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POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES

FROM

A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

OF

THE TIME OF JAMES I.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.

HON. M.R.L.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLV.

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PREFACE.

THE following pieces are selected from a much larger collection of similar poems preserved in a manuscript volume (12mo.) of the time of James I, which has recently come into the possession of Mr. Andrews, a well-known bookseller at Bristol, and to whose liberality I am indebted for the opportunity of making use of it in this way for the Percy Society. Various collections of the like kind are to be found in our public libraries, but I know of few more curious or interesting than the present, and the entire manuscript is worthy of careful consideration. As in other cases, so varied are the sources from which such MSS. are derived,—printed books, ballads, and private documents of the time,—one great difficulty arises from the certainty that no extent of reading will enable us to say positively that any particular piece has not been previously printed, unless a source is indicated in some way or other in the

original. It is, therefore, not improbable that some such sources may have been overlooked in this instance, although they have not at present occurred to those who might reasonably be expected to have detected them, the contents of the following pages having been submitted to several gentlemen peculiarly well read in this department of literature. Should, however, any oversights of the kind be observed, it is hoped that the extreme difficulty of effectually providing against them will not be forgotten.

J. O. H.

22nd Feb. 1845.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

I.

O, τῆου prodigious monster, moste accurst,
What makes thou here in men's societie?
Back to those desarts where thou hast byn nurst
By bruitish beastes of rudest qualitie.
And yet in wildest desart beastes are borne,
Whose natures do thi beastlike natur scorne.

And they, I thinke, together have conspir'd
To hunt thee out of that their habitacion,
Because they fear'd thou woldst have them requird
To harken to thy hatefull education;
If so, they much deserv'd to be commended,
Who from thiselfe have so themselves defended.

But if of beastes thou hast byn thus rejected,
Why shouldst thou hope of men to b' intertaind?
Oh, thou dost know men's thoughts are all infected,
And some whose natures, worse then beastes, are
stain'd;

Which stained natures certaine hope doth gaine thee,
Though beasts reject thee, men will intertaine thee!

And sure I see thou hast not misconceived,
For thou hast found such as thou thoughtst to finde,
Who beare the forme of men, but are bereav'd
Of all good properties of humane kinde.
Thus hast thou thought moste fitt to beare thi name,
Which is ingratitude, reprochefull shame!

Vild boldfac'd beast! why, shamst thou not to dwell
In this our region of the upper earth?
Avaunt, for shame, post down to deepest hell,
Which is the place of thy unhappy birthe!
There foule Oblivion, as he doth confess,
Begatt thee; no, that hagg Unthankfulness.

Thou maist reply that I have thee misus'd
By taxinge thee before thou givst me cause;
I must confess thou hast not me abus'd,
But thou hast violat'd those sacred lawes
Of humane nature, due obedience,
And, therefore, would I drive thee downe from hence.

If thou couldst have containd thi wretched wrong
In compass of the vulgar sorte of men,
I had not searcht into that thrustinge thronge,
Thus to detest thee with my rurall pen.
But thou dost deale more perfidiously
In wronging hir whose fault shall never dy.

Dread sacred lady! my late soveraigne quene!
 Tis thi great worth this worthles wretch would blott;
 Whose like was never, nor shall ere be scene,
 Great shame, therefore, thou art so soone forgott.
 Yet shalt thou never be forgot of mee,
 Though such forgett thee as were raisd by thee!

Though suche forget thee as were rais'd by thee,
 Yet will thy vertues rare themselves preserve;
 And those that can discern what vertues bee
 Will give thee truly that thou didst deserve.
 But suche as serv'd for nought but private gaine,
 Did shew their mindes when thou didst cease to raigene.

They served thee but to serve themselves by thee,
 Yet when thou didst survive they did adore thee;
 But since thou didst deceass, I can nott see
 That any of them now daignes to deplore thee.
 Suche misery on princes lyves attend,
 That whilst they live thei cannot know their frend.

And thou, great princess, hadst of theis thi share,
 Els had thy glory passed Cintheas lighte!
 For in thi minde were placed vertues rare,
 Yet ill advise did sometimes dym thi sighte.
 This prooffe, therefore, upon thy life depend,
 That flatterers cannott be princes frend.

If this be graunted, then inferr we may
 The number of thy frends was very small;

Though numbers did attend thee day by day,
 Thou hardly hadst a friend amongst them all!
 For as they fedd thee then with flattery,
 They now forgett the moste ungratefully.

Yet one there is which on thee did attend,
 Whose minde immaculate doth well retaine
 The duties both of servaunt and of friend,
 Which she professed when thou here didst raigne.
 That beast, Ingratitude, cannot infect hir,
 For true religious zeale doth safe protect hir.

Thrice honored Theana, thou art she
 Whose modesty hath wonne immortall fame;
 Thou honorest deceased soveraigntie,
 And, therefore, dost deserve an honor'd name.
 For when she liv'd you chastly didst attend hir,
 And being dead, you chastely didst defend hir.

Thy noble name of right should be inrold
 In lines of everlastinge memorie;
 For thy pure minde doth well itselfe unfold,
 That it discende from true nobilitie.
 True noble mindes do yeld true noble deedes,
 But base-bred thoughts nought els but basenes breeds.

And if Eliza had byn furnished
 With none but suche attendants as thyselfe;
 Hir fame then had not byn diminished
 By suche as did attend for nought but pelfe.

God graunt he that succeedes may well peruse hir,
 And free himselfe of suche as did abuse hir.

II.

