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THE
SURREY AND WYATT ANTHOLOGY.

1509-1547 A.D.

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

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| I. THE DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY . . . | 1401-1508 A. D. |
| II. THE SURREY AND WYATT ANTHOLOGY | 1509-1547 A. D. |
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| VII. THE DRYDEN ANTHOLOGY . . . | 1675-1700 A. D. |
| VIII. THE POPE ANTHOLOGY . . . | 1701-1744 A. D. |
| IX. THE GOLDSMITH ANTHOLOGY . . . | 1745-1774 A. D. |
| X. THE COWPER ANTHOLOGY . . . | 1775-1800 A. D. |





SIR THOMAS WYATT.

SELECTIONS
FROM
THE ENGLISH POETS.



THE SURREY & WYATT ANTHOLOGY.

1509-1547.



EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,
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WITH PORTRAITS.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

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THE
SURREY AND WYATT
ANTHOLOGY.

1509-1547 A. D.

Strictly speaking, this Collection of our Poetry during the reign of HENRY VIII should be called *The WYATT and SURREY Anthology*; for Sir THOMAS WYATT the Elder was not only the nobler man and the nobler Poet of the two: but it was he that brought the Sonnet Stanza, together with *Terza Rima* and Blank Verse, into England from Italy. It is however customary to say *SURREY and WYATT*, simply because the former was a Peer.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

ALAS! Madam! for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Have I then done so grievously amiss,
That, by no means, the matter may be amended?
Then, revenge you! and the next way is this.
Another kiss shall have my life through ended!
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck!

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
[Once] I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek;
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand: and now they range,
Busily seeking, with a continual change.

Thanked be Fortune! it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better! But once, in special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And She me caught in her arms long and small,
Therewithal sweetly [She] did me kiss;
And softly said, 'Dear Heart! how like you this?'

It was no dream! [for] I lay broad waking!
But all is turnèd, through my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go, of her goodness!
And She also, to use new fangleness!
But since that I so [un]kindly am served,
I would fain know, What She hath deserved?

WHOSO list to hunt, I know where is a Hind!
But as for me, *helas!* I may no more!
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that furthest come behind!
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
Draw from the Deer! but as she fleeth afore,
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind!
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!
And graven with diamonds, in letters plain,
There is written, her fair neck round about,
'*Noli me tangere! for CÆSAR'S I am;*
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

My Galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, *alas!*
That is my Lord, steereth with cruelty.
And, every hour, a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless Wind doth tear the Sail apace,
Of forcèd sighs, and trusty fearfulness.
A Rain of tears, a Cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathed with error, and eke with ignorance.
The Stars be hid, that led me to this pain.
Drownèd is Reason, that should me comfort;
And I remain, despairing of my port.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

WRITTEN TO JOHN POYNTZ.

My mother's maids, when they did sew and spin,
They sang sometime a Song of the Field Mouse,
That, for because her livel'hood was but thin,
Would needs go seek her townish Sister's house.
She thought herself endured too much pain.
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse
That, when the furrows swimmèd with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight:
And, worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her, when she her house had dight;
Sometime a barleycorn, sometime a bean,
For which she laboured hard, both day and night,
In harvest time, whilst she might go and glean.
And when [her] store was 'stroyèd with the flood,
Then, wellaway! for she undone was clean;
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep, if she might, her hunger to beguile.
'My Sister,' quod she, 'hath a living good;
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry
In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot; she laboreth not as I!
Richly she feedeth, and at the rich man's cost;
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

By sea, by land, of the delicates the most
Her Cater seeks, and spareth for no peril.
She feedeth on boiled bacon, [baked] meat, and roast ;
And hath thereof neither charge nor travail :
And, when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell !'
And at this journey, she maketh but a jape.
So forth she goeth ; trusting of all this wealth,
With her Sister her part so for to shape,
That, if she might keep herself in health,
To live a Lady, while her life doth last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth ;
And, with her foot, anon she scrapeth full fast.
Th' other, for fear, durst not well scarce appear ;
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast !
At last, she askèd softly, 'Who was there ?'
And in her language, as well as she could,
'Peep!' quod the other, 'Sister! I am here!' [loud?]
'Peace!' quod the Town Mouse, 'Why speak'st thou so
And by the hand she took her fair and well.
'Welcome!' quod she, 'my Sister! by the rood!'
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
The fare they had! They drank the wine so clear!
And, as to purpose now and then it fell,
She cheered her with, 'How, Sister! what cheer
Amidst this joy befell a sorry chance
That, wellaway! the stranger bought full dear
The fare she had: for, as she looked askance,
Under a stool, she spied two steaming eyes
In a round head, with sharp ears. In France

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Was never mouse so feared! For the [unwise]
Had not yseen such a beast before!
Yet had Nature taught her, after her guise,
To know her foe; and dread him evermore!
The Town Mouse fled. She knew whither to go.
Th' other had no shift; but, wonders sore,
Feared of her life! At home she wished her tho:
And to the door, alas! as she did skip
(Th' Heav'n it would, lo! and eke her chance was so),
At the threshold, her silly foot did trip;
And, ere she might recover it again,
The traitor Cat had caught her by the hip,
And made her there, against her will, remain;
That had forgotten her poor surety and rest
For seeming wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

Alas! my POYNTZ! how men do seek the best,
And find the worst, by error as they stray;
And no marvel! when sight is so opprest,
And blind the guide, anon, out of the way
Goeth guide and all, in seeking quiet life!
O, wretched minds! There is no gold that may
Grant that ye seek! no war! no peace! no strife!
No! No! Although thy head were hooped with gold;
Serjeant with mace, with halberd, sword, nor knife,
Cannot repulse the Care that follow should!
Each kind of life hath with him his disease!
Live in delight[s], even as thy lust would;
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,
It irketh straight; and by itself doth fade!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

A small thing it is, that may thy mind appease!
None of ye all there is, that is so mad
To seek grapes upon brambles, or briars!
Nor none, I trow, that hath his wit so bad
To set his hay for conies over rivers;
Ne ye se[t] not a drag-net for a hare!
And yet the thing that most is your desire,
Ye do misseek, with more travail and care!
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope, or dread! and see thy will be bare
From all affects whom Vice hath ever spotted!
Thyself content with that is thee assigned;
And use it well, that is to thee allotted!
Then seek no more, out of thyself to find
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feel it sitting in thy mind!
Mad! if ye list to continue your sore,
Let Present pass, and gape on Time to Come,
And deep yourself in travail more and more!

Henceforth, my POYNTZ! this shall be all and some!
These wretched fools shall have nought else of me!
But to the great GOD and to his high doom,
None other pain pray I for them to be,
But, when the rage doth lead them from the Right,
That, looking backwards, Virtue they may see
Even as she is, so goodly, fair, and bright;
And, whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
Grant them, good LORD! as thou mayst of thy might,
To fret inward, for losing such a loss!

WHAT meaneth this? When I lie alone,
I toss! I turn! I sigh! I groan!
My bed, meseems, as hard as stone!
What means this?

I sigh, I plain, continually!
The clothes, that on my bed do lie,
Always, methinks, they lie awry!
What means this?

In slumbers oft, for fear, I wake!
For heat and cold I burn and shake!
For lack of sleep, my head doth ache!
What means this?

A mornings then, when I do rise,
I turn unto my wonted guise;
All day after, muse and devise!
What means this?

And if, perchance, by me there pass,
She, unto whom I sue for grace;
The cold blood forsaketh my face!
What means this?

But if I sit near her by,
With loud voice, my heart doth cry;
And yet my mouth is dumb and dry!
What means this?

To ask for help, no heart I have!
My tongue doth fail, what I should crave;
Yet inwardly I rage and rave!

What means this?

Thus have I passed many a year,
And many a day, though nought appear,
But most of that that most I fear!

What means this?

WHO hath heard of such cruelty before?

That when my plaint remembered her my woe,
That caused it, She, cruel more and more,

Wished each stitch (as She did sit and sew)
Had pricked my heart, for to increase my sore!

And, as I think, She thought it had been so:

For, as She thought 'This is his heart indeed!'
She prickèd hard; and made herself to bleed.

SHE sat and sewed, that hath done me the wrong

Whereof I plain; and have done many a day:
And, whilst She heard my plaint in piteous Song,
[She] wished my heart, the Sampler! as it lay.

The blind Master, whom I have served so long,
Grudging to hear, that he did hear her say,

Made her own weapon do her finger bleed;
To feel if pricking were so good indeed!

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel Will! and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage!
For though thy empire stretch to Indian Sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thule,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou; and no Governor!

If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning!
For He, that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble, in his working!
So that, wretched no way thou mayst be,
Except foul Lust and Vice do conquer thee!

All were it so, thou hadst a flood of gold;
Unto thy thirst yet should it not suffice!
And though, with Indian stones, a thousand fold
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ychargèd were thy back; thy covetise
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profit!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?

Say, 'Nay!'; say, 'Nay!' for shame!

To save thee from the blame

Of all my grief and grame!

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say, 'Nay!'; say, 'Nay!'

And wilt thou leave me thus?

That hath loved thee so long

In wealth and woe among!

And is thy heart so strong

As for to leave me thus?

Say, 'Nay!'; say, 'Nay!'

And wilt thou leave me thus?

That hath given thee my heart,

Never for to depart;

Neither for pain, nor smart!

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say, 'Nay!'; say, 'Nay!'

And wilt thou leave me thus?

And have no more pity

Of him that loveth thee?

Helas! thy cruelty!

And wilt thou leave me thus?

Say, 'Nay!'; say, 'Nay!'

My Lute, awake! Perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that I have now begun!
For when this Song is sung and past,
My Lute, be still! for I have done.

As to be heard, where ear is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My Song may pierce her heart as soon!
Should we then sigh? or sing? or moan?
No! No! my Lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As She my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

'Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough LOVE's shot;
By whom, unkind! thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot!
Although my Lute and I have done.

'Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest pain!
Think not, alone under the sun,
Unquit, to cause thy Lovers plain!
Although my Lute and I have done.

'Perchance, thee lie withered and old,
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining, in vain, unto the Moon!
Thy wishes then dare not be told!
Care then who list, for I have done!

'And then, may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy Lovers sigh and swoon:
Then, shalt thou know Beauty but lent;
And wish and want, as I have done!'

Now cease, my Lute! This is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun!
Now is this Song both sung and past!
My Lute, be still! for I have done.

HELP me to seek! for I lost it there:
And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,
And seek to convey it secretly,
Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly
Or else it will plain, and then appair!
But pray restore it mannerly,
Since that I do ask it thus honestly
For to lese it, it sitteth me too near!

Help me to seek!

Alas! and is there no remedy?
But have I thus lost it wilfully?
I wis it was a thing all too dear
To be bestowed, and wist not where!
It was mine Heart! I pray you, heartily,

Help me to seek!

Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen heart!
Go, break the ice, which Pity's painful dart
Might never pierce! and if mortal prayer
In Heaven may be heard, at least, I desire
That Death, or Mercy, be end of my smart!
Take with thee Pain, whereof I have my part;
And eke the flame, from which I cannot start!
And leave me then in rest, I you require!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Go, burning sighs!

I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart.

Alas! I cannot therefore assail her
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,
That out of my breast doth strainably start!

Go, burning sighs!

BEHOLD, LOVE! thy power how She despiseth!
My great pain, how little She regardeth!

The holy oath, whereof She takes no cure,
Broken She hath; and yet She bideth sure,
Right at her ease, and little thee She dreadeth!
Weaponed thou art; and She unarmèd sitteth!
To thee disdainful, all her life She leadeth!
To me spiteful, without cause, or measure!

Behold, LOVE!

I am in hold. If pity thee moveth;
Go, bend thy bow! that stony hearts breaketh,
And, with some stroke, revenge the displeasure
Of thee; and him, that sorrow doth endure,
And, as his Lord, thee lowly here intreateth!

Behold, LOVE!

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a troth as I have meant!
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know! since when
The suit, the service, none tell can!
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays!
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this!
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss!
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved!
The which so long hath thee so loved;
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved!
Forget not this!

AND if that [an] Eye may save, or slay,
And strike more deep than weapon long;
And if an Eye, by subtle play,
May move one more than any tongue;
How can ye say, That I do wrong
Thus to suspect, without desert?
For th' Eye is traitor of the Heart!

To frame all well, I am content
That it were done unwittingly;
But yet I say (who will assent!),
To do but well, do nothing why
That men should deem the contrary!
For it is said, by men expert,
That th' Eye is traitor of the Heart!

But yet, alas! that look, all soul!
That I do claim, of right, to have,
Should not, methinketh, go seek the school
To please all folk! For who can crave
Friendlier thing, than heart wit[h]save
By look, to give in friendly part!
For th' Eye is traitor of the Heart!

And my suspect is without blame;
For, as ye say, not only I,
But other moe have deemed the same!
Then is it not of jealousy;
But subtle look of reckless eye
Did range too far, to make me smart!
For th' Eye is traitor of the Heart!

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

WRITTEN TO JOHN POYNTZ.

MINE own JOHN POYNTZ! Since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of Courts, whereso they go;
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks; wrapped within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law:
It is not that because I scorn or mock
The power of them whom Fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke.
But, true it is, that I have always meant
Less to esteem them, than the common sort
Of outward things that judge, in their intent,
Without regard, what inward doth resort.
I grant, sometime, of Glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart! Me list not, to report
Blame by honour; and honour to desire!
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?

My POYNTZ! I cannot frame my tune to feign!
To cloak the truth, for praise, without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retain!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

I cannot honour them that set their part
With VENUS and BACCHUS, all their life long ;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart !
I cannot crouch, nor kneel, to such a wrong :
To worship them like GOD on earth alone,
That are as wolves, these silly lambs among !
I cannot, with my words, complain and moan,
And suffer nought ! nor smart without complaint !
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone !
I cannot speak and look like as a Saint,
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure !
Call craft, counsel ; for lucre still to paint !
I cannot wrest the Law to fill the coffer !
With innocent blood to feed myself fat !
And do most hurt, where that most help I offer !
I am not he that can allow the State
Of high CÆSAR, and damn CATO to die !
That with his death did 'scape out of the gate
From CÆSAR'S hands, if LIVY doth not lie :
And would not live, where Liberty was lost !
So did his heart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
To make the crow in singing, as the swan !
Nor call the lion, of coward beasts the most,
That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can !
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
Call him ALEXANDER ! and say, That PAN
Passeth APOLLO in music manifold !
Praise Sir TOPAS for a noble tale ;
And scorn the Story that the Knight told !

Praise him for counsel, that is drunk of ale!
Grin, when he laugheth, that beareth all the sway!
Frown, when he frowneth; and groan, when he is pale!
On other's lust to hang both night and day!
None of these points would ever frame in me!
My wit is nought! I cannot learn the way!
And much the less of things that greater be,
That asken help of colours of device,
To join the Mean with each extremity,
With the nearest virtue to cloak alway the vice;
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To press the virtue, that it may not rise.
As Drunkenness, Good Fellowship to call.
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say, 'He is gentle, and courteous therewithal!';
And say 'That FAVEL hath a goodly grace
In eloquence!'; and Cruelty to name
'Zeal of justice': and change in time and place.
And he that suff'reth offence, without blame,
Call him 'pitiful'; and him 'true and plain,'
That railleth reckless, to every man's shame.
Say, 'He is rude!' that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher, 'a Lover'; and tyranny
To be 'the right of a Prince's reign.'
I cannot, I! No! No! It will not be!
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves; that weigh (as thou mayst see!)
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and to hawk;
And, in foul weather, at my book to sit.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk.
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go ;
In lusty leas at liberty I walk.
And of these news I feel nor weal, nor woe ;
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel !
No force for that ; for it is ordered so ;
That I may leap both hedge and dike full well.

I am not now in France, to judge the wine,
With sav'ry sauce those delicatès to feel !
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem !
I meddle not with wits that be so fine ;
Nor Flanders' cheer letteth not my sight to deem
Of black and white ; nor taketh my wit away
With beastliness those beasts do so esteem !
Nor I am not where CHRIST is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason, at Rome !
A common practice usèd night and day.

But here I am in Kent and Christendom ;
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme :
Where if thou list, my POYNTZ ! for to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do spend my time !

ONCE, as methought, FORTUNE me kist,
And bade me, Ask what I thought best;
And I should have it, as me list!
Therewith, to set my heart in rest.

I askèd nought, but my dear Heart
To have for evermore mine own!
Then, at an end were all my smart!
Then, should I need no more moan!

Yet, for all that, a stormy blast
Had overturned this goodly day;
And FORTUNE seemèd, at the last,
That to her promise she said 'Nay!'

But, like as one out of despair,
To sudden hope revivèd I!
Now, FORTUNE sheweth herself so fair,
That I content me wonderly!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

My most desire, my hand may reach!
My will is alway at my hand!
Me need not long for to beseech
Her, that hath power me to command!

What earthly thing more can I crave!
What would I wish more at my will!
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still!

For FORTUNE hath kept her promise,
In granting me my most desire!
Of my suff'rance I have redress;
And I content me with my hire!

PASS forth, my wonted cries!
Those cruel ears to pierce;
Which, in most hateful wise,
Do still my plaints reverse.
Do you, my tears! also
So wet her barren heart,
That Pity there may grow,
And Cruelty depart!

For though hard rocks among
 She seems to have been bred,
And of the tiger long
 Been nourishèd and fed ;
Yet shall that nature change,
 If Pity once take place !
Whom, as unknown and strange,
 She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,
 Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
 Hard stones doth pierce at length ;
So, in her stony heart,
 My plaints, at last, shall grave !
And, rigour set apart,
 With grant of that I crave !

Wherefore, my plaints ! present
 Still so to her my suit,
As ye, through her assent,
 May bring to me some fruit !
And as she shall me prove ;
 So bid her me regard,
And render love for love !
 Which is a just reward.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

A FACE, that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair; but lovely to behold!
Of lively look, all grief for to repel!

With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell!
The tress also should be of crispèd gold!
With wit, and these, perchance, I might be tied;
And knit again with knot that should not slide!

DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me. MINERVA me taught.
Nature, my mother. Craft nourished me year by year.
Three bodies are my food. My strength is in nought.
Anger, Wrath, Waste, and Noise are my children dear.
Guess, friend! what I am? and how I am wrought?
Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere.
Know me, and use me; and I may thee defend!
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end!

WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food: my drink is bitter tears.
Clinking of fetters would such music crave.
Stink and close air away my life it wears.
Pure Innocence is all the hope I have!
Rain, wind, or weather judge I by mine ears!
Malice assaults that Righteousness should have!
Sure I am, BRYAN! this wound shall heal again;
But yet, alas! the scar shall still remain!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

O, GOODLY hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain.
Dear hand! alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain!

O, fingers slight,
Departed right,
So long! so small! so round!
Goodly begun;
And yet alone
Most cruel in my wound!

With lilies white,
And roses bright,
Doth stain thy colour fair!
Nature did lend
Each finger's end,
A pearl for to repair.

Consent, at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy demain,
For service true,
On me to rue;
And reach me love again!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

And if not so
Then, with more woe,
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suff'reth smart;
And rid it out of pain!

HEAVEN, and Earth, and all that hear me plain,
Do well perceive what care doth cause me cry;
Save you alone, to whom I cry, in vain,
Mercy! Madam! alas! I die! I die!

If that you sleep, I humbly you require
Forbear a while; and let your rigour slake!
Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;
To hear my plaint, dear Heart! awake! awake!

Since that so oft ye have made me to wake
In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;
Displease you not, if force do now me make
To break your sleep, crying 'Alas! Alas!'

It is the last trouble that ye shall have
Of me, Madam! to hear my last complaint!
Pity, at least, your poor unhappy slave!
For, in despair, alas! I faint! I faint!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

It is not now, but long and long ago,
I have you served, as to my power and might,
As faithfully as any man might do;
Claiming of you nothing of right! of right!

Save, of your grace, only to stay my life;
That fleeth as fast as cloud afore the wind!
For since that first I entered in this strife,
An inward death hath fret my mind! my mind!

If I had suffered this, to you un'ware,
Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame!
But since you know my woe and all my care,
Why do I die? alas! for shame! for shame!

I know right well, my face, my look, my tears,
Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary cheer,
Have cried my death full oft unto your ears!
Hard of belief it doth appear! appear!

A better proof I see that ye would have
How I am dead! Therefore, when ye hear tell,
Believe it not, although ye see my grave!
Cruel! unkind! I say, Farewell! Farewell!

PATIENCE! Though I have not
The thing that I require,
I must, of force, God wot!
Forbear my most desire!
For no ways can I find
To sail against the wind!

Patience! Do what they will
To work me woe or spite;
I shall content me still
To think, both day and night!
To think and hold my peace;
Since there is no redress!

Patience, withouten blame!
For I offended nought!
I know, they know the same;
Though they have changed their thought.
Was ever thought so moved,
To hate that it hath loved!

Patience of all my harm!
For Fortune is my foe!
Patience must be the charm
To heal me of my woe!
Patience without offence
Is a painful Patience!

My Pen! take pain, a little space,
To follow that which doth me chase;
And hath in hold my heart so sore:
But when thou hast, this brought to pass;
My Pen! I prithee, write no more!

Remember, oft, thou hast me eased,
And all my pains full well appeased:
But now I know, unknown before,
For where I trust, I am deceived!
And yet, my Pen! thou canst no more!

A time thou hadst, as others have,
To write which way my hope to crave.
That time is past! Withdraw therefore!
Since we do lose that others have;
As good leave off, and write no more!

In worth to use another way;
Not as we would, but as we may!
For once my loss is past restore,
And my desire is my decay;
My Pen! yet write a little more!

To love in vain whoever shall,
Of worldly pain it passeth all!
As in like case I find: wherefore
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!
Alas! my Pen! now write no more!

Since thou hast taken pain, this space,
To follow that which doth me chase;
And hath in hold my heart so sore:
Now hast thou brought my mind to pass;
My Pen! I prithee, write no more!

LIKE to these unmeasurable mountains
Is my painful life, the burden of ire;
For of great height be they, and high is my desire:
And I, of tears; and they be full of fountains.
Under craggy rocks, they have full barren plains;
Hard thoughts in me, my woeful mind doth tire.
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire;
Small effect, with great trust, in me remains.
The boist'rous winds oft their high boughs do blast;
Hot sighs from me continually be shed.
Cattle, in them; and in me love is fed.
Immovable am I; and they are full steadfast.
Of restless birds, they have the tone and note;
And I, always plaints that pass through my throat.

RESOUND my voice, ye woods! that hear me plain,
Both hills and vales causing reflection;
And rivers eke! record ye of my pain;
Which have ye oft forced, by compassion,
As Judges, to hear mine exclamation:
Among whom pity, I find, doth remain;
Where I it seek, alas! there is disdain!

Oft, ye rivers! to hear my woeful sound,
Have stopped your course; and, plainly to express,
Many a tear, by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept, to hear my heaviness;
Which causeless I suffer without redress.
The hugy oaks have roarèd in the wind.
Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.

Why then, helas! doth not She on me rue?
Or is her heart so hard, that no pity
May in it sink, my joy for to renew?
O, stony heart! who hath thus framèd thee
So cruel, that art cloakèd with beauty?
No grace to me, from thee there may proceed;
But, as reward, death for to be my meed.

Is it possible
That so high debate,
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,
Should end so soon; and was begun so late?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
So cruel intent,
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,
From love to hate, and thence for to relent?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
That any may find,
Within one heart, so diverse mind,
To change, or turn, as weather and wind?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
To spy it in an eye
That turns as oft as chance, or die,
The truth whereof can any try?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
For to turn so oft,
To bring that low'st that was most aloft;
And to fall highest, yet to light soft?
Is it possible?

All is possible!
Whoso list, believe!
Trust therefore first, and after preve!
As Men wed Ladies by licence and leave,
All is possible!

WHERE shall I have, at mine own will,
Tears to complain? Where shall I fet
Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill;
And then again my plaints repeat?

For though my plaint shall have none end,
My tears cannot suffice my woe!
To moan my harm have I no friend;
For Fortune's friend is Mishap's foe!

Comfort, God wot! else have I none,
But in the wind to waste my words!
Nought moveth you my deadly moan;
But all you turn it into bordes!

I speak not now, to move your heart;
That you should rue upon my pain!
The sentence given, may not revert!
I know such labour were but vain!

But since that I, for you, my Dear!
Have lost that thing that was my best;
A right small loss it must appear,
To lese these words, and all the rest!

But though they sparkle in the wind;
Yet shall they shew your falsèd faith!
Which is returned unto his kind,
For *like to like*, the proverb saith.

Fortune and you did me advance!
Methought, I swam; and could not drown!
Happiest of all! But my mischance
Did lift me up, to throw me down!

And you, with her, of cruelty,
Did set your foot upon my neck,
Me, and my welfare, to oppress!
Without offence, your heart to wreak!

Where are your pleasant words? alas!
Where is your faith? your steadfastness?
There is no more! but all doth pass;
And I am left all comfortless!

But since so much it doth you grieve,
And also me my wretched life;
Have here my troth! Naught shall relieve,
But death alone, my weary strife!

Therefore, farewell, my life! my death!
My gain! my loss! my salve! my sore!
Farewell also, with you, my breath;
For I am gone for evermore!

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this, or that, as liketh me!
For lack of wit, the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me!
Though my Songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend;
Though that, perforce, he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend!
To sing to them that heareth me!
Then, though my Songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny;
But, as I strike, they must obey!
Break not them then so wrongfully;
But wreak thyself some other way!
And, though the Songs, which I indite,
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite; and changing, change:
And falsèd faith must needs be known!
The faults so great, the case so strange,
Of right, it must abroad be blown!
Then, since that, by thy own desert,
My Songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself! that hast misdone;
And well deservèd to have blame!
Change thou thy way, so evil begun!
And then my Lute shall sound that same:
But if till then, my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell, unknown! For though thou break
My strings in spite, with great disdain;
Yet have I found out, for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again!
And, if perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

MINE old dear Enemy, my froward Master,
Afore that Queen, I caused to be accited,
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature,
That, like as gold in fire, he might be trièd.
Chargèd with dolour, there I me presented
With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death; and justice always seeketh.

And thus I said, 'Once, my left foot, Madam!
When I was young, I set within his reign;
Whereby other than fiercely burning flame
I never felt; but many a grievous pain!
Torment I suffered, anger, and disdain;
That mine oppressèd patience was past,
And I, my own life hated, at the last!

'Thus hitherto have I my time passèd
In pain and smart. What ways profitable?
How many pleasant days have me escapèd
In serving this false Liar so deceivable!
What wit have words so prest and forceable,
That may contain my great mishappiness,
And just complaints of his ungentleness!

'So small honey, much aloes, and gall,
In bitterness, my blind life hath ytasted!
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With fair and am'rous dance made me be tracèd!
And where I had my thought and mind aracèd
From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure;
Me from my rest he took, and set in error!

GOD made he me regard less than I ought;
And to myself to take right little heed!
And for a woman, have I set at nought
All other thoughts; in this only to speed!
And he was only counsellor of this deed;
Whetting always my youthly frail desire
On cruel whetstone, temperèd with fire.

‘But, O, alas! where had I ever wit,
Or other gift, given to me of Nature,
That sooner shall be changed my weary sp’rit,
Than the obstinate Will that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure,
This wicked traitor! whom I thus accuse!
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

‘He hath chased me thorough divers regions,
Thorough desert woods, and sharp high mountains,
Thorough froward people, and through bitter Passions,
Thorough rocky seas, and over hills and plains,
With weary travail, and with laborious pains.
Always in trouble and in tediousness!
All in error, and dangerous distress!

‘But neither he, nor She, my t’other foe,
For all my flight, did ever me forsake!
That though my timely death hath been too slow,
That me, as yet, it hath not overtake;
The heavenly Gods, of pity, do it slake!
And note they this, his cruel tyranny,
That feeds him with my care and misery!

'Since I was his, hour rested I never;
Nor look to do! and eke the waky nights
The banished sleep may in no wise recover!
By guile, or force, over my thrallèd sprites
He is ruler. Since which, bell never strikes
That I hear not, as sounding to renew
My plaints! Himself, he knoweth, that I say true!

'For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,
As he my heart, where he is resident;
And doth the same, with death daily threaten!
Thence come the tears! and thence the bitter torment!
The sighs! the words! and eke the languishment!
That 'noy both me, and peradventure other!
Judge thou! that know'st the one, and eke the other.

Mine adversary, with such grievous reproof,
Thus he began, 'Hear, Lady! th' other part!
That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,
This unkind man may shew, ere that I part!
In his young age, I took him from that art
That selleth words, and makes a clattering Knight;
And of my wealth, I gave him the delight!

'Now shames he not, on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasant gain,
From his desire; that might have been his pain!
Yet thereby alone, I brought him to some frame;
Which now, as wretchedness! he doth so blame!
And toward Honour quickened I his wit;
Where as a daskard else he might have sit.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

'He know'th how great ATRIDE that made Troy fret,
And HANNIBAL, to Rome so troubelous;
Whom HOMER honoured, ACHILLES that great,
And th' African SCIPIO the famous;
And many others by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above,
I did let fall in base dishonest love!

'And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million!
That, under sun, yet never was her peer
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion!
And, of my grace, I gave her such a fashion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teach,
That never base thought, his heart so high might
reach!

'Evermore thus to content his Mistress,
That was his only frame of honesty!
I stirrèd him still towards gentleness,
And caused him to regard fidelity!
Patience, I taught him, in adversity!
Such virtues learnèd he in my great School;
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool!

'These were the same deceits and bitter gall
That I have used! the torment and the anger!
Sweeter than ever did to others fall!
Of right good seed, ill fruit, lo! thus I gather!
And so shall he, that the unkind doth further!
A serpent nourish I under my wing:
And now, of nature, 'ginneeth he to sting!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

And for to tell, at last, my great service.

From thousand dishonesties have I him drawn ;
That, by my means, him, in no manner wise,
Never vile Pleasure once hath overthrown !

Where, in his deed, Shame hath him always gnawn,
Doubting Report that should come to her ear :
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear !

‘ Whatever he hath of any honest custom ;
Of her and me, that holds he every whit !
But, lo ! yet never was there nightly phantom
So far in error, as he is from his wit !
To plain on us, he striveth with the bit !
Which may rule him, and do him ease, or pain ;
And, in one hour, make all his grief his gain !

‘ But one thing yet there is, above all other !
I gave him wings wherewith he might upfly
To Honour and Fame ; and, if he would, to higher
Than mortal things, above the starry sky !
Considering the pleasure that an eye
Might give in earth, by reason of the love ;
What should that be, that lasteth still above ?

‘ And he, the same himself hath said ere this :
But, now, forgotten is both that and I !
That gave her him, his only wealth and bliss !’
And, at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,
‘ Thou gave her once !’ quod I, ‘ but, by-and-by,
Thou took her again from me ! That woeworth thee !’
‘ Not I ; but price ! More worth than thou !’ quod he.

At last, each other for himself concluded :

I, trembling still ; but he, with small reverence.

‘Lo! thus as we each other have accusèd,

Dear Lady! now we wait thine only sentence!’

She, smiling at the whisted audience,

‘It liketh me,’ quod she, ‘to have heard your
question ;

But longer time doth ask a resolution!’

THERE was never nothing more me pained,

Nor nothing more me moved,

As when my sweet Heart her complained

That ever She me loved!

Alas! the while!

With piteous look, She said and sighed,

‘Alas! what aileth me

To love, and set my wealth so light

On him that loveth not me!

Alas! the while!

‘Was I not well void of all pain,

When that nothing me grieved?

And now with sorrows I must complain,

And cannot be relieved!

Alas! the while!

'My restful nights and joyful days,
Since I began to love,
Betake from me! All things decay!
Yet I cannot remove!
Alas! the while!'

She wept, and wrung her hands withal;
The tears fell on my neck:
She turned her face, and let it fall;
Scarcely therewith could speak.
Alas! the while!

Her pains tormented me so sore,
That comfort had I none;
But cursed my fortune more and more
To see her sob and groan.
Alas! the while!

WHAT should I say?
Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled;
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! Nay! Mistress!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

I promised you ;
And you promised me,
To be as true
As I would be!
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell, my part!

Thought for to take,
It is not my mind ;
But to forsake
[One so unkind!]
And as I find,
So will I trust!
Farewell, unjust!

Can ye say 'Nay!';
But that you said,
That I always
Should be obeyed?
And thus betrayed,
Or that I wist!
Farewell, unkist!

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

PERDY! I said it not;
Nor never thought to do!
As well as I, ye wot
I have no power thereto!
And if I did; the lot,
That first did me enchain,
May never slack the knot;
But straight it, to my pain!

And if I did; each thing
That may do harm or woe
Continually may wring
My heart, whereso I go!
Report may always ring
Of shame of me, for aye!
If, in my heart, did spring
The words that ye do say!

And if I did; each star
That is in heaven above,
May frown on me, to mar
The hope I have in love!
And if I did; such war,
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life afar
From all this lust and joy!

And if I did so say;
The beauty that me bound
Increase from day to day,
More cruel to my wound!
With all the moan that may,
To plaint may turn my Song!
My life may soon decay,
Without redress, by wrong!

If I be clear from thought,
Why do you then complain?
Then is this thing but sought
To turn me to more pain!
Then this, that ye have wrought,
You must it now redress!
Of right, therefore ye ought
Such rigour to repress!

And as I have deserved,
So grant me now my hire!
You know, I never swerved!
You never found me liar!
For RACHEL have I served;
For LEAH cared I never!
And her I have reserved
Within my heart for ever!

*THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE,
FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.*

SUFFICED not, Madam! that you did tear
My woeful heart: but thus also to rent
The weeping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof each letter was written with a tear!

Could not my present pains, alas! suffice
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel;
But new, and new, must to my lot arise?

Use then my death! So shall your cruelty,
'Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart!
And I no more such torments of my heart
Feel, as I do! This shall you gain thereby!

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell! that westward, with thy streams,
Turns up the grains of gold already tried!
For I, with spur and sail, go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun, that showeth her wealthy pride:
And to the town that BRUTUS sought by dreams;
Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side.
My King, my Country I seek; for whom I live!
O, mighty JOVE! the winds for this me give!

ON THE DEATH OF
SIR THOMAS WYATT THE ELDER.

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest ;
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,
And Virtue sank the deeper in his breast :
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A Head, where Wisdom mysteries did frame :
Whose hammers beat still, in that lively brain,
As on a stith ; where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought to turn to Britain's gain.

A Visage, stern, and mild ; where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in Virtue to rejoice.
Amid great storms, whom grace assurèd so,
To live upright, and smile at Fortune's choice.

A Hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme,
That reft CHAUCER the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which, (unparfited, for time)
Some may approach ; but never none shall hit !

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

A Tongue, that served in foreign realms his King ;
Whose courteous talk to Virtue did inflame
Each noble heart. A worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by travail, unto fame.

An Eye, whose judgement none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With Virtue fraught, reposèd, void of guile.

A Heart, where dread was never so impressed
To hide the thought that might the truth advance :
In neither fortune loft, nor yet repressed ;
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant Corpse, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Livèd, and ran the race that Nature set ;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple Soul is fled ;
Which left, with such as covet CHRIST to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead!
Sent for our health ; but not receivèd so.
Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost :
The earth, his bones ; the heavens possess his
ghost.



HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

THE FAIR GERALDINE.

It is doubtful whether the Earl of SURREY had a life-love for the fair GERALDINE, as Sir PHILIP SIDNEY had for his *STELLA*, the Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX. Dr. G. F. NOTT, in his edition of the *Works of SURREY and WYATT*, London, 1815, attributes most of the Earl's Love Songs to the Irish Peeress: but the known facts of the case would seem to forbid this view. Monsieur E. BAPST, in his *Deux Gentilshommes-Poètes de la Cour de HENRY VIII*, Paris, 1891, regards this attachment as a passing and evanescent one.

The facts are briefly these. Lady ELIZABETH FITZ GERALD, a daughter of the Earl of KILDARE, was born at Maynooth, near Dublin, about 1528.

She was brought up as a young girl, in the Household of the Princess, afterwards Queen, MARY, at Hunsdon House, near Ware, in Hertfordshire: in which House, SURREY himself had spent a part of his childhood.

The FITZ GERALDS were popularly called GERALDINES; and also GARRATS, or GARRETS.

It is supposed that Lord SURREY wrote his Geraldine Songs about 1541, when Lady ELIZABETH was about 13, and he about 24, years of age. She evidently rejected him with scorn.

In 1543, when she was 15 years old, she married Sir ANTHONY BROWNE, an old man of 60 years of age.

Lord SURREY was beheaded on January 19, 1547.

Sir ANTHONY BROWNE died in 1548.

In 1552, Lady ELIZABETH, aged 24, became the third wife of EDWARD CLINTON, first Earl of LINCOLN; and died, as Countess of LINCOLN, in 1589, aged 61.

When we remember that the Earl of SURREY had been six years a married man, and that he was the father of several children, when he wrote the Geraldine Songs to a young girl of 13 years of age; his rejection by the Lady ELIZABETH does not seem to be unreasonable: if indeed, these Songs are anything more than Society Verses, or mere poetical exercises.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Only two of the Love Songs distinctly mention the Lady ELIZABETH by name, those on page 54.

The following has been considered to be the opening Poem.

THE sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness,
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,
And once again begins their cruelty,
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The Winter's hurt recovers with the warm,
The parchèd green restorèd is with shade;
What warmth, alas! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I see nothing hath hurt so sore
But time, in time, reduceth a return:
In time, my harm increaseth more and more,
And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
Strange kinds of death in life that I do try.
At hand, to melt; far off, in flame to burn!
And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse!
All thing[s] alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
With cloak of night may cover, and excuse
Itself from travail of the day's unrest:
Save I, alas! against all others' use,
That then stir up the torments of my breast;
And curse each star, as causer of my fate.
And when the sun hath eke the dark opprest,

And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travails of mine endless smart and pain.
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covertly to plain;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest, by my cheer, my chance appear too plain.
And, in my mind, I measure pace by pace
To seek the place, where I myself had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the travail of my thought
Of better state, could catch a cause to boast.
For if I found sometime that I have sought,
Those stars, by whom I trusted of the port,
My sails do fall, and I advance right nought,
As anchored fast. My sp'rits do all resort
To stand agazed, and suck in more and more
The deadly harm; which she doth take in sport.
Lo! if I seek, how do I find my sore!
And if I flee, I carry with me still
The venom'd shaft, which doth his force restore
By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful Song
Print in your heart some parcel of my teen.
For I, alas! in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green,
Rue on my life! or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear; and by my death be seen!

FROM Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race.

Fair Florence was sometime their ancient Seat.
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, first gave her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast :

Her sire, an Earl ; her dame, of Prince's blood.
From tender years, in Britain did she rest

With a King's child, who tasteth ghostly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Bright is her hue, and GERALDINE she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty, of kind ; her virtues, from above ;
Happy is he, that can obtain her love !

THE golden gift that Nature did thee give,
To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will,
With form and favour taught me to believe
How thou art made, to shew her greatest skill ;
Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,
But lively dooms might gather, at the first,
Where Beauty so her perfect seed hath sown,
Of other graces follow needs there must !
Now certes, GARRET ! since all this is true,
That from above thy gifts are thus elect ;
Do not deface them then, with fancies new !
Nor change of minds let not thy mind infect !
But mercy him, thy friend, that doth thee serve ;
Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve !

THE THREE AGES OF LIFE.

LAI D in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw, within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts appear :
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes, [rise.
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did
I saw the little Boy in thought, how oft that he
Did wish of GOD, to 'scape the rod, a tall Young Man to be!
The Young Man eke, that feels his bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich Old Man, to live and lie at rest!
The rich Old Man, that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a Boy again, to live so much the more!
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From Boy to Man, from Man to Boy, would chop and change
degree.

And, musing thus, I think the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change.
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin, [thin ;
How it doth show my dented chews, the flesh was worn so
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say,
'Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of Age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage,
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin,
The which do write two Ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time ;
And thou, that therein beaten art, the happiest life define !'
Whereat I sighed, and said, 'Farewell, my wonted joy!
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me, to every little boy!
And tell them thus from me, "Their time most happy is,
If to their time, they reason had to know the truth of this."'

WHEN raging love, with extreme pain,
Most cruelly distrains my heart ;
When that my tears, as floods of rain,
Bear witness of my woeful smart ;
When sighs have wasted so my breath,
That I lie at the point of death ;

I call to mind the navy great,
That the Greeks brought to Troyè town ;
And how the boisteous winds did beat
Their ships, and rent their sails adown,
Till AGAMEMNON's daughter's blood
Appeased the Gods, that them withstood ;

And how that, in those ten years' war,
Full many a bloody deed was done ;
And many a Lord, that came full far,
There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;
And many a good Knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had HELEN won :

Then think I thus : ' Sith such repair,
So long time war of valiant men,
Was all to win a Lady fair ;
Shall I not learn to suffer then,
And think my *life* well spent to be,
Serving a worthier wight than she ?'

Therefore, I never will repent ;
But pains, contented, still endure !
For like as when rough Winter spent,
The pleasant Spring straight draweth in ure ;
So, after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare !

MARTIAL! the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find.
The riches left, not got with pain.
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The egall friend, no grudge, no strife.
No charge of rule, nor governance.
Without disease, the healthful life.
The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare.
True wisdom joined with simpleness.
The night dischargèd of all care ;
Where wine, the wit may not oppress.

The faithful Wife, without debate.
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate ;
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

PHILLIDA was a fair Maid,
As fresh as any flower ;
Whom HARPALUS the Herdman prayed
To be his paramour.

HARPALUS, and eke CORIN,
Were Herdmen both. yfere ;
And PHILLIDA could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But PHILLIDA was all too coy
For HARPALUS to win ;
For CORIN was her only joy,
Who forced her not a pin !

How often would she flowers twine ;
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of columbine ;
And all for CORIN's sake !

