſſe deeme,
and thinke I vſe thee well.

*For Lions ſeldome ſewe
vnto the ſillie ſheepe,
No porter to their captiues crouch,
whom they in chaines doe keepe:
Few Ladies of eſtate,
few Dames of hie degree,
Doe bow vnto their vaſſals willes,
as I doe now to thee.*

But knowe that though I write
the wordes of great good will:
Yet I regarde mine honour aye,
and keepe my countnance ſtill.
No luſt procurde my lynes,
my credite to impaire:
No fleſhie fitte my fancie forſt
to ſpeake Naſtagio faire.
But feeing how in feaſ
of forow and diſtreſſe,
Thy body bathide for loue of me:
I could not doe no leſſe,

But feeke to falue thy harmes,
 by pitying thine annoy,
 Who, to poffeffe my liked limmes,
 bereft thy felfe of ioy.
 I faw howe for my fake
 thou wafte hadft thy welth,
 And planting battrie to my fort,
 wert retchleffe of thy health:
 Deuifing how to raze
 the bulwarke of my brest,
 And feale the walles of my good will,
 whom thou didft fancie beft,
 I plainly did perceiue
 (*as Louers foone will fee,*)
 Howe thou forfookeft thy natie foyle,
 and all for loue of me:
 Quite careleffe of thy coyne,
 thy friendes and yeerely rents,
 Not forcing ftately builded bowres,
 nor gallant garifh tentes:
 Which when I flatly found,
 from fanfie to proceede,
 (Although thou thoughtft me ouerproud)
 I pitied thee in deede.
 Yea Ioue fhall be my iudge,
 when thou beganfte to feue,
 And in Rauenna wert inragde,
 and firft to liking grewe:

TRAGICALL TALES.

Thy courtly grace was fuch,
 fo comly was thy corfe,
 And all thy partes fo pleafde mine eyes.
 as I had had remorfe,
 And bended to thy bowe,
 faue that I dreaded guiles:
 My fearefull youth bid me beware,
 of mens miftrufffull wiles.
Who faine to frie in loue,
 and melt with fanfies flames:
When their deuife is only how
 by craft to compaffe dames.
 I reade in auncient bookes,
 how Iafon playde the Jew,
 And to the Queene that fawde his life,
 in fine was found vntrue:
 Not forcing her a figge,
 who for his fake forwent
 Both aged fyre, and tender babes,
 and crowne by due defcent.
 Againe I calde to minde
 how falfe Eneas fled,
 And left the curteous Carthage dame
 faft sleeping in her bed:
 Whofe bountie earft had bounde
 by det and due defart,
 When weatherbeaten he arrivde,
 this trayterous Troyans hart.

Then Thefeus came to thought,
 and pranking Paris eake :
 Who like vnfaithfull fickle men,
 their fworne vowes did breake.
 Fayre Oenons wofull writ
 can witneffe of the tone :
 Thother from Ariadna fled
 and left her poft alone.
 With fundrie futers mo,
 who being bound to loue,
 Saunce quarell good, or matter why,
 their likings did remoue :
 Renouncing to their flames,
 thofe Ladies, who did rewe
 Their bafe eftates, and did relieue
 the men they neuer knewe.
 Thefe partes procurde my pawfe,
 and wilde me to beware,
 Leaft I by giuing rafh consent
 to loue were trapt in fnare.
 My loue was like to thine,
 I fryde with egall fire,
But nature helps vs to conceale
the sparkes of our defire.
Kinde aydes vs to conuey
our fittes in finer wife :
For honours fake, than men, who ſheu
their fancies by their eyes,

Which if we Ladies did,
 Defame would ring her bell,
 And blaze out armes in colours bafe
 although we meant but well.
 You men like Marchants are
 that fet their wares to showe,
 Whereby to lure the lookers eyes
 that by your wyndowes goe,
 And fundrie times in steade
 of right and costly clothes,
 You vtter trash, and trifling stuffe,
 which euerie chapman lothes.
 But we like Goldsmithes deale,
 that forge their plate within:
 Whose hammers plie the anuil aye,
 and yet no working feen.
 No fmoke nor fmoother flies,
 for any to beholde,
 Vntill the rude vnperfite maffe
 be brought to burnisht golde.
 We worke, but all within,
 our hammers are not heard:
 We hotly loue, but keepe it clofe,
 for feare our match be marde.
*For who esteemes the mayde,
 or holdes the virgin pure:
 That stundes a iale for euerie guesi,
 and stoupes to euerie lure?*

Yea, be she maide or wife,
if once her lookes be light,
And that in fundrie futers tales
she place her deepe delight:
Downe is her credite cut
with hatchet of mishap,
Her honour hewde in peeces straight;
by meane of open lap.
 O Goddes, what grieffe were this
 vnto a noble minde?
 How would it vexe an honest Nymph,
 whose credite clearely shynde?
 For offer of good will,
 with meaning not amiffè:
 To beate the badge of Helen, or
 of Creside, for a kisse?
 Then ought not we (I pray)
 that noble maydens are,
 So guide our tender steppes of state,
 as vertue may preferre,
 And place vs in the ranke,
 that is for Ladies dewe?
 Should we lende light beliefe to loue?
 or euery futer rewe?
 So might we reape the crop
 of care, and foule defame:
 Where earst we neuer meant to sowe
 the sinfull feedes of flame.

TRAGICALL TALES.

I write not this of all
 that louing futers bee,
 Or in such fort, as though I thought
 the like deceit in thee,
 As earft in Iafon was,
 or in the wandring Prince,
 And fundrie other Lordings mo,
 that haue bene louers fince.

*One Swallow is no signe
 that Sommer time is come,
 No more muft all Cupidos knightes
 be caft because of some :
 Birdes are not plumde alike,
 yet all birdes in kinde :
 So men are men : but yet in fome
 more fickle partes we finde.*

I counte thee no such one
 as lightly will remoue :
 Thy lingring fute, my long delayes
 confirme thy faith in loue.
 Whom fith I finde fo firme
 and stedfaft in defire,
 As neither lowring lookes, nor lacke
 can make thee once retyre,
 Or folter in thy fayth,
 which thou haft vowde to me :
 Proceede in loue, but haft thee home,
 that I thy face may fee.

Plucke vp thy manly minde,
and sprites forſpent with woe:
Drie vp the deaw that from thine eyes
and drearie cheekes do flow:
Doe barbe that boyſterous beard:
that ouergrowes thy face:
Either cut, or kembe thy feltred lockes
to mende thy manly grace.
Put on thy golden gyte,
and former freſh aray:
Beſtride thine auncient ſtately ſteede
and quickly come away.
Backe to Rauenna ride,
euen there to purchaſe ioy,
Where thou ere this (the more my blame)
haſt liude in great anoy.
Forgo thy ſolemne walkes,
bandon Claſſie wood:
Leaue off to leade thy life in lawndes,
imbrace thy towniſh good.
Thou art no vowed Monke
in Cloyſter cloſe to dwell:
No Ancker thou enioynde with Beads,
to hyde in ſimple Cell.
But thou a comelie knight,
in field a Martial man:
And eke in time of peace, a wight
that rule Rauenna can.

Wherefore as I enforft
 thy bale and caufelesse care:
 And was the onely she that made
 thee mourne and languish there:
 So (good Naftagio) nowe
 let me reuoke thee thence:
 That hande that did the harme ere this
 nowe vse in thy defence.
 I shot, I must confesse,
 the dart that gaue the dynt,
 For which, lo here the bleffeful balme,
 thy deadly griefes to flint.
 Surceasse thy wofull plaintes,
 discharge thy darke dispaire:
 The golden beames of my remorse,
 shall cleare thy cloudy ayre.
 When angry frowning foes
 encounter in the fildes,
 With murdering mindes, the stronger slaies,
 when once the weaker yeeldes.
 Vp goes the wrathfull fworde
 into his sheath againe:
 The yeelding of the tone, doth cause
 that neuer a man is flaine.
 If weakest thus may winne
 by flouping to be strong,
 In combate fell for life and death:
 thou doest mee double wrong,

That hold in virgins hand,
thy bale and eke thy blisse,
And am thy Queene, and only ioy,
and frankly offer this:
If thou my kindnesse scorne,
and rather makste the choyce
To spill thy gallaunt prime in plants,
than with thy frendes reioyce.
Thou feest how I do sue,
to whom thou for suedst grace.
Sith I doe pitie thy distresse,
to hight thy dolefull case:
Dispatch without delay,
treade torments vnder foote,
That mirth within thy mourning minde
may take the deeper root.
The banquet latelie made,
where I beheld my cheere,
And marekte thy moode from point to point,
in whome did plaine appeare
A kinde and constant heart,
not bolstered vp with gyle:
Enflamde my liuer fo with loue,
as I was forst to fmyle.
And had by outward shewes,
bewraied thee my good will,
Saue that my mother present was
who markt my countenance still.

I fawe, when we approcht,
 the tent amid the wood :
 How all thy gueſts reioyft thee, but
 twas I that did thee good.
 My prefence bred delight,
 within thy blooming brest :
 And to diſſemble liking thou,
 didſt welcome all the reſt.
 I markt at table how
 thou ſilie caſt thine eie,
 On me aſkance, and caruedſt too
 my mother by and by :
 As who would ſay, behold
 the meate I meant to thee,
 I am enforſt to giue it here
 leaſt they my fanſie fee.
 And when I raught the wine,
 and dranke my thyrſt to quell,
 In ſelf fame peece how thou would pledge
 I yet remember well.
 I ſaw, when after meat
 wee parted home againe,
 How all thy former frolicke fit,
 was quickly changde to paine.
 My comming brought thee bliſſe,
 my parture made thee pine.
 My beautie for the time enflamde
 and heat that heart of thine.

I ſaw (what wilt thou more)
 my preference was thy life,
 And how mine abſence ſet thy wits
 at cruell warre and ſtrife.
 Then ſith thine eyes are bent
 to feed vpon my face,
 And that the want of my good will
 hath made thee runne this race:
 I rewe thee now at laſt,
 I pitie thy diſtreſſe,
 I yeeld that thou the caſtle of
 thy comfort now poſſeſſe.
 I am no Lions whelp,
 I ſuckte no Tigers teat,
 In ſpoyle of ſuch as ſewde for loue,
 delight I neuer ſet.
 I neuer pleaſure tooke,
 in forcing foe to death.
 Much leſſe my tender heart wil brooke
 to ſtoppe Naſtagios breath.
Time giues aſſurance good,
 of thine vnſained truſt:
Thou beaſt no treaſon in thy beaſt,
 thou haſt no lechers luſt.
 Whom ſithence I haue tride
 in loue ſo perfect true:
 To quit thy faith, I am thy friend,
 reſeruing honour due.

If marriage loue thou meane,
 then franke consent I giue,
 To yeeld thee vp Dianas bowe,
 and loue thee whilst I liue.
 In Iunos ioyfull yoke,
 to ioyne and draw with thee:
 It likes me well, there refs no more
 but that my friends agree.
 Small fute shal ferue the turne,
 for if they doe not yeeld:
 Then I my selfe enright thee with
 the conquest of the fiede:
 My selfe do keepe the key,
 where lies the iewell, which
 Is thy delight, and onely ioy
 whom thou desirest so much.
 But no mistrust I haue,
 thy motions are so good:
 Thy flocke, and state, so noble, as
 thou shalt not be withstood.
 Wherefore (O makelesse man)
 set all delayes aside,
 Thy Ladie loues, and is content
 to be thy bounden bride.
 Retire, thou retchlesse wight,
 whose lingring woundeth twaine:
 Two noble hearts shall thinke them blest
 when thou returne againe.

These wordes I wrote in bed,
 where oft I wisht for thee :
 Mine honour bids me pawfe at that,
 as yet it must not be.
 Farewell, with Nestors yeeres,
 God fende thee happie daies :
 Remember, thou that louing mindes
 can broke no long delaies.
 Alas, for thee I die
 ten thousand times a day :
 My fits be fierce, my grieffe is great,
 wherefore dispatch away.
 I wish thee Dædals wings,
 or Perfeus praunfing steed,
 Or els the cart that Phæton rulde,
 but better farre to speed.
 In heart I am thy wife,
 if that content thy will :
 Once more adeu, thy lingring long,
 thy faithfull friend will spill,

Thy long beloued in

RAVENNA,

EVPHYMIA.

Guerra el mio stato, dira, e di duol piena.

Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango.



FTSOONE replyde the knight, with friendly
face,
With gladfome heart, and trembling tong
for ioye :
Faire Nymph (quoth he) thy comming to
this place

Delights me much, and quits my great annoy.

The thing, whereto thou faist I shall aspire,
Is that which long Naftagio did desire.

Thy message likes my minde exceeding well,
And sith thy Ladie deales so friendly now
With me her thrall, forget not thou to tell,
That by the Gods I make a solemne vow,
Not to abuse her honour or defile
Her noble name by any wanton wile.

My purpose is, in good and godly fort,
To take her to my lawfull wedded wife,
And so vnto the Lady make report,
I sweare my selfe her husband during life :
Doe giue my Loue this Amathiste from mee,
As pledge that I ere long with her will bee.

And for thy paines, loe here a slender summe,
But better this, than no reward at all:
I meane to friende thee more in time to come,
Farewell (faire sweete) accept my guerdon small.

The maid had money, thanks, and leaue to part,
Whose anfwere made her Ladie light of heart.

And thereupon withouten longer stay,
Vnto her friendes fhee brake her whole intent,
As touching marriage, and withall did pray
With willing mindes that they would giue consent,
Vnfolding her affection to the man,
And how in heart that onely courfe she ran.

The aged parents of this willing wight,
Perceiuing how their daughters minde was fet,
And knowing eke the fanfie of the knight,
Triumpht for ioy, and thought it finne to let
Such honest loue, or hinder marriage bande.
The fhort is this, they wedded out of hand.

A marriage day no fooner gone and pafte,
There were not in Rauenna man or wife,
If you had fitted all from firft to laft,
In greater glee that wafted all their life:
She fhewde her felfe not halfe fo hard before,
But being matcht, she loude him ten times more.

And not alone this one good turne befell
Naftagio, through this fodaine forced feare,
But diuers moe, that there about did dwell,
Bepitied thofe that louing hearts did beare:
And fuch as for good will had rigour showen,
No more for foes, but louers would be knowen.

The Leucioy.



THrice happie those I deeme about the rest,
 That ground good will, and fixe affection so,
 As in the end it fall out for the best,
 Not broken off by fortune, nor by foe:
Seedes wisely sowen will prosper well and growe.
But wherc advise and wholsome counsel wants,
Trees may not proue, they perish in the plants.

Who makes his choice to loue in tender age,
 And seornes the skill of such as time hath taught,
 And headlong runnes at riot in his rage,
 Is like the birde in net by fowler caught,
 Bringing himselfe and all his wealth to naught:
It cannot be but such as counsell scorne,
Must needes at length be vtterly forlorne.

The sicke that loathes to listen to his cure,
And scekes no meane his maladic to cease,
To die the death, for lacke of helpe is sure.
The carelesse man is full of wretchednesse :
So raging loue brings balefull end, vnlesse
The patient plie, and lend a bending eare,
Vnto his friend, that willes to forbear.

Which seldome when in frantike youth is found,
In case of louc where pleasure strikes the stroke,
They hate the plaister that should heale the wound,
 And like the beast runne willing to the yoke,
 That with his straightnesse sundrie times doth choke.

The least anoy that fraile desires bestow,
Is wracke of wealth, if quite the carcasse goe :

Yea diuers times goodes, life, and al decayes,
Through foolish luste, and wanton witlesse wil:
So many be the driftes and double waies:
That craftie dames doe put in practise still,
As some they sottie, and other some thay kill.
They little force, how raging louers rewe,
So they themselues in peace the pageant uewe!

Not much vnlike the wilie witted boy
That tiles his trappe to take the subtile foxe,
Who clappes his handes, and makes the greatest ioy,
When he perceiues false Reynard in the stockes,
And for his labour giues ten thousand mockes:
*So craftie Dames contended are to lure
Men on to loue, but seorne them being sure.*

Their pranking beauties pricke them on to pride,
Their feitured limmes bedeckt with natures die:
Makes them followe rigour for their guide,
And ouerlookes their friendes with haughtie eye,
Who for their loues are euen at point to die:
Without regarde of spoyle, or of expene,
Deeming them selues quite cleare of all offence.

As in this proesse plaine is set to vewe,
Wherein a heauie mistresse playde her parte,
Right weill contente to let Nastagio rewe,
And for good will to reape disdain and smarte,
That loude her from the bottome of his hearte:

Who though he were ritche, and noble by descent,
Yet might not make her marble minde relent.

By lingring loue she made his monie mealte,
As waxe doth weare against the flaming fire:
Through her disdaine outragiously he dealt,
Wasting his wealth to compasse fond desire,
A great deale more than reason did require:
She was the cause, for had not fancie bene,
He would more neere vnto his profite seene.

*But womens beauties bleare the clearest eyes,
Their feeble force makes weake the wisest wittes,
Their limber chaines the sturdie Champion ties,
The grauest sage is thrall to louing fitts,
The rockiest brest with bolt Cupido hittes:
And who so thinkes to scape most cleare away,
Is soonest caught, and makes the longest stay.*

I coulde accompte Cupido for a God
When I respect his puissance and his might,
If in his shaftes he were not found so odde,
But would in case of liking deale aright,
And force faire dames their louers to requite.
*But commonly when men in fancie burne,
Then womens hartes are most vnapt to turne.*

When man doth rage, his Ladie lies at rest,
When he laments, she liues at quiet ease,
She coldely loues, when he doth fancie best,
And when she powtes, yet he must seeke to please,
And make faire wether in the roughest seas:

Yea, and perhaps, at last when all is done,
As farre to seeke as when he first begonne.

As proues this noble man who hauing spent
No slender summes in seruice of his loue,
And barde himselfe, by racking of his rent:
Yet could by no desert good lyking moue,
In ruthlesse brest no pitties plantes might proue,
Till feare of harmes her late repentance wrought,
She could to clothe by no deuise be brought:

But when in fine this bloody broile she sawe,
And plainly vewde, amid the open groue
The Ladies plagues, then was she pincht with awe
Of like successe: then little Cupide stroue
Within her bulke, because that she had woue
The web that wrought Nastagio all his woe:
And thereupon she lefte to be his foe.

Then fell she flatte to fansie out of hande,
Than sent she messege to bewray her mynde,
Then did she let Nastagio vnderstande,
How that she meant no more to be vkinde,
But willing was her selfe in matche to binde:
*Whereby we see that sundry things are done,
By force of feare, which wit had neuer wonne*

*But sure good will of feare that takes his grounde,
But badly proues, a fancie forst in harte
Full lightly fades, and seldome when is sounde,
With euery heate tis ready to departe,
It doth resemble colours made by arte.*

*The franke consent in loue, tis euer best,
Whom mecre affection breedes in yeelding brest.*

Faire Ladies, beare with what I vtter here,
Concerning women, and their deepe disgrace.
I gyrd the coye, I leaue the courteous cleare,
And this I say: *Who faunes vpon the face
Of any dame, and reapes a scornefull grace:
Were she as braue as Paris Ladic was,
For louing so he proues himselfe an Asse.*

*Who serues a sot, and bowes at eucry becke,
Without the guerdon that to loue is dewe,
And playes his game at chesse to gayne a checke,
Deserues the mate that doth the checke ensewe,
Because he scornes his mischiefe to eschewe:
And she that hath a perfite friend to trust,
Deserues a plague, if she be found vniust.*

You stately Dames, that peacocklyke do pace,
Through pride abusing such as are your thralls,
Enforcing them for lacke of better grace,
Vnto their bane, which sundrie times befallles,
Not finding salue to cure their griefull galles:
Euphymias plagues imprinte in heedefull mynde,
And looke for like, if you be found vnkynde.

Ama chi tana.

*Minor pana Tantall ne linferno
Pate, che chi di donna sta al gouerno.*

*The Argument to the second
Hystorie.*



NICOCRATES a cruell tyrant, slewe
Sir Fædimus, who had vnto his wife
One Aretafila, of gallant hewe,
And after, (hauing reft the husbands life)
Did wedde this dame who though were made
a queene
Might not forget the murther she had seene.

No loue deuise, no iewels fet from farre,
Could so reclaime this noble Ladies minde,
But that she would aduenture him to marre,
Who slew her knight, whcreat she so repinde:
By poisoned drinke she meant to do the deede,
But that was found, it might not well succcede.

The tyrants mother Caluia, tygreleeke,
Procurde her plagues, and torments diuersly,
For that the Queene to slay her sonne did seeke,
But wisely she did slacke this crueltie:
And made him thinke her sirupe was to proue,
Where she might force in him a greater loue.

Which shift allowed, she more in credit grew,
The king forgaue, but she could not forget,
But once againe deuise a drifte anewe,
Which as she thought, might lightly haue no let.
The king a brother had, a wilfull wight,
Bente all to louc, and he Leander hight.

This Ladie bare by Fedimus of yore,
 A daughter faire, whom she by practise sought,
 To couple with Leander euermore,
 Which macht at length with much ado was wroght,
 Then all the mothers skil, and daughters drifte,
 Was by this youth, the king from crown to lifte.

By day the Queen the daughter did perswade,
 The wife by night did play her part so well,
 As in a while these two Leander made
 To vndertake to rid this tyrant fell:
 No dew regard of bloud, no care of kinde,
 Could stay the fact, this princoxe was so blinde.

The king was slaine by cruell brothers hande,
 The realme releast of such bloudie foe,
 Leander then did gouerne all the lande,
 The hope was great that matters wel should goe:
 But when this youth had once atchiude the state,
 He scornde the Queene, and al her friends forgate.

Puft vp with princely pride, he wore the crown,
 And lawlesse liude, so neare his brothers trade,
 As needefull was to seeke to put him downe:
 And thereupon the Queene this practise made,
 She hirde for coyne a noble man at armes,
 To slay her sonne, to salue her countries harmes.

This warlike Captaine came from Libie lande,
 Who tooke by force this tyrant coward king,
 And gaue him vp into his mothers hande:
 A Noble dame that compast twice to bring
 Her realme to reste, and rigour to subdewe.
Lo here the summe, the processe doth ensewe.



WITHIN Cyrene earth
 there dwelling was a Dame
 Namde Aretafila, of birthe
 and noble bloud she came,
 Elator was her Syre,
 a man of great renowme:
 Sir Fædimus her husband hight,
 the chiefe in all the towne
 For noble minde and wealth:
 this Ladie was so well
 With bewtie dighte, as she the reste,
 not onely did excell .
 For feature of her face,
 that was full fayre to looke,
 But eke for graue Mineruas giftes,
 and cunning in her booke:
 Her sacred giftes were great,
 her wifdome was as rare,
 As was her face, for fewe with her
 in learning might compare.
 What time this Ladie liude,
 a tyrant fierce and fell,
 Nicocrates, possesst the lande
 where did this matron dwell.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Who many of the men
 that in the Citie were,
 Did do to fowle and shamefull death,
 he kept them all in feare.
 They wist not what to doe:
 Apollos priest he flewe,
 His handes he nothing flucke with bloud
 of prophets to imbrue:
 Whom shame, and sinne it was
 with rigour to entreate,
 Respecting what their office was,
 and why they kept the feate.
 At length this cruell king
 thus hauing fundrie flaine,
 To trap Sir Fædimus in snare
 did beate his wilie brayne,
 And neuer gaue it off,
 till he had wrought his will:
 He thirsted for his bloud, whom he
 without offence did kill.
 And after husbands death,
 this noble dame did wedde:
 Who had as leuer lost her life,
 as layne in tyrants bedde.
 But force did take effect,
 to striue it booted nought,
 (For tyrant lust doth stande for lawe)
 to yeelde it best she thought.

So monſtrouſly his minde
too bloudie deedes was bent,
As fauing death without deferte
might nothing him content.
And looke as many as
he forced fo to die,
Hee cauſed to be carried out,
without the walles to lie,
Amid the open fieldes,
that they might neuer haue
The reuerence to corſes due,
nor honour of the graue.
His Subiects when they ſawe
him bath him ſo in blood,
And that to ſlay the gilltleſſe wight
it did this monſter good.
Some, to auoide his handes,
did make in wife they were
Quite voide of life, to the ende they might
be borne on the beare,
And carried to the fieldes,
where dead did uſe to lie,
They thought them bleſt that by this wile
could bleare the Princes eie.
At length this ſubtile ſhift,
the cruell king perceiude,
And ſaw how to eſcape his ſcourge,
they had him long deceyude :

TRAGICALL TALES.

To worke a furer way,
at euery gate there was
Appointed one, with charge to looke
that no man there might paffe,
In colour of the dead,
who cause he did not trust
The bearers with his naked fworde
the bodies vfde to thrust
Through coffin where they lay,
to make the matter fure:
This great outrage of his, the Queene
no longer could endure,
But verie much mislikte
these Tyrants trickes, and had
Compaffion of her natiue foyle,
and would be very glad
With hazard of her life
to rid this monfter quight,
For hatred which fhee bare to him
that murthred fo the knight
Whom fhee full dearely loude:
and albeit the king
Made very great account of her,
yet did fhee minde the thing
Which fhee conceuide before
and purpofde in her breaft,
And till fhee had atchieude the fame,
could neuer liue at reft.

And though the Prince his power
 this dayly greater grewe,
Had bred the Subiects to difpayre
 their freedome to renewe,
Or euer fafe to liue
 within their natiue land,
Where fuch a cruell king did holde
 the fcepter in his hand:
Yet did this noble dame
 conceiue a greater truft,
To finde a time to worke her feate,
 which eyther doe fhee muft
And fo at freedome fet
 her countrie men againe,
And venge her louing hufbands death,
 or let them all be flaine,
As hee, good knight, had beene.
 To pricke her on the more,
Shee cald to minde the practife of
 a Theban dame before,
That wife Færæa hight:
 for doing of the which,
The valiant women wan renowme,
 and was commended much.
Whom fhee had great defire
 to follow in this deede:
But when fhee faw for lack of aide
 and helping hands at need,

TRAGICALL TALES.

(Which tho the Theban had,)
 shee could not doe the leeke:
 Shee meant to doe it with a thing
 that was not farre to feeke.
 Deuifing by a drinke,
 to rid the Tyrants life,
 Who flue her husband by deceite
 and forst her to his wife.
 A poyfon shee preparte,
 whereby as I fhall tell,
 In prefent perill of her life
 this ventrous Ladie fell.
 For ftill her purpofe failde,
 and being in the end
 Difcouered, and the matter found,
 which shee did then pretende,
 Diffembling could not ferue
 to falue the fore againe.
 For what good heart she bare the king
 did then appeare to plaine.
 The Tyrants mother eke,
 that Madame Caluia hight,
 Not louing Aretafila,
 (a dame of great defpight)
 Full fit to breede a babe
 of fuch a blooddie minde,
 (For children commonly are like
 vnto the mothers kinde)

Perfwaded, that to death
 this Ladie ſhould be done,
 As one that did pretend the ſpoyle,
 and flaughter of her ſonne.
 But what the great good will
 to her the Prince did beare,
 And anfwere bold that ſhee had made
 with vſage voyde of feare,
 Before the mother Queene,
 who there in open place,
 Accuſde her of her murther ment,
 there ſtanding face to face,
 Did quit her from the death.

But when the prooffe was ſuch,
 And euidence ſo plaine appearde,
 ſo that ſhee mought not much
 Excufe her of the fact,
 but that the poyſoned cup
 Was made by her, and meant vnto
 the king to drinke it vp:
 There Aretafila,
 before the Iudges face,
 In prefence of the Prince her ſpouſe,
 did thus declare the caſe.
 My Soueraigne Lord and Loue,
 I cannot doe no leſſe,
 But, that this cup I did procure,
 before thee now confeſſe.

TRAGICALL TALES.

My felfe the fyrrope made,
 and meant to giue it thee:
 But this I will proteft againe,
 not knowing it to be
 A venim rancke and vile,
 but verily did thinke
 By cunning to deuife this cup,
 and make a craftie drinke
 To caufe a man to loue:
 for knowe you this, that I
 Am fpited at, of fundrie that
 my marriage doe enuie.
 It greeues a number, that
 you beare me fuch good will,
 It is a gall to fome to fee
 that I fhoulde haue my fill
 Of treafure and attyre,
 and be a Prince his wife,
 And they themfelues to liue vnknowne,
 and lead a priuate life.
 I knowe they cannot well
 my happy ftate endure,
 But that they will at length deuife
 your friendfhip to allure,
 And caufe you caft me off:
 which was the caufe that I
 Did brewe this drinke to keepe good wil.
 I thought it good to trye

By art to stay a friend,
 whom I by fortune wonne:
 And if so be I did offend,
 you cannot deeme it donne
 For malice, but good will,
 for hatred, but for zeale:
 Why should I then condemned be
 that neuer meant to deale
 But as a louing wife?
 And if your pleasure be
 I shall bee punished for my fault,
 yet doe account of me
 Not as a witch, that woulde
 bereaue you of your life,
 But one that by enchauntment thought
 to make you Loue your wife,
 And match her in good will
 that doth extremely loue:
 And who, to be belovde alike,
 dyd meane this fleight to proue.
 When thus the Matron had,
 with manly mouth and grace,
 Ypleaded for her selfe, the Prince
 to whom pertained the case,
 Well liking this excuse,
 woulde not in any wife
 That shee, who was his wife, shoulde die:
 but this he did deuife,

TRAGICALL TALES.

That there thee should be rackt
 till time thee would confesse
 The truth, and what thee meant thereby
 in open place expresse.
 When torment readie was,
 and rack there fet in place,
 Then cankred Caluia plaide her part,
 and laid her on a pace,
 Vntill thee wearie woxe :
 thee longed for her blood,
 Which made her earnest in the case,
 and plague the Queene a good.
 But Aretafila,
 as one that forced nought
 Of all the paines thee had indurde,
 discouered not her thought :
 She nothing would confesse,
 but kept it in her minde,
 And hereupon deliuerde was.
 Nicocrates could finde
 No due defart of death.
 Then grew within his breast
 A great remorse for rigour showne
 to her he loued best,
 Whom he without offence
 had put to cruell paine.
 Wherefore within a space the king
 began to loue againe :

And fanſie her as faſt,
deuifing fundry ſhiftes,
To winne her olde good will, he gaue
her many goodly gifts.
She could not want the thing
the tyrant had in ſtore,
Who then but Aretaſila,
whom he had rackt before?
And ſhe that was full wife,
by countnance and by cheare,
Did make as though ſhe did embrace
and helde the tyrant deare:
But ſtill in ſtore ſhe kept
within her wrathfull minde,
Remembrance of reuenge, till ſhe
fit time and place might finde.
And in her head ſhe cut
the patterne of his paine,
How, if occaſion ſeruede ſhe mought
auenge her huſbande flaine.
By Fedimus ſhe bare
whilſte he yet liuing was,
A daughter that for honeſt life
and beautie braue did paſſe.
And ſo befell it, that
the king a brother had,
Leander namde, a wilfull youth,
and eke a wanton lad,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Much giuen to the loue
 of light alluring dames,
 To whom, as to a byting fish,
 a bayte this mayden frames.
 To take him by the lippe,
 by forcerie she wrought,
 And cuppes that caufe a man to loue:
 whereby this youth she brought
 Into her fubtil net:
 thus was Leander caught
 By loue deuifes, that the Queene
 vnto her daughter taught.
 This damfel hauing woonne
 Leander to her lure,
 So traynde him on, as she at laft
 the Princeffe did procure
 The tyrant to request,
 to yeelde him his desire,
 As touching mariage of the Mayde,
 that fet his minde on fire:
 Who when Leanders loue
 and purpose vnderftoode,
 To Aretafila to breake
 the fame he thought it good.
 She willing was thereto,
 as one that wrought the wile:
 Nicocrates perceiuing that,
 denying it a while,

Yet graunted at the length:
not willing to be feene
An enimie vnto the mayde,
the daughter of the Queene.
When all good willes were got,
the mariage day drew neare,
Vntill Leander wedded was,
he thought it twentie yeere.
To make the matter fhort,
I leaue for you to scan,
Both of the maydens rich attyre,
and iewels of the man.
I leaue the musike out,
I let the banquet go:
I speake not of the noble men
that were at wedding tho.
I write not of the wine,
nor of the daintie cates,
Affire your felues there wanted naught
that fitted royal states.
When wedding day was done,
the wife to chamber went,
And after her Leander came:
where they in pleafure spent
The night, as custome is,
and married folkes do vse:
And felfe fame pleafure night by night
from that day forth enfues.

The lately wedded wife
 behaude her felfe fo well,
That fill Leander ten times more
 to doting fanfie fell.
Which when ſhe vnderſtoode,
 a wench of wily witte,
To fet her purpoſe then abroch,
 ſhe thought it paſſing fit.
A fyled tale ſhe framde,
 and thus begun to ſpeake:
Mine owne (quoth ſhee) the great good wil
 I beare you, makes me breake
My minde and meaning nowe:
 the carke and care I haue,
Is cauſer that I will you from
 your brothers ſword to ſaue
Your life, whilſte yet you may:
 you ſee his monſtrous minde,
And how his hatefull tyrants heart
 is all to blood inclinde.
You know his cruell deedes,
 I ſhall not neede recite
The fundry men that he hath flaine
 vpon a meere deſpight:
You viewe the gorie ground,
 where yet the bodies lie,
You ſee how tyrant like he deales,
 you ſee with daily eye,

Such vnderferued deathes
as wo it is to tell:
In my conceite, if you should seeke,
his spoyle, you did but well.
It were a worthie deede,
and well deseruing prayfe,
To murther him, and reauē his realme
that fo his subiects flays.
To rid your natiue foyle
of such a monster, may
Not onely gaine immortall fame
that neuer shall decay:
But winne you such good will,
in countrie and in towne,
As by the meanes thereof, you may
attaine the royall crowne,
Which now your brother weares
against the peoples will,
Who would (no doubt) elect you prince,
if you the tyrant kill.
To quit so good a turne,
and noble deede withall,
But if you let him raigne a while,
I feare, at last you shall
Repent your long delay:
your state is neuer sure,
As long as he, the monster liues,
he will your bane procure.

TRAGICALL TALES.

What thraldome like to yours?
 howe wretched is your life?
 Haue you forgotten how you fude
 to him, to take a wife?
 Fie, fhame, Leander, fie,
 I greatly difalow,
 That you who are his brother, fhould
 vnto your brother bow.
 Put cafe he owe the crowne,
 is that a caufe that you
 May not go marry where you lift,
 but muft be forft to fue
 So like a boy, for leaue
 to choofe your felfe a make?
 Oh that I were a man, I would
 enforce the beaft to quake.
 Leander, if you loue
 or make account of me,
 Bereaue the monfter of his life:
 my mother longs to fee
 The flaughter of her fo,
 that flue my father earft.
 With thefe her wordes Leander felt
 his heart fo throughly pearft,
 As vp from bed he flew,
 with minde to murder bent:
 To fucke his brothers bloud, ere long
 this wilfull marchant ment.

Leander had a friend
whom he did loue as life,
Calde Danicles, to whom he rode
and tolde him what his wife
Had willde him take in hande,
wherein his ayde he muft
In whom efpecially he did
repose affured truft.
Leander with his friend,
when time and place did ferue,
Nicocrates the tyrant flue,
as he did well deferue.
And hauing done the deed,
achieude the kingly Crowne,
He ftrake the froke, and ruler was,
and gouernde all the towne.
Thus he in office plaffe,
puft vp with princely might,
Not forcing Aretafila,
his mother law awhit,
Nor any of hir blood :
once hauing got the raigne,
Did all the worlde to vnderftande
by that his high difdaine,
That he his brother flue
for rancour and defpight :
Not for defire his Countrey foyle
from tyrants handes to quight.

TRAGICALL TALES.

So loathfome all his lawes,
 fo ftraunge his flatutes were,
 Such folly in his royfting rule,
 as made the people feare,
 Their former foe to haue
 bene rayfde to life againe,
 Who was not many dayes before
 by this Leander flaine.

When Aretafila

fawe howe the game did go,
 And that Leander in his fway
 did vfe the matter fo,
 And proudly rulde the realme,
 esteeming her fo light,
 Who hoped by his brothers death,
 the countrie had bene quight
 Releaft of tyrants rage:
 when fhe perceiude (I fay)
 Howe haughtily his heart was bent,
 fhe meant her part to play:
 In ridding of the realme
 of fuch a cruel king,
 That kept his fubiects fo in awe,
 and vnder yoke did wring:
 A frefh report was blowne
 of one Anabus, bred
 In Libie lande, a Martial man
 that all his life had led

In face of foraine foes:
 with him this wily dame
 Did practife, and fuch order tooke,
 as he with army came
 Leander to fubdue:
 who being nigh at hand,
 With mightie troupe of warlike wights,
 to ouercom the land:
 The Queene, his mother lawe,
 as one that were difmaide,
 To worke her wile, Leander cald,
 and thus to him fhee faid:
 Loe here (good fonne) you fee
 how nie your mightie foe
 Is come to bid you battaile, and
 your Captaines are (you know)
 Not to be matcht with his:
 behold what men they are:
 Well skild in feats that touch the felde,
 and traird in trade of warre.
 Your fouldiers are but fheepe,
 for battaile farre vnfit:
 Befides their pollicies are great,
 your Captaines haue no wit
 To deale in fuch a cafe,
 that toucheth Princes ftate:
 Againe, there commes no honour by
 fuch brawles, and broyling hate:

TRAGICALL TALES.

Confider with your felfe,
 you fearefly haue as yet
 Good footing gotten in your raigne,
 vnftable (fonne) you fit,
 And like to take a fall:
 whereof if womans braine
 May giue good counfaile to the wife,
 I would (I tell you plaine,)
 Your foe and you were friendes:
 I would allow it well,
 If you with Captaine Anabus
 to truce and concord fell.
 I doe prefume on this,
 and dare to vndertake,
 That you fhall fafely come to talke,
 by meanes that I will make
 With him that is your foe:
 the wordes his mother fpake
 Leander liked verie well
 and in good part did take.
 Defirous of a parle,
 but ere the pointed day
 Of talke betwixt the Captaines came,
 fhe fent a Poaft away,
 A meffenger of truft,
 Anabus to entreate,
 That when Leander iffude out,
 then he fhould worke his feate,

And either flaye him there,
by force in open fielde,
Or vnto her, the cruell king
in chaines a captiue yeeld:
In recompence whereof
she made a large behest,
Of gold that she would franklike giue:
whereto this greedie gest,
The Lybian man of warre,
full gladly lent his eare.
Leander (as the nature is
of Tyrants) stood in feare,
Deferring day of parle,
vnwilling fourth to goe,
But Ladie Aretafila
still lay vpon him so,
As very shame at last
did further this intent:
And shee, to egge him on the more,
made promise if he went
To fet her foote by his,
and looke the foe in face:
Which moude Leander very much,
and mended well the case.
So out at length they passe,
difarmd he and his,
As one that meant to treat of truce,
for so the custome is.

Anabus seeing this,
 to counter him began,
 And with his power approached neare:
 Leander fearfull man
 Would gladly made a stop,
 and gazde about the place:
 To viewe his gard that should affist
 and helpe in needfull case.
 But how much more he seemde
 to linger on the way:
 So much the more his mother lawe,
 by words, that shee did fay
 As touching his reproch
 of fearefull cowards heart,
 Did pricke Leander onward fill,
 not letting him to part.
 At length the Lady, when
 of force he would have faid,
 Vpon the wretched dastard wight
 hir feeble fingers laid:
 And by the ayde of men
 whom there shee had in place,
 She brought him bound both hand and foot,
 before Anabus face.
 And captiue gaue him vp,
 to liue in lothfome holde,
 Vntill the Queene, as promise was,
 hee payd him all his golde.