A LOTTERY PROPOSED BEFORE SUPPER AT THE LO: CHIEF
 JUSTICE HIS HOUSE, IN THE FIRST ENTRANCE TO HIR
 MAJESTIE, LADIES, GENTLEWOMEN, AND STRAUNGERS,
 1602.

Hir Majestie. Wheeles.

FORTUNE must now no more in triumph ride,
 Yours are the wheeles that did hir chariot guide.

La. Darby dowager. A purse.

You thrive, or would, or may, your lot's a purse;
 Fill it with gold and you are ne'r the worse.

La. Darby the yonger. A ringe with a posy.

Your hand by fortune on this ringe doth lighte,
 And yet the word doth fitt your humour righte.

La. Worcester. A nutmegge.

This nutmegg hath a blank, but chance doth hide it,
 Write you your wish, and fortune will provide it.

La. Cumberland. A fallinge band.

Fortune would have you rise, yet guides your hand
From other lotts to take a fallinge bande.

La. Warwick. A snufkin.

Tis sommer, yet a snufkin is your lot;
But twilbe winter one day, doubt you not.

La. Kildare. A girdle.

By fortune's girdle happy may you bee,
Yet they that are less happie are moste free.

La. Darothy. A bodkin.

Even by this bodkin you may live unharmed,
Your bewty is with vertue so well armed.

La. Howard of Effingham. A paire of writinge tables.

Theis tables may containe your thoughts in part,
But write not all is written in your harte.

La. Susan Vere. A blanke.

Wote you why Fortune gives to you no prise?
Good faith, she saw you not, she wants her eies!

La. Ann Clifford. A lace.

Give hir the lace that loves to be strait-laced,
Litle-go fortunes laced guifte is aptly placed.

La. Southwell. A paire of gloves.

Fortune theis gloves to you in double chalenge sends,
For you hate fools and flatterers, hir best frends.

La. Scroope. A maske.

Want you a maske, here fortune gives you one,
Yet Nature gives the rose and lilly none.

La. Pagett. Garters.

Though you have Fortune's garters, you will bee
More stayd and constant in your steps then shee.

Mrs. Bridges. Pointes.

You are in every point a lover true,
And therefore Fortune gives theis points to youe.

Mrs. Thinne. A fanne.

You love to see and yet to be unseene,
Take you a fann to be your bewties screene.

Mrs. Wharton. A chaine.

Because you scorne love's captive to remaine,
Fortune hath sworne to leade you in a chaine.

Mrs. Nevill. A necklace.

Fortune gives your faire neck this lace to weare,
God graunt a heavier burden it never beare.

Mrs. Southwell. A plaine ringe.

Fortune hath sent you, happ it well or ill,
A plaine gold ringe to wedd you to your will.

Mrs. Anslow. A cushionet.

To hir that little cares what lott she winnes,
Chaunce gives hir this cushionett for hir pinns.

La. Digby. A prayer booke.

Your fortune will prove good another day,
In the meane time take you this booke to pray.

Mrs. Drury. A blank.

You faine would have, but what you cannot tell;
If Fortune give you nothing, she doth well.

La. Walsingham. A stomacher.

This stomacher is full of windowes wrought,
Yet none through them can looke into your thought.

La. Knevitt. A glass.

Blinde fortune doth not see howe faire you bee,
It gives a glass that you yourselfe may see.

La. Newton. A sizer case.

This sizer doth your huswifry bewray,
You love to work, though you be borne to play.

Mrs. Hide. A pair of knives.

Fortune doth give theis paire of knives to you,
To cutt the thred of love if 't be not true.

Mrs. Strangnidge. A coyfe and crosscloth.

Frowne in good earnest, or be sick in jest,
This coyfe and crosscloth will become you best.

Mother of the Maides. A scarfe.

Take you this scarfe, binde Cupid hand and foote,
So Love shall you leave before he shoote.

Mrs. Vavasour. A handkerchiefe.

Whither you seeme to weepe, or weepe indeede,
This handkerchief will stand you well in steede.

A country wenche. A pair of sheres.

You whisper many tales in many eares,
To clipp your tongue your lot's a paire of sheares.

A country wenche. An apron.

You love to make excuses for all thinges,
An apron is your lott, which hath no stringes.

A country wench. A reele.

You are high in the instepp, short in the heele,
Your head is gidddy, your lott is a reele.

No name. A blanke.

Nothinge is your lott, that's more then can be told,
For nothinge is more worth then pretious gold.

No name. A blank.

Fortune is bountifull, and from hir store
Gives you as muche as you were worth before.

No name. A blank.

Tis pittty such a hand should draw in vaine,
Though it gives nought, yet shall it pittty gaine.

Mrs. Hastings. A blank.

You are so dainty to be pleas'd, God wot,
Chaunce knowes not what to give you for your lott.

No name. A diall.

This diall's yours; watch time, least it be lost,
Yet they moste lose their time that watch it most.

No name. A blanke.

For all thy witt, Fortune might favour thee,
For God forbidd all fooles should happy bee.

III.

THE COUNSELL OF A FREND, HEARINGE A PURPOSE OF
MARRIAGE BY ANOTHER.

In choice of wife preferr the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell;
The sweetest face by age is soone disgracst,
Then choose thy wife by witt, and lyvinge well.
Who bringes thee wealth and many faultes withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

MY CHOICE IS MADE.

Bewty in bodie, vertu's in hir minde,
And well descended of gentility;
Constant of faith, and alwaies to me kinde,
Few are hir yeares, greate her ability.
Such is my love, on hir is my delighte,
My candle wasts, now I must bid good night.

GILES CODRINTON.

IV.