But CORIN, he had hawks to lure,
And forcèd more the field :
Of Lovers' law he took no cure ;
For, once, he was beguiled !

HARPALUS prevailèd nought ;
His labour was all lost !
For he was farthest from her thought ;
And yet he loved her most !

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Therefore waxed he both pale and lean,
And dry as clot of clay.
His flesh, it was consumèd clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard, it had not long been shave,
His hair hung all unkempt :
A man most fit even for the grave ;
Whom spiteful Love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forwatched ;
His face besprent with tears :
It seemed Unhap had him long hatched,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
As one forlorn was he !
Upon his head, always he ware
A wreath of willow-tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale ;
And thus, with sighs, and sorrows shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

‘O, HARPALUS!’ thus would he say,
‘Unhappiest under sun !
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By Love was first begun !

For thou went'st first by suit to seek
A tiger to make tame;
That sets not by thy love a leek;
But makes thy grief a game!

'As easy it were for to convert
The frost into the flame,
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame!

'CORIN, he liveth careless!
He leaps among the leaves!
He eats the fruits of thy redress!
Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves!

'My beasts! awhile your food refrain;
And hark your Herdman's sound!
Whom spiteful Love, alas! hath slain;
Through-girt with many a wound.

'O, happy be ye beastès wild,
That here your pasture take!
I see, that ye be not beguiled
Of these your faithful makes!

'The hart, he feedeth by the hind;
The buck, hard by the doe:
The turtle-dove is not unkind
To him that loves her so.

'The ewe, she hath by her the ram;
The young cow hath the bull:
The calf, with many a lusty lamb,
Do feed their hunger full.

'But, wellaway! that Nature wrought
Thee, PHILLIDA, so fair!
For I may say, That I have bought
Thy beauty all too dear!

'What reason is 't, that Cruelty
With Beauty should have part;
Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart?

'I see, therefore, to shape my death,
She cruelly is prest;
To th' end that I may want my breath,
My days been at the best.

'O, CUPID! grant this my request;
And do not stop thine ears!
That she may feel, within her breast,
The pains of my despairs!

'Of CORIN, that is careless,
That she may crave her fee!
As I have done, in great distress,
That loved her faithfully.

‘But since that I shall die her slave,
Her slave, and eke her thrall;
Write you, my friends! upon my grave,
This chance that is befall.

*‘Here lieth unhappy HARPALUS,
By cruel Love now slain;
Whom PHILLIDA unjustly thus,
Hath murdered with disdain.’*

THOMAS CLERE,

THE FRIEND AND PAGE OF LORD SURREY.

NORFOLK sprang thee! Lambeth holds thee dead!
CLERE, of the County of Cleremont, thou hight!
Within the womb of ORMOND’S race thou bred[st];
And saw’st thy cousin crownèd in thy sight!
SHELTON, for Love; SURREY, for Lord, thou chose!
Ay me! while life did last, that league was tender!
Tracing whose steps, thou sawest Kelso blaze,
Landrecy burnt, and battered Boulogne render!
At Montreuil’s gates, hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his Will;
Which cause did thee, this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfil.
Ah! CLERE! if Love had bootèd, Care, or Cost,
Heaven had not won, nor Earth so timely lost!

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

WRAPPED in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
I see how LOVE can shew, what force there reigneth in his bow :
And how he shooteth eke, a hardy heart to wound ;
And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is found.

For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike :
The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far to seek.
All this I see, with more : and wonder thinketh me,
How he can strike the one so sore ; and leave the other free !

I see that wounded wight, that suff'rth all this wrong,
How he is fed with 'Yeas!' and 'Nays!' and liveth all too long !
In silence though I keep such secrets to myself ;
Yet do I see how She sometime doth yield a look by stealth,

As though it seemed, 'Iwis, I will not lose thee so !'
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly grow.

Then say I thus, 'Alas! that man is far from bliss,
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this !

And She that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign.

Nor are such graces spent, but when She thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let fly.

Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace ;
And smileth, lo! as though She would forthwith the man
embrace :

But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of gall.

Lord! what abuse is this! Who can such women praise,
That, for their glory, do devise to use such crafty ways?'

I that among the rest do sit, and mark the row,
Find that in her is greater craft than is in twenty mo !

Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so well are sped ;
What will She do, when hoary hairs are powdered in her head?

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.

The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings.

The turtle to her make hath told her tale.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs.

The hart hath hung his old head on the pale.

The buck, in brake his winter-coat he flings.

The fishes fleet with new-repairèd scale.

The adder, all her slough away she slings.

The swift swallow pursueth the flies small.

The busy bee, her honey now she mings.

Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see, among these pleasant things

Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs!

IN Cyprus, springs (where as Dame VENUS dwelt)

A Well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,

Were he of stone, as thawèd ice would melt;

And kindled find his breast with firèd flame:

Whose moist poison dissolvèd hath my heart.

With creeping fire my cold limbs are suppressed,

Feeleth the heart, that harboured freedom, smart;

Endless despair long thraldom hath impressed.

Another Well, of frozen ice, is found;

Whose chilling venom, of repugnant kind,

The fervent heat doth quench of CUPID'S wound,

And with the spot of change infects the mind:

Whereof, my Dear hath tasted, to my pain;

Whereby my service grows into disdain.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Lady ANNE [STANHOPE, afterwards] SEYMOUR, the Wife of SURREY's deadly enemy, EDWARD SEYMOUR, afterwards Duke of SOMERSET and Lord Protector, at a Ball at Lambeth, in August 1542, which SURREY had originated—'was author of the game'—refused to dance with him: whereupon he wrote the following Poem.

Lions were the Supporters of the Arms of the HOWARDS; and Wolves, of those of the STANHOPES.

EACH beast can choose his fere, according to his mind;
And eke can shew a friendly cheer like to their beastly kind.

A Lion saw I, late, as white as any snow,
Which seemèd well to lead the race, his port the same did show.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleasèd me,
For still, methought, he seemèd well of noble blood to be.

And, as he pranced before, still seeking for a Make,
As who would say, 'There is none here, I trow, will me forsake!'

I might perceive a Wolf as white as whalès bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none!

Save that her looks were coy, and froward eke her grace:
Unto the which, this gentle beast gan him advance apace;

And, with a beck full low, he bowèd at her feet
In humble wise, as who would say, 'I am too far unmeet!'

But such a scornful cheer, wherewith she him rewarded,
Was never seen, I trow, the like to such as well deserved.

With that, she start aside well near a foot or twain,
And unto him thus gan she say, with spite and great disdain.

'Lion!' she said, 'if thou hadst known my mind before,
Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus; nor all thy pain forlore!

Do way! I let thee wit, thou shalt not play with me!
Go, range about, where thou mayst find some meeter fere for thee!'

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

With that, he beat his tail; his eyes began to flame!
I might perceive his noble heart much movèd by the same.
Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his rage assuage;
And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past his rage,
'Cruel! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light!
Without desert for my good will, to shew me such despite!
How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race
That, with his paws, a crownèd King devourèd in the place;
Whose nature is, to prey upon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of noble blood!
If you be fair and fresh; am I not of your hue?
And, for my vaunt, I dare well say, My blood is not untrue!
For you yourself have heard! It is not long ago
Sith that, for love, one of the race did end his life in woe,
In Tower strong and high, for his assurèd truth;
Where as, in tears, he spent his breath! alas! the more the ruth!
This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could remove,
But willingly to lese his life for loss of his True Love!
Others there be, whose lives do linger still in pain;
Against their wills preservèd are, that would have dièd fain!
But now I do perceive, that nought it moveth you,
My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind so true!
But that your will is such, to lure me to the trade,
As other some, full many years, to trace by craft ye made!
And thus behold our kinds, how that we differ far!
I seek my foes; and you, your friends do threaten still with war!
I fawn, where I am fled; you slay that seeks to you!
I can devour no yielding prey; you kill, where you subdue!
My kind is to desire the honour of the Field;
And you, with blood, to slake your thirst on such as to you yield!
Wherefore, I would you wist that, for your coyèd looks,
I am no man that will be trapped, nor tangled, with such hooks!
And though some lust to love, where blame full well they might,
And to such beasts of current sort that would have travail bright;

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free!
And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,
Which never fed on hand, nor lure, nor for no stale doth care,
While that I live and breathe, such shall my custom be!
In wildness of the woods, to seek my prey where pleaseth me!
Where many one shall rue, that never made offence,
This your refuse, against my power shall bote them no defence!
And, for revenge thereof, I vow and swear thereto,
A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought to do!
And if to light on you, my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me!
And thus, farewell, unkind! to whom I bent and bow;
I would ye wist, *The ship is safe, that bare his sails so low!*
Sith that a Lion's heart is for a Wolf no prey,
"With bloody mouth, go, slake your thirst on simple sheep!" I say,
With more despite and ire than I can now express:
Which to my pain, though I refrain, the cause you may well guess!
As for because myself was author of the game,
It boots me not, that for my wrath I should disturb the same!'

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And showed his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To shew the life that they are in.
The heaven shows lively art and hue
Of sundry shapes and colours new ;
And laughs upon the earth anon.
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind ;
For well she feels that, out and out,
The sun doth warm her round about ;
And dries her children tenderly,
And shews them forth full orderly :
The mountains high, and how they stand,
The valleys, and the great mainland,
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long.

And, even for joy thus of this heat,
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more : but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dear worth,
To mount and fly up to the air ;
Where then they sing, in order fair ;
And tell in song full merrily,
How they have slept full quietly
That night, about their mother's sides.
And when they have sung more besides,

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Then fall they to their mother's breasts;
Where else they feed, or take their rests.

The Hunter then sounds out his horn;
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then Lovers walk, and tell their tale;
Both of their bliss, and of their bale:
And how they serve, and how they do;
And how their Lady loves them too.

Then tune the birds their harmony.
Then flock the fowl in company.
Then every thing doth pleasure find
In that that comforts all their kind.
No dreams do drench them, of the night,
Of foes that would them slay or bite:
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail;
Or men, force them through hill and dale.
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf.
The shipman forces not the gulf.
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife
Should then bereave him of his life.
For when the sun doth once run in,
Then all their gladness doth begin:
And then their skips! and then their play!
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring,

Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that GOD hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught! as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which art my joy and whole delight,
My comfort, and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh, that roar for pain?
Joy they in Song, that do complain?
Are martyrs, in their torments glad?
Do pleasures please them that are mad?
Then how may I, in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?

The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light!
But those that knew their perfectness,
And then do miss their blissfulness,
In martyrs' tunes, they sing, and wail
The want of that which doth them fail!
And hereof comes that, in my brains,
So many fancies work my pains!
For when I weigh your worthiness,
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face,
And how that you are She alone
To whom I must both plain and moan;

Whom I do love, and must do still!
Whom I embrace, and aye so will!
To serve and please you as I can,
As may a woeful faithful man!
And find myself so far you fro,
God knows what torment, and what woe,
My rueful heart doth then embrace!
The blood then changeth in my face,
My sinews dull, in dumps I stand!
No life I feel in foot, or hand!
As pale as any clout, and dead!
Lo! suddenly the blood o'erspread,
And gone again! It nill so bide!
And thus from life to death I slide!
As cold sometimes as any stone;
And then again as hot anon!
Thus come and go my sundry fits,
To give me sundry sorts of wits;
Till that a sigh becomes my friend,
And then to all this woe doth end!

And, sure, I think that sigh doth run
From me, to you where aye you won!
For well I find, it easeth me;
And, certes, much it pleaseth me
To think, that it doth come to you!
As would to God! it could so do.
For then I know, you would soon find,
By scent and savour of the wind,

That even a martyr's sigh it is!
Whose joy you are, and all his bliss
His comfort, and his pleasure eke;
And even the same that he doth seek.
The same that he doth wish and crave,
The same that he doth trust to have,
To tender you, in all he may,
And all your likings to obey,
As far as in his power shall lie
Till Death shall dart him for to die.

But, wellaway! mine own most best!
My joy! my comfort! and my rest!
The causer of my woe and smart;
And yet the pleaser of my heart!
And She that, on the earth above,
Is even the worthiest for to love.

Hear now my plaint! Hear now my woe!
Hear now his pain, that loves you so!
And if your heart do pity bear,
Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe, in all this doubt,
Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,
Of wretched form and loathsome face,
While I stand in this woeful case,
Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,
And says, 'Friend! hark, and understand!
I see well, by thy port and cheer,
And by thy looks, and by thy manner,

And by thy sadness as thou goest,
And by the sighs that thou outthrowest,
That thou art stuffèd full of woe,
The cause I think I do well know!

‘A fantaser thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are overcome!
But hast thou read old pamphlets aught,
Or hast thou known how books have taught,
That Love doth use to such as thou,
When they do think them safe enow,
And certain of their Lady’s grace?

‘Hast thou not seen ofttimes the case,
That suddenly their hap hath turned,
As things in flame consumed and burned?
Some, by deceit, forsaken right!
Some likewise changed, of fancy light!
And some by absence soon forgot!

‘The lots in Love, why know’st thou not?
And though that She be now thine own,
And knows thee well as may be known,
And thinks thee to be such a one
As She likes best to be her own;
Think’st thou that others have not grace
To shew and plain their woeful case?
And choose her for their Lady now?
And swear her troth, as well as thou?

‘And what if She do alter mind;
Where is the love that thou wouldst find?
Absence, my friend! works wonders oft!

Now brings full low that lay full loft!
Now turns the mind now to and fro!
And where art thou, if it were so?’

‘If Absence,’ quod I, ‘be marvellous;
I find her not so dangerous!
For she may not remove me fro
The pure good will that I do owe
To her, whom unneth I love, and shall;
And chosen have, above them all,
To serve, and be her own, as far
As any man may offer her!
And will her serve, and will her love
As lowly as it shall behove;
And die her own, if fate be so!
Thus shall my heart nay part her fro!
And witness shall my good will be,
That Absence takes her not from me!
But that my love doth still increase
To mind her still, and never cease!

‘And what I feel to be in me,
The same good will, I think, hath She!
As firm and fast to biden aye
Till Death depart us both away!’

And, as I have my tale thus told,
Steps unto me, with count’nance bold,
A steadfast friend, a counsellor,
And named is HOPE my comforter,
And stoutly then he speaks and says.

‘Thou hast said truth, withouten “Nays!”’;

For I assure thee, even by oath,
And thereon take my hand and troth!
That She is one, the worthiest,
The truest and the faithfulest,
The gentlest and the meek'st of mind,
That here on earth a man may find!
And if that Love and Troth were gone;
In her it might be found alone!
For, in her mind, no thought there is
But how She may be true iwis!
And tenders thee and all thy heal;
And wisheth both thy health and weal!
And loves thee e'en as far forth then
As any woman may a man!
And is thine own, and so She says,
And cares for thee ten thousand ways!
On thee She speaks! on thee She thinks!
With thee She eats! with thee She drinks!
With thee She talks! with thee She moans!
With thee She sighs! with thee She groans!
With thee She says "Farewell, mine own!"
When thou, God knows! full far art gone!
And even to tell thee all aright,
To thee She says, full oft, "Good night!"
And names thee oft, "Her own most dear!
Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer!"
And tells her pillow all the tale,
How thou hast done her woe and bale;
And how She longs and plains for thee,
And says, "Why art thou so from me?"

Am I not She that loves thee best?
Do I not wish thine ease and rest?
Seek I not, how I may thee please?
Why art thou then, so from mine ease?
If I be She for whom thou carest,
For whom in torments so thou farest;
Alas! thou know'st to find me here,
Where I remain thine own most dear!
Thine own most true! thine own most just!
Thine own, that loves thee still and must!
Thine own, that cares alone for thee,
As thou, I think, dost care for me!
And even the woman, She alone
That is full bent to be thine own!"

'What wilt thou more? What canst thou crave,
Since She is as thou wouldst her have!
Then set this Drivel out of door!
That, in thy brains such tales doth pour
Of Absence and of changes strange.
Send him to those, that use to change!
For She is none, I thee avow;
And well thou mayst believe me now!'

When HOPE hath thus his reason said,
Lord! how I feel me well apaid!
A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,
That all in joy I stand at once.
My hands I throw to heaven above,
And humbly thank the God of Love!
That, of his grace, I should bestow
My love so well as I it owe.

And all the Planets, as they stand,
I thank them too, with heart and hand,
That their aspects so friendly were
That I should so my good will bear
To you that are the worthiest,
The fairest, and the gentillest!
And best can say, and best can do,
That 'longs, methinks, a woman to!
And therefore are most worthy far
To be belovèd as you are!

And so says HOPE, in all his tale;
Whereby he easeth all my bale.
For I believe, and think it true,
That he doth speak, or say, of you!
And thus contented, lo! I stand
With that, that HOPE bears me in hand.
That I am yours, and shall so be,
Which HOPE I keep full sure in me,
As he that all my comfort is,
On you alone, which are my bliss;
My pleasure chief which most I find,
And even the whole joy of my mind;
And shall so be, until the death
Shall make me yield up life and breath!

Thus, good mine own! lo! here my trust!
Lo! here my truth and service just!
Lo! in what case for you I stand!
Lo! how you have me in your hand!
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you find me then!

'So cruel prison how could betide, alas!

As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
With a King's son, my childish years did pass
In greater feasts than PRIAM'S sons of Troy!
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.

The large green Courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up into the Maidens' Tower;
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue!

Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The Palm Play where, despoilèd for the game,
With dazèd eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our Dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the Leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With cheer, as though one should another whelm:

Where we have fought, and chasèd oft with darts,
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength;
Where we did strain, trainèd with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound
With pleasant plaint, and of our Ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothèd holts with green,
With reins aailed, and swift ybreathèd horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The wide vales eke, that harboured us each night;
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just;
Wherewith we passed the Winter nights away.'
And, with this thought, the blood forsakes the face
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upsuppèd have, thus I my plaint renew.
'O, place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me account! Where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls, thou dost each night enclose,
To others lief; but unto me most dear!'
ECHO, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I, alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

GIVE place, ye Lovers! here before,
That spent your boasts and brags in vain.
My Lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sain!
Than doth the sun, the candle light;
Or brightest day, the darkest night!

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had PENELOPE the fair!
For what she saith, ye may it trust
As it by writing sealèd were!
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint,
With wringing hands, how she did cry!
And what she said, I know it, I!

I know, she swore, with raging mind,
'Her kingdom only set apart;
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart!'
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again!

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith! methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun!

WHEN Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head;
The pleasant plots revested green with warm,
The blossomed boughs with lusty Ver yspread,
The flowered meads, the wedded birds so late,
Mine eyes discover: and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell life that 'longs to Love's disport.
Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
Heaped in my breast, breaks forth against my will
In smoky sighs, that overcast the air.
My vapoured eyes such dreary tears distil,
The tender spring, which quicken where they fall,
And I, half-bent, to throw me down withal.

MY RATCLIFF! when thy retchless youth offends,
Receive thy scourge by others' chastisements!
For such calling, when it works none amends,
Then plagues are sent, without advertisement!
Yet SOLOMON said 'The wronged shall recure!';
But WYATT said true 'The scar doth aye endure!'.

See
p. 25.

Monsieur E. BAPST thinks that the next two Poems were written by SURREY, in the person of his Wife, Lady FRANCES HOWARD: which suggestion would become a moral certainty, if Dr. G. F. NOTT's reading of the bracketed line on page 84 be found correct.

O, HAPPY Dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woeful case,
And eke the heavy plight
Of me! that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice.
Good Ladies! help to fill my mourning voice!

In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails, that hath in governance
My life, while it will last.
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furth'ring his hope that is, his sail
Toward me, the sweetè port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes, that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good!

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Wherewith I wake with his return ;
Whose absent flame did make me burn :
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn!

When other Lovers, in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight ;
Drownèd in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand, the bitter night,
In my window ; where I may see,
Before the winds how the clouds flee!
Lo! what a mariner Love hath made me!

And, in green waves, when the salt flood
Doth rise, by rage of wind ;
A thousand fancies, in that mood,
Assail my restless mind!
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe!
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me ; but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase fro me annoy ;
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain :
So dread cuts off my joy!
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth grow.
Now he comes! Will he come? Alas! No! No!

GOOD Ladies! ye that have your pleasures in exile, [while!
Step in your foot! Come, take a place; and mourn with me a
And such as by their Lords do set but little price, [the dice!
Let them sit still! It skills them not, what chance come on
But ye, whom Love hath bound, by order of desire, [require;
To love your Lords, whose good deserts none other would
Come ye, yet once again, and set your foot by mine; [define!
Whose woeful plight and sorrows great, no tongue may well

My Love and Lord, alas! in whom consists my wealth,
Hath Fortune sent to pass the seas, in hazard of his health.
Whom I was wont t' embrace with well contented mind,
Is now amid the foaming floods, at pleasure of the wind. [send;
Where GOD well him preserve! and soon him home me
Without which hope, my life, alas! were shortly at an end!
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plain,
With short return, he comes anon; yet ceaseth not my pain!
The fearful dreams I have, oftentimes do grieve me so,
That, when I wake, I lie in doubt, whe'er they be true, or no.
Sometime the roaring seas, meseems, do grow so high
That my dear Lord, ay me! alas! methinks, I see him die!
Another time the same doth tell me, 'He is come!
And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair little son.'

[Dr. G. F. NOTT prints this line, from the *Harrington MS.*,

And playing, where I shall him find, with T. his little son.

T. might stand for Lord SURREY's elder boy, THOMAS, afterwards Duke of NORFOLK.]

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

So forth I go apace to see that liefsome sight; [Knight!
And, with a kiss, methinks, I say, 'Welcome, my Lord! my
Welcome, my Sweet! Alas! the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me and my care!'
Then lively doth he look, and salueth me again, [pain?]
And saith, 'My Dear! how is it now, that you have all this
Wherewith the heavy cares, that heaped are in my breast,
Break forth; and me dischargen clean of all my huge unrest.
But when I me awake, and find it but a dream,
The anguish of my former woe beginneth more extreme;
And me tormenteth so, that unneth may I find
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mind.

Thus every way you see, with absence how I burn,
And for my wound no cure I find but hope of good return;
Save, when I think, *By sour, how sweet is felt the more!*
It doth abate some of my pains that I abode before;
And then unto myself I say, 'When we shall meet,
But little while shall seem this pain; the joy shall be so sweet!'
Ye winds! I you conjure, in chiefest of your rage,
That ye my Lord me safely send, my sorrows to assuage!
And, that I may not long abide in this excess,
Do your good will, to cure a wight that liveth in distress!

ALTHOUGH I had a check,
 To give the Mate is hard!
For I have found a neck,
 To keep my men in guard:
And you (that hardy are
 To give so great assay
Unto a man of war,
 To drive his men away),

I rede you, take good heed!
 And mark this foolish verse!
For I will so provide,
 That I will have your Fers!
And when your Fers is had,
 And all your war is done;
Then shall yourself be glad
 To end that you begun!

For if, by chance, I win
 Your person in the Field,
Too late then come you in,
 Yourself to me to yield!
For I will use my power,
 As Captain full of might,
And such I will devour,
 As use to shew me spight!

And for because you gave
Me check in such degree,
This vantage, lo! I have.
'Now, check! and guard to thee!'
Defend it, if thou may!
Stand stiff in thine estate!
For, sure, I will assay
If I can give thee Mate!

SET me where as the sun do[th] parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence pressed of people mad, or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray;
Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or else in Hell;
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell;
Sick, or in health; in evil fame, or good:
Hers will I be! and only with this thought
Content myself; although my chance be nought!

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

THESTILIS, a silly man, when love did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid the woods, thus gan his plaint to make.

‘Ah! woeful man!’ quod he, ‘fallen is thy lot to moan,
And pine away with careful thoughts, unto thy Love unknown.

The Lady thee forsakes, whom thou didst honour so;
That aye to her thou wert a friend, and to thyself a foe.

Ye Lovers, that have lost your heart’s desirèd choice,
Lament with me my cruel hap, and help my trembling voice!

Was never man that stood so great in Fortune’s grace,
Nor with his Sweet (alas, too dear!) possessed so high a place

As I, whose simple heart aye thought himself full sure:
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure!

She knows my guiltless heart; and yet She lets it pine!
Of her untrue professèd love so feeble is the twine.

What wonder is it then, if I berent my hairs;
And, craving death, continually do bathe myself in tears!

When CRÆSUS, King of Lyde, was cast in cruel bands;
And yielded goods, and life also, into his enemies’ hands:

What tongue could tell his woe? Yet was his grief much less
Than mine; for I have lost my Love! which might my woe redress.

Ye woods! that shroud my limbs, give now your hollow sound,
That ye may help me to bewail the cares that me confound!

Ye rivers! rest a while; and stay, the streams that run!
Rue THESTILIS! most woeful man that lives under the sun!

Transport my sighs, ye winds! unto my pleasant foe!
My trickling tears shall witness bear of this my cruel woe!

O, happy man were I! if all the Gods agreed
That now the Sisters Three should cut in twain my fatal thread!

Till life with love shall end, I here resign all joy!
Thy pleasant sweet, I now lament; whose lack breeds mine annoy.

Farewell, my Dear! therefore farewell, to me well known!
If that I die, it shall be said, “That thou hast slain thine own!”’

I HEARD, lately, to a Lady
A Lover say;
Which did featly grant, and deny,
As doth ensue.

‘Madam!’ quoth He, ‘remember me!’
‘I will!’ quoth She.
‘Since I love thee, take some pity!’
‘I nill!’ quoth She.

‘In that I can, take me your man!’
‘I will!’ quoth She.
‘Reward me then, in time when!’
‘I nill!’ quoth She.

‘By will and nill, you answer still!’
‘And will!’ quoth She.
‘Revoke that nill, and grant good will!’
‘I nill!’ quoth She.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

AUGUST 2, 1511.

It was Sir EDWARD HOWARD and his elder brother THOMAS, afterwards Duke of NORFOLK, that fought Sir ANDREW BARTON; whose ship was named the *Lion*, and his Pinnacle was named the *Union*. The present text is not later than 1650.

PART I.

As it befel in Midsummer time,
When birds sing sweetly on every tree,
Our noble King, King HENRY the Eighth,
Over the river of Thames passèd he.
He was no sooner over the river,
Down in a forest, to take the air,
But eighty Merchants of London City,
Came kneeling before King HENRY there.

‘O, ye are welcome, rich Merchants!
Good sailors, welcome unto me!’
They swore, by the rood! they were sailors good;
But rich Merchants they could not be!
‘To France, nor Flanders, dare we not pass!
Nor Bordeaux Voyage we dare not fare!
And all for a false Robber! that lies on the seas,
And robs us of our merchants’ ware.’

King HENRY was stout, and he turned him about,
And swore, by the LORD, that was mickle of might!
'I thought he had not been, in the world throughout,
That durst have wrought England such unright!'
But ever they sighed, and said, 'Alas!'
Unto King HARRY this answer again,
'He is a proud Scot! that will rob us all;
If we were twenty ships, and he but one!'

The King looked over his left shoulder,
Amongst his Lords and Barons so free,
'Have I never Lord, in all my realm,
Will fetch yond traitor unto me?'
'Yes! that dare I!' says my Lord CHARLES HOWARD,
Near to the King where as he did stand,
'If that your Grace will give me leave,
Myself will be the only man!'

'Thou shalt have six hundred men!' saith our King,
'And choose them out of my realm so free;
Besides mariners and boys,
To guide the great ship on the sea.'
'I'll go speak with Sir ANDREW!' says CHARLES, my
Lord HOWARD,
'Upon the sea, if he be there,
I will bring him and his ship to shore;
Or before my Prince I will never come near!'

The first of all, my Lord did call,
A noble Gunner he was one.
This man was sixty years and ten;
And PETER SIMON was his name.
'PETER!' says he, 'I must sail to the sea,
To seek out an enemy; GOD be my speed!
Before all others, I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred Gunners thou 'st be my head!'

'My Lord!' says he, 'if you have chosen me,
Of a hundred Gunners to be the head;
Hang me at your mainmast tree,
If I miss my mark past three pence bread[th]!'
The next of all, my Lord, he did call,
A noble Bowman he was one.
In Yorkshire was this Gentleman born;
And WILLIAM HORSELY was his name.

'HORSELY!' says he, 'I must sail to the sea,
To seek out an enemy; GOD be my speed!
Before all others, I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred Bowmen thou 'st be my head!'
'My Lord!' says he, 'if you have chosen me,
Of a hundred Bowmen to be the head;
Hang me at your mainmast tree,
If I miss my mark past twelve pence bread[th]!'

With pikes, and guns, and Bowmen bold,
This noble HOWARD is gone to the sea,
On the day before Midsummer Even;
And out at Thames' mouth sailèd they.
They had not sailèd dayès three,
Upon their Journey they took in hand,
But there they met with a noble ship;
And stoutly made it both stay and stand.

'Thou must tell me thy name!' says CHARLES, my
Lord HOWARD,

'Or who thou art? and from whence thou came?
Yea, and where thy dwelling is?

To whom, and where, thy ship does belong?'

'My name,' says he, 'is HARRY HUNT;
With a pure heart and a penitent mind,
I and my ship, they do belong
Unto the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne.'

'Now, thou must tell me, HARRY HUNT!

As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Hast thou not heard of a stout Robber?

Men call him, Sir ANDREW BARTON, Knight!
But ever he sighed, and said, 'Alas!

Full well, my Lord! I know that wight!
He robbed me of my merchants' ware;
And I was his prisoner but yesternight!

'As I was sailing upon the sea,
And Bordeaux Voyage as I did fare,
He claspèd me to his hatchboard;
And robbed me of all my merchants' ware!
And I am a man both poor and bare;
And every man will have his own of me!
And I am bound towards London to fare,
To complain to my Prince, HENRY.'

'That shall not need!' says my Lord HOWARD;
'If thou canst let me this Robber see,
For every penny he hath ta'en thee fro,
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling!' quoth he.
'Now, GOD forfend,' says HENRY HUNT,
'My Lord! you should work so far amiss!
GOD keep you out of that traitor's hands!
For you wot full little, what a man he is!

'He is brass within, and steel without;
And beams he bears in his Topcastle strong.
His ship hath ordnance clean round about;
Besides, my Lord! he is very well manned!
He hath a Pinnace [that] is dearly dight,
Saint ANDREW'S cross, that is his guide;
His Pinnace bears ninescore men and more,
Besides fifteen cannon on every side.

'If you were twenty ships, and he but one,
Either in chark-board or in hall,
He would overcome you, every one,
And his beams, they do down fall!'
'This is cold comfort!' says my Lord HOWARD,
'To welcome a stranger thus to the sea!
I'll bring him and his ship to shore;
Or else into Scotland he shall carry me!'

'Then you must get a noble Gunner, my Lord!
That can set well, with his eye,
And sink his Pinnace into the sea;
And soon then overcome will he be!
And when that you have done this,
If you chance Sir ANDREW for to board,
Let no man to his Topcastle go!
And I will give you a glass, my Lord!

'And then you need to fear no Scot,
Whether you sail by day or by night;
And to-morrow, by seven of the clock,
You shall meet with Sir ANDREW BARTON, Knight.
I was his prisoner but yesternight,
And he hath taken me sworn,' quoth he,
'I trust my LORD GOD will me forgive,
And that oath then broken be!

You must lend me six pieces, my Lord!' quoth he,
 'Into my ship, to sail the sea;
And to-morrow, by nine of the clock,
 Your Honour again then will I see!
And the hatchboard where Sir ANDREW lay,
 Is hatched with gold dearly dight.'
'Now, by my faith!' says CHARLES, my Lord HOWARD,
 'Then yonder Scot is a worthy wight!'

PART II.

'Take in your Ancients, and your Standards!
 Yea, that no man shall them see!
And put me forth a white willow wand!
 As Merchants use, to sail the sea.'
But they stirrèd neither top, nor mast;
 But Sir ANDREW they passèd by.
'What English are yonder,' said Sir ANDREW,
 'That can so little courtesy?'

'I have been Admiral, over the sea,
 More than these years three;
There is never an English dog, nor Portingal,
 Can pass this way, without leave of me!
But now yonder pedlars, they are past;
 Which is no little grief to me!
Fetch them back!' says Sir ANDREW BARTON;
 'They shall all hang at my mainmast tree!'

With that, they [of the] Pinnacle it shot off,
That my Lord HOWARD might it well ken.
It struck down my Lord's foremast,
And killed fourteen of my Lord his men.
'Come hither, SIMON!' says my Lord HOWARD,
'Look that thy words be true, thou saidst!
I'll hang thee at my mainmast tree,
If thou miss thy mark past three pence bread[th]!'

SIMON was old, but his heart it was bold.
He took down a piece, and laid it full low.
He put in chain, yards nine,
Besides other great shot less and more.
With that, he let his gun-shot go!
So well he settled it with his eye,
The first sight that Sir ANDREW saw,
He saw his Pinnacle sunk in the sea.

When he saw his Pinnacle sunk,
Lord! in his heart he was not well!
'Cut my ropes! It is time to be gone!
I'll go fetch yond pedlars back mysell!'
When my Lord HOWARD saw Sir ANDREW loose,
Lord! in his heart that he was fain!
'Strike on your drums! Spread out your Ancients!
Sound out your trumpets! Sound out amain!'

'Fight on, my men!' says Sir ANDREW BARTON,
 'Wit, howsoever this gear will sway,
It is my Lord Admiral of England
 Is come to seek me on the sea!'
SIMON had a son, with shot of a gun,
 Well Sir ANDREW might it ken!
He shot it in, at a privy place,
 And killed sixty more of Sir ANDREW's men.

HARRY HUNT came in, at the other side;
 And at Sir ANDREW he shot then.
He drove down his foremast tree;
 And killed eighty more of Sir ANDREW's men.
'I have done a good turn!' says HARRY HUNT,
 'Sir ANDREW is not our King's friend.
He hoped to have undone me yesternight;
 But I hope I have quit him well, in the end!'

'Ever, alas!' said Sir ANDREW BARTON,
 'What should a man either think, or say?
Yonder false thief is my strongest enemy;
 Who was my prisoner but yesterday!
Come hither to me, thou GORDON good!
 And be thou ready at my call!
And I will give thee Three Hundred Pounds,
 If thou wilt let my beams down fall!'

With that, he swarmed the mainmast tree,
So did he it with might and main.

HORSELY, with a bearing arrow,
Struck the GORDON through the brain;
And he fell into the hatches again,
And sore of his wound that he did bleed.
Then word went through Sir ANDREW's men,
That the GORDON, he was dead.

'Come hither to me, JAMES HAMILTON!
Thou art my sister's son! I have no more!
I will give thee Six Hundred Pounds,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall!'

With that, he swarmed the mainmast tree,
So did he it with might and main.

HORSELY, with another broad arrow,
Strake the yeoman through the brain,

That he fell down to the hatches again,
Sore of his wound that he did bleed.

It is very true, as the Welshman said,
'Covetousness gets no gain!';
But when he saw his sister's son slain,
Lord! in his heart he was not well!
'Go, fetch me down my armour of proof!
For I will to the Topcastle myself!

'Go, fetch me down my armour of proof!
For it is gilded with gold so clear.
GOD be with my brother, JOHN of BARTON!
Amongst the Portingals he did it wear!'
But when he had his armour of proof,
And on his body he had it on;
Every man, that looked at him,
Said, 'Gun, nor arrow, he need fear none!'

'Come hither, HORSELY!' says my Lord HOWARD,
'And look your shaft, that it go right!
Shoot a good shoot, in the time of need;
And for thy shooting, thou 'st be made a Knight!'
'I'll do my best!' says HORSELY then,
'Your Honour shall see, before I go!
If I should be hanged at your mainmast,
I have, in my ship, but arrows two!'

But at Sir ANDREW he shot then;
He made sure to hit his mark!
Under the spole of his left arm,
He smote Sir ANDREW quite through the heart:
Yet from the tree he would not start;
But he clinged to it with might and main.
Under the collar then of his jack,
He struck Sir ANDREW through the brain.

‘Fight on, my men!’ says Sir ANDREW BARTON,
‘I am hurt; but I am not slain!
I’ll lay me down, and bleed a while;
And then I’ll rise, and fight again!
Fight on, my men!’ says Sir ANDREW BARTON,
‘These English dogs, they bite so low!
Fight on for Scotland and Saint ANDREW,
Till you hear my whistle blow!’

But when they could not hear his whistle blow,
Says HARRY HUNT, ‘I’ll lay my head,
You may board yonder noble ship, my Lord!
For I know Sir ANDREW, he is dead!’
With that, they boarded this noble ship,
So did they it with might and main.
They found eighteen score [of] Scots alive;
Besides the rest, were maimed and slain.

My Lord HOWARD took a sword in his hand,
And smote off Sir ANDREW’s head.
The Scots stood by, did weep and mourn;
But never a word durst speak or say.
He caused his body to be taken down,
And over the hatchboard cast into the sea;
And, about his middle, three hundred crowns:
‘Wheresoever thou land’st, it will bury thee!’

With his head, they sailed into England again,
With right good will, and force and main,
And the day before New Year's Even,
And into Thames' mouth again they came.
My Lord HOWARD wrote to King HENRY's Grace,
With all the news he could him bring,
'Such a New Year's Gift I have brought to your Grace,
As never did subject to any King!

'For merchandise and manhood,
The like is not to be found!
The sight of these would do you good,
For you have not the like in your English ground!'
But when he heard tell that they were come,
Full royally he welcomed them home.
Sir ANDREW's ship was the King's New Year's Gift.
A braver ship you never saw none!

Now hath our King Sir ANDREW's ship,
Beset with pearls and precious stones.
Now hath England two Ships of War;
Two Ships of War, before but one.
'Who holpe to this?' says King HENRY,
'That I may reward him for his pain!'
'HARRY HUNT and PETER SIMON,
WILLIAM HORSELY, and I the same!'

'HARRY HUNT shall have his whistle and chain,
And all his jewels, whatsoever they be!
And other rich gifts, that I will not name;
For his good service he hath done me.
HORSELY! right thou 'st be a Knight!
Lands and livings thou shalt have store!
HOWARD shall be Earl of NOTTINGHAM;
And so was never HOWARD before!

'Now, PETER SIMON, thou art old,
I will maintain thee and thy son!
Thou shalt have Five Hundred Pounds, all gold,
For the good service that thou hast done!'
Then King HENRY shifted his room.
In came the Queen and Ladies bright;
Other errands they had none,
But to see Sir ANDREW BARTON, Knight.

But when they see his deadly face,
His eyes were hollow in his head.
'I would give a Hundred Pounds,' says King HENRY,
'The man were alive, as he is dead!
Yet for the manful part that he hath played,
Both here and beyond the sea,
His men shall have half a crown a day,
To bring them to my brother King JAMY.'

My heart's lust and all my pleasure
Is given, where I may not take it again!
Do you repent? Nay! I make you sure!
What is the cause, then, you do complain?

It pleaseth my heart to shew part of my pain.
To whom? To you! Please that will not me!
Be all these words to me? They be in vain!
Complain where you may have remedy!

I do complain, and find no release!
Yea! do you so? I pray you, tell me how?
My Lady list not my pains to redress.
Say ye sooth? Yea! I make God a vow!

Who is your Lady? I put case, you!
Who? I! Nay! be sure, it is not so!
In faith! ye be! *Why do you swear now?*
In good faith! I love you, and no mo!

No mo but me? No! so say I!
May I you trust? Yea! I make you sure!
I fear Nay! Yes! I shall tell you Why?
Tell on, let's hear! Ye have my heart in cure!

Your heart! Nay! Yes! without measure
I do you love! *I pray you, say not so!*
In faith! I do! *May I, of you be sure?*
Yea! in good faith! *Then, am I yours also!*

THE Hunt is up! The Hunt is up!
And it is wellnigh day;
And HARRY our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The East is bright with morning light;
And darkness, it is fled:
And the merry horn wakes up the Morn,
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies, with golden dyes,
Are glowing all around!
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound!

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free;
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of Hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green;
And smiles in the sky, as he riseth high
To see, and to be seen.

Awake, all men! I say again.
Be merry, as you may!
For HARRY our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

King Henry VIII.

ALACK! Alack! What shall I do?
For care is cast into my heart,
And true love locked thereto.
Hey nonny nonny nonny no!

This other day, I heard a May
Right piteously complain.
She said, 'Alway, without denay,
Her heart was full of pain!'

She said, 'Alas! without trespass,
Her dear Heart was untrue!
In every place, I wot he has
Forsake me for a new!'

'Sith he, untrue, hath chosen a new,
And thinks with her to rest;
And will not rue, and I so true,
Wherefore my heart will brest!

'And now I may, in no manner a way
Obtain that I do sue,
So ever and aye, without denay,
My own sweet Heart! Adieu!

King Henry VIII.

‘Adieu, Darling! Adieu, Sweeting!
Adieu, all my welfare!
Adieu, all things to GOD pertaining!
CHRIST keep you from [all] care!’

Adieu, full Sweet! Adieu, right meet
To be a Lady’s peer!’
With tears wet, and eyes replete,
She said, ‘Adieu, my Dear!’

‘Adieu, farewell! Adieu, *le Bell!*
Adieu, both friend and foe!
I cannot tell, where I shall dwell!
My heart, it grieveth me so!’

She had not said, but, at a braid,
Her dear Heart was full near;
And said, ‘Good Maid! be not dismayed!
My Love! my Darling dear!’

In arms he hent that Lady gent,
In voiding care and moan;
The day they spent, to their content,
In wilderness alone.

King Henry VIII.

PASTIME with good company
I love, and shall until I die!
Grudge who lust; but none deny!
So GOD be pleased, thus live will I!
For my pastance,
Hunt, sing, and dance!
My heart is set.
All goodly sport
For my comfort,
Who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance!
Of good, or ill, some pastance!
Company, methinks, then best,
All thoughts and fancies to digest!
For Idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all!
Then who can say,
But mirth and play
Is best of all!

King Henry VIII.