Then he eftfoone retyres
 vnto the towne againe,
 Declaring what fucceffe ſhe had,
 and what a ſpitefull paine
 Shee tooke or eare ſhee could
 that bloodie beattlie king
 Depoſe and rid him from the realme,
 and ſo to bondage bring.
 The people paſſing glad
 that he was ſo diſplaſte,
 Did make a common purſe, to pay
 the Lybian Duke in haſte:
 Who hauing told the crownes,
 did fend Leander backe
 Vnto the Queene: and ſhee enclofde
 the monſter in a ſacke,
 And cauld him to be caſt
 from off a mountaine hie,
 Into the Sea, to drowne the beaſt
 that wel deſerude to die.
 Then Calnya, ſhee was caught,
 and to a piller tied,
 And there the cruell croked queane,
 with flaming fagots fried,
 Till all her aged bones
 to aſhes were confunde,
 That oft in youth with Ciuet ſweete
 and Amber were perfunde.

When all this broile was done,
 the townefmen in a ranke,
 Kneeld downe to Aretafila,
 and highly did her thanke,
 For freedome got againe,
 with perill of her life.
 I neede not here expresse the ioyes
 of maiden, man, and wife.
 For all reioyft alike,
 not one in all the towne,
 Nor countrie, but was glad at heart
 that they had wonne the crowne
 Into their hands againe,
 and fhapte the Tyrants fcourge,
 Then gan they all with one confent
 the aged dame to vrge,
 With helpe of chofen men,
 to gouerne all the land:
 For vantage of the publike weale,
 ſhe tooke the charge in hand.
 Becauſe we lightly fee
 when Peeres and Princes faile,
 Then runnes the common welth to wreck,
 as ſhippe without a faile.
 But when ſhe ſaw the realme
 at good and quiet ſtay,
 And vnderſtood that commons did
 with willing minds obay

Vnto their lawfull heads,
 the Senate she bethought,
 To take the gouernment a fresh:
 her selfe vnfit she thought
 To deale in case of state,
 then tooke they all the charge,
 And did the Ladie from the crowne,
 and troubles quite discharge.
 Thus hauing rid the realme
 of two such blooddie foes,
 Into a Nunnrie, there to ende
 her life this Ladie goes.
 Where she deuoutly dwelt,
 and to her praiers fell:
And as shee liude in vertue earst,
so dide shee very well.

The Hennoy.



WHO sits aloft in sacred Princes seate,
 And wieldes his realme by loue and not by
 dread,
 Whose puisant hand by mildnesse doth entreate
 The silly rowte that vnder him is led:
 Shall safely raigne, and hold his scepter sure,
 A courteous king doth lightly long endure.

But who so raignes in threatning tyrants throne,
 Bathing in blood his haughtic hungre chaps,

And rules by force, is surely ouerthrowne.
 The Goddes assigne such Soueraines sory haps,
 It may not last, that so exceedeth reason,
 The truest hearts, by force are brought to treason.

A pleasant porte doth rule a raging horse,
 When harder brakes doe breake the mouth too much,
 And makes the colt to steare with all his force:
 Rough handed Surgeons make the patient grutch.
 The Pilote that by skylle the shyp doth guide,
 And not by myght, makes vessels broeke the tyde.

A lawlesse peere by law deserues to die,
 True iustice payes the blooddie home their hyre,
 And blood mispilt for vengeance aye doth crie,
Lex talionis doth the lyke requyre:
 As in this tale that heere my Muse hath told,
 Of brothers two, each man may well behold.

Could Dyonisius deale with greater force?
 Or fearefull Phalatis with more despite?
 Thau did Nycocrates, without remorse
 That slew hys silly subiects lawlesse quight?
 Did not Leander deale in moustrous wise,
 Whom brothers blood might not alone suffyee?

Prease hither Peeres, whose heads with crownes are clad,
 Who hold the kingly scepters in your hands:
 Behold the end that blooddie tyrants had,
 A mirrour make of these to rule your landes:
 With all, see heere a Ladies manly minde,
 Whom God to wreake this bloodshed had assignde.

Marke how the fyrst was blinded all with blood,
The husband slayne, and sundrie moe beside,
To wed the wife this monster thought it good,
Note how the Gods herein theyr scourge dyd hide,
For who but he woulde trust a wronged wyght,
Or place her in his naked bed at night?

Looke how Leander lewde by wyle was wonne,
And led by lust to worke his brothers woe:
And more than that, see how this beast did runne
A wicked race, and woxe his mothers foe.
Note how the heauens made leuell yet at last,
And plagude by death his bloody dealings past.

Aut sero, Aut citius.

*The Argument to the third
Historie.*



GENTILE loude one Nicoluccios wife,
 Faire Catiline, a matrone graue and wise:
 Whom to corrupte sith he might not deuise,
 He parted thence to leade a grauer life.
 For she was bent to scorne such masking mates,
 As houerd still about her husbands gates.

Within a while this Nicoluccio,
 (His Ladie great with childe) was forst to ride
 In haste from home, and leaue her there as guide:
 Whom sodayne griefe assaylde by fortune so,
 As Phisicke, friends, and all that sawe the chance,
 Did yelde her dead, she lay in such a traunce.

The senslesse corse was to the Church conueide,
 And buried there with many a weeping eye:
 The brute was blowne abrode both farre and nye.
Reporte once spread is hardly to be stayde.
 Gentile hearing how the matter went,
 His Ladies losse did bitterly lament.

At length when teares had well dischargde his woe,
 And sorrowe slakte, a friend of his and hee,
 Tooke horse, and rode by night, that none might see
 Whether they ment, or wherabout to goe.
 To Church he came, dismounted from his horse,
 He entred in, and vp he tooke the corse,

With full intent to dallie with the dead,
 Which he in life by suite could never winne:
 He coide, he kist, he handled cheeke and chinne,
 He left no limme vnfelte from heele to head:

So long he staide, at last the infant steerd
 Within her wombe, whereby some life appeerde.

By fellowes helpe he bore the body thence,
 Home to his aged mother where she dwelt:
 Who moude to ruthe, with her so frendly delt,
 As to reuiue her, sparde for [no] expence.
 She could not vse her owne with greater care,
 So choyse her cheere, so daintie was hir fare.

When time was come for nature to vnfolde
 Her coferd ware, this dame was brought a bed.
 And by Gentiles meanes had happily sped:
 And he forthwith a solemne feast did holde,
 Where, to the husband, both the wife and boy
 Surrendred were, to his exceeding ioye.



Bologna is a towne

of Lumbardie you know,
 A citie very brauely builde,
 and much fet out to shewe:

Where as in auncient dayes
 a famous knight there dwelde,

Who for good giftes and linage both
 all others farre excelde:

A man commended much,
 Gentile was his name.

This worthy gallant fell in loue
 by fortune, with a dame
 That Catilina hight,
 one Nicoluccios wyfè,

TRAGICALL TALES.

A paffing faire, and featurde wenche,
 and ledde an honeft life,
 And loude her husband fo,
 as ſhe did little waye,
 The frendſhip of enamored youthes,
 nor ought that they could fay.
 This Gentleman that fawe
 the Ladies faithfull breaft,
 And how he could by no deuice
 to him her fanſie wreft,
 Nor enter in her grace,
 whom he did loue fo well,
 Nor by good feruice gaine good will,
 to deepe deſpaire he fell.
 And hereupon vnto
 Modena he retyrde,
 And bore an office in the towne,
 as one thereto defyrde.
 It fortune on a time
 when Nicoluccio rode
 From home, as touching his affaires,
 and that his wife abode
 A three myles off the towne,
 where he had buylte a graunge,
 To make her mery with her friendes,
 and eke the ayre to change:
 Then being great with childe,
 not many weekes to goe:

This Lady had a great mishap,
 as here my pen shall shoue.
 A grieffe, I wote not what,
 with such a fodayne force
 And monstrous might, befell the dame,
 and conquerde fore her corse,
 As in the Ladies limmes
 no sparke of life appeerde,
 And more than that, an other thing
 there was, that most discheerde
 Her kinffolkes then in place:
 for such as had good sight
 And skill in Physike, deemde her dead,
 and gaue her ouer quight.
 And thereupon her friends
 that wite howe matters went,
 By her report in time of life,
 and howe that she had spent
 Not full so many monthes,
 as giue a babee breath,
 And make it vp a perfect childe:
 when once they sawe her death.
 Not making farther searche,
 in case as there she laye,
 Vnto a Church, not farre from thence,
 the carcasie did conuay,
 And gaue it there a graue,
 as Ladies vse to lye.

TRAGICALL TALES.

The bodie being buried thus,
 a friende of his did hye
 Him to Gentile straight,
 to tell him of the newes,
 Who though was fardeft from her grace,
 yet could none other chufe
 But forrowe at her death.

 When greateft greefe was paff,
 And that he had bethought awhile,
 thus out he brake at laft.

Loe (Lady) lo, (quoth he)
 nowe art thou dead in graue,
 Nowe (Madame Catilina) I,
 who during life could haue
 Not one good frendly looke,
 nor fweete regarding eye,
 Will be fo bolde to fteale a kifſe
 as you in coffin lie.

Nowe booteth no defence,
 you cannot now refift:
 Wherefore (affure thee) Lady nowe,
 thou fhalt be fweetely kifft.

Howe dead foeuer thou arte,
 nowe will I take delight.

And hauing tolde his tale, the day
 withdrewe, and made it night:

Then taking order howe
 he mought, that none might fee,

Dispatche and goe vnto the place,
 his trustie frend and hee,
 Vpon their geldings mounte,
 and neuer made a staye
 Vntill they came vnto the Church,
 where dead the Ladie laye:
 Where being lighted off
 their horses, in they goe,
 And vp they brake the coffyn straight,
 and he that loude her fo,
 Laye by the Ladies side,
 and clapte his face to hers,
 And lent her many a louing kisse,
 and bathde her breast with teares,
 Lamenting very fore.
 But as we daily see,
 The lust of man not long content,
 doth euer long to bee,
 Proceeding farther on:
 but moſte of all the rest,
 The fonde desire of such as are
 with raging loue possest.
 So he that had resolude
 no longer there to staye,
 But doe his feate, and home agayne,
 thus to himselfe gan faye:
 Oh, sith I nowe am here
 why should I idle stande?

Why doe not I this breaft of thine
 imbrace, and feele with hande?
 I neuer after this,
 fhall touch it fo againe,
 Nor neuer mynde, Gentile thus
 proceeding in his vaine,
 Into her bofome thruft
 his hande beneath her pappe,
 And ftaying there a little fpace,
 did feele a thing by happe,
 Within her wombe to wagge,
 and beat againft her brest:
 Whereof at firft he woxe amazde,
 but after reposselt
 Of wittes and fenfe againe,
 a further triall hee
 Did make, and then he found the corfe
 not thorough dead to bee,
 Though little were the life,
 yet fome he knew for trouth,
 To rest within the Ladies limmes:
 wherefore the gallants both,
 From out the coffyn tooke
 this lately buried corfe,
 And vp they leapte in all the poaft,
 and layde her on the horfe
 Before the faddle bowe,
 and home in hafte they ride,

Both to recouer life againe,
and fearing to be spyde.
Thus clofely was ſhe brought
within Bologna walles,
Vnto Gentiles houſe, where he
vpon his mother calles,
Requeſting her to helpe,
the caſe required haſte.
His mother being graue and wyfe,
receiude the corſe as faſt
As the good matron mought :
which deede of pitie done,
Both who ſhe was, and what had hapt,
demaunded of her ſonne :
Who tolde her all the newes,
and how the fortune fell,
Which when the matron vnderſtood,
and wiſt the matter well :
To ruth and mercy moude,
(as is a womans guiſe)
Shee makes her fire, ſhe heats her bathes,
and fo the carkas plyes,
With chaſing vp and downe,
and rubbing euerie vaine :
As ſhee at laſt had made the life
and ſenſes come againe :
Her wandring wits retyrde,
that earſt had been aſtray,

TRAGICALL TALES.

And being thus reuiude, at length
 thus fighting gan shee say:
 Alas, where am I nowe?
 what place is this (quoth shee?)
 Gentiles chearfull mother faide,
 a place full fit for thee.
 With that shee fomewhat woxe
 aduifde, but wift not where
 Shee was bestead, when that at last
 she sawe Gentile there:
 Amazed in her minde,
 requested of the dame
 To tell her of the case, and how
 vnto her houle she came.
 Gentile thereupon
 the whole discourse begonne,
 And did vnfold from point to point
 how euerie thing was done.
 Whereof she wofull woxe
 and pensiue for a space:
 But yet at length shee gaue him thanks
 for all his former grace
 And curtesies imployde:
 and as he euer bore
 A true and faithfull heart to her
 in all her life before,
 And as he was a man
 in whom good nature were:

So did shee craue him that shee might
not be abused there:
But safely be conuaide
vnto her graunge againe,
And to her husbandes houe vntouchte
without dishonours staine.
To whom Gentile thus
replide: Well dame (quoth hee)
How great foeuer the loue hath been
which I haue borne to thee,
Before this present day,
I doe not purpose now,
Nor after this at any time,
(since God would this allowe
Me grace to saue thy life,
and raise thee from the pit:
And loue which I haue alwayes meant
to thee hath caused it:)
I purpose not, I say,
to deale in other wife,
Than if thou were my sifter deare,
this promise shall suffice.
But this good turne that I
haue done to you this night,
Doth well deferue, that you the same
in some respect requight.
Wherefore I shall desire
that you with willing brest,

Wyll friendly graunt me my demaunde,
 and yeeld me one request.
 Whereto the humble dame
 agreed, and was content,
 If so she coulde, and honest were
 the fute Gentile ment.
 Then spake the courteous knight:
 Well (Madame) this is true,
 That both your parents and your friends
 of Boline, thinke that you
 Are buried low enough
 in coffin clostlie layde,
 None tariés you at home as now,
 they all doe deeme you dead,
 Wherefore my fmall request
 and fimple fute shalbe,
 That with my mother here to stay
 yee will vouchsafe, and me,
 In secrete and vnseene,
 vntill such time as I
 May to Modena goe and come
 againe, I meane to hie.
 The cause that makes me craue
 and aske this lingring stay,
 Is, that in prefence of the best,
 and chiefe that beare the sway
 Within the towne, I minde
 to giue you as a gift,

And to present you to your spoufe,
this is my only drift.
The Ladie knowing that
Gentile was her friend,
And saw that honest was his sute,
did quickly condescend:
Though greatly shee desired,
new brought to life againe,
To see and comfort those her friends
that mournde for her amaine:
Shee promise on her faith,
with her to tarrie there.
And yer her tale was througly told,
her time was come to beare
The Babe wherewith shee went,
shee must to trauaile straight.
The Matron euer at an inch
did on this Ladie waite:
And vsde the matter so,
as in a day or twaine,
She was deliuerde of a boy,
and ouercame her paine.
Whereat Gentile ioyde,
and eke the dame that had
Such great good hap and passing lucke,
did waxe exceeding glad.
The knight disposed his things,
and vsde the matter so,

As ſhee had been his wedded wife :
 and thereupon did goe
 Vnto Modena, where
 an office he had borne,
 And there he ſtaied vntill ſuch time
 as all his yere was worne.
 And ſelſe ſame day that he
 accompted on, to make
 Returne vnto his mothers houſe
 at Boline, he beſpake,
 That diuers of the ſtates,
 and chiefſt men that were
 Within the towne, ſhould be his gueſtes.
 There was of purpoſe there,
 That Nicoluccio, who
 did owe this gentle dame.
 As ſoone as to his mothers houſe
 this luſtie gallant came,
 The maſter of the feaſt
 diſmounted, in hee hyes:
 Where, when among his other gueſtes,
 the Ladie he eſpies,
 And eke her ſucking ſonne,
 that hung vpon her breaſt,
 Hee was the meerieſt man aliue :
 then plaſte he euery gueſt
 In order as their ſtate
 and calling did require.

There wanted not a deintie dish,
 that Courtiers could desire:
 When washing time drewe nye,
 and euery man at boorde
 Had vitted well, and all was whifte,
 and no man spake a worde:
 The Ladie being taught
 her lesson long ere that,
 And well instructed in the case,
 and knowyng what was what,
 Gentile thus begunne
 his solemne tale to tell:
 My Lords and guesstes (quoth hee) I like
 the order passing well
 That men of Perfie vse:
 for when they make a feast,
 In honour of their friends whom they
 doe loue and fanfie best,
 They bid them to their house,
 and fet before their eyes
 The chiefeft ieuell which they haue,
 and good, of greateft price,
 What thing soeuer it be:
 his wife, with whom he sleepe,
 His daintie daughter, or his wench,
 whome hee for pleasure keepe.
 He nothing hides as then,
 or locks from open fight:

Affirming by this deede of his,
 that likewife (if he might)
 He woulde vnfold the heart
 that lyes within his breaft,
 Which custome I in Bologne minde
 to practife to my gueft.
 You honour this my feaft
 with noble prefence here,
 And I will play the Perfians part:
 looke what I hold moft deare,
 And chiefly doe esteeme,
 or fauour in my heart,
 Or euer fhall regard or weigh,
 will fhew you or you part.
 But firft I fhall request
 or ere I bring it out,
 That you will heere decide a cafe,
 and rid me out of doubt,
 Which I myfelfe will moue.
 There is a noble man,
 Who hath a feruant in his houfe
 that doth the beft he can
 To pleafe his mafters minde,
 hee doth at nothing ftick:
 This truftie painfull feruant falles
 at length exceeding ficke,
 The retchleffe mafter, not
 regarding him at all,

Nor forcing what by such disease
his seruant may befall,
Conuayes him out of doore,
in open streat to lie,
To sinke or swimme, to mende or paire,
to liue or els to die.
A Straunger comes by happe,
and he to mercy moude,
To see the poore diseasde foule
so slenderly beloude,
In danger of his death,
to lie amidst the streat:
A place for such as are in paine,
too colde and farre vnmeete:
Doth beare him to his home,
and takes such tender care
Of him, and plies him so with fire
and comfortable fare,
As both recouers limmes
and gettes his former strength,
And fettes this feeble seruant vp
vpon his legges at length:
How gladly would I learne
which of these both doth best
Deferue to haue this seruaunt, who
was lately so distrest?
Where he that ought him first
and gaue him off in grief,

Or he that pitied him in paine
 and holpe him to relief?
 And if the maifter, who
 fo cruelly did deale
 In time of fickneffe, will the man
 that did his feruant heale,
 To yeelde him vp againe,
 where he by lawe and right
 May well with hold the feruant, whom
 he holpe in wretched plight?
 The gentlemen among
 themfelues debated harde,
 But drewe in one felfe ftring: at length
 the matter was referde
 To Nicoluccio, who
 (becaufe he could full well
 Difcerne of matters, and his tale
 in fkilfull order tell)
 Should giue the verdit vp.
 He highly did commend
 The vfe of Perfia, with the reft
 concluding in the end,
 Which was, that he whom firft
 this filly foule did ferue,
 Of right could lay no lawfull clayme:
 full ill he did deferue
 A maifters name, that when
 his feruant was at worft,

Would turne him off, and let him lie:
But he that when the furst
Had played this cruell parte,
did curteously entreate
The ficke and outcast, ayding him
with Phiske and with meate,
He mought by law and righte,
no preiudice at all
Done to the first, enioy the man,
and him his feruant call.
Then all the other guesstes
that at the banquet were,
Affirnde the fame that Nicoluccio
had pronounced there:
The knight who moude the case,
as one that was content
With such an anfwere, and the more,
for that with him it went,
Concluded, that he thought
as all the other faide:
And now (quoth he) I thinke that I
sufficiently haue stayde.
Now time it is that I
performe my promise made,
In that I meant to honour you,
as is the Perfians trade.
With that he calls to him
a couple of his friendes,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Familiar, and of greateſt truſt,
 whom he in meſſage ſendes
 Vnto the Ladie, that
 was clad in braue araye,
 Within a chamber, willing hir
 that ſhe would come her way,
 To cheere his Royall gueſtes,
 with preſence of her ſelfe.
 The Ladie taking in her armes
 that litle puling elfe,
 That was ſo lately borne,
 came in, and thother too
 Attending on her, and as earſt
 Gentile wilde her doe,
 She fate her downe beſide
 a gueſt, a Noble man,
 And then the Knight that made the feaſt
 his proceſſe thus began:
 Loe, Lordings, here beholde
 the thing whereof I ſpake,
 This is the iewell, whereof I
 ſuch great accompt doe make,
 And euer doe entend,
 of nothing elfe ſo much
 I force, as this: now iudge your ſelfes,
 where it be worthy ſuch
 Regard as I beſtowe:
 marke euery member well:

With that the flates, to honour of
this featurd Ladie fell,
And praifde her very much,
affirming to the knight,
That finne it were not to esteeme
fo fayre and braue a wight.
The gueftes begonne to gaze,
and fome there were in place,
That would haue fworne, that ſhe had ben
the very fame ſhe was,
Saue that they knew that ſhe
was buried long agoe.
But moſt of all the other gueftes,
that Nicoluccio,
The husband of the Dame,
this louely Lady eyde:
And when Gentile did by chaunce
and fortune ſteppe aſide,
As one that had deſire
to queſtion with the Dame,
No longer able to withhold:
demaunded whence ſhe came,
Where ſhe a ſtranger were,
or els in Bologne borne?
The Lady knowing who it was,
ſhould ſhe not bene forſworne,
Would to her husband tolde
and opened all the caſe:

But to discharge her promise made,
 she helde her peace, with face
 As modest as she mighte.

Some other asked, where
 That little pretie boy was hers
 which she at breast did beare?
 And other did demaund,
 where she were ought allyde,
 Or were Gentiles daughter deare?
 she not a word replide.

With that the feaster came,
 your iewel fir (quoth some
 That fate at borde) is passing faire,
 but is too seeming dombe.

What? is she so in deede?
 whereto Gentile said:

It yeeldes no slender token of
 her vertue that she staid
 And helde her tong as now.

Declare (quoth they) to vs
 What Dame she is? to which request
 Gentile answerde thus:

I will with all my heart
 declare the truth (quoth he)

If you, vntill the whole discourse
 be told, will promise me,
 Not once to moue a foote,
 but euery one to keepe

His place: whereto they all agreed,
and gan to fweare by deepe
And very folemne othes
to complifhe his request.
The table being taken vp,
the keeper of the feaft
Sate by the Ladies fide,
and thus began to tell:
This woman is the feruant true,
that ferude her mafter well,
Of whom I fpake right now,
when I your iudgements craude.
This is the feruaunt ilbeloude,
that when fhe had behaude
Hir felfe in eache refpect
as fitted fuch a one,
Was fhaken off, and turnd to graffe,
in ftreetes to make her moane:
Whom I, to pitie moude,
did fuccour as I might,
And by my care and handie helpe,
from prefent death did quight:
And mightie God, that fawe
the great good heart I bare,
Reftord her from that loathfome corfe
vnto this bewtie rare.
But to the ende you may
more plainely vnderftand

How theſe aduentures me befell,
 I purpoſe out of hand,
 In ſhort diſcourſe to ſhewe
 and open all the caſe.
 Then gan he to vnfold his loue,
 and how he fude for grace
 Vnto this worthy dame,
 whoſe bewtie pearſt his breaſt:
 And paſſed ſo, from point to point,
 vnripping all the reſt,
 Diſtinctly from the firſt:
 which made the hearers muſe,
 To liſten to this long diſcourſe
 of ſtrange and wondrous newes.
 And hauing tolde the whole
 as I before haue pende,
 Both how he loude, and how ſhe died,
 thus cloſde he vp the ende.
 Wherefore (my Lordes) quoth he,
 vnleſſe you haue of late
 Ychangd your thoughts and minds anew
 ſince you at table fate:
 And chiefly you, (and points
 to Nicoluccio) ſhe
 Whom here you view, of right is mine,
 and only due too me.
 No lawfull tittle may,
 or rightfull clayme be layde

To challenge her from me againe,
 was no man there that fayde
 A woorde, but all were fill
 to heare thofe matters pafte,
 And for defire to learne the reft,
 and what he meant at lafte.
 Good Nicoluccio,
 and all the reft befide
 That prefent were, and eake the dame
 no longer could abide,
 But out they burft in teares,
 and wept for pities fake.
 With that Gentile ftanding vp,
 the little babe did take,
 And bare betwixt his armes,
 and led the Ladie eke
 By one hande to her husband warde,
 and thus began to fpeake:
 Stand vp (good Goffup mine)
 I doe not heere reftore
 To you your wife, whom both her friends
 and yours refufd before,
 And as an outcaft fcornd:
 but frankly giue this dame
 My Goffup and her little childe
 that of her bodie came,
 To thee, for this of troth
 I know, the babe is thine,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Begot by thee, I christened it,
 it beares this name of mine,
 And is Gentile calde:
 and my request shall bee,
 That through three months, this Ladie hath
 been foiorneffe with me,
 Thou wilt no leffe esteeme
 of her, or worfe good will
 Bestow on her, than though shee had
 with thee continued still.
 And by that selfe same God
 which forced me to beare
 Such loue, as by that loue to saue
 her life, to thee I sweare,
 That, neither with her friends,
 nor with thy parents, shee,
 No, not with thee her spouse, she coulde
 in greater suretie be
 As touching honest life,
 than with my mother deare:
 Assure thy selfe, shee neuer was
 abusde, nor tempted heere.
 This proceffe being tolde,
 Gentile turnde him rounde
 Vnto the Lady (dame quoth he)
 you know, I had you bounde
 By faith and lawfull oath:
 I quit you heere of all,

And fet you free aboorde againe,
and goe againe you fhall
To Nicoluccio, and
with that both wife and brat
To Nicoluccios handes he gaue,
and downe Gentile fate.
The hufbande did receiue
his wife with willing hande,
And eke the babe: and how much more
he in difpayre did ftande
Of hauing her againe,
whom hee accounted dead:
The greater was his ioy and mirth
when he fo happily fped.
In recompence whereof,
he yeelded to the Knight
Gentile, for his great good turne,
the greateft thanks he might.
And all the reft befide,
that were to pitie moude,
Gentiles nature did commend:
hee dearely was beloude
Of all that heard the cafe,
and feafted there that day.
Thus will I leaue the matron, and
her fonne at home to ftay.
Thefe matters ended thus,
ech gueft his horfe did take,

And parted from Gentiles house,
that did the banquet make.
Home rode the man and wife
vnto their grange with speede,
The cheare which was at her returne,
and welcome, did exceede.
The people maruailde much,
that shee who buried was,
Could liue againe, and euer as
shee through the strectes should passe,
In Bolyne men did gaze,
and greatly view the dame.
And from that day Gentile still
a faithfull friend became
To Nicoluccio, and
the parents of his wife,
Whom hee by vertue of his loue
had raifde from death to life.

The Lenuoy.



NBRIDELED youth is prickt to pleasure aye,
 And led by lust to follow fansies fyts:
 Vnskillfull heads runne retchlesse on their way,
 Like wylfull coltes that broken haue their bits:
 Not lookinge backe, till foultring foote doe faile,
 And all consumde that was for their auaile.

Vnhappy they, by scathe that purchase skyll,
 And learne too late how youth dyd lead awrie:
 Vnluckie men for wit that follow wyll,
 And foule delights in golden prime apply:
 More wisdomer were ech one to wed a wife,
 Than marryed dames to lure to lewder life.

For though that nature let vs runne at large,
 And all things made by kynde to common vse:
 Yet man must lende an eare to ciuill charge,
 That points a baine for euery foule abuse:
 And bids (*beware pollute no marriage bed*)
 Without offence let single life be leed.

As honest loue by custome is allowde,
 (Both law and reason yeelding to the same
 In single wyghts) no parties being vovde
 To marryage yoke assaulted are with shame:
 Both God and man such sluttyshe suites detest,
The lawfull loue is euer counted best.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Which makes me blame Gentiles rash assault,
 On Catilina fayre, from former vowe,
 Whom he pursude to charge with heauie fault,
 And sought to sinne to make this matron bowe:
 Yet grace at last preuailde in both so well,
 As shee stayd chaste, and he to vertue fell.

His foule desire, his lewde and lustfull mynde,
 Was cause of lyfe, and wrought a double pleasure:
 This buried dame in pit to death had pynde,
 Had he not loude, and likt her out of measure:
*Thus ill sometime is cause of good successe,
 And wicked meanings turne to happines.*

Had some rash ympe beene in Gentiles case,
 So farre inflamde wyth Beautie of a dame,
 And after that had had so fyt a place
 To worke his will, and done a deed of shame,
 I doubt mee much, hee would haue reapt the frute,
 By leaue of force of all hys paynefull sute.

Here all were blest, the mother well reuiude,
 The infant borne, the matron full of ruth:
 Thrice happy he, for being so truly wiude,
 Gentile worthie praise for loyall truth.
 All louers may hereby example take,
And learne of him blind fansies to forsake.

*The Argument to the fourth
Historie.*



WO Knightes did linke in League of great
goodwill,
At length the one corrups the others wife,
And traitourlike procurde her vnto ill,
Which vile abuse bred deadlie hate and strife,
And was the cause this leacher lost his life.
For why, the Knight to whome this wrong was
wrought

This traitor slue, when he full little thought.

The murther done, he gaue his Cooke the hearte
Of him that had conspirde this filthie feate,
And made him dresse it curioslie by arte,
And gaue his wife the same at night to eate,
Who fed thereof, and thought it passing meate:
But when she knew, the heart, the hap, and all,
She loathde to liue, and slue her selfe by fall.

Quid non cogit amor?



WHILOME in Prouance were,
 as they that knew the fame
 Doe make report, two Courtly knightes,
 both men of worthie fame:
 Ech knight his Castle had
 well furnisht euery way,
 With store of seruants at a becke
 their pleasures to obey.
 The tone Rossilion calde,
 a bold vndaunted knight,
 The fecond, egall to the first,
 fir Guardaftano hight:
 Who being men at armes,
 and passing well approude
 For valiant courage in the fiede,
 like faithfull brothers loude.
 They dayly vsde to ride
 to Turneies both yfeare,
 To tilt, to iust, and other feates
 perfourmde with sworde and speare.
 Their garments eke agreed,
 and were of egall fife:
 To shew the concorde of their mindes
 vnto the lookers eys.

And thus though either knight
his feuerall maner held,
And either ten myles at the leaft
from others Caſtle dwelde:
Yet hapneth it at laſt
that Guardaſtano fell
In liking wyth Roffylions wife,
and loude her verie well.
A dame of beautie braue,
renowmed very much,
Whofe featurde face and goodly grace
the knight fo neere did touch:
As hee reiected quight
the faith he ſhould haue borne
Her huſband, and his truſtie friend
that was his brother ſworne.
Hee vſde his geſtures fo
vnto this gallant dame
At fundrie times, that ſhe at length
his friend in loue became,
And liked well the knight,
and fo began to place
Her fanſie, as ſhee nought fo much
did tender or imbrace
As Guardaſtanos loue:
Shee euer lookt when he
Would frame his humble fute, and craue
her ſecrete friende to be.

Which fortune in a while :
 for he bewraide his case,
 And she lesse wife than wanton, freight
 did yeeld the louer grace.
 There needed slender force,
 so weake a fort to winne,
 For she as willing was to yeelde,
 as he to enter in.
 And thus for twice or thrice,
 the lustie louers delte
 In Venus sport, whose frying hartes
 with Cupids coles did melte.
 But in this loue of theirs,
 they did not vse so well
 The matter, but the husband did
 the smoke by fortune smell
 Of that their filthy flame :
 who highly did disdain,
 That such outrage and foule abuse
 his honour should distaine.
 Whereby his former loue
 to mortall hate did growe,
 And then he purposde with himselfe
 to slay his deadly foe,
 That fowlie so abusde
 a Knight that gaue him trust.
 Meane while came tidings that in France
 the Lyftes were made to iust.

The Trump proclaymde the tilte,
 Roffilion out of hand,
 To Guardaftanos Cattle fent
 to let him vnderftand
 The newes: and eake withall
 did will his man to fay,
 That if he would the morrow next
 vouchfafe to come away
 Vnto his houfe, they would
 conclude vpon the cafe.
 Full friendly Guardaftano did
 the meffenger imbrace,
 And told him that he would
 (if God did lende him life)
 The morrow night come ouer, to
 Roffilyon and his wife.
 Which anfwere when the knight
 receiued had, he thought
 The time approcht, wherein to flay
 the traytor knight, that wrought
 Such falshoode to his friend.

*I leaue for you to fcanne,
 The thoufand thoughts, the broken fleepes,
 and fancies of the man,
 That fuch a murther meant:
 and eke the knightes defire,
 Who thought it long before he came
 in place to quench his fire.*

TRAGICALL TALES.

When morning came, the knight
 well armde from foote to creft,
 Tooke horfe, and had a friend or two,
 whom he did fancie beft,
 Well mounted on their fteades:
 they had not ryd a myle,
 Before they came vnto a wood,
 a place to worke their wile.
 There laye he clofe in wayte
 within the cops, whereas
 Full well he wift that Guardiaftan
 of very force muft paffe.
 There hauing ftaide awhile,
 a farre he might difcry
 The Knight vnarmde, with other two
 that rode vnarmed by,
 As one that feard no fraude,
 nor any force at all:
 When that Roffilyon did perceiue
 him iuft againft the ftall
 Where he on horfebacke fate
 full ready for the chafe,
 A vallie fit to worke his feate:
 with grimme and gaffly face
 He fets his fpurres to horfe
 and put his launce in reft,
 And gallopt after, crying loude,
 thou knight and trayterous gefte,

Now be thou fure to die,
 in penance of thy fact:
 And with the word, he strake him through:
 the shicuered launce it crackt
 Against the broken bones,
 and thorough pearft his corfe.
 Vnable Guardastano then
 for to resist the force,
 Or once to speake a word,
 fell downe vpon the blowe,
 And presently gaue vp the ghofte,
 the speare had spoyld him fo.
 With that his friends amazed,
 and very much in doubt
 What this should mean, stood still a space,
 at last they turnd about
 Their nagges, and sparde no spurres,
 vnto the Cattle ward
 Of Guardastano, whence they came,
 feare made them gallop hard.
 When thus Roffilion sawe
 his foe bereft of life,
 He left the faddle, and withall
 drewe out a shoulder knife,
 And ript me vp the brest
 of him that mudred lay:
 Which done, with egre hands he pluckt
 the trembling heart away,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Wherein the treafon lodgde :
 and hauing there by chance
 Or els of purpofe, (fkilles not which)
 the pendant of his launce,
 He wrapt it vp therein,
 and willd his man to looke
 Vnto the carriage of the fame:
 the heart his feruant tooke.
 Then hauing ftraightly chargd,
 that none fhould dare to fay
 A word of that which they had feene
 and he had done that day:
 He mounted on his horfe,
 and in the euening rode
 Vnto his Cattle backe againe,
 and there the knight abode.
 His wife that hard him fay,
 that Guardaftano came
 That night to fuppe with him at home,
 and looked for the fame,
 Did wonder at his ftay:
 and being one difinayde,
 How hapt that Guardiftano commes
 not now (good fyr) the faide.
 To whom the knight replyde,
 he fent me word right now
 He could not come to day, good fayth
 his let I doe allowe.

The Lady wofull woxe,
and lowring gan to looke,
Roffilyon lighted from his horfe,
fent one to call the Cooke :
Who being come in place,
take here (quoth he) this heart,
I flue a Bore of late by hap,
herein bestow your arte.
Do make some daintie dishe,
according to your skill,
And ferue it vp in siluer plate :
dispatch, you know my will.
The cooke receiude the heart,
and made a cunning messe
Of meate thereof, as men are wont
that curious cates can dresse.
He minst it very small,
not sparing any cost,
For why, the Knight his maister, did
alow him with the most.
When time of eating came,
Roffilyon fate him downe,
And eake the Lady, who for lacke
of Guardiafan did frowne.
The meate was brought to borde,
than he that ganne to thinke
Vpon his murther lately done,
could neither eate nor drinke.

TRAGICAL TALE.

At length the cooke fent vp
 that other melle of meate,
 But he, as one that had no lifte,
 did will his wife to eate,
 And fet the dayntie difhe
 for her to feede vpon.
 The Lady, fomewhat hungrie, fell
 vnto the cates anon,
 And felt it very fweete,
 which made her feede the more:
 She rid the difhe, and thought it had
 beene of a fauage Bore.
 Roffilyon, when he fawe
 her ftomacke was fo good,
 And that the meate was all confumde,
 the difhes emptie ftoode:
 How thinke you wife (quoth he)
 how like you of your meate?
 Good fir (quoth fhe) I like it well,
 I had good lifte to eate.
 No wonder (quoth the knight)
 by God, although this cheare
 Do wel content thee being dead,
 in life thou thoughtft it deare.
 The Lady hearing this,
 ftoode ftill, as one difmayde
 Vpon the wordes: when paufe was pafte,
 vnto the knight fhe fayde,

Why? what is that (good fir)
which you haue giuen me
To sup withall? who anwerde thus:
I doe protest to thee,
The foode whereof thou fedst
was Guardaftanos heart,
Whome thou didst so entierly loue,
and playdst the harlots part.
Behold it is the fame,
this knife his belly ript,
And from the rootes, with these my hands,
the traytors heart I stript,
And crackt the strings in twayne,
to ease my heart of woe,
That could not rest contented, but
by murthring such a foe.
The Lady, when she heard
that Guardaftan was slayne,
Whom she had loude, to aske where she
lamented, were in vayne,
Coniecture of her cares,
imagine her distresse.
At last (quoth she) thou cruell knight,
(I can not tearme thee lesse)
Hast playd a wicked part,
and done a cursed acte,
In slaying of a gilllesse man,
(O bloody beastly fact)

A wight that woed not me,
 twas I that earned death,
 If any did deferue at all
 the losse of vitall breath.
 Twas I that did the deed,
 I loude, I doe protest,
 And did of worldlie men account
 that worthie knight the best.
 How might he death deferue
 who loyall was to thee?
 But (mightie Gods) it is your will
 and pleasure now I see,
 That these so noble cates,
 the heart of such a wight,
 In chiuallrie that did excell,
 a passing courteous Knight
 As Guardiafano was,
 shoulde be my latter meale,
 And that I should with baser meates
 no more hereafter deale.
 Wherefore (good faith) quoth she.
 I doe not loath my foode,
 And therewithall vpon her legges
 the louing Lady stode
 Before a windowe, that
 was full behinde her feete,
 And sodainly from thence she fell
 into the open streete.

Which deede no fooner done,
the window was fo hie,
But out of hand, her breath was flopt,
and fo the dame did die
With carcaffè all to cruft,
by reafon of the fall.
The knight her husband feeyng this,
(who was the caufe of all)
Stoode like a man amazde,
and then mifliked fore
Both of the Ladies loffe, and eke
the murthred knight before.
And being then adrad,
and ftanding in a doubt
Of Counte Prouince, and the reft
that bordred thereabout:
He fadled vp his horfe,
and roade in poft away:
The night did fauour his intent.
As foone as it was day,
Twas all the countrey through
that fuch a dame was dead,
And prefently vpon the fact
the knight him felfe was fled.
Then they that feruants were
of eyther caftle, came
With bitter teares, and tooke the dead,
the knight and eake the dame,

And in the castle Church,
 in marble hewde for twaine,
 They buried both the murdered knight,
 and eke the Ladie flaine.
 With verses on the graue,
 to shew both who they were,
 And what was cause that Guardiafan
 and she were buried there.