A GENTLEWOMAN THAT MARRIED A YONG GENT., WHO AFTER
 FORSOOKE HIR, WHEREUPPON SHE TOOKE HIR NEEDLE,
 IN WHICH SHE WAS EXCELENT, AND WORKED
 UPON HIR SAMPLER THUS:

COME, give me needle, stitch cloth, silke, and chaire,
 That I may sitt and sigh, and sow and singe,
 For perfect coolour to discribe the aire,
 A subtile persinge changinge constant thinge.
 No false stitch will I make, my hart is true,
 Plaine stitche my sampler is for to complaine,
 How men have tongues of hony, harts of rue.
 True tongues and harts are one, men makes them
 twaine.

Give me black silk, that sable suites my hart,
 And yet som white, though white words do deceive,
 No green at all, for youth and I must part,
 Purple and blew, fast love and faith to weave.
 Mayden, no more sleepeless Ile goe to bedd,
 Take all away, the work works in my hedd.

V.

S. R. IN DEFENCE OF LOVE.

SUCHE as are skilless in all skill or art
 To teache the skilfull, shew their witles braine,
 Except such of wounds have felt the smart,
 Proof doth us teache none rightly knows the paine,
 He that was never knowne who would against
 exclaime;
 Even so he that ne'r lov'd folly great doth showe
 Not skil'd to blame a thinge he doth not knowe.

Right so, he that hath lov'd as now I doe,
 And yet still must, should favour show, for why,
 Deserve he did the censure I now do,
 For once he was a foole as well as I,
 Or els my love I well may justifie;
 Regard thou that which age may disallowe,
 Do think that thou wert yong as I am now.

VI.

If all the earthe were paper white,
 And all the sea were incke,
 Twere not inough for me to write,
 As my poore hart doth thinke.

VII.

ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WILYE WATT, wilie Wat,
Wots thou not and know thou what,
Looke to thy forme and quat
 In towne and citie.

Freshe houndes are on thy taile,
That will pull downe thy saile,
And make thy hart and quaile,
 Lord for the pittie.

Lordshipp is flagg'd and fled,
Captainshipp newly sped,
Dried is the hogshead's hed,
 Wilie Wat wilie.

Make the best of thy plea,
Least the rest goe awaie,
And thou brought for to saie
 Wily beguilie.

For thy skaunce and pride,
Thy bloody minde beside,
And thy mouth gaping wide,
 Mischievous Machiavell.

Essex for vengeance cries,
 His blood upon the lies,
 Mounting above the skies,
 Damnable fiend of hell,
 Mischevous Matchivell!

VIII.

ON THE SAME.

Water thy plaints with grace divine,
 And trust in God for aye,
 And to thy Saviour Christ incline,
 In Him make stedfast staye.

Rawe is the reason that doth *lie*
 Within thy treacherous head,
 To say the soule of man doth die,
 When that the corpse is dead.

Nowe may you see the soodaine fall
 Of him that thought to clime full hie,
 A man well knowne unto you all,
 Whose state you see doth stand Rawlic.

Time did he take when time did serve,
 Now is his time neare spent;
 Even for himselfe he craved still,
 And never would relent.

For he hath run a retchless race,
 Which now hath brought him to disgrace;
 You that do see his soodaine fall,
 A warninge be it to you all.

IX.

ON THE SAME.

WATT, I wot well thy overweeninge witt,
 Lead by ambitious humours, wrought thy fall,
 Like Phaeton, that did presume to sitt
 In Phœbus chaire to guide the golden ball,
 Which overturn'd did sett the worlde on fire,
 And burnt himselfe in prime of his desire.

So thou that didst in thought aspire so hie
 To manage the affaires for Englands crowne,
 And didst, like Icarus, attempt to flie
 Beyonde thy limitts, now art tumbling downe.
 Thy waxen winges are melted by the sunne,
 And in thy falle the thred of life is spunn.

From thee the sonne doth turne away his face,
 From thee the pale-fac'd moone doth take hir flight,
 From thee the starres do fall away apace,
 From thee thy frends are fled and shun thy sight.
 All fly from thee, exceptinge only hope,
 Which yet to breathe sad accents give thee scope.

Thou hast byn counted passinge wise and wittie,
 Hadst thou hast grace high treason to avoyed;
 Then give me leave, dread soveraigne Lord, to pittie
 So rare a witt should be so ill employed.
 Yea suche a witt as I could praise in reason
 For any point, exceptinge only treason.

I pittie that the sommers nightingale,
 Immortall Cinthia's sometime deare delight,
 That us'd to singe so sweete a madrigale,
 Should like an owle go wanderer in the nighte,
 Hated of all, but pittied of none,
 Though swanlike now he makes his dyinge mone.

Hadst thou continued loyall to the kinge,
 As to the quene thou evermore was true,
 My muse thy praise might uncontrolled singe,
 Which now is forest thy dismall happ to rue.
 And in theis sable characters to wrighte
 The dounfall of a sometime worthy knighte.

Ah! where is Cinthia now, whose golden thred
 Mighte leade thee from this laborinth of errours?
 She to hir soliar celestiall back is fled,
 And nothings lefte for thee but shame and terrours.
 Thy candle is put out, thy glass is ronne,
 The grave must be thy tombe when all is done!

Proude Gaveston and both the Spencers fell,
 Yet theis were sometime favorites of a kynge,

But thou against thy soveraigne didst rebell,
Which to thy conscience needes must be a sting;
Ill was their happ, farr worse is thy estate,
Whom both the prince doth scorne and people hate.

Humilitie in statesmen is a praise,
Yet to imbrace this vertue thou didst scorne,
Supposinge that faire Cinthia's golden daies
Should still on earth this iron age adorne.
The common people that did hate thy pride,
In chaunge of state thy follies do deride.