Company with honesty
Is virtue, vices to flee!
Company is good, and ill;
But every man hath his free will!
The best ensue!
The worst eschew!
My mind shall be
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse!
Thus shall I use me!

ALAS! what shall I do for love?
For love, alas! what shall I do?
Sith now so kind,
I do you find,
To keep you me unto. Alas!

O, MY heart! and O, my heart,
It is so sore!
Since I must needs from my Love depart;
And know no cause wherefore!

‘WHERE TO should I express
My inward heaviness?
No mirth can make me fain
Till that we meet again!’

‘Do way, dear Heart! not so!
Let no thought you dismay!
Though ye now part me fro,
We shall meet when we may!’

‘When I remember me,
Of your most gentle mind;
It may in no wise agree,
That I should be unkind!’

‘The daisy delectable,
The violet wan and blo;
Ye are not variable!
I love you, and no mo!’

‘I make you fast and sure!
It is to me great pain,
Thus long to endure,
Till that we meet again!’

'Now, ROBIN! lend to me thy bow!
Sweet ROBIN! lend to me thy bow!
For I must now a hunting with my Lady go!
With my sweet Lady go!'

'And whither will thy Lady go?
Sweet WILKIN! tell it unto me! [my bow,
And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke
To wait upon thy Lady!'

'My Lady will to Uppingham!
To Uppingham, forsooth, will she!
And I myself appointed for to be the man
To wait on my Lady.'

'Adieu, good ROBIN! all beshrewd!
Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me!
But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
For ang'ring of thy Lady!'

'My hounds shall be led in line
So well, I can assure it thee!
Unless, by view of strain, some pursue I may find,
To please my sweet Lady.'

With that, the Lady, she came in,
And willed them all for to agree:
For honest hunting never was accounted sin!
Nor never shall, for me!

*THE BOOK OF THE FAIR GENTLEWOMAN, THAT NO MAN
SHOULD PUT HIS TRUST OR CONFIDENCE IN,
THAT IS TO SAY,*

LADY FORTUNE;

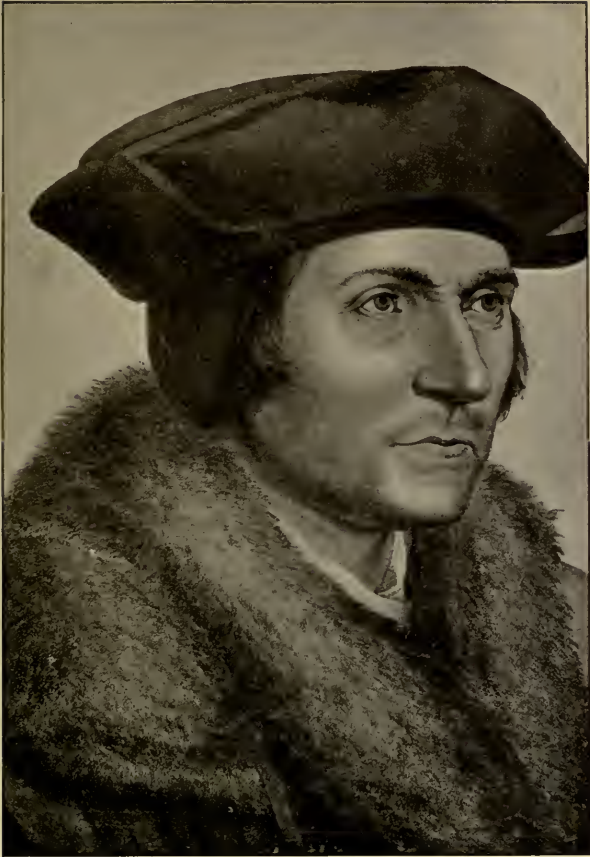
*FLATTERING EVERY MAN THAT COVETETH TO HAVE ALL,
AND SPECIALLY THEM THAT TRUST IN HER,
SHE DECEIVETH THEM AT LAST.*

THE PROLOGUE.

As often as I consider these old noble Clerks,
Poets, Orators, and Philosophers, Sects three;
How wonderful they were, in all their works!
How eloquent, how inventive, in every degree!
Half amazed I am; and, as a dead tree,
Stand still, overrude for to bring forth
Any fruit, or sentence, that is aught worth.

Nevertheless, though rude I be in all contriving
Of matters; yet somewhat to make, I need not to
care!

I see many a one occupied in the same thing!
So unlearned men, nowadays, will not spare
To write, to babble, their minds to declare;
Trowing themselves gay fantasies to draw,
When all their cunning is not worth a straw!



SIR THOMAS MORE.

Some, in French Chronicles, gladly doth presume ;
Some, in English, blindly wade and wander ;
Another, in Latin, bloweth forth a dark fume,
As wise as a great-headed ass of ALEXANDER !
Some, in Philosophy, like a gagging gander,
Beginneth lustily the brows to set up ;
And, at the last, concludeth in the good ale cup !

Finis Prologus.

quod T. M.

FORTUNE ! O, mighty and variable !

What rule thou claimest, with thy cruel power !
Good folk, thou 'stroy'st ; and lov'st reprovable !

Thou mayst not warrant thy gifts for one hour !

FORTUNE, unworthy men setteth in honour !

Through FORTUNE, th' innocent in woe and sorrow
screecheth !

The just man she spoileth, and the unjust enricheth !

Young men she killeth, and letteth old men live ;

Unrighteously dividing time and season !

That good men leseth, to wicked doth she give !

She hath no difference ; but judgeth all good reason,
Inconstant, slipper, frail, and full of treason !

Neither, for ever, cherishing whom she taketh ;

Nor, for ever, oppressing whom she forsaketh.

Finis.

quod T. M.

*THE WORDS OF FORTUNE
TO THE PEOPLE.*

quod T. M.

'MINE high Estate, power, and authority,
If ye ne know, ensearch; and ye shall spy
That Richesse, Worship, Wealth, and Dignity,
Joy, Rest, and Peace, and all things finally
That any pleasure or profit may come by,
To Man's comfort, aid, and sustenance,
Is all at my device and ordinance!

'Without my favour, there is nothing won!
Many a matter have I brought, at last,
To good conclusion, that fondly was begun!
And many a purpose, bounden sure and fast
With wise provision, I have overcast!
Without good hap, there may no wit suffice!
Better is to be fortunate, than wise!

'And therefore hath there some men been or this,
My deadly foes; and written many a book
To my dispraise: and no other cause there is,
But for me list not friendly on them look.
Thus like the fox they fare! that once forsook
The pleasant grapes, and gan for to defy them;
Because he leapt and leapt, and could not come by
them.

‘But let them write! Their labour is in vain!

For well ye wot, Mirth, Honour, and Richesse
Better are than Shame, Penury, and Pain!

The needy wight, that lingereth in distress,
Without mine help, is ever comfortless!

A weary burden odious and loth

To all the World, and to himself both!

‘But he that, by my favour, may ascend

To mighty power and excellent degree,
A common weal to govern, and defend;

O, in how blessed condition standeth he!

Himself in honour and felicity;

And, over that, may further and increase

A whole region in joy, rest, and peace!

‘Now, in this point, there is no more to say!

Each man hath, of himself the governance!
Let every wight then take his own way!

And he that, out of poverty and mischance,
List for to live, and will himself enhance

In wealth and riches, come forth, and wait on me!

And he that will be a beggar, let him be!’

*TO THEM
THAT TRUSTETH IN FORTUNE.*

THOU, that art proud of honour, shape, or kin,
That heapest up this wretched world's treasure,
Thy fingers shrined with gold, thy tawny skin
With fresh apparel garnished out of measure,
And weenest to have FORTUNE always at thy pleasure,
Cast up thine eye, and look how slipper Chance
Illudeth her men, with change and variance!

Sometime she looketh as lovely fair and bright
As goodly VENUS, mother of CUPID!
She becketh and smileth upon every wight!
But this feigned cheer may not abide:
There cometh a cloud; and farewell, all our pride!
Like any serpent, she beginneth to swell,
And looketh as fierce as any Fury of Hell!

Yet, for all that, we brothle men are fain
(So wretched is our nature, and so blind!),
As soon as FORTUNE list to laugh again,
With fair countenance and deceitful mind,
To crouch and kneel, and gape after the wind!
Not one, or twain; but thousands in a rout,
Like swarming bees, come flackering her about!

Then, as bait, she bringeth forth her ware,
Silver, gold, rich pearl, and precious stone:
On which the mazèd people gaze and stare,
And gape therefore, as dogs for the bone!
FORTUNE at them laugheth; and, in her throne,
Amid her treasure and wavering riches,
Proudly she looketh as Lady and Empress.

Fast by her side doth weary LABOUR stand;
Pale FEAR also, and SORROW all-bewept.
DISDAIN and HATRED, on that other hand,
Eke restless watch, fro sleep with travail kept;
His eyes drowsy, and looking as he slept.
Before her standeth DANGER and ENVY,
FLATTERY, DECEIT, MISCHIEF, and TYRANNY.

About her cometh all the World to beg.
He asketh loud, and he to pass would bring
This joy and that; and all not worth an egg!
He would in Love prosper, above all thing[s]!
He kneeleth down, and would be made a King!
He forceth not, so he may money have;
Though all the World account him for a knave!

Lo! thus, divers heads, divers wits!
FORTUNE alone, as diverse as they all,
Unstable, here and there among them flits!
And at adventure down her gifts fall;
Catch whoso may! She throweth great and small,

Sir Thomas More.

Not to all men, as cometh sun or dew;
But, for the most part, all among a few!

And yet her brotall gifts may not last!

He, that she gave them, looketh proud and high.
She whirleth about, and plucketh away as fast;
And giveth them to another by-and-by.
And thus from man to man, continually
She useth to give and take; and slyly toss
One man to winning, and of another's loss.

And when she robbeth one, down go'th his pride!

He weepeth, and wailleth, and curseth full sore:
But he that receiveth it, on that other side,
Is glad; and blesseth her a thousand times therefore!
But, in a while, when she loveth him no more,
She glideth from him, and her gifts too;
And he her curseth, as other fools do!

Alas! the foolish people cannot cease,

Nor void her Train, till they the harm feel!
About her, alway[s], busily they press.

But, Lord! what he thinketh himself well,
That may set once his hand upon her Wheel!
He holdeth fast; but, upward as he styeth,
She whippeth her Wheel about, and there he lieth!

Thus, fell JULIUS from his mighty power!

Thus, fell DARIUS, the worthy King of Perse!

Thus, fell ALEXANDER, the sov'reign Conqu'ror!

Thus, many mo than I may well rehearse!

Thus, double FORTUNE, when she list reverse

Her slipper favour fro them that in her trust,

She flyeth her way, and lieth them in the dust!

She suddenly enhanceth him aloft;

And suddenly mischieveth all the flock!

The head, that, late, lay easily and soft,

Instead of pillows, lieth after on the block!

And yet (alas! the cruel proud mock!)

The dainty mouth, that Ladies kissèd has,

She bringeth in the case to kiss a knave!

Thus, when she chanceth her uncertain course,

Up starteth a knave; and down there falleth a Knight!

The beggar, rich; and the rich man poor is!

Hatred is turned to Love; Love, to Despite!

This is her sport! Thus proveth she her might!

Great boast she maketh, if one be, by her power,

Wealthy, and wretched, both in an hour!

POVERTY, that of her gifts will nothing take,

With merry cheer, she looketh on the press;

And seeth how fortunes should go to wrack.

Fast by her standeth the wise SOCRATES,

ARISTIPPUS, PYTHAGORAS, and many a life

Of old Philosophers; and eke against the sun
Baketh him, poor **DIOGENES** in his tun.

With her is **BIAS**, whose country lacked defence,
And whilom of their foes stood so in doubt,
That each man hastily gan to carry thence;
And asked him, 'Why he nought carried out?'
'I bear,' quod he, 'all mine with me about!'
Wisdom he meant; not **FORTUNE**'s brotell fees!
For nought he counted his, that he might lese.

HERACLITUS too list fellowship to keep
With glad **POVERTY**; **DEMOCRITUS** also.
Of which the first can never but weep,
To see how thick the blind people go,
With great labour, to purchase care and woe!
That other laugheth, to see the foolish apes,
How earnestly they walk about their japes!

Of this poor Sect, it is the usage
Only to take that, nature may sustain.
Banishing clean all other surplusage.
They be content; and of nothing complain!
No niggard eke is of his gold so fain,
But they more pleasure have a thousand fold,
The secret draughts of Nature to behold.

Set FORTUNE's servants by them, and [see] ye will,
That one is free! that other ever thrall!
That one content! that other never full!
That one in surety! that other like to fall!
Who list to advise them both, perceive ye shall
As great difference between them as we see
Betwixt Wretchedness and Felicity.

Now have I shewed you both! Choose which ye list,
Stately FORTUNE, or humble POVERTY!
That is to say, now lieth it in your fist
To take you to bondage, or free liberty!
But, in this point, and ye do after me,
Draw you to FORTUNE, and labour her to please,
If that ye think yourself too well at ease!

And, first, upon thee lovely shall she smile,
And friendly on thee cast her wand'ring eyes;
Embrace thee in her arms; and, for a while,
Put thee into a Fool's Paradise!
And, forthwith, all, whatso thou list devise,
She will thee grant it, liberally perhaps!
But, for all that, beware of afterclaps!

Reckon you, never, of her favour sure!
Ye may, in the clouds as easily trace a hare,
Or in dry land cause fishes to endure,
And make the burning fire his heat to spare,
And all this world encompass to forfare,

Sir Thomas More.

As her to make, by craft, or engine, stable;
That, of her nature, is ever variable!

Serve her, day and night, as reverently
Upon thy knees as any servant may;
And, in conclusion, that thou shalt win thereby
Shall not be worth thy service, I dare say!
And yet look, what she giveth thee to-day,
With labour won; she shall haply to-morrow
Pluck it out of thy hand again, with sorrow!

Wherefore, if thou in surety list to stand,
Take POVERTY's part; and let proud FORTUNE go!
Receive nothing that cometh from her hand!
Love Manner[s] and Virtue! for they be only tho
Which double FORTUNE may never take thee fro!
Then mayst thou boldly defy her turning chance!
She can thee neither hinder, nor advance!

But and thou wilt needs meddle with her treasure,
Trust not therein, and spend it liberally!
Bear thee not proud; nor take not out of measure!
Build not thine house high up in the sky!
None falleth fair, but he that climbeth high!
Remember, Nature sent thee hither bare!
The gifts of FORTUNE, count them as borrowed
ware!

Whoso delighteth to proven and assay
Of wavering FORTUNE the full uncertain lot ;
If that the answer please ye not alway,
Blame not me ! For I command ye, not
FORTUNE to trust ! and eke, full well ye wot,
I have of her no bridle in my fist !
She runneth loose ; and turneth where she list !

The rolling dice, in whom your luck doth stand,
With whose unhappy chance ye be so wrought,
Ye know yourselves ! came never in mine hand !
Lo ! in this pond, be fishes and frogs both :
Cast in your net ! but, be ye lief or loth,
Hold you content, as FORTUNE list assign !
It is your own fishing, and not mine !

And though, in one chance, FORTUNE you offend,
Grudge not thereat ; but bear a merry face !
In many an other, she shall it amend !
There is no man so far out of her grace,
But he, sometime, hath comfort and solace !
Ne none again so far forth in her favour,
That fully satisfied is with her behaviour !

FORTUNE is stately, solemn, proud, and high ;
And riches giveth, to have service therefore.
The needy beggar catcheth a halfpenny,
Some man a Thousand Pounds, some less, some more.
But, for all that, she keepeth ever in store

From every man, some parcel of his will ;
That he may pray therefore, and serve her still !

Some man hath Good[s] ; but Children hath none !
Some man hath both ; but he can get none Health !
Some hath all three ; but up to Honour's throne,
Can he not creep, by no manner of stealth !
To some, she sendeth Children, Riches, Wealth,
Honour, Worship, and Reverence, all his life ;
But yet she pincheth him, with a shrewd Wife !

Then, forasmuch as it is FORTUNE's guise
To grant no man all things that he will axe ;
But, as herself list, order, and devise,
Doth every man his part divide and tax ;
I counsel you, Truss up your packs,
And take nothing at all ! or be content
With such reward as FORTUNE hath you sent !

All things, in this book, that ye shall read,
Do as ye list ! There shall no man you bind
Them to believe as surely as your *Creed* !
But, notwithstanding, certes, in my mind,
I durst well swear, as true ye shall them find,
In every point, each answer, by-and-by,
As are the judgements of Astronomy !

Here fineth Lady FORTUNE !

*HERE FOLLOW TWO SHORT BALLETS,
WHICH SIR THOMAS MORE MADE, FOR HIS PASTIME,
WHILE HE WAS PRISONER IN
THE TOWER OF LONDON.*

LEWIS, THE LOST LOVER.

FY! flattering FORTUNE! look thou never so fair,
Or never so pleasantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruin all repair;
During my life, thou shalt not me beguile!
Trust shall I GOD, to enter, in a while,
His haven of Heaven sure and uniform!
Ever after thy calm, look I for a storm!

DAVID, THE DICER.

LONG was I, Lady LUCK! your Serving Man;
And now have lost again all that I got!
Wherefore when I think on you now and then,
And, in my mind, remember this or that;
Ye may not blame me, though I beshrew your call!
But, in faith! I bless you again a thousand times!
For lending me now some leisure to make rhymes.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down!
They were as black as they might be.
With a down!

The one of them said to his mate,
Down a down!
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'
With a down!

'Down in yonder green field,
Down a down!
There lies a Knight slain, under his shield.
With a down!

'His hounds, they lie down at his feet;
Down a down!
So well they can their master keep!
With a down!

'His hawks, they fly so eagerly,
Down a down!
There 's no small fowl dare him come nigh!'
With a down!

Down there comes a fallow doe,
Down a down!
As great with young as she might go.
With a down.

She lift[ed] up his bloody head;
Down a down!
And kissed his wounds, that were so red.
With a down!

She got him up upon her back;
Down a down!
And carried him to earthen lake.
With a down!

She buried him before the Prime;
Down a down!
She was dead herself ere Even Song time.
With a down!

GOD send every Gentleman,
Down a down!
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a Leman!
With a down!

ALL men, they do wish unto themselves all good;
And he that would wish otherwise, I count him worse
than wood!

And what that good should be, few can tell, or none!
And of that wanton sort, I know myself am one;
That often have desired that thing hath done me harm,
Till REASON ruled fantasy, and my fond wit did charm:
And told me, 'If that good I did intend to have,
Yet neither was in dignity, nor in much gold to save;
But to refuse both twain! to hold myself content,
Not with my fond desires, but that which GOD hath lent!'

Wisdom and experience to know, that all delight
Doth pass as doth the day, that passeth to the night!
A sudden wind doth rise; and when that GOD will call,
Where is then the dignity? Go, take your leave of all!
The Beggar and the Lord in one state then they be!

This REASON doth remember, and saith, 'Go, learn
of me!

Thou wouldst have this and that! and, in thy fond desire,
The very stable good, thou throw'st it in the mire!'

I said unto myself, 'REASON the truth doth tell!'
And to ensue that way, I was contented well;
And wish to win that good, unfeignèd with my heart;
And would that all my friends, of that wish should
have part!

Si ita DEO placet, ita fiat!

TO HIS POSTERITY.

WRITTEN OVER A CHAMBER DOOR, WHERE HE WAS WONT
TO LIE, AT GREAT HALLINGBURY, ESSEX.

NEVER was I less alone, than being alone!
Here in this Chamber, evil thoughts had I none!
But always I thought to bring the mind to rest;
And that thought, of all thoughts I judge it the best!

For if my coffers had been full of pearl and gold;
And Fortune had favoured me, even as that I would,
'The mind out of quiet,' so sage SENECA saith,
'It had been no felicity; but a painful death!'

Leave them who love well to stand in high degree;
I blame him not a whit, so that he follow me,
And take his loss as quietly, as when that he doth win!
Then Fortune hath no mast'ry of that state he is in;
But [he] rules, and is not ruled, and takes the better
part!

O, that man is blessed, that learns this gentle art!
This was my felicity, my pastime, and my game!
I wish all my Posterity, they would ensue the same!

Si ita DEO placet, ita fiat!

*A CAROL
BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.*

*CAPUT APRI DEFERO,
REDDENS LAUDES DOMINO!*

The Boar's Head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary!
I pray you all, sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.

The Boar's Head, I understand,
Is the chief Service in this land!
Look, wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico!

Be glad, Lordès, both more and less!
For this hath ordained our Steward,
To cheer you all, this Christmas,
The Boar's Head with mustard!

[*A CAROL*]

IN DIE NATIVITATIS.

NOWELL! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
Tidings good I think to tell!

The Boar's Head, that we bring here,
Betokeneth a Prince without peer
Is born this day, to buy us dear!
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! &c.

A Boar is a sovereign beast,
And acceptable in every feast;
So mote this Lord be to most and least!
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! &c.

This Boar's Head we bring with song,
In worship of Him that thus sprang
Of a Virgin, to redress all wrong.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! &c.

So few have read the poetical productions of the Rector of Diss, in Norfolk, that it has been thought desirable to give the substance of two of his chief Poems; which are eminently characteristic of the man, and of the Age in which he wrote.

PHILIP SPARROW.

This burlesque Lamentation of the death of Philip the Sparrow by Gib the Cat is supposed to be written by JANE, or JOHANNA, SCROPE, a pupil of the Black, or Benedictine, Nuns at Carrow, a suburb of Norwich. The scraps of Latin are taken from the Roman Catholic *Office for the Dead*. This Poem was written not later than 1509; but it was not printed till after SKELTON's death. It is remarkable for two lists, (1) of birds, at pp. 144-150; (2) of the books that a well-educated Girl in 1509 was supposed to have read, at pp. 151-157.

Pla ce bo!
Who is there? Who?

Di le xi!
Dame MARGERY.

Fa re mi mi.

Wherefore? and why? why?
For the soul of Philip Sparrow,
That was, late, slain at Carrow,
Among the Nuns Black.
For that sweet soul's sake,
And for all sparrows' souls
Set in our bead-rolls,
Pater noster qui,
With an *Ave MARI!*
And with the corner of a *Creed*;
The more shall be your meed!

When I remember again
How my Philip was slain,
Never half the pain
Was between you twain,

PYRAMUS and THISBE!
As then befel to me.
I wept and I wailed!
The tears down hailed!
But nothing it availed
To call Philip again;
Whom Gib, our Cat, hath slain.

Gib, I say, our Cat
Worowed her on that
Which I loved best!
It cannot be exprest,
My sorrowful heaviness;
But all without redress!
For, within that stound,
Half slumbering in a sound,
I fell down to the ground.

Unneth I cast mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skies;
But when I did behold
My Sparrow dead and cold,
No creature but that would
Have ruèd upon me,
To behold and see
What heaviness did me pang,
Wherewith my hands I wrang,
That my sinews cracked,
As though I had been racked!
So pained and so strained,
That no life wellnigh remained.
I sighed and I sobbed,

For that I was robbed
Of my Sparrow's life!
O, Maiden, Widow, and Wife,
Of what estate ye be,
Of high or low degree,
Great sorrow then ye might see;
And learn to weep at me!
Such pains did me fret,
That mine heart did beat!
My visage pale and dead,
Wan, and blue as lead!
The pangs of hateful death
Wellnigh had stopped my breath!

Heu! heu! me!

That I am woe for thee!
Ad DOMINUM cum tribularer clamavi.
Of God nothing else crave I
But Philip's soul to keep
From the mares deep
Of Acherontes' Well,
That is a flood of Hell;
And from the great PLUTO,
The Prince of endless woe;
And from foul ALECTO,
With visage black and blo;
And from MEDUSA, that mare,
That like a fiend doth stare;
And from MEGÆRA's edders,
For ruffling of Philip's feathers;

And from her fiery sparklings,
For burning of his wings ;
And from the smokè's sour
Of PROSERPINA'S bower ;
And from the dens dark
Where Cerberus doth bark ;
Whom THESEUS did affray,
Whom HERCULES did outray,
As famous Poets say.
From that Hell-hound,
That lieth in chains bound,
With ghastly heads three ;
To JUPITER pray we,
That Philip preserved may be !
'Amen!' say ye with me !

Do MI nus!

Help now, sweet JESUS !
Levavi oculos meos in montes!
Would God ! I had ZENOPHONTES,
Or SOCRATES the wise,
To shew me their device,
Moderately to take
This sorrow that I make
For Philip Sparrow's sake !
So fervently I shake,
I feel my body quake !
So urgently I am brought
Into careful thought !

Like ANDROMACH, HECTOR'S Wife,

Was weary of her life,
When she had lost her joy,
Noble HECTOR of Troy;
In like manner also
Increaseth my deadly woe,
For my Sparrow is go!
It was so pretty a fool!
It would sit on a stool,
And learned, after my school,
For to keep his cut,
With 'Philip, keep your cut!'

It had a velvet cap,
And would sit upon my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And sometime white bread-crumbs;
And, many times and oft,
Between my breasts soft
It would lie and rest,
It was proper and prest.

Sometime he would gasp,
When he saw a wasp!
A fly, or a gnat,
He would fly at that!
And prettily he would pant,
When he saw an ant!
Lord! how he would pry
After the butterfly!
Lord! how he would hop
After the gressop!
And when I said 'Phip! Phip!'

Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas! it will me slo,
That Philip is gone me fro!

Si in i qui ta tes.

Alas! I was evil at ease!
De pro fun dis cla ma vi,
When I saw my Sparrow die!

Now, after my doom,
Dame SULPICIA, at Rome,
Whose name registered was
For ever in tables of brass,
Because that she did pass
In Poesy to indite,
And eloquently to write;
Though she would pretend
My Sparrow to commend,
I trow, she could not amend,
Reporting the virtues all
Of my Sparrow royal.

For it would come and go,
And fly so to and fro,
And on me it would leap,
When I was asleep,
And his feathers shake;
Wherewith he would make
Me often for to wake,
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin . .

O pe ra.

La Sol Fa Fa

Confitebor tibi DOMINE! in toto corde meo!

Alas! I would ride and go

A thousand mile of ground!

If any such might be found,

It were worth a Hundred Pound

Of king CRÆSUS' gold,

Or of ATTALUS the old,

The rich Prince of Pergame!

Whoso list the story to see.

CADMUS, that his sister sought,

And he should be bought

For gold and fee,

He should over the sea

To wit, if he could bring

Any of the spring,

Or any of the blood;

But whoso understood

Of MEDEA's art,

I would I had a part

Of her crafty magic!

My Sparrow then should be quick,

With a charm or twain;

And play with me again!

But all this is in vain,

Thus for to complain!

I took my Sampler once,

Of purpose, for the nonce,

To sew, with stitches of silk,

My Sparrow white as milk,
That, by representation
Of his image and fashion,
To me it might import
Some pleasure and comfort,
For my solace and sport
But when I was sewing his beak,
Methought, my Sparrow did speak,
And opened his pretty bill,
Saying, 'Maid! ye are in will
Again me for to kill!
Ye prick me in the head!'
With that, my needle waxed red,
Methought, of Philip's blood!
Mine hair right upstood;
And [I] was in such a fray,
My speech was taken away!

I cast down that there was,
And said, 'Alas! Alas!
How cometh this to pass?'
My fingers, dead and cold,
Could not my Sampler hold.
My needle and thread
I threw away for dread.
The best now that I may
Is for his soul to pray.

A porta Inferi.

Good Lord! have mercy
Upon my Sparrow's soul!
Written in my bead-roll.

Au di vi vo cem!

JAPHET! CAM! and SHEM!

Mag ni fi cat.

Shew me the right path
To the hills of Armony!
Wherefore the birds yet cry
Of your father's Boat,
That was sometime afloat;
And now they lie and rote,
Let some Poets write
DEUCALION'S Flood it hight.

But as verily as ye be
The natural sons three
Of NOAH the Patriarch,
That made that great Ark,
Wherein he had apes and owls,
Beasts, birds, and fowls,
That if ye can find
Any of my Sparrow's kind,
God send the soul good rest!
I would have yet a nest,
As pretty and as prest
As my Sparrow's was!
But my Sparrow did pass
All sparrows of the wood,
That were since NOAH'S Flood!
Was never none so good!
King PHILIP of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I!
No! No! Sir! hardly!

That vengeance I ask and cry,
By way of exclamation,
On all the whole nation
Of Cats, wild and tame!
God send them sorrow and shame!
That Cat specially,
That slew so cruelly
My little pretty Sparrow,
That I brought up at Carrow!

O, Cat of churlish kind!
The Fiend was in thy mind,
When thou, my bird untwined,
I would thou hadst been blind!
The leopards savage,
The lions in their rage,
Might catch thee in their paws,
And gnaw thee in their jaws!
These serpents of Libany
Might sting thee venomously!
The dragons, with their tongues,
Might poison thy liver and lungs!
The manticors of the mountains
Might feed them on thy brains!

Melanchætes, that hound
That plucked ACTEON to the ground,
Gave him his mortal wound,
Changed to a deer,
The story doth appear
Was changèd to a hart:
So (thou foul Cat, that thou art!)

The selfsame hound
Might thee confound!
That his own Lord bote,
Might bite asunder thy throat!
Of Inde the greedy Gripes
Might tear out all thy tripes!
Of Arcady, the bears
Might pluck away thine ears!
The wild wolf Lycaon
Bite asunder thy backbone!
Of Etna, the brenning hill,
That day and night brenneth still,
Set in thy tail a blaze!
That all the World may gaze,
And wonder upon thee,
From Ocean, the great sea,
Unto the Isles of Orcady!
From Tilbury Ferry
To the plain of Salisbury!
So traitorously my bird to kill!
That never ought thee evil will.

Was never bird in cage
More gentle of courage,
In doing his homage
Unto his Sovereign!
Alas! I say again,
Death hath departed us twain!
The false Cat hath thee slain!
Farewell, Philip! Adieu!
Our Lord thy soul rescue!

Farewell, without restore!
Farewell, for evermore!
And it were a Jew,
It would make one rue
To see my sorrow new!
These villainous false Cats
Were made for mice and rats;
And not for birds small!
Alas! my face waxeth pale,
Telling this piteous tale,
How my bird, so fair,
That was wont to repair
And go in at my spaire,
And creep in at my gore
Of my gown before,
Flickering with his wings!
Alas! my heart it stings,
Remembering pretty things!
Alas! my heart it slayeth,
My Philip's doleful death!
When I remember it,
How prettily it would sit,
Many times and oft,
Upon my finger aloft.
I played with him Tittle-tattle
And fed him with my spattle,
With his bill between my lips.
It was 'my pretty Phips!'
Many a pretty kuss
Had I of his sweet muss!

And now the cause is thus :
That he is slain me fro,
To my great pain and woe.
Of fortune this the chance
Standeth on variance.
Oft time after pleasance,
Trouble and grievance!
No man can be sure
Always to have pleasure!
As well perceive ye may,
How my disport and play
From me was taken away,
By Gib our Cat savage,
That, in a furious rage,
Caught Philip by the head;
And slew him there stark dead.

KYRIE eleison ! CHRISTE eleison !

KYRIE eleison !

For Philip Sparrow's soul,
Set in our bead-roll,
Let us now whisper
A *Paternoster* !
Lauda, anima mea, DOMINUM !
To weep with me, look that ye come,
All manner of birds in your kind !
See none be left behind !
To mourning look that ye fall,
With dolorous Songs Funeral !
Some to sing, and some to say ;

Some to weep, and some to pray :

Every bird in his Lay!

The Goldfinch, the Wagtail,

The jangling Jay to rail,

The flecked Pie to chatter

Of this dolorous matter,

And Robin Redbreast,

He shall be the Priest

The *Requiem Mass* to sing ;

Softly warbling,

With help of the Re[e]d Sparrow,

And the chattering Swallow,

This Hearse for to hallow.

The Lark with his long toe,

The Spink and the Martinet also,

The Shoveller with his broad beak,

The Dotterel, that foolish peck !

And also the mad Coot,

With a bald face to toot.

The Fieldfare and the Snyte,

The Crow and the Kite,

The Raven called Rolfe,

His Plain Song to Solfe ;

The Partridge, the Quail,

The Plover with us to wail ;

The Woodhack, that singeth ' Chur '

Hoarsely, as he had the murr.

The lusty chanting Nightingale.

The Poppingay to tell her tale,

That tooteth oft in a Glass,

Shall read the *Gospel* at *Mass*.
The Mavis, with her whistle,
Shall read there the '*Pistle*,
 But, with a large and a long,
To keep just Plain Song ;
Our Chanters shall be the Cuckoo,
The Culver, the Stockdove,
With Puwit the Lapwing,
The *Versicles* shall sing.

 The Bitter[n] with his bump,
The Crane with his trump,
The Swan of Mæander,
The Goose and the Gander,
The Duck and [the] Drake,
Shall watch at this Wake.

 The Peacock so proud,
Because his voice is loud,
And hath a glorious tail,
He shall sing the *Grail*.

 The Owl, that is so foul,
Must help us to howl !
The Heron so gaunt,
And the Cormorant,
With the Pheasant,
And the gagging Gaunt,
And the churlish Chough,
The Rout and the Kough,
The Barnacle, the Buzzard,
With the wild Mallard,
The Divendop to sleep,

The Water-hen to weep.
The Puffin and the Teal
Money they shall deal
To poor folk at large.
That shall be their charge.

The Seamew and the Titmouse,
The Woodcock with the long nose,
The Threstle with her warbling,
The Starling with her brabbling,
The Rook, with the Osprey
That putteth fishes to affray,
And the dainty Curlew,
With the Turtle most true.

At this *Placebo*

We may not well forgo
The count'ring of the Coe;
The Stork also,
That maketh his nest
In chimneys to rest.
Within those walls,
No broken galls
May there abide
Of cuckoldry side;
Or else Philosophy
Maketh a great lie.

The Estridge, that will eat
A horseshoe so great,
In the stead of meat,
Such fervent heat
His stomach doth fret;

He cannot well fly,
Nor sing tunably ;
Yet, at a braid,
He hath well assayed
To Solfa above *Ela*
Fa Lorell Fa Fa.
Ne quando

Male cantando.

The best that we can,
To make him our Bell-man ;
And let him ring the bells.
He can do nothing else.

Chanticleer, our Cock,
Must tell, what is of the clock,
By the Astrology
That he hath naturally
Conceived and caught :
And was never taught
By ALBUMAZAR,
The Astronomer ;
Nor by PTOLEMY,
Prince of Astronomy ;
Nor yet by HALY ;
And yet he croweth daily
And nightly the tides !

The bird of Araby
That potentially
May never die ;
And yet there is none
But only one,

A Phœnix it is,
This Hearse that must bliss
With aromatic gums,
That cost great sums ;
The way of thurification,
To make a fumigation
Sweet of reflary
And redolent of air,
This corse for to cense
With great reverence,
As Patriarch, or Pope,
In a black cope.

Whiles he censeth,
He shall sing the verse

Libera me !

In *De La Sol Re*,
Softly bemole
For my Sparrow's soul.

PLINY sheweth all,
In his *Story Natural*,
What he doth find
Of the Phœnix kind ;
Of whose incineration,
There riseth a new creation
Of the same fashion,
Without alteration,
Saving that old age
Is turned into courage
Of fresh youth again.
This matter true and plain

Plain matter indeed,
Who so list to read.

But for the Eagle doth fly
Highest in the sky,
He shall be thy se Dean,
The Quire to demean,
As Provost Principal,
To teach them their *Ordinal*.

Also the noble Falcon,
With the Ger-Falcon,
The Tarsel gentle;
They shall mourn soft and still,
In their amisse of gray!
The Sacre with them shall say
Dirige for Philip's soul!

The Goshawk shall have a roll,
The Querestrers to control.
The Lanners and Marlions
Shall stand in their mourning gowns.
The Hobby and the Musket,
The censors and the cross shall fet.

The Kestrel, in all this work,
Shall be the holy-water Clerk.

And now the dark cloudy night
Chaseth away PHŒBUS bright,
Taking his course towards the West,
God send my Sparrow's soul good rest!
Requiem eternam dona eis, DOMINE! . . .

Yet one thing is behind,
That now cometh to my mind.
An *Epitaph* I would have
For Philip's grave.

But for I am a Maid
Timorous, half afraid,
That never yet assayed
Of Helicon's Well,
Where the Muses dwell;
Though I can read and spell,
Recount, report, and tell
Of the *Tales of Canterbury*
Some sad stories, some merry,
As *PALAMON and ARCITE*,
Duke THESEUS, and *Partlet*,
And of *The Wife of Bath*
That worketh much scath,
When her *Tale* is told
Among housewives bold,
How she controlled
Her Husbands as she would;
And them to despise,
In the homeliest wise,
Bring other Wives in thought
Their Husbands to set at nought;
And though that read have I
Of *GAWEN* and *Sir GUY*;
And tell can a great piece
Of the *Golden Fleece*,
How *JASON* it wan,

Like a valiant man.

Of ARTHUR's Round Table,
With his Knights commendable,
And Dame GAYNOUR his Queen,
Was somewhat wanton, I ween!
How Sir LANCELOT *du Lac*
Many a spear brake
For his Lady's sake.
Of TRISTRAM and King MARK:
And all the whole work
Of *Belle ISOLD* his Wife;
For whom was much strife . . .
And of Sir LYBIUS
Named *Disconus*.

Of *Quatre fils d'AYMON*,
And how they were summoned
To Rome, to CHARLEMAGNE,
Upon a great pain:
And how they rode each one
On Bayard [of] Mount-albon.
Men see him, now and then,
In the forest of Arden.

What though I can frame
The Stories by name,
Of JUDAS MACCABEUS;
And of CÆSAR JULIUS;
And of the love between
PARIS and VIENNE;
And of the Duke HANNIBAL,
That made the Romans all

Fordrede and to quake :
How SCIPIO did wake
The city of Carthage ;
Which, by his unmerciful rage,
He beat down to the ground.

And though I can expound
Of HECTOR of Troy,
That was all their joy ;
Whom ACHILLES slew :
Wherefore all Troy did rue.
And of the love so hot
That made TROILUS to dote
Upon fair CRESSEID ;
And what they wrote and said.
And of their wanton wills,
PANDARUS bare the Bills
From one to the other,
His master's love to further :
Sometimes a precious thing,
An ouch, or else a ring ;
From her to him again,
Sometime a pretty chain,
Or bracelet of her hair,
Prayed TROILUS for to wear
That token, for her sake.
How heartily he did it take,
And much thereof did make ;
And all that was in vain !
For she did but feign,
The Story telleth plain.

He could not obtain
Though his father were a King.
Yet there was a thing
That made the male to wring,
She made him to sing
The Song of Lovers' Lay.
Musing night and day,
Mourning all alone,
Comfort had he none!
For she was quite gone.

Thus, in conclusion,
She brought him in abusion ;
In earnest and in game,
She was much to blame !
Disparaged is her fame,
And blemished is her name,
In manner half with shame.
TROILUS also hath lost
On her much love and cost ;
And now must kiss the post !
PANDARUS, that went between,
Hath won nothing, I ween !
But light for summer green !
Yet, for a special laud,
He is named TROILUS' bawd !
Of that name he is sure,
Whiles the world shall dure !

Though I remember the fable
Of PENELOPE most stable,
To her Husband most true ;

Yet, long time, she ne knew
Whether he were on live or dead,
Her wit stood her in stead,
That she was true and just,
For any bodily lust,
To ULIxes her Make;
And never would him forsake.

Of MARCUS MARCELLUS,
A process I could tell us.
And of ANTIOCHUS,
And of JOSEPHUS
De antiquitatibus,
And of MARDOCHEUS,
And of great AHASUERUS;
And of VESCA his Queen,
Whom he forsook with teen;
And of ESTHER, his other Wife,
With whom he led a pleasant life.
Of King ALEXANDER,
And of King EVANDER;
And of PORSENNA the Great,
That made the Romans to smart.

Though I have enrolled
A thousand new and old
Of these historical Tales,
To fill budgets and mails
With books that I have read;
Yet I am nothing sped,
And can but little skill
Of OVID, or VIRGIL,

Or of PLUTARCH,
Or FRANCIS PETRARCH,
ALCÆUS, or SAPPHO,
Or such other Poets mo,
As LINUS and HOMERUS,
EUPHORION and THEOCRITUS,
ANACREON and ARION,
SOPHOCLES and PHILEMON,
PINDARUS and DIMONIDES,
PHILISTION and PHOROCIDES;
These Poets of ancienty,
They are too diffuse for me!

For, as I tofore have said,
I am but a young Maid;
And cannot, in effect,
My style as yet direct
With English words elect.
Our natural tongue is rude,
And hard to be ennewed
With polished terms lusty.
Our language is so rusty,
So cankered, and so full
Of frowards, and so dull;
That if I would apply
To write ornately,
I wot not, where to find
Terms to serve my mind!

GOWER'S English is old,
And of no value is told;
His matter is worth gold,

And worthy to be enrolled.

In CHAUCER I am sped.
His *Tales* I have read ;
His matter is delectable,
Solacious, and commendable.
His English well allowed,
So as it is enprowed ;
For as it is employed
There is no English void,
At those days much commended :
And now men would have amended
His English ; whereat they bark,
And mar all they work.

CHAUCER, that famous Clerk,
His terms were not dark ;
But pleasant, easy, and plain.
No word he wrote in vain !

Also JOHN LYDGATE
Writeth after a higher rate.
It is diffuse to find
The sentence of his mind ;
Yet writeth he, in his kind,
No man that can amend
Those matters that he hath penned.
Yet some men find a fault ;
And say, He writeth too haut !

Wherefore hold me excused,
If I have not well perused
Mine English half abused ;
Though it be refused,

In worth I shall it take,
And fewer words make.

But for my Sparrow's sake,
Yet, as a woman may,
My wit I shall assay,
An *Epitaph* to write
In Latin plain and light;
Whereof the Elegy
Followeth by-and-by.