The Lennyoy.



HE Poet that to Loue did pen the path,
 And taught the trade Cupidos ympes to traine,
 Within his second booke aduised hath,
 That who so lookes, and would be willing faine,
 To keepe his loue vnto himselfe, he must
 Neither brother, friend, nor yet companion trust.

And herevpon his grounded reason growes,
 That ech man seekes to serue himselfe in chiefe:
 And he to sight that friendliest countenance showes,
 Yet for his flesh will soonest play the thiefe.
 As stolne Deare in taste exceedes the gift,
 So gallantst game is that which commes by shyft.

In greatest trust, the greatest treason lyes,
 Where least we feare, there harme we soonest finde,
 An open foe each man full quickly flies,
 Hee woundeth most that strikes his blowe behinde:
 But little hurt the open Adder workes,
 The Snake stings sore, that in the couert lurkes.

The barking Hound hath seldome hap to bite,
 His mouth bewrayes his meaning by his erie:
 No byrde vpon the open twigs doth light,
 The naked Net eeh foolish foule doth flye:
 The hidden hooke is hee that doth the feate,
 Of sugred bane the wiliest mouse will eate.

Who feares no fraude, wyth ease you may beguyle,
 The simple minde will soone be ouergone:
 He takes least harme that doubtbes deceyt and wyle,
 And dreading thornes, doth let the Rose alone:
 The Trumpets sound bewrayes the Foe at hand,
 And warning giues his furie to withstand.

The glewing grome that fyghts before he eommes,
 Is eyther voyded, or by sleight subdued,
 The way to wyne, is not to beate the drummes,
 For threatning throates are easily eshued:
 The surest meane to worke anothers woe,
 Is fayre to speake, and be a fryend in showe.

Had not this knight reposde assured trust
 Vpon his fryend, that loude him as his life,
 Could he so well haue serude his fylthie lust?
 Or leysure had so to abusde his wife?
 No, had he thought suelh treason hyd in breast,
 He would haue lookte more nearely to hys guest.

But louing well, and meaning not amisse,
 He lowde him seope, without suspect of ill,
 To come and goe, to vse the house as hys,
 A perfect showe of very great good wyll:

TRAGICALL TALES.

Both purse and plate, both lands, and lyfe, and all,
 (Sawe wife alone) lay pledge at every call.

Which makes his fault and foule offence the more,
 That dyd this deede and wrought this trechery
 Against his friend that loude him euermore,
 And thought him void of vice of lechery:
 Good nature deemd that Guardastan could not,
 For fleshly lust so deare a friend forgot.

But see, how synne once seasing on the minde
 Doth muffle man, and leades him quight away:
 It makes him passe beyond the boundes of kynde,
 And swerue the trade where truth and vertues lay,
 Refusing friends, reiecting lawes, and right,
 For greedy care to compasse foule delyght.

And as the man herein deserueth shame,
 For stoupyng so to base and beastly vice,
 So are those dames exceedingly too blame
 Whose glaueryng glee to lewdnesse doth entice:
 Who frame their lookes, their gesture, tongs, and tale,
 To serue their turne in steede of pleasant stale.

Two sorts I fynde descriuing trust aleeke,
 The mounting minds that sue for hygh estate,
 And such againe as sensuall pleasures seeke,
 And hunt the haunt of every louyng mate:
 Both which to come by what they like and loue,
 Renounce they friends, and scorne the Gods aboute.

But marke yet well the sause that doth ensue,
 Such stolne flesh is bytter as the gall,

Great are the plagues to such disorders due,
 From skyes reuenge and fearefull scourge doth fall:
 The dome diuine although it suffer long,
 Yet strikes at last, and surely wreakes the wrong.

For Helens rage king Menelaus wife,
 The Stories tell how Priam and his towne
 Confounded were, and how for broyle and strife
 In wrongfull cause, the walles were battered downe:
 Full many a knyght in battayle spent his blood,
 And all because the quarrell was not good.

So when this Traitor knight had fed his fyll
 Vpon Rossilions wyfe, and wrongde his friende,
 By foule abuse: in guerdon of his ill,
 The wrathfull Gods brought him to wretched end
 To quit hys glee, and all his former sport,
 He dyed the death in most vnhappie sort.

And shee, who falst her faith and marriage heste,
 And double penance for her pleasure past,
 For fyrst she eate his heart she fansied best,
 And desperately did kill her selfe at last.
 Note here the fruites of treason and of lust:
 Forbeare the like, for God is euer iust.

Nihil proditore tutum.

Amore,

Puo piu che ogni amicizia, et che ogni honore.

*The Argument to the fift
Hiftorie.*



HE Lumbard Albyon conquered Cunimund,
And after death of him inioyd the state,
And married with the Ladie Rosamund,
The Princes daughter whom he slue so late:
Whose skull he did conuert into a pot,
Because his conquest should not be forgot.

His custome was at euerie feast hee made,

To drinke therein for pompe and foolish pride,
And on a time his Queene he gan perswade
To doe the like: whereto she nought replide,
But so much scornd his offer of disdaine,
As straight she drew a plot to haue him slaine.

A noble man that Don Ermigio hight,
With on Parradio, by the Queenes deceate,
Were wrought to kill this monster if they might,
And by the sworde they meant to doe the feate:
And so they did within a little while,
When least the king mistrusted anie guile.

Vpon his death, Ermigio out of hand,
Espousde the Ladie Rosamund to his wife,
Which when Longinus chaunst to vnderstand,
He practisde with the Queene to reauce his life,
To thend that he might marrie with his dame,
Who gaue consent to do this deede of shame.

With venim vile to worke she thought it best,
Which when Ermigio dranke, and found the drift,
By force he draue the Queene to drinke the rest,
Who seeing that there was none other shift,

The poyson supt, and tooke it patientlie,
As iust rewarde for both their villanie.

Parradio eke, whose helping hand did further
The Lumbards bane, and brought him to his death
For guerdon due to him, to quit the murther,
First lost his eies, and after that his breath:
That men might see, how trulie God doth strike,
And plague offences, lightlie with the like.



AMONG those warlike wights
That earft from Almaine came,
And other Northly parts befide:
Thofe men that beare the name
Of Lombards chaunft to light
In Italy, and there

Two hundred yeeres and fomwhat more,
The only rule did beare

Throughout that realme, which we
Now Lombardie do call:
Vntill fuch time, as Charles the great
Had difpoffeft them all,

And draue them thence by force,
And meane of kingly might:
What time (I fay) it was their lot
In Italy to light.

One Alboine was their chiefe,
A man of monftrous wit,
And valiant in the feates of armes,
For martiall practife fit.

This Alboin, ere he came
 To Italy, had flaine
 King Cunimundus, and bereft
 Him of his princely raigne.

And not content with death,
 Nor hauing belly full
 Of noble bloud, cut off his head,
 And of the clouen skull

Did make a quaffing cup,
 Wherein he tooke delight
 To boufe at boorde, in token of
 His pompe, and former fight.

This Cunimundus had
 A daughter passing faire,
 Rosmunda hight, that was his ioy,
 And should haue bene his heire,

If he had kept his crowne,
 And not bene conquered fo :
 But being flayne, his daughter was
 A captiue to his foe.

This Captaine kept her thrall,
 And ment it all her life :
 Till loue at last this Lumbard forst
 To take her to his wife.

When marriage day was past,
 And he to battell fell,
 And conquering of Italie
 He loude his wife fo well,

As she might neuer parte :
 But like a warlike dame,
 She euer logde in open campe,
 Where fo her husband came :

Who fundrie-cities tooke,
 And conquerde many a towne,
 By force of fworde, and Lyonlike
 Went ramping vp and downe.

Vntill at length he came
 To Pauoy, where of olde,
 (As in the chiefeft place of all)
 The kings their courte did holde.

When full three yeeres and more,
 This Lumbarde there had layne:
 Vnto Verona he remoude,
 With all his princely trayne.

And prefently preparde
 A folemne banket there,
 To feaft his frendes, and others that
 Of his retinue were.

Amids which princely cheere
 And royall feaft, the king
 Dyd will the wayter on his cup,
 That he to boorde fould bring

The mazare that was made
 Of Cunimundus head:
 And hauing it in prefence there,
 (Where he with wyne were fped,

Or elfe by malice moude,
 I wote neare what to thinke)
 But hauing it in place, he gaue
 His Queene the cuppe to drinke.

The cuppe her fathers skull,
 O wilfull witleffe acte,
 Which no man well aduifde would do,
 But one that were diftracte.

The Queene perceiuing this
 In mockage to be ment
 Of Alboyne, as it was in deede,
 And fawe his lewde entent,

And how he fkoft the king
 Her father in the fame,
 Was ftufft with raging rancour ftreight,
 And blufht for verie fhame.

In forte that all hir loue
 Which fhe had borne before
 Vnto her hufbande grewe to hate,
 She loathde him tenne times more

Than euer fhe had loude
 Or fanfied any wight:
 And thereupon refolude to doe
 A mifchiefe, if fhe might,

And to reuenge by death
 Of Alboyne, monftrous man,
 Her father Cunimundus bloud,
 Loe here the broyle began.

For Rofmonde all in rage,
 Confulted with a peere,
 Ermigio calde, a courtly wighte,
 This noble man to fteere

To murder of the Prince.

I leaue her wordes vnpende,
 This noble, hearing whereunto
 Her long difcourfe did tende,

Declare the Queene his mynde,
 And vttered his conceite,
 And faid Parradio was the man
 That muft difpatche the feate :

Without whofe helpe (quoth he)
 I wote neare what to fay :
 I thinke him fuch a one as dares
 Such ventrous parts to play.

Your grace were beft to proue,
 If he confent, you fhall
 Not fayle of me, but ftande affurde
 To haue me at a call.

Forthwith the Queene did caufe
 Parradio to appeare :

Who after fundrie offers made,
 And wordes of courtly cheare,

To moue him to the fpoyle
 Of Alboyn, thus replyde:
 In wayne your grace doth goe aboute
 To haue the king deftroide

TRAGICALL TALES.

By these my guiltlesse handes,
 That day shall neuer be,
 I truste, the world shall neuer proue
 So foule a fact by me,

As to procure the death
 And murder of the king:
 Of treason vile, to haue a thought
 To practise such a thing.

Leaue off your lewde entente,
 Or seeke some other wight
 To worke your feate, I neuer yet
 In slaughte tooke delight.

The Ladie hearing this,
 And hauing earnest zeale
 To worke her will, reiecting shame,
 Bethought her howe to deale.

There did at selfe same time,
 Vpon the Queene awayte
 A proper wenche, of comely grace,
 Full fitte to make a bayte,

To take such louing woormes
 And hang them on the hooke,
 Whose greatest pleasure is vpon
 A courtly dame to looke.

This gallant likte her glee,
 Her gesture, and her face,
 And by deuice did hape at last
 To purchase priuie grace.

Meane whyle the fubtile Queene
 That found this louers haunt,
 And knew he daily plyde her mayde,
 Thereby to make her graunte
 And yelde him his defire,
 Thus thought it beft to worke
 In felfe fame place where they did meete,
 In fecrete forte to lurke,
 As though it were the wenche
 With whome he would debate,
 And fo perhaps fhe might both checke
 And giue the foole a mate.

Which hapned fo in deede:
 For on a certaine day,
 The Queene, to compaffe this her craft,
 Put on her maydes aray,
 And in the wonted place,
 Where they did vse to talke,
 Beftowde her felf. When night was come
 Forth gan this gallant walke,
 And to the ftanding came
 Where lay this lodged doe,
 Whome he had thought to be the mayde,
 But it was nothing fo.

 Streight he in wonted wyfe,
 As cuftome was of yore,
 Pronounfte his painted termes of loue,
 And flattred more and more,

TRAGICALL TALES.

Bewraying all his thoughtes,
 And ripping vp his harte
 Vnto the wenche (for fo he deemde)
 And playde the Louers parte.

Ten thoufande wordes he fpake,
 And tending all to loue:
 Whome after all his long difcourfe,
 The Queene did thus reprove:

Parradio, doeft thou knowe
 With whome thou ftandeft here?
 Who thus replyde in louing wyfe:
 Yea that I doe (my deare)

And namde the felfe fame mayde,
 Who was his friende in deede,
 With whom he had conferrde of loue,
 In great good hope to fpeede.

What Sir? you are beguilde,
 I am not ſhe you weene:
 No feruing mayde affure thy felfe,
 I am (quoth ſhe) a Queene.

And Rofmond is my name,
 Nowe doe I knowe thy minde,
 And priuie am to all thy guyle,
 Thou ſhalt be fure to fynde

Of me a mortall foe:
 Nowe make thy choyce of twayne,
 Where thou wilt fpoyle the king my ſpouſe,
 Or thou thy felfe be flayne,

For this outrage of thine,
Which thou haft done to me:
Leaue off delayes, difpatche with fpeede,
It may none other be.

Parradio hearing this,
And pondring in his thought
To howe extreme a poynt by wyle
Of Rofmond he was brought:

Refolude to flay the Prince,
And ridde him of his lyfe:
And for the better working of
His feate, did vfe the wife

The diuelifh Queenes deuife,
And Don Armigios ayde.
And in this forte thefe wicked folkes
The cruell pageant playde:

The king as custome was,
Becaufe the day was hotte,
To take a nappe at after noone,
Into his chamber gotte.

Where being foftely layde,
The place was voyded ftrayte,
And eurie groome had leaue to parte
That vfually did wayte.

To yelde the king his eafe,
Thus dealte the futtle dame:
And to be fure to haue her will,
She fhifted thence with flame

Her sleepe husbandes fworde,
 Who then in slumber lay,
 For that he should by no deuife
 Haue powre to scape away.

This done, the cruell wightes
 (Of whome I spake before)
 With bloudie mindes, and armed handes,
 Approched to the doore:

And vp they thrust the fame,
 And softly entred in:
 And stole vpon the heauie prince,
 That slumbring long had byn.

Yet wrought it not so well,
 For all their theeuish pace,
 But that [the] king perceiude them when
 They came vnto the place:

Who mazed in his minde,
 And chargde with fodaine feare,
 To see these two suspected wights
 To preafe in presence there:

Gate him vp with Lions rage,
 From Cabbin where he slept,
 And to his fworde, for safegarde of
 His life and honour, leapt.

But out, alas, the Queene
 Had rest the weapon thence,
 Which earst the Prince was wont to vse,
 And weare for his defence.

The Ruffians that in rage
 For blood and mischief fought,
 Bestowde their blowes vpon the kyng,
 That no such practife thought:

And so bestirde themselues,
 His weapons being bad,
 As in a while they flue him there,
 And so their purpose had:

Vnwist of any wight,
 The murther was vnseene,
 And knowne of none, but of the two,
 And of the curfed Queene.

When this deuise was wrought,
 Ermigio out of hande
 Did feyze vpon the Pallace, with
 Intent to rule the land,

And thought to wed the Queene,
 And so he did indeede:
 Whereto the Queene, and all the rest
 That fauourde her, agreeede.

*Imagine of their ioyes,
 Whom filthie sinne did linke,
 What pleasure they in kingdome tooke,
 I leaue for you to thinke.*

*But sure in my conceite,
 Where murther brings the wife,
 There wealth is woe, lusti turnes to loath,
 And liking growes to sirife.*

TRAGICALL TALES.

But turne I to my tale,
That plainly may appeare,
What hap befell, and whether they
Did buie their marriage deare :

The Lumbards priuie that
Their king was fouly flaine,
And that by meane thereof they might
Their purpose not attaine :

But should bee forst to flee,
Or worfer hap, to haue
By longer stay their chiefeft goods
And iewels for to faue,

Trufft vp in fardell wife,
And fo conueide by stealth
The Ladie Aluifenda thence,
(And eke good store of wealth.)

Who daughter to the king
But lately murthred was,
Not by this wife, but by the first :
Away the Lumbards passe

Vnto Rauenna, where
As God and fortune woulde,
Longinus the Lieuetenant to
Tyberius, courte did holde :

Great Constantine his sonne,
Whose Empire stretched wide,
And vnder whom Longinus had
In trufft those Realmes to guide.

This Captaine entertainde
 Them in good louing wife,
 And did the greateft friendfhip vse,
 That he mought well deuife.

It fortunde fo at laft,
 (The caufe I wote not well)
 Longinus to good liking of
 The Ladie Rofmonde fell,

Whofe fanfie grew fo great
 Vnto the featurde wight,
 As marrie out of hand he would
 To further his delight.

To bring this match about,
 He practifde with the dame,
 And gaue aduife that fhe fhoulde take
 In hand a deede of fhame.

The murder of the man
 That vfde her as his wife:
 There was no choyce, but fhee muft reauē
 Ermigio of his life.

The Queene that cleane had caft
 The feare of God away,
 And awe of men, not weying what
 The world of her might fay:

And thirfting for eſtate,
 Whereto ſhe hoapte to clime:
 Preparde a poyfoned drinke for him
 Againſt his bathing time,

And made in wife, the gaue
 A holefome Goffups cup,
 Which he fould finde exceeding good,
 If he would drinke it vp.

Who hauing no diftruft
 Of wife, or diuelifh drift,
 With witling hands vnto his mouth
 The poyfoned pot did lift :

And drank a greedie draught
 His former heat to quell :
 It was not long before the drinke
 Vnto his working fell :

Which when he felt to rage
 And boyle within his breaft,
 And knew himfelfe vnto the death
 With venim vile poffeft :

He drew his desperate fworde,
 In choler and despite,
 And draue the Queene to quaffe the reft,
 And empt the veffell quite.

Which done, at one felfe time,
 Both he and eke his Queene
 Did end their liues, that haftners of
 King Albyons bane had beene.

One poyfoned fyrrupe flue
 This curfed couple tho,
 Whofe beaftly liues deferude fo vile
 A death for lyuing fo.

Which when Longinus heard,
 And how that matters went :
 The Ladie Aluifinda streight
 Vnto Tyberius sent,

And all her treafure eke
 That earst her fathers was.
 Withall, Parradio who did ayde
 To bring these feates to passe,

Who being there in place,
 In cruell fort was flaine,
 And ere he dyde, was reft his eyes,
 To put him more to paine.

Nullum peccatum impunitum.

Ogni peccato a morte a'l fin lhuom meua.

The Venuoy.



O heere the fatall end of murther done,
 Such blooddie factes deserue no better hyre:
 Behold the threcede that of such wooll is spon,
 Marke well their lot that mischief doe conspire,
 It lightlie doth vpon their heads retire:
 And those that are the workers of the deed,
 Though long forborne, at last no better speed.

See, to reuenge when Rosmond once began,
 Incenst thereto by wrath and deepe disdainē,
 She could not stint by murther of a man,
 Nor leaue, although she saw her husbande slaine,
 But thought she woulde attempt the like againe:
 Her vile conceite was blinded all with blood,
 She could not turne about to see the good.

Sewst once in sinne, and washt in waues of ill
 She banisht ruth, and pitie flung aside,
 Yelding her selfe to spoyle the slaughter still,
 Whom she mislikte, should streight haue surelie dide.
 Such flames of wreake withyn her bowels fride:
 And being cald to hie and princelie state,
 In foule attempts, she could not want a mate.

Worth whyle to note how such as beare the sway,
 And sit inseat of royall dignitie,
 The righteous Gods without respect, doe pay,
 And plague them for their hellish crueltie,
 With losse of honour, liues, and iolitie:
 And such as are their ministers in ill,
 Either gallowes eates, or fatall sworde doth kill.

Crude'ltta sta spesso in donna bella.

*The Argument to the sixth
Historie.*



HE king of Thunise had a daughter faire,
Whose beauties brute through many countries ran:
This Lady was her fathers only heire,
Which made her loude and likt of eury man,
But most of all the king of Granate thau,
Began to loue, who for he was a king,
By little sute, this match to cloth_did bring.

The promise past betweene these noble states,
They rested nought, but onlie her conuey
In safetie home, for feare of rousing mates,
Who would perhaps assault them by the way:
Wherefore the king Cicils pledge they pray,
Who gaue his word and Gantlet from his hand,
Not to be vext by any of his land.

Away they went, the ships forsooke the shore,
And held their course to Granate warde amaine,
When sodeinly Gerbino (who before
Had lovde the Queene, and did his match disdain)
With Galies came this royall prize to gaine:
The fight was fierce, a cruell battaile grewe,
But he at length most likelie to subdue.

When Sarizens saw the force of blooddie foe,
And that they must surrender vp the dame,
Maugre their might, and needs their charge forgo:
What for despite, and what for verie shame,
And partly to discharge themselues of blame,

They kild the Queene, Gerbino looking on,
And threwe her out, for fish to feed vpon.

To venge which deede, and cursed cruell acte,
He slue them all, not leauing one aliue,
With fire and sword the Sarizens he sackt,
For that they durst so stoutlie with him striue,
And did his loue of life and light deprue.
Yet backe againe to Cicill Ile retyrde,
Missing the marke which he had long desyrde.

When newes was brought vnto the aged king
The Grandsire, how his nephew willfullie
Had broke the league, and done a heinous thing,
Committing spoile, and shamefull Piracie:
Although he loude Gerbino tenderlie,
Yet did adiudge him to the death, because
He did prefer his lust before the lawes.



ING William, by report of fuch

As dwelt within his lande,
Who second Prince of Cicil, held
The Scepter in his hand :

Two babes begot vpon his Queene,
A male, that Ruggier hight :

And eke a daughter, Custance cald,
A Dame of beautie bright.

This Ruggier while his father liude,
By fortune had a Sonne,
Gerbino namde, of whom this tale
Especially doth runne.

Who by his Grandfyre nourisht vp
 And nurtred from a boye,
 At length became a proper man,
 And was the Princes ioye.

His courteous nature wonne renowne,
 His valiant courage knowne
 Not only in Cicilia was,
 But brute abroad had blowne

The fame thereof to foraine realmes :
 His praife doth passe the boundes
 Of all the Ile, where he was bred,
 And in Barbaria foundes :

Who to the king of Cycill payde
 Their tribute money then :
 Which greate renowne of Gerbins name
 Vnto the eares of men

Was brought that euery one extolde
 His vertues to the skye :
 Who but Gerbino all abrode,
 Whose fame like his did flie ?

Among the rest that heard reporte
 Of Gerbin, was a dame,
 The daughter of the king of Tunife
 (I wotte not well her name)

But as (the men that fawe her vaunte)
 Shee was the fairest hewde,
 And trimmest shapte, that euer kinde
 Had cast or creature vewde.

Whofe body was no brauer deckte
 With louely limmes without
 Than was her mynd with maners fraught
 And vertues round about.

This Lady hearing noble men
 Oft reafoning of renowne
 That Gerbin wanne, by worthy deedes,
 And how his fame did drowne

That chiuarly of all the reft :
 And that his courage was
 So great as he in manly feates
 All other knightes did paffe.

Delighted very much therein,
 Shee likte the talke fo well,
 And flood fo long deuifing of
 His prowefle, that fhee fell

To like Gerbino, though vnfeene :
 Shee felt her breft to frie
 With fancies flame, and was of him
 Enamord by and by.

So that it did her good at harte
 To heare of Gerbines fame,
 And eke her felfe among the reft
 To publifh out the fame.

As willing as fhee was before
 To heare of others talke,
 So glad this Lady woxe at laft,
 To haue her toung to walke.

*The playnest prooffe of great good will,
That lurking lyes in brest:
For when the minde doth like, the mouth
Can neuer be at rest.*

And on the other side, as fast
This peerlesse Princeesse fame
Was noyfd abroad, and so in fine
To Cicill Ile it came:

There was hir beautie bruted much,
As other where beside:
So long till Gerbin through reporte
Of his fayre Lady fride,

And felt himselfe enlaste in loue,
And tangled in the net:
That willie Cupid earst to take
His louing Lady fet.

This heate did daily grow to more
Within the gallantes brest,
And did torment him so within,
That he to purchase rest,

Deuisde an honest lawfull skufe
To parte from Cicill Ile,
And gat him leaue to trauaile vnto
Tunise for a while,

Vpon desire to see the dame,
Whose fanfie bound him thrall:
And gaue in charge vnto his frende,
And folkes he went withall,

As much as euer lay in them
 To further his intent,
 As euery one should thinke it best:
 And tell her what was ment

Of Gerbines parte, and how he loude,
 Enduring bitter payne
 For her, and from the noble Queene
 To bring him newes againe.

Of whom, those men that had the wit
 To handle matters well,
 Went Merchant like vnto the court,
 Fine iewels there to sell:

Which they of purpose brought from hom,
 And Ladies vse to bye,
 As rings, and stones, and carkenettes,
 To make them please the eye:

And by this practise in they gotte
 Within the Pallace gate,
 And made their shew, and marchantlike
 In euery pointe they fate,

To spye a time to moue their fute
 Vnto the noble dame:

Who, in a whyle that they had bene
 In place, by fortune came,

And thwarted where Cicylians fate,
 Vpon desire to fee
 Such iewels as might like her best,
 Now here began the glee:

For one that had a fyled tong,
 And durst his tale to tell
 And looke a Ladie in the face,
 Vnto his purpose fell.

And after reuerence done, began
 To fay in fobre forte,
 That Gerbin willd him to reaire
 Vnto her fathers courte,

To fee, and to falute her grace,
 Whom he did tender more
 Than all the Ladies on the earth,
 That he had feene before.

Her loue had pierst his noble brest,
 And cleft his manly harte:
 And he was well contented with
 The ftroke of Cupides darte.

Both he, and all the wealth he had
 Was hers to vse at will,
 Requesting her to take in worth
 Gerbinos great good will:

I cannot pen the tale he tolde,
 So well in euery place,
 As he, perhaps, pronounst it then:
 The gesture giues the grace.

But this you may assure your selfe,
 He dealte so orderly,
 As needed: for the Princeffe did
 Receiue him thankfully:

And did accept his meſſage well,
 With anſwere to the fame,
 That as Gerbino burnt in loue,
 So ſhee did frie in flame,

And felte as hot a coale as hee
 Within her tender breſt:
 If inward loue, by ſecret ache,
 And griping might be geſt.

And to thend her former talke
 Vnfayned might appeare,
 Shee ſent Gerbino ſuch a ring,
 As ſhee did holde moſt deare.

A iewell of no ſlender price,
 The value did excell:
 This meſſage being borne him backe
 Did like the louer well.

The token highly was eſteemd,
 No richeſſe mought haue pleaſde
 His fanſie halfe ſo well, as that,
 For why? his ſmarte was eaſde.

And after that, he fundrie tymes
 Sent freindly lynes of loue,
 And tokens to the Princeſſe, by
 The man that firſt did moue

The ſute, and brake the matter vp:
 Deuiſing how he might,
 And ment him ſelſe to talke with her,
 If fortune fell aright.

But matters being at this hande,
 And luckely begonne:
 Deferring off from day to daye
 The thing that should bene done:

Whilst Gerbin melted with desire
 His Lady to imbrace:
 And she againe did long asmuch
 To see her louers face.

It so befell, the king of Tunife
 His daughter spowfed had
 Vnto the Prince of Granate, which
 Did make the Lady sad.

She woxe the wofulst dame aliue,
 For being matched so:
 It did not only grieue her, that
 Shee was compeld to go

So farre away from Gerbin: but
 The thing that nipte her nere,
 Was, that she feard she neuer should
 Haue seene her louer deare,

Once being parted from the place,
 In all her life againe:
 And hereupon she willing was,
 And would bene very faine

To scape the king her fathers handes,
 And liude with Gerbin aye:
 She beate her braynes, deuising meanes
 By stealth to runne away.

Likewife the knight was cloyd with care,
And liude a wofull man.

Her mariage knowen, his valiant breft
To throbbe and ake began :

Was neuer wight in greater woe,
Nor angry moode than he :
At length when care was fomewhat past,
He thought his helpe to be,

And only ayde to rest in force,
Wherefore he did entend
By strength of hand to win his loue,
When so the king should fend

Her home vnto her husbandes realme :
Loue had posselt him so,
As, he the Princeffe to enioye,
Through fire and floudes would goe.

The king of Tunise hauing heard
Some inckling of good will,
That was betwixt the knight and her,
And doubting of some ill

That Gerbin would pretend : besides,
Well knowing that he was
A valiant wight, and one that did
Full manly prowesse passe :

When time was come to fend the queene
Vnto her husbands land,
By letters which he sent, hee let
King William vnderstand

His meaning and his full inteent,
 And did request beside,
 To haue affurance at his hands,
 That he would fo prouide,

That not a man within his Realme
 Should hinder his pretence,
 Nor Gerbin make refiftance, when
 He fent his Ladie thence.

The hoarie graue Cicilian king,
 That loden was with age,
 And wift not of his daughters loue,
 Nor yet Gerbinos rage,

Nor deeming that the kings demaunde
 Did tend to fuch effect,
 Did frankly yeld his fute, as one
 That did no ill fufpect.

And for affurance of the fame,
 To rid the prince of feare,
 He fent his Gantlet, for a pledge
 That things confirmed were.

Who hauing fuch affurance made,
 Let bulde a mightie barke
 In Carthage Hauen, and did rig
 The fame with earnest carke,

And finely finifht vp the fhip,
 In minde, without delay,
 Vnto Granata, by the Seas,
 To fend the Queene away.

He wanted nothing faue the time
 To complifh his intent:
 Meane while the wanton Princes, that
 Knew her father ment,

And finelling out his purpofe, caufde
 Her man in poaft to goe
 Vnto Palermo couertly,
 To let Gerbino knowe,

Both of the Ladies late contract,
 And that by fhip fhee muft
 Within a while to Granat goe,
 To ferue her husbands luft.

Wherefore tell Gerbine, if he bee
 The man in deed (quoth fhee)
 And fuch a valiant Knight at armes,
 As he hath bragd to mee,

And often boasted of himfelfe,
 Or beare me halfe the loue,
 He made in wife: he knowes my minde,
 I fhall his courage proue.

The meffenger that had the charge
 Did as the Queene had wild:
 And made returne to Tunife, when
 He had her heft fulfilled.

When Gerbin had receiude the newes,
 Both of her going thence,
 And alfo that his Granfire gaue
 His gloue for their defence

That should conuey the Princeſſe home
 Vnto her husbands land :
 He doubtfull woxe, and wiſt not what
 Was beſt to take in hand.

But waying well the Ladies wordes
 Whom he did moſt imbrace :
 To make a prooſe of faithfull loue
 In ſuch a doubtfull caſe,

Vnto Meſſina ſtreight he went,
 And there two Gallies made :
 And armde them well with valiant men,
 And ſkilde in Rouers trade :

And to Sardinia did conuey
 Him ſelſe, and all his route :
 Entending there to make his ſtay,
 And linger thereabout,

Till time the Queen by ſhipping came,
 Which was within a ſpace :
 For why Gerbino had not long
 Continue in the place.

But that he might perceiue alooſe
 One vnder faile that came,
 And had but ſlender gale: he knew
 It ſtreight to be the ſame

Wherein the Queene his miſtreſſe went :
 The Gods would haue it ſo,
 For at that inſtant ſlender was
 The winde that there did blow.

Then (quoth Gerbino to his mates)
 If you be valiant men,
 (As I haue thought you all to bee,
 And doe account you :) then

There is not one among you all
 I dare auowe, but earst
 Hath been in loue, or presently
 With Cupids shaft is pierst :

And certainly withouten loue
 Within the breast of man,
 No goodnesse growes, as I doe deeme,
 Nor any vertue can.

And if you loue, or euer did,
 Then lightly may you gesse
 The great desire, and burning loue
 That doth my heart oppresse.

I doe confesse I am in loue,
 And Cupid causer was
 That I procurde you hither now,
 To bring my will to passe,

And vndertake this present toyle.
 The yonder ship you see,
 And in the ship doth rest a dame,
 The only ioy of mee.

And eke besides my Ladie deare
 Whom I would haue fo faine,
 Great wealth there is, to quit your toiles,
 An easie thing to gaine.

Small fight (no doubt) will ferue the turne,
 If you will play the men:
 Which bootie, if wee may atchieue,
 (My mates) affure you then

I only will the Ladie gaine,
 That is my only care:
 As for the goods, I am content
 Among your felues to fhare.

Wherefore (my friends) attempt the fight,
 Let courage neuer faile:
 The Gods you fee are willing that
 We fhould the fhip affaile.

You fee ſhe hath no gale to goe,
 She can not paffe away:
 Fight freely, all the ſpoyle is yours,
 You ſhall be made to day.

There needed not ſo many wordes
 Their willing hearts to win:
 For why encountring rather than
 Their liues they would haue bin:

The bootie bred the great defire,
 They thought his tale too long:
 The greedie luſt of pray did pricke
 Thoſe luſtie Lads along.

Wherefore as ſoone as he had told
 His tale, the trumpets blewe:
 And euery man his weapon caught,
 And to the oares they flewe,

TRAGICALL TALES.

And to the shipwarde on they went,
 With all the speede they might:
 The men aboard that see them come
 Preparate them felues to fight.

For why they could not scape away,
 The Gallies were so neare,
 And eke the winde so slender was
 To cause the ship to steare.

When Gerbin did approach the barke,
 He wilde the chieftest men,
 That were the guides, and rulde the ship,
 To come aboard him then,

Vnlesse they ment to fight it out,
 The Sarizens that saw
 Both who they were, and what they would,
 Said that they brake the law

Which earst the Prince of Cicill made
 Vnto their Soueraigne, and
 To make the matter plaine, they shewde
 The Gantlet of his hand :

Loe here King Williams Gloue (quoth they)
 Behold it here in fight:
 This is your Pasport, nought yee get,
 Vnlesse it be by fight.

Gerbino hauing earst descride
 The beautie of the dame
 Aloft the Poope, began to frie
 And melt with greater flame

Than euer he had done before :
 For then her feature seemde
 Farre fresher than in all his life
 The lustie louer deemde.

And thereupon intraged thus
 By beautie of the Queene :
 He gaue his scoffing answere, when
 He had the Gantlet seene :

Good faith (quoth hee) I neede no gloue,
 My Faulcon is away :
 I haue no vse to put it to :
 But if without delay

You doe not yeeld the Ladie vp,
 Prepare yourselues to fword :
 For sure, vnlesse I haue my will,
 You shall bee layde aboard.

And presently vpon the same
 Without a farther talke,
 The arrowes flewe from side to side,
 The bullet stoncs did walke :

A cruell fight began to grow
 On eyther part a space :
 But when Gerbino saw at length
 His force could take no place,

He lades a Lyter all with fire
 And with his gallies went
 Full clofely to the mightie ship.
 They seeyng his intent,

And knowing this, of verie force
 That they muſt yeeld, or die:
 Did make no more adoe, but cauſde
 The Princes by and by,

(That vnder hatches ſobbing fate,
 Gerbinos only loue)
 To leaue her teares, and ſhew her ſelfe
 Vpon the decke aboue.

Who as vpon the foreſhip ſtoode
 In prefence of them all,
 The helliſh houndes the Sarizens,
 Vnto the Knight did call.

And full before his face, they ſlue,
 With many a blooddie blow,
 The Ladie, crying out for grace:
 And hauing done, did throw

Her carued carkaffe from the ſhip
 Into the brackiſhe flood:
 And to Gerbino therewithall
 Exclaynde, and cryed a good:

Loe, take fir Knight, we yeeld her vp
 Vnto thy crauing handes,
 In fort as lyes in vs to doe,
 And as the broken bandes

Which thou haſt (wretchleſſe man) deſpifde,
 Deferue: now doe thy beſt.
 Gerbino, hauing viewde the deed,
 And wayed within his breaft

The tygres harts, and bloody mindes
Of thofe that flue the dame,
Did make no more adoe, but clofe
With dreadleffe courage came

Aboord the fhip, and there begon
Without refpect of grace,
Full Lion like, that lackes his pray,
When bullockes are in place :

To doe thofe wicked flaues to death,
He did not fauour one.

Some rent he with his eger teeth,
He fet his nayles vpon

Some other, breaking all their bones,
To glut his hungry hart,
That longd for vengeance of the fact.
Then gan he play his part,

With fharpe and cruell fword in hand,
As one without remorfe :
He feard me one, and fcotcht an other,
And mangled euery corfe.

Meanwhile the flame began to grow,
And kindle all about
The bloody barke, and bodies flaine,
The fparkes began to fpout.

The knight to faue the taken fpoyle,
Did caufe his watermen
To beare away fuch bootie as
Serue their purpofe then.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Which done, he left the burning ship,
 And to his gallies goes,
 With wofull conquest of the Mores
 That were his mortall foes.

Then willd he all the Ladies limmes
 That in the water were,
 To be vptaken peece by peece,
 Not one to tarry there.

Which bones he long bewept with teares,
 That in abundant wife,
 For very grieffe distilled were
 By lymbeckes of his eyes.

And after many dolefull plaintes,
 And profes of louers paine,
 Returning home vnto the Isle
 Of Cicille againe,

He caufde her body to be tumbd
 In Vftica, an yle
 Full fore againft Trapponus foyle.
 And then within a whyle,

He hyed him to his natiue home,
 A man of heaue hart :
 Meanewhile the king of Tunife, that
 Had tiding of the part

That late was playde, attyred all
 In blacke, his legates fent
 To Cicill, to the king to shew
 His grace how matters went,

And all the order of the fact,
 And let him vnderstand
 How that his nephew broken had
 By rash attempt, the band.

Whereof King William wrothfull wox,
 And seeing that he must
 Of force, or shew himselfe a Prince,
 Or not be counted iust:

He made Gerbino to be tant,
 And kept in yron gyues.
 His nobles could not change his minde,
 And purpose, for their liues.

He iudged his nephew to the death,
 And loosing of his lyfe:
 There past not many dayes, but that
 Gerbino felt the knife,

And did endure his grandfires wrath,
 Who rather wisht to see
 His nephew murthred, than him felse
 A faithlesse King to be.

And thus these two vnhappy wights
 Without the fruites of loue
 Had shamefull deathes, as you haue heard
 By this discourse aboue.

The Lenuoy.



WHO works against his soueraigne Princes word,
 And standes not of the penaltie in awe,
 Well worthy is to feele the wrathfull sword,
 And dye the death appointed by the law:
 No favour is to such offendours due,
 That, eare they did amisse, the mischiefe knew.

For Princes willes are euer to be wayde,
 The statutes are the strength and stay of all,
 When lawes are made, they ought to be obeyde,
 What royall Peeres, by pledge, or promise, shall
 At any time confirme to friend or foe,
 Must stable stand, the law of armes is so.

For they are second Gods in earth belowe,
 Assignde to rule and strike the onely stroke,
 Their crownes and scepters, be of perfect shew,
 That all estates are vnderneath the yoke:
 What they shall say, or doe in any case,
 By dutie ought to take effect and place.

Wherefore who dares aduenture vp so hie,
 And proudly presse to alter kings decres,
 Not fearing what may light on them thereby,
 Nor forcing what they shall by folly leese:
 Of law deserue the hardest point to byde,
 For scorning those whom God appoyntes to gyde.