Renowned Essex, as he past the streets,
Woulde vaile his bonnett to an oyster wife,
And with a kinde of humble congie greeete
The vulgar sorte that did admire his life:
And now sith he hath spent his livinge breath,
They will not cease yet to lament his death.

But thou, like Midas, surfettinge with golde,
Those gentle salutacions didst reject;
And when thou wast in greatest pompe extolde,
Not poore mens love but feare thou didst effect.
This makes those men, whom thou didst lately scorne,
Disdaine thee now, and laugh, while thou dost moorne.

Perhapps, likewise, that Essex angrie spirite
Pursues thy life and for revenge doth crie,
And so the heavens, accordinge to thy merite,
In his behalfe do acte this tragedie.

Essex was made the prologue to the playe,
Which thou didst penn in an unluckie daye.

Herein the kinge should play a tragique parte,
Graye as a champion stoutly should have fought,
Rawleigh should play the divell by his arte,
Cobham should play the foole as he was taught;
Lame Brooke should holde the booke and sitt him
To prompt if any mist or acted ill. [still,

This tragedy was plotted but not acted,
Herein was treason cunningly contrived;
By thee, O Rawlye, was the same compacted,
For which of worldly joye thou art deprived:
Thy life, thy wealth, thy liberty and lande,
Only at mercy of the kinge doth stande.

If please the kinge to pardon thy offence,
No doubt thou maist a faithfull subject prove,
And by thy witt and wisdomes quintessence
Recover to thyselfe thy souveraignes love.
But little hope remaines when faith is fled,
And when thy handes seeke bloud beware thi head.

God that foresaw thy treason did reveale it,
And blest the kinge in crossinge thy intent;
In vaine could man by policie conceale it,
When heaven against thi purposes is bent:
And man that unto worldlinges seemeth wise
Is but a foole to Him that rules the skies.

X.

WHAT IS LOVE?

To late I finde that love is nought
But folly and an idle thought;
A restles passion of the minde,
A laborinth of errors blinde;
A bitter sweete, a pleasant sowre,
Got in a yeare, lost in an howre;
A sugred poyson mixt with gall,
A thraldome free, a freedom thrall,
Whose longe pursuit brings little gaine,
Uncertain pleasure, certaine paine;
A very sicknes of the thought,
Conceyt of pleasure deerely bought;
Regarding neither right nor wronge,
For short delight repentance longe;
A sighinge sorrow mixt with gladnes,
Feare with hope, and hope with madnes;
A chillinge colde, a wondrous passion,
Exceedinge man's imagination;
Which none can tell in whole ne part,
But only he that feeles the smart.
Errors in time may be redrest,
The shortest follies are the best;
The difference is twixt Love and mee,
That he is blinde, and I can see.

XI.

THE moone doth change; yet not so strange,
 The tyme is knowne full well;
 But women's mindes change as the windes,
 The time can no man tell.

XII.

A DREAME.

WHILE as the scilent shady night
 did with hir curteins blak
 Orecover Rheas fruitfull face,
 and beinge cold and wake,
 By simpathy with mortall braines
 our members make of lead,
 And stealing all our sences,
 make us lye a while as dead.
 Then while I was in this estate,
 the god with golden winges,
 Who entringe at the ports of horne,
 so manie monsters bringes,
 And chaunginge into sundry shapes
 by straunge and subtile sleight,

Doth make us heare without our cares,
and see but eies or lighte;
And by the hand of mistres lead,
lo! here she is, quoth hee,
This strange and subtill god, I say,
that late appeard to mee;
Sayinge, whose presence breedes as many joyes
as absence breedes the woes,
Lo, here the harbrowe of thy hart,
lo! here thy onely chois!
Lo, here she is whom for thou treads
the stately forked hill,
Whose pleasant grace beginns to fade,
So tramped by thee still!
Lo, here she is who makes the drinke
the silver christall springe,
Of flyinge-horse and ridinge foule,
as auncient poets singe.
Lo, here the subject and the winges
of thy high flyinge verse,
That mounts above the flamie vautes,
and to the heaven doth perse.
With this me thought she bow'd hir downe,
and joynd the rubies sine,
That hide hir ivorie ranks and smell
of nectar unto mine.
Sine with hir hand soft and silke hand
about my neck she layes
A tablet and an amethist,
and scilent slipps hir wayes;

But lo! my mind so passiond was,
and hart so stird withall
With joye extreame, as made them some
my sences to recall.
And looke howe soone from sluggish sleepe
I perfectly awooke,
Even as the first, O miracle!
into my hand I tooke.
Theis tokens hoonge about my neck,
as I had dreamd before;
What deity, quoth I, amaz'd,
for this shall I adore?
Some god or angell surely hath
This present to me brought,
For if on any natural dreames
had ravish'd byn my thought,
Then either of the humours fowre,
the chiefe that did abounde,
By simpathie with brethren fowre,
whereof was form'd this rounde;
And with the seasons of the yeare,
would vexed have my braine.
If bloud domin'd with bloody jarres,
in spring time, and againe,
If choler raign'd with raveninge fires,
in sommers parchinge heate,
If fleagme did with drowninge flouds,
when Hiades hold their seate,
If melancholy earth and nighte,
with heavy thinges and blake,

When frozen Saturne rules with snowe,
the place would surely take,
Or els the thinges I last had thought,
had don or wisht to be,
They had, although imperfectly,
in dreame appear'd to me.
And so by nature had I dream'd
the thinge I dream'd indeede,
For I confest that Idee oft
my ravisht mind doth feede;
But then howe soone I had awakt,
and Morphe flowne away,
No token had he left behind,
as now this wedd it lay.
Then countinge it some heavenly guift,
and sent me from above,
I cast me narrowly to guess
what could the meaninge prove;
And so begun both up and downe
to toss, to viewe, to spie
The tablet and the amatheist,
their secretes for to trie.
Thou Lician lord, that deitie
whome Delphos did adore,
Whose shining coche do sapphires blew,
and rubies read decore,
The sacred sisters' monarch great,
the spirit that did inspire
With oracles the sibills sage,
inflam'd with heavenly fire!