FLOS VOLUCRUM FORMOSE, VALE!
PHILIPPE! SUB ISTO
MARMORE JAM RECUBAS,
QUI MIHI CARUS ERAS,
SEMPER ERUNT NITIDO
RADIANTIA SIDERA CÆLO;
IMPRESSUSQUE MEO
PECTORE SEMPER ERIS.
PER ME LAURIGERUM
BRITONUM SKELTONIDA VATEM:
HÆC CECINISSE LICET
FICTA SUB IMAGINE TEXTA.
CUJUS ERIS VOLUCRIS
PRÆSTANTI CORPORE VIRGO.
CANDIDA NAIAS ERAT,
FORMOSIOR ISTA JOANNA EST!
DOCTA CORINNA FUIT,
SED MAGIS ISTA SAPIT!

Bien m'en souvient!

Bishop JOSEPH HALL, in the Prologue to the First Satire of his *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, wrote—

‘I first adventure! Follow me, who list!
And be the second English Satirist!’

but this was the assertion of mere ignorance. Satires had existed in English for two hundred years before Bishop HALL’s Collection appeared.

In this Volume we give the substance of the two chief English Satires that were written, in his lifetime, against King HENRY’s all-powerful favourite and Minister of State, THOMAS WOLSEY, Cardinal and Legate *a latere*, viz.

- (1) *Why come ye not to Court?* by the Rev. JOHN SKELTON, *Poeta Laureatus et Orator Regius*; and, at pp. 252–265,
- (2) *Read me, and be not wroth!* written at Strasburg by two exiled Franciscan Friars, WILLIAM ROY and JEROME BARLOW.

That SKELTON’s Satire cannot have been written later than January, 1523, is proved by the following lines at page 182:—

‘And, within this sixteen year,
He would have been right fain
To have been a Chaplain;
And [to] have taken right great pain[s]
With a poor Knight.’

This Knight was Sir RICHARD NANFAN, Deputy of Calais, who died in January, 1507.

Other allusions would seem to shew that it was written about November, 1522. It did not, however, come to the press until after the deaths of both SKELTON and WOLSEY.

- (3) ‘The good Earl of SURREY,’ at page 165, was THOMAS HOWARD, who became second Duke of NORFOLK on May 21, 1524; and who was the father of HENRY HOWARD, the Poet. He *began* his naval war against France by taking Morlaix on July 3, 1522: SKELTON’s *Why come ye not to Court?* was therefore written after that date.
- (4) But we can fix the composition of this Satire at a somewhat later time. The line, on page 191,

‘A Goldsmith your Mayor,’

refers to Sir JOHN MUNDY, a member of the Goldsmiths’ Company, who became Lord Mayor of London on October 28 (the old Lord Mayor’s Day), 1522.

Therefore this Satire was certainly written between November, 1522, and January, 1523.

Many have regarded SKELTON as a mere railer and pelter of words: but *Why come ye not to Court?* is very soberly, if keenly, written.

The Royal Style in 1522 was ‘his Grace’; a designation now given to Dukes. It was JAMES I that first assumed the designation of ‘His Majesty.’ It will be noticed that SKELTON tells us at pp. 174, 181, 192, 193, that WOLSEY, the butcher’s son of Ipswich, had also adopted the Royal Style of ‘his Grace’; which was a great piece of arrogance.

After the Wars of the Roses, it was the settled purpose of the House of Tudor to repress the hereditary aristocracy: and it may have suited the policy of HENRY VIII to allow his *parvenu* Minister to harry his Nobles.

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?

ALL Noblemen! of this take heed,
And believe it as your *Creed!*
Too hasty of sentence,
Too fierce, for none offence,
Too scarce of your expense,
Too large in negligence,
Too slack in recompense,
Too haut in excellence,
Too light intelligence,
And too light in credence;
Where these keep residence,
REASON is banished thence,
And also Dame PRUDENCE,
With sober SAPIENCE.

All Noblemen! of this take heed, &c.

Then, without collusion,
Mark well this conclusion!
Through such abuson,
And by such illusion,
Unto great confusion,
A Nobleman may fall,
And his honour appal!
And if ye think, this shall
Not rub you on the gall;
Then the Devil take all! &c.

Hæc Vates ille, de quo loquuntur in illo.

WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?

FOR Age is a Page
For the Court full unmeet!
For Age cannot rage,
Nor basse her sweet sweet:
But when Age seeth that rage
Doth assuage and refrain,
Then will Age have a courage
To come to Court again.

But

Helas! sage over-age
So madly decays,
That Age, for dotage
Is reckoned nowadays.
Thus Age *a grand dommage!*
Is nothing set by;
And Rage in a reraage
Doth run lamentably,
So
That rage must make pillage,
To catch, that catch may;

And, with such forage,
Hunt the boskage,
That harts will run away!
Both harts and hinds,
With all good minds.
Farewell, then have good day!
Then have good day! Adieu!

For default of rescue,
Some men may haply rue,
And some their heads mew!
The time doth fast ensue,
That bales begin to brew!
I dread, by sweet JESU!
This tale will be too true!
In faith! DICKEN, thou crew!
In faith! DICKEN, thou crew!

DICKEN, thou crew! doubtless.
For truly to express,
There hath been much excess,
With banqueting brainless,
With rioting recheless,
With gambauding thriftless,
With spend and waste witless,
Treating of Truce restless,
Prating for Peace peaceless.
Th' [En]count'ring at Calais

Wrang us on the wales!
Chief Counsellor was careless,
Groaning, grudging, graceless;
And, to none intent,
Our tall-wood is all brent,
Our faggots are all spent.
We may 'blow at the coal!'
'Our mare hath cast her foal;'
And 'Mock hath lost her shoe,
What may she do thereto?'
An end of an old Song.
Do right; and do no wrong!
As right as a ram's horn!

Our sheep are shrewdly shorn;
And Truth is all-to-torn!
Wisdom is laughed to scorn!
FAVELL is false forsworn!
JAVELL is nobly born!
HAVEL and HARVEY HAFTER,
JACK TRAVEL and COLE CRAFTER,
We shall hear more hereafter.

With polling and shaving,
With borrowing and craving,
With reaving and raving,
With swearing and staring,
There 'vaileth no reasoning!
For Will doth rule all thing[s]!
Will! Will! Will! Will! Will!
He ruleth always still!
Good Reason and Good Skill,

They may garlic pill!
Carry sacks to the Mill,
Or peascods they may shill,
Or else go roast a stone!

There is no man but one,
That hath the strokes alone!
Be it black or white,
All that he doth is right!
As right as a cammock crooked!

This Bill well overlooked,
Clearly perceive we may,
'There went the hare away!'
The hare, the fox, the gray,
The hart, the hind, the buck!
GOD send us better luck!

GOD send us better luck!

Twit, ANDREW! Twit, Scot!
Ge heme! Ge, scour thy pot!
For we have spent our shot!
We shall have a *tot quot*
From the Pope of Rome,
To weave, all in one loom,
A web of lylse wulce!

Opus male dulce

For whiles he doth rule,
All is worse and worse! . . .
For whether he bless or curse,
It cannot be much worse!

From Bamborough to Botham Bar,
We have cast up our war;
And made a worthy Truce
With 'gup level suse!'
Our money madly lent,
And more madly spent,
From Croydon to Kent,
Wot ye, Whither they went?
From Winchilsea to Rye,
And all not worth a fly!
From Wentbridge to Hull,
Our army waxeth dull,
With 'Turn all home again!';
And never a Scot slain!

Yet the good Earl of SURREY,
The Frenchmen he doth fray;
And vexeth them, day by day,
With all the power he may!
The Frenchmen he hath fainted,
And made their hearts attainted!
Of Chivalry, he is the Flower!
Our LORD be his succour!
The Frenchmen he hath so mated,
And their courage abated,
That they are but half-men!
Like foxes in their den,
Like cankered cowards all,
Like urchins in a stone wall,
They keep them in their holds! . . .

But yet they overshoot us

With crowns and with scutus!
With scutes and crowns of gold,
I dread we are bought and sold!
It is a wonders work,
They shoot all at one mark!
At the Cardinal's Hat!
They shoot all at that!
Out of their strong towns,
They shoot at him with crowns!
With crowns of gold emblazed,
They make him so amazed,
And his eyen so dazed,
That he ne see can
To know GOD nor man!
 He is set so high
In his hierarchy
Of frantic frenzy
And foolish fantasy,
That, in the Chamber of Stars,
All matters there he mars.
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word!
For he hath all the saying,
Without any renying.
He rolleth in his records.
He saith, 'How say ye, my Lords!
Is not my reason good?'
'Good even, good ROBIN HOOD!'
Some say 'Yes!'; and some
Sit still, as they were dumb!

Thus, thwarting over them,
He ruleth all the roast,
With bragging and with boast;
Borne up, on every side,
With pomp and with pride,
With trump up 'Alleluia!'.
For Dame PHILARGERIA
Hath so his heart in hold,
He loveth nothing but gold! . . .

Adieu! Philosophia!
Adieu! Theologia!
Welcome, Dame SIMONIA!
With Dame CASTRIMARGIA,
To drink and for to eat
Sweet hippocras and sweet-meat.

To keep his flesh chaste,
In Lent, for a repast,
He eateth capons stewed,
Pheasant, and partridge mewed,
Hens, chickens, and pigs . . .
This is a Postle's life!

Helas! My heart is sorry
To tell of vain glory!
But now upon this story
I will no further rhyme
Till another time.

Till another time.

What news? What news?

Small news that true is,
That be worth two cuès? . . .

What hear ye of Lancashire?

They were not paid their hire;
They are fell as any fire!

What hear ye of Cheshire?

They have laid all in the mire;
They grudged, and said,
'Their wages were not paid!'
Some said, 'They were afraid
Of the Scottish host,
For all their crack and boast,
Wild-fire and thunder!'
For all this worldly wonder,
A hundred mile asunder
They were, when they were next.
That is a true text!

What hear ye of the Scots?

They make us all sots!
Popping foolish daws!
They make us to pill straws!

They play their old pranks
After Huntley banks!
At the stream of Bannockburn,
They did us a shrewd turn;
When EDWARD of Carnarvon
Lost all his father won.

What hear ye of the Lord DACRES?
He maketh us JACK RAKERS!
He says, We are but crakers!
He calleth us England-men
'Strong-hearted like a hen!'
For the Scots and he
Too well they do agree,
With 'Do thou for me;
And I shall do for thee!'
Whiles the Red Hat doth endure,
He maketh himself cock-sure!
The Red Hat, with his lure,
Bringeth all things under cure.

But as the world now goes,
What hear ye of the Lord Ros?
Nothing to purpose!
Not worth a cockly fose!
Their hearts be in their hose!
The Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND
Dare take nothing on hand!

Our Barons be so bold,
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away and creep!
Like a mainy of sheep,
Dare not look out at door,
For dread of the mastiff cur!
For dread of the Butcher's Dog
Would worry them like a hog!

For and this cur do gnar,
They must stand all afar,
To hold up their hand at the Bar;
For all their noble blood!
He plucks them by the hood,
And shakes them by the ear;
And brings them in such fear!
He baiteth them like a bear,
Like an ox, or a bull.
'Their wits,' he saith, 'are dull!'
He saith, 'They have no brain
Their Estate to maintain!'
And maketh them to bow their knee
Before his majesty.

Judges of the King's laws,
He counts them fools and daws!
Serjeants of the Coif eke,
He saith, 'They are to seek!'
In pleading of their case.

At the Common Place,
Or at the King's Bench,
He wringeth them such a wrench,

That all our learned men
Dare not set their pen
To plead a true trial
Within Westminster Hall.

In the Chancery, where he sits,
But such as he admits,
None so hardy to speak!

He saith, 'Thou huddipeak!
Thy learning is too lewd!
Thy tongue is not well thewed,
To seek before our Grace!'
And openly, in that place,
He rages and he raves
And calls them 'cankered knaves!'.
Thus royally he doth deal,
Under the King's Broad Seal;
And in the 'Chequer, he them checks.

In the Star Chamber, he nods and becks,
And beareth him there so stout,
That no man dare rout!
Duke, Earl, Baron, nor Lord,
But to his sentence must accord!
Whether he be Knight, or Squire;
All men must follow his desire!

What say ye of the Scottish King?

That is another thing.
He is but a youngling!
A stalworthy stripling!

There is a whisp'ring and whipping,
He should be hither brought;
But, and it were well sought,
I trow all will be nought!
Not worth a shuttle-cock!
Not worth a sour calstock!

There goeth many a lie
Of the Duke of ALBANY!
That off should go his head,
And brought in quick, or dead;
And all Scotland ours,
The mounenance of two hours.

But, as some men sain,
I dread of some false train
Subtly wrought shall be,
Under a feigned Treaty!
But, within months three,
Men may haply see
The treachery and the pranks
Of the Scottish banks!

*What hear ye of Burgonions,
And the Spaniard's onions?*
They have slain our Englishmen,
About threescore and ten!
For all your amity,
No better they agree!
GOD save my Lord Admiral!

What hear ye of Muttrell?
Therewith I dare not mell!

Yet what hear ye tell
Of our Grand Council?

I could say somewhat;
But speak ye no more of that,
For dread that the Red Hat
Take pepper in the nose!
For then, thy head off goes! . . .
But there is some traverse
Between some and some,
That makes our Sire to glum.
It is somewhat wrong
That his beard is so long!

He mourneth in black clothing,
I pray, GOD save the King!
Wherever he go, or ride,
I pray, GOD be his guide!

Thus will I conclude my style,
And fall to rest a while!

And so to rest a while, &c.

*Once yet again
Of you I would fraim,
Why come ye not to Court?
To which Court?
To the King's Court,
Or Hampton Court?*

*Nay! to the King's Court?
The King's Court
Should have the excellence!
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence;
And York's Place,
With my Lord's Grace!
To whose magnificence,
Is all the confluence,
Suits and supplications,
Embassades of all nations.
Straw for Law Canon!
Or for Law Common!
Or for Law Civil!
It shall be as he will!
Stop at Law tancrete,
An abstract or a concrete,
Be it sour, be it sweet,
His wisdom is so discreet
That, in a fume or a heat,*

‘Warden of the Fleet!
Set him fast by the feet!’
And of his royal power,
When him list to lower,
Then, ‘Have him to the Tower!’
Sans autre remedy,
‘Have him forth by-and-by,
To the Marshalsea!
Or to the King’s Bench!’
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the Court Royal,
That he ruleth them all!
So he doth undermine,
And such sleights doth find,
That the King’s mind,
By him is subverted;
And so straitly coar[c]ted,
In credencing his tales,
That all is but nutshells,
That any other saith!
He hath in him such faith!

Now yet all this might be
Suffered, and taken in gre,
If that, that he wrought,
To any good end were brought;
But all he bringeth to nought!
By GOD, that me dear bought!

He beareth the King on hand,
That he must pill his land,
To make his coffers rich:

But he layeth all in the ditch ;
And useth such abusion,
That, in the conclusion,
All cometh to confusion.

Perceive ye, the cause Why?
To tell the truth plainly,
He is so ambitious,
So shameless, and so vicious,
And so superstitious,
And so much oblivious
From whence that he came,
That he falleth into Acisiam!
Which, truly to express,
Is a forgetfulness,
Or wilful blindness,
Wherewith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sights.
The Gomorrhians also
Were brought to deadly woe
As Scripture records.

A cæcitate cordis,
In the Latin sing we,
Libera nos, DOMINE !

But this mad AMALEK,
Like to Amamelek [*a Mamaluke*],
He regardeth Lords
No more than potshords!
He is in such elation

Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our Sovereign Lord,
That, God to record!
He ruleth all at will,
Without reason or skill!
Howbeit, the primordial
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy,
He came of the *sang royal*
That was cast out of a Butcher's stall!

But however he was born,
Men would have the less scorn,
If he could consider
His birth and room together!
And call to his mind,
How noble and how kind
To him, he hath found
Our Sovereign Lord! chief ground
Of all this Prelacy;
And set him nobly,
In great authority,
Out from a low degree.

Which he cannot see.
For he was, pardie!
No Doctor of Divinity,
Nor Doctor of the Law,
Nor of none other saw;
But a poor Master of Art[s].

God wot! had little part
Of the Quatrivials,
Nor yet of Trivials,
Nor of Philosophy,
Nor of Philology,
Nor of good policy,
Nor of Astronomy;
Nor acquainted, worth a fly!
With honourable HALY,
Nor with royal PTOLEMY,
Nor with ALBUMAZAR,
To treat of any star,
Fixed, or else mobile.

His Latin tongue doth hobble!
He doth but clout and cobble
In TULLY's faculty,
Called Humanity!
Yet proudly he dare pretend,
How no man can him amend!
But have ye not heard this?
How a one-eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is among blind men!

Then, our process for to stable,
This man was full unable
To reach to such degree,
Had not our Prince be
Royal HENRY the Eighth
Take him in such conceit,
That he set him on height;

In exemplifying
Great ALEXANDER the King.
In writing, as we find,
Which (of his royal mind,
And of his noble pleasure,
Transcending out of measure)
Thought to do a thing
That pertaineth to a King,
To make up one, of nought:
And made to him be brought
A wretched poor man,
Which his living wan
With planting of leeks,
By the days and by the weeks;
And of this poor vassal,
He made a King royal;
And gave him a realm to rule,
That occupied a shovel,
A mattock, and a spade,
Before that he was made
A King, as I have told,
And ruled as he would.
Such is a King's power!
To make, within an hour,
And work such a miracle,
That shall be a spectacle
Of renown and worldly fame.

In like wise, now the same
Cardinal is promoted
Yet with lewd conditions coted,

As hereafter be noted :

Presumption and Vain-glory,
Envy, Wrath, and Lechery,
Covetise and Gluttony,
Slothful to do good,

Now frantic, now stark wood !

Should this man, of such mood,
Rule the Sword of might ?

How can he do right ?

'For he will as soon smite
His friend, as his foe !'

A proverb, long ago !

Set up a wretch on high
In a throne triumphantly,
Make him a great Estate ;
And he will play check mate !
With Royal Majesty !

Count himself as good as he !

A Prelate potential,

To rule under BELIAL,

As fierce and as cruel

As the Fiend of Hell !

His servants menial,

He doth revile and brall,

Like *MAHOUND* in a Play !

No man dare him withsay !

He hath despite and scorn

At them that be well born !

He rebukes them, and rails,
'Ye whoresons! Ye vassals!
Ye knaves! Ye churls' sons!
Ye ribalds, not worth two plums!
Ye rain-beaten beggars rejagged!
Ye recrayed ruffians all ragged!'
With, 'Stoop, thou HAVEL!
Run, thou JAVELL!
Thou peevish pye-pecked!
Thou losel long-necked!'

Thus, daily, they be decked,
Taunted, and checked,
That they are so woe,
They wot not whither to go!

No man dare come to the speech
Of this gentle Jack-breech!
Of what Estate he be
Of Spiritual dignity;
No Duke of high degree,
Nor Marquis, Earl, nor Lord:
Which shrewdly doth accord.

Thus he, born so base,
All Noblemen should outface;
His countenance like a Kaiser.
'My Lord is not at leisure!
Sir! ye must tarry a stound,
Till better leisure be found!
And, Sir! ye must dance attendance,
And take patient sufferance;
For my Lord's Grace

Hath now no time, nor space,
To speak with you as yet!
And thus, they shall sit.

Choose them sit, or flit,
Stand, walk, or ride;
And his leisure abide,
Perchance, half a year;
And yet never the near!

This dangerous dowsipere,
Like a King's peer!
And, within this sixteen year,
He would have been right fain
To have been a Chaplain;
And [to] have taken right great pain[s]
With a poor Knight;
Whatsoever he hight.

The chief of his own counsel,
They cannot well tell
When they with him should mell:
He is so fierce and fell!
He rails and he rates,
He calleth them, 'doddipates!'
He grins, and he gapes,
As it were JACK NAPIS!
Such a mad Bedlam
For to rule this realm,
It is a wonders case!
That the Kingè's Grace
Is toward him so minded,
And so far blinded,

That he cannot perceive
How he doth him deceive!
I doubt, lest by sorcery,
Or such other loselry,
As witchcraft, or charming;
For he is the King's darling,
And his sweet heart-root!
And is governed by this mad coot!

For what is a man the better
For the King's *Letter*?
For he will tear it asunder!
Whereat I much wonder
How such a hoddi-poule
So boldly dare control,
And so malapert withstand
The King's own hand!
And sets not by it a mite!
He saith, 'The King doth write,
And writeth he wotteth not what!'
And yet, for all that,
The King his clemency
Dispenseth with his demency.

But what His Grace doth think,
I have no pen nor ink
That therewith can mell!
But well I can tell
How FRANCIS PETRARCH,
That much noble Clerk,

Writeth, how CHARLEMAGNE
Could not himself refrain;
But was ravished with a rage
Of a like dotage.
But how that came about,
Read ye the story out;
And ye shall find surely
It was by Necromancy,
By carects and conjuration,
Under a certain constellation,
And a certain fumigation
Under a stone, on a gold ring,
Wrought to CHARLEMAGNE the King;
Which constrained him forceably
For to love a certain body
Above all other inordinately.
This is no fable, nor no lie.
At Acon, it was brought to pass.
As by mine Author tried it was.
But let my Masters mathematical
Tell you the rest! For me, they shall!
They have the full intelligence,
And dare use the experience,
In their absolute conscience,
To practise such absolute science!
For I abhor to smatter
Of one so devilish a matter!

But I will make further relation
Of this isagogical collation,
How master GAGUIN, the Chronicler

Of the feats of war
That were done in France,
Maketh remembrance
How King LOUIS, of late,
Made up a great Estate
Of a poor wretched man ;
Whereof much care began.
JOHANNES BALUA was his name,
Mine Author writeth the same.
Promoted was he
To a Cardinal's dignity,
By LOUIS, the King aforesaid,
With him so well apaid
That he made him his Chancellor,
To make all, or to mar,
And to rule him, as him list ;
Till he checked at the fist ;
And, against all reason,
Committed open treason,
And against his Lord Sovereign ;
Wherefore he suffered pain,
Was headed, drawn, and quartered ;
And died stinkingly martyred.
Lo ! yet for all that
He wore a Cardinal's Hat !
In him was small faith,
As mine Author saith.

Not for that I mean
Such a casualty should be seen,
Or such chance should fall

Unto our Cardinal!

Almighty GOD, I trust,
Hath for him discust,
That, of force, he must
Be faithful, true, and just
To our most royal King!
Chief root of his making.

Yet 'it is a wily mouse
That can build his dwelling-house
Within the cat's ear,
Withouten dread or fear!'

It is a nice reckoning
To put all the governing,
All the rule, of this land
Into one man's hand!
One wise man's head
May stand somewhat in stead:
But the wits of many wise
Much better can devise,
By their circumspection
And their sad direction,
To cause the common weal
Long to endure in heal.

CHRIST keep King HENRY the Eighth
From treachery and deceit;
And grant him grace to know
The falcon from the crow!
The wolf from the lamb!
From whence that mastiff came,
Let him never confound

The gentle greyhound!
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound;
And soon may be perceived,
How the World is conveyed!

*But, hark! my friend! one word
In earnest, or in bord!
Tell me now, in this stead,
Is Master MEAUTIS dead,
The King's French Secretary,
And his untrue adversary?
For he sent, in writing,
To FRANCIS, the French King,
Of our Master's counsel in everything!
That was a perilous reckoning!*

Nay! Nay! He is not dead;
But he was so pained in the head,
That he shall never eat more bread!
Now he is gone to another stead,
With a *Bull* under lead,
By way of Commission,
To a strange jurisdiction,
Called Diminges Dale
Far beyond Portingale;
And hath his passport to pass
Ultra Sauromatas
To the Devil, Sir SATHANAS,
To PLUTO, and Sir BELIAL,

The Devil's Vicar General,
And to his College conventual,
As well calodemonial
As to cacodemonial,
To purvey for our Cardinal
A Palace pontifical,
To keep his Court Provincial,
Upon *Articles* judicial,
To contend and to strive
For his prerogative
Within that Consistory
To make Summons peremptory
Before some Protonotary
Imperial or Papal.

Upon this matter mystical,
I have told you part; but not all
Hereafter, perchance, I shall
Make a large memorial,
And a further rehearsal;
And more paper I think to blot,
To the Court why I came not!

Desiring you, above all things,
To keep you from laughing,
When ye fall to reading
Of this wanton Scroll:
And pray for MEAUTIS' soul,
For he is well past and gone!
That, would to God! every each one
Of his affinity
Were gone, as well as he!

'Amen, Amen,' say ye,
Of your inward charity!
 'Amen,'
Of your inward charity.

It were great ruth,
For writing of truth,
Any man should be
In perplexity
Of displeasure!
For I make you sure,
Where Truth is abhorred,
It is a plain record
That there wants grace!
In whose place,
Doth occupy
Full ungraciously
False Flattery!
False Treachery!
False Bribery!
Subtle SIM SLY,
With mad Folly;
For who can best lie,
Is best set by!
Then, farewell to the
Wealthful felicity!
For Prosperity
Away then will flee!
Then must we agree

With Poverty!
For Misery,
With Penury,
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hath made askry
And outcry,
Following the chase
To drive away Grace.

Yet sayest thou, per case,
We can lack no grace!
For my Lord's grace,
And my Lady's grace,
With trey, deuce, ace,
And ace in the face,
Some haut and some base,
Some dance the trace
Ever in one case,
Mark me, that chase
In the Tennis play!
For sinke, quater, trey,
Is a tall man

He rode; but we ran!
Hay the gye, and the gan!
The gray goose is no swan!
The waters wax wan;
And beggars they ban,
And they cursèd DATHAN,
De tribu Dan,
That this work began,

Palam et clam

With BALAK and BALAAM.

The Golden Ram
Of Fleming dam
SHEM, JAPHET, or CAM?

But how come to pass,
Your Cupboard that was,
Is turnèd to glass?
From silver to brass,
From gold to pewter?
Or else to a neuter,
To copper or tin,
To lead or alcumin?

A Goldsmith your Mayor;
But the chief of your fair
Might stand now by Potters,
And such as sell trotters,
Pitchers, potshords!
This shrewdly accords
To be a Cupboard for Lords!

My Lord now, and Sir Knight,
Good even, and good night!
For now, Sir TRISTRAM!
Ye must wear buckram,
Or canvas of Caen!
For silks are wane,
Our royals that shone,
Our nobles, are gone

Among the Burgundians,
And Spaniards' onions,
And the Flanderkins!
GILL sweats, and KATE spins;
They are happy that win!
But England may well say,
'Fie on this winning alway!'
'Now nothing but pay! pay!
With 'laugh and lay down!'
Borough, city, and town!

Good SPRING of Lanam
Must count what became
Of his cloth-making!
He is at such taking,
Though his purse wax dull
He must tax for his wool
By nature of a new Writ!
My Lord's Grace nameth it
A Quia non satisfacit.
In spite of his teeth,
He must pay again
A Thousand, or twain,
Of his gold in store;
And yet he paid before
A Hundred Pounds and more:
Which pincheth him sore.
My Lord's Grace will bring
Down this high Spring;
And bring it so low,
It shall not ever flow!

Such a Prelate, I trow,
Were worthy to row
Through the Straits of Marock,
To the gibbet of Baldock!
He would dry up the streams
Of nine Kings' realms,
All rivers and wells,
All water that swells!
For with us, he so mells,
That within England dwell,
I would he were somewhere else!
For else, by-and-by,
He will drink us so dry,
And suck us so nigh,
That men shall scantly
Have penny, or half-penny!

GOD save his noble Grace,
And grant him a place
Endless to dwell
With the Devil of Hell!
For, and he were there,
We need never fear
Of the fiends black!
For I undertake
He would so brag and crack,
That he would then make
The devils to quake,
To shudder, and to shake!
Like a fire-drake,
And with a colerake,

Bruise them on a brake,
And bind them to a stake,
And set Hell on fire,
At his own desire.
He is such a grim Sire,
And such a Potestolate,
And such a potestate,
That he would break the brains
Of LUCIFER, in his chains ;
And rule them each one,
In LUCIFER'S throne.

I would he were gone !
For, among us, is none
That ruleth but he alone !
Without all good reason,
And all out of season,
For Folam peason,
With him, be not geson !
They grow very rank
Upon every bank
Of his herbers green,
With my Lady bright and sheen.
On their game it is seen
They play not all clean ;
And it be, as I ween.

But as touching discretion
With sober direction,

He keepeth them in subjection.
They can have no protection
To rule, nor to guide ;
But all must be tried,
And abide the correction
Of his wilful affection.
For as for wit,
The Devil speed whit!
But brainsick and brainless,
Witless and recheless,
Careless and shameless,
Thriftless and graceless,
Together are bended,
And so condescended
That the common wealth
Shall never have good health!
But tattered and tugged,
Ragged and rugged,
Shaven and shorn,
And all-threadbare worn,
Such greediness,
Such neediness,
Miserableness,
With wretchedness,
Hath brought in distress,
And much heaviness
And great dolour,
England, the Flower
Of relucant honour,
In old commemoration,

Most royal English nation.
Now all is out of fashion,
Almost in desolation.
I speak by protestation!
GOD, of his miseration,
Send better reformation!
Lo! for to do shamefully,
He judgeth it no folly!
But to write of his shame,
He saith, 'We are to blame!'
What a frenzy is this!
No shame to do amiss!
And yet he is ashamed
To be shamefully named!
And oft Preachers be blamed,
Because they have proclaimed
His madness by writing,
His simpleness reciting,
Remording and biting,
With chiding and with flighting.
Shewing him GOD's laws;
He calleth the Preachers 'daws!'

And of Holy Scripture's saws,
He counteth them for gewgaws!
And putteth them to silence.
And with words of violence,
Like PHARAOH, void of grace,

Did MOSES sore menace,
And AARON, sore he threat,
The word of GOD to let :
This Maumet, in like wise,
Against the Church doth rise !
The Preacher, he doth despise
With cracking in such wise,
So bragging all with boast,
That no Preacher almost
Dare speak, for his life !
Of my Lord's Grace, nor his Wife !

For he hath such a *Bull*,
He may take whom he will ;
And as many as him likes !
May eat pigs in Lent for pikes,
After the sects of heriticks !
For, in Lent, he will eat
All manner of flesh meat
That he can anywhere get !
With other abusions great ;
Whereof for to treat,
It would make the Devil to sweat !

For all Privileged Places,
He breaks and defaces !
All Places of Religion,
He hath them in derision !
And maketh such provision
To drive them at division ;
And finally, in conclusion,
To bring them to confusion.

St. Albans, to record!
Whereof this ungracious Lord
Hath made himself Abbot,
Against their wills, God wot!
All this he doth deal
Under strength of the Great Seal,
And by his Legacy;
Which madly he doth apply
Unto an extravagancy
Picked out of all good law,
With reasons that be raw.

Yet, when he took first his Hat,
He said, 'He knew what was what!
All justice he pretended!
All things should be amended!
All wrongs, he would redress!
All injuries, he would repress!
All perjuries, he would oppress!'

And yet, this graceless Elf,
He is perjured himself!
As plainly it doth appear,
Who list to inquire
In the Registry
Of my Lord of CANTERBURY;
To whom he was professed
In three points expressed:

The first, to do him reverence.
The second, to owe him obedience.
The third, with whole affection,
To be under his subjection.

But now he maketh objection,
Under the protection
Of the King's Great Seal,
That he setteth never a deal
By his former oath!
Whether GOD be pleased, or wroth,
He maketh so proud pretence,
That, in his *equipolens*,
He judgeth him equivalent
With GOD omnipotent!
But yet, beware the rod,
And the stroke, of GOD!

The Apostle PETER
Had a poor mitre,
And a poor cope,
When he was created Pope
First in Antioch.
He did never approach
Of Rome to the See
With such dignity.

Saint DUNSTAN! what was he?
'Nothing,' he saith, 'like to me!
There is a diversity
Between him and me!
We pass him in degree,
As *Legatus a latere!*'

Ecce, Sacerdos magnus!
That will head us and hang us!
And, straightly, strangle us,
And he may fang us!

Decree and Decretal,
Constitution Provincial,
Nor no Law Canonical,
Shall let the Priest pontifical
To sit *in causa sanguinis*!
Now, GOD amend that is amiss!
For I suppose, that he is
Of JEREMY, the whisking rod,
The flail, the scourge,
Of Almighty GOD!

 This NAAMAN *Syrus*,
So fell and so irous,
So full of melancholy,
With a flap before his eye . . .
Or else his Surgeons they lie.
For, as far as they can spy,
By the craft of Surgery,
It is *manus DOMINI*!
And yet this proud ANTIOCHUS
He is so ambitious,
So elate, and so vicious,
And so cruel-hearted,
That he will not be converted!
For he setteth GOD apart!

 He is now so overthwart,
And so pained with pangs,
That all his trust hangs
In BALTHASAR which healed
DOMINGO's nose, that was whealed.
That Lombard's nose mean I,

That standeth yet awry!
It was not healed alderbest!
It standeth somewhat on the West.
I mean DOMINGO LOMELIN,
That was wont to win
Much money of the King,
At the cards and hazarding.

BALTHASAR, that healed DOMINGO's nose . . .
Now, with his gums of Araby,
Hath promised to heal our Cardinal's eye.
Yet some Surgeons put a doubt,
Lest he will put it clean out;
And make him lame of his nether limbs.
GOD send him sorrow, for his sins!

Some men might ask a question.
'By whose suggestion,
I took on hand this work,
Thus boldly for to bark?'
And, men, list to hark;
And my words mark!
I will answer like a Clerk!

For, truly and unfeigned,
I am forcibly constrained,
At JUVENAL's request,
To write of this glorious Gest
Of this vain-glorious beast;

His fame to be increased
At every solemn feast:

Quia difficile est

Satiram non scribere!

Now, Master Doctor! How say ye?
Whatsoever your name be,
What though ye be nameless,
Ye shall not escape blameless;
Nor yet shall 'scape shameless!

Master Doctor! in your degree,
Yourself madly ye oversee!
Blame JUVENAL, and blame not me!

Master Doctor Diricum

Omne, animi vitium, &c.

As JUVENAL doth record,
'A small default in a great Lord,
A little crime in a great Estate,
Is much more inordinate
And more horrible to behold,
Than any other a thousand fold!'
Ye put to blame, ye wot ne'er whom!
Ye may wear a cockscomb!
Your fond head in your furrèd hood!

Hold ye your tongue, ye can no good!
And, at more convenient time,
I may fortune for to rhyme
Somewhat of your madness!
For small is your sadness,
To put any man in lack,
And say ill behind his back.

And my words mark truly,
That ye cannot bide thereby!
For *Smigma non est Sinamomum!*
But *De absentibus nil nisi bonum!*
Complain, or do what ye will;
Of your complaint, it shall not skill!

This is the tenor of my Bill,
'A dawcock ye be; and so shall be still!'. .

As it fell on a holy day,
 And upon a holy tide a,
JOHN DORY bought him an ambling nag,
 To Paris for to ride a.

And when JOHN DORY to Paris was come,
 A little before the gate a,
JOHN DORY was fitted, the Porter was witted,
 To let him in thereat a.

The first man that JOHN DORY did meet
 Was good King JOHN of France a.
JOHN DORY could well of his courtesy;
 But fell down in a trance a.

'A pardon! A pardon! my liege and my King!
 For my merry men and for me a;
And all the churls in merry England,
 I'll bring them all bound to thee a!'

And NICHOLL was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohyde a ;
And he manned forth a good black Bark,
With fifty good oars on a side a.

‘Run up, my boy! unto the maintop;
And look what thou canst spy a!’
‘Who, ho! Who, ho! a good ship I do see;
I trow it be JOHN DORY a!’

They hoist their sails, both top and top,
The mizen and all was tried a :
And every man stood to his lot ;
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were plied,
And ‘dub a dub!’ went the drum a ;
The braying trumpets loud they cried,
To courage both all and some a.

The grappling hooks were brought at length,
The brown bill and the sword a ;
JOHN DORY, at length, for all his strength,
Was clapped fast under board a.

*THE DEBATE AND STRIFE BETWEEN
SUMMER AND WINTER;
WITH THE ESTATE PRESENT OF MAN.*

SUMMER SPEAKETH FIRST.

EVERY thing of my coming is desirous!
For I cause the True Lovers' hearts to be amorous!
All birds by me renew their songs glorious,
In the shadow, under my boughs green and copious.

WINTER.

Friend! what be ye? that maketh so great boast!
Saying, That you have all at will, on your coast!
Be you so valiant, as ye say; and of so great bounty,
That so great joy demeaneth? Of what country be ye?

SUMMER.

Friend! why demand you of my high Estate?
Of GOD and his mother, I am very puissant create;
Insomuch that all the world doth me great honour!
I am time of Summer, to all creatures great pleasure.

WINTER.

SUMMER! thou dost great wrong to boast so, as I trow,
If thou canst no answer make to that, that I would know.
Wherefore should the world, to thee do such honour here?
From death to life canst not thou raise the dead laid on bier!

SUMMER.

Friend! and what art thou? to whom I should answer.
Thou art very old! as thinketh me. Go, shave thy hair!
I trow, thou art very cold! for frozen is thy coat.
As great a fire needful is for thee, as would make an iron hot!

WINTER.

SUMMER! I am named WINTER; that, into many countries,
Send forth, of my goods, rain, frost, and snows.
Wheresoever that I am, is found often great cold!
I make rich men wear furred gowns, and spend some of their gold!

SUMMER.

WINTER! loved as I am, canst thou in no wise be!
Through me cometh good wine, and corn, and good fruits great plenty;
But through thee, all these goods be wasted and destroyed!
Thou causeth the people [to] suffer much woe, it cannot be denied!

WINTER.

SUMMER! if that I were not, thou shouldst be made full lean,
By many a beast venomous, of the which I make thee clean.
Of snakes, adders, and stinking worms, and of many a fly,
From thee I make clear deliverance, by my great courtesy.

SUMMER.

WINTER! this, that thou say'st, is not worth a drop of rain!
Every thing rejoiceth [at] my coming, and thereof is right fain!
Thou causeth all things to be kept in mew!
Beasts, birds, and flowers, by thee lese all their joy and hue!

WINTER.

SUMMER! thou art not beloved but of the poor and needy;
That, with great pain, get their living; and thereto be not speedy!
They have no will to labour in field, nor in garrison;
But only to spoil their clothes, and louse them at thy sun!

SUMMER.

WINTER! all thy saying is not worth a hair of wool!
I have the sweet nightingale, that singeth with notes full,
Praying every Lover that he to love do his pain.
Who can then hold himself from love? Neither free, nor villain!

WINTER.

SUMMER! these pleasures, thou speak'st of, be not profitable!
I love better the good wines and good sweet meats upon my table!
That is to me more pleasant, agreeable, and more joyous delight
Than songs of birds; and these Lovers' joys, that often be light!

SUMMER.

WINTER! I have young damsels, that have their breasts white,
That go to gather the fair flowers, with their Lovers bright.
The which sweetly kisseth them, laughing merrily;
And then go they thence glad and gay, singing joyfully.

WINTER.

I have more of my ease, than thou hast of delights!
I have my chambers made pleasant and painted for all sights!
There is no people in the world, great nor small,
Beasts and birds without number, but be painted on the wall!

SUMMER.

WINTER! all thy desire is the belly to fill;
Better were to be in a green herber, where one may have his will!
His True Love to embrace, and to kiss sweet;
Than to be at the fire, in chafing of his feet.

WINTER.

SUMMER! in this good time, I have great assemblies!
I have Burgesses and Merchants, with well-furred robes,
Furred hose, and good mantles, and good chains of gold!
For me, they make a great fire, to cheer my bones old.

SUMMER.

WINTER! Thou say'st true! Of GOD be thou accursed!
Thou sellest into exile my goods and money imbursed.
All that thou livest by, cometh from me! wherefore I am sorry:
And of thine, have I nothing! It maketh my heart heavy!

WINTER.

SUMMER! thou understandest not my deed and my reason!
Thou hast good pottage made with flesh of my Season!
As the hogs that I slay, that maketh thee good bacon;
The good brawn of my time is eaten afore thy venison!

SUMMER.

WINTER! GOD send thee an evil destiny!
For all that cometh in thy time, is not worth a penny!
No more than a man should sail over the salt flood,
And ware should bring over with him, neither wholesome nor good.

WINTER.

SUMMER! men make great joy what time I come in,
For companies gathereth together on the Eve of Saint Martin:
There is neither great nor small, but then they will drink wine,
If they should lay their coat to gage to drink it, or it fine.

SUMMER.

WINTER! in the month of May, when thou lurk'st in bower,
I have primroses, and daisies, and the violet flower,
The which be for the True Lover and his sweet Leman,
That go home singing; and make good cheer, as merrily as they can.

WINTER.

SUMMER! entend what I say! It is of verity!
The highest day in the year is the Nativity.
Then be capons on the table, bread, wine, and clarè;
Many a boar is slain against that time! Much joy is made and glee!

Anonymous.

SUMMER.

WINTER! in this time, he that hath nought himself for to clothe,
When it raineth and bloweth, cold freezeth, and sore snoweth,
All the poor Commons, they live in great displeasure,
The poor members of GOD that have so great pain to suffer.

WINTER.

SUMMER! thou say'st truth! Abide we th' adventure!
Praying that King, son of the Virgin pure,
That he will give us such heat, after this great cold,
That the poor Commonalty may live in ease, ever him to behold!

SUMMER.

WINTER! by one assent, our great strife let us cease!
And together agree we, and make a final peace!
GOD, that created this world, and made both thee and me,
Let us pray to him, to send us a good end! Amen, for charity!

THE TIME PRESENT OF MAN.

THE more health he hath, the more he complaineth!
The more hardy he is, the more he feigneth!
The more he loveth, the more he paineth!
The more he is believed, the more he lieth!
The more he hath wherewith, the less he contenteth!
The more he is reprov'd, the more he murmureth!
The more high of price, the less time abideth!
The more money he hath, the less him sufficeth!
The more understanding, the less he well sheweth!
The more he hath done amiss, the less he feareth!
The more he continueth, the worse he liveth!
What shall GOD say to him, that doeth this?