When royal Rome dlyd flourish in estate,
 In auncient age, the Senate bearing sway,
 The lawes were so seuer, as who forgate
 To liue vpright, and doe as they did say :
 Was presently committed to the blocke,
 Without respect to blood, or noble stocke.

Some in exile were sent to foreine landes,
 Leauing their wyues and little babes behinde.
 Some sonnes were slayne euen by the fathers handes,
 Who faououring right, forgot the lawe of kinde :
 Justice in Rome bore then so great a sway,
 As no man durst good orders disobay.

We reade of one, a ruler graue and wyse,
 Who made a law, and that to this effect,
 That he should be bereft of both his eyes,
 Whom any of adultery might detect :
 And bring good profe that it was so in deede,
 Vpon which acte the sages all agreed.

It so befell, his sonne against the law
 Did first offend, that first deuise the same,
 Which fortune when the wofull father sawe,
 And that his sonne could not auoyde the blame :
 For justice sake did thus deuise to deale,
 To giue example in the common weale.

Where as the law expressly willde, that he
 Who did offend, should be bereft his sight,
 The father with his sonne did so agree
 As each did loose an eye the faulte to quite :
 Wherein the father shewde himselfe seuer,
 And yet as ruthfull as the law could beare.

TRAGICALL TALES.

O worthy wight, O ruler fit to raigne,
 That rather chose his childe to punish so,
 And eake himselfe to byde some part of payne,
 Than parcially to let offences goe:
 A double tumbe was due vnto his bones,
 For being iust and ruthfull both at once.

King Romulus who let the citie builde,
 And founder was of all that royall race,
 That none should ouerleape his rampire wild,
 Which Remus did the fortresse to disgrace:
 Which when his brother saw in mockage ment,
 With wrathfull sworde he slue him ere he went.

So here this aged Prince of Cicilie,
 When he had pledg'd and pawnd his honor downe,
 Though lesse offence to slay by crueltie,
 His nephew, than to stane his kingly crowne:
 For iustice is the chiefe and only thing
 That is requirde and lookte for in a king.

Wherefore what Peeres and Princes once haue wild,
 No subiect should endeuour to vndoe:
 For Kings will looke to haue their hestes fulfilled,
 And reason good that it should aye be so.
 As beastes obey the loftie Lyons looke,
 So meane estates must puyasant Princes brooke.

Ill fares the barke amid the broyling seas,
 Where euery swayne controlles the maisters skill,
 And each one stires at helme him selfe to please,
 And folowes not the cunning Pylots will:
 So realmes are rulde but badly, where the base
 Will checke the chiefe, that sit in highest place.

*The Argument to the seuenth
Hystorie.*



MERCHANTS daughter loude her brothers boy
That kept the shop, of linage basely borne,
Which grome became the damsels only icy,
Whereat the brothers tooke no little scorne:
That he who was a youth of no account,
Presumde vnto their sisters bed to mount,
So deeply sanke disdain within their brest,

As nought saue death their malice might assuage,
Those stately merchants mought not be at rest,
Till time they had disparteht the sillie page:
Wherefore they all, with one eonsent agreed,
To murther him, and so they did in deede.

Whose absenee long did grieue the tender maide,
That wept the dayes and spent the night in teares,
Not knowing where he was, nor why he stayde:
It so fell out in fine, the Ghost appeares
Amyd her dreame, of him that so was slaine,
And bid her stint her teares, that were in vaine.

He wried his wounds, he shewde the shameful blows,
He told the traytors treason, and the traine
That wrought his bane, and whence their malice rose,
And where his mangled earkasse they had laine:
Which proees tolde, he vanisht out of sight,
The wench awoke, a heauie wofull wight.

To trie the truth of what her vision spake,
She got a mate of trust, and on she hide

Vnto the place, a perfect view to take:
 Where after search, the body she espide,
 The body of her friend so lately dead,
 Whose limmes she buried, bearing thence the head:

Which head she plasht within a Basell pot,
 Well couered all with harden soyle aloft,
 Her daily vse was to lament his lot,
 That so was slayne: she wept and sorrowed oft:
 So long, vntill her brothers stole away
 The Basell pot, wherein her louer lay.

This second grieffe compared to the furst,
 That she (poore wench) had suffred for hir friend,
 Increast her cares, and made her hart to burst,
 Whose life did whole vpon the pot depend:
 The merchants, when they sawe their sister ded,
 For feare of lawe, in poste their countrey fled.



Fyore within Messyna dwelt
 Three brothers, marchant men,
 Left wealthie by their fathers death,
 Who died by fortune then.

This marchant had beside his fomes,
 A daughter, very young,

Elizabeth by name, in whom
 With beautie nurture sprong.

Which nymph, as nature furnisht had
 With seemly shape to view:
 So in her tender breast, a troupe
 Of honest maners grew.

Which gifts of courfe are wont to caufe
 Good liking, and good will :
 But yet for all thefe vertues rare,
 This virgins lucke was ill,

Or els her brothers cruell were :
 For ſhe was ripe to wed.
 And yet without a married mate,
 Her luſtie prime ſhee led.

It fortunde ſo, at ſelſe fame time
 This damfels brothers had
 A yonker, that did keepe the ſhop,
 A very handſome lad.

Lorenzo was the prentife name,
 To whom they gaue the charge
 Of ſhop and warehouſe, all was his,
 To buie and ſell at large.

This ympe being verie neate and trim
 Of perſon, and of wit,
 And paſſing pleaſure in deuife,
 A man for follie fit :

By geſture and demeanure, fet
 This damfels heart on fire,
 Who but Lorenzo with the wench?
 He was her chiefe deſire.

When thus the virgin liude in loue,
 This prentife did perceiue,
 By noting her from day to day,
 He then began to leaue

TRAGICALL TALES.

His forraine haunt at game abroade,
 And only bent his breast
 To loue of her, of whom he saw
 Himselfe fo fure posselt.

Thus lyking grewe from lesse to more,
 The faggot equall was
 That burnt within these louers breasts,
 And brought the match to passe:

For why there were not many dayes,
 Before the wench and he
 Gaue full assurance of good will,
 It might none other be.

Ech felt the fruite of former gripes,
 Ech louer found such sweete
 In Venus ioyes, as fundrie times
 At pointed place they meete,
 And sport as the maner is
 Of wanton Cupids crue,
 That more respect the present toyes,
 Than troubles that ensue.

And thus in play they spent the time,
 But loue giues such a flame,
 As few, or none, haue reason howe
 To quench, or hide the fame.

For why the light bewraies it selfe
 Vnto the lookers flight,
 So farde it by these louers two,
 For on a certaine night

As ſhee (good wench) was haſting to
Lorenzo, where he lay :

Her eldeſt brother chaunſt to ſee
And traēt her on the way,

And knew for certaine that ſhe went
Vnto the prentife bed :

But like a wittie man he held
His peace, and nothing ſed.

Although it was a death to him
So foule a faēt to knowe,
Yet reaſon and good nature did
Perſwade this marchant fo.

As after fundrie doubtfull thoughts
That wandred in his hed,
He was content to hold his tong,
And ſo he went to bed.

I leaue to deſcant of his dreames :
But ſure I ſearce beleeeue
He ſlept at eaſe, who ſawe a fight
That ſo his heart did greeue.

When morning came, and ſtars did ſtart,
The man that ſaw the deed
The night before, roſe vp, and gate
Him to the reſt with ſpeede,

And tolde his brothers what had hapt :
And after long deuife,
And counfell had vpon the caſe :
Becaufe their ſifters vice

Should purchase them no open shame,
 Nor yet their linage blot:
 They purposde so to deale in things
 As though they wist it not:

Vntill such time as fortune ferude,
 Without mistrust or blame,
 To rid away the partie that
 Had doone them all the flame:

Meane while they bore a merie face,
 And shew of friendly heart,
 To outward fight, vnto the man
 That plaide so vile a part,

The better to reuenge the wrong.
 For that an open foe
 Is easie to be voyded, when
 His lookes his rancour shew.

Which made them laugh in wonted wife,
 With him that had defilde
 Their sifter, till such time as they
 The leacher had begilde:

Which hapned in a little space.
 For being in this glee,
 The brothers did deuise to take
 Their horse, and ride to see

The countrie for a day or twaine:
 And as the Prouerbe goes,
 The moe the merrier is the feast.
 And thereupon it rose,

They prayed Lorenzos companie
 For sport, and folace sake.
 Who though would gladlie stay at home,
 His wonted myrth to make

With her that was his only ioy:
 Yet graunted his consent
 To goe abroade, suspecting no
 Such mischief as they meant:

Thefe merchants, and the prentife thus
 Their prauncing ienates tooke,
 And brauely out of towne they rode
 In all the hast to looke

A place wherein to doe the deede,
 I meane Lorenzos death.
 They had not iourneied farre, before
 They came vnto a Heath

Befides the way, a desert where
 No traueell was in vre.
 And being brothers there alone,
 They thought themfelues as fure

As needed, to dispatch a man,
 That no such force did feare.
 The short is thus, they made no wordes,
 But slue Lorenzo there.

Mine author writes not of his wounds,
 But reafon giues it fo,
 That in reuenge of his abuse
 Ech brother had a blow:

Whofe body thus bereft of life,
 They buried in fuch fort,
 As no man faw the fact, nor none
 Could euer make report.

The Prentife flaine, the carkaffe laide
 In graue, the marchant men
 Vnto Meffyna, whence they came,
 Returned backe agen.

And to diffemble this their deede,
 They bruted all abroad,
 That lately in affayres of theirs
 The youth Lorenzo rode,

And trauaild touching marchants gain:
 Which made the tale the more
 Of credite, for becaufe he vfe
 To doe the like before.

Elizabeth, at laft, that faw
 The lingring of the man,
 And that he ftaid beyond his time,
 To languifh fore began.

And as the cuftome is of loue,
 To deeme ech houre a day,
 Ech day a yeere, ech yeere an age,
 When louers are away:

So fhee that thought his abfence long,
 And livde in bitter paine,
 Did question with her brothers, of
 His comming home againe.

Demaunding when the time was fet,
 And when the day would be,
 That shee Lorenzo safe returnd,
 From foreine coast should see.

To whom her brother thus replide,
 With countenance curst and grim,
 What doest thou meane to question thus?
 Haft thou to doe with him

For whom thou doest demaund so oft?
 Good faith, vnlesse thou leaue
 These termes in time, thou shalt from vs
 An answere fit receaue,

And well agreeing to thy deedes.
 Which bitter gyrde did nip
 This filie maide, as she estfoone
 Began to byte her lip,

And woxe the wofulst wench aliue,
 Nor after durst to make
 The like demaund againe, for him
 That sufferd for her sake :

But spent the day in dolefull plaints,
 And sobde in secrete wife,
 The bitter torment of her breast
 Braft out and bathde her eyes,

With fundrie showres of trickling teares
 Distilling by her face,
 She often cald him by his name,
 And wild him home a pace.

Lamenting much his long delay,
 Whom shee did loue so well.
 Whilst thus the maiden stood on termes,
 Vpon a night it fell,

That after manie hartie sighes,
 And fundrie cryes,
 For lacke of Lorenze, slumber came
 And shut her aking eyes.

Who was no sooner false a sleepe,
 But dreames began to grow
 Within her raging retchlesse braine:
 Then seemd to open shew,

Her murthred friend to stand in place,
 With visage pale and wan,
 And cheekes with buffets blown out.
 The garments of the man

Were all to rent, his robes were ragd:
 And, as the wench did gesse,
 Lorenzo in her dreame bespake
 Her thus: Thy deepe distresse

(O faithfull friend) I well perceiue,
 I see my long delay
 Doth cause thy cryes: for my returne
 In grief thou pynste away:

My absence is the cause of care,
 Thou dost accuse thy friend
 Of longring, and thy heauy playnts
 I see can haue no end.

Wherefore (I fay,) dry vp thy teares,
That flowe like floudes of rayne:
Lament no more, I cannot come,
Though I would nere fo fayne.

For why, the day thou sawfte me laft,
Was ender of my life:
Thy brothers, whilst I rode with them,
Slewe me with fodaine knife.

And therewithall he shewde the place
Where dead his body lay:
And willd her weepe for him no more,
And vanisht fo away.

The wench awooke, and credite gaue
Vnto this dreame of hers,
Which made her to bemoyst her face
And bofome all with teares:

Full bitterly flee did bewale
The murther of her loue.
When morning came, and Phebus beames
The darkeness did remoue,

Not daring to difclofe the thing
Vnto her brothers, flee
Did mynde to goe vnto the place,
Of purpose there to fee

Where that her dreame wer true, or no,
Which troubled her the night.
And being that this Damfell was
At libertie, and might

TRAGICALL TALES.

For pleafure wander out, and home,
 In company of one
 A woman friend, that wonted was
 To walke with her alone,

And priuy was of all her deedes:
 As rathe as fhe might rife,
 With mother nurfe fhe gate her out,
 And to the heath fhee hyes:

Where by coniecture lay the coarfe
 Of him that murthred was.

As fone as they ariued there,
 She ferapt away the graffe,

And fweppte the parched leaue afide:
 And where at firft fhe founde
 The hardeft foyle, and ftonieft bancke,
 Began to delue the grounde:

Shee had not digged any depthe,
 But lighted by and by
 Vpon her louers wofull corfe,
 Vnwafted that did lye

And vncorupted in the graue:
 Whereby the mayden knew
 That all the vifion which fhe fawe
 The night before was true.

Whereat fhee waylde and wept a good,
 But knowing that the place
 Was farre vnfit for fighes and teares,
 Which could not right the cafe:

Shee would haue gladly borne away
 The carkaffe, to haue layde
 It in a decent tombe at home,
 Saue that fhee wanted ayde.

Wherefore she drew me out a knife,
 Wherewith away she swapte
 Her louers head, and vp the fame
 In linnen cloth she lapte :

And couered vp the corfe agayne,
 And gaue the head to beare,
 Vnto the nurse, her trustie frend,
 That was of purpose theare :

Shee tuckt it in her apron clofe,
 (As women vse to doe)
 And so vnseene, from thence vnto
 Messina home they goe.

Where being come, and entred to
 Her chamber with the head,
 She shut the doore, and on the fame
 So long her teares did shed :

Vntill with bryne fhee all besprent
 It, as it lay in place :
 And now and then among her cries,
 Shee all bekift the face.

Which done, fhee tooke an earthen pot,
 Wherein she vfde to fette
 Her Basill, or her Parsely feede,
 The best that fhee mought gette.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Whereto in foldes of filken lawne
 She put Lorenzos skull,
 And after that, with garden foyle,
 She pourde the pitcher full:

And strewde her finest Bafill feede
 About alofte the fame,
 From whence like Orenge water, finell,
 Or Damaske rofes came.

And daily after that, she fate
 Imbrafing of the Canne,
 And culling of it in her armes,
 As though it were the man,

Whom she entirely loude before:
 And after kissing, then
 She would to teares, and fighting fobbes,
 From fighes to teares agen.

Continuing fo, vntill fuch time
 As shee had watred all
 The Bafill, with the dreary droppes,
 That from her face did fall:

So that at length by tract of time,
 Or groffeneffe of the ground,
 By reason of the rotting head,
 The Bafill did abound,

And gaue a paffing pleafant finell.
 The wench did neuer leaue
 This folly, till the neighbours chanfte
 Her praçtife to perceiue.

Who, (when her brothers muzed that
 Her bewtie did decay,
 And that into her hollow browes
 The eyes were funcke away,)

He fpake then thus : We stand affurde,
 It is her daily gife,
 To goe into the garden, where
 The Bafil pot it lyes :

And there to weepe in wofull wife,
 A wretched wench to fee.
 The brothers when they heard the tale,
 And hauing willd that shee

Should leaue that fonde and foolifh trade,
 But faw it booted not,
 Did make no more adoe, but hid
 Away the Bafil potte,

Which, when ſhe hapt to come againe,
 And not to finde it there,
 Full earnestly began to craue
 The fame with many a teare :

And being harde thereof, begon
 To wexe difeafde, and all
 Her fickneffe time, for nothing but
 The Bafil potte did call.

Her brothers not a little muzde
 To heare her ſtrange request,
 In crauing of the potte, and there-
 Vpon did thinke it beſt

To see the fame, and make a search:
 Who hauing powred out
 The earth that was within the potte,
 Eftfoone efpide a cloute,
 And in the cloth, the head inwrapte,
 So frefhe and fayre to vewe,
 As it to be Lorenzos head,
 By curled heare they knewe.

Which fet them in a fodaine dumpe,
 And made them greatly dread,
 The murther would be brought to light
 By reafon of the head:

And hereupon they hid the fkull,
 And layde it in a graue,
 And from Meffina went by ftealth
 Them felues from death to faue:

Entending, being fled the towne,
 If they might paffe vnfpide,
 From thence, in poſte, vpon the fpurre,
 To Naples fraight to ride.

And thus I leaue the merchant men
 Their iourney forth to take,
 Who after ſped, I wote nere howe:
 But thus an ende I make:

The filly wench, amid her grieſe
 Did neuer leaue to crye,
 To haue the Baſill pot againe.
 But when ſhee did eſpie,

That all her calling was in vayne,
 Her teares did neuer blin
 To iffue from her cristall eyes,
 Till timy the harte within,

For very anguifh, braft in twaine.
 Then Clotho came to rid
 The mourning Damfell of diftreffe,
 And brake her vitall thrid.

Loe here the lotte of wicked loue,
 Behold the wretched end
 Of willful wightes, that wholly doe
 On Cupides lawes depend.

Vn puoco dolce multo amaro appaga.

The Lenuoy.



If all the earth were paper made, to write,
 And all the Sea conuerted into incke,
 It would not serue to shew Cupidos might:
 No head can halfe his bloody Conquests thinke:
 Vnto his yoke he forceth euery wight,
 No one away dares for his life to shrinke.
 Who most contends, the widest wound receaues,

For Cupid then by force his freedome reaues.

TRAGICALL TALES.

The sage who sayde, that (loue exceeded all)
 Pronounst the troth, and spake as we do fynde:
 He wist full well, that euery wight was thrall
 Vnto the God that feadreth is and blinde:
 No Poet him, but Prophet may we call,
 For that of loue so derely he define:
 For Cupid with a looke doth wound moe hearts,
 Then thousand speares, or thousand deadly dartes.

Which Cæsar sawe, who sundrie Realmes subdude,
 Whereby his fame did reach the stately starres,
 For when that he fayre Cleopatra vewde,
 He fell to loue, for all his ciuill warres:
 In aged brest his youthfyll wounds renewde,
 Where Cupids scourge had left him sundry scarres.
 That learned Marcus, so renownde for wit,
 For Faustine fayre was rid with louing bit.

Eake Annybal of Carthage manly wight,
 That past the Alpes to come to Italy,
 Whose puissance put the Romane hoast to flight:
 For all his force and prudent pollicy,
 Did stoupe to loue, surprisde with deepe delight,
 Of one, a wench bred vp vnciuilly:
 And many moe, as fierce as he in fieldes,
 Cupido forst with tender bowe to yeelede.

And not alone this Archer masters man,
 But by this power, doth pierce the golden skies,
 And there subdues the greatest now and than:
 Such subtill driftes the Godhead doth deuise.
 As when that Ioue lovde Leda, like a Swan,
 And prickt his plumes to please his Ladies eyes:

Another time became a milke white Bull,
And all to steale away a countric Trull.

Who hath not hearde how Phebus Daphne lovde?
How mightie Mars was bound in Vulcans chaine?
And eke how Ioue his greatest cunning provde,
When he became a golden showre of rayne.
Endymion he was passingly belovde
Of Phebe, who with him had often laine:
On Latinus hyll, the gastly God of hell,
Pluto him selfe, did like Proserpine well.

May Neptune boast or vaunt aboute the rest?
Dyd he not loue as other Gods haue done?
Hath Cupid neuer rasde his rockie breast?
Could he for all his waues dame Venus shunne?
No, he hath been by pangs of loue opprest,
The water nymphs his godhead oft haue wonne,
No storme could stint, nor frosen flood remoue,
Nor water wast his flames of burning loue.

To banish him no wile or wit auailles,
No heart so hard, but melts as doth the waxe,
To cure his wound all learned Phisicke failles,
It burnes the breast, as fire consumes the flaxe:
The fort of force must yeeld when loue assailes:
Ech rebels mind with lingring siege he sacks,
No towre so high, no castle halfe so strong,
But loue at last will lay it quite along.

And looke who once is tangled in his net,
And beares his badge fast fixed in his brest,
By no deuise or gile away may get,
But forth he must, and march among the rest.

TRAGICALL TALES.

By nature so the law of loue is set,
 As none hath will or power from him to wrest,
 No grieffe so great, no toyle or trouble such,
 That faithfull louers thinke to be too much.

No counsell giuen by friend, no feare of foe,
 No rulers rod, no dread of threatning law,
 No wracke of wealth, nor mischief that may grow,
 Can cause the wight that loues to stand in awe:
 As flattly doth this former story show:
 Where you a wench so deepe in fansie saw
 As naught saue death might bring her woes to end,
 When she had lost her faithfull louing friend.

Wherefore this wrong was great they did this maide:
 The brothers were a little not to blame,
 That would the wench from fixed fansie staid:
 And thought by force to quench her kindled flame.
 Loues heate is such, it skornes to be delaide.
 With greater ease you may a Tiger tame,
 Than win a wight whose liking once is set,
 Either to forgoe a friend, or to forget.

Amor vince ogni cosa.

*The Argument to the eight
Historie.*



WHEN Aristotimus did strike the stroke,
 In Elyesus, and did weld the Mace
 As King alone, so heauie was his yoke,
 That subiects thought themselues in wofull cace:
 For greedie gullcs that gapt for giltles blood,
 Were best esteemde, and most in fauour stood.
 Ech villaine vile that vaunted of his vice,

Ech loathsome leacher longing for his lust,
 Was mounted vp, and held in hiest price,
 Sinne sate at bench, extortion counted iust,
 The best might bear no palme whilst he did rain,
 He banisht some, and some with sword were slain.

Till Gods at last detesting murthers done
 Incenst the hearts of sundrie noble wights,
 For duc rcuenge, vnto his realm to ron,
 Where matchte with suche as were his housholde knights,
 With one consent this bloody beast they slew,
 Amid the Church for Gods themselues to view.

The woful Queen, the murthring monster wife,
 By fame assurde of dolefull husbands death,
 To flee the force, bereft her selfe of life,
 Enuying that her foes should stop her breath:
 Two Ladies eke, the daughters of the king,
 Had leauē to die, who hung themselues in string.



THAT time the proude and puifant prince
 Antigonus, in hande
 The Macedonian Scepter held
 And gouerned all the land:
 There livde one Aristotimus,
 A beaft of blooddie kinde,

That all to monftrous murther did
 Imploy his Tigres minde.

Who, when by fauour and by force
 Of Antigon the King,
 The ftate of Elyefus to
 His yoke and becke did bring:

Full tyrantlike he ftroke the ftroke,
 And hauing got the crowne,
 Gaue vp himfelfe to loathfome luft,
 And brought the fubieets downe,

That earft in freedome long had livde.
 So mightie was his raigne,
 As to refift his cruell parts
 Men thought it all in vaine:

What foule abufe was then vnwrought?
 What rigor left vntride?
 What wicked pranks and pageants plaide
 Whilft he the realme did gide?

His cankred nature all inclinde
 To flaughter and to blood,
 To kill the poore, and gittleffe foules,
 It did this monfter good :

And to this murthering minde of his,
 He ioynde the vile aduife,
 Of barbarous people that to blood
 This tyrant did entife :

The beaftlieft men that liuing were
 Alone he did not place
 In office, to controle the reft,
 (Which was a curfed cafe :

That fuch vnciuill brutifh beafts
 Should rule a Princes land)
 But choze them for his perfons garde,
 To haue them neare at hand.

Of all the vile vnkindlie partes
 That he aliue did play,
 I note but one aboue the reft,
 Wherein I minde to ftay,

To fet this viper out to view :
 That all the world may fee
 What plagues in ftore for cruell Kings
 By Gods referued be :

*Who though to drinke in golden cup,
 And feaft with daintie fure,
 And for a time abound in bliffe,
 Yet end their liues in care.*

*And feed of former sugred fops,
They swallow bitter gall,
And from the top of kingly throne
Abide the shamefull fall.*

There dwelt within this tyrants realm
A Citizen of fame,
A man of wealth and great estate,
Phylodimus by name :

Who father was vnto a wench
For feature that did passe,
An A perfe, among the rest,
And nurtred well she was.

Faire Micca was this maidens name,
Whose beautie did excell.
This Tyrant had a Souldier, who
Did like the virgin well,

One Luzio, a roysting Roague
In fauour with the king,
That to the end he might the maid
Vnto his bias bring,

A messenger dispatcht vnto
The father, straight to will
Him yeeld his daughter to his hands,
His pleasure to fulfill.

He let him vnderstand his lust,
The father seeing such
A foule demaund, and shamefull fute,
Was vexed very much,

And gripte with anguifh of the minde:
 But hauing wayde the cafe,
 And knowing that this ruffian floode
 So in the princes grace:

And highly was eſteemde of him:
 Begonne to be afraide,
 And thereupon his wife and he
 Thought good to fend the maide:

Whom they perfwaded as they might,
 For fafetie of her life,
 To yelde the Souldier vp the fort,
 Withouten farther ſtrife.

But ſhee (good heart) that leſſe eſteemde
 Her life than ſpotleſſe name,
 Well nured vp from tender youth,
 And aye, in feare of fhame,

Fell proſtrate at her fathers foote,
 Vpon her fainting knees,
 Imbracing him with bitter teares,
 The futes ſhee made were theſe:

That he would neuer ſee her ſpoilde
 Of ſuch a varlet vile,
 Nor let a cutthrore fouldier ſo
 His daughter to defile:

But rather let her die the death
 With fathers willing knife:
 Than yeld her vp to Luzios luſt,
 To leade a ſtrumpets life.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Shee was content with any lot,
 So shee might scape his hands.
 Whilst hearing thus his daughters plaints
 The wofull father standes:

And with the mother wayles the hap,
 And pities of the maide,
 Not knowing what to doe therein:
 The Leacher that had staide

And lookt for Miccas comming long,
 Impacient of his flame
 And beaftly heat, to fet the wench
 Himselfe in person came:

Puft vp with deepe distaine and wrath,
 And fild with enuious yre,
 That she did linger there so long,
 Whom he did so desire.

Who being come vnto the houle
 Where did this damfell dwell,
 And seeing her at fathers foote,
 For rage began to swell,

And much misliking her delay,
 With fierce and frowning face,
 Controlde the wench, and bid her rise
 And follow him a pace:

And must I Damfell come (quoth hee)
 Mought message not suffice?
 Doe way delays, leaue of those teares,
 And wype your wantons eyes:

Difpatch and come along with me,
 Doe linger on no more.
 Whereat the wench renude her plaints,
 As ſhee had done before :

And made no haft at all to ryfe,
 But fate vpon her knees :
 Which Luzio feeing, all in rage
 Vnto the mayden flees,

And ſtrips her naked as his nayle,
 And beate her round about,
 A thouſand ſtripes he gaue the girle,
 That had not on a cloute

To faue the burthen of a blowe
 From off her tender corfe.
 But ſhee continde on her minde
 For all the villaynes force,

Not weying all his blowes a beane,
 A mayde of manly harte :
 For though the beaft had beate her fore,
 Shee made no ſhewe of fmarte :

Nor yielded any fighting fobbes,
 In prooffe of inward payne,
 But valiantly abid the ſcurge,
 And ready was agayne

To doe the like, more rather than
 To yelde to ſuch a flaue,
 Or make him owner of the hold
 Which he did long to haue :

The wofull parentes viewing this
 With grieffe and dewed eyes,
 Were greatly tho to pitie moude,
 And out they made their cryes :

With fute of Luzio there to leaue
 And beate the mayde no more.
 But when they fawe they nought preuaild,
 Their aged lockes they tore.

And out on God and man they call,
 Their daughter voyde of blame
 To succour being fore diftreft,
 Euen then at point of flame.

Which fute, and yelling crye of theirs
 Did make the monfter mad:
 And fet him farther in a rage,
 That earft fo plagued had

The mayden Micca voyd of gilt.
 With that he drawes his knife,
 And in the aged fathers fight
 Bereaues the wench of life.

Out guftt apace the purple blood
 From Miccas tender limmes,
 In fuch abundance, as about
 The place the mayden fwimmes :

A perfit prooffe that all the zeale
 Which Luzio bore the wench,
 Did only growe of Leachers luft,
 Whom wrath fo foone could quench.

For had he grounded lust on loue,
 Or fanfide Micca well,
 He would not so haue flaine a mayd,
 Whose bewtie did excell.

Farewell to thee Dianas Nimphe,
 Thy vertue was so great,
 As well thou didst among the gods
 Deferue to haue a feate.

For Lucrece could haue done no more
 Than yelde her selfe to dye,
 And in defence of spotlesse fame
 A tyrants hand to trye.

What kingly hart, what princely brest?
 Nay more, what manly mynde
 Could see, or suffer such a facte,
 Against the lawes of kynde?

Would any man of womans milke,
 Endure so foule a deede,
 Not yelding him that playd the parte,
 A gibbot for his meed?

And yet this butchers bloody rage,
 This tyrant could not moue
 To hate him ought the more, but eke
 The good that did reproue

The filthy villayne for his vice,
 The Prince did make away.
 For some of them with cruell fworde
 He out of hand did flaye,

And other fome he forfte abrode
 As banisht men to rome,
 Eight hundreth at the leaft, into
 Aeolia fled from home,

For succours sake, to faue their liues,
 And fcape his hatefull hande,
 Who only fought the fpoyle of fuch
 As dwelt within his lande :

Where hauing certain months remaind
 Thefe exile wightes did wryte
 In humble wife, by lowly fute
 That they fuch fauour might

Obtaine from Ariftotimus,
 As to enioy their wiues
 And filly babes, the only ftaffe
 And ftay of all their lyues.

But nought their letters moght auaille,
 He would not condifcend
 In any cafe, the Matrones to
 The banisht men to fend :

In hope by that to force them home,
 And fo to wreake his fpite
 Vpon thofe wife forecasting wightes
 That faude themfelues by flight.

But yet he caufde a trumpe in fine
 To found in market place,
 To fhew that he was well content,
 And that it pleafde his grace,

That wiues should feeke their husbands out:
 And gaue them leaue beside,
 With bagge and baggage, babes and all,
 Without restrainte to ride.

Hee licenst them to iourney thence,
 And parte the citie quight,
 Which tidings made the Matrons glad,
 The newes did breed delight:

The packts and fardles then were made,
 The wagons were puruayde,
 Both carte and horses readie were,
 And women well apayde,

That to their husbands they should passe
 When poynted day drewe on,
 The streets were stufte with cariage, wiues
 Were readie to be gone:

Their little babes and all were there,
 The porter only was
 The cause of stay, without whose leaue
 There might no carriage passe.

Whilst they at gate thus wayting were,
 A farre they might espye
 A trowpe of sweating Souldiers runne,
 That made a cruell crye:

And willd the women there to stoppe,
 And thence agayne to goe
 Into the citie whence they came,
 The Princes will was fo:

TRAGICALL TALES.

Those hewfters draue the horfes back,
 The streetes were fomewhat fraight,
 Which made the preafe exceeding great,
 The iades were fully fraight

With heauiē burdens on their backes,
 Which fo anoyde the way,
 As women might not well retyre,
 Nor there in fafetie ftaye.

But by the meane of horfe and men
 Such hurlie burlie grewe,
 That there the iades from off their backs
 The little infants threwe.

The wofull fight that euer man
 Of honeft harte might fee,
 Such filly foules in fuch a throng
 Of cartes and coltes to bee:

Who could not helpe them felues a whit,
 Nor haue the mothers ayde,
 For they (good matrons) by this chaunce
 Were verie much difmayd.

For as their glee was great before,
 And ioyfull eke the newes,
 To parte the towne: fo this areft
 Did make them greatly mufe.

Ther might you fee fome babes braines
 About the channel lie,
 Some broken legs, fome broofed armes,
 And fome with feare did crie.

Were few but felt some part of paines,
 In such a retchles throng:
 And shee, that scaped best away,
 Was cruft, and curftlie wrong.

When the Souldiers reckned had,
 And taken full accompte
 Of wyues, and babes, and knew the fumme
 Whereeto the whole did mounte:

Vnto the Pallace ward they draue
 Them like a flocke of sheepe,
 Which hired shepherdes on the hills
 For meate and wagies keepe.

And beate the fillie foules a good,
 That seemd to flacke the way,
 Who, what for feare and faintnesse would
 Bene very glad to stay.

When to the tyrants court they came,
 The monfter by and by
 Bereft the matrons all their robes,
 Both wyues and babes to lye

In pryfon eke he gaue the charge:
 Thus were they foule beguild,
 Who thought (good dames) to seeke their men,
 From Countrie bounds exilde.

Here will I leaue with heauie hartes,
 The wyues their woes to waile,
 Who hoping to depart the towne
 Were closely kept in gayle,

And to the townes men will returne,
 Who, when they sawe the rage
 Their Prince was in, and wist not how
 His rancour to asfwage,

Amongst themfelues deuifde at last
 One practife to approue,
 Whereby perhaps they might haue hap
 The tyrants hart to moue.

They had within the citie walles
 A forte of facred dames
 Whom sinne they thought it to abufe,
 I wote not well their names :

Of Denys order all they were,
 Sixtene, or there aboute.
 The Citizens did deeme it good
 The Nunnes to furnish out

With robes and reliques of the church:
 And in their hands to beare
 Their painted Gods, proceffion wife,
 As was the custome there :

Well hoping by this subtill flight
 To moue the Prince his harte,
 Who though did murther men, they hopt
 Yet had not layde aparte

All feare and dread of facred faintes,
 (As it fell out in deed)
 For when that euery virgin had
 Put on her holy weed,

Alongft the towne they gan to goe,
In very graue aray,
With humble fute to firre the Prince
To pitie thofe that lay

In prifon, mothers with their babes,
Which was a wofull cafe.
As then, by chaunce the Tyrant was
Amid the market place.

The Souldiers feeing dames deuoute
So deckt with temple ftuffe,
For reuerence of their order, did
Begin to ftand aloofe,

And gaue them leaue to preafe vnto
The Tyrant, where he was:
Who hauing licence, through the midft
Of all the gard did paffe:

And being fomewhat neere the prince,
The king began to ftay,
To know, both whe the women came,
And what they had to fay.

They told their tale, and movde the fute,
And opened their intent:
Which when the Tyrant vnderftood,
Perceiuing what they ment:

Vnto his traine he made a turne,
With grim and ghafly cheere,
Controuling them, that did permit
The Nunnnes to come fo neere.

TRAGICALL TALES.

I lay the Tyrants taunts aside,
 I purpose not to put
 His kingly chafe within my verse:
 But Souldiers combes were cut.

With that the gard began to grudge,
 And for the checke they had,
 With Holbards, which they held in hand,
 They laid about like mad,

And bitterly did beate the dames,
 With many a clubish blowe,
 Respect of reliques laid aside,
 The Souldiers raged fo.

Thus did they vse the sacred Nymphes
 That were to Denyse vowde:
 And to encrease their griefes the more,
 Ech virgin eke allowde

Two talents for a recompence,
 Besides their hurts receivde:
 Thus of their purpose, both the dames,
 And Citie was deceyvde.

At felse fame time, there liuing was
 A man of great renowme,
 When this outrage was put in vse,
 And dwelt within the towne:

Ellanycus this noble hight,
 Then stricken well in age,
 Whose sonnes though Aristotimus
 Had murthred in his rage:

Yet did mistrust him nought at all
 Because he was so olde,
 Was thought vnable ought to doe,
 Which made the tyrant bolde.

This aged father waying well
 His finnes and countries spoile,
 Determinde with himselfe to put
 The tyrant to the foyle,

And take reuenge of blood, by blood,
 Of death, by murther done.

Loe here I leaue the Prince a while
 His headlong race to runne.

I must againe conuert my tale
 Vnto those banisht wights,
 Whom fore it yrkt so long to lack
 Their wiues and sweet delights.

*For countrie loue by kinde doth worke
 In euery honest brest,
 And till we make returne againe
 We neuer liue at rest.*

It was not long (I say) ere they,
 That to Aolia were
 By Ariftotimus exilde,
 And forst to tary there,

With ioynt consent of many moe,
 Tooke armes against the king:
 To bid him battaile out of hand
 Their Souldiers they did bring

Within the tyrants countrie boundes,
 And did possesse the land
 That bordred on the citie which
 This monster held in hand.

There making stout and strong defence
 Against the Princes powre,
 From whence they might with ease affail,
 And eke the foe deuoure.

And to increase their might the more,
 All such as fled for feare
 From Elyefus, ioynde their bandes,
 And were vnited there:

So that the whole assembled rout
 Vnto an armie grew:
 So many were those banisht men
 That from their countrie flew.

Wherwith the Tyrant gan to quake,
 And tremble verie much,
 For why? this battaile that did grow,
 His state did greatly touch.

The hammers beate within his brains,
 As on a smithes forge,
 He wist not how to void the foe,
 Or troubles to disgorge,

That on his backe were like to light:
 At length he thus bethought,
 That hauing all their wiues and babes
 Who all the mischief wrought,

In prifon clofely vnder key,
 He hopte he mought with eafe,
 Deuife a meane the malice of
 His enemies to appeafe,

Not by entreatie but by force:
 For fo his cankred minde
 Was bent to rigour: as of courfe
 It is the Tyrants kinde.

Wherefore vpon a day he went
 Vnto the prifon, where
 The fillie captiue Ladies lay,
 With countnance full of feare,

With glowing eies, with bended browes,
 And angrie Lions looke,
 Commanding thofe whose husbands earft
 Their natiue foyle forfooke,

To write their letters out of hand,
 And fpeede a poaft away
 With earneft fute vnto the men
 From farther force to ftay,

And do their wrathfull weapons down:
 Thus wild he them to write.
 This was the fumme that he would haue
 Thofe women to endite.

Which of you do refufe (quoth he)
 To complifh by and by,
 Be fure thofe eluifh brattes of yours
 And puling babes fhall die:

And more than that, you (mothers) you
 Shall not be clere exempt
 Of torment, but be duly fcurgde
 For penance of contempt.

The women aunfwerd not a word,
 Which chaft the tyrant fore:
 Who being thus to choler movde,
 Bid them delay no more,

Nor trifle, but refolue vpon
 The matter out of hand,
 If not, they fhoulde his princely power
 And pleafure vnderftand.

The Ladies doubtfull what to fay,
 Vpon ech other gazde,
 As who would fay, they feared not,
 But fomewhat were amazde.

There was by chance amongft the reft,
 One wife, a worthie dame,
 Temoliont her husband hight,
 Megeften was her name,

Who for the honour of her fpoufe,
 A man of good difcent,
 And her good vertues, farre before
 Thofe other matrons went:

One whom the reft did reuerence much
 And honor for her wit:
 This Ladie whilft the tyrant talkt,
 With fober grace did fit,

And neuer movde her felfe a whit,
 But caufde the others eke
 To doe the like: who when the Prince
 Had done his tale, gan fpeake,

Not honoring the king at all,
 And thus the Ladie fed:
 O Ariftotimus, hadft thou
 Had iudgement in thy hed,

Or any wifedome in thy brest,
 Thou wouldft not thus entice,
 Or goe about to make vs write
 Our letters of aduice

Vnto our husbands, teaching them
 How they fhould doe and deale,
 In cafe concerning good eftate
 Of this our common weale.