O thou that misteries can reveale,
and future thinges foresees,
Assist my seekinge out of this,
and open cleare mine eies.
The amethyst in forme of hart,
doth signifie the hart,
And constant love unchangeable,
that is uppon my part;
And as the collors of this stone
are purple mixt with gray,
So flames my love of earthly parts,
consume me day by day.
The secreat vertues that are hidd
into this pretious stone,
Endue me with meete qualities,
for servinge suche a one.
For as this stone by secreat force,
can soveraignly remead
Theis dazeled braines, whome Bacchus streinth
ore-comes as they were dead; '
And can preserve us from the harme
of the invenom'd stinge
Of poisoned cupps, that to our tombe
untimely doth us bringe;
So hope I still to be preserv'd
by vertue from above,
From staggering like a dronken man,
or waveringe into love.
But by the soveraigne antidote of hir
whome still I serve,

In spite of all the poisoned lookes
of dames, I shall not swerve;
And furthermore, with courage bolde
this stone can furnishe mee,
That with my conqueringe hand I may
inforce my foes to flee;
For sure he cannott worthy be,
to be accounted deare
By any dame, that in his breast
a woman's hart doth beare.
And, therefore, for my part I vowe,
if as the rumour be,
Of broiles and jarres I happen in,
effect the same to see;
I shall not from the enimies
in any way remove,
Unkithinge once in honour of
my mistress and my love.
For only not I conquerd were be,
And only will I yeeld
To Cupid's shott, whose firy dartes
resist might never shield.
And lastly, as this stone hath force
a hunter for to aide,
In end to catehe his pray, (the fruite
of all his travailes made).
So as I am a prentice past
into that princely game, [rocks,
Whose hounds and hornes through woods and
make eccho answer thame;

I trust by vertue of this stone
to winn and hold the pray,
That prays on me, and is of all
my passion'd thoughts the stay.
But lo! I longe to turne me to
the tablett made of gold;
And all within and out the same,
at length for to beholde.
Of purest gold this table made,
Which by the fire is fin'd,
Hir chastnes pure doth represent,
in body both and minde;
The cralinge scores of amelinge blaks,
that on the golde are wroughte,
The divers passions represent,
that walter in hir thoughte.
One of the leaves on outer side
a naked man doth beare,
Whome Phœbus rosts without reflex,
and stinginge flyes do teare;
Yet sittinge in the forrests greene,
as senceless of his harme,
By harmony of vyols sweete,
he never irkes to charme.
The ravisht fowles and beasts about,
accomptinge so their joy,
As makes him quite for to forgett
his grievous sore annoy.
This man not only represents
hir siren voice divine,

(Whose charming notes make hardest
hartes, and dullest eares incline).
But as his ditty saith, she please
the rest, he suffers paine,
So she hir princess serves of love
without respect of gaine.
The other on the outer side
the sonne hath shininge bright,
Into the middes with starres about,
but dazeled by his light;
And as that ditty saies, as sunn
amonges the starres doth shine,
So she hir sex surpasseth farr
in vertues moste divine.
That sunn, whom of I sang before,
whose absence made me flee
Above the skies, O sunne, to seeke
hir shadowe into thee;
But if into theise former verse,
I soard with eagles winges,
Then, mistres, thanke yourself for them
that by your vertue singes.
But greatest comfort is to me
to view the inner part,
Whereas a hand doth hold, methink,
my onely mistress hart;
While Cupid, with his bended bow
and golden arrowe, aime
To shoot his subtill firye shafte,
for pearcinge of the same.

But that hir hand doth hold hir hart,
I take it for to bee,
That willingly she lets hir hart
be shott into for mee.
The other on the inner side
All emptie doth remain,
Which, if my guess deceive me not,
is ordaind to contain
The art of some Apelles fine,
the portrait of hir face,
To give unto the workmanship
of all the rest a grace.
For as the rest doth represent
hir qualities moste rare,
So should himself, though vively no,
Yet best it can be thare.
And sure the gods above they have
Decreed (as seemes to me)
That as the tablett and the stone
both knitt together be
Even by a stringe, the tablett like
to hir, to me the stone,
So shall our harts, while Atrope cutt
the thredd, be knitt in one.
Thus have I read my dreame, ye see,
with wise Apollo's aide,
And if this be the very truth
that I herein have saide,
Then am I glad of suche a guess;
but if I be deceived,

And in the openinge up a dreame
 have either dream'd or reaved,
 Yet welcome be a good deceit,
 for as into my sleepe
 My dreame rejoyc'd me, so my guess
 in gladnes doth me keepe.
 Now may ye see, O Titan mine,
 no distaunce farr of place,
 Nor other thoughts can out of me
 the thoughte of you deface;
 In absence are ye present still,
 and ever so in sighte;
 No wonder is what monarch may
 Resist a woman's mighte!



XIII.

THE happie life is that which all desire,
 But yet the same is unto all unknowne;
 Some thinke it is in them that may aspire
 To that they wishe, which is not of their owne.
 But I suppose the happie life to rest
 In scorninge all which is esteemed best.