In a Prince, loyalty.
In a Clerk, humility.
In a Prelate, sapience.
In an Advocate, eloquence.
In a Cloth, good colour.
In Wine, good savour.
In a Merchant, to keep his faith.
In a Subject, when he obeyeth.
In a Woman, good countenance.
This is a very good ordinance!

Largess of the French men,
Loyalty of the Scottish men,
Cleanliness of the Almain,
Swearing of the Norman,
Cursing of the Picarde,
Hardiness of the Lombard,
Sapience of the Briton,
Conscience of the Burgonion,
Great boast of the beggar;
All is not worth a point of leather!

To rise betimes, himself to recreate ;
To look well to his own, and to keep a sober estate ;
Long or he eat, and not to sup late ;
To lay high with his head, and to sleep moderate :
Maketh man rich, long life, and fortunate !

KING HEART.

This poetical Allegory exists only in one manuscript; which was written about 1586, and is now the *Maitland MS.* in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. Some of the words in it have not yet been explained. The words within square brackets [] were conjecturally supplied by J. PINKERTON, in his reprint of this text, in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786.

THE FIRST PART.

KING HEART, into¹ his comely Castle strong,
Closed about with craft and mickle² ure³.
So seemly was he set his folk among,
That he no doubt⁴ had of misadventure;
So proudly was he polished plain and pure,
With youthhead and his lusty leaves green;
So fair, so fresh, so likely to endure,
And als⁵ so blithe as bird in summer sheen.

*Cor in corpore
hominis.*

Heart in the
body of man.

¹ *in.*

² *great.*

³ *labour.*

⁴ *fear.*

⁵ *also.*

For was he never yet with showers shot;
Not yet o'errun with rouk⁶ or any rain.
In all his lusty lecam⁷ not a spot,
Nor never had experience into¹ pain:
But alway into¹ liking (not to layne⁸)
Only to love and very gentleness,
He was inclined cleanly⁹ to remain;
And won¹⁰ under the wing of wantonness.

⁶ *mist.*

⁷ *body.*

⁸ *lie.*

⁹ *altogether.*

¹⁰ *dwell.*

Yet was this worthy wight¹¹, King under ward¹²;
For was he not at freedom utterly.
Nature had lymmit¹³ folk, for their reward,
This goodly King to govern and to guide.
For so they cast¹⁴ their time to occupy
In wealths for to wyne¹⁵; for they him teach'd
All lusts for to lave¹⁶ and underlie¹⁷;
So privily they press him, and him preached.

¹¹ *man.*

¹² *guardianship.*

¹³ *engaged.*

¹⁴ *proposed.*

¹⁵ *dwell.*

¹⁶ *submit to.*

¹⁷ *be subject to.*

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

First[were there]STRENGTH[and RAGE]and WANTONNESS,
Green LUST, DISPORT, JEALOUSY, ENVY,
FRESHNESS, NEW-GATE¹, WASTE-GOOD, and WILFULNESS,
DELIVERNESS², FOOLHARDINESS thereby.
GENTRICE³, FREEDOM, PITY-PRIVY I espy,
WANT-WIT, VAIN-GLORY, PRODIGALITY,
UNREST, NIGHT-WALK, and felloun GLUTTONY,
UNRIGHT, DIM-SIGHT, with SLEIGHT, and SUBTILTY.

*Juventus et
quot nomina
habet.*

Youthhead and
what names.

¹ Novelty, New-
fangledness.

² Agility, Nim-
bleness.

³ Generosity,
Courtesy.

These were the inward ythand⁴ Servitors,
Which Governors were to this noble King;
And kept him inclined to their cures :

⁴ busy.

So was there nought in earth that ever might bring
One of these folk away from his dwelling.

Thus, to their term, they serve for their reward ;
Dancing, disport, singing, revelling,
With business all blithe to please the Laird.

These folk with all the femell⁵ they might fang⁶,
Which numbered a million and well mo⁷,

*Desideria cor-
dis juventute.*

The desires of
heart in youth.

That were upbred as Servitors of lang⁸,

⁵ family.

And with this King would won⁹ in weal and woe ;
For favour, nor for ferd¹⁰, would found¹¹ him fro¹²,

⁶ seize.

⁷ more.

⁸ long.

⁹ dwell.

¹⁰ force.

Unto the time their date be run and past :

That gold, nor gude¹³, might gar¹⁴ them from him go ;
No grief, nor grame¹⁵ should grayth¹⁶ them so aghast.

¹¹ depart.

¹² from.

¹³ goods.

¹⁴ make.

¹⁵ trouble.

¹⁶ make.

Five Servitors, this King he had without,

That teachèd were aye treason to espy.

They watchèd aye the walls round about,

For enemies that of happ'ning aye come by.

One for the day¹⁷, which judged certainly,

¹⁷ Sight.

With care to ken the colour of all hue.

One for the night¹⁸, that hearkened busily

¹⁸ Hearing.

Out of what airt¹⁹ that ever the winds blew.

¹⁹ Quarter of
the heavens.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Syne¹ was there one² to taste all nutriment

That to this King was servèd at the deiss³.

Another⁴ was [of] all fovellis⁵ to scent,

Of liquor or of any lusty meiss⁶.

The fifth⁷ there was, which could all [ken⁸], but⁹ leiss¹⁰,

The hot, the cold, the hard, and eke¹¹ the soft :

A ganand¹² Servant both for war and peace.

Yet have these folk their King betrasit¹³ oft !

HONOUR perceiving at the King's Gate,

These folk said all, 'They would not let him in !

Because,' they said, 'their Lord to feast was set,

With all his lusty Servants more and myn¹⁴.'

But he a port¹⁵ had entered with a gin¹⁶;

And up he can¹⁷, in haste, to the Great Tower ;

And said, 'He should it adorn all with fine

And fresh delight, with many a flourishing flower.'

So strong this King him thought his Castle stood,

With many a tower and turret crownèd high.

About the wall there ran a water void¹⁸,

Black, stinking, sour, and salt as is the sea,

That on the walls wiskit¹⁹, gre by gre²⁰,

Swelling to rise, the Castle to confound ;

But they within made so great melody,

That, for their noise, they might not hear the sound.

With feasts fell²¹ and full of jollity,

This comely Court their King they cast²² to keep,

That noy²³ have none but newly novelty,

And are not wont for woe to woun²⁴ and weep :

Full sendill²⁵ sad or²⁶ soundly set to sleep ;

No wandreth wait²⁷, aye wenis²⁸ wealth endure.

Behold not, nor look not, the deep ;

As them to keep from all misadventure.

¹ After.

² Taste.

³ Dais, high table.

⁴ Smell.

⁵ provisions.

⁶ mess of meat.

⁷ Feeling.

⁸ know.

⁹ without.

¹⁰ lies.

¹¹ also.

¹² useful.

¹³ betrayed.

¹⁴ less.

¹⁵ gate.

¹⁶ contrivance.

¹⁷ = gan, went.

¹⁸ stagnant.

¹⁹ splashed.

²⁰ step by step.

²¹ extraordinary.

²² purpose.

²³ annoy.

²⁴ howl.

²⁵ seldom.

²⁶ = ere, before.

²⁷ expect no trouble.

²⁸ think.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Right as the rose upsprings from the root,
 In ruby colour red most rich of hue,
 Nor waindis¹ not the leaves to outshoot,
 For shining of the sun that does renew
 These other flowers, greenè, white, and blue;
 Which have no craft to know the Winter weit²,
 Suppose³ that Summer sheen does them rescue,
 That does them while o'erhail with snow and sleit⁴.

Dame PLEASANCE had a pretty place beside,
 With fresh effeir⁵, and many folk in fere⁶:
 The which was parald⁷ all about with pride,
 So precious, that it prysit⁸ was but⁹ peer.
 With bulwarks broad and many bitter beir¹⁰;
 Syne¹¹ was a bridge that hegeit¹² was and strang¹³;
 And all that could attaine the Castle neir¹⁴,
 It made them for to mer¹⁵ amiss and mang¹⁶.

With towers great, and strong for to behold,
 So craftily with kirnellis¹⁷ carven high.
 The fitchand¹⁸ chains floreist¹⁹ all of gold,
 The grundin²⁰ darts sharp, and bright to see,
 Would make a heart of flint to fald²¹ and flee
 For terror, if they would the Castle sail²²:
 So kervin²³ clear, that might no cruelty,
 It for to win, in all this world avail.

Served this Queen, Dame PLEASANCE, all at right²⁴
 First HIGH-APPORT²⁵, BEAUTY, and HUMBLENESS;
 With many other Maidens, fair and bright:
 RUTH²⁶ and GOOD-FAME, FREEDOM and GENTLENESS,
 CONSTANCY, PATIENCE, RADDOUR²⁷ and MEEKNESS,
 CUNNING²⁸, KINDNESS, HENDNESS²⁹ and HONESTY,
 MIRTH, LUSTHEAD³⁰, LIKING, and NOBLENES,
 BLISS and BLITHENESS, [GOODNESS] and pure PITY.

¹ fears.

² wet.

³ Although.

⁴ sleet.

⁵ condition.

⁶ company.

⁷ adorned.

⁸ prized, valued.

⁹ without.

¹⁰ sharp pali-
sade.

¹¹ After.

¹² hedged.

¹³ strong.

¹⁴ near.

¹⁵ mar, blunder.

¹⁶ mingle.

¹⁷ embrasures of
battlements.

¹⁸ hoisting.

¹⁹ decked.

²⁰ ground.

²¹ submit.

²² assail.

²³ carved.

²⁴ of right.

²⁵ High bearing,
Demeanour.

²⁶ Pity.

²⁷ Fear.

²⁸ Skill, Know-
ledge.

²⁹ Courtesy.

³⁰ Amiability,
Cheerfulness.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- These were the States¹ worthiest and ding²,
With many mo, that servèd to this Queen.
A legion liell³ were [aye] at her leading;
When [that] her Court leist⁴ semble⁵ fair and clean
In their effeir⁶, fair service might be seen:
For was there nought that seemed by avise⁷,
That no man might the pointing of a prene⁸
Reprove; nor piece but painted at devyse⁹.
- Happened this worthy Queen, upon a day,
With her fresh Court arrayèd well at right¹⁰,
Hunting to ride, her to disport and play;
With many a lusty Lady fair and bright.
Her banner sheen displayed, and on hight¹¹
Was seen above their heads where they rode.
The green ground was illumined of the light.
Fresh BEAUTY had the Vanguard, and was guide.
- A legion of these lusty Ladies sheen
Followed this Queen (truly this is no Nay!).
Hard by the Castle of this King so keen,
This worthy folk have walit¹² them a way;
Which did¹³, the day Watcheis¹⁴ to effray¹⁵,
For seldom had they seen such folks before:
So merrily they muster, and they play;
Withouten either brag, or boast, or schore¹⁶.
- The Watcheis¹⁴ of the sight were so effrayit¹⁷,
They ran and told the King of their intent.
'Let not this matter, Sir, be long delayit¹⁸!
It were speedful¹⁹ some folk ye outward sent,
That could rehearse, what thing yon people meant:
Syne²⁰ you again thereof to certify.
For battle bid they boldly on yon bent²¹;
It were but shame to feinye²² cowardly!'

¹ aristocracy, nobles.

² deserving.

³ faithful.

⁴ = list, inclined to.

⁵ assemble.

⁶ state.

⁷ fashion.

⁸ pin.

⁹ with great exactness, with all skill.

¹⁰ suitable.

¹¹ high.

¹² chosen.

¹³ made.

¹⁴ Warders.

¹⁵ to be frightened.

¹⁶ threat.

¹⁷ afraid.

¹⁸ delayed.

¹⁹ expedient.

²⁰ After.

²¹ = grass, field.

²² shirk, flinch.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

YOUTHHEAD upstart¹, and cleikit² on his Cloak,
Was browdin³ all with lusty leaves green.
'Rise, Fresh DELIGHT! let not this matter soke⁴!
We will go see, what may this muster mean!
So well we shall us it cope⁵ between,
There shall nothing pass away unspied;
Syne⁶ shall we tell the King as we have seen,
And there shall nothing truly be denied.'

- ¹ started up.
² seized, laid hold.
³ embroidered.
⁴ slacken, be delayed.
⁵ divide, share.
⁶ After.

YOUTHHEAD forth past, and rode on Innocence,
A milk-white steed that ambled as the wind;
And Fresh DELIGHT rode on Benevolence
Throughout the mead, that would nought bide behind.
The beams bright almost had made them blind,
That from Fresh BEAUTY spread under the cloud.
To her they sought, and soon they could her find;
Nor saw they none never was half so proud!

The bernis⁷ both were basit⁸ of the sight,
And out of measure marrit⁹ in their mood,
As sp'ritless folks on blonkis¹⁰ huffit on hight¹¹,
Both in a study¹² staring still they stood.
FAIR-CALLING freshly on her ways yode¹³
And both their reins cleikit² in her hands;
Syne⁶ to her Castle rode, as she were wood¹⁴,
And fastened up these folks in VENUS' bands.

- ⁷ nobles.
⁸ abashed.
⁹ marred.
¹⁰ white horses.
¹¹ hoveled on high.
¹² perplexity.
¹³ went.
¹⁴ mad.

Because there came no bodward¹⁵ soon again,
The King outsent NEW-GATE and WANTONNESS.
Green LOVE, DISPORT, WASTE-GOOD that nought can lanc¹⁶,
And with them freshly feir¹⁷ FOOLHARDINESS.
He bade them spy the case, how that it was,
And bring bodward¹⁵ or¹⁸ [he] himself out past.
They said, 'They should'; and soon they can¹⁹ them dress.
Full glad they glide, as groomis unaghasht²⁰.

- ¹⁵ message.
¹⁶ lend.
¹⁷ companion.
¹⁸ =ere, before.
¹⁹ =gan, began.
²⁰ men without fear.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- On ground no greif¹; while they the great host see,
Would they not rest, the rinkis² so they ride:
But from they saw their suit and their ssembly³
It could them bre⁴, and biggit⁵ them to bide⁶.
DREAD OF DISDAIN, on foot, ran them beside,
Said them, 'Beware! sen⁷ WISDOM is away!
For, an⁸ ye prick⁹ among these folks of pride,
A pane¹⁰ ye shall be restit¹¹ by the way!'
- FOOLHARDINESS full freshly forth he flang,
A fure¹² length fare¹³ before his feris¹⁴ five;
And WANTONNESS, suppose¹⁵ he had the wrang¹⁶,
Him followed on as fast as he might drive.
So they were like among themselves to strive.
The fouresum¹⁷ bade, and huvit¹⁸ on the green.
Fresh BEAUTY, with a whisk¹⁹, came [up] belyve²⁰
And them all restit¹¹, were they never so keen²¹.
- With that, the fouresum¹⁷ fain they would have fled
Again unto their Castle, and their King.
They gave a shout, and soon they have them shed²²;
And busily they can²³ them bounden bring
Again unto their Queen: and bands thring²⁴
About their hands and [their] feet so fast;
While that they made them, with their tormenting,
Wholly of their lives half aghast.
- The Watcheis²⁵ on the King's wall have seen
The chasing of the folk and their surprise.
Upstart²⁶ King HEART in proper²⁷ ire²⁸ and teen²⁹;
And boldly bade his folk all with him rise.
'I shall not sit,' he said, 'and see them thrice
Discomfit clean my men, and put at under.
No! we shall wreak us on an other wise,
Set³⁰ we be few to them by fifty hunder³¹!'

- ¹ fault.
² brave men.
³ assembly.
⁴ made them astonished.
⁵ caused.
⁶ abide, stand.
⁷ since.
⁸ if.
⁹ ride.
¹⁰ In punish-
ment.
¹¹ arrested.
¹² a furrow's.
¹³ went.
¹⁴ companions.
¹⁵ supposing.
¹⁶ wrong.
¹⁷ other four.
¹⁸ hovered.
¹⁹ ? rush.
²⁰ quickly.
²¹ bold.
²² separated.
²³ =gan, began.
²⁴ fasten.
²⁵ Warders.
²⁶ Started up.
²⁷ very.
²⁸ anger.
²⁹ vexation.
³⁰ Although.
³¹ five thousand.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- Then out they rode, all to a random right¹,
This courtly King and all his comely host.
His buirtlie² Banner brathit³ up on hight⁴;
And out they blew, with brag⁵ and mickle⁶ boast.
'That Lady, and her lineage, should be lost!'
They cried on hight⁴ their seinge⁷ wonder⁸ loud.
Thus come they keenly carpand⁹ on the cost¹⁰;
They prick¹¹, they prance, as Princes that were wood¹².
- Dame PLEASANCE has her folk arrayed well,
From that she saw they would battle abide.
So BEAUTY, with her Vanguard, gan to reill¹³;
The greatest of their host she can o'erride.
Syne¹⁴, Fresh APPORT came on the other side,
So busily she was to battle boune¹⁵
That all that e'er she might o'ertake, that tide,
Horses and men, with brount¹⁶ she struck all down.
- Right there, King HEART she has in hands ta'en,
And puirly¹⁷ was he present¹⁸ to the Queen;
And she had fairly¹⁹, with a feathered flayne²⁰,
Wounded the King right wonderful to ween²¹:
Delivered him Dame BEAUTY unto sene²²,
His wound to wash, in sobering²³ of his sore;
But always as she castis²⁴ it to clean,
His malady increases more and more.
- Wounded he was; and where, yet he no wait²⁵
And many of his folk have ta'en the flight.
He said, 'I yield me now to your Estate,
Fair Queen! sen²⁶ to resist I have no might.
What will ye say me now, for what plight?
For that I wait²⁵, I did you ne'er offence:
And if I have done aught that is unright²⁷,
I offer me to your benevolence!'
- ¹ *right at random.*
² *stately.*
³ *unfurled.*
⁴ *on high.*
⁵ *defiance.*
⁶ *great.*
⁷ *war-cry.*
⁸ *wondrous.*
⁹ *boldly talking.*
¹⁰ *cost.*
¹¹ *spur.*
¹² *mad.*
¹³ *roll forward.*
¹⁴ *Afterwards.*
¹⁵ *ready.*
¹⁶ *brunt of battle.*
¹⁷ *humbly.*
¹⁸ *presented.*
¹⁹ *wondrously.*
²⁰ *arrow.*
²¹ *think.*
²² *afterwards.*
²³ *cleansing.*
²⁴ *purposes.*
²⁵ = ne wot, knew not.
²⁶ *since.*
²⁷ *wrong.*

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

By this battle were near vanquished all.

The King's men are ta'en; and many slain.

Dame PLEASANCE [then] can¹ on Fresh BEAUTY call; ¹ = gan, began.

Bade her, command the folk to prison plain.

King HEART sore wounded was, but he was fain², ² willing.

For well he trusted that he should recure.

The Lady and her host went home again;

And many³ prisoner ta'en under her cure⁴. ³ many a.

⁴ cure.

King HEART, his Castle levit⁵ has full waste;

⁵ left.

And HEAVINESS made Captain, it to keep.

⁶ Fear.

RADDOUR⁶ ran home full⁷ fleyit⁸ and forchaist⁹,

⁷ very.

Him for to hide crap¹⁰ in the dungeon deep.

⁸ frightened.

LANGOUR, he lay upon the walls, but¹¹ sleep,

⁹ hard chased.

But¹¹ meat or drink. The watch-horn he blew.

¹⁰ crept.

IRE was the Porter, that full sore can¹ weep:

¹¹ without.

And JEALOUSY ran out; he was never true!

He said, 'He should be spy; and bodward¹² bring,

¹² message.

Both night and day, how that his Master fure¹³.'

¹³ fared.

He followed fast on foot after the King

Unto the Castle of Dame PLEASANCE pure.

In the prison found he many³ creature;

Some fettered fast; and [others] free and large,

Wherever them list within the walls fure¹⁴.

¹⁴ to go.

Soon JEALOUSY hid them under a targe¹⁵.

¹⁵ shield.

There saw he LUST, by law [lie] under lock,

In streinye¹⁶ strong, fast fettered foot and hand.

¹⁶ constraint.

Green LOVE lay bound, with a felloun¹⁷ block

¹⁷ dreadful.

About the crag¹⁸ was claspèd with a band.

¹⁸ neck.

YOUTHHEAD was loose, and aye about waverand¹⁹.

¹⁹ wandering.

DESIRE lay stokkit²⁰ by a dungeon door:

²⁰ thrust.

Yet HONESTY [could] keep him fair farrand²¹;

²¹ with a fair mien.

And WASTE-GOOD following him, where'er he fure²².

²² went.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

DISCRETION was, as then, but young of age ;

He slept with LUST, where'er he might him find :
And he again was crabbit¹ at the Page.

¹ irritated.

A ladle full of love stood him behind,

² threw it.

He swakit² in his eyne³, and made him blind,

³ eyes.

So [that] from that time forth, he might not see.

'Speak thou a word, thy four feet shall I bind ;

⁴ Afterwards

Syne⁴ swak⁵ thee o'er the walls in the sea !'

⁵ cast.

BUSINESS, NEW-GATE, FRESHNESS, and syne⁶ DISPORT,

⁶ after.

FREEDOM, GENTRICE⁷, CUNNING⁸, and FAIR-MANNER,

⁷ Generosity.

All these were loose daily, and yeid⁹ overthort¹⁰

⁸ Knowledge.

Too close before the Donjon window near,

⁹ = yode, went.

Where winnit¹¹ fair Dame PLEASANCE that was clear :

¹⁰ athwart.

¹¹ dwelt.

Which has espied right well their governance ;

And, laughing high, commanded, tymis seir¹²,

¹² many times.

Them, to await upon their observance.

This lusty Queen, within her Donjon strang¹³,

¹³ strong.

Could dysyde aye her Ladies her about¹⁴ ;

And, as she list, she leirit¹⁵ them to mang

¹⁴ could make
her Ladies
ever sit on
either side of
her.

That would be in, all folk that were without.

For HIGH-APPORT¹⁶, she is her Captain stout.

¹⁵ taught.

BEAUTY, her Banner bears her before¹⁷.

¹⁶ High-Bear-
ing, Demean-
our.

Dame CHASTITY her Chamberer but¹⁸ doubt ;

¹⁷ before.

And STRANGENESS, her Porter, can well scorn¹⁹.

¹⁸ without.

¹⁹ rally, jeer.

FAIR-CALLING is great Garitour²⁰ on hight²¹,

²⁰ Watchman.

That watches aye the walls high above²².

²¹ high.

And Sweet SEMBLANCE is Marshall in her sight ;

²² above.

As she commands, so swyth²³ all is done.

²³ quickly.

So, is there [lack] not [of] music, nor of tune :

The Ladies sweet, they make such melody,

What wight, that might it hear, should judge [it] soon

To Angels' song and heavenly harmony.

King HEART into a privy closet crappe¹,

¹ *crept.*

Was near the Donjon wall, near by the ground,
So as he might hear and see, such was his hap,

The mickle mirth, the melody and sound,

Which from the walls sweetly can² redound

² = gan, began
to.

In at his ear, and sink unto his heart ;

And therein works many³ privy wound.

³ *many a.*

That does oftsys⁴ him strang⁵ with stoundis⁶ smart.

⁴ *ofttimes.*

⁵ *constrain.*

⁶ *pains.*

Aye sick he is, and ever he has his heal.

In battle strong, and has both peace and rest.

The sharp, and als⁷ the soft, can² with him deal.

⁷ *also.*

The sweet, the sour, both rule, and als⁷ unrest.

Dame DANGER has, of dolour to him drest⁸

⁸ *prepared for
him.*

A Pallioun⁹ that no proudness has without ;

⁹ *Cloak.*

With tears wet ar rotten¹⁰, may not last¹¹ ;

¹⁰ *rotted in former
time.*

Fast brikand¹² by the borders all about.

¹¹ *it may not
last.*

¹² *breaking.*

But YOUTHHEAD had him made a courtly Coat

As green as grass, with golden streams bright,

Broudin¹³ about, fast buckled to his throat,

¹³ *embroidered.*

A worthy weed, well closing, and full light ;

A Visor that was painted for the sight,

As ruby red, and part of white among ;

Of colours might there none be fresher dight¹⁴,

¹⁴ *prepared.*

But HEAVINESS had fashioned it all wrong.

This worthy King, in prison thus could lie

With all his folk ; and could there none out break.

Full oft they can² upon Dame PITY cry,

'Fair thing ! come down a while, and with us speak !

Come ! Fairer way ye might your harms wreak

Than thus to murder us, that yelden are !

Would ye us rue, where'er we might owrreik¹⁵,

¹⁵ *reach over.*

We should men¹⁰ be to you for evermore !'

¹⁶ *feudal retainers.*

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Then answered DANGER, and said, 'That were great doubt!

A Maiden sweet, among so many men
To come alone, but¹ folk were her about.

¹ *without.*

That is a craft myself could never ken.'

With that, she ran unto the Lady keen,

Kneeling, 'Madam!' she said, 'keep PITY fast!

Sithen² she ask, no licence to her len³!

² *Although.*

May she win out⁴, she will play you a cast⁵!'

³ *grant.*

⁴ *get outside, escape.*

⁵ *turn, stratagem, trick.*

Then DANGER to the door took good keep,

Both night and day, that PITY should not pass:

While, all fordward⁶ in default of sleep,

⁶ *over-watched, weary.*

She busily, as fortravailit⁷ she was,

⁷ *over-worked.*

FAIR-CALLING gave her drink into⁸ a glass;

⁸ *in.*

Soon after that, to sleep she went anon.

PITY was war⁹ that ilk¹⁰ [was] pretty cass¹¹;

⁹ *aware of.*

¹⁰ *same.*

And privily out at the door is gone.

¹¹ *chance.*

The door ajar it stood. All were asleep;

And PITY down the stair full soon is past.

This BUSINESS has seen, and gave good keep;

Dame PITY has he hent¹² in armis¹³ fast.

¹² *seized.*

¹³ *arms.*

He called on LUST, and he came at the last;

His bands gart¹⁴ he burst in pieces small.

¹⁴ *made.*

Dame PITY was greatly feared and aghast.

By that, was COMFORT cropping¹⁵ in o'er the wall.

¹⁵ *creeping.*

Soon came DELIGHT, and he begouth¹⁶ to dance.

¹⁶ *began.*

Green LOVE upstart¹⁷, and can¹⁸ his spirits ta¹⁹.

¹⁷ *started up.*

'Full well is me,' said DISPORT, 'of this chance;

¹⁸ = gan, began.

For now I trust great melody to ma²⁰!'

¹⁹ *take.*

²⁰ *make.*

All in a rout²¹ unto the door they ga²²;

²¹ *company.*

And PITY put therein first them before.

²² *go.*

What was there more? 'Out! Harrow! Take, and slay!'

The house is won, withouten brag or schore²³.

²³ *threat.*

The curtains all of gold about the bed
 Well stentit¹ were, where fair Dame PLEASANCE lay. ¹ stretched.
 Then New DESIRE, als² greedy as a glede³; ² as.
 Came running in, and made a great deray⁴. ³ kite.
 The Queen is wakened with a felloun⁵ fray; ⁴ disorder.
 Up glifnit⁶, and beheld she was betrayed. ⁵ dreadful.
 'Yield you, Madam!' on hight⁷ can⁸ Sir LUST say. ⁶ gave a startled
 A word she could not speak, she was so abashed. ⁷ look.
⁸ high.
⁹ = gan, began.

'Yield you, Madam!' Green LUST could say all soon,
 'And fairly shall we govern you and yours!
 Our Lord, King HEART's will must now be done!
 That yet is law among the nether bowers.
 O'erlong, Madam! ye kept these high towers!
 Now thank we none but⁹ PITY us suppleit¹⁰.' ⁹ except.
 Dame DANGER then into a nook she cowers; ¹⁰ assisted.
 And quaking there, the Queen she lay for dread.

Then BUSTEOUSNESS¹¹ came, with brag and boast; ¹¹ violence.
 And that¹² gainstood, he struck dead on the floor. ¹² those that.
 Dame PLEASANCE said, 'Shall we thus-gate¹³ be lost?' ¹³ in this way.
 Bring up the King! Let him in at the door!
 In his gentrice¹⁴, right well I dare assure!' ¹⁴ generosity.
 Therefore sweet COMFORT cried upon the King.
 Then BUSINESS, that cunning creature, [bring.
 To serve Dame PLEASANCE, soon there can⁸ him

So sweet a swell as struck unto his heart,
 When that he saw Dame PLEASANCE at his will.
 'I yield me, Sir! and do¹⁵ me not to smart!' ¹⁵ make.
 The fair Queen said upon this wise him till¹⁶, ¹⁶ to.
 'I save yours, suppose¹⁷ it be no skill¹⁸,
 All that I have, and all that mine may be, ¹⁷ although.
 With all my heart, I offer here you till¹⁶; ¹⁸ argument.
 And ask not, but ye be true till¹⁶ me!'

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

To that [which] LOVE, DESIRE, and LUST devised,
Thus fair Dame PLEASANCE sweetly can ¹ assent. ¹ =gan, began.
Then suddenly Sir HEART him new disguised ;
On got his amorous Cloak, or ² e'er he stent ³. ² before.
Freshly to feast, these amorous folk are went ⁴. ³ ceased.
BLITHENESS was first brought bodward ⁵ to the hall. ⁴ gone.
Dame CHASTITY, that silly ⁶ innocent, ⁵ message.
For woe, went wood ⁷ ; and flew out o'er the wall. ⁶ blessed.
⁷ mad.

This lusty Queen, she sat in midst the deiss ⁸ ; ⁸ dais, high table.
Before her stood the noble worthy King.
Servèd they were of many divers meis ⁹ ⁹ messes of meat.
Full sawris sweet ¹⁰, and swyth ¹¹ they could them bring. ¹⁰ of very sweet savours.
Thus they made a [right] merry marshalling. ¹¹ quickly.
BEAUTY and LOVE a hot burde ¹² have begun. ¹² friendly contest.
In worship of that lusty Feast so ding ¹³, [tun. ¹³ worthy.
Dame PLEASANCE has gart ¹⁴ pierce Dame VENUS' ¹⁴ made. ¹⁴ made.

THE SECOND PART.

Who is at ease, when both are now in bliss,
But fresh King HEART! that clearly is above,
And wants nought in world that he would wis ¹⁵ ; ¹⁵ wish.
And trusts not that e'er he shall remove.
Seven years and more, Sir LIKING and Sir LOVE,
Of him they have the care and governance.
Till, at the last, befell, and so behove,
A changing new that grievèd Dame PLEASANCE.

Gavin Douglas, *Bishop of Dunkeld.*

At morrowing tide, when that the sun so sheen
Out raschit¹ had his beams from the sky, ¹ *rushed out.*
An old good man, before the Gate was seen,
Upon a steed that rode full easily.
He rappit² at the Gate, but courteously; ² *rapped.*
Yet, at the stroke, the great Donjon can³ din⁴: ³ = gan, began. ⁴ *resound.*
Syne⁵, at the last, he shouted fellounly⁶; ⁵ *afterwards.*
And bade them rise, and said, 'He would come in!' ⁶ *dreadfully.*

Soon WANTONNESS came to the wall abone⁷ ⁷ *above.*
And cried o'er, 'What folk are ye there out?'
'My name is AGE,' said he again full soon,
'May thou not hear? Longer how I could shout!'
'What were your will?' 'I will come in but⁸ doubt!' ⁸ *without.*
'Now God forbid! In faith! ye come not here!
Run on thy way, [or] thou shalt bear a rout⁹! ⁹ *a heavy blow*
And say¹⁰ the Porter, He is wonder sweir¹¹! ¹⁰ *tell.*
¹¹ *wondrous lazy.*

Soon WANTONNESS, he went unto the King;
And told him all the case, how that it stood.
'That tale,['] quoth he, ['] I trust be no leising¹²! ¹² *lying.*
He was to come! That wist I, by the rood!
It does me noy¹³, by God! in bone and blood, ¹³ *annoy.*
That he should come so soon! What haste had he!
The Queen said [then], 'To hold him out were good!
That would I fain were done, and¹⁴ it might be!' ¹⁴ *if.*

YOUTHHEAD upstart¹⁵, and knelt before the King, ¹⁵ *started up.*
'Lord! with your leave, I may no longer bide!
My warison¹⁶ (I would that with me bring), ¹⁶ *reward.*
Lord! pay to me; and give me leave to ride!
For might I longer reside you beside,
Full fain I would, no war my felloun fa¹⁷! ¹⁷ *were there no
my dreadfu
foe.*
For doubt of AGE, Sir King! ye let me slide;
For and¹⁸ I bide, in faith! he will me sla¹⁸! ¹⁸ *slay.*

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- 'Sen¹ thou man² pass, fair YOUTHHEAD! woe is me!
Thou wast my friend, and made me good service!
Fra thou be went³, never so blithe to be
I make a vow, [al]though that it be nice.
Of all blitheness thy body bears the pryce⁴.
To warisoun⁵ I give thee, or thou ga⁶,
This fresh Visor, was painted at device⁷.
My lust⁸ always with thee, see that thou ta⁹!
- 'For sake of thee, I will no colour red,
Nor lusty white, upon my body bear;
But black and gray! Always, quhill¹⁰ I be dead,
I will none other wanton weeds¹¹ wear!
Farewell, my friend! Thou didst me never deir¹²!
Unwelcome AGE! thou com'st against my will!
I let thee wit, I might thee well forbear!
Thy warisoun⁵ should be [right] small, but skill¹³!
- Then YOUTHHEAD said, 'DISPORT and WANTONNESS,
My brethren both, dispone you¹⁴ with me ride?'
Upstart¹⁵ on foot, lively DELIVERNESS¹⁶,
Said, 'Sirs! I pray you, take me for your guide!
Trow ye, that I shall lie herein, to hide
This worthy craft that Nature to me gave!
No! No! This cowardice shall not betide!
Fare on! I shall be foremost of the lave¹⁷!'
- Out at a privy Postern all they past;
And would not bide all-out¹⁸ to take their leave.
Then Fresh DELIGHT came running wonder¹⁹ fast;
And with a pull got YOUTHHEAD by the sleeve.
'Abide! Abide! Good fellow, thee not grieve!
Lend me thy Cloak, to guise²⁰ me for a while!
Want I that weed²¹, in faith! I will mischief²²!
But I shall follow thee within a mile!'
- ¹ Since.
² must.
³ From the time of your going.
⁴ prize.
⁵ reward.
⁶ go.
⁷ with great skill.
⁸ pleasure.
⁹ take.
¹⁰ until.
¹¹ clothes.
¹² hurt.
¹³ without question.
¹⁴ are you disposed.
¹⁵ Started up.
¹⁶ Agility.
¹⁷ rest, remainder.
¹⁸ at all.
¹⁹ wondrous.
²⁰ disguise.
²¹ dress.
²² suffer harm.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

DELIGHT came in; and all that saw his back,
They weened it had been YOUTHHEAD bounden still;
But afterward, when that they with him spake,
They knew it was a feinye¹ made them till².
Soon, when he had disported him his fill,
His courtly Cloak began to fade of hue,
Thriftless, threadbare, and ready for to spill³;
Like failyeit⁴ black, which was beforetime blue.

¹ feint, deceit.

² to.

³ come to destruction.

⁴ faded.

Yet would he not away all utterly;
But of retinue feit⁵ he him as then:
And, or⁶ he wist, he spended speedily
The flower of all the substance that he wan.
So wourde⁷ he poor, and powrit to the pan⁸;
Yet APPETITE, his son, he bade dwell still:
But, wit ye well! he was a sorry man!
For fault of good⁹, he wanted all his will!

⁵ fed, hired.

⁶ = ere, before.

⁷ became.

⁸ wasted away even to the skull.

⁹ goods.

By that, was AGE entered; and yet first
His branches broad out bare he many bore.
Unwelcome was the noy¹⁰, when that they wist;
For following him, there came five hundred score
Of hairis¹¹, that King HEART had ne'er before.
And when that fair Dame PLEASANCE had them seen,
She grieved, and she angered well more!
Her face she wried about, for proper teen¹².

¹⁰ annoy.

¹¹ masters.

¹² pure vexation.

Scantly had AGE rested him there a while,
When CONSCIENCE came, crying o'er the wall,
'How long, think ye, to hold me in exile?
Now, on my soul! ye are but lurdanis¹³ all!
And some of you, by God! shall have a fall,
May I him meet from presence of the King!
All "false traitors!" I may you full well call!
That servit¹⁴ well be draw both head and hing¹⁵.'

¹³ good-for-nothing persons.

¹⁴ deserve.

¹⁵ both drawn, beheaded, and hung.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- Fra¹ AGE [had] heard that CONSCIENCE was coming,
Full soon he rose belyve², and let him in.
SADNESS he had, a Cloak from meture muming
He had upon, and was of AGE's kin ;
It were right hard they two in sunder twin³,
Therefore after his back he ran anon.
In midst the Close⁴ there, CONSCIENCE met with SIN.
A felloun rout⁵ he laid on his rig-bone⁶.
- CONSCIENCE to SIN gave such an [angry] dunt⁷
While to the earth he flew, and lay at under ;
Yet CONSCIENCE his breast hurt with the dint⁸ :
But SADNESS has to put these two in sunder.
FOLLY and VICE, into⁹ their wit, they wonder
How such a master-man so soon should rise !
In midst the Close⁴, on looking, near five hunder¹⁰
The King's folk to ding¹¹ and to surprise.
- They were adred¹², and soon have ta'en the flight ;
Syne¹³, in a hirne¹⁴ to hide soon gan¹⁵ them hy¹⁶.
Then CONSCIENCE came to the King's sight.
Out at a door ran FALSEHOOD and ENVY,
Greedy DESIRE and gamesome GLUTTONY,
VAUNT and VAINGLOIR¹⁷, with new Green APPETITE.
For CONSCIENCE looked so fellounly¹⁸,
They ran away out of his presence quite.
- 'GOD bless thee, Lord !' thus Conscience can¹⁹ say,
'This while begone, thou hast been all too glad !'
'Yea, CONSCIENCE ! and yet, fain would I play ;
But now my heart [it] waxes wonder²⁰ sad !'
'They have been wicked counsellors thou hadst,
Wist thou the sooth, as thou shalt after hear !
For, wit thou well ! their burding²¹ [aye²²] was bad
The root is bitter, sharp as any briar.
- ¹ *From the time.*
² *quickly.*
³ *to part, separate.*
⁴ *enclosure.*
⁵ *violent blow.*
⁶ *backbone.*
⁷ *blow.*
⁸ *stroke.*
⁹ *in.*
¹⁰ *nearly five hundred.*
¹¹ *beat.*
¹² *frightened.*
¹³ *Afterwards.*
¹⁴ *corner.*
¹⁵ *began to.*
¹⁶ *hasten.*
¹⁷ *Vain Glory.*
¹⁸ *dreadfully.*
¹⁹ *=gan, began.*
²⁰ *wondrous.*
²¹ *jesting.*
²² *ever.*

'Thy treasure have they falsely fra thee ta'en ;
These wicked folk, thou weened'st had been true !
And stolen away from thee one and one.
For think, they never came, thee for to glew¹ !
Where is thy garment green and goodly hue ?
And thy fresh face, that YOUTHHEAD to thee made ?
Thou bird'st² think shame, and of thy riot rue ;
Saw'st thou thyself into³ thy colour sad !

¹ *make merry.*

² *It behoves thee.*

³ *in.*

'Now marvel not, suppose⁴ I with thee chide :
For, wit thou well ! my heart is wonder⁵ woe !
Another day, when thou mayst nothing hide,
I man⁶ accuse thee, as thy proper foe !
Of thy vain work, first witness thou me to,
When all thy jollity is justified ;
It grieves me, that thou should graceless go
To waste thy welfare, and thy wealth so wide !'

⁴ *although.*

⁵ *wondrous.*

⁶ *must*

As CONSCIENCE was chiding thus on hight⁷,
REASON and WIT, right at the Gate they rang
With raps loud, for it drew near the night,
Bade, let them in, for they had standing long.
Said CONSCIENCE, 'In good faith ! this is wrong
Give me the key ! I shall be Porter now !'
So came they in, each one through other throng,
Syne⁸, with a whisk⁹ almost, I wot not how.

⁷ *high.*

⁸ *Afterwards.*

⁹ *quickly.*

REASON ran on where at DISCRETION lay
Into¹⁰ a nook, where no man could him find ;
And, with his knife, he schure¹¹ the flesh away,
That bred upon his eyne, and made him blind.
Syne⁸, gave he him the thuid ewin¹² behind.
'Now mayst thou see ! Get up ! No longer lie !
And scouner¹³ not to ride in rain and wind !
Where'er I be, see that thou be near by !'

¹⁰ *in.*

¹¹ *shore.*

¹² *straight blow.*

¹³ *shun, shrink.*

Gavin Douglas, *Bishop of Dunkeld.*

- The King begouth¹ to speak upon this wise.
‘Fair CONSCIENCE! ye are too crabbit² now,
Your Sovereign and your Lord for to surpris!
There is no man of good³ will you allow!
What have I done, that thus has crabbit² you?
I followed counsel always for the best;
And if they were untrue, I dare avow,
Nature did miss⁴, such folk upon me cast!’
- ‘Nature me bred a beast into⁵ my nest,
And gave to me YOUTHHEAD first Servitor,
That I no foot might find, by East nor West,
But e’er in Ward, in tutorship and cure⁶:
And WANTONNESS, who was to me more sure,
Such Nature to me brought, and first devised
Me for to keep from all misadventure;
What blame serve⁷ I, this way to be surprised?’
- ‘Ye did great miss⁸, fair CONSCIENCE, by your leave!
If that ye were of kin and blood to me,
That slothfully should let your time o’ersleep,
And come thus late! How should ye ask your fee?
The steed is stolen, steik⁹ the door! Let see
What may avail! God wot! The stall is tume¹⁰!
And if [that] ye be a Counsellor slee¹¹,
Why should ye slothfully your time forsume¹²?’
- ‘Of [all] my harm and dreary indigence,
If there be aught amiss, methinks, perdie¹³
That ye are cause verray¹⁴ of my offence;
And should sustain the better part for me!
Make answer now! What can ye say? Let see!
Yourself excuse; and make you foul, or clean!
REASON, come here! Ye shall our judge [now] be;
And in this cause give sentence us between!’