Farre fitter had it been for thee
 Vs matrons to haue fent
 In meffage, vſing better termes
 To further thine intent,

And better order in thy deedes
 Than thou haft done of late:
 I meane the time, when we were ſtaide
 Euen at the caſtle gate

At point to iſſue out of towne.
 Thou mockdft vs there in deede,
 Full greatly to thy taynte and ſhame.
 But now that things proceede

Against thee as thou knowste no meane
 To scape the present doubt:
 If now (I say) by meane of vs
 In speech thou goe about

Our husbands to begile, as vs
 In deedes thou hast before: -
 I tell thee plaine thou art deceivde,
 Thou scanste without thy score.

That they be not entrapt againe,
 Wee women will beware:
 I would not with thou shouldst furmise
 That we such Affes are

Or fotted so, as seeking wayes
 To ayde and faue our felues
 From paine of prifon, and to ease
 Our little apish elues:

We would aduise our husbands to
 Despise their countrie wealth,
 Whose freedome dearer ought to be
 Than any womans health.

The losse were light, though we decay,
 That babes and women be:
 And better were, our husbands should
 Vs all in cofyn see,

Than they should vnreuenged goe,
 Or die, without the foyle
 Of him that seekes to murther men,
 And worke his countrie spoyle.

This Ladie would haue further gon
 And tolde the proceffe out,
 Saue that the Tyrant grew in rage,
 And gaffly lookt about,

Vnable longer to endure
 The force of furious rage:
 Go firra, goe in poste and fetche
 (Quoth he vnto his page)

This desperate dames vnhappy babe:
 And ere I parte this place,
 I will destroy and flay the sonne
 Before the mothers face.

Whilste thus the Page in message sent
 Went seeking here and there
 Among the other boyes, this dame
 (A Ladie voyde of feare)

Had spide anon her little impe:
 Come hither, come (quoth she)
 My prettie elfe, yet rather I
 My selfe will murther thee

With friendly mothers forced hande,
 And reauē thy limmes of life,
 Than euer with thy bloud thou shalt
 Imbrue a butchers knife.

Which speach of hers so spitefull was,
 And nipt the King so nye,
 As he in furie farther sette,
 Did sweare the dame should die.

TRAGICALL TALES.

And therewithall fet hand to fworde
 To let the Ladie blood,
 That readie there to brooke his force
 Before his prefence flood.

And died doubtles there fhee had,
 And caught a fodaine clappe
 To fet her packing, faue there was
 A friend of his by happe,

One Cylo, whom he deerly loude,
 That held the Princes arme,
 And was the caufe, by ftay thereof,
 The Lady had no harme.

This Cylo he was one of them
 Who ment to flay the king
 With helpe of good Ellanycus:
 They had deuifde the thing

Long earft betwixt themfelues: for why?
 They could no longer byde
 This cruell monfters bluddie hande,
 And ftomache ftufft with pride.

This fage appeafde the Princes wrath,
 Who hauing throughly made
 A truce betwixt his rage and him,
 And caufde him fheathe his blade:

Perfwaded that it yll became,
 And was a brutifh thing,
 For him that was a noble peere,
 Yea fuch a puifant King,

To bathe his blade in womans blood:
The conquest was vnfitte
For such as in the like estate
And royall roome did fitte,

Within a while that this was done,
A marueilous happe befell
To Aristotimus, that did
This tyrants death foretell.

For being with his Queene in bed
In daliance and delight,
His seruants, going to their meate,
An Egle fawe in fight,

That made vnto the Pallacewarde,
As fast as shee mought flie:
This vggly Egle came amayne,
And foaring in the skie

Iust oueragainst the very place,
Somewhat beside the hall
Where lay the Prince, from out her foote
The foule a stone let fall,

And presently vpon the deed
Away apace did flie
Quite out of fight, and as she went
Shee gaue a cruell crye.

Whereat the seruants meruelld much,
And made so great a dyn,
As therewithall the king awoke
That had in slumber byn.

His seruants tolde him what they faw,
 And how the cafe did ftande,
 He all in poaft, vpon reporte,
 Sent horfemen out of hand,

For one that was a deepe deuine,
 In whom he did affye
 To fhewe the cafe, to heare his minde,
 And what was ment thereby.

The Prophet made him anfwere thus:
 O puifant Prince, (quoth he)
 Difgorge thy care, abandon feare,
 Let nothing trouble thee.

Pluck vp thy manly harte: for loue
 Doth tender thine eftate,
 And makes a fpeciall care of thee,
 The Egle that of late

Thy seruants fawe, his herald is
 Whom he in meffage fent,
 To fhew thee, that the mightie God
 Is very greatly bent

To ayde thy force againft thy foes,
 Who long with murthring knife,
 To fpoyle theyr countrie of their king
 And reauē the Princes life.

But boldly this prefume, that God
 Himfelfe will ftand with thee,
 Gainft fuch as feeke thy death, and who
 Thy mortall enemies bee.

The tale this cunning Calcar tolde,
 Did ease the tyrants brest
 Of diuers doubttes, wherewith he was
 By Egles meane opprest.

Hee foundly slepte, not doubting death,
 Nor fearing ciuil fworde:
 But marke the end, and what it was
 To trust a Prophets worde.

For hereupon the men that ment
 The murther of the king,
 (Ellanicus, and all his mates)
 Thought good to doe the thing

Which they pretended out of hande,
 Not making longer stay.
 And so among themselues eft foone
 Concluded, on the day

That followed next to worke the feate
 And bring their drifte to passe,
 And that selfe night, Ellanicus,
 As he in slumber was,

Dreamte, that the elder of his sonnes
 Whom earst the tyrant slewe,
 Presented him before his face,
 With wordes that here ensue:

Why sleepe, and slugge you (father deare)
 Why doe you linger so?
 That you to morowe shall subdue
 Doe you as yet not know?

TRAGICALL TALES.

And reave this citie from the king
 Who now enioyes the fame?
 Departe your pillow (father mine)
 And balke your bed for fhamē.

Wherewith Ellanycus reliude,
 And hoping then in deede
 Of happie lucke, in breake of day
 Sought out his crewe with fpeede.

That were confedered in the factē:
 Perfwading them to caſte
 All dread aparte, and flat to fall
 Vnto their feate at laſte.

And at the ſelſe fame time the king
 (As hapte) a viſion had,
 That fed him with affured hope,
 And made him paſſing glad.

This dreame preſented to his thought,
 That with a mightie trayne
 Craterus came, to take his parte,
 Reſiſtance was in vayne.

There was no cauſe why he ſhould care,
 But be of courage ſtoute,
 For that Craterus had beſet
 Olympia rounde about.

This viſion vayne, of good ſucceſſe
 Did ſo affure the king,
 As in the dawning timely hee
 Not dreading any thing

Departes the Pallace, voyde of awe,
With whom there only went
That Cylo, which was one of thofe
That all this mifchief ment.

By one and one his other men
Did followe fomewhat flacke:
Which when Ellanycus perceiude,
How hee his trayne did lacke:

The time is fitted finely then,
The feafon feemed good,
Vnto this auncient foe of his,
To let this tyrant blood,

Without the giuing any figne,
For fo deuifde he had
With fuch as were his fellow friendes:
But being very glad,

Vp lifteth he his aged armes
Vnto the azurde fkies,
And with the lowdeft voyce he could,
Vnto his mates he cryes:

Why doe you loyter, (valiant laddes)
And men of great renowne,
To doe fo worthy deede as this,
Amid your noble towne?

Which worde no foner fpoken was,
But Cylo firft of all
Set hand to fword, and drewe it out,
And flewe me therewithall,

First one of those that issued with
 The tyrant him to garde.
 Who so should take a tyrants parte,
 Deferues the like rewarde.

Then after that, when Cylo thus
 The matter had begunne,
 Lampydio, and Trasfbule
 With all their force did runne

Vpon the monster, fully bent
 Him out of hand to flay,
 Who then began to trust his legges:
 For why? he ran his way,

To scape the danger of his death,
 And to the temple fled
 Of Iupiter the mightie God,
 In hope to saue his hed.

But heathen Gods mought nothing help,
 His enemies were so hote,
 As him amid the sacred Church
 With flining fwordes they fmote,

And there bereft him of his life,
 That well deferude to dye:
 And after dragde him bloody thence
 In open streete to lye.

There lay his loathsome carkaffe flaine
 For euery man to vewe,
 The people did reioyce at harte
 For freedome gote anewe.

So glad were neuer hungrie houndes
 Purfuing of the hare,
 To faften on the fearfull beaft
 Each dogge to haue his fhare,
 As were the fubieets eger then
 The tyrant to purfue,
 With hatefull blood of fuch a beaft
 Their wepons to imbrew.

Whilft thus the folkes debating flood
 Of matter hapt fo late,
 Ech wife began to gaze about,
 And prie to finde her mate.

For now the banifht men were come
 Vnto the towne againe.
 To tell the mirth at meeting tho
 I thinke it were in vaine.

For as their care was common earft,
 Whilft he the realme did gide,
 So femblant was their ioy no doubt,
 When fuch a monfter dyde.

This done, the people gan to preace
 Vnto their Pallaceward,
 But ere they came, how matters went,
 The quaking Queene had hard,

And of the flaughter of her King.
 Full heauie newes, God wot:
 Wherefore miftrufing what would hap,
 Eftfoone her felfe ſhe got

TRAGICALL TALES.

Into a priue counting houfe,
 Where to escape their force,
 About a beame shee hung a sheete,
 And strangled fo her corfe.

A doleful cafe that any dame
 That wes a Princes wife,
 Should for her husbands fake, be forst
 To rid herselfe of life.

But yet of both, more happy she,
 Than was her husband slaine:
 For ventroufly shee put her selfe
 To death, not dreading paine,

But he the captiue, cowardlike
 To Ioue for succour ran,
 And tooke the temple, like a wretch,
 And dide not like a man.

But turne we to our tale againe:
 The tyrant by this Queene
 Two daughters had, the fairest wights
 That lightly mought be seene,

And ripe in yeeres to match with men:
 Who hauing heard report
 How that their father murthred was
 In fuche a cruell fort:

In minde to void the furious foes
 (As virgins full of feare)
 Conuaide themselues into a vawte
 To stay in safetie there.

But they that fought fo many were,
 And pryed fo well about,
 As in the feller where they lay,
 They found the maidens out.

Whom thence, without delay, they drew,
 And whet their eger knyues,
 As fully bent as men mought be,
 To reauē the Ladies liues.

But there by hap Megeften was,
 Of whom we fpake before,
 At whofe entreatie, and the fute
 Of other matrones more,

Thofe noble Nymphs wer tho forborn,
 For thus Megeften faid
 To fuch as fought to doe the deede:
 In flaying of a maid

You do the thing that Butchers hearts
 Would neuer vndertake,
 Good faith it were a shamefull fact
 So vile a fpoile to make,

As file your fifters with virgins blood,
 Againft your manly kinde:
 Let greedie luft to be auengde
 Not make your eyes fo blinde.

But rather, if fo be, there is
 No nay, but they muft die,
 Giue leaue, at my request, that they
 Their proper ftrengh may trie.

Let them make choice vpon their death,
 And scape your handie force.
 Whereto they all agreed in one,
 But no man tooke remorse.

It irekt them that the tyrants blood
 Shouldst rest so long vnshed:
 There were appointed for the nonce
 That both the Ladies led

Into an inner lodging, where
 When they arriued were,
 The eldest sifter like a Dame
 Vndaunted, voyde of feare,

From off her waste did loofe the scarfe
 That girt her loynes about,
 And bid her yonger sifter doe
 The like with courage stout:

Then to a refter of the house,
 Their girdles both were tide,
 The knots and all were fitly made
 To caufe the filke to slide.

Who so had vewde thofe virgins then
 He would haue thought, that they
 Had not intended by and by
 Such break neck game to play.

Their faces were so fresh to fight,
 Their eyes did neuer flare,
 Their tungs pronounst their tales as though
 Their hartes had felt no care.

Their outward gesture shewde a ioy,
 More rather than distresse:
 When thus (I fay) the knots were knit,
 To do the feate, the lesse

Of both the Ladies tooke the elder
 Sifter by the hand,
 Requesting her, that shee as then
 So much her friend would stand,
 As first to let her die the death,
 And play her part before:

To whom the elder answered thus:
 As neuer heretofore

I haue denyde thee (Sifter) aughte
 In all my life, fo now
 Euen at my death I am content
 Vnto thy will to bow.

Thou shalt haue leaue to let me liue,
 Till thou be dead and gone:
 But that which greeues me most of all,
 And giues me cause of mone,

Is, that I liue to see thy death
 Before my losse of life.

The yonger Ladie thereupon
 Without a farther strife

Conuaid her head into the scarfe:
 The other standing there,
 Gaue counfell fo to place the knot
 Just vnderneath the eare,

As lightly she might loofe her breath,
 And rid her selfe of paine:
 The yonger followed her aduife,
 An easie death to gaine.

A wofull thing for me to write,
 And loathsome eke to you,
 (Deare Ladies) who to passe their time
 Shall hap my book to view:

To thinke that two such virgins, borne
 And bred in Princely blisse,
 Should be inforst in fine to make
 So hard a choyce as this.

But (as the auncient Prouerbe goes)
Perforce obaies no law:
The crabbed carters whip will cause
A stately steed to drawe.

The yonger sifter thus bereft
 Of life, the elder came
 And cut the girdle of the beame
 To hide her sifters shame,

As well as shee (good Ladie) might.
 Then was her part to play:
 Who putting on that other scarfe
 About her necke, gan say

Vnto Megesten: Noble dame,
 When thou shalt see me ded,
 For honours sake vnto thy kinde
 See thou my carkasse led

In place that is for maidens meete,
 Let not my body lie
 Despoyld of robes, to naked shew
 And view of euerie eye.

And with her faying, downe shee flipte,
 And by her bodies peafe,
 (Though light it were) did stop her pipes,
 And foe she dyde with ease.

The Zenuoy.



THOSE realmes right happy are, where princes raigne,
 That measure out by vertue all their deedes,
 Abhorring with their vassals blood to staine
 Their sacred hands, and gore their kingly weedes:
 The subjects there with willing harts obay,
 And Peeres be safe from fall and foule decay.

But (out alas) where awfull Tyrants hold
 In haughtie cruell hands the royall powre,
 And mischief runnes by office vncontrolde,
 There aye the great the lesser sort deuoure:
 By daylie prooffe ech one may daily see,
 That such as rulers are, such subicets be.

Vnlesse the law forbid the lewde to sinne,
 Vnlesse the Prince by rigor vices quell,
 Disorders will by sufferance soone rush in:
 Who striues not then in mischief to excell?
 By nature man vnto the worst is bent,
 If holesome statutes stay not his entent.

TRAGICALL TALES.

A hungrie wight is hardly barde from food,
 The kindled straw is seldome when put out,
 A Tyrant that hath tasted once of blood,
 With much adoe forbeares the sillie rout:
 So sweete is sinne, as once from vertue fall,
 And thou art lightly lost for good and all.

No looking backe, no bending foote about,
 No feare of fall for many a mischiefes past,
 No ill reuokt, no dread of any doubt,
 Till God by heapes powre downe his plagues at last:
 As by this verse is plainly set to view,
 No matter fainde, but auncient storie true.

Who would by might haue maintained Luzios lust,
 That slewe the childe before the fathers face?
 What king would wineke at matter so vniust?
 Or fauour Ruffian in so foule a case?
 The fact was vile, and dreadfull vengeance dewe
 Vnto a Prince, that such disorder knewe.

To bolster vice in others is a blame,
 For such as may by power suppress the deed:
 But crowned Kings incurre the greatest shame
 When they themselues on Subiects flesh do feede:
 For Lions take no pleasure in the blood
 Of any beast vnlesse they be withstood.

And when such states so fouly doe offend,
 Not they alone doe bide the bitter scourge,
 But subiects are for rulers vices shend:
 As when the Sea doth yeeld to great a surge,
 The lesser brookes doe swell about their boundes,
 And ouerflow like floods the lower grounds.

Lyacon lewde, that fed on strangers blood,
 Although himselfe were he that God forgate,
 Yet causer was that Ioue with sodaine flood
 Drownde all the world, saue Pyrrha and her mate:
 Thus one ill yeere may worke ten thousands woe,
 God hates yll kings, and doth detest them so.

As heere we see this vgly Tyrants wife,
 And gilltesse broode that neuer did offend,
 Raunsomde the fathers faultes by losse of life,
 And he himselfe was brought to wretched end:
 Wherefore let Peeres and states vprightly stand,
 Least they and theirs be toucht by Gods owne hande.

For he that guydes the goldeu globe aloft,
 Beholdes from hie, and markes the deedes of man,
 And hath reuenge for euery wicked thought,
 Though he forbear through mercy now and than:
 He suffereth long, but sharpely payes at last,
 If we correct not our misdoings past.

He spares no more the Monarche than the Page,
 No more the Keysars than the countrie Clownes,
 He fauours not the auncient for their age,
 He cuts off Kings, for all their costly Crownes:
 No royall roabes, no scepter, no deuce,
 Can raunsome those that fauour fylthy vice.

*The Argument to the ninth
Hystorie.*



YMONA likt of Pasquine passing well,
 And he did frie as fast with egal flame,
 In sorte, as on a time these louers fell
 To make a match, of purpose for the same:
 With one consent where time and place was set,
 This louing couple in a garden met.
 There ech to other vttered their deuise,

To salue the sores that fancy fixt in brest,
 They kist, they colld, thus neither part was nice,
 To take the time of both is compted best:
 Amid their glee, twas Pasquines hap to spie
 A bed of sage, that there was growing by:

Whereof he pluckt a leafe to rubbe his iawes,
 And presently fell dead vpon the deede:
 The wench exclamde, whose soden crie did cause
 The neighbours by to come away with speede:
 The man was founde there senselesse as he lay,
 And she (boore wench) as captiue borne away.

The Crowner sate, the iurie was in place,
 The witsnesse came for triall of the truth,
 The Iudge was there: who hearing all the case,
 And hauing of the silly mayden ruth,
 For pitie pausede, and to the garden went,
 To learne the troth, and scan of her intent.

Symona straight vnto the border ranne,
 Where grew the Sage, and pluckt a leafe or twaine,
 And therewithall to frote her gummies began,
 As one that would bene quit of murther faine:
 Lo thus (quoth she) my Lord, did he before,
 And thus was all, I sawe him doe no more.

And with the word before the Iudge his face,
 The giltlesse maide fell groueling on the ground,
 And there she died before them all in place,
 And then the cause of both their banes was found
 The tale ensues, which more at large doth tell,
 Both of their loues, and how their deathes befell.



HE fame of Florence is so great,
 That simple men do knowe
 The brute therof by true report:
 Where dwelt not long agoe,
 A virgin fresh and fayre to viewe,
 A iolly lusty dame,

As any was in all the towne,
 Symona was her name.

Whose beautie though were very braue
 And kinde had done as much
 For her, as she mought well request,
 Yet fortune seemde to grutche

And malice at her featurd shape:
 For as the fame did passe,
 Euen so her father of the meane
 And basest order was.

TRAGICALL TALES.

A man not haueing welth at will,
 The ftately miftrefle chaunce,
 Would not vouchsafefrom lowe eftate
 This mifer to aduaunce,

And hereupon the fathers want,
 With whom it went fo harde,
 Of force conftainde the mayde to get
 Her liuing by the carde

And wheele and other like deuce,
 As felly maydens vfe,
 With handy worke ſhe wonne her bread,
 She could none other chufe,

Who though to earne her meat and drink,
 In ſpinning ſpent the day:
 Yet in this beggers breſt of hers,
 A Lordlike hart there lay,

That durſt adventure to affay
 The force of Cupides flame:
 For by the ieſtures and the talk
 Of one that daily came

Vnto the houſe where ſhe abode,
 A paſſing pleaſant lad,
 One of her owne eftate, for wealth,
 That of his miftrefle had

Both wool and yarne to ſpin and twiſt:
 The wench Symona fell
 In fancy with this merry Greeke,
 And lykt the weauer well.

The virgin by his fweete regardes
 Was entred very farre,
 And masht within the net of loue:
 But yet she did not dare

To further on that first attempt,
 She fryde with secreet fyre,
 Of Pasquine (thus the youth was tearmd)
 Whom she did fo desire.

But euer as she twifed had
 A threed vpon the wheele,
 A thoufand scalding fighes she fette:
 The filly wench did feele

Them whotter farre than any flame
 Thus ifluing from her brest:
 And euer as she went about,
 She thought vpon the gueft

That brought the wool, to haue it wrought,
 The fpinning bredde the fpight,
 The threedes did make her minde the man,
 When he was out of fight.

And fhall we deeme the weauer, whom
 The mayden loude fo well,
 Quite voyde of wanton humors? no:
 For he to liking fell,

And likewife eake as carefull woxe
 As was the louing trull,
 To fee that shee did well difpatch
 And fpinne his miftrefse wooll.

TRAGICALL TALES.

(As though the making of the cloth
 All wholly did depend,
 And only on Symonas threed)
 Which made him not to fende,
 But often come him felfe, to fee
 How fhe her wheele applyde:
 He neuer vfde to goe fo ofte
 To any place befide.

And thus the one, by making meanes,
 The other by defire
 She had to be thus fude vntoo,
 It hapt, he felt a fyre

Vnwonted, flaming in his brest:
 And fhe had fhifted feare
 And fhame afide, which ftill before
 Her chiefest iewels were.

And hereupon they ioyntly fell
 Each other well to leeke,
 Both parties did fo well agree,
 Small neede it was to feeke

Which of them both fhould firft affayle,
 Each fancyde other fo,
 As by each others face, each friend,
 Each others heart did know.

And thus from day to day it grewe,
 And ftill enkindled more,
 The flaming loue which fhe to him,
 And he Symona bore.

Vntill at length this Pafquine prayde
 The mayden earnestly,
 To worke fuch way and meanes to come
 Vnto a garden by,

Where he would tarrie her in place
 Vntill fuch time ſhe came,
 For that the garden was a plotte
 Conuenient for the fame,

And meerely voyde of all ſuſpect:
 There might they talke their fill.
 Symona like a gentle wench,
 Did graunt him her good will.

One holyday at after noone,
 Her father to deceiue,
 Symona came with ſolemne fute,
 Requeſting him of leaue

To goe vnto faint Gallus Church,
 To fetch a pardon there.
 The felly aged fyre agreed,
 Whofe eye the mayd did bleare:

For hereupon, another wench,
 Lagina cald, and ſhe
 Vnto the garden went, where they
 Had poynted him to bee.

But Pafquine, ere they came, was there,
 And brought with him a mate,
 Cald Stramba (Puccio was his name:)
 This Stramba he ſhould prate,

And with Lagina chatte of loue,
 The matche was pointed thus:
 And whilst these two grosse louers did
 Their matters so discusse,

Vnto the farther end of all
 The garden, Pafquine went,
 And with Symona there conferde
 As touching his entent.

Heare leaue I (Ladies) both the talke
 Which Stramba did deuise
 Vnto his new acquainted lasse,
 Prefume his tale was wife:

For as Cupido whets the tongue,
 So doth he sharp the braine
 Of those that loue, and earnest are
 Their Ladies to attaine.

And though perhaps this fellow wer
 Not come of gentle kinde,
 Yet being matcht with on he likt,
 Perhaps coulde tell his minde.

For fanfie makes the foolish wife,
 And compasse in his hed,
 By what deuice he may atchieue
 His liked Ladies bed.

To Pafquine turne we now againe,
 Who (as I said) of late
 Was stept aside, of purpose with
 His minion to debate.

There was, where he did fit, by chance
 Conferring of the case,
 A goodly bordered bed of fage,
 Euen full beside the place,

Where as this louing couple coapt
 In secreet sport and play:
 Who haucing long with merrie talke
 Confumde the time away,

And made appointment eke to meete
 Another day againe,
 To banquet with Symona there
 To feele a farther vaine.

This Pafquine to the fage resorts,
 Whereof a leafe he strips
 To rub his teeth and gummes withall,
 Hee put it twixt his lips,

And so began to touch his teeth,
 And therewithall did fay,
 That Sage was very good to freat
 The filthie flesh away

That stucke betwixt his hollow teeth.
 Within a while that he
 Had practifde thus vpon his gummes
 His countnance gan to be

Quite altered from the former forme,
 And after that a space
 That thus his vifage fwolne was
 Vnto an vglie face,

TRAGICALL TALES.

He loft the vse of both his eyes,
 And of his speech beside:
 And so at length in sodaine fort
 This louing weauer dide.

Which when Symona had beheld,
 She watred straight her eyes,
 And (out alasse) to Stramba and
 Lagina lowde she cries.

The louers left the deep discourse,
 And to the place they runne,
 Where as so late this chaunce befell,
 And deadly deed was done.

Ariuing there, and finding dead
 The weauer in the graffe,
 And more than this, perceiuing how
 His body swollen was:

And seeing all his face bespangde
 With spots as black as cole,
 And that in all the body was
 Not any member whole:

Then Stramba cried out aloude,
 Oh vile vnthrifitie wench,
 What hast thou done? why hast thou giuen
 Thy friend a poyfoned drench?

What meanst thou by this deed of thine?
 Which words were spoke so hie,
 That all the neighbours heard the fame
 That were the dwellers by.

And in they preffed all in haft,
 Into the garden, where
 The fhowte was made, and being come
 They found the body there

Both void of life, and foully fwolne,
 An vgly fight to fee.
 And finding Stramba fhedding teares,
 And blaming her to be

The only caufe of Pafquines death :
 The wench vnable eke
 For verie grieffe of heart, a worde
 In her defence to fpeake :

Though flhee in deed were not the caufe,
 Yet they that came to view,
 Did apprehend the girle, and thought
 That Strambas wordes were true.

When thus the wench arefted was,
 She wrong and wept a pace :
 And fo from thence, was brought before
 The common Judge his face,

Vnto the pallace where hee dwelt.
 The maidens accufers were
 Exceeding carneft in the cafe,
 Both Stramba that was there

With Pafquine as his faithfull friend,
 And other moe befide,
 That came into the garden, when
 The faithfull virgin cride.

TRAGICALL TALES.

And hereupon the Justice fell
 To question of the fact,
 Debating with the witnesfes,
 Who hauing throughlie rackt

The matter, and not finding her
 As giltie of the deede,
 Nor any prooue of malice that
 Might from the maide proceede,

As touching murther of the man :
 Hee thought it good to stay
 His iudgement, and himfelfe to goe
 Where dead the carkaffe lay,

To view the partie, and the place,
 To beate the matter out :
 For all the other euidence
 Might not remoue the doubt

Within his head the Iudge conceivde
 In this fo ffrange a cafe.
 The men that knew the garden, brought
 The Justice to the place

Where Pasquines carkaffe puffed lay,
 And ftrouting in fuch wife
 As made the Judge himfelfe amazde,
 Hee could not well deuife

How fuch a mifchiefe might bee done.
 Which made him afke the maide
 Symona, how the murther hapt.
 To whom the virgin faid,

Renowned Justice, after talke
 Betwixt this man and me,
 Hee slept aside vnto the bed
 Of Sage that here you see:
 And with a leafe thereof he rubd
 His gummes: as I do nowe,
 (And therewithall shee tooke a leafe
 To shew the Justice how
 Her friend had done) and this (quoth she)
 He did, and died than.
 Whereat this Stramba, and the rest
 That records were, began
 To scorne and laugh in prefence of
 The Iudge, and earnestly
 Made sute that fire might bee fet,
 Wherein the wench to frie,
 To feele the penance of her fact,
 Which like a wicked wretch
 She had deuifde: shee earned death
 That would her friend dispatch.
 The virgin wofull for the death
 Of him that latelie died,
 And fearefull at the earnest sute
 Which Stramba made beside:
 Thus hauing rubd her tender iawes
 With Sage before them all,
 Without suspect of such mishap,
 Bereft of life, did fall

TRAGICALL TALES.

Vnto the ground, where Pasquine lay,
 And in like fort did fwell,
 From louely lookes to loathfome limmes,
 A monftrous chaunce to tell.

And thus to fhew the meane, how earft
 Her louer loft his breath,
 This fillie giltleffe wench her felfe
 Euen there did die the death.

O happy foules, whose hap it was
 In one felfe day to loue
 So faithfully, and in felfe day
 The pangs of death to proue.

And happier had you both ybin
 If you had had the grace,
 Some other where to fpend the time,
 And not within that place.

But farre more bleffed are yee nowe,
 If in this death of yours,
 You loue ech other as in life,
 Your likings did endure.

But (thou Symona) happieft art,
 For ending fo thy dayes:
 If we that liue may iudge aright,
 And yeeld the dead their praife.

Whofe innocent and giltleffe ghoft
 Dame Fortune did denie,
 By Strambas falfe furnifed proofs,
 Without iuft caufe to die.

I count thee treble blest of God,
 For Fortune found (I say)
 A meane for thee by felfe fame death,
 That rid thy friende away,

To fet thee free from mifreports,
 And flaunder that did growe,
 And gaue thee leaue by loffe of life,
 Vnto thy loue to goe.

The Iudge that faw this fodain chance,
 And all others eke

That present were, amazed flood,
 And wift not what to fpeake

Or to coniecture in the cace,
 The wifest tongues were domme.
 At laft, the Iudge as foone as hee
 Was to his fenfes comme,

Thus faid: By this it doth appeare
 The Sage that here you fee,
 Infectèd is, and venim strong:
 Though Sage by nature be

A very foueraigne holefome hearbe,
 The prooffe hath made it plaine.
 But for becaufe we will be fure
 It fhall not hurt againe,

Do delue it vp, and burne it here,
 It may offend no more.

The Gardner therewithall was come,
 Who digd it vp before

TRAGICALL TALES.

The Iudge and all the standers by:
 He had not parde the ground
 Farre in, but that the caufe of both
 Thofe louers banes he founde.

For vnderneath this bed of Sage
 The fellow that did dig,
 Turnde vp a Toade, a loathfome fight,
 A worme exceeding big.

The toade was of a monftrous growth:
 Then euery man could tell
 And iudge the caufe of that mishap
 Which both thofe friends befell.

Then could they fay, the venomd worme
 Had bealchd his poyfon out,
 And fo infected both the roote,
 And all the bed about,

Where grewe the Sage, that bred their Deaths:
 Then fawe they playne the caufe
 And reafon why the weauer dyde,
 By rubbing of his iawes.

They made no more adoe, but forft
 The gardner by and by
 To make a fyre to burne the Sage,
 And eke the Toade to frie

That was the caufe of double fpoyle.
 The Iudge had nought to fay
 When this was done, but parted home,
 The people went their way.

Straight Stramba, and his other mates
 That gaue in euidence
 Against Symona, brought a Beare,
 And bare the bodies thence,
 So vgly fwollen as they lay,
 Vnto Saint Paules, and there
 Within one Tombe did burie both,
 For of that Church they were.

The Lenuoy.



S noble mindes to loue are kindly bent,
 And haughty harts to fancie homage yeelede,
 As Cupid makes the stoutest states relent,
 And martiall men that daunt the foe in field:
 So meanest mates are masht within the net,
 That wily loue, to trappe his trayne hath set.

What Prince so powde, what king for al his crown:
 What sage so sadde, or solemnc in his sawes,
 What wight so wise, but Cupid brings him downe,
 And makes him stoupe to nature and her lawes?
 Both poore and rich doe loue by course of kinde,
 The prooffe whereof in all degrees we finde.

TRAGICALL TALES.

That Hector sterne that stroue to mayntayne Troy,
 And slewe with sword full many a Greekish knight,
 For all the warres, yet loude Andromache,
 With her he slept, in her he tooke delight:
 His manly brest that force of foe withstoode,
 Was razde by loue, his Curage did no good.

Vlisses slie, for all his wilie wit,
 Was lodgde in loue, by Cyrces sugred cuppe,
 Plato deuine, whose stile the Starres dyd hit,
 With learned lips of Venus sauce did suppe:
 His graue precepts stode him in sleuder sted,
 Whome lawe of kinde, in lineke of fancie led.

Fell Dionyse with Alexander great,
 Duke Jason, Paris, Pirrhus, Pompey eake,
 And he whome Dydo did so well entreate,
 That to the curtious Queene his vowe did breake:
 Yea Ioue him selfe, Apollo, Mars and all,
 To Venus bowde, each one was Cupids thrall.

The noblest Nimphes that euer were aliue,
 The queyntest queenes the force of fancie felt,
 The dayntiest dames durst not with loue to strive,
 The haughtiest harts, had Cupid made to melte:
 Medea, Phillis, Heleu, Phedra fierce,
 Creusa, Oeuou, Lucrece loue did pierce.

Laodamie, Hermyon, Hypsiphill,
 Curst Clitemnestra, Brisies, Deyanire,
 Semyramis, and Progne prone to kill,
 With Mirrha Biblis lust to loue did stirre:

And thousands moe, of whome the Poetes tell,
Prouokt by loue, to flaming fancy fell.

Which sith is so, I may with better face
A pardon craue of you that Ladies be,
For bringing here a homely wench in place,
And ranking her with dames of gallant glee:
Who sith did rage in fancie as the rest,
Why should she not be plast among the best?

Put case her byrth was base, her image lowe,
Her paryents poore, her liuelod bare and thin,
Sith Cupid did his golden shaft bestowe
Vpon her brest, when liking entred in,
Let her receiue the guerdon that is dewe
To faithfull loue, and march with Cupids crewe.

Where leaue is lowed for each one to contend,
Where markes are made the cunningst hand to trie,
Without reproofe each one his bowe doth bend,
And arrowes there without controlement flie:
Likewise sith loue at rendon roues his dartes,
We ought not scorne the meanest louing hartes,

When Cresus brings his gorgeous giftes in hand,
And slay an oxe to offer to the goddes,
A groome with gote by him may boldly stand,
In holy Church they little count of oddes:
The minde is all that makes or marres the thing:
A Carter loues as wholly as a King.

*The Argument to the tenth
Hystorie.*



MERCHANTS sonne that Girolamus hight,
Of tender age, in great good liking fell
With one Saluestra, a damsell faire and bright,
A taylers daughter, who there by did dwell:
The aged father did, and left the boy
Abounding welth, his heyre and only ioy.

The carefull mother doubting least her sonne

Wold make his choiee, and marie with this maide,
Dispateht him thence to Paris, there to wonne,
Vntill his heate and humor were delaide.
To please his friends away this yonker rode,
And there a spaee (vnwilling) made abode.

Retires in fine to Florenee baeke againe,
When mothers feare and doubts were layde aside,
His aunceint loue aye stieking in his brayne:
But ere he came, the wench was woxe a bryde,
Which greude him sore, he wist not how to deale,
At last deuise into her house to steale.

Where being plast, vnwist of any wight,
He stayde his time, till husband fel on sleepe,
Then out he gate, defenst with darke of night,
And softly to Salustras bed did ereepe:
He sighde, he sued, he pleaded there for life,
In hope to had his pleasure of the wife.

But al for nought, his winde did shake no corne,
 The womans will was bent another way:
 Which when he found, as one that was forlorne,
 He wist not how to do, nor what to say:
 His griefe was such, as by Saluestras side
 He laide him downe, and there for sorow dyde.

The husband wakes, the wife bewrayes the case,
 The corse was streight conueyde away by night,
 When morow came, the beare was brought in place,
 The graue was cast, the body lay in sight,
 The mother mournd, and many matrons moe,
 Bewayl the chaunce of him that died so.

Among the rest that present were to viewe
 This heauie hap, Saluestra stooode as than,
 She sawe her friend, whom she vnkindly slewe,
 And therewithall to rewe his death began:
 So deeply sanke remorse into this dame,
 As downe she fell, and dyde vpon the same.



S auncient men report, there dwelt
 A Merchant man of yore
 In Florence, who by traficke had
 Increast his stocke to more
 Than any of his race had done,
 A very wealthy wight:
 Who on his wife begate a sonne
 That (Girolamus) hight.

And after time the babe was borne,
 The father chaunft to die,
 But (as it hapt) he made his will
 Before, and orderly

Disposde his goods, as men are wont :
 The carefull mother then,
 A widow left, with good aduise
 And ayde of learned men.

The tutors of this merchants sonne,
 Both vsde the infant well,
 And gaue such eye vnto his stocke
 As nought to damage fell.

This childe (as common order is)
 Did vse to sport and play
 Among the other neighbors babes,
 To driue the time away.

And (as the childrens custome is,
 Some one among the rest
 To fancy most,) euen so this boy
 Did like a mayden best,

A Taylers daughter dwelling by :
 They daily vsde to meete
 With fundrie other babees moe
 Amid the open streete.

This liking in their tender yeeres
 Shot vp and grew to more,
 Euen as their limms encreast by age,
 The sparke which loue before

Had kindled in her wanton brest,
 Did growe to greater fire,
 And Girolamus in his heart
 The mayden did desire.

Their daily custome came to kinde,
 And looke what day that he
 Had past without the sight of her,
 He thought it lost to be.

And that which fet the flaxe on fire,
 And bred the hoter flame,
 Was, that the boy did well perceiue
 The mayden ment the fame,

And likte awell of him againe.
 The mother, when she sawe
 This matter worke, began to checke,
 And keepe the wagge in awe,

And whipt him now and then among:
 But when she did perceiue
 The stubborne stripling fet her light,
 And that he would not leaue

Those wanton trickes, vnfit for youth,
 She woxe a wofull dame:
 And to the tutors of her sonne
 This pensiue widowe came,

(As one that of that crabtree thorne
 An Orange tree would fayne
 Haue made, becaufe his stocke was great,
 But all her toyle was vaine.)

TRAGICALL TALES.

And to the fages thus she faid :
 Vngracious graffe my sonne,
 Scarce fourteene yeeres of age as yet,
 Already hath begonne,

And entred in the snare of loue :
 The wagge begins to frie
 With one Saluestras liking lust,
 A taylours daughter by.

So that vnlesse we wifely deale,
 And warily feeme to watch,
 At length (perhaps) this foolish elfe
 Will with the mayden match,

And make a rash contract with her :
 Which if should happen so,
 From that time forth, I should not liue
 A merrie day I knowe.

Or if he should confume and waft
 With thought, or pine away,
 To see her matcht some other where,
 Then woe were me I fay.

Wherefore to voyde this present ill,
 I thinke it best (quoth shee)
 That you conuey him hence in hast,
 If you be ruld by me.

Cause him to trauaile in affayres
 Concerning Merchants trade :
 For that perhaps by absence from
 The maide, he may be made

To quite forget his wanton loue,
 And put her out of minde,
 And make fome other better choyce.
 Abroade the boy fhall finde

A wench that is defcended well,
 To linke himfelfe withall:
 No doubt, I fee him fullie bent
 By loue to hazard all.

The Tutors liked well the tale
 The mother widow told,
 And made her promife prefently
 To doe the beft they could,

By counfell and by good aduife,
 And thereupon they fent
 A meffenger vnto the ympe,
 That to the warehoufe went,

And wild the boy to come away:
 Who, being come in place,
 The one began to fpeake him thus
 With milde and friendlie face:

My fonne, fith you are paff a childe,
 I would your wit allow,
 If you would fomewhat looke about
 Vnto your profite now,

And fee your felfe where all goe right
 That doth concerne your gaine:
 We, that your tutors are, agree,
 (If you will take that paine)

That you to Paris trauaile, ther
 To stay a certaine space:
 For there, your father, whilst he liude,
 In banke your wealth did place,
 Euen there your chiefeft trafficke lyes:
 And eke besides the fame,
 You shall your selfe to manners good
 And better fashion frame:

By lodging in so trim a towne
 Where lustie gallants be,
 There shall you store of Gentlemen,
 And brauest Barons see.