For worldly pompe, commands, and kingdoms large,
 And treasures all that earth and seas can yeld,

The more receiv'd the more accompt in charge,
 Hard to obtaine, moste harde from loss to shield
 By theft, debate, warr, treason, and their traine;
 Eche seekes the same with greedines to gaine.

For bewty, strength, and praise of finest witt,
 Bruite beasts excell therein in ev'ry kinde;
 And from the same we are provided fitt,
 Of chiefe effects which we by nature finde.
 Faire bewty, strength, the finest witt, and all
 Do often prove the owner's greater fall.

That bewty, strength, and witt, if wisdome guide,
 Are things of pride, and do excell, indeede,
 All other thinges, by sight of eye descride,
 But secreat lyes that happy life doth breede;
 And harbour'd is in worthines of minde,
 Wherein one may a stately kingdome finde.

The dyademe is liberty of minde,
 The scepter power to yeld to eche his due;
 The sword is force by vertue power devin'd,
 To cutt of vice and vertue to ensue.
 The counsell grave, that do support the state,
 Is feare of God, which sinn and vice doth hate.

The subjects are th' affections of the minde,
 Which will rebell, if they be not restrain'd;
 Which who so rules a government shall finde,
 Of state command, and not with ease attain'd.

The meane to keepe theis subjects still in awe,
Is reason pure, the ground and life of lawe.

For mightiest kinges and monarchs of the earth,
And men of state, that beare the greatest sway,
Even over them such rule affection bearth,
That to the same, as subjects they obay.
So he which his affections subjects brings,
Doth rule the same that overruleth kinges.

The treasure great that doth maintayne the state,
Contentment is, with that which may suffise;
Aboundance breedes contention and debate,
But one content is happy, riche, and wise.
So he that liste a happie life to finde,
Must seeke the same in vertues of the minde.

XIV.

IN PRAISE OF PEACE WITH THE SPAINE.

O LORD of hostes, thou God of peace,
Whose workes are seene in ev'ry thinge,
Thy blessinges daily do increase,
Upon our realmes and on our kinge.
All glorie to that Majesty,
That makes this league of unity!
Sound organs, cornets, cherefull voice,
For happy peace lett all rejoyce.

Where hatred, battell, sword, and warre,
 In former raigne bare swinge and sway;
 Our peacefull kinge, to end that jarr,
 By league hath tane the same away.
 Longe may this league continue sure,
 And shall our love for ay endure.
 Sound organs, cornets, &c.

Let songes of praise and thankes be had,
 For kinge, for quene, for prince, for peace;
 Let prayers evermore be made,
 That subjects' love may never cease.
 So shall we live in quiet rest,
 And kinge and subjects both be blest!
 Sound organs, cornetts, &c.

 XV.

 A SONNETT.

My muse hath made a wilfull lye I grant;
 I sange of sorrowes^{*} never felt by me.
 I have als great occasion for to vant,
 My love begunn my blissing for to be.
 Howe can I then exeuse so lowde a lye?
 O yes I did it even at hir desire,

Who made me suche success in love to see,
 How soone hir love had sett my hart on fire.

Since for hir sake I press for to aspire,
 To preache of passions that I never proved ;
 What should ye do that have for haples hire,
 The Inckless lott of love, and not be loved?
 Your plaintes I think should move the starry skies,
 And dent the gods with shrill and carefull cries.

Suppose, madam, I ought not to refuse
 What ye request, or pleases to desire,
 Yet may I justly make my owne excuse,
 In that which last it pleased you to require.
 Longe since, forsooth, my muse begun to tire,
 Through daily faschery of my owne affaires,
 Which quencht in me that heavenly furious fire,
 In place whereof came sad and thornie cares,
 Which restlessly no time nor season spares,
 To spoile me of my former pleasures quite;
 Who wont before to use some other wares,
 Or exercis'd some other workes to write;
 Now are Castalia's flouds dried up in mee,
 Like sodaine showres this time of yeare ye see.

But what, madam, and shall I then denie
 Your just demaund, and disobey the same?
 No, ye, even ye shall carry to the skie
 My barren verse, and shall my muse inflame.

Was it not onely your inchantinge fame,
 Who on hir wings aloft did carry me
 From native soyle, to follow on your name,
 And eagle-like on Thetis hue to flie?
 Where she commaunded Neptune for to be
 My princely guard and Triton, to attend
 On artificiall flyinge towres of tree,
 Wherein I restinge ran to journeyes end.
 Then since your fame hath made me fly before,
 Well may your name my verses now decore.

O, cruell Cupid, what a ruthles rage,
 What hatefull wrath thou utters upon me!
 No medicine my sicknes may asswage,
 No cataplasme can cure my wound I see.
 Through dead shott alive I daily die,
 I frye in flames of that invenim'd dart,
 Which shott me sicker in at either eie,
 Sin festned fast in my tormented hart!
 The fever hath infected every part,
 My bones are dried, their marrow melts away;
 My sinnowes feeble through my soaking smart,
 And all my bloud, as in a pan doth play.
 I onely wish for ease of all my paine,
 That she might weet what sorrow I sustaine.

Come, fruitful thoughts, that fertill ever flowes,
 And shew what sorrowes smite my heavy hart;
 The more I muse, my grieffe the greater growes,
 And painfull panges of passions play their part.

My evill it is incurable by arte,
 And keepes a contrare course to natur cleene;
 My minde delightes to pause upon hir smart,
 And feede on flames though secreat and unscene.
 But as my breast a butt full longe hath byn
 Of sightles shots, so, on the other side,
 O, ye, my harts allurer, by my eyn,
 Respect with ruth the bale I daily bide.
 Then since we both like sorrow do sustaine,
 Both press to turne in pleasure all our paine.