¹ began.

² irritated, incensed.

³ good man.

⁴ amiss.

⁵ in.

⁶ care.

⁷ deserve.

⁸ greatly amiss.

⁹ fasten.

¹⁰ empty.

¹¹ skilful.

¹² lose by delay.

¹³ by God!

¹⁴ true.

'Sir! by your leave, into¹ my proper² cause,
Suppose³ I speak, ye should not be displeas'd!'
Said CONSCIENCE. 'This is a villanous cause,
If I should be the cause ye are diseas'd!
No! young counsel in you so long was seisit⁴,
That has your treasure and your good[s] destroyed;
Right fain would I, with measure it were meisit!⁵
For of your harm, God wot! if I be noyit⁶.

'Ye put great wite⁷ that I so long abode,
If that I could with counsel you avail;
Sir! trust [ye] well a verrie⁸ cause I had,
Or else were no reason in my tale.
My term was set by order natural,
To what work always I must obey!
Nor dare I not, by no way, make travail,
But where I see my master get a sway!

'For stand he on his feet, and stagger nought,
These hundred years shall come into his hold!
But, ne'ertheless, Sir! all things ye have wrought,
With help of WISDOM and his will's wald⁹,
I shall reform it blithely! Be ye bold;
And YOUTHHEAD shall have wyt⁷ of your misdeed!
Therefore require ye REASON many fold¹⁰
That he his rolls rathly¹¹ to you read.

REASON rose up; and in his rolls he brought.
'If I shall say, the sentence shall be plain.
Do ne'er the thing that e'er may scathe thee aught!
Keep measure and truth, for therein lies no train!
DISCRETION should aye with King HEART remain!
These other young folk-servants are but fools!
Experience makes knowledge now again;
And bairns young should learn at old men's schools.

¹ in.

² own.

³ Although.

⁴ in possession.

⁵ mitigated.

⁶ troubled, vex-
ed.

⁷ blame.

⁸ true.

⁹ power.

¹⁰ many times.

¹¹ quickly.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- 'Who gustis¹ sweet, and felt never of the sour?
What can [he] say? How may he season judge?
Who sits hot, and felt never cold an hour,
What weather is thereout under the luge²,
How should he wit³? That were a marvel huge
To buy right blue, that never a hue had seen!
A servant he, that ne'er had seen a fuge⁴!
Suppose⁵ it rhyme, it accords not all clean.
- 'To wiss⁶ the right, and to disuse the wrong;
That is my School to all that list to leir⁷!'
- 'But, WISDOM! if ye should dwell us among,
Methinks, ye dwell o'erlong! Put down your spear!
Ye might well make an end of all this weir⁸,
Would ye forth show your worthy document!
For there is none that [ever] can forbear
The work of VICE, withouten⁹ your assent!'
- WIT said, 'Sir King! beware or¹⁰ ye be woe!
For FORESIGHT has now full long been flemit¹¹!
Learn to know thy friend forby¹² thy foe,
If thou wilt have thy country all well yemit¹³.
And be thou well! To hold thee so, it semit¹⁴
[Ne'er weening aught to do that were amiss].
After thy death, thy deedis¹⁵ must be demit¹⁶,
By thy desert, either to bale, or bliss.'
- HONOUR, he rode the Castle round about
Upon a steed that was as white as milk.
'Is EASE therein?' cried he [aye], with a shout.
Dame PLEASANCE spake, her face hid with a silk¹⁷,
'He is a Governor of ours, that ilk¹⁸.'
WIT said, 'Come in, full welcome to these wanis¹⁹.'
'I count not all your workès worth a wilk²⁰!
Ye shall not harbour me and EASE at anis²¹!'
- ¹ *tastes.*
² *bower of leaves.*
³ *know.*
⁴ *pickaxe.*
⁵ *Although.*
⁶ *wish.*
⁷ *like to learn.*
⁸ *war.*
⁹ *without.*
¹⁰ *=ere, before.*
¹¹ *expelled, banished.*
¹² *over and above.*
¹³ *guarded.*
¹⁴ *seemed.*
¹⁵ *deeds.*
¹⁶ *judged.*
¹⁷ *? a veil.*
¹⁸ *same.*
¹⁹ *dwellings.*
²⁰ *whelk.*
²¹ *at once.*

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

WORSHIP OF WAR came, on the other side,
Upon a steed rampand¹ was red as blood. ¹ *ramping, pawing.*
He cried on STRENGTH, 'Come out, man! Be my guide!
I cannot ride out o'er this water wood²!' ² *furious.*
Dame PLEASANCE heard; and, on her way, she yede³ ³ *went.*
Right to the King, and bade him STRENGTH arrest.
'I would not, Sir! for mickle⁴ worldly good, ⁴ *much.*
Want STRENGTH an hour, whene'er we go to feast!

'In all disport, he may us greatly 'vail⁵! ⁵ *avail.*
Give him no leave; but hold him while ye may!'
The King full well had heard Dame PLEASANCE's tale,
And STRENGTH he has arrested by the way.
'Abide!' he said, 'We shall, another day,
Seek WORSHIP at our will, and us advance!
I dread me sore, Sir STRENGTH, of that delay;
For Arms have both happy time and chance.'

STRENGTH said, 'Now I am green, and in my flowers;
Fain would I follow WORSHIP, and⁶ I might! ⁶ *if.*
For if I bide, in faith! the fault is yours;
I must obey to you, since that is right!
Now see I well, Dame PLEASANCE has great sleight⁷; ⁷ *craft, wiles.*
And fie on EASE, that holds HONOUR out!
He is the man might bring us all to height!
Lo! where he rides backward, with his rout⁸!' ⁸ *company.*

With this, BEAUTY came in the King's sight,
Full reverently she kneeled in his presence,
'Dame PLEASANCE says, Sir! that ye do unright!
(Durst I it say unto your high reverence!)
Ye have displeased her high magnificence,
That should let CONSCIENCE in her Castle come.
He is her foe, and does her great offence;
And ofttimes can her Servitors o'ercome!'

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Therewith the King upstart¹, and turned a back
On CONSCIENCE, and all his Court in feir²;
And to the Queen, the right way can³ he take.
Full suddenly in arms hint⁴ the cleir⁵.
She wried about. To kiss, she was full sweir⁶.
Then he again full fairly to her spake,
'No! Be not wrath with me, my Lady dear!
For, as I may, I shall you merry make!

¹ started up.
² together.
³ = gan, began.
⁴ seized.
⁵ the Beauty.
⁶ unwilling.

'Though CONSCIENCE and WISDOM me to keep
Be cunning both, I shall them well beguile!
For truly, when [that] they are gone to sleep,
I shall be here within a bonny while!
My solace shall I slyly thus o'ersyle⁷!
RIGHT shall not rest⁸ me always with his rule!
Though I be whilom⁹ buxom¹⁰ as a waile¹¹;
I shall be crooked, while I make [him fule¹²!]

⁷ hide.
⁸ arrest, constrain.
⁹ sometimes.
¹⁰ pliant, flexible.
¹¹ wand.
¹² fool.

Dame PLEASANCE [said], 'My friends now are fled!
The lusty folk that ye forth with you brought!
Methinks, these carls¹³ are not courtly clad!
What joy have I of them? I count them nought!
YOUTHHEAD and Fresh DELIGHT, might they be brought,
For with their service I am right well kenned;
Fain would I, that ye send men, and them sought,
Although it were unto the world's end!'

¹³ churls, boors.

The Queen wourde¹⁴ wrath. The King was sore adread¹⁵,
For her disdain he could not goodly bear.
They suppèd soon, and syne¹⁶ they bownit¹⁷ to bed.
SADNESS came in, and rownit¹⁸ in his ear,
'Dame PLEASANCE has perceivèd her new fere¹⁹!
And early, afore the sun, she can² to rise
Out of the bed, and trussed²⁰ up all her gear²¹:
The King was sound asleep, and still he lies.

¹⁴ became.
¹⁵ afraid.
¹⁶ after.
¹⁷ made ready.
¹⁸ whispered.
¹⁹ companion.
²⁰ packed.
²¹ goods, things.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Horses and harness hint¹ she has, in haste,
With all [her] folk she can² her wayes³ fare⁴.
By this, it was full near midday almost,
Then came DIS-EASE in, riding, with a rair⁵,
'The Queen is went⁶, alas! I wot not where!'
The King began to wake, and heard the beir⁷.
Then JEALOUSY came strekand⁸ up the stair,
To serve the King; and drew him wonder⁹ near.

¹ seized.
² =gan, began.
³ ways.
⁴ travel, go.
⁵ roar.
⁶ gone.
⁷ cry.
⁸ going quickly.
⁹ wondrous.

REASON came [in]. 'Sir King! I rede¹⁰ ye rise!
There is a great part of this fair day run.
The sun is at the height, and downward hies,
Where is the treasure now that ye have won?
This drink was sweet ye found in VENUS' tun!
Soon after this, it shall stale and sour;
Therefore, of it, I rede¹⁰ no more ye cun!¹¹
Let it lie still, and please your paramour!'

¹⁰ advise.
¹¹ try it.

Then WISDOM says, 'Shape for some governance,
Sen¹² fair Dame PLEASANCE on her ways is went⁶.
In your last days, ye may yourself advance,
If that ye become of the same indigent.
Go to your place, and you therein present!
The Castle is yet strong enough to hold.'
Then SADNESS said, 'Sir King! ye must assent!
What have ye now ado¹³ in this waste fold¹⁴?'

¹² Since.
¹³ to do.
¹⁴ land.

The King has heard their counsel, at the last,
And wholly assented to their saw¹⁵.
'Make ready soon,' he says, 'and speed you fast!
Full suddenly they can² the clarion blow;
On horses they lap¹⁶, and rode then all on row¹⁷
To his own Castle, wherein his was bred.
LANGUOR, the Watch¹⁸, attour¹⁹ the kimal²⁰ flew;
And HEAVINESS to the great Donjon fled.

¹⁵ saying.
¹⁶ leaped.
¹⁷ in a row.
¹⁸ Warder.
¹⁹ out over.
²⁰ embrasure.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

He cried, 'Sir King! welcome to thine own place!

I have it kept truly sen¹ thou past!

¹ since.

But I have mickle marvel of thy face,

That changèd is like [with] a Winter's blast.'

'Yea! HEAVINESS!' the King said, at the last,

'Now have I this, with far more harms, hint²;

² taken.

Which grieves me, when I my comptis cast³

³ make my accounts.

How I fresh YOUTHHEAD and his fellows tint⁴!'

⁴ lost.

STRENGTH was as then fast faded of his flowers,

But still yet with the King he can abide,

While, at the last, in the hochis⁵ he cowers.

⁵ (treasure) chests.

Then privily out at the Gate can⁶ slide,

= gan, began.

He stole away, and went on ways wide

And sought where YOUTHHEAD and his feres⁷ woned⁸.

⁷ companions.

Full suddenly, suppose⁹ he had no guide,

⁸ dwelt.

Behind a hill he has his feres⁷ found.

⁹ although.

So, on a day, the Day's Watcheis¹⁰ two

¹⁰ Warders.

Came [in], and said, They saw a felloun¹¹ mist!

¹¹ dreadful.

'Yea!' said WISDOM, 'I wist¹² it would be woe!

¹² knew.

That is a sing¹³ before a heavy trist¹⁴!

¹³ sign.

That is peril to come, who [that] it wist,

¹⁴ sorrow.

That, on some side, there shall us folk assail.'

The King sat still. To travail he nought list¹⁵;

¹⁵ liked.

And hearkened syne¹⁶ a while to WIT his tale.

¹⁶ after

DESIRE was daily at the chamber door;

And JEALOUSY was ne'er of his presence.

IRE kept aye the Gate, with mickle cure¹⁷;

¹⁷ care.

And WRETCHEDNESS was hied into the Spence¹⁸.

¹⁸ larder.

'Such folk as these,' he said, 'to make defence,

With all their family fully hundreds five.'

Sir EASE, he was the greatest of reverence,

¹⁹ men.

Best lovèd with the King of leid¹⁹ on live²⁰.

²⁰ alive.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Unto the Gate came riding, on a day,

WORSHIP OF WAR, which sows honours high.

'Go to the King,' with sture¹ voice can² he say,

¹ harsh.

² =gan, began.

³ Inquire.

⁴ if.

⁵ it please him.

⁶ hire, reward.

'Speir³ if any office he has for me?

For, and⁴ him list⁵, I will serve him for fee⁶!

WISDOM came to the wall, crying o'er again,

'Man, seek thy fortune with ADVERSITY!

It is not here such thing as thee should gain!

'STRENGTH is away, outstolling⁷ like a thief,

⁷ stolen away.

Which keepèd aye the treasure of Estate;

There is no man should cherish thee so lief⁸!

⁸ willing.

These other folk, of worship are full blate⁹!

⁹ diffident, shy.

WORSHIP OF WAR again with WISDOM flate¹⁰

¹⁰ wrangled.

'Why would ye not me see, when STRENGTH ye had?'

Therewith came EASE, said, 'I sit warm and hot;

When they thereout shall be with stouris¹¹ stade¹²!

¹¹ fights.

¹² encumbered.

WORSHIP says, 'War, I wot¹³ ye have at hand;

¹³ know.

Which shall assail your walls high and strong.'

Then WISDOM said, 'Dame PLEASANCE, sweet sembland¹⁴!

¹⁴ appearance.

In youthhead¹⁵ would not thole¹⁶ us worship fang¹⁷.

¹⁵ youth.

¹⁶ suffer.

Adieu! Farewell!' WORSHIP says, 'Now I gang¹⁸

¹⁷ seize.

¹⁸ go.

To seek my craft unto the world's end!'

WISDOM says, 'Take you DIS-EASE among¹⁹;

¹⁹ with you.

And wait on me, als whilum²⁰, where ye wend²¹!

²⁰ as formerly.

²¹ go.

'For do ye not, ye may not well eft²² heif²³!'

²² again.

'What is your name?' 'WISDOM, forsooth, I hecht²⁴.'

²³ labour, heave.

²⁴ am called.

'All wrong, God wot! Ofttimes, Sir! by your leif²⁵,

²⁵ leave.

Mine adventure will shape out of your sight!

But ne'ertheless may²⁶ fall, that ye have right!

²⁶ it may.

Ruth have I none! Out-take²⁷ Fortune and Chance,

²⁷ Except.

That man I aye pursue both day and night!

EASE I defy, so hangs in his balance!'

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Right as these two were talking [fast] in fere¹
A hideous host they saw come o'er the moor.
DECREPITUS, his banner shone not clear,
Was at the hand, with many Chieftains sture².
A crudgè-bak³ that careful caitiff bore;
And crookèd were his loathly limbs baith⁴,
But⁵ smirk⁶ or smile, but rather for to smure⁷,
But⁵ scoup⁸ or skift⁹, his craft is all to scathe¹⁰.

Within a while, the Castle all about
He seigit¹¹ fast, with many sow¹² and gin¹³;
And they within gave many hideous shout,
For they were wonder woe¹⁴ King HEART to tine¹⁵.
The grounden ganyeis¹⁶, and great guns¹⁷ syne¹⁸.
They shot without; within they stoncs cast¹⁹.
King HEART says, 'Hold the house, for it is mine!
Give it not o'er, as long as we may last!'

Thus they within had made full great defence,
Aye while they might the walls have yemit²⁰,
Till, at the last, they wanted them dispence²¹;
Evil-purveyèd folk, and so well stemit²².
Their tuns and their tubs were all temit²³;
And failèd was the flesh that was their food.
And, at the last, WISDOM, the best has deemit²⁴
[Comfort to bid them keep, that he ne yode²⁵].

'And²⁶ he be tint²⁷, in peril put we all!
Therefore hold wait²⁸, and let him not away!'
By this, they heard the mickle²⁹ Fore-Tower fall,
Which made them in the Donjon to effray.
Then rose there mickle²⁹ dirdum³⁰ and deray³¹.
The Barmekin³² burst. They entered in at large:
HEADWORK³³, HOIST³⁴, and PARLASY³⁵ made great pay³⁶,
And MURMURS more with many a spear and targe.³⁶

¹ company.

² strong.

³ a humpback.

⁴ both.

⁵ without.

⁶ slight laughter.

⁷ smother.

⁸ scope, aim.

⁹ shift.

¹⁰ injure.

¹¹ besieged.

¹² a machine, used in sieges, to cover those who were undermining.

¹³ engine for war.

¹⁴ wondrous sad.

¹⁵ lose.

¹⁶ arrows.

¹⁷ cannon.

¹⁸ after.

¹⁹ threw.

²⁰ guarded.

²¹ supplies.

²² hemmed in.

²³ emptied.

²⁴ judged.

²⁵ went away.

²⁶ if.

²⁷ lost.

²⁸ watch.

²⁹ great.

³⁰ uproar.

³¹ disorder.

³² Barbican.

³³ Headache.

³⁴ Cough.

³⁵ Palsy, Paralysis.

³⁶ beating.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- When that they saw no boot¹ was to defend,
Then in they let DECREPITUS full tyte².
He sought King HEART, for he full well him kenned³ :
And with a sword he can⁴ him smartly smite
His back in two, right pertly⁵ for despite,
And with a brand⁶ [syne⁷] brake he both his shins.
He gave a cry, then COMFORT fled out quite ;
And thus this baleful bargain he begins.
- REASON forfoughten⁸ [was] and evil drest⁹ ;
And WISDOM was aye wandering to the door :
CONSCIENCE lay [him] down a while to rest,
Because he saw the King wourd¹⁰ weak and poor ;
For so in dule he might no longer dure.
'Go send for DEID!¹¹' thus said he verament¹²,
'Yet for I will dispone¹³ of my treasure,
Upon this wise make I my Testament.
- 'To fair Dame PLEASANCE, aye when she list ride,
My proud palfrey, Unsteadfastness, I leave ;
With Fickleness, her saddle, set on side.
This ought there none of reason her to 'reave¹⁴.
To Fresh BEAUTY, because I could¹⁵ her heve¹⁶,
Green APPETITE her servant for to be,
To crack and cry always till he hir deve¹⁷.
That I command him straightly till he die !
- 'Green LUST! I leave to thee, at my last end,
Of fantasy a fostell¹⁸ fillèd fow¹⁹ !
YOUTHHEAD, because that thou my barnehead²⁰ kenned²¹,
To WANTONNESS aye will I that thou bow !
To GLUTTONY, that oft made me o'er fow¹⁹,
This mickle²² wambe²³, this rotten liver als²⁴,
See that ye bear, and that command I you ;
And smartly hang [them] both about his hals²⁵.
- ¹ remedy.
² quickly.
³ knew.
⁴ =gan, began.
⁵ briskly.
⁶ sword.
⁷ after.
⁸ exhausted with fighting.
⁹ treated.
¹⁰ became.
¹¹ Death.
¹² truly.
¹³ dispose, bequeath.
¹⁴ take from her.
¹⁵ would.
¹⁶ exalt.
¹⁷ deafen.
¹⁸ cask.
¹⁹ full.
²⁰ childhood.
²¹ knew.
²² great.
²³ belly.
²⁴ also.
²⁵ neck.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

- ' To REAR-SUPPER¹, be he among that rout²,
 Ye me commend! He is a fellow fine!
 This rotten stomach, that I bear about,
 Ye rug³ it out, and reach it to him syne⁴!
 For he has hindered me of mony⁵ dine⁶;
 And, mony⁵ time, the mess⁷ has gart⁸ me sleep!
 My wits has he wasted oft with wine;
 And made my stomach, with hot lusts leap!*
- ¹ a late supper
² company.
³ pluck.
⁴ after.
⁵ many a.
⁶ dinner.
⁷ mess of meat.
⁸ made.
- ' DELIVERNESS⁹ has ofttimes done me good!
 When I was young, and stood in tender age,
 He gart⁸ me run full reckless, by the rood!
 At ball and bowl! Therefore, greet well that Page!
 This broken shin, that swells and will not swage¹⁰,
 Ye bear to him! He brake it at the ball!
 And say to him, That it shall be his wage!
 This bruised arm, ye bear to him at all¹¹!*
- ⁹ Agility.
¹⁰ assuage.
¹¹ anyhow.
- ' To CHASTITY, that silly¹² innocent,
 Her leave I now my conscience for to scour
 Of all the wicked rust that through it went,
 When she for me the tears down could pour.
 That fair sweet thing, benign in every bour¹³,
 That never wist¹⁴ of vice nor violence;
 But evermore is married with MEASURE,
 And clean of lust's cursèd experience.*
- ¹² blessed.
¹³ chamber.
¹⁴ knew.
- ' To FREEDOM shall ye found¹⁵, and fairly beir¹⁶
 This threadbare Cloak, sometime was thick of wow¹⁷.
 And bid, for my sake, that he [shall] it weir¹⁸
 When he has spendit¹⁹ of that he has now.
 Aye! when his purse of pennies is not fow²⁰,
 Where is his freedom then? Full far to seek!
 Ah! yon he is, was whilom to allow!
 What is he now? No fellow worth a leek!*
- ¹⁵ go.
¹⁶ bear.
¹⁷ wool.
¹⁸ wear.
¹⁹ expended,
 used.
²⁰ full.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

' To WASTE-GOOD take, and bear NEED that I leave!

To COVATICE¹ syne² give this blaze of fire!

To VAUNT and VOKY³ bear ye this rown⁴ sleeve!

Bid them therein, that they take their hire!

To BUSINESS, that ne'er was wont to tire,

Bear him this stool; and bid him now sit down!

For he has left his master in the mire;

And would not draw him out, though he should drown.

¹ Covetousness.

² after.

³ = French Vougue, Vain fashion.

⁴ spacious.

' FOOLHARDINESS, bear him this broken brow;

And bid him boldly bind it with a clout!

For he has gotten morsels⁵ on the mow⁶;

And brought his master oft in mickle⁷ doubt.

Syne², shall ye after fair Dame DANGER shout,

And say, "Because she had me aye at feid⁸,

This broken spear, sometime was stiff and stout,

To her I leave!": but see it wants the head!'

⁵ bites.

⁶ mouth.

⁷ great.

⁸ feud.

Quod Master GAVIN DOUGLAS,

Bishop of DUNKELD.

THESE women all,
Both great and small,
Are wav'ring to and fro!
Now here! now there!
Now everywhere!
But I will not say so!

They love to range!
Their minds doth change;
And make their friend their foe.
As lovers true,
Each day they choose new!
But I will not say so!

They laugh! they smile!
They do beguile
As dice that men doth throw!
Who useth them much,
Shall never be rich!
But I will not say so!

Some hot! some cold!
There is no hold,
But as the wind doth blow!
When all is done,
They change like the moon!
But I will not say so!

So thus one and other
Taketh after their mother,
As cock, by kind, doth crow!
My Song is ended!
The best may be amendeth!
But I will not say so! . . .

O, DEATH! rock me on sleep!
Bring me on quiet rest!
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast!
Toll on the Passing Bell!
Ring out the doleful knell!
Let the sound my death tell!
For I must die!
There is no remedy,
For now I die!

My pains, who can express?
Alas! they are so strong!
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong!
Toll on the Passing Bell! &c.

Alone in prison strong,
I wail my destiny!
Woe worth this cruel hap! that I
Should taste this misery
Toll on the Passing Bell! &c.

Farewell, my pleasures past!
Welcome, my present pain!
I feel my torments so increase,
That life cannot remain!
Cease now the Passing Bell!
Rung is my doleful knell!
For the sound my death doth tell!
Death doth draw nigh!
Sound my end dolefully!
For now I die!

*THE ASSAULT OF CUPID UPON THE FORT, WHERE
THE LOVER'S HEART LAY WOUNDED;
AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN.*

WHEN CUPID scalèd first the Fort,
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
The batt'ry was of such a sort
That I must yield; or die therefor!

There saw I LOVE upon the wall,
How he his Banner did display,
'Alarm! Alarm!' he gan to call;
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The Arms the which that CUPID bare,
Were piercèd hearts with tears besprent;
In silver and sable, to declare
The steadfast love he always meant.

There might you see his Band, all dressed
In colours like to white and black,
With powder and with pellets, pressed
To bring the Fort to spoil and sack.

the Lord Vaux.



THOMAS VAUX, LORD VAUX.

GOOD WILL, the Master of the Shot,
Stood in the rampire brave and proud,
For 'spense of powder, he spared not
'Assault! Assault!' to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar.
Each piece discharged a Lover's look;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place where as they took.

And, even with the trumpets' sound,
The scaling ladders were up set;
And BEAUTY walkèd up and down,
With bow in hand and arrows whet.

Then, first, DESIRE began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe,
As on the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushèd Soldiers with their pikes,
And Halberdiers with handy strokes;
The hargabush, in flesh it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And as it is the Soldiers' use,
When shot and powder gin to want,
I hangèd up my Flag of Truce;
And pleaded for my lifès grant.

When FANCY thus had made her breach,
And BEAUTY entered with her Band;
With bag and baggage, silly wretch!
I yielded into BEAUTY'S hand.

Then BEAUTY bade to blow retreat,
And every soldier to retire;
And MERCY mild, with speed to fet
Me captive bound, as prisoner.

'Madam!' quoth I, 'sith that this day
Hath servèd you at all assays;
I yield to you, without delay,
Here of the Fortress all the keys!

'And sith that I have been the mark,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Needs must you, with your handiwork,
Or salve my sore, or let me die!'

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

I LOATHE that I did love!
In youth that I thought sweet!
As time requires, for my behove,
Methinks, they are not meet!

My lusts, they do me leave!
My fancies all be fled!
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray hairs upon my head.

For Age, with stealing steps,
Hath clawed me with his crutch;
And lusty Life, away she leaps!
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before!
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore!

For REASON me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And, day by day, to me she cries,
'Leave off these toys in time!'

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, 'Limping Age will hedge him now;
Where Youth must give him place!'

The Harbinger of Death,
To me, I see him ride.
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe, and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet;
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most meet!

Methinks, I hear the Clerk,
That knolls the careful knell;
And bids me leave my woeful work,
Ere Nature me compel!

My keepers knit the knot,
That Youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me, that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born!

Thus must I Youth give up;
Whose badge I long did wear!
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear!

Lo! here the barèd skull,
By whose bald sign I know
That stooping Age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.

For BEAUTY, with her Band,
These crookèd cares hath wrought;
And shippèd me into the land,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust!
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust!

READ ME, AND BE NOT WROTH!

FOR I SAY NOTHING BUT TROTH.

THIS notable Satire on the Spirituality is one of the very earliest books printed in English on the Continent; it having been printed by JOHN SCHOTT, at Strasburg, before May 8, 1528.

It was written by two English exiles, who were Franciscan Friars, upon information that had reached them from England, say as late as April, 1527; which is the literary date of this text.

WOLSEY ordered every copy of this work to be bought up and destroyed; so that it has now become a very rare book.

We have only space here to give one extract from this Satire, that relates to Cardinal WOLSEY personally; but the Work at large is a most interesting contribution, at first hand, to the early history of the English Reformation.

As SKELTON's *Why come ye not to Court?* is an attack on WOLSEY from the secular side; so *Read me, and be not wroth!* is an attack upon him from the religious side.

HERE FOLLOWETH

*A BRIEF DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO PRIEST'S SERVANTS,
NAMED WATKIN AND JEFFREY.*

WATKIN. BUT now would I hear thee express
The manner of their holiness!
Briefly declare at once!

JEFFREY. Marry! That is done forth withal!
For they have no holiness at all,
As far as I saw yet ever!
Howbeit shortly to discuss
Their proud estate so glorious,
I shall here myself endeavour.

First, as I said, there is a Cardinal;
Which is the ruler principal
Through the realm, in every part.

WATKIN. Have they not in England a King?

JEFFREY. Alas! man! speak not of that thing!
For it goeth to my very heart.
And I shall shew thee a cause Why?
There is no Prince, under the sky,
That to compare with him is able!
A goodly person he is of stature,
Endued with all gifts of Nature,
And of gentleness incomparable!
In sundry sciences he is seen;
Having a Lady to his Queen,
Example of womanly behaviour.
Notwithstanding, for all this,
By the Cardinal ruled he is,
To the distaining of his honour!

WATKIN. Doth he follow the Cardinal's intent?

JEFFREY. Yea! and that the Commons repent,
With many a weeping tear!

WATKIN. The Cardinal vexeth them then?

JEFFREY. Alas! since England first began,
Was never such a tyrant there!

By his pride and false treachery,
Whoredom and bawdy lechery,
He hath been so intolerable,
That poor Commons, with their wives,
In manner are weary of their lives,
To see the land so miserable!
Through all the land he causèd perjury;
And afterward took away their money,
Proceeding most tyrannously.
The poor people, needy and bare,
His cruel heart would not spare!
Leaving them in great misery:
Insomuch that, for lack of food,
Creatures bought with CHRIST'S blood,
Were fain to die in piteous case!
Also a right noble Prince of fame,
EDWARD, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
He causèd to die, alas! alas!
The goods that he thus gatherèd,
Wretchedly he hath scatterèd
In causes nothing expedient!
To make windows, walls, and doors . . .
A great part thereof is spent!

WATKIN. Let all this pass! I pray thee heartily;
And shew me somewhat seriously
Of his Spiritual magnificence.

JEFFREY. First he hath a title of Saint Cecile;
And is a Legate *de latere*,

A dignity of high pre-eminence.
He hath Bishoprics two or three,
With the Pope's full authority,
In cases of dispensation.

WATKIN. He may then with the *Mass* dispense,
If he be fallen in the sentence
Of the Great Excommunication?

JEFFREY. That he may, in all manner cases!
Howbeit he giveth nothing gratis;
But selleth all for ready money!
Except curses and blessings,
With sight of his golden rings,
All this, he giveth freely!

WATKIN. Hath he so large faculty,
Of the Pope's benignity,
As is spoken abroad?

JEFFREY. He standeth in the Pope's room;
Having of his *Bulls* a great sum,
I trow, a whole cartload!
Wherewith, men's purses to discharge,
He extendeth his power more large
Than the power of Almighty GOD!
For, whether it be good or ill,
His perverse mind he will fulfil!
Supplanting the truth by falsehood.
To get him a singular name,
The land he bringeth out of frame!
Against all GOD's forbod.

He turneth all things topsy-turvy;
Not sparing, for any Simony,
 To sell Spiritual gifts!
In grants of consanguinity,
To marry within near[er] degree,
 He getteth away men's thrifts!
Of Secular folk, he can make Regular;
And again of Regular, Secular!
 Making, as he list, black of white!
Open whoredom and advoutry,
He alloweth to be matrimony!
 Though it be never so unright.
Lawful wedlock to divorce,
He giveth very little force;
 Knowing no cause wherefore.
He playeth the Devil and his Dame!
All people, reporting the same,
 Curse the time that ever he was bore!

WATKIN. It cannot sink in my mind,
That the Cardinal is so blind
 To make any such divorcement.

JEFFREY. Though it be not in thy belief,
I tell thee (to put it in preef),
 He doth all that he can invent!

WATKIN. Betwixt whom, dost thou ween?

JEFFREY. Betwixt the King and the Queen,
 Which have been long of one assent.

WATKIN. Some cause then he hath espied
Which asunder them to divide
Is necessary and urgent.

JEFFREY. Nothing, but the Butcher doth feign
That the good Lady is barren,
Like to be past child-bearing.

WATKIN. Had the King never child by her?

JEFFREY. No man ever saw goodlier
Than those which she forth did bring!

WATKIN. Is there any of them alive?

JEFFREY. Yea! a Princess! whom to describe,
It were hard for an Orator!
She is but a child of age;
And yet is she both wise and sage,
Of very beautiful favour.
Perfectly she doth represent
The singular graces excellent
Both of father and mother.
Howbeit, all this not regarding,
The Carter of York is meddling
For to divorce them asunder!

WATKIN. Are not the Nobles herewith offended?

JEFFREY. Yes! but it cannot be amended,
As long as he is the ruler!

WATKIN. I think the Queen is not faulty;
But hath done enough of her party,
If it had pleased GOD's beneficence.

JEFFREY. None is faulty but the Butcher!
Whom Almighty GOD doth suffer
To scourge the people's offence.
Unto GOD he is so odious,
That nothing can be prosperous,
Where as he hath governance!
Since that he came first forward,
All things have gone backward,
With much mischief and mischance!
No early purpose he doth intend,
That ever cometh to a good end;
But damage and tribulation.

WATKIN. In these parts it is verified,
That he hath a College edified
Of marvellous foundation. . . .

JEFFREY. Thou mayst perceive, by reason,
That virtue shall be very geason
Among a sort of idle losels,
Which have riches infinite!
In wealth and worldly delight,
Given to pleasure, and nothing else!

WATKIN. They read there both Greek and Hebrew!

JEFFREY. I will not say, but it is true
That there, be men of great science:
Howbeit, where pride is the beginning,
The Devil is commonly the ending!
As we see by experience.
And, if thou consider well,
Even as the Tower of Babel
Began of a presumption,
So this College, I dare undertake!
Which the Cardinal doth make,
Shall confound the region!
What is it to see dogs and cats,
Gargoyle heads and Cardinals' hats,
Painted on walls, with much cost;
Which ought, of duty, to be spent
Upon poor people indigent,
For lack of food utterly lost!

WATKIN. Hath he for such folk no providence?

JEFFREY. No! saving only, to rid them hence,
A proper way he imagineth!

WATKIN. After what manner purveyance?

JEFFREY. Truly! lest they should be cumbrance,
A warfare he them sendeth!

WATKIN. Many of them then are slain?

JEFFREY. They never come home half again,
I may tell thee, in good plight!
For some be taken prisoners:
And some are dead of the fevers;
Many of them losing their sight.
Of twenty thousand fighting men,
Scant returneth home again ten
In good state and perfect liking!
For the more part made beggars,
And so become robbers and stealers;
Whereby they have a shrewd ending!

WATKIN. He fareth not the better for war?

JEFFREY. Yes! marry! it doth him prefer
To more gains than I can rehearse!
For, first, or the war do begin,
They labour his favour to win,
Giving gifts many and divers:
And if it cannot be so pacified,
They bribe him on the other side,
At the least, for to be favoured.
And, finally, war for to cease,
With rewards they must him grease;
Or else peace cannot be performed!

WATKIN. Doth he practise such conveyance?

JEFFREY. Yea! and, for that cause, in France,
This war-time, he was beloved!

WATKIN. Thou makest him then a traitor!

JEFFREY. I reckon him a false faitour!
If the very truth were proved.

WATKIN. Well! let this pass! How doth he
In giving grants of liberty,
And cases that be dispensable?

JEFFREY. He followeth the common practice
Of Merchants in their merchandise,
To get worldly goods movable:
Saving they take great labours;
And he doth all by his Factors,
Resting in quiet felicity.
He hath false Pharisees and Scribes
Gaping for nothing but for bribes!
Full of frauds and perversity.

WATKIN. They are named yet otherwise!

JEFFREY. Truth! but they follow their guise
In wicked operations!

WATKIN. I put a case now, they be lewd,
As I think they are all beshrewd
In their administrations,
Shall they to Hell for the Cardinal;
Or else thinkest thou that he shall
Go thither in his own person?

JEFFREY. Though he have here such prerogative,
In all points that be dispensative,
To perform it by Commission;
Yet in this point, sickerly,
He must perform it personally,
Without any exemption!

WATKIN. If he be as thou hast here said,
I ween the devils will be afraid
To have him as a companion!
For what with his execrations,
And with his terrible fulminations,
He would handle them so,
That, for very dread and fear,
All the devils that be there,
Will be glad to let him go!

JEFFREY. As for that, thou mayst be assured,
The devils with curses are inured,
As authors thereof without fail!

WATKIN. What if he will the devils bless?

JEFFREY. They regard it no more, by Gis!
Than [the] wagging of his mule's tail!

WATKIN. Doth he use then on mules to ride?

JEFFREY. Yea! and that with so shameful pride,
That to tell, it is not possible!

More like a God celestial,
Than any creature mortal!

With worldly pomp incredible!
Before him rideth two Priests strong,
And they bear two Crosses right long,
Gaping in every man's face.

After them follow two Laymen secular;
And each of them holding a Pillar

In their hands, 'stead of a Mace.
Then followeth my Lord, on his mule,
Trapped with gold under her cule,
In every point most curiously.

On each side, a Poleaxe is borne,
Which in none other use is worn;

Pretending some hid mystery.
Then hath he servants five, or six, score;
Some behind, and some before,

A marvellous great company!
Of which are Lords and Gentlemen,
With many grooms and yeomen,

And also knaves among.
Thus, daily he proceedeth forth;
And men must take it at worth,
Whether he do right, or wrong!

A great carl he is, and a fat;
Wearing on his head a Red Hat,
Procured with angels' subsidy:

And (as they say) in time of rain,
Four of his Gentlemen are fain
To hold over it a canopy.

Besides this, to tell thee more news,
He hath a pair of costly shoes ;
Which seldom touch any ground,
They are so goodly and curious !
All of gold and stones precious,
Costing many a thousand pound !

WATKIN. And who did for these shoes pay ?

JEFFREY. Truly, many a rich Abbey,
To be eased of his Visitation.

WATKIN. Doth he, in his own person, visit ?

JEFFREY. No ! Another for him doth it,
That can skill of the occupation.
A fellow neither wise nor sad ;
But he was never yet full mad,
Though he be frantic and more.
Doctor ALLEN, he is named :
One that to lie is not ashamed,
If he spy advantage therefor.

WATKIN. Are such with him in any price ?

JEFFREY. Yea ! for they do all his advice,
Whether it be wrong, or right !

WATKIN. Hath the Cardinal any gay mansion ?

JEFFREY. Great Palaces without comparison!
Most glorious of outward sight.
And, within, decked *point device*;
More like unto a Paradise
Than an earthly habitation!

WATKIN. He cometh then of some noble stock?

JEFFREY. His father could snatch a bullock!
A Butcher by his occupation.

WATKIN. How came he unto his glory?

JEFFREY. Plainly by the Devil's policy!
As is everywhere said.

WATKIN. Are the States herewithal content?

JEFFREY. If they speak aught, they are shent!
Wherefore, I tell thee, they are afraid.

WATKIN. What abstinence useth he to take?

JEFFREY. In Lent, all fish he doth forsake;
Fed with partridges and plovers. . . .

‘MORNING! Morning!’
Thus may I sing,
 ‘Adieu! my Dear! Adieu!’
By God alone,
My Love is gone!
 Now may I go seek a new!

Nay! nay! No! no!
I wis not so!
 Leave off; and do no more!
For, verily,
Some women there be,
 The which be brotill store.

I lovèd one,
Not long agone,
 On whom my heart was set:
So did She me!
Why should I lie?
 I can it not forget!

Her letters will prove
She was my Love;
 And so I will her claim!
Though my sweet Heart
Be fro me start;
 She is the more to blame!

Though my sweet Heart
Be fro me start,
 And changed me for a new;
I am content,
And will assent
 With him that hath her now!

For, by Saint GILES
And MARY mild!
 He is a minion man!
Much proper and good,
Coming of gentle blood,
 And much good pastime he can.

He is worthy,
Much better than I,
 To have the love of her!
'Therefore, sweet Heart!
Farewell, my part!
 Adieu! sometime my Dear!' . . .

THE PASSION OF THE FOX,

LATELY OF THE TOWN OF MERE, BESIDE SHAFTESBURY,

IN THE DIOCESE OF SALISBURY.

AMIDST November, that month misty,
When the sun full low his course did run,
As I suspect, in the Sign of Sagittary,
Without pleasance to Man, or confortation,
Scantly that his beams appeared at noon ;
The silly birds also, without noise making,
On the bare boughs sit, as half in swoon,
For fear of blasty Winter so roughly dealing ;

In fantasies marvellous my mind was pight,
For a Fox whelp that lacked alate.
Though his manners would other, Curribus he hight.
Full pleasant in pastime, pretending no debate
To no person living ; but a cruel fate,
Envy hath him banished, I wot not whither !
I fear me of death : but God forbid that
Such a mischance should us dissever !

O, good God! now have I lost my beast!
In his pastime, when he was set,
Familiarly obeying most and least,
His countenance full well did counterfeit
Dissemblers all! and his meat for to get,
Full high would he leap, his bells ringing,
On a plain wall, where his meat was set
Twelve feet and more; so lustily was the spring!

Forward and backward over a staff to leap,
Or in at a hoop, breastly to discuss;
Worth as many Apes as may go or creep,
Marmosets or Catines that be in field or house!
And as craftily he would take a Mouse!
No Cat more marvellous, nor craftier to watch
His season like a Fox! Thou wast my Curribus!
That never did murder by taste nor by smatch.

Thou never devouredst Pig, Goose, nor Capon!
I think thy nature was changed to humility!
Usage doth marvellous things; look well thereon!
Theft, nor murder, none was found in thee!
Yet a common Proverb is in every country,
Usage, by no craft, may change Nature's course.
And to Usage is given a special property, [worse!
Though it amendeth not; yet shall it not be

Let no man muse, though my Fox was gentle,
Contrary to his nature; for that daily is seen!
Some turn fro good to ill: and so do the people;
And he is counted crafty, that can convey clean!
And he be taken tarde, all is not worth a bean!
Then shall be solfe full low. But my Fox doth
Keep close; and so will I! Somewhat I do mean!
Mistrust not the innocent, in what place that
ye go!