And hauing learned their good grace,
 And markt their vsage well,
 You may returne you home againe,
 Among your friends to dwell.

The boy did note his tutors tale,
 That did perswade him so,
 And brieflie made answere, that
 He did not minde to goe

To Paris, for he thought he mought
 Aswell in Florence stay
 As any one, what neede he then
 To trauaile thence away.

The fages being answerde thus,
 Vnto the widdow went,
 And tolde the mother how her sonne,
 The wilfull wag, was bent.

The matrone, mad to heare the newes,
 Spake not a word at all
 Of Paris matters, but foorthwith
 Vnto his loue did fall :

Controuling him for roysting rule,
 And for his baudie life :
 And did not let to tell him, how
 He meant to take a wife.

But, as the mothers manner is,
 For euery bitter checke,
 Shee gaue her sonne a honie fop,
 And hung about his necke :

And flattred him againe as fast,
 And did the boy entice
 By all the friendly meanes she might
 To follow their aduise :

The mother widow preached had
 Vnto her sonne so long,
 Of this and that, and in his eare
 Had sung so sweete a song :

As for a yeere to trauell well,
 The boy perswaded was,
 To stay in Fraunce, and so his time
 In forraine Realme to passe.

I leaue the taking of his horse,
 I write not of his woe :
 I passe of purpose all his plaints
 His countrie to forgoe.

I doe omit his bitter teares
 At time of his remoue,
 For thofe to deeme, that haue affaide
 The pangs of penfue loue.

I write not of the mothers grieffe,
 To bid her fonne farewell,
 For that herfelfe was pleafde withall
 And likt his voyage well.

To Paris when this gallant came,
 Loue gaue the charge anew
 Vpon his heart, the fight was fierce,
 A greater fancie grew

Within his bofome, than before :
 The abfence from her face
 Might not delay the hote defire
 That had this youth in chace,

And thus, the boy, that meant at firft
 But for a yeere to ftay,
 Full two yeeres out, in burning loue
 In Fraunce at Paris lay.

Which time expyrde, inwrapped more
 In flakes of fancies flame,
 Than when he went from Italy,
 He backe to Florence came,

And being there arrivde, he heard
 His auncient friend was fped :
 A certaine Curten maker hapt
 This wench meane while to wed.

Whereat he greatly greeued was,
 And vexed out of crie:
 But seeing that there was no choice,
 Nor other meanes to trie,

He purposde with himfelfe a truce
 His forowes to expell.

But at the length he had espide
 Where did this damfell dwell,

And found her standing at her dore:
 Then grew this youth in heate,
 And as enamored wights are wont,
 He gan the streetes to beate,

Both vp and downe, both to and fro,
 He vsed oft to stalke
 Before the Curten makers house,
 In hope by often walke

That she would pitie of his paines,
 And eke his torment rue,
 He verily presumde that shee
 Her Girolamus knewe.

But fortune fell not out aright,
 Shee knew the man no more,
 Than one whom earst she neuer sawe
 In all her life before.

Or if shee did remember him,
 At least shee made in wife
 She wist not who the Marchant was,
 So coy she kept her eyes

On Girolamus passing by.
 Yet he would neuer leaue
 His wonted walke, in hope at laft
 Some fauour to receaue :

Deuifing all the meanes he might
 To bring the wife againe
 In minde of him, who was her loue,
 Her strangeneffe bred his paine.

It greede the Marchant to the guts
 That he was fo forgote:
 In fine he purpofde with himfelf
 (His feuer was fo hote)

To fpeake with her, although it coft
 The loofing of his life:
 And heervpon, inſtructed by
 The neighbours, where the wife

Whom he entirely loude did dwell,
 Hee watcht his feafon fo,
 That when the husband and the fpoufe,
 With other neighbours mo,

Were walkt abroade to keep the watch,
 He flilie did conuey
 Himfelfe into Salueſtras houfe:
 And being there, he lay

Behinde the curtaines, nie the bed,
 Vnfpide of any man.
 The Curtain maker and his wife
 Returned home, began

To take their rest in wonted wife.
 The man was found a sleepe
 As foone as he was laid in couche:
 Then gan this youth to creepe,
 Vpon his knees, vnto the fide
 Whereas Saluestra lay,
 And hauing softly plaft his handes
 Vpon her pappes, gan fay:
 What are you (fweeting) yet a sleepe?
 With that the wife difmaide,
 Would haue exclaimde, (as women wont
 In such like fort afraide)
 Saue that the Marchant presently
 Her friendly thus bespake:
 Alas, my Deere, exclaime not now,
 You need no thought to take,
 For I am Girolamus, he
 That tender your estate.
 She hearing that, faid, all afraid,
 What make you here so late?
 Good Girolamus get you hence,
 Those youthfull yeares are spent
 Wherein it was our hap to loue,
 That time good faith I ment:
 Then lawfull was the thing we did.
 But now you see that I
 Am otherwife bestowde and matcht,
 I must not now apply

My liking, but to him alone.
 Wherefore, I pray, quoth shee,
 For loue of God depart this place,
 Your purpose may not bee.

For if my husband wist you heere,
 (Put case none other ill
 Enfude thereof) yet this be sure,
 I should haue chiding still:

Your being here would breede debate,
 And purchase deadly strife,
 Whereas with him, as now I leade
 A iollie quiet life,

I am his darling well belovde.
 When Girolamus had
 Both heard, and noted all her talke,
 Hee woxe exceeding fad.

His heart was pierst with pensiue woe
 To heare the tale shee tolde,
 Then gan hee wrie his former loue,
 And all his flame vnfolde.

Declaring her, that distance had
 Not slackte his burning fire:
 And made request withall, that she
 Should graunt him his desire.

He promifde golden mountaynes then,
 But all his fute was vayne:
 No iote of friendship for his life,
 The merchant mought attaine.

Wherefore desirous then to die,
 Saluefra he befought,
 That in rewarde of all his loue,
 And all his former thought

Which he had suffered for her sake,
 She would but yelde him grace
 To warme himselfe within her bed,
 Fast by her side a space :

Whose flesh in maner frozen was,
 With flaying there so long,
 He made her promise on his faith
 He would not offer wrong

Vnto Saluefra, no not once
 Let fall a worde so mutch,
 Nor yet her naked carkasse with
 His manly members tutche :

But hauing taken there a heate,
 And warmde himselfe in bed,
 He would depart, and deeme that he
 Sufficiently had sped.

Saluefra taking pitie then
 Of Gyrolamus case,
 Vpon the promise made before
 Did yelde him so much grace,

As on her bed to stretch him selfe.
 The youth thus being laid
 Besides his mistres, toucht her not,
 But with him selfe he waid

TRAGICAL TALE.

The great good wil that he fo long
 Within his breft had borne:
 Vpon her prefent rigor eke
 He thought, and flamefull fcorne.

And being brought to deep defpaire,
 He purpofde not to liue,
 But die the death without delay,
 And vp the ghofit to geue.

And hereupon his fprites withdrew
 Themfelues from outward parts,
 His fenfes fled, he fretcht him felfe,
 And fo the youth departs

Fast by Salueftras fauage fide
 To whom he fude for grace:
 When Girolam thus dead had line
 Vpon her bed a fpace,

The wench did wonder very much
 That he was woxe fo chafte,
 Whofe flame of late fo burning was
 And fanfie fride fo fast.

At length in feare her husband would
 Awake, fhe gan to fay,
 Oh Gyrolamus how be this?
 When wil you packe away?

But hearing him no anfwere make,
 She thought him found afleepe,
 Which made her reach her hand, to wake
 The man that fleepit fo deepe.

She felt and found him colde as yce,
 Whereof shee marueld much:
 And therupon with greater force
 She gan his limmes to touch,
 And thrust him, but he stirred not:
 With that within her head
 The wife conceaued and wift ful wel
 That Girolam was dead.

Whereof she was the foriest wench,
 That euer liued by breath:
 She knew not what to doe to fee
 So strange and fodaine death.

But yet at last she did deuise
 To feele her husbands thought
 In person of another, not
 As though her selfe had wrought

Or been a party in the fact.
 Put case, good fir, (quoth she,)
 A yonker loued a married wife
 As I my selfe mought be:

And comming to her chamber late,
 In hope to winne the wife,
 Were both begilde of all his hopt,
 And eke berefte of life,

By only force of franticke loue
 And lacke of his desire,
 And want of pities water, to
 Delay his scalding fire.

What would you doe in fuch a pinche?
How would you deale as than?

Whereto the husband answered, that
He would conuay the man

Vnto his home, without mistrust
Or malice to the dame
His wife, that had refifted fo
The force of Cupides flame.

Which when the herd, she answered thus:
Then (husband) doth it lye
Vpon vs nowe to praëtise that,
And eake that tricke to trye.

And taking of his hand, she put
It on the coarfe that laye
Vpon the other fide of her,
As colde as any kaye.

Whereat the wilfull wight difmayde,
And ierft with fodaine feare,
Lepte of the bed full fore amazde,
To feele a body there.

And oute he ran to light a linke,
Without debating more
Of further matter with his wife,
Of what they fpake before.

The candle light bewrayed the corfe,
He fawe the partie playne,
He made no more adoe, but put
Him in his robes agayne,

And bore him on his shoulders thence:
 And knowing verie well
 His lodging, fet him at the doore,
 Where did his mother dwell:

When day was come, and people sawe
 The carcaffè of the dead
 Before the gate, the fame thereof
 Throughout the citie spread.

Each one did wonder at the chaunce,
 That passed by the way,
 They knewe the partie passing well,
 But wist not what to fay.

Yet most of all, the mother musde,
 And vexed was in minde,
 That hauing fearchte the body, coulede
 No wounded member finde.

Which made Phifitions flatly fay,
 That forowe stopte his breath:
 With one assent they all agreede,
 That grieffe did cause his death.

As custome is, the corfe was borne
 Into a temple by,
 Where merchant men of his estate
 And welthie wights did lie.

The mourning mother thether came
 To waile her sonnes deceafe,
 And with the matrone thousande moe
 Of neighbors more and lesse

Were come to church to fhed their teares.
 Salueftras hufband then
 Perceiuing that the preace was great
 Of women and of men,

Ran home and wilde his wife do on
 A kerchiefe on her head:
 And throug amid the wiues to heare
 What newes went of the dead.

And he him felfe thruft in among
 The men, to learne what they
 Imaginde of the marchants death,
 Where any one did fay

Or had him to fufpect thereof.
 Salueftra hereupon
 Made haft to church, and felt remorse
 Within her brest anone.

But all to late her pitie came,
 For fhe desired to vew
 Him being dead, whom earft aliue
 She tooke difdaine to rewe,

Or recompence fo much as with
 A kiffe. O wenche vnkind,
 A maruels thing, to thinke how hard
 It is for man to finde

Or founde the depth of louers thoughts,
 Or knowe the force of loue:
 For loe hir brest, whom Gyrolams
 Good fortune might not moue,

Nor during life procure to ruth,
 His death did raze hir harte,
 His misadventures did renewe
 The stroke of Cupides darte.

Hir auncient flame rekindled was,
 And to such pitie grewe,
 When as she did the carcasse dead
 Of Gyrolamus vewe,

That being but in simple weede,
 As meanest women were,
 By one and one she gate before
 The richest matrons there,

Not stintyng till she came vnto
 The body where it lay,
 And being there she gaue a shoute,
 And yelded forth a bray,

So loude as for hir life she could,
 And groueling with hir face,
 On Girolamus carcasse fell,
 His bodie to imbrace.

And bathde his limmes with brackish teares,
 That issued from her eyes
 As long as life would giue her leaue:
 Which done Saluestra dyes.

And looke how grieffe and hidden thought,
 Had slayne her desperate friend,
 Euen so remorse of couerte cares,
 Her loathed life did ende.

TRAGICALL TALES.

Which when the mourning matrons saw,
 Eche one in friendliest wife,
 To comfort her in words began,
 And willd her thence to rife,

As then not witting who she was:
 But at the last, when that
 She would not mount, but lay me still
 Vpon the body flat,

They came to lift her on her legges,
 And rayse her from the grounde,
 And then, both that the wife was dead,
 And who she was they founde.

Saluestra then she did appeare,
 Then dubble woxe the woe
 Of all the wiues that mourners were,
 When they the dame did knowe.

Then gan they mourne as fast againe
 As ere they did before,
 For euery fighe, a hundred fobbes,
 For euery teare a score.

This brute no fooner out of Church
 Among the people came,
 But out of hand her husband hearde
 The tidings of the fame:

Who (as I faid) was gone among
 The men to lend an eare,
 And hearken what report there went
 Of them that died there.

Then like a louing husband, that
 Imbraſt Salueſtra well,
 From fobbing ſighes, to trickling teares,
 For her miſfortune fell.

And waild her death no little time,
 And after that, to ſome
 That were in place, declar'd, by night
 How Gyrolam did come

Vnto his houſe, through burning loue
 Which he Salueſtra bore,
 And tolde the tale from point to point,
 As I haue pend before.

Whereat the audience wofull woxe,
 That vnderſtood the caſe,
 Then taking vp the carkaffe of
 The wife that lay in place,

And hauing knit the ſhrouding ſheete,
 As common cuſtome is,
 They layd her body on the beare,
 And fet her fide to his.

Thus hauing wept vpon the dead
 In prooffe of inward paine,
 And buried both together, home
 The people went againe.

*See lucke, whom loue was not of force,
 Aliue to linke in one:*

*Death found the meanes to couple cloſe,
 Within a marble ſtone.*

The Remoy.



HETHER stars doe stir good liking from aboue,
 By hidden force and couert power deuyne
 Or chaunce breede choyce and leades vs on to loue
 And fancy falles as fortune list assigne,
 I cannot iudge nor perfectly defyne
 But this I know, once let it gather roote
 And to remoue it then is slender boote.

Let sicknes grow, let cankers worke their wyl
 Seeke not at first their malyce to suppress
 Scorne wholsome helpe, doe floute at physikes skil
 In hope thy greefe wyl swage and waxen lesse
 And thou at last shalt neuer haue redresse
 Diseases more admitte no cunning cure
 The cause by tyme is fastned on to sure.

When fire is once crept yn among the straw
 And flame hath raught the rotten roofe on hye
 Tis hardly quencht hys fury hath no law
 It seldome slakes tyl all on ground do ly
 The way to help is busily to ply
 The matter fyrst before it grow too far
 When steedes are stolne tys bootles doores to barre.

Euen so it fares when fancy blowes the cole
 Of friendship fyrst and sets abroach good will

A man may ympes with ease from loue controle
 Whilst feare doth forec them stoupe to parents wyl
 But let them run their race at ryot styl
 And not rebukte by reason at the fyrst
 Along they go let parents doe their worst.

Too late come salues to cure confirmed sores
 When louc is linkt and ehoyce is ehayned fast
 You may as soone plucke trees vp by the rootes
 As breake the knot or sunder promise past
 The tackle hangs so sure vnto the Mast
 When shyps from shore haue hoyste vp all their sailes,
 To bend about againe it little vailes.

So statelic is the stroke of Cupids bow,
 So fell his foree, so huge his heauie hand,
 No striuyng serues, no shift to shun the blow,
 No might nor meane his Godhead to withstand.
 Who fastest runnes sinks deapest in the sands:
 Wherefore I wish that parents giue eonsent,
 And not repine when mindes to match are bent.

For barre the sick whom Feuer doth molest,
 To drinke his fill, his thirst will be the more:
 Restraine thy Jenates course, thy bridle wrest,
 The beast becommes farre fiercer than before.
 Where streames be stopt, there riuers most doe rore,
 Downe goe the banks, and ouer flowes the flood,
 Where swellyng waters feele themselues withstood.

No trauayle serues to sunder louing heartes,
 No absence breedes in friendes forgetfull mindes,

TRAGICALL TALES.

The farther of that ech from other parts,
 The hotter ech his flaming fancie findes.
 Who striues to stop, doth most enrage the wynds:
 No louer true, but beares within hys brest,
 The shape of her whom he doth fancie best.

As thunder showres, whom weather calmes againe,
 Gyue greater drought and helps along the string,
 By meanes of heate mixt with the blooming raine:
 So safe returne of absent friends, doth bring
 Increase of loue and faster streames the spryng:
 Respect of birth, of state, or ought beside,
 Stops not the boat that drines with such a tide.

A folly then for parents to restraine,
 For luces sake their children, sith we see
 That both they care and labour is in vaine,
 And sundrie times a thousand illes there bee
 That doe ensue, when they will not agree:
 As in this tale the Florentine doth showe
 The great mishaps by such restraint that grow.

Could mothers threatens, or tutors taunts reouke
 This Marchants minde, or make him alter loue,
 Could Parris pleasure once this youth proucke,
 His auncient friend from fancie to remoue?
 Yea, though it were a thing for his behoue,
 No, backe he came the selfe same man he went,
 He chaungde the ayre, but not his first entent.

And loue, to helpe him onward on his race,
 Assisted with deuise and subtile sleight,

Eke Uenus taught him how to come in place,
 And shrowded him in cloudie cloke of night,
 Whereby he might approch to his delight,
 But all for nought. The game that he pursude
 Was caught before, and thence his bane ensude.

So Pyramus in Babylon of yore,
 Faire Thisbe loued, but parents disagreed,
 They might not match, but prisoned were therefore:
 Yet loue at length this faithfull couple freed,
 The time was set, the place and all decreed,
 When foule mishap bereft them both of life,
 Who slue themselues with onc vnluckie knife.

Had pitie lodge within Saluestras brest,
 Would she haue forst so true a man to die,
 Who chargde with loue and thousand woes distrest,
 Did hazard life to presse in place so nie,
 Vnto a dame that with her spouse dyd lie?
 O blooddie Beare, nay rather Tygers whelp,
 That would refuse her auncient friend to helpe.

O marble mynde O stayne of womans stocke
 Not fed with milke of kindly nurses pappe
 But hewed with toole out of some ruthles rocke
 And layd withyn some Lionesses lap
 Couldst thou alow thy frend so hard a hap
 As by thy syde amid his sute to see
 Him die the death and all for loue of thee?

Draw hether dames and read this bloody fact
 Note wel the fruite of frowardnes in loue

TRAGICALL TALES.

Peruse the plague of her that pyty lackt
 See how in that she pleasd the gods aboue
 Example take your rygor to remoue
 And you that are Cupydos knyghts take heede
 Bestow no more good will than shalbe need.

Renounce the loue of such as are forsped
 Forgoe those frends whom law forbids to lyke
 Courte no mans wyfe embrace no maryage bed
 Leaue of your luste by others harmes to seeke
 No such good wyl can last aboue a weeke
 Looke when you thynke your selues in cheefest pryce
 They set you by whylst others throw the dyce.

When once regard of honor lyes asyde
 When credyt is respected nought at all
 Then shame ensues and followes after pride
 From vertue then to fylthy vice they fall
 And to allure they vse a pleasant call
 And beyng once entangled in the twyg
 To make you fat they feede you with a fyg.

For one delight ten thousand yls ensues
 For lyttle glee much bytter gall you gayne,
 You may not hope to fynde those woomen true,
 Theyr husbands beds that doe not stick to stayne
 And make them serue for clokes agaynst the rayne
 Wherefore I say force not of any dame
 That for a frend forgoes an honest name.

Æ *E P I T A P H E S*
and Sonnettes
annexed to the Tragical hi-
stories, By the
Author.

With some other broken pam-
phlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine
his frends in England, at his
being in Moscouia.
Anno 1569.

Omnia probate.
Quod bonum est tenete.

A farewell to a mother Cosin,
at his going towardes
Moscouia.



DOE post you penfue lynes,
and papers full of woe,
Make hafte wnto my mothers handes,
hir fonnes farewell to showe.
Doe marke her lookes at firft,
ere you your meffage tell,

For feare your fodayne newes, hir minde
doe fancie nothing well.

But fithen needes you muft
my trauailes trouth vnfolde,
To offer vp her fonnes farewell,
and laft adewe, be bolde.

I know fhe will accept
your comming in good parte,
Till time fhe vnderftand by you
that I muft needes departe.

But when you make reporte
that I am fhipte from fhore,
In minde to cut the foming Seas,
where winter wyndes do rore :

EPITAPHS AND SONNETS.

Then woe be vnto you,
 that mournefull meffage beare,
 For doubtlesse she with trembling handes
 will you in funder teare :
 But (mother) let your sonne
 perfwade you in this cafe,
 For no man fure is borne to leade
 his life in one felfe place.
 I muft no longer ftay,
 aduantage is but vile,
 The cruel lady Fortune on
 your sonne will neuer fmile.
 My countrey coast where I
 my Nurfes milke did fucke,
 Would neuer yet in all my life
 allowe me one good lucke.
 With coft encrease my cares,
 expences nip me neere,
 Loue waxeth cold, no frendfhip doth
 in natures brest appeere.
 Where flender is the gaine,
 and charges grow too hie,
 Where liuing lackes and money melts
 that fhould the want fupply:
 From thence tis time to trudge
 and hire the hackney poft,
 To fhift the fhip, to leaue the land
 and feeke a better coast.

Sith I haue all my yeres
in studies fond applide,
And euery way that might procure
a better chaunce haue tride:
Yet better not my state,
but like a fotted dolt
Confume my time that goes about
to mend a broken bolt.
Sith I haue liude so long,
and neuer am the neere,
To bid my natie foile farewell,
I purpose for a yeere.
And more perhaps if neede
and present cause require:
They say the countrey is too colde,
the whotter is the fire.
Moscouia is the place,
where all good fures be fold,
Then pray thee (mother) tel me how
thy sonne shall dye with colde.
Put case the snow be thicke,
and winter frostes be great:
I doe not doubt but I shal finde
a stoue to make me sweat.
If I with credite goe,
and may returne with gaine,
I hope I shalbe able wel
to bide this trauayles paine.

The flouthfull Groome that fits
 at home and tels the clocke,
 And feares the floud becaufe therein
 lies hidden many a rocke,
 As hee abydes no woe,
 no welth he doth deferue:

Let him that will not cut the loafe
 for lacke and famine sterue.

The Catte deferues no fish
 that feares her foote to weate,
 Tis time for me in profite now
 mine idle braynes to beate.

I trust I shall returne
 farre better than I goe,

Increase of credite will procure
 my simple wealth to growe:

Meane while I wishe thee well
 (good mother mine) to fare,

And better than my selfe, who yet
 was neuer voyde of care.

Sith neede obeyes no lawe,
 and needes I must to barcke,

Farewell, and thinke vpon thy sonne,
 but haue of him no carecke.

The Gods I hope will heare
 the fute that you shall make,

And I amid the Sea shall fare
 the better for your sake.

If euer fortune serue,
 and bring me safe to lande,
 The harde mishappes of trauallye you
 by me shall vnderstand,
 And whatfoeuer straunge
 or monstros fight I see,
 Assure thy selfe at my returne
 I will declare it thee.
 Thus euery thing hath ende,
 and so my letters shall,
 Euen from the bottom of my brest,
 I doe salute you all.
 What so becomes of me,
 the mightie Gods I craue,
 That you my frendes a blessed life
 and happie deathes may haue.

That nothing can cause him to forget
 his frend, wherein is toucht the
 hardnes of his tra-
 uayle.



IF boystrous blaste of fierce and froward wynde,
 If weltring waues, and frothie foming Seas,
 If shining Sunne by night against his kinde,
 If lacke of lust to meate, and want of ease,
 If feare of wracke, and force of rouing foe,
 If raged Rockes that in the riuers lie:

If frozen floodes where sliding Sleds doe goe,
 If cruell colde vpon the mountaines hye,
 If feldom fleapes, if fundrie fortes of care,
 If bareskin beddes, or elfe a borded bench,
 If lacke of kindly cates and courtly fare,
 If want of holfom drinck the thirft to quench,
 If stinking Stoues, if Cunas and bitter bragge,
 If sauage men, if women foule to fight,
 If riding poaft vpon a trotting Nagge,
 If homely yammes, in stead of Innes at night:
 If these (I say) might make a man forget
 So true a frend, then thou art out of minde.
 But in good fayth, my fancie firme was fet,
 No Ruffie mought the true loue knot vnbinde.
 Venus be iudge, and Cupid in this case,
 Who did pursue me aye from place to place.

He declares that albeit he were imprisoned in
 Russia, yet his minde was at libertie, & did
 daily repaire to his frend.



NOW finde I true that hath bene often told,
 (*No man may reauue the freedome of the mind,*)
 Though keepers charge in chaines the captiue hold,
 Yet can he not the Soule in bondage binde:
 That this is true, I finde the prooffe in me,
 Who Captiue am, and yet at libertie.

Though at my heele a cruell clogge they tye,
 And ranging out by rigor be refraynde,
 Yet maugre might, my minde doth freely flye
 Home to my frend, it will not be enchainde.
 No Churles checke, no Tyrants threat can ftay
 A Louers heart, that longs to be away.

I doe defire no ayde of Dedalus,
 By feate to forge fuch waxen winges anew
 As erft he gaue his fonne young Icarus,
 When they from Crete for feare of Mynos flew,
 Dame Fancy hath fuch feathers ftill in ftore,
 For me to flie as I defire no more.

Il defire non ha ripofò.

A comparison of his mistresse, with
 a braue Lady of
 Russia.



AYRE is thy face, and louely are thy lookes,
 Rich be thy robes, and geafon to be had,
 White are thine eares, hangde full of filuer hookes,
 Braue be thy bootes, thy body coftly clad,
 With Sable, Sube, thy necke befet with pearle,
 Thy brodred gyte makes thee a gallant gyrl.

The Ruffies rude doe deeme right wel of thee,
 Mine English eye no paynted image leekes,
 I haue a frend that wel contenteth me,
 With kindly shape and kindly coloured cheekes,
 Such one she is, as I wil here declare,
 Fewe are her peeres, I finde her matches rare.

Her heare is golden wyer, her shineng eyes
 Two Dyamondes that glister passing bright,
 Amids her lylce cheekes, the Rubie lyes,
 Her teeth of pearle, lippes louely red and white,
 All other limmes doe aunfwere well the fame,
 Now iudge of both which is the brauer dame,

*La mia donna
 bella è buona.*

To his frend promising that though
 her beautie fade, yet his
 loue shall last.



WOTTE full well that bewtie cannot laste,
 No rose that springs, but lightly doth decay,
 And feature like a lillie leafe doth waste,
 Or as the Cowflip in the midst of May:
 I know that tract of time doth conquer all,
 And beuties buddes like fading floures do fall.

That famous Dame, fayre Helen, loft her hewe
 When withred age with wrinckles chaungd her cheeks,
 Her louely lookes did loathfomneffe enfewe,
 That was the A per fe of all the Greekes?
 And fundrie moe that were as fayre as fhee,
 Yet Helen was as freffe as freffh might bee.

No force for that, I price your beautie light,
 If fo I finde you ftedfaft in good will:
 Though fewe there are that doe in age delight,
 I was your friend, and fo doe purpofe fill,
 No change of lookes fhall breede my change of loue,
 Nor beauties want, my firft goodwill remoue.

Per gentilezza,

Tanto,

Non per bellezza.

From the citie of Mosqua, to his
 friend in England.



O burning fighes, and pierce the frozen fkie,
 Slack you the fnow with flames of fancies fire
 Twixt Brutus land and Mofqua that doe lie:
 Goe fighes, I fay, and to the Phenix flie,
 Whome I imbrace, and chieffie doe defire.
 Report of me that I doe loue her beft,
 None other Saint doth harbour in my breft.

Tell her that though the colde is wont by kinde
 To quench the cole, and flames do yeeld to frost,
 Yet may no winters force in Ruffia binde
 My heart so heard, or alter so my minde,
 But that I still imbrace her beautie most:
 I went her friend, and so continue still,
 Frost cannot freat the ground of my goodwill.

Ardo e ghiaccio.

To his mistres, declaring his life only
 to depend of her lookes.



HE Salamander cannot liue
 without the help of flaming fire:
 To bath his limmes in burning coales,
 it is his glee and chiefe desire.
 The litle fish doth loue the lake,
 dame Nature hath assigned him:

To liue no longer then he doth
 amid the filuer channel fwimme.
 Chameleon feedes but on the ayre,
 the lacke whereof is his decay:
 These three doe perish out of hand,
 take fire, flouds, and ayre away.
 Iudge you (my deere) the danger then
 of very force that must ensue,

Vnto this careful heart of mine,
 that cannot liue withouten you.
 I am the fish, you are the floode,
 my heart it is that hangs on hooke:
 I cannot liue if you doe stoppe,
 the floudhatch of your frendly brooke.
 I filly Salamander die,
 if you maintaine not frendships fire:
 Quenche you the coale and you shal see
 me pine for lack of my desire.
 You are the pleafant breathing ayre,
 and I your poore Chameleon,
 Barre me your breath and out of hand
 my life and fweete delight is gone.
 Which sith tis fo (good mistresse) then
 doe faue my life to serue your turne:
 Let me haue ayre and water stil
 let me your Salamander burne.
 My death wil doe you litle good,
 my life perhaps may pleasure you:
 Rewe on my case, and pitie him
 that sweares himself your seruant true.
 I beare the badge within my brest,
 wherin are blazde your colours braue:
 Loue is the only liuery, that
 I at your curteous hand doe craue.
 I doe desire no greedy gaine,
 I couet not the massye golde:

Embrace your feruant (mistres) then
 his wages wil be quickly tolde.
 As you are faire so let me finde
 your bountie equall to your face:
 I cannot thinke that kinde so neere
 to beauties bower would rigor place,
 Your comely hewe behight me hope,
 your louely lookes allow mee life.
 Your graue regard doth make me deeme
 you fellow to Vliffes wife,
 Which if be true then happy I,
 that so in loue my fancie fet:
 In you doth rest my life, my death,
 by flaying me no gaine you get.
 The noble minded Lion kils
 no yeelding beaft by crueltie,
 And worthie dames delight to faue
 their feruants liues by curtesie.

Virtuti comes inuidia.



Y Spencer, spite is vertues deadly foe,
 The best are euer sure to beare the blame,
 And enuie next to vertue still doth goe,
 But vertue shines, when enuie shrinks for shame.

In common weales what beares a greater sway
 Than hidden hate that hoordes in haughtie brest?

In princes courtes it beares the bell away,
With all estates this enuie is a gueft.

Be wife, thy wit will purchafe priuie hate,
Be rich, with rents flocke in a thoufand foes,
Be ftout, thy courage will procure debate,
Be faire, thy beautie not vnhatred goes.

Beare office thou, and with thy golden mace,
Commes enuie in, and treads vpon thy traine,
Yea, be a Prince, and hate will be in place,
To bid him ftand aloofe it is in vaine.

So that I fee, that Boccas wordes be true:
For ech estate is peffred with his foe,
Saue miferie, whom hate doth not enfue,
The bigger only doth vnfpited goe:

Yet beggers bafe estate is not the beft,
Though enuie let the begger lie at reft.

*Sola miferia e fenza
inuidia.*

Boccacio.

That though he may not possible come
 or send, yet he liues mindfull of his
 mistresse in Moscouia.



WHO so hath read Leanders loue,
 which he to Ladie Hero bore,
 And how he swamme through Aelles flood,
 twixt Abydon and Sefus shore.
 To gaine his game, to liue at lust,
 to lay him in the Ladies lap,
 Will rue his paines, and scarce exchange
 his ease to haue Leanders hap:
 But happy I account his ease,
 for hauing past those narrow Seas,
 He was assured to lodge aloft
 with Hero in the towre of ease.
 He neuer went but did enioy
 his mistres, whom he did desire.
 He feldome swamme the foming flood,
 but was assured to quench his fire.
 The torch it hung vpon the towre,
 the lamp gaue light to shew the way:
 He could not misse the darkefome night,
 it shone as cleere as sunny day.
 Thus happy was Leanders lot,
 but most vnhappy mine estate:

For swimming wil not ferue my turne
to bring me to my louing mate.
The fouds are frozen round about,
the fnow is thick on euery fide:
The raging Ocean runnes betwixt
my frend and me with cruel tide.
The hilles be ouerwhelmde with hoare,
the countrey clad with mantels white,
Each tree attirde with flakes of yce,
is nothing els faue fnow in fight.
The mighty Volgas ftately ftream,
in winter flipper as the glaffe,
Abides no boate, how ſhould I then
deuife a meane a way to paffe?
And Suchan, that in ſummer time,
was eaſie to be ouergone:
With Boreas blaſt is bound as harde,
as any flint or marble ſtone.
Free paſſage Dwina doth deny,
whoſe ſtream is ſtopt and choakt with ſnow,
There is no way for any barge,
much leſſe for any man to goe:
I cannot for my life repaire
to thee, to eaſe my preſent paine:
There is no paſſage to be had,
til ſummer flake the ſnow againe.
Meane while yet maiſt thou make accompt
that I doe ſtil remember thee,

EPITAPHS AND SONNETS.

In Ruffia where I leade my life,
 and long againe at home to be.
 No force shall caufe me to forget
 or lay the care of loue aside:
 Time is the touchstone of good will,
 wherby my meaning shalbe tride.
 If I might haue conueid my lines
 vnto thy hands, it would haue eafde
 My heaue heart of diuers doubts,
 my meffage might my minde appeafde,
 But (friend) endure this long delay,
 my felfe wil come when time fhall ferue,
 To tell thee newes, and how I fare:
 meane while stand fast and do not fwerue,
 Prefume that as I was thine owne,
 euen fo I doe continue fill.
 I know hir not whose beautie shall remooue
 or change my firft good will.
 Thy face hath pierft my brest fo farre,
 thy graces este fo many bee,
 As if I would, I cannot choofe
 but loue, and make account of thee.

To a faire Gentlewoman, false to
hir friend.



WITHIN the garden plot of thy faire face,
Doth grow a graffe of diuers qualities:
A matter rare within so little space,
A man to find such fundry properties:
For commonly the roote in euery tree,
Barcke, body, boughes, bud, leafe, and fruit agree.

First, for the roote is rigor in the brest,
Treason the tree, that springeth of the same,
Beautie the barcke that ouerspreds the rest,
The boughes are braue, and climbing vp to fame,
Braules be the buds that hang on euery bowe,
A blossom fit for such rootes to allowe.

Loue is the leafe that little time endures,
Flattrie the fruit which treasons tree doth beare,
Though beauties barcke at first the eie allure,
Yet at the last ill will, the worme, doth weare
Away the leafe, the blossoms, boughes, and all,
And rigors roote makes beauties buds to fall.

Par essere ingrata,

Non farai amata.

A farewell to a craftie deceitfull
Dame.



S he that lothes the powders smel,
 must neuer prease where Gunners bee:
 So he that hates a double dame,
 must neuer haue to do with thee.
 For craft, I fee, is all thy care,
 thy smoothest lookes betoken guiles:
 In womans wombe thou feedst a foxe,
 that bites thy friend on whom he smiles.
 Had Nature wist thy deep deceits
 before thy birth, I thinke that kind,
 To faue thy name, and ease thy friends,
 had seald thine eies, and kept thee blind.
 For what is shee that beares a face
 of greater trust, and more good will?
 Yet who is she that hath a heart
 more prone to pay the good with ill?
 Thy beautie led me on to loue,
 thy lookes allured my looking eyes:
 Thy doubleneffe now breeds despaire,
 thy craft doth cause my wofull cries.
 I could requite diffembling loue,
 and gloze perhaps as well as you:

But that I take but fmall delight
 to change mine ancient friends for new.
 Yet will I not be fotted fo,
 as ftill to let my loue to loffe :
 I better know what mettall is,
 than to exchange the gold for droffe
 Good will is euer woorth good will,
 if both the ballance egall bee :
 But fure too maffie is my loue,
 to make exchange of loues with thee
 Wherefore I fay, vnknit the knot
 wherwith thy loue was fallfly tide,
 Thou lackft a graine to make vp weight
 men fay, (good meafure neuer lide.)
 Go feeke fome other to deceiue,
 too wel I know thy craftie call :
 My mouth is very well in tafte,
 to iudge the hony from the gall.
 That you are gall, I may auow,
 for hony hath no bitter taft :
 The wine of your good will is fpent,
 you keep the dregs for me at laft.
 Wherefore I do renounce the cafke,
 I leaue the lees for other men :
 My hap was ill, my choice was worfe,
 I yeeld you vp to choofe agen.

Spare to speake, Spare to speede.



Y Spencer, spare to speake,
 and euer spare to speed,
 Vnlesse thou shew thy hurt, how shall
 the Surgeon know thy need?
 Why hath a man a tongue,
 and boldnesse in his brest,
 But to bewray his mind by mouth,
 to fet his hart at rest?
 The fisherman that feares
 his corke and coard to cast,
 Or spred his net to take the fish,
 wel worthy is to fast.
 The forrestman that dreads
 to rouse the lodged Bucke,
 Bicause of bramble brakes, deserues
 to haue no hunters lucke.
 Where words may win good wil,
 and boldnesse beare no blame,
 Why should there want a face of brasse
 to bound the brauest dame?
 Vnlesse thou cast thy lure,
 or throw hir out a traine:

Thou feldome fhalt a Falcon, or
a Taffell gentle gaine.
Though looks betoken loue,
and makes a fhew of luft,
Yet fpeech is it that knits the knot
whereto a man may truft.
Affure thy felfe, as he
that feares caliuer fhot,
Can neuer come to feale a fort,
or fkirmifh woorth a grote:
So he that fpares to fpeake,
when time and place are fit,
Is fure to miffe the marke, which elfe
he were in hope to hit.
Giue him an iuie leafe
in ftead of pipe to play,
That dreads to bourd a gallant dame
for feare ſhe fay him nay.
Where venture is but finall,
and bootie very great,
A coward knight will hazard there
in hope to worke his feat.
Wherfore when time fhall ferue
(my Spencer) fpare to blufh,
Fall to thy purpofe like a man,
and boldly beat the bufh.
Who fo accounts of loffe,
doth feldom gaine the game:

And blushing cheekes be often bard,
for feare of after flame.
No doubt, a Lady doth
imbrace him more, that dares
To tell his tale, than such a one
that of his language spares.
Deceit is dreaded more,
and craft doth rifer raigne,
In one that like an image fits,
than him that speaketh plaine.
Yea, though thy mistresse make,
as though she loued no wine,
Remember Aefops Foxe, that was
too lowe to reach the vine.
Take this for certaine troth,
the best and brauest bowe,
Will stoupe, if so the cause be good,
thou knowest my meaning now.
Experience hath no peere,
it passeth learning farre:
I speake it not without my booke,
but like a man of warre.
Wherfore be bold to boord
the fairest first of all,
Aye Venus aides the forward man,
and Cupid helps his thrall.

Wearie of long silence, he breakes
his mind to his Mistresse.