As man, a man am I composed all
 Of brethren fowre, that did the world compone,
 Yet suche a chaunce doth unto me befall,
 As I of mankinde all am he alone,
 Who of the fowre possesses onely one;
 My flames of love to firy heaven be past;
 My aire in sighes evanish'd is, and gone,
 My wakenes into teares distilling fast.
 Now onely earth remaines with me at last,
 That am denuded of the other three;
 Then, cruell dame, since unto suche a cast
 Your onely love hath thus compelled me,
 Send als my earth with earth for to remaine,
 Or els restore me to myselfe againe.

Although that crooked crawlinge Vulcan lie
 An-under ashes cold (as oft we see),
 As senceless dead, while by his heate he drie
 The greene and fizinge fagotts made of tree;

Yet will that little sponke and flaminge eie
 Blaze bravely forth, and sparklinge all abreede,
 With wandlinge up (a wondrous sight to see),
 Kith cleerely shine, and on the fagotts feede.
 So am I forced to confess indeede
 My sponke of love, smorde under coles of shame;
 By bewties force, the fostrer of that seede,
 Now buds and bursts in an appearinge flame!
 But since your bewty hath this wonder wrought,
 I hope, madam, it shall not be for nought.

O, woman's witt, that wavers with the winde!
 Whom none so well may wavy now as I;
 As weather-cock thy stableness I finde,
 And as the sea that still can never lie.
 But since that time the truth hath made me try,
 That in inconstance thou art constant still;
 My courage sayes, on Cupid cease to crye,
 That art rewarded thus for thy good will.
 For though, madam, I faild not to fulfill
 All sorte of service to a mistress dew;
 Yet absence though but for a space did spill
 The thankes deserv'd of all my service trew.
 What shall I say? I never thought to see,
 That out of sight should out of languor bee.

If he who takes the sight of both his eies,
 May justly mourne his miserable case,
 As one whome to all worldly pleasure dies,
 When dreery darknes comes in Phœbus place;

Howe muche the more may I lament, alace!

The absence of my onely lampe of lighte,
Since lizard-like, I feede upon hir face,

And suck my satisfaction from hir sighte.

Now more may I, then marigold, by night,

Beare blossoms, when no sight of sonne I have;

For ye, Madam, have by your bewties might,

Bereft and brake my hart, your humble slave!

How many a man, a flower, a corps in smart,

See blossome breath, but eies, but sonne, but hart.

Finis, Sir Thomas Areskine of Gogar, Knighte.

XVI.

ENGLAND, men say of late, is bankrupte growne,

Th' effects do manifest the cause unknowne;

Riche treasures it hath, and wary keepers,

Grave judges, counsellors, in gaine no sleepers;

Collectors, auditors, receyvours it hath many,

Searchers, customers, all for the penny;

As for the churchmen, they both pray and paye,

Solvat ecclesia, so the writers saye.

Mighte somme new officer mende old disorder?

Yes, our good steward may sett all in order.

XVII.

ON THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

WHEN doome of death by judgments force appointed,
 Strayninge the lawe beyonde all reache of reason,
 Hath unto death condemnd a queene annoited,
 And founde, (O, straunge), without alleageance,
 treason.

The axe that should have done the execution,
 Shund to cutt of a head that had byn cround;
 The hangman lost his wonted resolution
 To quitt a queene of nobless so renown'd.
 There was remorce in hangman and in steele,
 When peeres and judges no remorce could feele!
 Graunt, Lord, that in this noble ile a queene
 Without a head may never more be scene.

XVIII

TO ALL MALCONTENTS GIVE THIS IN THE DEVIL'S-STABLE.

YE babes of Barum,
 Weepe ye no more;
 Your mother the church
 Hath milke in store.
 If children well nurst
 Will not be still,
 Birche and greene willowe
 Must master their will!

XIX.

FAINE with a looke that lock my hart in mirthe,
 Merry in thought when mirth is shutt in hart;
 Shutt up sweete thought in such a lively birth,
 As may bringe forth such joyes as nev'r may part.
 But when I think that love is rul'd by madnes,
 Madnes doth make me shake of former gladnes.

Glad with a sigh, that turneth into teares,
 Torne with sharp drops that my flesh and bones
 teareth;
 Bowed to the ground, bound with a thousand feares,
 Clamours and cryes my wofull eares still heareth.
 Hart that still panteth, looke for no more easinge,
 Breath that drawes shortnes, let death appear pleasinge.

Love, alas! farewell, thy darts be not seasoned, [not;
 Bendinge thei pearse not, so weake that thei hurt
 Cruelty sinck not, nor no reason is reasoned,
 Hitt with the strongest, yet the hart start not.
 Use no more weapons, except thei do smitt men,
 Use no more dartinge, if darts do not kill men.

Sorrow, make harbour in my balefull harte;
 Griefe, goe, and be sad sorrow's neighbour ever;
 Anguish, come scourge me with thine endless smart;
 Torture, lett paine and torments part me never.
 Cru'l unkind, whose disdayne hath made me cursed,
 Shame to thy life, sith shame thyselfe hath nursed.

Pleasure, depart where sorrow now remaineth;
 Joy, fly away, and come not where griefe resteth;
 Solace must die, since anguish daily paineth;
 Rest, leave thy rest, sith torture still molesteth.
 My lovinge hart, that never lov'd but one,
 Receives his death by none but hir alone.

Pacience, for paines with paine must be contented,
 And quietnes shall alwaies now be weepinge;
 Mones will be still, though mourninges be repented,
 Griefe, paine and smart can never more be sleeping.
 Pleasure and joye are dead and almoste rotten,
 Solace and rest begonn and all forgotton.