Thus the day passed, and still I was musing
On my poor Fox; but tidings might I none have!
Oft my ears dinned, as I heard the bells ring;
But Fox saw I none! Alas! what might I crave,
My sorrow to aslake! FORTUNE, I did deprave;
That so turneth the dice, and varieth our chance:
Yet on the Gods I called, my poor Fox to save
From mischance, and murder, and other mis-
governance!

Thus, as the night approached, I went to my chamber,
Purposing, by rest, to refresh my brain;
But yet the Fox in my mind was ever!
Many perils casting I could not refrain;
But yet, about midnight, though it was with pain,
I fell in a slumber; and suddenly, as methought,
A Maiden appeared, of whom I was fain.
Her marvellous apparel was wonderly wrought!

In her utter garment were colours full many,
As methought, thousands, and that variable!
Some red, some green, some yellow and motley.
Methought, that her cheer was very amiable;
The colours to my sight many and changeable.
Such one I had not seen afore to appear,
Except it were IRIS, that OVID, in his fable, [ger.
Counteth unto JUNO, her maiden and her messen-

But, what that she was, methought, at that season,
She took me by the hand, and bade me to arise!
So forth we went to a strange region
In a part of Asia where as dwell Cimirise,
Next to Amazonia, who could it well devise:
Where was a mountain marvellous high to sight,
Within that, a cave of strange edifice;
Wherein, she said, I should rest me that night.

The wonderful habitacle that we found there,
It passeth my reason to declare plainly!
Except of the Poet I borrow in this manner;
Then may I show it! Thus was it truly,
The hugy House of Sleep that resteth full surely,
Where as no sun shone, nor beam doth appear;
But in manner as the owl light is continually.
Cock, nor dog, to trouble may be found there!

Without blasting, or blowing, of wind troublous ;
Or any noise else, that might be thought of Man,
But of a small water, of nature marvellous,
Lethe it is called. Out of a stone it ran,
Purling on the gravel: and, as I saw then,
The House without gates, or door. It was also
No occasion of trouble of beast, ne of Man.
The way was full of papy, in as I did go.

And many herbs also, to sleep full necessary ;
Which things be ministered, according to season,
The brains to refresh, with labours that be weary.
And further as I beheld, in this Mansion,
A bedstead and a bed, of marvellous fashion,
In the midst of the Hall there saw I standing.
In it lay and slept the King of that region.
The bedstead was of heben, most worthy to a
King.

About him, lay Dreams, I am sure, without number !
As be the leaves thick upon the tree ;
Or straws in the harvest, or midst of Summer !
Marvellous Forms, the showing without possibility !
But as we entered, IRIS, of her property,
Lighted all the House ; and so went to the King.
She put off his Dreams ; and waked him properly.
Scantly might he see, as to my thinking.

So sluggish he was, that down again he lay;
As noise had we made none at that season.
She shook him by the chin; and fair did pray!
So he awaked, his head inclinèd down.
Full well he knew her; and inquire did he soon,
What she meant? and what she did in that place?
'Fro JUNO, my Lady! Her will, look it be done!
As you will be continued in her grace.

'O, God of Sleep! the refresher of Nature!
By quiet rest, avoiding care and thought.
There is nothing living, but it is sure
Some time of rest! For this, I have thee sought!
The Goddess JUNO willeth, that thou do else nought.
But to this person thou make relation
Of this cruelty that now alate is wrought;
The murder of this Fox, and great exclamation.'

Scantly these words that she had fully ended,
According to the sentence that ye heard afore;
Fro whence she came, she quickly then ascended.
Alone she left me. I was sorry therefore.
He called unto him, MORPHEUS¹, and PHOBETOR²,
PHANTASOS³ also; that marvellous were of per-
sonage.

These three, among all others, lay sleeping on the
Of natures diverse, brothers of one age. [floor,

¹ MORPHEUS sheweth only the simi-
litude of reasonable creatures.

² PHOBETOR sometimes sheweth
serpents, birds, and such unreasonable

[creatures].

³ PHANTASOS, [sheweth] only stones,
houses; those and such things without
life.

'MORPHEUS!' said he, 'according to kind,
Shew thou this man after his petition!
And PHOBETOR also, let nought be left behind!
PHANTASOS! be not slow to make relation
Of such things as 'longeth, by proper inclination,
To thy nature!'; and then down again
He laid him to sleep, as he was wont to do.
I thought him heavy-headed, or else of feeble
brain!

MORPHEUS, methought, began his kind anon
To shew me the similitude of many a man;
Their crafty subtilty in order to set soon.
PHOBETOR, my Fox in a chain had then:
My heart was light, and to him then I ran;
I groped for the Fox, but none found I there.
PHANTASOS, with a staff, looked fiercely; and when
I proffered to come, he bade 'Come no near!'

Then said MORPHEUS, 'Once when the Fox escaped,
And pleasure took to run over the street,
The curs him bayed, and that a Souter waited.
Taken up he was, and kept without meat.'
O, Reynard! ye fasted, because ye could not get
Your vitaille, I am sure! or was it devotion?
But how 'scaped ye, Curribus! that ye were not
beat?
Often, for the master's sake, cruelty is done!

Then was the Fox by subtilty removed
To a fortress of Envy, the surer to be kept;
And threatened to death. Privily was he hoved
In an old house. So lustily yet he leapt,
By his bells men knew whither he was crept:
Delivered then he was, as known it is.
And he had so died, his death should have been
wept!
For nought might be said, That he had done
amiss!

But next, when he escaped, it was not to his ease.
God knoweth! in the town, few friends did he find!
Their privy working gat them small praise!
How and what manner they did, as can come to mind,
I shall declare!' said MORPHEUS, 'in that that
cometh behind.

The Passion of the Fox well it may be named.
Pity it is, to show that people so unkind
Should him so murder, that never yet was blamed!

EXCLAMATIO INVIDORUM.

'Now to disclose
How he brake loose,
Ye may suppose
Great noise was made:
Now, "kill!" now "slay!"
That he away
'Scape not this day!"

They watched lane and slade,
With staff, club, and flail.
“They would assail,”
They said, “*sans* fail,
That Curribus!
The Chantry ape
Should not them 'scape!
It is no jape
To trouble us!
That briber! that thief!
With evil prefe,
Shall lose his life,
For his master's sake!
Be it right, or wrong,
Seeing us among,
He is outsprung,
Amends shall we make!”
Some cried, “Hang him!”
Some said, “Save him!”
Some would have slain him,
To have his skin.
One aloud cried,
“Give me his hide!
Whatsoever betide,
It shall be mine.” . . .
“Give me his bells,
I ask nought else!”
Another mells,
To have his chain.
Some, without fail,

Called for his tail!
For his avail
 He would take pain.
Such was the murmur,
Done with such rigour,
That, to this hour,
 Ye did never hear
Men, that should have wit,
Make such a fit,
In plain despite;
 And never the near!
The poor Fox whelp,
As lacking help,
Couched low, and slept,
 To their thinking;
For fear of death,
Scantly took breath;
Yet underneath,
 He looked stirring;
Full like a spy,
He cast his eye.
Right loth to die,
 CHRIST wot! he was!
He stood in fear
That so many were
Crept to that corner,
 To have his case.
Forth stepped a dame,
GOD give her shame!
Nameless for blame

Yet shall she be!
Without pity,
She cried on high,
“Soon let him die!”
Whereon, muse ye!
ALECTO of Hell,
I may call her well;
And there will she dwell,
Without GOD’s grace!
With filthy TISIPHONE,
And MEGÆRA also:
The fourth, I trow,
She shall be, in short space!
So, in that heat,
A staff full great,
One of the street
Took then full soon.
Envy! out on thee!
For thou, without pity,
Hast made him to die!
And now he is gone!’

My body, for fear, was colder than ice,
For the death of my FOX MORPHEUS made relation.
The dolour intricate vexed me once or twice
So sore, that my wits were brought to confusion.
And to hear also the rude *Exclamation*,
Made by Envy, upon a beast guiltless!
Alas! my heart mourneth for pity and compassion,
That reasonable people should be merciless!

' Now often it is seen, the guiltless is blamed ;
And those that be guilty be taken with the best !
Wrong maketh Right oftentimes ashamed ;
And the greatest, at pleasure, devoureth the least !
Verity is glad to keep him in his nest ; [a box !
And he out of his nest appear, he shall have many
Who is stronger than Wrong ? that suffereth none at
rest !
CHRIST knoweth ! All this appeareth in my Fox !'

Thus I did complain on FORTUNE's governance,
That so unstably had turned away her face.
MORPHEUS, PHOBETOR, and PHANTASOS; by chance,
A roll they unrolled, in which much writing was.
They bade me read it. So, standing in that place,
Methought it should be *The Fox's Testament*.
The letter was strange, that I might it trace,
Read, or understand it : but this was the intent.

THE TESTAMENT.

*The fifteenth Kalends of November misty,
In the name of the Kite, Crow, and Pie,
I, Curribus, of Mere, diocese of Sarum,
Of subtle mind and will condo Testamentum ;*

Because that my bones may be at rest,
No injury pretend to man, woman, nor beast.
The flesh of my carcase, because it is fair,
I bequeath freely to birds of the air!
That they convey it above the clouds black.
My bones, as right is, let the earth take!
My Masters of the Chantry shall have my skin,
Gray amices to make, when they Prebends win.
Mine eyes bright, I would blind men had!
Mine ears to the deaf, to make them glad!
My tongue to those, whose tongue is nought!
Though it be long, it never lie wrought!
The long hairs of my beard to the Glazier!
My teeth to burnish, to the Bookbinder!
My nose to the unwise, that cannot make a lie!
My feet to order spices, to the 'Pothecary!
My liver and my lungs are medicinable,
Take them, who will! I am agreeable!
My besom tail, I would some fool had!
That thinketh himself manly or sad.
My collar so proper, deckèd with bells,
The most fool of the town shall have, and no man else.
My chain too small it is iwis
To serve for thieves that do amiss.

These 'longed to my carcase natural;
Yet others there be, that passeth them all!
My name iwis, though it be rude,
I bequeath, certes, to Ingratitude!
My springe cheer, to every dissembler!
My grinning and laughing, to them shall be proper!

*My eyes and wiles, unto the Weaver !
My flattering also, to the Brewer !
My obedience, to every good Wife !
My fast holding, to him that will make strife !
My leaps and skips of great quickness,
I give to Servants in their business !
More is to say ; but my death is too nigh !
Over me standeth the staff without mercy !*

Thus as I beheld, my face waxèd pale,
To think on unkindness, it grievèd me sore.
Then began MORPHEUS to shew a new tale ;
And bade me return fro whence I came before.
Then forsook me PHANTASOS and PHOBETOR.
Thus alone was I, in marvellous musing.
I knew not which way to go out of the door,
I laid me to rest, full nigh to their King,

Until the morning, the cock began to sing.
Full far off it was : but I followed the sound
Till I came to a Gate all white shining ;
Of ivory were the posts : and there sat I down.
I began to rouse, to stretch, and to frown.
Methought, the night passèd. I called to mind
My visions marvellous, the unkindness of the town.
'Alas,' then thought I, 'how should I my Fox
find ?'

I mused on my dreams, whether they were true,
The tales and tokens I had well in mind:
Yet thought I them but vanities and trifles new!
I counted no person, that a man should find,
Without cause-giving, that would be so unkind!
So, at that season, I set it at little price!
I went to the Church, my conscience to unbind,
My duty to be done! There, said I my Service.

Then fro the Church returning again,
To me were brought tidings full marvellous.
How that, in the town, Curribus was slain,
His bells away taken, he laid before the house.
'Alas!' said I, 'then these people envious
Hath him slain! as MORPHEUS shewèd afore.
Ha! Envy! Envy! this death dolorous
Is comen of thee! Cursèd be thou therefore!'

My lust was no longer this talking to hear;
But caused a child to bring him in.
Then renewed my dolour! so grisly was his cheer,
His lips shrunken, out of his mouth hanging
Full long did his tongue. Alack! a piteous thing!
So suddenly changed from mirth and jollity,
From pleasure to displeasure; I think no man living
Could not but weep! recording the cruelty.

O, Envy! Envy! too long thou hast reigned!
For in the Serpent hadst thou beginning!
Against EVE, thou began'st! In ADAM, thou obtained'st!
Thou caused'st them to lose Paradise with crafty
dealing!
And CAIN thou induced'st to mischief and brawling;
So slew he ABEL, his brother full dear!
And yet, thou art busy thy unthrifty seed sowing!
Between man and man much mischief thou dost
here!

Who causèd JACOB's sons, JOSEPH to sell
To the Ishmaelites, but thy provocation?
Who betrayèd CHRIST? How saith the Gospel?
None but thou, Envy! Cursed be thy season!
Innumerable mischief, by thee is done!
Who that in books will read, shall find it plainly
That thou hast destroyed City, Borough, and Town!
Thou hast perverted good men unto thy folly!

Then I conclude, of thee all this doth spring!
GOD it amend! GOD send us such grace
Envy to exile; and all that with him holdeth!
Charity GOD send us, in this and every place!
Plenty, Mirth, and Equity, that they may come in
place!
The cloudy mists of Wrong shall perish then!
Sapientia Patris, all malice shall deface!
Now that it may so be, say we all 'Amen!'

THE ENGLISHMAN SPEAKETH.

I AM an Englishman; and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind, What raiment I shall wear?
For now, I will wear this! and now, I will wear that!
Now, I will wear, I cannot tell what!

All new fashions be pleasant to me!
I will have them! whether I thrive, or thee.

Now, I am a Frisker! All men doth on me look!
What should I do but set cock on the hoop!
What do I care, if all the World me fail?
I will get a garment shall reach to my tail!

Then, I am a Minion! For I wear the new guise.
The next year after this, I trust to be wise!
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array;
For I will go to Learning a whole summer's day!
I will learn Latin, Hebrew, Greek, and French;
And I will learn Douche, sitting on my bench!

I do fear no man! All men feareth me!
I overcome my adversaries by land and by sea!
I had no peer, if to myself I were true!
Because I am not so, divers times I do rue!
Yet I lack nothing! I have all things at will,
If I were wise, and would hold myself still;
And meddle with no matters not to me pertaining:
But ever to be true to GOD and to my King!



ANDREW BOORDE.

But I have such matters rolling in my pate,
That I *will* speak and do, I cannot tell what!
No man shall let me; but I will have my mind!
And to father, mother, and friend, I will be unkind!
I will follow mine own mind, and mine own trade!
Who shall let me? the Devil's nails unpared!

Yet, above all things, new fashions I love well!
And to wear them, my thrift I will sell!

In all this world, I shall have but a time;
Hold the cup, good fellow! Here is thine! and mine!

THE AUTHOR RESPONDETH.

O, GOOD Englishman! hear what I shall say!
Study to have Learning, with Virtue, night and day!
Leave thy swearing, and set pride aside;
And call thou for grace, that with thee it may bide!
Then shall all nations, example of thee take,
That thou hast subdued sin, for JESUS CHRIST's sake.

And works of mercy and charity do thou use;
And all vices and sin utterly refuse!
Then all countries, a confluence will have to thee,
To have knowledge of Truth and of the Verity;
Of learning of English, of manners also.

JESUS I beseech to keep thee from all woe;
And send thee ever fortune, and also much grace;
That in Heaven thou mayst have a resting-place!

AH! my sweet Sweeting!
My little pretty Sweeting!
My Sweeting will I love, where'er I go!

She is so proper and pure,
Full steadfast, stable, and demure,
There is none such, ye may be sure!
As my sweet Sweeting!

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my ee!
That I am glad, so oft to see,
As my sweet Sweeting!

When I behold my Sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet;
They seem to me, there is none so meet
As my sweet Sweeting!

Above all other, praise must I
And love my pretty pigsney!
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet Sweeting!

I HAD both money and a friend,
Of neither though no store:
I lent my money to my friend,
And took his bond therefore.

I asked my money of my friend ;
But nought save words I got !
I lost my money, to keep my friend ;
For sue him would I not !

But then if money came,
And friend again were found ;
I would lend no money to my friend,
Upon no kind of bond !

But, after this, for money cometh,
A friend with pawn to pay :
But when the money should be had,
My friend used such delay

That need of money did me force,
My friend his pawn to sell :
And so I got my money ; but
My friend clean from me fell !

Since bond for money lent my friend,
Nor pawn, assurance is ;
But that my money, or my friend,
Thereby I ever miss :

If GOD send money and a friend,
As I have had before ;
I will keep my money, and save my friend,
And play the fool no more !

So well is me begun! Trolly lolly lo!

Of Serving Men I will begin . . . Trolly lolly!
For they go minion trim . . . Trolly lolly!
Of meat and drink and fair clothing . Trolly lolly!
By dear God! they want nothing! . . Trolly lolly!
His bonnet is of fine scarlet . . . Trolly lolly!
With hair as black as jet . . . Trolly lolly!
His doublet is of fine satin . . . Trolly lolly!
His shirt well made and trim . . . Trolly lolly!
His coat, it is so trim and round . . Trolly lolly!
His kiss is worth a Hundred Pound[s]! Trolly lolly!
His hose of London black . . . Trolly lolly!
In him there is no lack! . . . Trolly lolly!
His face, it is so like a man; . . . Trolly lolly!
Who can but love him then? . . . Trolly lolly!
Wheresoever he be, he hath my heart! Trolly lolly!
And shall, till death depart! . . . Trolly lolly!

So well is me begun! Trolly lolly lo!

IF I had wit for to indite
Of my Lady, both fair and free;
Of her goodness, then would I write!
Shall no man know her name for me!

I love her well, with heart and mind;
She is right true, I do it see!
My heart to have She doth me bind.
Shall no man know her name for me!

She doth not waver as the wind;
Nor for no new, me change doth She!
But always true, I do her find.
Shall no man know her name for me!

If I to her then were unkind,
Pity it were, that I should see!
For She to me is always kind.
Shall no man know her name for me!

Learning it were for Young Men all,
Unto their Lovers true to be:
Promise I made, that know no man shall,
While that I live, her name for me!

My heart She hath, and ever shall
Till by death departed we be!
Hap what will! Hap will befall!
Shall no man know her name for me!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PAPINGO.

WHO climbeth too high, perforce his feet man fail!
Expreme I shall that, by experience;
If that you please to hear one piteous tale,
How one fair bird, by fatal violence,
Devourèd was; and might make no defence .
Contrary the death, so failed natural strength:
As after I shall shew you at more length.

One Papingo, right pleasant and perfect,
Presented was till our most noble King;
Of whom his Grace one long time had delight.
More fair of form, I wat, flew never on wing!
This proper bird he gave in governing
To me, which was his simple Servitor;
On whom I did my diligence and cure.

To learn her language artificial,
To play platfute and quhissill foot before:
But, of her inclination natural,
She counterfeited all fowls, less and more.
Of her courage, she would, without my lore,
Sing like the Merle, and crow like the Cock,
Pew like the Glede, and chant like the Laverock,

Bark like a Dog, and kekell like a Ka,
Blait like a Hog, and buller like a Bull,
Gail like a Goik, and greet when she was woe,
Climb on a cord, syne laugh and play the fool;
She might have been a Minstrel against Yule!
This blessèd bird was to me so pleasand,
Wherever I fure, I bore her on her hand.

And so befell, in till a mirthful morrow,
Into my Garth I passed, me to repose,
This bird and I, as we were wont aforrow,
Among the flowers fresh, fragrant, and formose.
My vital spirits duly did rejoice;
When PHŒBUS rose, and rave the clouds sable,
Through brightness of his beams amiable.

Without, vapour was well purificate.
The temperate air, soft, sober, and serene;
The earth, by Nature, so edificate
With wholesome herbs, blue, white, red, and green;
Which elevate my spirits from the spleen.
That day, SATURN, nor MARS, durst not appear;
Nor ÆOL. of his cove, he durst not stir.

That day, perforce, behovèd to be fair,
By influence and course celestial.
No Planet pressed for to perturb the air;
For MERCURY, by moving natural,
Exalted was into the throne triumphal
Of his Mansion, unto the fifteenth 'gre,
In his own sovereign Sign of Virginee.

That day, did PHŒBUS pleasantly depart
From Gemini, and entered in Cancer.

That day, CUPIDO did extend his dart.

VENUS, that day, conjunit with JUPITER.

That day, NEPTUNUS hid him, like one sker.

That day, Dame NATURE, with great business,
Furthered FLORA to keith her craftiness :

And retrograde was MARS in Capricorn,
And CYNTHIA in Sagitar' assesit.

That day, Dame CERES, Goddess of the corn,
Full joyfully JOHN UPONLAND applesit.

The bad aspect of SATURN was appesit

That day, by JUNO (of JUPITER, the joy!) ;
Perturbing spirits causing to hold coy.

The sound of birds surmounted all the skies
With melody of notès musical.

The balmy drops of dew TITAN up dries,
Hanging upon the tender twistès small.

The heavenly hue and sound angelical

So perfect pleasure printed in mine heart,
That, with great pine, from thence I might depart.

So still among those herbs amiable,

I did remain one space, for my pastance :

But worldly pleasure be so variable,

Mixèd with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
That there intill is no continuance.

So, might I say, my short solace, alas !

Was drevin in dolour, in one little space.

Sir David Lyndesay.

For, in that Garth, among those fragrant flowers,
Walking alone, none but my bird and I;
Unto the time that I had said mine *Hours*,
This bird I set upon one branch me by:
But she began to speill right speedily;
And in that tree she did so high ascend,
That, by no way, I might her apprehend.

‘Sweet bird,’ said I, ‘beware! Mount not over high!
Return in time! perchance, thy feet may fail!
Thou art right fat, and not well used to fly!
The greedy Glede, I dried she thee assail!’
‘I will,’ said she, ‘ascend, vailye quod vailye!
It is my kind to climb aye to the height!
Of feather and bone, I wat well I am wight!’

So, on the highest little tender twist,
With wing displayed, she sat full wantonly:
But BOREAS blew one blast, or ever she wist;
Which brake the branch, and blew her suddenly
Down to the ground, with many [a] careful cry.
Upon a stob she lighted on her breast;
The blood rushed out, and she cried for one Priest.

God wot! if then my heart was woe begone,
To see that fowl flutter among the flowers;
Which, with great mourning, gan to make her moan.
‘Now coming are,’ said she, ‘the fatal hours!
Of bitter death now, mon I thole the showers!
O, Dame NATURE! I pray thee, of thy grace,
Lend me leisure to speak one little space,

‘ For to complain my fate infortunate ;
And so dispone my gear or I depart !
Since of all comfort I am desolate
Alone, except the DEATH here, with his dart,
With awful cheer, ready to pierce mine heart !’
And with that word, she took one Passion ;
Syne flatling fell, and swappit into swoon.

With sorry heart, pierced with compassion,
And salt tears distilling from mine eyne,
To hear that bird’s lamentation,
I did approach, under one hawthorn green,
Where I might hear, and see, and be unseen.
And when this bird had swoonèd twice or thrice,
She gan to speak, saying on this wise.

‘ O, false FORTUNE ! why hast thou me beguiled ?
This day, at morn, who knew this careful case ?
Vain hope in thee, my reason hath exiled ;
Having such trust into thy feignèd face.
That ever I was brought into the Court, alas !
Had I in forest flown, among my feres,
I might full well have livèd many years !

‘ Prudent counsel, alas ! I did refuse !
Against Reason, using mine appetite.
Ambition did so mine heart abuse,
That ÆOLUS had me in great despite.
Poets of me hath matter to indite,
Which clam so high (and woe is me therefore !),
Nought doubting that the DEATH durst me devour.

‘This day, at morn, my form and feddrem fair
Above the proud Peacock were precellande :
And now, one caitive carrion, full of care,
Bathing in blood down from mine heart distelland ;
And, in mine ear, the bell of Death be knelland.
O, false World! Fie on thy felicity!
Thy pride, avarice, and immundicity!

‘In thee, I see none thing be permanent!
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end!
Thy false infortunate gifts be but lent!
This day, full proud! The morn, nothing to spend!
O, ye that do pretend aye till ascend,
My fatal end have in remembrance!
And you defend from such unhappy chance!’

Whether that I was stricken in ecstasy,
Or through one stark imagination;
But it appeared, in my fantasy,
I heard this dolent lamentation!
Thus dullit into desolation.
Methought, this bird did brieve, in her manner,
Her counsel to the King, as ye shall hear! . . .

By a bank, as I lay
Musing myself alone,
Hey ho!
A birdè's voice
Did me rejoice,
Singing before the day:
And, methought, in her Lay,
She said, 'Winter was past!'
Hey ho! Dan dyry cum dan!

The master of music,
The lusty nightingale,
Hey ho!
Full merrily
And secretly
She singeth in the thick;
And under her breast a prick,
To keep her from sleep.
Hey ho! Dan dyry cum dan!

Awake, therefore, young men!
All ye that Lovers be!
Hey ho!
This month of May,
So fresh! so gay!
So fair be field or fen,
Hath flourished ilka den;
Great joy it is to see!
Hey ho! Dan dyry cum dan!

CULL to me the rushes green!

For my pastime, upon a day,
I walked alone right secretly,
In a morning of lusty May,
Me to rejoice I did apply.
Cull to me the rushes green!

Where I saw one, in great distress,
Complaining him thus piteously:
'Alas!' he said, 'for my Mistress,
I well perceive that I shall die!
Cull to me the rushes green!

'Without that thus She, of her grace,
To pity She will somewhat revert,
I have most cause to say, Alas!
For it is She that hath my heart.
Cull to me the rushes green!

'So to continue, while my life endure,
Though I for her should suffer death!
She hath my heart without recure;
And ever shall, during my breath!'
Cull to me the rushes green!

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

All the Works herein quoted, were published in London; unless otherwise stated. Where a text is found associated with music, (M.) is put after its date.

The earliest Collection of short English Verse ever printed, was entitled *Songes and Sonettes written by the right honorable Lord HENRY HAWARD, late Earl of SURREY, and other*; of which two editions appeared in 1557, the first on June 5, and the second on July 31. This Selection was printed by RICHARD TOTTELL; and is usually referred to as TOTTELL's *Miscellany*.

If the holograph Harington MS., now *Egerton MS.* 2,711, in the British Museum, which was written or corrected by Sir THOMAS WYATT himself, is to be accepted as the authoritative text of such of his Poems as are contained in it, then, true Poet as he was, he was clearly deficient in rhythmic accuracy; as lines, now and then, occur with more, or less, than their proper number of syllables.

In that case, the first print of some of these Poems in TOTTELL's *Miscellany* must be regarded as a revised text.

The authorities for the text of Sir THOMAS WYATT's Poems in this Volume, are therefore (1) *Egerton MS.* 2,711; (2) *Harl. MS.* 78; (3) Dr. G. F. NOTT's reprints, in 1816, from the *Devonshire MS.*; (4) TOTTELL's *Miscellany*, 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.

For the text of the Earl of SURREY's Poems, the authority is the same 2nd Ed. of TOTTELL's *Miscellany*; but the evidence for their authorship is often of a much later date.

In the *Egerton MS.* 2,711, there are no Titles or Headings to the Poems. These must therefore be regarded as editorial additions; and consequently they have, for the most part, been omitted in the present Volume.

	PAGE		PAGE
A face, that should content me....	25	And if that [an] Eye may save, or.	17
Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
Ah! my sweet Sweeting!.....	286	And wilt thou leave me thus?	11
ANON. In Sir J. HAWKINS' <i>History of Music</i> , III, 1776.		Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>	
Alack! Alack! What shall I do?	106	As it befel in Midsummer time ...	90
King HENRY VIII. <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922, in the British Museum. (M.)		ANON. In Bishop T. PERCY's <i>Folio MS.</i> (now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879, in the British Museum), as edited by Prof. J. W. HALES and Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL, 1868. This <i>MS.</i> was written about 1650.	
Alas! Madam! for stealing of a ..		As it fell on a holy day	204
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		ANON. In T. R. [T. RAVENSCROFT]'s <i>Deuteromelia</i> , 1609.	
A translation of one of the <i>Strambotti</i> of SERAPHINUS (i.e. SERAFINO CIMINO) <i>Aquilano</i> , fol. 179b, Firenze, 1516.		As often as I consider these noble	112
Alas! what shall I do for love? ..	109	Sir T. MORE. <i>Lady Fortune</i> . From the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library, London.	
King HENRY VIII. <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922. (M.)			
All men, they do wish unto	128	Behold, Love! thy power how She	15
H. PARKER, Lord MORLEY. <i>Ashm. MS.</i> 48, in the Bodleian Library.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711. A Rondeau.	
All Noblemen! of this take heed... 160		Blame not my Lute! for he must .	36
Rev. J. SKELTON. <i>Why come ye not to Court?</i> KELE's undated Ed. [?1550], and SKELTON's <i>Works</i> , 1568.		Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>	
Although I had a check.....	86	But now would I hear thee express	252
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		W. ROY and J. BARLOW. <i>Read me, and be not wroth</i> [Strasburg, 1528].	
Amidst November, that month of.. 268		By a bank, as I lay	296
ANON. From the unique copy of <i>The Passion of the Fox</i> , 1530, in Cambridge University Library.		ANON. <i>MS. Reg.</i> , Appendix 58, in the British Museum. (M.)	

First Lines and Notes.

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Caput apri defero	130	If I had wit for to indite.....	289
ANON. The fragment, of a single leaf only, in the Bodleian Library, of <i>Christmas Carols</i> , 1521.		ANON. <i>MS. Reg., Appendix</i> 58. (M.) There is a variant text in <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922. (M.)	
Cull to me the rushes green!.....	297	If thou wilt mighty be, flee from ..	10
ANON. <i>MS. Reg., Appendix</i> 58. (M.)		Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. From BOETHIUS, <i>De Consolatione</i> , &c.	
Each beast can choose his fere ..	65	I had both money and a friend....	286
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		ANON. In Sir J. HAWKINS' <i>History of Music</i> , III, 1776.	
Every thing of my coming is	206	I heard, lately, to a Lady	89
ANON. <i>The Debate and Strife between Summer and Winter</i> [1530], in the British Museum.		G. F. <i>Ashm. MS.</i> 48, in the Bodleian Library.	
For Age is a Page	161	I loathe that I did love!.....	249
Rev. J. SKELTON. <i>Why come ye not to Court?</i> KELE's undated Ed. [? 1550], and SKELTON's <i>Works</i> , 1568.		T. VAUX, Lord VAUX. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. This is the Poem that is misquoted by the Gravedigger in <i>Hamlet</i> .	
Forget not yet the tried intent	16	In Cyprus, springs (where as Dame	64
Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
For my pastime, upon a day,	297	Is it possible	32
ANON. <i>MS. Reg., Appendix</i> 58. (M.)		Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>	
Fortune! O, mighty and variable!	113	King Heart, into his comely Castle	212
Sir T. MORE. <i>Lady Fortune</i> . From the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library, London.		G. DOUGLAS, Bishop of DUNKELD. <i>King Heart</i> . In the <i>Maitland MS.</i> in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.	
From Tuscan came my Lady's....	54	Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I	55
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
Fy, flattering Fortune! look thou.	125	Like to these unmeasurable	31
Sir T. MORE. <i>Works</i> , p. 1432, 1557.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711. ?From (MELLIN DE) SAINT GELAIS.	
Give place, ye Lovers! here before	80	Long was I, Lady Luck! your	125
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Sir T. MORE. <i>Works</i> , p. 1433, 1557.	
Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen	14	Martial! the things that do attain.	57
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711. A Rondeau, imitated from PETRARCH's 120th <i>Sonnet</i> .		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. A translation of MARTIAL's <i>Epigram</i> , X, 47.	
Good Ladies! ye that have your..	84	*Mine high Estate, power, and	114
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Sir T. MORE. <i>Lady Fortune</i> . From the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library, London.	
Heaven, and Earth, and all that ..	27	Mine old dear Enemy, my froward	38
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711; and TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. A translation of PETRARCH's 48th <i>Canzone</i> .	
Help me to seek! for I lost it there	14	Mine own John Poyntz! Since ye	18
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711. A Rondeau.		Sir T. WYATT. The leaf of <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711, containing the first 51 lines, is torn out. These lines are therefore given from TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. The remaining lines, beginning with <i>Praise him for</i>	
I am an Englishman; and naked I	284		
A. BOORDE, Doctor of Physic. The First Book of <i>The Introduction to Knowledge</i> [1547].			

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<i>counsel, &c.</i> , are from the <i>Egerton MS.</i> In <i>Terza Rima</i> . This Poem is an imitation of the 10th <i>Satire</i> of LUIGI ALAMANNI the Elder.		O, my heart! and O, my heart	109
Morning! Morning!	266	King HENRY VIII. <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922. (M.)	
ANON. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 2,252.		Once, as methought, Fortune me..	22
My Galley, charged with	3	Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		Pass forth, my wonted cries!	23
From PETRARCH's 156th <i>Sonnet</i> .		Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. The third stanza is from SERAPHINUS [i.e. SERAFINO CIMINO] <i>Aquilano's Strambotti</i> , fol. 116b, Firenze, 1516.	
My heart's lust and all my pleasure	104	Pastime with good company	108
ANON. In Sir J. HAWKINS' <i>History of Music</i> , III, 1776.		King HENRY VIII. <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922. (M.)	
My Lute, awake! Perform the last	12	Patience! Though I have not	29
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
My mother's maids, when they did	4	Perdy! I said it not.....	46
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. From PETRARCH's 34th <i>Canzone</i> .	
In <i>Terza Rima</i> . Suggested by HORACE's story of <i>The Town and Country Mouse</i> .		Phillida was a fair Maid	58
My Pen! take pain, a little space..	30	This Poem is included among <i>Uncertain Authors</i> in TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557: but it is reprinted, and attributed to the Earl of SURREY, in J. B. [J. BODENHAM]'s <i>England's Helicon</i> , 1600.	
Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>		Placebo	132
My Ratcliff! when thy retchless ..	81	Rev. J. SKELTON. <i>Philip Sparrow</i> . KELE's undated Ed. [?1550], and SKELTON's <i>Works</i> , 1568.	
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Resound my voice, ye woods! that	32
Never was I less alone, than being	129	Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
H. PARKER, Lord MORLEY. <i>Ashm. MS.</i> 48, in the Bodleian Library.		Set me where as the sun do[th]....	87
Norfolk sprang thee! Lambeth....	62	H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. It is among the <i>Epitaphs</i> in M. N. [W. CAMDEN]'s <i>Remaines, &c.</i> , 1605.		She is so proper and pure	286
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!	134	ANON. In Sir J. HAWKINS' <i>History of Music</i> , III, 1776.	
ANON. <i>Add. MS.</i> 5,665. (M.)		She sat and sewed, that hath done	9
Now, Robin! lend to me thy bow!	111	Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
ANON. In T. R. [T. RAVENSCROFT]'s <i>Pammelia</i> , 1609. (M.)		Sighs are my food; my drink is ..	25
Now to disclose	275	Sir T. WYATT. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 78.	
ANON. From the unique copy of <i>The Passion of the Fox</i> , 1530, in Cambridge University Library.		So cruel prison how could betide .	78
O, Death! rock me on sleep!	244	H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
ANON. In Sir J. HAWKINS' <i>History of Music</i> , III, 1776. This Poem has been attributed to GEORGE BOLEYN, Viscount ROCHFORD.		So well is me begun!	288
Of Serving Men I will begin.....	288	ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Ancient Songs</i> , 1792, from <i>Sloane MS.</i> 1,584. (M.)	
ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Ancient Songs</i> , 1792, from <i>Sloane MS.</i> 1,584. (M.)		Sufficed not, Madam! that you....	48
O, good Englishman! hear what I	285	Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
A. BOORDE, Doctor of Physic. The First Book of <i>The Introduction to Knowledge</i> [1547].		Tagus, farewell! that westward ..	48
O, goodly hand!	26	Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711; and TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 78. There is a variant text in <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		Take in your Ancients, and your.	96
O, happy Dames! that may	82	ANON. In Bishop T. PERCY's <i>Folio MS.</i> (now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879, in the	
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.			

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British Museum), as edited by Prof. J. W. HALES and Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL, 1868. This MS. was written about 1650.		To rise betimes, himself to	211
The Boar's Head in hand bring I..	130	ANON. <i>The Debate, &c., of Summer and Winter</i> [1530], in the British Museum.	
ANON. The fragment, of a single leaf only, in the Bodleian Library, of <i>Christmas Carols</i> , 1521		Vulcan begat me. Minerva me....	25
The Boar's Head, that we bring..	131	Sir T. WYATT. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. <i>Ex PANDULPHO</i> : i. e. a translation from the Latin of PANDOLFO COLLINUTIO, which may be found in <i>Hartl. MS.</i> 78.	
ANON. <i>Add. MS.</i> 5,665. (M.)			
The fifteenth Kalends of November	279	What meaneth this? When I lie..	8
ANON. From the unique copy of <i>The Passion of the Fox</i> , 1530, in Cambridge University Library.		Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i> ? From SAPPHO, or CATULLUS.	
The golden gift that Nature did..	54	What should I say?	44
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Sir T. WYATT. Reprinted by Dr. G. F. NOTT from the <i>Devonshire MS.</i>	
The Hunt is up! The Hunt is up!	105	When Cupid scaled first the Fort..	246
W. GRAY. As printed in W. CHAPPELL's <i>Popular Music of the Olden Time</i> . (M.)		T. VAUX, Lord VAUX. Among <i>Uncertain Authors</i> in TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. Authorship fixed by G. PUTTENHAM, in his <i>Art of English Poesy</i> , 1589.	
The more health he hath, the more	210	When raging love, with extreme..	56
ANON. <i>The Debate, &c., of Summer and Winter</i> [1530], in the British Museum.		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
There was never nothing more me	43	When Windsor walls sustained...	81
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
There were three ravens sat on a.	126	Where shall I have, at mine own..	34
ANON. In T. R. [T. RAVENSCROFT]'s <i>Melismata</i> , 1611. (M.)		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
These women all.	243	Whereto should I express	110
ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Ancient Songs</i> , 1792, from <i>Hartl. MS.</i> 7,578. (M.)		King HENRY VIII. <i>Add. MS.</i> 31,922. (M.)	
The soote season, that bud and..	64	Who climbeth too high, perforce..	290
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.		Sir D. LYNDSEY. <i>The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord's Papingo</i> , Paris, 1558.	
Therthis, a silly man, when love..	88	Who hath heard of such cruelty..	9
This Poem is included among <i>Uncertain Authors</i> in TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557: but it is reprinted and attributed to the Earl of SURREY, in J. B. [J. BODENHAM]'s <i>England's Helicon</i> , 1600.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.	
The sun hath twice brought forth	52	Who is at ease, when both are...	225
H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557. In <i>Terza Rima</i> .		G. DOUGLAS, Bishop of DUNKELD. <i>King Heart</i> . In the <i>Maitland MS.</i> in the Pepsian Library at Cambridge.	
The sun, when he hath spread his	68	Whoso list to hunt, I know where	3
This Poem is included among <i>Uncertain Authors</i> in TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557: but it is attributed to the Earl of SURREY, by G. TURBERVILLE, in the following stanza in his <i>Epitaphs, &c.</i> , 2nd Ed., 1570: Though noble SURREY said, That Absence wonders frame, [see p. 73] And makes things out of sight forgot; And thereof takes his name.		Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711. Dr. G. F. NOTT thought that this Poem was a translation of a <i>Sonnet</i> by GIOVANNI ANTONIO ROMANELLO; which <i>Sonnet</i> was based on PETRARCH's 157th <i>Sonnet</i> . He also thought that the Hind was ANNE BOLEYN.	
That Absence wonders frame, [see p. 73]		Wrapped in my careless cloak, as	63
And makes things out of sight forgot;		H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
And thereof takes his name.		Wyatt resteth here, that quick...	49
They flee from me, that sometime .	2	H. HOWARD, Earl of SURREY. In TOTTELL's <i>Miscellany</i> , 2nd Ed., July 31, 1557.	
Sir T. WYATT. <i>Egerton MS.</i> 2,711.			
Thou, that art proud of honour ..	116		
Sir T. MORE. <i>Lady Fortune</i> . From the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library, London.			

GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

Abone, 221, 226, above.
Accited, 38, summoned.
Ace in the face, 190.
Acherontes', 134, Acheron's.
Acisiam, 176, mental blindness.
Acon, 184, Aix-la-Chapelle.
Ado, 236, to do.
Adread, **Adred**, 229, 235, afraid.
Adversair, 40, adversary.
Adversity (Bishop G. Douglas), 238.
Afore, 235, before.
Aforrow, 201, before.
Afterclaps, 121, unexpected strokes after the event.
Agazed, 53, at a gaze.
Age (Bp. G. Douglas), 226-229.
Ahasuerus, 155.
Airt, 213, quarter of the heavens.
Alate, 268, 273, of late.
The Duke of Albany—see **Stewart, J.**
Albumazar, 148, 178.
Alcumin [= alchemy], 191, imitation gold.
Alderbest [= aller-best], 201, the best of all.
Alexander the Great, 19, 113, 119, 155, 179.
All and some, 7, one and all.
All-out, 227, at all.
Allen, Doctor, 264.
The Almain, 211, the German.
Als, 212, 222, 238, 240, &c., also; 224, as.
Amalek [= Cardinal T. Wolsey] (Rev. J. Skelton), 176.
Amamelek, 176, a Mamaluke.
Amazonia, 271, Scythia.
Amices, 150, 280, kerchiefs worn by Priests.
Amisse—see **Amices**.
Among, 238, with you.
An, 218, if.
Ancients, 96, 97, flags, ensigns.
And, 121, 143, 170, 226, &c., if.
Andrew, 164, the name for a Scotchman in 1522.
Andromach, 135, Andromache.
At anis, 233, at once.
Antioch, 199.
Antiochus [= Cardinal T. Wolsey] (Rev. J. Skelton), 200.