NOT much vnlike the horfe
that feeles himself opprest
With weightie burthen on his backe,
doth long to be at rest:
So I, whose boiling brest
with fanfies floud did flow,
Had great desire my great good will
with painting pen to flow:
To ease my wofull hart
of long endured paine,
And purchase quiet to my mind,
whom loue wel nie hath flaine.
Beleeue my words (deere dame)
dissembling is a finne,
Not mine, but thine, these many days
my captiue hart hath bin.
But shame, and coward feare,
the louers mortall foes,
Would neuer condescend that I
my meaning should disclose.
Till now at length desire
my wonted ease to gaine:

Did bid me fue for grace, and faid
I should not fue in vaine.
For as thy beautie is
farre brauer than the rest,
So bountie must of force abound
within thy noble brest.
Oh, seeke not thou to fled
or fukke of yeelding blood:
Alas, I thinke to murther me
would do thee little good.
Whom if you feeme to rue,
as I do hope you will,
In prayfe of your good nature then
my hand shall shew his skill.
Lo here in pawne of loue,
I vowe my felfe to thee:
A slaue, a seruant, and a friend
till dying day to bee.

He wisheth his dreames either
longer or truer.



HORT is the day wherein
I doe not thinke of thee:
And in the night amid my sleepe,
thy face (deare dame) I see.
The dreame delights me much,
it cuts my care away:

Me thinkes I kisse and clip thee oft,
the rest I blush to fay.
Who happy then but I,
whilest sleepe and flumber last:
But who (alas) so much a wretch,
as I when sleepe is past.
For with the sliding sleepe
away slips my delight:
Departing dreames doe driue away
thy countenance out of sight.
And then in place of glee,
in glydes a crew of care:
My panting hart laments, that I
do feele my bed so bare.
For thou that wert the cause
of comfort, art not there:

And I poore filly wofull man,
 in fobs the night do weare.
Then curfe I cankred chance,
 that made me dreame of thee,
And fanfie fond, that fed it felfe
 with dreames that fained bee.
Thus weares away the night
 confumde in carefull paine:
Thofe refleffe banners beating fill
 vpon my bufie braine.
Then drawes the dawning on,
 I leaue my couch, and rife,
In hope to find fome pleafant toy
 that may content mine eyes.
But out alas, I can
 not fee fo faire a fight,
That can my heauië hart releiue,
 and daintie eies delight.
Each beautie that doth blaze,
 each viſage that I fee,
Augments my care, in cauſing me
 to long and looke for thee.
Thus waſte I all the night
 in dreames without deſire:
Thus driue I on my dayes in loue,
 that ſcalds like ſcorching fire.
Yet well content therewith,
 fo that, at my returne,

Thou pitie me, who for thy fake,
 with Cupids coles do burne.
 I am the Turtle true,
 that fits vpon the tree:
 And waile my woe without a make,
 and onely wish for thee.

Vnable by long and hard trauell to banish
 loue, returns hir friend.



WOUNDED with loue, and piercing deep desire
 Of your faire face, I left my natiue land,
 With Ruffia fnow to flacke mine English fire,
 But well I fee, no cold can quench the brand
 That Cupides coles enkindle in the brest,
 Frost hath no force where friendship is poffest.

The Ocean fea for all his fearefull flood,
 The perils great of paffage not preuaile,
 To banish loue the riuers do no good,
 The mountains hie caufe Cupid not to quaile,
 Wight are his wings, and fanfie flies as fast
 As any fhip, for all his failes and maft.

The riuier Dwina cannot wash away
 With all his waues the loue I beare to thee,
 Nor Suchan fwift loues raging heate delay,
 Good will was graft vpon fo fure a tree.
 Sith trauaile then, nor frost, can coole this fire:
 From Mofqua I thy friend wil home retire.

That he findeth others as faire, but not
so faithfull as his friend.



SUNDRY see for beauties glosse
that with my mistresse may compare:
But few I finde for true good wil
that to their friends so friendly are.
Looke what she saies, I may assure
my selfe thereof, she wil not faine:

What others speake is hard to trust,
they measure all their words by gaine.
Her lookes declare her louing minde,
her countnance and her heart agree:
When others laugh they looke as smooth,
but loue not halfe so wel as she:
The greefe is hers when I am grypte,
my fingers ache is her diseafe:
With me, though others mourne to fight,
yet are their hearts at quiet ease.
So that I marke in Cupids court,
are many faire and fresh to see:
Each where is fowen dame beauties feede,
but faire and faithfull few there bee.

Trauailing the desert of Russia, he complay-
neth to Eccho, with request that she
comfort his afflicted state.



YOU hollow hilles and vallyes wide,
that wonted are to yelde againe:
The latter caufe of louers cries
refound and help me to complaine.
Repeate my piteous penfiue plaines,
recite my tale when I haue done:

Howle out ye hilles, and let me heare
my voice among your rockes to run.
It wil delight my dazed sprites,
when I report my mistresse name:
Amid my plaint to heare the hilles,
at euery call to call the fame.
Good Eccho shew me thy good will,
is no man here but thou and I?
Take vp my tale as I lament,
and fay (Alas) as I doe crie,
Was neuer man that did enioy,
a better dame then I haue done?
But now (Alas) she is alacke,
helpe Eccho, helpe, I am vndone.

Besides mine absence from her sight,
another doth possessè my place,
And of my haruest sheares the sheaves,
helpe Eccho, helpe, lament my case.
I know not when I shal returne,
or when to see that sweete againe:
For (out alas) she is away,
good Eccho helpe to ease my paine.
But nought I see it doth auaille,
thy talke encreaseth but my woe:
It irkes me to recite her name,
and misse the faint I honor so.
Wherefore, sith bootlesse be complaints,
and clepings cannot right my case:
I bid thee (Eccho) here adew,
I will goe seeke to see her face.
The face that Paris would haue chose,
if he had feene her in the mount:
Good faith, the lady Venus had
been had as then in small account.
And as for Pallas and the third,
I meane the mighty Junos grace:
I know right wel they would haue hid
themselues, and neuer prest in place.
For nature made hir not to match,
but to exceede and passe the rest:
Thrice happy he that can attaine
her loue, and to be liked best.

He craues his Mistresse to accept his wryting,
 being otherwise insufficient to winne
 good liking from her.



S many are the meanes,
 to fall in fancies frame:
 So diuers be the driftes of men,
 for to atchieue the fame.
 For some to winne their loues,
 and purchase priuy grace:
 With curious tonges like carpet knights
 doe pleade a fained case.
 And all to please the eares,
 and mate their mistresse minde:
 Of this and that they tell their tales,
 as they fit leasure finde.
 Some other wanting chatte,
 not hauing words at wil:
 With nimble ioynts, and fingering fine,
 on Lutes doe shew their skil.
 By fugred found to winne
 their ladies to their loue:
 With earnest care those wanton wights,
 Apollos practise proue.
 And such as skilfull are,
 in daunsing doe desire
 To practise that whereby to fet
 their fronions harts on fire.

Whose breast is fweete to eare,
 he straines his voice to sing:
 Thereby vnto his greedy lust
 his mistresse minde to bring.
 The martial man at armes,
 to muster doth delight:
 And loues to shew his helmed head
 before his Ladies fight.
 In hope to purchase praise,
 and after praise some grace:
For women loue a valiant man
 that dares defend their case.
 Thus each one doth attempt,
 and puts the thing in vre,
 That fittest is to gaine good will,
 so Faulknors vse the lure.
 But I, vnhappy wight,
 that can doe nought of these:
 How might I doe, or what deuise
 my mistresse minde to please?
 Where neither tongue can talke
 nor finger frame with Lute:
 Nor footing ferue to daunce: alas,
 how should I moue my fute?
 Not pleafant is my voice,
 vnable to delight:
 I can doe nought vnlesse it be
 with pen to shew my plight.

I only can in verſe,
ſet out a dame to ſhow :
And on a wel deſeruing friend,
a friendly praife beſtow.
Thus muſt I hunt for loue,
wherefore (good Lady) then
In lieu of other finer ſkilles,
accept my ragged pen.
Let me by writing win,
what others doe by arte :
And during life you ſhal aſſure,
you of a louing hart.
No vertue ſhalbe lodgde
within your curteous breſt :
But I wil blaze the fame abroad,
as brauely as the beſt.
And as for beuties praife,
I wil procure that fame
Shal found it out ſo loud, that all
the world ſhal read thy name.
So as by louing me,
you ſhal haue loue againe :
And eke the harts of thoufands mo
for you good wil attaine.
I neuer was mine owne
ſith firſt I ſawe your face :
Nor neuer wil, but euer yours,
if you wil rue my caſe.

The meane is best.



HE fire doeth frye, the frost doeth freefe,
 the colde breedes care, the heate doeth harme,
 The middle point twixt both is best,
 nor ouer-cold, nor ouer-warme.
 I dreame it not the happy life
 the needie beggers bag to beare:

Ne yet the blessed state of all
 a mightie Kaifars crowne to weare.
 That one is cloied with fundry cares,
 and dies ten thousand times a day:
 That other still in danger goes,
 for euery traitors hand to slay.
 The higheft hill is not the place
 whereon to build the stately bower:
 The deepest vale it is as ill,
 for lightly there doth rest the shower.
 The failing ship that keeps the shore,
 vpon the rocke is often rent:
 And he that ventures out too farre,
 and tries the stream with waues is hent.
 For there the wind doth worke his will,
 there Neptunes churlish imps do raign:
 The middle way is safe to faile,
 I mean the mean betwixt the twain.

So that the meane is best to choofe,
 not ouer hie nor ouer lowe :
 Wherefore, if you your safetie loue,
 imbrace the meane, let mounting goe.

To his friend Edward Dancie,
 of Deceit.



DANCIE, deceit is rifer now a day,
 Then honest dealing, vertue is but vile,
 I see dissembling beares the bell away :
 Craft hath a cloke to couer all his guile,
 And vnderneath the fame a knife doth lurke,
 When time shall serue a shamefull spoile to worke.

Each man almost hath change of faces now,
 To shift at pleasure, when it may auaille :
 A man must giue no credit to the browe,
 The smoothest smiling friend will soonest faile :
 No trust without a triall many yeeres,
 All is not gold that gliftringly appeeres.

Who so shall make his choice vpon a man
 To loue, and like, must warily looke about,
 A faithful friend is like a coleblacke Swan.
 We may not trust the painted sheath without,
 Vleffe good lucke continue at a stay :
 Farewell thy friends, like foules they flie away.

Of the right noble Lord, William, Earle
Pembroke his death.



HOUGH betters pen the praise
of him that earned fame,
Yet pardon men of meaner skill
if they attempt the fame.
Good will may be as great
in simple wits to write,

In commendation of the good,
as heads of deeper fight.
Wherefore among the rest
that rue this Earles want,
My selfe will fet my Muse abroach,
although my vaine be scant.
This Realme hath lost a lampe,
that gaue a gallant shew:
No stranger halfe so strange to vs
but did this Noble know.
His vertues spred so farre,
his worthy works so wide,
That forrain princes held him deere,
where so he was imploid.
Whose wit such credite won
in countrey seruice still,

That Enuie could not giue the checke,
nor rancor reauē good will.
He euer kept the rōume
that prince and fortune gauē:
As courtcous in the countrey, as
in court a Courtier braue.
To low and meanest men
a lowly mind he bore,
No hawtie hart to stoute estates,
vnlesse the cause were more.
But than a Lions hart
this dreadfull Dragon had:
In field among his foes, as fierce,
as in the Senate sad.
Had Pallas at his birth
for Pembroke done hir best,
As nature did: then Pembroke had
surmounted all the rest.
For though that learning lackt
to paint the matter out,
What case of weight so weightie was,
but Pembroke brought about?
By wit great wealth he wonne,
By fortune fauour came:
With fauour friends, and with the friends,
affurance of the fame.
Of Princes euer praifd
aduaunst and staid in state:

From first to last commended much,
 in honors stoole he fate.
 Beloued of Henry well,
 of Edward held as deere:
 A doubt whether sonne or father loued
 him best as might appeere.
 Queene Mary felt a want,
 if Pembroke were away:
 So greatly she affied him,
 whilest she did beare the fway.
 And of our peerelesse Queene,
 that all the rest doth passe,
 I need not write, she shewd hir loue
 whofe Steward Pembroke was.
 Sith such a noble then,
 by death our daily foe,
 Is rest this realme, why do we not
 by teares our forowes show?
 Why leaue we to lament?
 why keepe we in our cries?
 Why do we not powre out our plaints
 by condites of our eies?
 Our noble prince, our peeres,
 both poore and rich may rue,
 And each one forow Pembroke dead,
 that earst him liuing knew.
 Yt ioy in one respect,
 that he who liued fo hie,

In honors feat his honor faued,
 and fortunde fo to die.
 Which ftocke of noble ftate
 fith cruell death hath reft,
 I wifh the branches long to bud,
 that of the roote are left.
 And prosper fo aliue,
 as did this noble tree,
 And after many happy dayes,
 to die as well as hee.

Finding his Miftrefse vntrue, he
 exclaimeth thereat.



UNNE, ceafe to fhine by day,
 reftreine thy golden beames:
 Let ftarres refufe to lend their light,
 let fifh renounce the ftreames.
 Sea, paffe thy kindly bounds,
 fet ebbe and flood afide:

Grafle, leaue to grow, yet gallant plants
 depart with all your pride.
 Bend Tyber backe againe,
 and to thy fpring returne:
 Let firie coles begin to freeze,
 let ife and water burne.

Wolues leaue to flay the Lambs,
 hounds hunt the Hare no more :
 Be friend to foules, ye hungry haukes,
 whom ye purfude before.
 For kind hath altred courfe,
 the law that nature fet
 Is broken quite, hir orders fkornd,
 and bands in funder fret.
 Loue is accounted light,
 and friendship forced nought :
 My felfe may well proclaime the fame,
 that loue hath dearly bought.
 I fortun'd once to like
 and fanfie fuch a dame :
 As fundry ferud, but none atchieud,
 hir feature wan hir fame.
 Long fute and great defart,
 with triall of my truſt,
 Did make hir fanfie me againe,
 ſhe found me perfit iuſt.
 But ere I felt the bliſſe,
 that louers do attaine :
 I bode a thouſand cruell fits,
 ten thouſand kinds of paine.
 Till ruth by reaſon grew
 and rigor layd apart :
 On me ſhe did beſtow hir loue,
 that beſt deſerued hir hart.

Then mirth gan counterpoise
the griefs I felt before:
And if I had endured smart
I ioyed than the more.
She past me many vowes,
and fundry forts of heft:
And fwore I was the onely wight
whom she did fanfie best.
Then happy who but I,
that did beleeeue the fame?
As who is he that would refuse
to credite such a dame?
O friend, when I (quoth she)
shall alter my good will,
And leaue to loue thee passing well,
thy fanfie to fulfill:
When I for gallant gifts,
for mucke or glittering gold:
For comely limmes of courtly knights,
delightfull to behold:
For Kaifars kingly crowne
thy friendship do desie:
O Gods (quoth she) renounce me then,
and let me monfter die.
These words and facred vowes
might quicklie credit gaine:
For who in such a case would glofe
or go about to faine?

Yet now, for all hir speech
 and glauering talke she vsed,
 She is reuolted, and hir friend,
 too fowlie hath abusd:
 Though not against hir kind,
 (for Ladies are but light),
 And foone remooue but cleane against
 their othes and promise quite.
 But what should we expect
 from thornes, no Rose perdie:
 The figtree yeelds a fig, on vines
 the grapes in clusters bee.
 Which sith I find at last,
 though greatly to my paine,
 Loe here I do desie the face
 in whom such craft doth raigne.
 Farewell thou shamelesse shrew,
 faire Crefides heire thou art:
 And I Sir Troylus earst haue been,
 as prooueth by my smart.
 Hencefoorth beguile the Greekes,
 no Troyans will thee trust:
 I yeeld thee vp to Diomed,
 to glut his filthie lust.
 And do repute my selfe
 herein a blessed man,
 Who, finding such deceit in thee,
 refuse thy friendship can.

For fundry times we see,
the fots that ferue in loue,
Can neuer purchafe freedom, nor
their frantike rage remoue.
But who fo hath the grace
to banish fond desire,
I count him blest of mightie Ioue,
for few or none retire.
So sweete is finfull lust,
the venome is fo vile:
As Circes cup no fooner might
the bowfing Greeks beguile.
Now hang abroad thy hookes,
bestowe thy baites elfewhere,
Thy pleafant call fhall haue no power
to lure my cunning eare.
I tride thy twigges too much,
my feathers felt thy lime:
To giue thee vp, and fhunne thy fhiftes,
I coumpt it more than time.

A warning that she be not
vncourteous.



CHUSE you not to change,
I entred band to bide:
But plighted promise craft by you,
I count my selfe vntide.
No heft is to be held,
no vow of valed, when

You dames the collar flip:
by craft to compasse men.
Prefume not of good wil,
because I fwore you loue:
For faithful frends vpon abuse,
their fancy may remoue.
Which lincke of loue vndone,
repentance comes too late:
The fort is wonne when trueth is flaine,
and treason keeps the gate.
No teares can purchase truce,
no weeping winnes good wil:
True lone once lost by due defart,
is not renewde by skil.
Good meaning may not ferue
to feede your frends withall:
As wit in words, so trueth in deedes,
appeares, and euer shal.

Who fo doth runne a race,
 shall surely sweate amaine,
And who fo loues, shal hardly gloze
 of secreet hidden paine,
Way wel my loue at first,
 recall to retchleffe thought,
The fiery fittes, the penſiue panges,
 which I ſul deerely bought.
Before I tooke the taſt
 of what I lykte ſo well:
And then conſider careles, how
 to Junos yoke you fel.
Forget not how for gaine
 and mucke your match was made:
When I the while (poore man) was forſt
 a weery life to trade.
The Lions loue reſuſde
 the nobleſt beaſt of all:
Vnto a fotte you yokt your ſelſe,
 and woxe a willing thrall.
Then who would force but I,
 or hold the iewel deere,
That on anothers finger fits,
 and hath done many a yeere:
And long is like to doe,
 the hogge that gapes for hawes,
That hang ſo faſt, may groynd his tuſkes
 and die with emptie iawes.

I speake it not of spight,
but fure you ill deferue:
A man that meanes fo well as I,
fith you doe dayly fwerue.
A foole by foule abufe,
shall haue you more at becke:
Then he that euer loued you well,
and neuer gaue you checke.
Which shewes that either wit,
or faithful loue you lacke:
Beware in time, misliking growen,
may not be bended backe.
When Crefid clapt the dish,
and Lazer-like did goe:
She rewde no doubt that earft she did
the Troyan handle fo.
And might she then retirde
to beuties auncient towre:
She would haue ftucke to Priams fonne,
of faithful loue the floure.
But fond, too late she found
that she had been too light:
And ouerlate bewaild that she
forwent the worthy knight.
Imprint it in your brest,
and thinke that Ladies lot,
May light on you, with whom your frend
is caufleffe thus forgot.

I would be loth to loue,
and leaue with losse againe :
I smarted once, and you (none els)
the ground of all my paine.
Time tries the trusty minde,
which time doth counsell me
To deale my loue by equall weight,
least I deceiued be.
Where counfel nor aduice,
can take no better holde:
The losse is light: for colour I
imbrace not glowing golde.
No more I way a frend,
for feature of her face:
Her dealing wel must binde good will,
vprightly iudge my case.
I wholly was your owne,
and lesse you loue aleeke:
The match betwixt us two is marde,
and I your frend to feeke.
If any els deferue
a share or better part:
Let me but know your mind, and then
adue with all my hart.
I found the trumpet now,
that warning geues to you:
To leaue to loue besides my selfe,
to whom the whole is due.

I tell you this betimes,
 as one that would be loath
 By your desert to choofe againe,
 and breake mine auncient oth.
 Which if by fortune fall,
 allowe your felfe the thanks:
 Whose parts vnkind may force a man
 to play vnfriendly pranks.

To one whom he had long loued, and at last was
 refused without cause, and one imbra-
 ced that least deserued it.

*Che prende diletto di far frode
 Non si delamentar, si altri le inhanna.*



LF lyking best with fancy firmly fet,
 If louing most, with retchlesse care of state,
 If true good will, whom time could neuer fret,
 If pardoning faults, which now I rewe too late,
 If good stil done, and euer meant to you:
 Are not of force to make your frendships true.

If foule abuse and tearmes of loathsome found,
 If mischief meant, and seldome good bestowed,
 If black defame and credit brought to ground,
 If base reports so rashly spread abroad
 Can winne good wil, and binde a furer band:
 Then he that loues and beares you not in hand,

Then happy he that workes your deepe decay,
And flaunder seekes to both your open flames,
For he doth laugh and beare the bel away,
Vnlucky I with whom fo il it frames,
As now at laft in guerdon of my toyle,
I reape refufe and bide this fecond foile.

Wel may he laugh that is my deadly foe,
And I lament impatient of my paine,
Il may the fare whose craft hath caufde my woe,
And fickle faith deceiued me thus againe.
But I too blame, as many foulers bee,
Who had the bird in hand and let her flee.

More wife then you the babe that feeling flame
And once indangered of the burning blaze,
Doth ftraight refufe the touching of the fame,
But you much like the gnat doe loue to gaze,
And flee fo long about the candle light:
As both will feare your wings and carcaffè quight.

The flauie that ferues his prentifhip in paine
Not halfe fo much a wretch as wretched I,
For he doth end his yeeres with certaine gaine,
Where I haue leaue the hardeft hap to trie,
And hopeleffe quite of what by due was mine
To grone in greefe, and with my paines to pine.

Wel, wel, content, fith chaunce and you agree,
 I take my hap, though cleane againſt my wil,
 Enforſt by you my faith and friend I flee,
 You muſt by kinde remaine a woman fil,
 Who lookes to haue the crowe to change his blacke
 Before it chaunce perchance his eyes may lacke.

Sith you can rule (as by report you may),
 (And that to rule is it you women craue)
 Begin your raigne, God graunt he doe obey
 That long in yoke hath kept you like a flauē,
 I feare, I wiſh, I hope the time wil bee:
 When Louedaies made for lucre wil not gree.

Sticke faſt to him who bolſters your eſtate,
 Forgiue the faults that haue been done amiſſe,
 Forget reports, cling cloſely to your mate,
 But thinke on him fometime that wrote you this,
 If euer chaunce doe make your bondage free:
 God fend your ſecond choyce like this to bee.

And as for him whoſe helping hand hath done
 The beſt it might to worke my cruel woe,
 I truſt in time, when all the threede is ſponne,
 Shall deeply ruwe that he abuſde me fo.
 That womans ſpite all other ſpites exceedes:
 It doth appeere by both your curſed deedes.

If my defert to him had been fo ill,
 Then could I not on him haue laid the blame,
 If mine abufe to you had crackt good will,
 Yours were the praife, and mine the open fhame :
 I loued you both, and yet doe reape at laft
 But hate from both, for all my frendfhip paft.

1. *Due volte me hai ingannato.*
2. *Supplicio al mondo non e dato,
 Maggior, quanto pate vn che innamorato.*
3. *Qual lieni foglie, le dome sono, e crude piu che
 taffo
 Piu che Tigre inclementi, et difdegnofe,
 Piu che orfe, et piu che luge empie e rabbiofe.
 Hanno piu inganni, che non hanno capelli in
 capo.*
4. *O quante, arte et inganni ha il feffo feminino.
 O quanti lacci? O quanti nodi, e groppi?
 Per far huomini venir deboli e zorpi.
 A lio ingrata, troppo amata.*

An Epitaph vpon the death of Henry
Sydnham, and Giles Bampffield,
Gentlemen.



As rife as to my thought repaires
that drearie doleful day,
And most vnluckie houre (alas)
that hent my friends away:
So oft my brest is like to burst,
and ribs to rend in twaine:

My liuer and my lungs giue vp,
my hart doth melt amaine,
And to decipher inward griefs
that crush my carcassè fo:
The fluces of mine eyes do flip,
and let their humor go.
Out flies the floud of brackish teares,
whole feas of forow swell,
In such abundance from my braine,
as wo it is to tell.
Why do I then conceale their names?
what means my sluggish pen,

To hide the haps and luckleſſe lot
 of theſe two manly men?
 Sith filence breeds a ſmothering ſmart,
 where fundry times we ſee,
 That by diſcloſing of our mindes
 great cares digeſted bee.
Wherefore my mournfull Muſe begin, &c.

So Fortune would, the cankred kernes,
 who ſeldom ciuil are,
 Detefſing golden peace, tooke armes,
 and fell to frantike war.
 Vp roſe the rude and retchleſſe rogues,
 with dreadful darts in hand,
 And fought to noy the noble ſtate
 of this our happy land.
 Whoſe bedlam rage to ouerrule,
 and fury to confound,
 The L. of Effex choſen was,
 a noble much renownd.
 Away he went, awaited on
 of many a courtly knight:
 Whoſe ſwelling harts had fully vowed
 to daunt their foes in fight.
 Among the reſt (I rue to tell)
 my Sydnham tooke the feaſ:
 Gyles Bampfield eke aboard he leapt.
 his princes wil to pleaſe.

Whose martial minds and burning breasts
 were bent to beare the broile
 Of bloodie wars, and die the death,
 or giue the foe the foyle.
 And treble blessed had they been,
 if fortune so had willed,
 That they with hawtie sword in hand
 had died in open field.
For fame with garland of renowne,
undoubted decks his hed,
That in defence of Prince and Realme,
his life and bloud doth shed.
 But out (alas) these gallant imps
 before they came to land:
 To shew their force and forward harts,
 by dint of deadly hand.
 Before they fought amid the field,
 or lookt the foe in face,
 With fodain storme, in Irish streame
 were drown'd, a wofull case.
 Vp rose with rage a tempest huge,
 that troubled so the furge,
 As shipmen shrunke, and Pylot knew
 not how to scape the scourge.
 And yet no dread of doubtfull death,
 no force of fretting fome,
 Nor wrath of weltring waues could stay
 those martiall mates at home.

Not angry Aeols churlish chaffe,
that scoules amid the skies:
Nor fullen Neptunes furging fuds
mought daunt their manly eyes.
Vnworthy they (O gods) to feed
the hungry fish in flood:
Or die so base a death as that,
if you had thought it good.
But what you will, of force befalls,
your heauenly power is such,
That where and how, and whom you list,
your godheds daily touch.
And reason good, that sithence all
by you was wrought and done,
No earthly wight should haue the wit
yours wreakefull scourge to shonne.
Well, Sydnham, Bampfild, and the rest,
sith wailing doth no good,
Nor that my teares can pay the price
or ranfome of your blood:
Sith no deuise of man can make
that you should liue againe,
Let these my plaints in verse suffice
your foules, accept my paine.
If ought my writing be of power
to make your vertues known,
According to your due deserts
which you in life haue shewn.

Affure yourfelues, my mournfull Mufe
 fhall do the beft it can,
 To caufe your names and noble minds
 to liue in mouth of man.
 And fo adue, my faithfull friends,
 lamenting lets my quill:
 I loued you liuing, and in death,
 for euer fo I will.
 Accept my writing in good worth,
 no fitter means I find
 To do you good, now being dead,
 nor eafe my mourning mind.
 No better life than you haue led
 vnto my felfe I wifh:
 But happier death, if I might chufe,
 than fo to feed the fifh.
 The gods allow my lims a tombe
 and graue wherein to lye:
 That men may fay, thrife happy he,
 that happened fo to die.
 For kindly death is counted good,
 and bleffed they be thought,
 That of their friends vnto the pit,
 vpon the beere are brought.
 But for my felfe, I reckon thofe
 more bleft a thoufand fold,
 That in the quarel of their prince,
 their liues and blood haue fold.

As you mine ancient mates did meane,
 for which the mightie Ioue,
 In heauen shal place your fouls, although
 your bones on rocks do roue.

A letter begun to a Gentlewoman of some
 account, which was left of by means
 of the aduise of a friend of his,
 who said she was foresped.



OUR beautie (madame) made
 mine eye to like your face:
 And now my hart did cause my hand
 to sue to you for grace.
 The ground of my good wil,
 by feature first was cast,
 Which your good noble nature hath
 for euer sealed fast.
 When plants be furely pight,
 than lightly will they proue,
 No tree can take so deep a roote
 as grifts of faithfull loue.
 If I had feared difdaine,
 or thought that hawtie pride
 Had harbour in that brest of yours,
 which is the pecocks guide :

Then should I not haue durst
these verses to indite,
But waying well your curteous kind,
I tooke the hart to write.
In hope that Venus gifts
are matcht with Pallas goods,
And that true frendship floures wil spring
of blasing beauties buds.
For feldom shal you find
a dame of your degree,
And of such features, but hir lookes
and maners do agree.
Which if in prooffe I find,
as I perfume I shall,
Then happy others, but I compt
my fortune best of all.
And to expresse my ioy,
my hands I mean to clap:
As who would say, loe I am he
that haue this blessed hap.
Let not my hopes be vaine,
in your hand lies my life:
And if you list to cut my throte,
you haue the fatall knife.
For wholly on your lookes
and mercy staves the threed
That holds my lims together now,
the gods haue so decreed.

I am your bounden thrall,
 and euer mean to be:
 I will not change my choice, &c.

To his Friend not to change, though iea-
 lousie debarre him hir company.



DHANGE not thy choyce (my deere,)
 stand stable in good will,
 Let ancient faithful loue appeere
 betwixt vs louers fill.
 A wifdom friends to win,
 as great a wit againe:

A gotten friend, that faithfull is,
 in friendship to retaine.
 Thou seeft how hatred hewes
 the chips of our mifchance:
 And ieaiousie doth what it may,
 the Viper to aduance.
 Whofe prying eyes are preft
 to hinder our intent,
 But malice oft doth miffe his marke,
 where two good wils be bent.

EPITAPHS AND SONNETS.

So carefull Argus kept
the faire well featured cowe :
Whose watchful eies ful feldome slept,
according to his vowe.
And yet at length he loft
his head, and eke his hire :
For Mercury his cunning croft,
to further Ioues desire.
So curft Acrifius clofde
the mayden in the mewe,
Where he affuredly fupposed
to keepe the virgin true.
Yet Danae did conceaue
within the fecret towre :
And did in lap receiue the god,
that fel in golden fhowre.
Way what good wil he beares,
that liues in fuch diftruff :
He fares as doth the wretch that feares
his golde, and lets it ruff :
Whose hungry heaping minde
for all his looking on,
Is oft abusde, and made as blinde
as any marble ftone.
I craue but your content,
when time and place agree,
And that you wil be wel content
to yelde your felfe to me.

Who euer wil regard
the honor of your name,
And looke what pleafure may be fparde,
wil only craue the fame.
No checke fhall taint your cheeke,
by prooffe of open acte:
I neuer wil vnwifely feeke
to haue your credit crackte.
My loue excels his luft,
my fancy his good wil:
My trueth doth farre furmout his truft,
my good deferts his il.
Wherfore (my deere) confent
vnto my iuft request:
For I long fith haue loued you wel,
and euer meant you beft.
So fhall you haue my heart,
ftil redy at your call:
You cannot play a wifer part
then cherish fuch a thrall.

To his Frend not to forget him.



HERE liking growes of lust,
 it cannot long endure:
 But where we finde it graft on loue,
 there frendships force is fure.
 Where wealth procures good wil,
 when substance slides away,
 There fancy alters all by fittes,
 and true loue doth decay.
 Where beutie bindes the band,
 and feature forceth loue,
 With crooked age or changed face,
 their frendship doth remoue.
 No one of these (my deare)
 that fickle thus doe fade:
 Did bend my brest, or forst thy frend
 to follow Cupids trade.
 But meere good wil in deede
 not graft on hope of gaine:
 I lovde without regard of lust,
 as prooffe hath taught you plaine:
 I way no wauering wealth,
 I force not of thy face:
 No graunt of pleasure prickes me on
 thy person to embrace.

No hope of after hap
 ingenders my good wil:
I lovde thee when I faw thee first,
 and fo I loue thee fil.
Wherefore requite with care
 the man that meanes you fo:
It lies in you to yeld him ease,
 or plague his hart with woe.
You were not bred of rockes,
 no marble was your meate:
I trust I shal fo good a dame,
 to loue me best intreate.
You know I beare the blame,
 your felfe are nothing free:
He loues me not for louing you,
 nor you for louing me.
Confider of the case,
 and like where you are lovde:
It is against your kinde to please
 where you are fo reprovde.
His frendship is in doubt,
 you stand assured of me:
He hates vs both, I cannot loue
 the man that hateth thee.
His frantike words of late,
 bewraide his folly plaine:
Assure yourfelfe he loues you not,
 his glosing is for gaine.

Which purpose being brought
to his desired passe,
The fotte will shew himfelfe a beaft,
and prooue a wayward Affe.
By reason rule his rage,
by wifdome master wil:
Embrace your friend in spite of him,
that meanes you no good wil.
A time in time may come,
if gods wil haue it fo,
When we each other shal inioy,
to quite each others woe.
Which time if time agree,
to pleasure vs withall,
Our honie wil the sweeter seeme
that we haue tasted gall.
Till when vse womans wit,
therein you know my minde:
I neuer was, nor neuer wil
be found your friend vnkinde.

A vowe of Constancie.



FIRST shal the raging flouds
 against their course runne:
 By day the moone shal lend her light,
 by night the golden funne.
 First fickle fortune shall
 stand at a stedy stay:
 And in the sea the shining starres
 shal moue and keepe their way.
 First Fish amid the ayre,
 shal wander to and fro:
 The cloudes be cleere, in beuty eke
 the cole exceede the snowe.
 First kinde shal alter all
 and change her wonted state:
 The blind shal see, the deafe shal heare,
 the dumbe shal freely prate.
 Before that any chaunce,
 or let that may arife,
 Shalbe of force to wrest my loue,
 or quench in any wife
 The flame of my good will,
 and faithful fancies fire.
 Saue cruel death shal nothing daunt,
 or coole my hote desire.

Defire that guides my life,
 and yeldes my hart his foode:
 Wherefore to be in prefence ftill,
 with thee, would doe me good.
 Which prefence I prefume
 thou neuer wilt deny:
 But as occafion ferues,
 fo thou to frendfhip wilt apply.
 Til when I giue thee vp
 to good and happy chaunce,
 In hope that time to our delights
 will feeke vs to aduance.
 A due (deere friend) to thee,
 that art my only ioy:
 More faire to me then Helen was
 to Priams fonne of Trøy:
 And conftant more in loue,
 then was Vliffes make,
 Of whose affured life and zeale,
 fo much the Poets fpake.
 Leffe light than Lucrece eke,
 whom Tarquins luft defilde:
 As courteous as the Carthage Queene,
 that fowly was beguilde.
 To quite all which good parts,
 this vow I make to thee:
 I will be thine as long as I
 haue power mine owne to be.

Another Epitaph vpon the death of Henry
Sydnham, and Gyles Bampfield, gent.



F teares might ought auayle to stynt my woe,
If sobbyng sighes breathd out from pensieue brest,
Could ease the gryping greefes that payn me so,
Or pleasure them for whom I am distrest:
Neyther would I stycke wyth teares to fret my face,
Nor spare to spend redoubled sighes apace.

2 But sith neyther dreary drops nor sighes haue power
To doe me good, or stand my frends in steede,
Why should I seeke wyth sorowes to deuoure
Those humors that my fayntyng lymmes should feede,
Bootelesse it were therfore I wyl assay
To shew my selfe a frend some other way.

3 Some other way, as by my mournyng pen,
To doe the world to wit what wyghts they were
Whose deaths I wayle, what frendly forward men,
And to thys laud they both dyd beare,
Alas, I rue to name them in my verse:
Whose only thought my trembling hart doth pearse.

4 But yet I must of foree their names vnfolde,
(For things eonecalde are seldome when bewaild,)
Tone Sydnham was, a manly wight and bolde,
In whom neither courage haute, nor feature faylde,

Faythful to frends, vndaunted to his foes,
A lambe in loue, where he to fancy chose.

- 5 The second neere vnto my selfe allyde,
Gyles Bamfield hight, (I weepe to wryte his name),
A gallant ympe, amyd his youthfull pryde:
Whose seemely shape commended natures frame.
Deekte of the gods in cradle where he lay:
With louely lymmes, and parts of purest clay.
- 6 Themselues might boast theyr byrths for gentle blood,
The houses are of countenance whence they came,
And vaunt I dare their vertues rare as good,
As was their rae and fitted to the same.
There wanted nought to make them perfect blest,
Sauē happy deathes which clouded all the rest.
- 7 When rascall Irysh hapned to rebel,
(Who seld we see doe long continue true)
Vnto the Lord of Essex lotte it fell
To haue the lotte those outlawes to subdue:
Who went away to please the prynce and state,
Attended on of many a doughty mate:
- 8 Whose names although my dreary quil conceale,
Yet they (I trust) wil take it wel in worth,
For noble mindes employd to common weale,
Shall finde a stemme to blaze their prowes foorth.
My dolefull muse but this alone eutends,
To wryte and wayle my frends vnhappy endes.
- 9 A way they would, and gaue their last adew,
With burning hearts to slay the sauage foe,

Bestride their steeds, and to the sea they flew,
 Where weather rose, and water raged so,
 As they (alas) who meant their countrey good,
 Were forst to lose their liues in Irish flood.

10 Those eyes should haue lookt the foe in face,
 Were then constrained to winke at euery waue,
 Those valiant armes the billowes did imbraee,
 That vowd with sword this realms renowne to saue:
 Those manly minds that dreaded no mishap,
 Were soust in seas, and eaught in suddaine trap.

11 Proud Eole Prinee, controller of the winds,
 With churlish Neptune, soueraigne of the seas,
 Did play their parts, and shewd their stubburn kinds,
 Whom no request nor prayer might appease,
 The Troyan Duke bid not so great a brunt,
 When he of yore for Lauine land did hunt.

12 And yet these wights committed none offenee
 To Juno, as sir Paris did of yore,
 Their only trauell was for our defenee,
 Which makes me waile their sodain deaths the more.
 But what the Gods do purpose to be done,
 By prooffe we see, mans wisdom cannot shun.

13 Ye water Nimphes, and you that Ladies be,
 Of more remorse, and of a milder mood,
 Than Neptune or king Eole, if you see
 Their balefull bodies driuing on the fload,
 Take vp their lims, allowing them a graue,
 Who well deserued a richer hearse to haue.

- 14 Whereon do stampe this small deuce in stone,
That passers by may read with dewed eyes,
When they by chance shall chance to light thereon.

{ LOE SYDNHAM HÈRE, AND BAMPFIELDS BODY LIES :
{ WHOSE WILLING HARTS TO SERUE THEIR PRINCE AND REALME,
{ SHORTNED THEIR LIUES AMID THIS WRATHFULL STREAME.

Ante obitum, supremaque funera felix

Deo iubente, futo cedunt mortalia.

A Louer deceiued, exclames against
the Deceiuer and hir
kind.



HOW much a wretch is he
that doth affie so well
In womans words, and in hir hart
doth lodge his loue to dwell?
Beleeues hir outward glee,
and tickle termes to trust,
And doth without regard of time,
apply to womans lust?
Sith that her wandring will,
and most vnstable mind,
Doth daily toffe and turne about,
as leaues amid the wind.

Who lothes hir most, she loues :
and him that fues for grace,
She sharply shuns, and proudly scornes,
and ebbes and flowes apace.
O gods, what haue I done?
alas, at length I spie
My former follies, and discern
how much I marcht awry.
To plant assured trust
in tickle womans brest,
That Tygerlike fance mercy liues,
and euer shuns the best.
And yet she knowes I loue,
and how I waste away:
And that my hart may haue no rest,
nor quiet night or day,
Which fith to hir is knowen,
and how I hold hir chiefe:
Why cruell and vnkind, doth she
not pitie of my grieue?
Who is so perfecte wise,
that may such malice brooke
Of womans proud disdaine,
or beare their braules with quiet looke?
Without an open shew
of lothsome lurking smart,
That rackes the ribs, that beates the brest,
and plagues the pensiu hart.