 XX.

HEARINGE songs of sorrowes monings,
 Where deepe sadnes wrought with gronings,
 Patience all alone was sleepinge,
 And pittie sigh'd with bitter weepinge.
 Love and vertues eies were bleedinge,
 Hope a heavy happ was reedinge,
 And amongst them all discovered,
 That which cannot be recovered.
 Nature wailed, oh! death have moved,
 Death hath slayne hir best beloved.
 Virgins mourne with endless measure,
 Havinge lost their chiefest treasure.

Come, sweet muses, leave your singinge,
Let your hands your hands be wringing;
Teare your haire of golden wyers,
Sith you lost your whole desires.
Leave your dauncinge, with your playinge,
Hope and joye is now decayinge.
Nymphes, leave of your wonted places,
Pleasures will be your disgraces;
Sporte no more with rounds returninge,
Lett your bowers be sett on burninge.
With your teares then quench the fires,
Love and pittye this requires.
Then make cries crie with heavines,
And lett plaints be on readines.
Dole and dolour with your anguishe,
Shew the cause of my sad languishe,
And lett grieve with endless smartinge
Tribute pay for his departinge.

XXI.

NOWE at last leave of lamentinge,
Over longe thy care hath lasted,
Overmuche thy hart tormentinge,
Over soone thy joyes are wasted.

Cease thy haples helpless cryinge,
 Breathe no more thy sighes in vaine!
 All in vaine thy selfe relyinge,
 To blinde fortunes welcome gaine.

Now at length thou maist discernē,
 That at first thou couldst not see,
 That at first thou wouldst not lerne,
 That at last thy death will be!
 But I wil be well contented,
 Death shall never be lamented.

XXII.

THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

THE time when firste I fell in love,
 Which now I muste lament;
 The yeare wherein I loste suche time,
 To compas my content.

The day wherein I sawe too late
 The follie of a lover;
 The houre wherein I had suche loss
 As I cannot recover.

And laste, the minute of mishap,
Which makes mee thus to plaine
The doleful fruites of lovers suites,
As labor loste in vaine,

Doth make mee solemnly proteste,
As I with paine doe prove,
There is no time, yeere, day, or houre,
Or minute good to love.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1.—In the same volume is a poem of several pages, entitled, *A proper new ballad of the Countess who would be a notorious woman out of Italy, and of a pandress or promoter of love amonge the Augustine nunnes ; translated out of Cornish or Devonshire into true Suffolk, and is to be sunge to the tune of Lighte of Love, or Uptailles all, as you can devise.* At the end is written, *By me Shake Singleton, and are to be sold at the signe of the shippe called the Quittance.* The greater part of this ballad is exceedingly unintelligible, but it seems to refer chiefly to some local scandal. I give a few of the first lines, which contain names that may lead to the discovery of the particular satire.

“ Gramercies Watt, Mets, Mesters and the rest,
This ill bred dames will ha a game at chest,
And swear to me thi knights be not turned knaves,
Thy rookes turne flesh-crowes or devouring slaves.
Birdes of the night that haunt where carion lies,
And come to it like magotts or like flies.
Was 't not inough your sister was sent downe
And bad confest, but she must come to towne
Like to a countess, though none tooke hir so,
But stopt their noses and still cried, “ fo ! ”
Because hir carcase was not yet made clere
Of Southwells bocher basterd buried at Poplere ?
Fy, William, fy ! Matt's ballad is no Bible,
Nor doth thy pockett yeld the truthe,
 though ne'er without a lible ;
Davy dare do and Doctor Wrights,
 what thou darst not gainsaye,

For they dar come upon the stage
 where thou darst not to play.
 And yet you act it prately,
 but chiefly in the darke,
 The curtaines spread and candles out,
 and no dogge lefte to barke.
 It will not serve your turne to say,
 twas done in puple-age,
 For even your sonne, if he had liv'd,
 had nowe byn past a page.
 But tell me, faith, when wilt thou sue
 the livery of this sonne,
 When this new gotten babe doth beare
 the hore haire on his chinne."

P. 1, l. 1.—*O, thou prodigious monster.*] This piece evidently refers to some favourite of Elizabeth's, who had shown little gratitude or respect for the memory of his sovereign.

P. 2, l. 9.—*Vild.*] The common Elizabethan form of the word *vile*.

" Things base and *vild*, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity."

Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 3.

P. 13, l. 1.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*] These curious satirical pieces on Raleigh strongly exhibit the popular feeling of the time against him. Prince Henry is said to have been one of the few who were inclined to favour him after his fall.

P. 16, l. 10.—*Wanderer in the nighte.*] The same phrase occurs in Shakespeare's " *Midsummer Night's Dream*."

P. 16, l. 19.—*Cinthia.*] That is, Queen Elizabeth.

P. 19, l. 1.—*What is Love ?*] Mr. Collier informs me he

has met with this in some printed collection. Another poem of the same kind begins thus :—

“ Now what is Love? I praie thee, tell.
 It is that fountaine and that well
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
 It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
 That tols all into heaven or hell :
 And this is Love, as I heare tell.”

The Phoenix Nest, 1593.

P. 23, l. 14.—*Wedd.*] That is, a pledge, a pawn.

P. 23, l. 26.—*Decore.*] That is, to beautify. See p. 34.

P. 26, l. 10.—*Fin'd.*] That is, refined.

P. 42, l. 11.—*The time, &c.*] This is added from another collection of the same date. It is found also with variations in the rare collection entitled the *Phoenix Nest*, 4to. London, 1593.

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