O me, vnhappy wight,
 moft wofull wretch of all,
 How do I lofe my libertie,
 and yeeld my felfe a thrall,
 In feruing hir that cleane
 againft all law and right
 Confumes my life, deftroyes my days,
 and robs my reafon quite.
 O loue, cut off hir courfe,
 and bridle fuch a dame,
 As fkornes thy fkill, and leaues thy laws,
 and makes my grieve hir game.
 If (as I deeme) thou be
 the foueraigne of the fkies,
 Of Elements and Nature eke,
 that all in order ties,
 Wreake both thy wrong fustaind,
 and eke thy damage done
 To me, on hir, whom flatly thou
 perceiueft vs both to fhun.
 Conuert hir frofen hart
 to coles of fealding fire,
 Where rigor raigns, and enuie dwels,
 with poifoned wrathfull ire.
 She, cruell, knowes my loue,
 and how as Saint, I fhine
 Hir beautie in my brest,
 and how with pearcing pains I pine :

And how a thousand times
 each day I die, she knowes,
Yet mercileffe, no mercy she,
 nor signe of forow shoves.
She bound me to the stake,
 to broile amid the brands:
At point to die a Martyrs death,
 all which she vnderstands.
Yea, though she know it well,
 yet she conceiues a ioy
At all my bitter grief, and glads
 hir selfe with mine annoy.
O most disloyall dame,
 O bloody brested wight:
O thou, that hast confumd by care,
 my hart and courage quite.
O thou, for treason that
 Iugurtha, and the Jew,
Doeft far excell, and from thy friend,
 withholdst thy fauour dew.
O traiterous of thy troth,
 of all good nature bare:
Loe here of my poore wounded hart,
 the gash cut in by care.
I see thou seeest my fore,
 and yet thou wilt be blind:
Thou stopst thine eares, and wilt not hear
 the griefs that I do find.

Where is become thy loue,
 and ancient great good will,
 That earft was borne? wheres that desire
 that forft thee to fulfill
 Thy pleasures paff with me,
 in cabbín where we lay?
 What is become of thofe delights?
 where is that fugred play?
 Wheres all that daliance now,
 and profers proudly made?
 Wheres thofe imbrafings friendly?
 where is that bleffed trade
 And fignes of perfít loue,
 which then thou puttft in vre?
 And which, for any gift of mine,
 mought yet right well endure.
 Full shadowlike they shift,
 and can no longer bide:
 Like duft before the wind they flie,
 your other mate doth guide.
 And ftrikes fo great a ftroke,
 he wrefts your wits as round
 As flittering leaues, that from the Afhe
 or pine are shaken downe.
 Full lightly womans loue
 is altred euermore:
 It may not laft, there is exchange
 continually in ftore.

And reason : *For by kind*
 a woman is but light,
 Which makes that fanſie from hir breſt,
 is apt to take hir flight.
 I had good hope at firſt,
 when hap did me allure,
 To like of thee, that this thy loue
 was planted to endure.
 I neuer feard a fall,
 on ground that lay ſo greene:
 Where path was plaine for me to paſſe,
 and bottom to be ſeene.
 I doubted no decay,
 nor feard no after ſmart:
 Thy beautie did me not deſpaire,
 thy lookes affured thy hart.
 But who beleeeues the lookes
 of any of your race,
 May ſoone deceiue himſelfe,
 There lies no credite in the face.
 Well, ſith thy froward mind
 doth like to heare my mone:
 And mine vnhappy planet giues
 conſent, that I alone,
 Without thy loue ſhall liue,
 and lacke the lampe of light:
 To cleare mine eies, that far excels
 all other ſtars in fight.

Vnto the hawtie skies,
 and people here below :
 I will my griping griefs expresse,
 and furge of forowes flow.
 In hope that direfull death,
 with dreadfull dart of force,
 Will couch my carcase in the graue,
 and there conuey my corse.

*Yet ere I die, receiue this Swan-
 like song,
 To ease my hart, and shew thine
 open wrong.*



WAUERING womans will,
 that bends so soone about,
 Why dost thou so reuolt in hast,
 and shuttst thy friend without,
 Against the law of loue?
 O thrife vnhappy hee,
 That doth beleue thy beauties beames,
 and lookes of gallant glee.
 For neither thraldom long,
 that I, poore wight, abode:
 Nor great good will by fundry signs,
 and outward gesture shewed,

Had force to hold thy hart,
and keep thee at a stay:
No good defart of mine might ftop
that would of force away.
Yet of this cruel lotte,
and fel mifchance, I finde
Nor know no caufe, but that thou art
fprong out of womans kind.
I iudge that Nature, and
the Gods that gouerne all,
Deuifde this wicked flameles fexe
to plague the earth withall.
A mifchiefe for vs men,
a burden bad to beare:
Without whofe match too happy we,
and too too bleffed were.
Euen as the Beares are bread,
the Serpent and the Snake,
The barking Wolfe, the filthy flie
that noyfome flefh doth make.
The flinking weede to fmell
that growes among the graine:
Euen fo I thinke the Gods haue made
your race vs men to paine.
Why did not kinde forefee,
and Nature fo deuife,
That man of man, without the help
of woman, mought arife?

As by the art of hande
 of apples apples spring:
 And as the pearetree graft by kind
 another peare doeth bring.
 But if you marke it wel,
 the caufe is quickly feene:
 It is for that thou Nature art
 a woman, though a Queene.
 O dames, I would not wish
 you peacocklike to looke,
 Or puft with pride to vaunt that man
 of you his being tooke.
 For on the bryar oft
 a gallant rofe doth grow,
 And of a fincking weede an herbe
 or floure fresh to show.
 Ye are exceffiue proude,
 ftuff vp with ftately fpite:
 Voyd of good loue, of loyall trueth,
 and all good counfel quite.
 Rafh, cruel caufleffe, curft,
 vnkinde without defert,
 Borne onely for the fcouge of him
 that beares a faithful hart.
 I rather wish to die,
 then liue a vaffaile ftill,
 Or thrall my felfe vnto a dame
 that yeldes me no good wil.

The wormes fhall fooner feede
 vpon my happy hart,
 Within my graue, then I for loue
 of you wil fuffer smart.
 Aduē deere dames,
 the ghastly ghoftes of hel
 Shal plague your bones,
 that gloze and loue not wel.

To his cruel Mistresse.



THEE loofers leaue to ſpeake,
 let him that feeles the ſmart
 Without controlment tel his tale,
 to eaſe his heauy hart.
 To thee (proude dame) I poynt,
 who, like the beaſt of Nile,
 By teares procureſt thy friend to loue,
 and ſlaieſt him all the while.
 By weeping, firſt to winne,
 and after conqueſt made
 To ſpoyle with ſpite thoſe yelding ympes
 that follow Cupids trade.
 Condemnes thy cancred kinde,
 more glory were for thee
 To ranfacke none but rebel harts,
 and let the reſt goe free.

Kinde wift not what she wrought
 when she fuch beauty lent
 Vnto thofe gallant limmes of thine
 to monftrous mifchiefe bent.
 For either fowler face
 she would haue yelded thee:
 Or better moode and milder minde
 to make remorse of me.
 Thou bearest two burning brands,
 below thofe browes of thine:
 And I the brimftone in my brest,
 which makes my hart to pine.
 Eche lowering looke of yours,
 frets farther in my hart:
 And nips me neerer then
 the force of any other dart.
 And to increafe my care,
 thou makeft thy beautie more:
 An oyle (God wotte) vnto my fire,
 no falue to ease my fore.
 If thou a woman were
 of ruth, and due remorse,
 Thou wouldft allow me loue,
 and not fo proudly plague my corfe.
 I fue for mercy now,
 with hands lift vp on hie,
 Which, if I miffe, I am affurde,
 within fewe dayes to die.

And if I may not haue
the thing I would enioy:
I pray the gods to plague thee
as they did the dame of Troy.
I meane that Crefide coy
that linkt her with a Greeke:
And left the lufy Troyan Duke,
of all his loue to feeke.
And fo they wil, I truſt,
a mirror make of thee:
That beuties darlings may beware,
when they thy ſcourage ſhal fee.
I neuer meant thee wel
in all my life before,
But now to plague thy foule abuſe,
I hate thee ten times more.
For reaſon willes me fo
my frends to loue and ferue,
And cruel Ladies, like thy ſelſe,
to wiſh as they deſerue.
Hencefoorth, if any limme
of mine perhap rebel,
And thee, whom I of right ſhould loth,
doe loue or fancie wel:
I quite renounce the fame,
he ſhal no more be mine
To uſe or ſtand in ſtead, then I
doe purpoſe to be thine.

And thus, I make an end
 of loue, and lines at once.
 The frounce confume the flesh of her
 that feedes vpon my bones.

The Author being in Mosco-

uia, wrytes to certaine his frendes in Englande
 of the state of the place, not exactly, but at all
 aduentures, and minding to haue descry-
 bed all the Mofcouites maners, brake
 off his purpose vpon some
 occasion.

The three Epistles followe.

To his especial Frende, master Edwarde
 Dancie.



MY Dancie deere, when I
 recount within my brest
 My London frends, and wonted mates,
 and thee about the rest:
 I feele a thousand fittes
 of deepe and deadly woe,

To thinke that I from sea to land,
 from blisse to bale did goe.

I left my natiue foyle,
ful like a retchleffe man,
And vnaacquainted of the coast,
among the Ruffies ranne.
A people paffing rude,
to vices vile enclinde:
Folke fitte to be of Bacchus traine,
fo quaffing is their kinde.
Drinke is their whole defire,
the pot is all their pride:
The fobrest head doeth once a day
ftand needeful of a guyde.
If he to banquet bid his frends,
he wil not fhrinke
On them at dinner to beftow
a dozen kindes of drinke.
Such licour as they haue,
and as the countrey giues:
But cheefly two, one called Kuas,
whereby the Mufick liues:
Small ware and waterlike,
but fomewhat tart in tafte:
The reft is Meade, of hony made,
wherewith their lips they bafte.
And if he goe vnto
his neighbour as a gueft,
He cares for litle meate, if fo
his drinke be of the beft.

Perhaps the Moufick hath
 a gay and gallant wife:
 To ferue his beaftly luft, yet he
 will leade a bowgards life.
 The monfter more defires
 a boy within his bed
 Then any wench, fuch filthy finne
 enfues a drunken head.
 The woman, to repay
 her droufie husbands dettes,
 From ftinking ftoue vnto her mate
 to baudy banquet gets.
 No wonder though they vfe
 fuch vile and beaftly trade,
 Sith with the hatchet and the hand,
 their chiefest gods be made.
 Their Idolles haue their hearts,
 on God they neuer call:
 Vnleffe it be (Nichola Bough)
 that hangs againft the wall.
 The houfe that hath no God,
 or painted Saint within,
 Is not to be reforted to,
 that rooffe is full of finne.
 Befides their priuate gods,
 in open places ftand
 Their croffes, vnto which they crouch,
 and bleffe themfelues with hand.

Deuoutly downe they ducke,
with forhead to the ground:
Was neuer more deceit in ragges,
and greafie garments found.
Almost the meanest man
in all the countrey rides:
The woman eke, againft our vfe,
her trotting horfe bestrides.
In fundry colors they
both men and women go:
In bufkins all, that money haue
on bufkins to beftow.
Eche woman hanging hath
a ring within hir eare:
Which all of ancient vfe, and fome
of very pride do weare.
Their gate is very graue,
their countenance wife and fad:
And yet they follow flefhly lufts,
their trade of liuing bad.
It is no fhame at all
accounted to defile
Anothers bed, they make no care
their follies to concile.
Is not the meanest man
in all the land, but he
To buy hir painted colours doth
allow his wife a fee,

Wherewith she decks hirselfe,
and dies hir tawnie skin:
She prancks and paints hir smokie face,
both browe, lip, cheeke and chin.
Yea those that honest are
(if any such there bee)
Within the land, do vse the like,
a man may plainly see.
Vpon some womens cheekes
the painting how it lies:
In plaster fort, for that too thicke
hir face the harlot dies.
But such as skilfull are,
and cunning dames in deed,
By daily practise do it well,
yea sure they do exceed.
They lay their colours so,
as he that is full wise
May easily be deceiued therein,
if he do trust his eies.
I not a little muse
what madnesse makes them paint
Their faces, waying how they keepe
the stoue by meere constraint.
For seldom when vnlesse
on church or marriage day,
A man shall see the dames abroad
that are of best aray.

The Ruffie means to reape
 the profit of hir pride :
 And fo he mewes hir, to be fure
 the lie by no mans fide.
 Thus much (friend Dancie)
 I did meane to write to thee :
 To let thee wite, in Ruffia land,
 what men and women bee.
 Hereafter I perhaps
 of other things will write
 To thee and other of my friends,
 which I fhall fee with fight.
 And other ftuffe befides,
 which true report fhall tell :
 Meane while I end my louing lines,
 and bid thee now farewell.

To Spencer.



I F I should now forget,
 or not remember thee :
 Thou (Spencer) mightst a foule rebuke
 and shame impute to mee.
 For I to open shew
 did loue thee passing well :
 And thou were he, at parture whom
 I loathd to bid farewell.

And as I went thy friend,
 fo I continue fill:
 No better prooffe thou canst desire
 than this of true good will.
 I do remember well
 when needs I should away:
 And that the poast would licence vs,
 no longer time to stay.
 Thou wroongft me by the fist,
 and holding faft my hand,
 Didft craue of me to fend thee newes,
 and how I likte the land.
 It is a fandie foyle,
 no very fruitfull vaine:
 More waft and wooddie grounds there are
 than clofes fit for graine.
 Yet graine there growing is,
 which they vntimely take:
 And cut or ere the corne be ripe,
 they mowe it on a ftake.
 And laying sheafe by sheafe,
 their harueft fo they drie:
 They make the greater haft,
 for feare the froft the corne deftrie.
 For in the winter time,
 fo glarie is the ground,
 As neither graffe nor other graine
 in patures may be found.

In comes the cattell then,
the sheepe, the colt, the cowe:
Faft by his bed the Mowficke
then a lodging doth alowe.
Whom he with fodder feeds,
and holds as deare as life:
And thus they weare the Winter with
the Mowficke and his wife.
Eight monthes the winter dures,
the glare it is fo great:
As it is May before he turne
his ground to fowe his wheate.
The bodies eke that die,
vnburied lie till then:
Laid vp in coffins made of firre,
as well the pooreft men,
As thofe of greater ftate:
the caufe is lightly found:
For that in winter time
they cannot come to breake the ground,
And wood fo plenteous is
quite throughout all the land,
As rich and poore, at time of death,
affured of coffins ftand.
Perhaps thou mufeft much,
how this may ftand with reafon:
That bodies dead, can vncorrupt,
abide fo long a feafon.

Take this for certaine troth,
as foone as heate is gone,
The force of cold the body bindes
as hard as any stone,
Without offence at all
to any living thing:
And so they lie in perfit state,
till next returne of spring.
Their beafts be like to ours,
as far as I can see,
For shape and show, but fomwhat lesse
of bulke and bone they bee.
Of watriſh taſte, the fleſh not firme,
like Engliſh bieſe:
And yet it ſerues them very well,
and is a good reliefe.
Their ſheep are very ſmall,
ſharpe ſingled, handfull long:
Great ſtore of fowle on ſea and land,
the mooriſh reeds among.
The greatnes of the ſtore
doth make the prices leſſe:
Beſides, in all the land they know
not how good meat to dreſſe.
They uſe neither broach nor ſpit,
but when the ſtoue they heat,
They put their vitails in a pan,
and ſo they bake their meat.

No pewter to be had,
no dishes but of wood:
No vse of trenchers, cups
cut out of birch are very good.
They vse but wooden spoones,
which hanging in a case,
Each Mowficke at his girdle ties,
and thinks it no disgrace.
With whittles two or three,
the better man the mo:
The chiefest Ruffies in the land,
with spone and kniues do go.
Their houfes are not huge
of building, but they say
They plant them in the loftiest ground,
to shift the snow away:
Which in the Winter time
eche where full thicke doth lie:
Which makes them haue the more desire
to fet their houfes hie.
No stone worke is in vse,
their roofes of rafters bee:
One linked in another fast,
their wals are all of tree.
Of mastes both long and large,
with mosse put in betweene,
To keep the force of weather out:
I neuer earst haue seene

A groffe deuife fo good :
and on the rooffe they lay
The burthen barke, to rid the raine
and fudden fhowres away.
In euery roome a (ftoue)
to ferue the winter turne :
Of wood they haue fuffifing ftore,
as much as they can burne.
They haue no Englifh glaffe :
of flices of a rocke,
Hight Sluda, they their windowes make,
that Englifh glaffe doth mocke.
They cut it very thin,
and fowe it with a threed,
In pretie order like to panes,
to ferue their prefent need.
No other glaffe, good faith,
doth giue a better light :
And fure the rocke is nothing rich,
the coft is very flight.
The chiefest place is that
where hangs the God by it :
The owner of the houfe himfelfe
doth neuer vfe to fit,
Vnleffe his better come,
to whom he yeelds the feat :
The ftranger bending to the god,
the ground with browe muft beat.

And in that very place,
 which they most sacred deeme,
The stranger lies, a token that
 his guest he doth esteeme.
Where he is wont to haue
 a Beares skin for his bed:
And must in stead of pillow
 clap his saddles to his hed.
In Ruffia other shift
 there is not to be had:
For where the bedding is not good,
 the bolsters are but bad.
I mused very much
 what made them so to lie,
Sith in their country downe is rife,
 and feathers out of cry.
Vnlesse it be because
 the country is so hard:
They feare by nicenes of a bed,
 their bodies would be marde.
I wisht thee oft with vs,
 saue that I stode in feare
Thou wouldst haue loathed to haue layd
 thy limmes vpon a beare,
As I and Stafford did,
 that was my make in bed:
And yet we thanke the God of heauen,
 we both right wel haue sped.

Loe, thus I make an end,
 none other newes to thee,
But that the country is too colde,
 the people beaftly be.
I write not all I know,
 I touch but here and there :
For if I fhould, my pen would pinch,
 and eke offend, I feare.
Who fo fhall reade this verfe,
 coniecture of the reft :
And thinke by reafon of our trade,
 that I doe thinke the beft.
But if no traffick were,
 then could I boldly pen
The hardnes of the foyle,
 and eke the manners of the men.
They fay the Lyons pawe
 geues iudgement of the beaft :
And fo may you deeme of the great
 by reading of the leaft.

To Parker.



Y Parker, paper, pen
 and inke were made to write,
 And idle heads that litle doe,
 haue leysure to indite:
 Wherfore, respecting these,
 and thine assured loue,

If I would write no newes to thee
 thou mightst my pen reprooue.

And fithens fortune thus
 hath shoued my ship from shore,
 And made me seeke another Realme,
 vnseene of me before:

The manners of the men
 I purpose to declare,
 And other priuate points beside,
 which strange and geason are.

The Ruffie men are round
 of bodies, fully fast

The greatest part with bellies big,
 that ouerhang the waist.

Flat headed for the most,
 with faces nothing faire,

But browne by reason of the stoue,
 and closenes of the ayre.

It is their common vse,
to haue or els to sheare
Their heads: for none in all the land
long lolling lockes do weare,
Vnlesse perhaps he haue
his foueraigne Prince displeafde:
For then he neuer cuts his heare,
vntil he be appeafde.
A certaine signe to know
who in displeafure be:
For euery man that vewes his head
wil fay, loe this is he.
And during all the time,
he lets his locks to grow,
Dares no man for his life
to him a face of frendfhip fhow.
Their garments be not gay,
nor handfome to the eye:
A cap aloft their heads they haue,
that standeth very hie,
Which (Colpack) they doe tearme:
they weare no ruffes at al,
The best haue collars fet with pearle,
Rubafca they doe call.
Their fhirts in Ruffie long,
they worke them downe before
And on the fleeuës with coloured filkes,
two ynches good or more.

Aloft their fhirts they weare
a garment iocket wife,
Hight Onoriadka, and about
his bourly waft he ties
His Portkies, which in ftead
of better breeches be.
Of linnen cloth that garment is,
no codpeece is to fee:
A paire of yornen ftocks
to keepe the cold away,
Within his bootes the Ruffie weares,
the heeles they vnderlay
With clouting clamps of fteele,
fharpe pointed at the toes:
And ouer all a Suba furde,
and thus the Ruffie goes.
Wel butned is the Sube,
according to his ftate,
Some filke, of filuer other fome,
but thofe of pooreft rate
Doe weare no Subes at all,
but groffer gownes to fight:
That reacheth downe beneath the calfe,
and that Armacha hight.
Thefe are the Ruffies robes, -
the richeft vfe to ride
From place to place, his feruant runnes
and followes by his fide.

The Caffocke beares his fealt,
 to force away the raine:
 Their bridles are not very braue,
 their faddles are but plaine.
 No bittes, but snaffels all,
 of byrche their faddles be:
 Much fashioned like the Scottifh feates,
 broad flaxs to keepe the knee
 From sweating of the horfe:
 the pannels larger farre
 And broader be than ours:
 they vse fhort ftirrops for the warre,
 For when the Ruffie is
 purfude by cruell foe
 He rides away, and fodenly
 betakes him to his bowe.
 And bendes me but about
 in faddle as he fits,
 And therewithall amid his race,
 his following foe he hittes.
 Their bowes are very fhort,
 like Turky bowes outright:
 Of finewes made with byrchen barke,
 in cunning maner dight.
 Small arrowes, cruel heads,
 that fel and forked be:
 Which being fhot from out thofe bowes
 a cruel wayes wil flee.

They feldome fhooe their horfe,
vnleffe they vfe to ride
In poaft vpon the frozen floods,
then caufe they fhall not glide
He fets a flender calke,
and fo he rides his way.
The horfes of the countrey goe
good fourefcore veorfts a day,
And all without the fpurre:
once prick them and they fkip,
But goe not forward on their way.
The Ruffie hath his whip
To rap him on the ribs,
for though all booted be,
Yet fhall you not a paire of fpurs
in all the countrey fee.
The common game is cheffe,
almost the fimpleft wil
Both geue a checke and eke a mate:
by praetife comes their fkil.
Again the dice as faft,
the pooreft roges of all
Wil fit them downe in open field
and there to gaming fall.
Their dice are very fmall,
in fafhion like to thofe
Which we doe vfe, he takes them vp,
and ouer thumb he throwes,

Not fhaking them awhit,
they caft fufpiciously:
And yet I deeme them voyd of arte,
that dicing moft apply.
At playe when filuer lackes,
goes faddle, horfe and all:
And each thing els worth filuer walkes,
although the price be small.
Becaufe thou loueft to play,
frend Parker, otherwhile
I wifh thee there, the weary day,
with dicing to beguile.
But thou were better farre
at home, I wifh it wel,
And wouldft been loath among fuch loutes
fo long a time to dwel.
Then iudge of vs thy frends,
what kind of life we had,
That neere the frozen pole to waft
our weary dayes were glad.
In fuch a fauage foyle,
where lawes doe beare no fway,
But all is at the King his wil,
to faue or els to flay.
And that faunce caufe God wot,
if fo his minde be fuch,
But what meane I with kings to deale,
we ought no Saints to touch.

Conceauē the rest your ſelfe,
and deeme what liues they leade:
Where luſt is law, and ſubiectes liue
continually in dread.
And where the beſt eſtates
haue none aſſurance good
Of lands, of liues, nor nothing falles
vnto the next of bloud.
But all of cuſtome doeth
vnto the Prince redowne,
And all the whole reuenue comes
vnto the King his crowne.
Good faith, I ſee thee muſe
at what I tel thee now,
But true it is, no choyce,
but all at Princes pleaſure bowe.
So Tarquine ruled Rome,
as thou remembreſt well:
And what his fortune was at laſt,
I know thy ſelfe canſt tell.
Where will in common weale
doth beare the onely ſway,
And luſt is law, the prince and realme
muſt needs in time decay.
The ſtrangenefſe of the place is ſuch,
for fundry things I ſee:
As if I would, I cannot write
each priuate point to thee.

The cold is rare, the people rude,
the prince so full of pride:
The realm so stord with monks and nunnnes,
and priests on euery side.
The maners are so Turkylike,
the men so full of guile,
The women wanton, temples stult
with idols that defile
The feats that sacred ought to be:
the customs are so quaint,
As if I would describe the whole,
I feare my pen would faint.
In summe I say, I neuer saw
a prince that so did raigne:
Nor people so beset with Saints,
yet all but vile and vaine.
Wild Irish are as ciuil as
the Ruffies in their kind:
Hard choice which is the best of both,
each bloodie, rude, and blind.
If thou be wise, as wise thou art,
and wilt be rulde by mee,
Liue still at home, and couet not
those barbarous coasts to see.
No good befals a man that seekes,
and finds no better place:
No ciuil customs to be learnd,
where God bestowes no grace.

And truly ill they do deferue
to be beloued of God,
That neither loue, nor stand in awe
of his assured rod.
Which (though be long) yet plagues at last
the vile and beastly sort
Of finfull wights, that all in vice
do place their chiefest sport.
Adieu, friend Parker, if thou list
to know the Ruffies well,
To Sigismundus booke repaire,
who all the truth can tell.
For he long earst in message went
vnto that sauage king,
Sent by the Pole, and true report
in each respect did bring.
To him I recommend my selfe,
to ease my pen of paine:
And now at last do with thee well,
and bid farewell againe.

To his Friend Nicholas Roscarock, to induce
him to take a Wife.



ROSCAROCKE, fith my raging prime is past,
And riper age with reasons learned lore,
Well staid hath my wits that went so fast,
And could the heat that hent my brest of yore :
I cannot choose but write some solemne stufte
For thee to read, when thou art in thy ruffe.

I see thee muse what should the matter be,
Whereof I meane to treat, thou bitest thy lip,
And bendst thy browe as though I were not he
That had a tricke my Cornish friend to trip :
Well, to be short, it toucheth mariage vow,
An order which my selfe haue entred now.

A sacred yoke, a state of mickle praise,
A blessed band, belikt of God and man,
And such a life, as if in former dayes
I had but knowen, as now commend I can,
Good faith, I would not wasted so my prime
In wanton wife, and spent an idle time.

An idle time, as fundry gallants vse,
I meane my London mates, that treade the streete,
And golden wits with fond conceits abuse,
And base deuifes farre for such vnmeet.
Leauing the law, and casting bookes aside,
Wherby in time you mought your countries guide.

Your daily practife is to beat the bush,
Where beauties birds do lodge themfelues to lie:
You shoote at shapes and faces deare a rush,
And bende your bowes, your feeble strengths to trie.
Of clofure you somtimes do common make,
And where you list, abroad your pleasures take.

You count it but a game to graffe the horne
That inward growes, and feldom shoves without:
The filly man you skoffe and laugh to skorne,
And for his patience deeme him but a lout.
By day you gaze vpon your Ladies looks,
By night you gad to hang your baited hookes.

Thus do you lauifh frolike youth away
With idle words not worth a parched peafe,
And like to wanton colts that run astray,
You leape the pale, and into euery lease.
Where fitter far it were to marry wiues,
And well disposd to lead more sober liues.

Reuolt in time, leaft tyme repentance bring,
 Let each enioy his lawfull wedded mate,
 Or elfe be fure, your felues in time fhall fing
 The felfefame note, and rue your harmes too late.
 For commonly the wrong that we entend,
 Lights on our heads and fhoulders in the end.

Perhaps thou wouldft as willing wedded be,
 As I my felfe and many other moe:
 But that thou canft no perfit beautie fee,
 For which thou wilt thy fingle life forgoe.
 Both yong and faire, with wealth and goods thou feekft,
 Such one ſhe is, whom thou Rofcarocke leekft.

Be rulde by me, let giddy fanſie go,
 Imbrace a wife, with wealth and coyne enough:
 Force not the face, regard not feature fo,
 An aged grandame that maintains the plough,
 And brings thee bags, is woorth a thouſand peates
 That pranck their pates, and liue by Spanifh meates.

That one contents hir ſelf with now and than,
 Right glad if ſhe might fit at Uenus meſſe
 Once in the moneth, the youthfull Damſell can
 Not fo be pleaſd, hir rage muſt haue redreſſe
 As oft as pleaſure pricks hir lims to luſt,
 Els all the matter lies amid the duſt.

Wherefore I iudge the best and wifest way
 Were wife to wed, and leaue to range at will :
 In maried life there is assured stay,
 Where otherwise to follow euery Gill
 Breeds wracke of wealth, of credit, ease, and blisse,
 And makes men run their races quite amisse.

Experto credere tutum est.

A Gentlewomans excuse for executing vn-
 lawfull partes of Loue.



ARST Sylla tooke no shame, for Minos fake
 Hir father Nyfus purple pate to sheare,
 Medea for the loue of Iafon brake
 The bands of kind, and flew hir brother deare,
 Forwent hir worthy Sire, and kingly crowne,
 And followed him the rouer vp and downe.

For Theseus when in Labirinth he lay
 In dread of death, the monfter was so nie,
 Faire Ariadna did deuife a way
 To faue his life, vnlesse that Ouid lie :
 And yet the beast, hir brother was in deed,
 (Whom Theseus flue) and sprang of Minos feed.

At siege of Troy whilest Agamemnon fought,
 Aegistheus wan Queene Clitemnestras hart,
 So as when he returnd and little thought
 Of death, this dame began to play hir part.
 She flew the prince to folow former lust,
 And thought the fact to be exceeding iust.

Faire Phyllis flew hir felse, vnhappy dame,
 Through loue: and did not Dydo do the like
 For Prince Aeneas, who to Carthage came,
 When he was forst, by showres, the shore to seeke?
 What more vnkindly parts can man deuise,
 Than Queens for loue their honors to despise?

Now iudge my case, my fault vprightly scan,
 Deeme my defart, by this it may be gest,
 I am by nature made to loue a man,
 As Sylla, Phyllis, Dido, and the rest:
 If they and I haue done amisse for loue,
 Let kind be bland, that thereunto did moue.

*The wisest men, as farre as I can see,
 Haue been enthrald through loue as well as we.*

Amor vince ogni cosa.

Of his Constancie.



E way not waxe, for all his gallant hew,
 Bicause it vades and melts against the fire:
 We more regard a rocke of marble blew,
 For that no force doth cause it to retire.
 The builder makes his full account, that it
 Will firmly stand at a stay, and neuer flit.

So may you (sweete) be sure, that my good will
 Is no good will of waxe, to waste away:
 When fond desire of fanfie hath his fill,
 My loue is like the marble for his stay:
 Build thereupon, and you shall surely find,
 No blast of chance to change my stedfast mind.

Blacke shall you see the snow on mountains lye,
 The fish shall feed vpon the barren sand,
 The sea shal shrinke, and leaue the Dolphins dry,
 No plant shall prooue vpon the fencelesse land,
 The Tems shal turne, the Sunne shal lose his light,
 Ere I to thee become a faithlesse wight.

*I neither am nor meane to bee,
 None other than I seeme to thee.*

The Authors Epilogue.



O here the end of all my worke,
 behold the threed I drew
 Is wrought to cloth, accomplisht now
 you see this slender clew.
 A peece (God wot) of little price,
 scarce worth the Readers paine :

And in mine owne conceit
 a booke of barren verfe and vaine.

I blush to let it out at large
 for Sages to perufe :

For that the common custome is,
 in bookes to gape for newes.

And matter of importance great,
 which either may delite

By pleasure, or with sad aduise
 the readers paynes requite.

But this of mine so maymed is,
 for lacke of learned stile

And stately stuffe, as fure I shall
 the readers hope beguile,

Who doth expect some rare report
 of former ancient deedes :

Or new deuice but lately wrought,
 that breatheth yet and bleedes.

But truly none of both in these
my verses is to finde:
My slender ship hath kept the shore,
for feare of boyftrous winde.
I bore my simple sayles but lowe,
I dreaded fodaine showers:
Which fundry times from hauty skies
the puifant ruler powers.
I durst not stir amid the streame,
the chanel was too deepe:
Which made me haue the more regard
about the bankes to keepe.
It is for mighty hulkes to dare
aduenture out so farre:
And barks of biggest size,
and such as builded be for warre.
I write but of familiar stuffe,
because my stile is lowe:
I feare to wade in weighty works,
or past my reach to rowe.
Which if I should, the Reader might
as boldly blame my quil:
As now I trust he shal accept
my shew of great good wil.
Though diuers write with fuller phrafe,
and farre more hawty stile:
And burnish out their golden bookes
with fine and learned file:

Yet meaner Mufes muft not lurke,
but each in his degree
That meaneth wel, and doth his beft,
muft wel regarded be.
Though Nilus for his bignes beare
away the greateft name,
Whofe feuenfold fream hath gaind the gulfe
of fuch a lafting fame:
Yet muft not leffer lakes be loft,
nor had in vile account,
That ferue for vfe and eafe of man,
though Nilus doe furmount.
Great Alexander mighty was
and dreadful in the warre:
Yet thats no caufe why Rome fhould not
of Cæfar boast as farre.
The Planets are the pride of heauen,
and cheefeft lampes of light:
Yet other ftarres doe yelde a fhew,
and helpe to cleere the night.
Likewife though diuers write in verfe,
and doe exceeding wel:
The remnant muft not be refusde,
becaufe they doe excell.
Ill may we miffe the slender shrubs
for all the princely Pine:
No more we fcorne the bafier drinks
though moft we way the wine.

Which makes me hope that though
 my Mufe doth yelde but slender found,
And though my culter scarcely cuts,
 or breakes the marble ground:
Yet fithens that I meant with verfe
 to feede the Readers eyes,
And to that purpofe bent my braines
 theſe fancies to deuife.
I truſt he takes it wel in worth,
 and beares with what he findes,
And thereunto the Reader aye
 the writers trauaile bindes:
Which if he doe I haue my hire,
 who happy then but I?
That wrote this worke for grateful men,
 to veue with thankfull eye.
And ſo I giue the congee now,
 with wiſh that this my booke
Be ſuch as may thy ſprites delight,
 that hapneſt here to looke.
Ill were my fortune if in all
 this treatiſe as it ſtandes,
There ſhould be nothing worth the vew
 when ſo it comes to hand.
Roſcarockes warrant ſhal ſuffiſe,
 who likte the writing ſo,
As did embolden me to let
 the leaues at large to goe.

If il succede, the blame was his
 who might haue kept it backe:
And frendly tolde me that my booke
 his due deuife did lacke.
But as it is, loe there it goes,
 for euery one to vew:
The man that each ones humor pleafde,
 as yet I neuer knew.
Sufficeth if the courtly fort
 whofe doome is deepe in deede,
Accompt it ought, with bafier wits
 I care not how it fpeede.
The courtier knowes what beft becomes
 in euery kind of cafe:
His nature is, what fo he doth
 to decke with gallant grace.
The greateft clarkes in other artes
 can hardly doe the leeke:
For learning fundry times is there
 where iudgement is to feeke.



The Authors excuse for writing these
and other Fancies, with promise of
grauer matter hereafter.



ORDINGS, allow my light and lewde deuife,
And Ladies, ye that are of greateſt ſtate,
Beare with my bookes, imputing nought to vice
That I haue pende in youth, nor now of late :
My prime prouokt my haſty idle quil
To write of loue, when I did meane no ill.

Two things in cheefe did moue me thus to write,
And made me deeme it none offence at all:
Firſt Ouids works bedeckt with deepe delight,
Whom we of Poets ſecond beſt doe call.
I found him full of amours euery where:
Each leafe of loue the title eke did beare.

Then next I liued in place among the moe,
Where fond affection bore the cheefeſt ſway,
And where the blinded archer with his bow
Did glaunce at fundry gallants euery day:
And being there, although my minde were free,
Yet muſt I ſeeme loue wounded eke to be.

I ſawe how ſome did ſeeke their owne miſhap,
And hunted dayly to deuoure the hookes
That beuty bayted, and were caught in trap,
Like wilfull wights that fed on womens lookes:

Who being once entangled in the line,
Did yelde themfelues, and were content to pine.

Some other minding leaft to follow loue,
By haunting where dame Uenus darlings dwelt,
By force were forft Cupidos coales to prooue,
Whofe burning brands did make their minds to melt,
So as they were compeld by meere mifchaunce,
As others did, to follow on the daunce.

Some eke there were that groapt but after gaine,
That faynd to frie and burne with blooming heate
Of raging loue and counterfetted paine,
When they (God wot) had flender caufe to treat:
But all was done to make their Ladies deeme
How greatly they their beauties did esteeme.

And then (O gods) to vew their greeful cheeres,
And liften to their fonde lamenting cries,
To fee their cheekes deepe dented in with teares,
That day and night powred out from painful eyes,
Would make a heart of marble melt for woe,
That fawe their plights, and did their forowes know.

And all for lacke of ruthe and due remorfe,
Their cruel Ladies bore fo hard a hand,
And they (poore men) conftroynd to loue perforce,
And fruitleffe cleane to fowe the barrain fand:
That vnto me, who priue was of all,
It was a death, and griued me to the gall.

Then for my friends (as diuers loued me well)
Endite I muft fome light deuife of loue,

And in the fame my friends affection tell,
 Whom nothing mought from beauties bar remooue :
 My pen must plead the fillie Suters case,
 I had my hire, fo he mought purchase grace.

Some otherwhile, when beautie bred difdaine,
 And feature forst a pride in hawtie brest,
 So as my friend was caufelesse put to paine,
 And for good will might purchase slender rest :
 Then must my quill to quarels flatly fall,
 Yet keep the meane twixt fweete and fower brall.

Sometimes I must commend their beauties much
 That neuer came where any beautie lay,
 Againe fomwhiles my mates would haue me tutch
 The quicke, bicaufe they had receiued the nay :
 And thus my pen, as change of matter grew,
 Was forst to grief, or els for grace to fue.

Thus did I deale for others pleafure long,
 (As who could well refuse to do the like?)
 And for my self fomtimes would write among
 As he that liues with men of war must strike.
 I would deuife a Sonet to a dame,
 And all to make my fullen humor game.

So long I wrote, fo oft my friends did fue,
 So many were the matters, as at last
 The whole vnto a hanfome volume grewe :
 Then to the presse they must in all the haft,
 Manger my beard, my mates would haue it fo,
 Whom to resist it was in vaine, you know.

Thefe caufes forft my harmeles hand to write,
 And no defire I had to treat of ill :
 Who doth not know that youthfull heads delight
 Sometimes to fhewe the quientnes of their quil?
 But pardon (Lordings) what is pafst and done,
 I purpofe now a better race to runne.

I meane no more with loues deuife to deale,
 I neuer wil to wanton Uenus bowe,
 From Cupids court to Pallas I appeale,
 Iuno be iudge whom I doe honor now :
 Hie time it is for him to blow retreat,
 And leaue to loue whom felfe rod now doth beate.

Wherfore, goe (wanton) truffe vp all your trash,
 Fancy, farewell, to grauer gods I goe
 Then loue and Uenus : cleane my hands I wafh
 Of vayne defires that youth enrageth fo.
 Vertue doth farre furmout fuch filthy vice :
 Amend, my mates, or els you know the price.

*Vtile confilium eft ſceuas extinguere flammās,
 Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.*

FINIS.

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