Well apaid 176, satisfied.
To appal, 160, to impair.
Appetite (Bishop G. Douglas), 228, 229, 240.
Applesit, 292, pleased.
Apport—see **High-Apport**.
Araby [= Arabia], 148, 201.
Arcady [= Arcadia], 142.
Arcite, 151.
Arden, **The forest of**, 152.
Aristippus, 119.
In armis, 223, arms.
Armony, 140, Armenia.
Armour of proof, 99, 100, impenetrable.
The Arms, 246, coat-armour.
In arms across, 83, embracing.
Arraced, 38, erased.
Arthur, King, 152.
Askance, 5, aside.
Askry [= ascry], 190, outcry, shout.
Aslake, 270, diminish, abate.
Assesit, 202, seated.
At all, 241, anyhow.
At large, 87, in freedom.
Atride, 41, Agamemnon.
Attour, 236, out over.
Atwixt, 85, betwixt.
Reins availed [= avaled], 79, loosened.
By A vise, 216, fashion.
Axe, 124, ask.
Aye, 229, ever.

Tower of Babel, 259.
Bag and baggage, 248, all one's belongings.
Baith, 239, both.
Gibbet of Baldock, 193.
Bale, 77, sorrow, grief.
Balthasar, 200, 201, Balthasar de Guercis.
Balua, Cardinal J., 185.
Bamborough, 165, Bamburgh, in Northumberland.
Band, 248, 251, an indefinite number of soldiers. It might mean a Troop, a Regiment, or a Brigade.
Bannockburn, 169, the battle there.
Bapst, Mons. E., 51, 82.
Hold up their hand at the Bar, 170, as criminals did. See Vol. III, p. 130.
Barlow, Friar J., 159, 252-265.
Barmekin, 239, Barbican.

The Barnacle, 146, a wild goose.
Barnehead, 240, childhood.
Barton, Sir A., 90-103.
Barton, John of, 100.
Basit, 217, abashed.
Basse her sweet sweet, 161, kiss.
Bayard [of] Mount-albon, 152, a fabulous horse.
Bead-rolls, 132, 139, 144, lists of persons to be prayed for.
Broad beak, 145, broad bill.
Beams [of timber], 95, 98, 99. What these were, has not been explained.
A bearing arrow, 99, a driving arrow.
Bears me in hand, 77, persuades me.
Beauty (Bishop G. Douglas), 215-221, 225, 234, 240.
Beauty (T. Vaux, Lord Vaux), 247, 248, 251.
A beck, 65, a bow.
Becketh, 116, noddeth.
Beforene, 221, before.
Begouth, 223, 231, began.
Behove, 74, be due, incumbent.
Beir, 236, cry; 241, bear.
Bitter beir, 215, sharp palisade.
Belyve, 218, 229, quickly.
Softly bemole, 149, a nonce word rhyming with *soul*. The sense requires *bemoan*.
Bent [= grass], 216, field.
The bernis, 217, nobles.
Besprent, 246, besprinkled.
Betake from me, 44, depart.
Betrasit, 214, betrayed.
Bias, 120.
To bide, 218, abide, stand.
Bigget, 218, caused.
Bills, 153, love-letters.
Thou bird'st, 230, it behoves thee.
Blait [= bleat], 291, grunt.
Blate, 238, diffident, shy.
Bliss (Bp. G. Douglas), 215.
Blithness (Bishop G. Douglas), 215, 225.
Blo, 110, blackish-blue.
Blonkis, 217, white horses.
The board, 166, the table.
Under board, 205, under the decks.
Father's Boat, 140, Noah's Ark.

- Bodward [= bodeword], 217, 220, 225, message.
- Bohyde, 205, Bude, in Cornwall.
- Boorde, Doctor of Physic; A., 284, 285.
- Boot, 240, remedy.
- Had booted, 62, availed.
- It boots me not, 67, profits.
- In bord, 187, in jest.
- Bordeaux Voyage, 90, 94, the annual voyage for French wines.
- Bordes, 34, jests.
- Boskage [= boscage], 162, groves, wooded landscape.
- Bote, 142, bit.
- Bote [= boot] them, 67, avail them.
- Botham Bar, 165, a Gate of the city of York.
- Boulogne, France, 62.
- Boune, 219, ready.
- Bour, 241, chamber.
- Bownit, 235, made ready.
- Brag, 219, 223, defiance.
- At a braid, 148, at a push.
- A brake, 193, a rack.
- In brake, 64, in a thicket.
- Brand, 240, sword.
- Brathit, 219, unfurled.
- Could them bre [= brec], 218, made them scared.
- The brenning hill, 142, burning hill, volcano.
- Brent, 163, burnt.
- Brikand, 222, breaking.
- Britain, 49, 54.
- Broad arrow, 99, having a broad head.
- Broad Seal—see Great Seal.
- Brotell, 118, 120, brittle.
- Brothle men, 116, fickle.
- Brotill, 266, brittle, fickle.
- Broudin, 222, embroidered.
- Brount, 219, brunt of battle.
- Browdin, 217, embroidered.
- Browne, Sir A., 51.
- Brutus, 48, the imagined founder of Britain.
- Bryan, Sir F., 25.
- Buckingham, the Duke of—see Stafford, E.
- Buckram, 191, coarse linen.
- Buirtle, 219, stately.
- Buller, 291, roar.
- Bull under lead, 187, with a leaden seal.
- Burde, 225, friendly contest.
- Burding, 229, jesting.
- Burgonions—see Burgundians.
- Burgundians, 172, 192, 211.
- Business (Bishop G. Douglas), 221, 223, 224, 242.
- Busteousness (Bishop G. Douglas), 224, Violence.
- But, 214, 215, 220, 221, 223, &c., without; 224, except.
- The Butcher's Dog, 170, Cardinal T. Wolsey.
- Buxom, 235, pliant, flexible.
- Cacodemonial, 188, pertaining to an evil spirit.
- Caen, France, 191.
- Cæsar, C. J., 19, 119, 152.
- Cæsar, 3, ? Henry VIII. See Hind.
- Calais, 159, 162.
- Th' [En]countering at Calais, 162, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520.
- Calodemonial, 188, pertaining to beautiful or good spirits. A nonce word.
- A sour calstock, 172, the stalk of a cabbage.
- Cam, 140, 191, Ham.
- Camber [= Cambria], 54, Wales.
- Cambridge, 212.
- As right as a cammock crooked, 164, as straight as a crooked piece of wood.
- Can (*Scotch*) [= gan], 214, 217, 218, 220, &c., went, began.
- That can [= ken], 96, know.
- Cankered knaves, 171, malignant rascals.
- My Lord of Canterbury, 198, Archbishop W. Warham.
- Carects [= Caracts], 184, signs, like those of the Zodiac.
- Carl, 263, fellow, churl.
- Carns, 235, churls, boors.
- Carnarvon, North Wales, 169.
- Keenly carpand, 219, boldly talking.
- Carrow, Norwich, 132, 141.
- Carven, 215, carved.
- Cass [= case], 223, chance.
- Cast, 212, 214, purposed.
- A cast, 223, turn, stratagem.
- Cast, 239, threw.
- She castis, 219, purposes.
- Dame Castrimargia (Rev. J. Skelton), 167.
- Cater, 5, caterer.
- Catines, 269.
- The Chamber of Stairs, 166, 171, the Star Chamber Court.
- Chamberer, 221, chambermaid.
- The Court of Chancery, 171.
- The Chantry, 280, Priests endowed to sing the *Mass* daily.
- Toothless chaps, 55, jaws.
- Chark-board, 95.
- Charlemagne, the Emperor, 152, 184, 185.
- Chastity (Bishop G. Douglas), 221, 225, 241.
- Chaucer, G., 49, 157.
- 'Chequer, 171, the Court of the Exchequer.
- Dented chewes, 55, jaws.
- Chief Counsellor, 163, Cardinal T. Wolsey.
- Chop and change, 55, barter, exchange.
- Cicero, M. T., 178.
- Cimirise [= Cimmerians], 271, the inhabitants of the Crimea.
- Clarè, 209, Claret wine.
- He clasped me, 94, fastened, chained, me.
- A clattering Knight, 40, chattering, babbling, rattling.
- Cleanly, 212, altogether.
- Cleikit, 217, seized, laid hold.
- The cleir, 235, the Beauty.
- Clere, T., 62.
- Cleremont, 62.
- Her clergions, 68, young songsters.
- Clinton, E., Countess of—see Fitz Gerald, Lady E.
- Clinton, Earl of Lincoln; E., 51.
- The Close, 229, the Enclosure.
- Coar[c]ted, 175, coerced, constrained, controlled.
- A cockly fose, 169, wrinkled, puckered.
- Cock-sure, 169, absolutely certain.
- Coe [= co], 147, jackdaw.
- Serjeants of the Coif, 170, Serjeants at Law.
- Cole Crafter (Rev. J. Skelton), 163.
- A cole-rake, 193, a rake for raking cinders out of a furnace.
- A College, 258, 259, Christ Church, Oxford.
- Comfort (Bishop G. Douglas), 223, 224, 240.
- The Common Place, 170, the Court of Common Pleas.
- Comptis cast, 237, make my accounts.
- Confortation, 268, comfort.
- Conies, 7, rabbits.
- Conjunit, 202, conjoined.
- Conscience (Bishop G. Douglas), 228-232, 234, 235, 240.
- Constancy (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
- Mad coot, 145, 183, like the Guillemot.
- Cope, 217, divide, share.
- Corin (H. Howard, Earl of Surrey), 58, 60, 61.
- Corinna (Rev. J. Skelton), 158.

- Cost, 219, coast.
 Conditions **coted**, 179, quoted.
 Could, 240, would.
 The **counting**, 147, encountering, meeting.
Covative (Bishop G. Douglas), 242, Covetousness.
Covetise, 10, 180, covetousness.
Crabbit, 221, 231, irritated.
Crag, 220, neck.
Crakers, 169, boasters.
Crap[pe], 220, 222, crept.
Create, 206, created.
Cresseid, 153, 154.
Cræsus, 88, 138.
Cropping, 223, creeping.
Crowns, 166, coins of the value of *ss*.
Croydon, Surrey, 165.
Crudge-bak, 239, a hump-back.
Two cues, 168. A Cue = half a farthing, denoted in College accounts by Q [= *quadrans*].
Cull, 297, gather, pluck.
Ye cun, 236, try it.
Cunning (Bishop G. Douglas), 215, 221, Skill, Knowledge.
Your Cupboard, 191, of silver plate.
Cure, 58, heed.
Cure, 220, 237, 290, care.
Cures, 213, cares, charges.
Curribus (Anon.), 268-283, a fox whelp.
Keep your cut! 136, keep your distance!

The Lord Dacres, 169, T. Fiennes, Lord Dacre.
Danger (Bishop G. Douglas), 223, 224, 242.
Daskard, 40, dastard.
David (Sir T. More), 125.
A dawcock [= the male jackdaw], 203, a simpleton, noodle, fool.
Daws, 168, 196, simpletons, noodles, fools.
Another day, 230, the Day of Judgement.
Buy us dear! 131, dearly.
Dearly dight, 94, 96, costly prepared.
Decrepitus [= Decrepitude] (Bishop G. Douglas), 239, 240.
Deedis, 233, deeds.
Deemit, 239, judged.
Deep, 7, steep, plunge.
Defy them, 114, set them at nought.
Within near[er] degree, 256, of consanguinity.

Deid (Bishop G. Douglas), 240, Death.
Deir [= *dere*], 227, hurt.
Deiss, 214, 225, dais, high table.
Delayit, 216, delayed.
Delight (Bishop G. Douglas), 217, 223, 227, 228, 235.
Deliverness (Bp. G. Douglas), 213, 227, 241, Agility.
Demency, 183, madness.
Demit, 233, judged.
Democritus, 120.
Denay, 106, deny.
Depart, 74, 288, separate.
Departed, 142, separated.
Deray, 224, 239, disorder, confusion.
Desire (Bishop G. Douglas), 220, 224, 225, 229, 237.
Desire (T. Vaux, Lord Vaux), 247.
Deuce, 190, two, at Cards.
Deve, 240, deafn.
Devereux, Lady P., 51.
At device, 227, with great skill.
At devyse [= *device*], 216, with great exactness, with all skill.
Dicken, thou crew, 162, ? a snatch of an old Song.
Did, 216, made.
It is diffuse to find, 157, obscure, prolix, discursive.
Dight, 4, 94, 96, 222, prepared.
Diminges Dale, 187.
Dim-sight (Bishop G. Douglas), 213.
Din, 226, resound.
Dine, 241, dinner.
Ding, 216, 225, deserving.
To ding, 229, beat.
Dint, 229, stroke.
Diogenes, 120.
Dirdum, 239, uproar, tumult.
Dischargen, 85, discharge.
Discretion (Bishop G. Douglas), 221, 230, 232.
Breastly to discuss, 269, dash through.
Hath for him discust, 186, settled.
Dis-ease (Bishop G. Douglas), 236, 238.
Dispence, 230, supplies.
Dispone, 240, 294, dispose, bequeath.
Dispone you, 227, are you disposed.
Disport (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 217, 218, 221, 223, 227, 237.
Diss, Norfolk, 132.
Distelland, 205, distilling.
The Divendon, 146, the dab-chick.

Do, 224, make.
Doddipates [- *doddypolls*], 182, blockheads, fools.
Donjon [= *Great Tower*, 214], 221, 222, 226, 236, 239, the innermost Keep of a Castle.
Dory, John [= *Giovanni Doria*], 204, 205.
Doubt, 212, fear.
Douche, 284, Dutch, German.
Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld; G., 212-242.
Do way! 65, 110, cease! leave off! have done with!
Dowsipeere [= *doze pers* = *doze pairs*, the twelve equals, or peers, or paladins, of Charlemagne], 182, Grandee.
Drag-net, 7, a net to sweep the ground game off a field.
Be draw, 228, drawn, disembowelled.
Dread of Disdain (Bishop G. Douglas), 218.
Drencheth, 83, drowneth.
Do drench them, 69, overwhelm them.
Drest, 246, dressed.
Drest, 240, treated.
To him drest, 222, prepared for him.
This Drivel, 76, imbecile.
Dullit, 295, dulled.
Dunstan, St., 199.
Dunt, 229, blow.
Could dysyde aye her Ladies her about, 221, could make her Ladies ever sit on either side of her.

Earthen lake, 127, a grave.
Ease (Bishop G. Douglas), 233, 234, 237, 238.
Edders, 134, adders.
Edificate, 291, built up.
Edward of Carnarvon, 169, King Edward II.
Effeir, 215, 216, state, pomp.
To effray, 216, 230, to be frightened.
Effrayit, 216, afraid.
Eft, 238, again.
Egall, 57, equal.
Eke, 6, 40, 52, 55, &c., also.
Ela, 148, the highest note in the musical scale.
Emblazed, 166, emblazoned.
England, 1, 91, 102, 102, 195, 196, 204.
Ennewed, 156, renewed.
Enow, 73, enough.
Enpowred, 157, improved.
Ensearch, 114, search.
Ensure, 129, follow.
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- Envy** (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 229.
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Estate, 87, 114, 170, 180, 181, &c., rank, dignity.
Estate, 134, condition of life.
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Eyne, 54, 221, 230, eyes.

F.; G., 89.
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Fair farrand, 220, with a fair mien.
Fairly, 219, wondrously.
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A fantaser, 73, a fancier.
Fantasy, 128, 166, fancy, imagination.
Fare, 218, went; 236, travel, go.
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Favell (Rev. J. Skelton), 163 [= a fallow, or reddish yellow, horse], the personification of duplicity.
Feddrem, 205, feathers, wings.
Fee, 238, hire, reward.
Feid, 242, feud.
A feinye, 218, a deceit.
To feinye, 216, to shirk, flinch.
Feir, 217, companion.
In feir, 235, together.
Feit, 228, fed, hired.
Fell, 214, extraordinary.
Felloun [= felon], 213, 220, 224, 226, 237, dreadful, terrible.
A felloun rout, 229, a violent blow.
Fellounly [= felonly], 226, 229, dreadfully, terribly.
Femell, 213, family.
Ferd, 213, force.
Fere, 65, 235, companion.

In fere, 215, 239, in company.
Feres, 237, companions.
Feris, 218, companions.
Fers, 86, the Queen, in Chess.
Fet, 34, 248, fetch.
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Fineth, 124, endeth.
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Firely, 38, furious.
Fitchand, 215, hoisting.
Fitz Gerald [= The fair Geraldine], afterwards Lady E. Browne; and later, E. Clinton, Countess of Lincoln: Lady E., 51-54.
Fitz Gerald, Earl of Kil-dare; T., 51.
Flakering, 116, flocking.
Flanderkins, 192, Flemings.
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Flatling, 294, flat.
Flayne, 219, arrow.
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Fleet, 64, float.
The Fleet Prison, London, 175.
Flemit, 233, expelled, banished.
To the earth he flew, 229, fell.
Fleyit, 220, frightened.
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Fondly, 114, foolishly.
Forbod, 255, prohibition.
Forby, 233, in comparison with.
Forced, 58, cared for.
Forces not, 69, cares not.
He forceth not, 117, he cares not.
Forchaist, 220, hard chased.
Fordrede, 153, to be exceedingly terrified.
Fordwart, 223, over-watched, weary.
Foresight (Bishop G. Douglas), 233.
Forfare [= forth fare], 121, to journey, to go forth.
God forfend, 94, forbid.
Forfoughten, 240, exhausted with fighting.
Forlore, 65, lost.
Forsume, 231, procrastinate.
Fortravailit, 223, over-worked.
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Thy four feet, 221, limbs, hands and feet.
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Fule, 235, fool.
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Fure, 220, to go; 291, went.
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Fy! 125, fie!

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The Gaunt, 146, the gannet.
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Gear, 235, goods, things.
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- Gentrice (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 221, Generosity.
 Gentrice, 224, generosity.
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 The Geraldines, 51.
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 Gest, 201, story.
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 A gin, 214, a contrivance.
 Gin, 239, an engine for war.
 'Ginneth, 41.
 'Gins, 68, begins.
 By Gis! 262, by Jesu!
 A glede, 224, 290, 293, a kite.
 To glew, 230, to make merry.
 Gliñit, 224, gave a startled look.
 Gluttony (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 229, 240.
 Gnar, 170, snarl, growl.
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 A Goldsmith your Mayor, 191. Sir J. Mundy, of the Goldsmiths' Company, was Lord Mayor of London from October 28, 1522, to October 27, 1523. See p. 159.
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 Good-Fame (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
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 Grace, 190, the favour of God.
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 Grayth, 213, make, prepare.
 'Gre, 291, degree.
 In gre, 175, in good part.
 Gre by gre, 214, step by step.
 Great Hallingbury, Essex, 129.
 The Great Seal of England, 171, 198, 199. Wolsey held this, as Lord Chancellor.
 Greet, 291, weep.
 Greif, 218, fault.
 Gressop, 136, grasshopper.
 Gripes, 142, Griffons.
 Groomis unaghast, 217, men without fear.
 Grundin, 215, ground.
 Gude, 213, goods.
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 'Gup level suse,' 165.
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 Hung his old head, 64, horns.
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 Heal, 75, welfare.
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 Heben, 272, ebony.
 I hecht, 238, am called.
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 Hegeit, 215, hedged.
 Heif, 238, labour, heave.
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 Hight, 268, was called.
 On hight, 216, 219, 221, 224, 230, on high.
 A Hind, 3. Dr. Nott thought that this was an allusion to Anne Boleyn. If this be so, Cæsar would be Henry VIII.
 Hing, 228, hanged.
 Hint, 235-237, seized, taken.
 Hire, 23, 47, reward.
 Hirne, 229, corner.
 Hochis [= hutch], 237, (treasure) chests, or coffers.
 Hoddipoule [= hoddypoll], 183, a noodle, simpleton.
 Hoist (Bishop G. Douglas), 239, Cough.
 Who holpe, 102, helped.
 Clothed holts, 79, wooded hills.
 Honesty (Bishop G. Douglas), (*female*) 215, (*male*) 220.
 Honour (Bishop G. Douglas), 214, 233.
 Hooped with gold, 6, bearing a crown.
 Hope (H. Howard, Earl of Surrey), 74-77.
 Horsely, W. (Anon.), 92, 100, 102, 103.
 Hours, 293, Matins, Morning Prayers.
 The House of Sleep [= Somnus], 271-275, 281.
 House of Tudor, 159.
 To hove, 78, to linger.
 Hoved, 275, conveyed.
 Howard, 2nd Duke of Norfolk; T., 90, 159, 165, 172.
 Howard, 3rd Duke of Norfolk; T., 84.
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 Howard, Lord C. — see Howard, Sir E.
 Howard, Sir E., 90-103.
 Howards, the noble family of the, 65-67.
 Thou huddipeak! [= hoddypeak!], 171, fool, blockhead.
 Huffit on hight, 217, hived, hovered on high.

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Humbleness (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
 Near five hunder, 229, nearly five hundred.
Hunsdon House, near Ware, 51, 54.
Hunt, H. (Anon.), 93-96, 98, 101-103.
Huntley banks, 169. See also 172.
Huvit, 218, hovered.
Hy [=hie], 229, hasten.
- That ilk, 223, 233, same.
Ilka den, 206, every dell.
Illudeth her men, 116, deceives, deludes.
Immundicity, 295, sensuality.
Incineration, 149, burning to ashes.
Inde [= India], 142.
Indian stones, 10, diamonds, rubies, &c.
In faith! 104, in good faith!
In faith! Dicken, thou crew! 162, ? a snatch of an old Song.
In special, 2, especially.
In sunder, 229, asunder.
Into (*Scotch*), 212, 223, 229, 230, 231, 232, &c., in.
Intrinsicate, 278, intricate, perplexed.
Ipswich, Suffolk, 159.
Ire (Bishop G. Douglas), 220, 237, Anger.
Ire, 218, anger.
Irous, 200, wrathful.
Isagogical Collation, 184, introductory compilation.
The Ishmaelites, 283.
Belle Isold [= Isolt], 152.
Iwis, 63, 75, 280, certainly.
- Jack**, 100, jerkin, or coat of mail.
Jack Napis, 182, a jackanapes, an impertinent fellow.
Jack Rakers, 169, a scornful name.
Jack Travel (Rev. J. Skelton), 163.
James I. King, 159.
James V. King, 103, 171, 172, 290, 295.
King Jamy, 103, James V.
A jape, 5, a jest.
Jason, 151.
Javell (Rev. J. Skelton), 163, 181, a worthless fellow.
Jealousy (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 220, 236, 237.
- Jeffrey** (W. Roy and J. Barlow), 252-265.
Jeremy, 200, the Prophet Jeremiah.
King John of France, 204, a fictitious name.
Joseph, 283.
Josephus, the Historian, 155.
Journey, 93, expedition.
Julius, 119, C. J. Cæsar.
Juvenalis, D. J., 201, 202.
- Ka** [= kay], 291, a jackdaw.
A Kaiser, 181, an Emperor.
Kate (Rev. J. Skelton), 192.
Katharine [of Arragon], Queen, 253, 256-258.
Keen, 218, bold.
 Took good keep, 223, heed.
Kekell [= kekkill], 291, cackle.
Kelso, Scotland, 62.
Ken, 98, 214, know.
Kenned, 240, knew.
Kent, 21, 165.
Kervin, 215, carved.
Kindness (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
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The King's Bench Prison, London, 175.
A King's child, 54, Princess, afterwards Queen, Mary.
A crownèd King devoured, 66, James IV of Scotland, defeated at the battle of Flodden.
A King's son, 78, 79, H. Fitz-Roy, Duke of Richmond (1519-1536).
Kirnal, 236, embrasure.
Kirnellis, 215, embrasures of battlements.
Kiss the post, 154, to be shut out, to be too late for anything.
Knelland, 295, knelling.
A poor knight, 182, Sir R. Nanfan, 159.
Story that the Knight told, 19, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.
Knotted, 7, twisted.
The Kough, 146.
Kuss, 143, kiss.
- The lace**, 53, the net, the snare.
The Laird, 213, the Lord.
Lambeth, London, 62, 65.
Lanam, 192, Langham, in Essex.
Sir Lancelot du Lac, 152.
Landreycy, 62.
Can lane, 217, lend.
Lang, 213, long.
- Langour** (Bishop G. Douglas), 220, 236.
Lap, 236, leaped.
A Large, 146, a musical note equal to four Breves, or two Longs.
At large, 87, in freedom.
May not last, 222, it may not last.
To lave, 212, submit to.
The lave, 227, the rest, remainder.
The Laverock, 290, the lark.
To layne, 212, to lie.
The Leads above, 78, the flat roofs.
Leas, 21, open, untilled grass land.
Lecam, 212, body.
His Legacy, 108, his Legatine authority from the Pope.
Leid, 237, men.
Leif, 238, leave.
List to leir, 233, like to learn.
Leirit, 221, taught.
Leising, 226, lying.
Leiss, 214, lies.
Leist [= list], 216, inclined to.
Leman, 127, 209, Lover.
Len, 223, grant.
Lent, 13, 295, temporary.
Lese, 207, lose.
Leseth, 113, loseth.
The river Lethe, 272.
Let me, 285, hinder.
Levit, 220, left.
Lewis (Sir T. More), 125.
Libany [= Lybia], 141.
Lief, 123, 238, willing.
Liefsome, 85, pleasant.
Liell, 216, faithful.
Light for summer green, 154.
Liking (Bishop G. Douglas), (*female*) 215, (*male*) 225.
Lines of true belief, 55.
And him list, 238, if it please him.
Me list not, 114, it does not please me.
Nought list, 237, liked not.
Livel'hood, 4, livelihood.
Livius, T., 19.
Lomelin, the Lombard; D., 200, 201.
London, 48, 90, 159, 191.
A Long, 146, a musical note equal to four Semibreves, or two Breves.
'Longed, 280, belonged.
'Longeth, 274, belongeth.
Long or, 211, long for before.
'Longs, 77, 81, belongs.
My Lord Admiral, 172. T. Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
Lore, 290, teaching.
Losel, 181, scoundrel, rascal.

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- Loselry**, 183, rascality.
The lots, 73, chances.
Louis XI, King, 185.
Louse them, 207, clean themselves from lice.
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Luge, 233, bower of leaves.
Lurdanis, 228, good-for-nothing persons.
Lure, 169, allurement.
Lust (Bishop G. Douglas), 213, 220, 221, 223-225, 240.
My lust, 227, pleasure.
Lusthead (Bishop G. Douglas), 215, Amiability.
Lute, 12, 13, a musical instrument like a guitar.
Lybius . . . *Disconus* [= *Le Beau desconnu*], Sir, 152.
Lyde [= Lydia], 88.
Lydgate, J., 157.
Lymmit, 212, engaged.
Lyndesay, Sir D., 202-205.
Lylse wulce [= linsey-woolsey, a material partly of linen, and partly of woollen], 164, a pun on the Cardinal's name.
- Ma**, 223, make.
Maccabeus, J., 152.
Macedony [= Macedonia], 140.
Mahound [= Mahomet], 180, a furious Character in our early dramas.
Mainy [= meiny], 170, flock.
Make, 65, 155, mate, consort.
Male, 154, ? a misprint for Wales, which see.
Man, 227, 230, 290, must.
A poor man, 179, Abdalonimus, King of Sidon.
Man of good, 231, good man.
Mang, 215, 221, mingle.
Manners, Lord Ros; T., 169.
Manticors, 141, fabulous beasts of prey, each with a human head.
Many, 220, 222, many a.
Mardocheus [= Mordecai], 155.
That mare, 134.
Marees deep, 134, marsh.
Margery (Rev. J. Skelton), 132.
King Mark, 152.
Marlions [= inrlions], 151, sparrow-hawks.
Marock, 192, Morocco.
Marrit, 217, married.
- The Marshalsea Prison**, London, 175.
Martialis, J., 57. Not the Latin Epigrammatist; but his friend.
Mary Tudor, Princess, afterwards Queen, 51, 54, 257.
The Mastiff cur, 169, Cardinal T. Wolsey.
Mated, 165, daunted, dismayed.
Maumet [= Mahomet], 197.
Mavis, 146, the song-thrush.
May, 238, it may.
A May, 106, a maiden.
Measure (Bp. G. Douglas), 241.
Meautis, the French Secretary; J., 187, 188.
Medea, 138.
Meekness (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
Meis, 225, messes of meat.
Meisit, 232, mitigated.
Meiss, 214, mess of meat.
Mell, 173, 182, meddle.
Mells, 193, 276, meddles.
Men, 222, feudal retainers.
To mer, 215, mar, blunder.
Mercy (T. Vaux, Lord Vaux), 248.
Mere, co. Wilts, 268, 270.
The Merle, 290, the blackbird.
Mess, 241, mess of meat.
Methtinks, 8, 81, 84, &c., it seems to me.
Mew, 162, hide.
Mickle, 91, 212, 219, &c., great.
A Minion, 284, a dainty, fine person.
Minion, 286, 288, fine, dainty, trim.
Mirth (Bp. G. Douglas), 215.
I will mischief, 227, suffer harm.
Miss, 231, amiss.
Great miss, 231, greatly amiss.
Mo, 104, 110, 119, &c., more.
Mon, 293, must.
Montreuil, France, 62.
Mony dine, 241, many a dinner.
Mony fold, 232, many times.
Mony time, 241, many a time.
More, Sir T., 112-125.
A mornings, 8, in the morning.
At morrowing tide, 226, in the morning.
Morsels, 242, bites.
Mount-albon, 152, a Castle in Gascony.
The mountenance, 172, maintenance, duration.
Mow, 242, mouth.
Mundy, Sir J., 159, 191.
Murmurs (Bishop G. Douglas), 239.
- Murr**, 145.
Muss, 143, a nonce form of mouth.
Muttrell [= Montreuil], 173.
Myn, 214, less.
- Naaman Syrus**, 200, the Syrian.
Naias (Rev. J. Skelton), 158.
Nanfan, Sir R., 159.
Nay, 74, never.
Ne, 7, nor; 114, 155, 166, not.
A neck, 86, ? nook.
Need (Bp. G. Douglas), 242.
Neir, 215, near.
Newcastle . . . upon Tyne, 93.
New-Gate (Bp. G. Douglas), 213, 217, 218, 221, Novelty.
Nicholl, a Cornish man, 205.
Niggard, 120, miser.
Night-walk (Bishop G. Douglas), 213.
Nil, 71, 89, will not.
Nobleness (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
Nobles, 191, coins of the value of 6s. 8d.
Northumberland, Earl of—see **Percy**, H. A.
Norwich, 132.
Nott, Dr. G. F., 51, 82, 84.
Nottingham, Earl of, 103.
A fictitious title. There was no Earl of Nottingham in 1511.
He no wait, 219, knew not.
Nowell [= *Noel*], 131, Christmas.
'Noy, 40, 214, 226, 228, annoy.
Noyit, 232, troubled, vexed.
- O'ersyle**, 235, hide.
Oftsys, 222, oftentimes.
Spaniards' onions, 172, 192, the nonce use of a word, for the sake of the rhyme.
On live, 155, 237, alive.
On row, 236, in a row.
On sleep, 244, asleep.
One (*Scotch*), 290-294, a.
Or [= *ere*], 45, 214, &c., before.
Isles of Orcaady, 142, the Orkneys.
Ormond, the family of, 62.
An ouch, 153, a brooch.
Out and out, 68, thoroughly, completely.
Out raschit, 226, rushed out.
Outray, 135, overcome, vanquish.
Outstolling, 238, stolen away.
Out-take, 238, except.
Overshoot us, 165, overreach us.
Over that, 115, above that.
Overthort, 221, athwart.

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- Overthwart, 200, perverse.
Ovidius Naso, P., 155, 271.
 Owe, 76, possess.
 Owreik, 222, reach over.
- Upon a great pain, 152, under a great penalty.
 Great Palaces, 265, York Place in London, and Hampton Court Palace.
 Palamon, 151.
 A Pallioun, 222, a Cloak.
 Palm Play, 78, a kind of Tennis.
 Pan, 228, skull.
 Pandarus, 153, 154.
 A pane, 218, in punishment.
 Papingo, 290-295, parrot.
 Papy, 272, poppy.
 Parald, 215, adorned.
 Paramour, 58, sweetheart.
 Pardie! 176, by God!
 Paris and Vienne, 152, a mediæval Romance.
 Paris, France, 204.
 Parker, Lord Morley; H., 128, 129.
 Parlasy [= Palsy, Paralysis] (Bishop G. Douglas), 239.
 Partlet, 151, the name of the hen in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.
 Pastance, 108, 292, pastime.
 Patience (Bishop G. Douglas), 215.
 Pay, 239, beating.
 Peason, 194, pease.
 That foolish peck, 145.
 Penelope, 80, 154, 155.
 Take pepper in the nose, 173, take offence.
 Percy, Earl of Northumberland; H. A., 169.
 Perdie! 46, 231, by God!
 Pergame [= Pergamos], 138.
 Perse [= Persia], 119.
 Perty, 240, briskly.
 Petrarch, F., 156, 183.
 Dame Philargeria (Rev. J. Skelton), 167.
 King Philip of Macedony, 140.
 Philip Sparrow (Rev. J. Skelton), 132-158.
 Phillida (H. Howard, Earl of Surrey), 58-62.
 Picarde, 211, a man from Picardy.
 Pieces, 96, of cannon.
 Fight [= pitched], 268, wrapped up.
 Pigsney [a pig's eye], 286, darling.
 Pill [= peel] garlic, 164, to endure mortification.
 Pill [= peel] straws, 168, to do a useless piece of work.
- Pill his land, 175, to pillage, plunder, by over-taxation.
 Pinkerton, J., 212.
 Pinnacle, 90, 94, 95, 97, a smaller, attendant ship.
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- Polling, 163, to rob, by excessive taxation.
 Popingay, 145, parrot.
 Thy port, 72, demeanour.
 Port, 214, gate.
 Portingal, 187, Portugal.
 Portingal, Portingals, 96, 100, Portuguese.
 A Postle's life, 167, an Apostle's life.
 A potestate, 194, potentate.
 A Potestolate, 194, ? = Legate.
 Potshords, 176, 191, potsherds.
 Poverty (Sir T. More), 119-122.
 Powrit to the pan, 228, wasted away even to the skull.
 Poyntz, J., 4-7, 18-21.
 Precellande, 295, excelling.
 Prefe [= proof], 276.
 Prene, 216, pin.
 Present, 219, presented.
 Prest, 136, 246, pressed, ready.
 Preve, 33, prove.
 Prick, 218, 219, ride.
 Prime, 127, sunrise.
 The primordial, 177, origin.
 My Prince, 91, 94, Sovereign.
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 Proper, 218, 228, very, pure.
- Proper, 232, own.
 Proven, 123, prove.
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 Pryce, 227, prize.
 Prysit, 215, prized, valued.
 Ptolemy, C., 148, 178.
 Puirly, 219, humbly.
 Purificate, 291, purified.
 Puwit [= Pewit], 146, a name for the lapwing in 1509.
 Pye [= magpie]-pecked, 181.
 Pyramus, 133.
 Pythagoras, 119.
- Quater [= quatre], 190, four.
 The Quatrivials, 178, the last four liberal Arts (Astrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music), making the *Quadrivium* of the old University curriculum.
 Querestrers, 150, choristers.
 Quhill, 227, until.
 Quhissill foot before, 290, change foot before.
 Quick, 49, 138, 172, alive.
 Quod, 42, 43, said.
- Raddour (Bishop G. Douglas), 215, 220, Fear.
 Rage (Bp. G. Douglas), 213.
 Rair, 236, roar.
 The rakehell life, 81, life full of torments.
 Rampand, 234, ramping, pawing.
 Rampire, 247, rampart.
 To a random right, 219, right at random.
 Rappit, 226, rapped.
 Ratcliff, —, 81.
 Rathly, 232, quickly.
 Rear-Supper (Bishop G. Douglas), 241, a late supper.
 Reason (Bishop G. Douglas), 230-232, 232, 236, 240.
 Reason (T. Vaux, Lord Vaux), 250.
 Reave, 240, bereave, take from.
 Reaving, 163, taking away by force.
 Recheless [= retchless], 162, 195, heedless, reckless.
 Recrayed, 181, recreant.
 I rede, 86, 236, I advise.
 The Red Hat, 169, 173, 198, 263, Cardinal T. Wolsey.
 Refiary, 149, odour.
 Your refuse, 67, refusal.
 Regular folk, 256, monks, of the Religious Orders, as distinguished from the parochial Clergy.
 To reill, 219, roll forward.

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Rejagged, 181, all-tattered.
 Relucen^t honour, 195, bright, eminent.
 Remording, 196, rebuking.
 Renaying, 166, denying.
 Resolution, 43, decision.
 Rest, 235, arrest, constrain.
 Restit, 218, arrested.
 Richesse, 114, 115, opulence.
 Rig-bone, 229, back-bone.
 Right (Bp. G. Douglas), 235.
 As right, 164, as straight.
 At right, 215, of right.
 At right, 216, suitable.
 Rinkis, 218, brave men.
 Roast a stone, 164, to do some useless piece of work.
 Robin (Anon.), 111.
 Robin Hood, 166.
 Romans, 152.
 Rome, 21, 41, 137, 152, 164, 199.
 By the rood! 5, 90, 226, 241, by the cross!
 The Lord Ros, 169, T. Manners, Lord Ros.
 Ar rotten, 222, rotted in former time.
 Rouk, 212, mist.
 Rout, 226, 229, blow.
 A rout, 116, 223, 234, 241, company.
 Dare rout, 171, make a noise.
 On row, 236, in a row.
 Rown, 242, roomy, spacious.
 Rownit, 235, whispered.
 Roy, Friar W., 159, 252-265.
 Royals, 191, gold coins worth 10s.
 Rub you on the gall—see Wales.
 Rug, 241, pluck.
 Ruth (Bishop G. Douglas), 215, Compassion.
 Rye, Sussex, 165.

'S, 104, us.
 Sable, 246, in Heraldry, black.
 Sacre [= saker], 150, a falcon.
 Sadness (Bishop G. Douglas), 220, 235, 236.
 Sign of Sagittary, 268, the zodiacal Sign of Sagittarius.
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 Saint Cecile, 254. Wolsey's title, as Cardinal, was *S. Cæcilia trans Tiberim*.
 Salisbury, 268.
 The plain of Salisbury, 142.
 Salueth me, 85, saluteth.
 Sampler, 9, 138, 139, a piece of embroidery.
 Sapience (Rev. J. Skelton), 160.

Sarum, 279, Salisbury.
Ultra Sauromatas [= *Sarmatas*], 187, the Sarmatians, a Slavic people between the Vistula and the Don.
 Saw, 236, saying.
 Full sawris sweet, 225, of very sweet savours.
 Say, 226, tell.
 Scant, 260, scarcely.
 Scantly, 193, 268, 277, scarcely.
 'Scape, 19, 55, 202, escape.
 'Scaped, 274, escaped.
 To scathe, 239, to injure.
 Schore, 216, 223, threat.
 Schott, John or Hans, 252.
 Schure, 230, shore.
 Scorn, 221, rally, jcer.
 Scotland, 95, 101, 172.
 Scottish King, 171, 172, James V.
 The Scots, 168.
 Scouner, 230, shun, shrink.
 Scoup, 239, scope, aim.
 Screecheth, 113, shriek.
 Scrope, J. (Rev. J. Skelton), 132-158.
 Scutes, scutus [= *æcus*], 166, French gold coins of the value of 3s. 4d.
 Seat, 54, dwelling, residence.
 Secular folk, 256, the parochial Clergy.
 Se Dean, 150, ? Sub Dean.
 They are to seek, 170, at a loss, without adequate knowledge.
 Seigit, 239, besieged.
 Seinge, 219, war-cry.
 Seisit, 232, in possession.
 Art that selleth words, 40, eloquence, advocacy.
 Semblance (Bishop G. Douglas), 221.
 Sembland, 238, appearance.
 Semble, 216, to assemble.
 Sembly, 218, assembly.
 Semit, 233, seemed.
 Sen, 218, 219, 227, &c., since.
 Sendill, 214, seldom.
 Sene, 219, afterwards.
 Seneca, L. A., 129.
 Serve, 231, deserve.
 Service, 130, feudal tenure.
 Servit, 228, deserve.
 Set, 218, although.
 Seymour, Duke of Somerset; E., 65.
 Seymour; Lady A. [Stanhope, afterwards], 65-67.
 Shaftesbury, 268.
 Shave, 59, shaved.
 Shaving, 163, fleecing.
 Shed, 218, separated.
 Shelton, —, 62.
 Shent, 265, put to shame.

Shill peascods, 164, shell pease. See Pill.
 The Shot, 247, the Harquebusiers.
 Spent our shot, 164, our money.
 Shoveller, 145, a duck with a broad bill.
 Fingers shrined with gold, 116, wearing gold rings.
 Sidney, Sir P., 51.
 Inward sights, 176, perceptions of right and wrong.
 A silk, 233, ? a veil.
 Silly, 225, 241, blessed.
 A silly man, 88, simple man.
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 Simon, P. (Anon.), 92, 97, 98, 102, 103.
 Dame Simonia (Rev. J. Skelton), 167.
 Sim Sly (Rev. J. Skelton), 189.
 Sin (Bishop G. Douglas), 229.
 Sing, 237, sign.
 Sinke [= *cinque*], 190, five.
 A grim Sire, 173, 194, Cardinal T. Wolsey.
 Sisters Three, 88, the Fates.
 Sith, 67, 248, since.
 Sithen, 223, although.
 Skelton, Rev. J., 132-203.
 Sker, 202, scared.
 Skift, 239, shift.
 But skill, 227, without question.
 Can but little skill, 155, have but little knowledge of.
 Skill, 224, argument.
 Sla, 226, slay.
 Slade, 276, dell, vale.
 Slake, 66, 67, 85, quench, assuage.
 Slake, 46, slacken, untie.
 Slee, 231, skilful.
 Sleep [= *Somnus*], 272-274, 281.
 On sleep, 244, asleep.
 Sleight (Bp. G. Douglas), 213.
 Sleight, 234, craft, wiles.
 Sleit, 215, slect.
 Slipper, 113, 116, 119, slipperly, unstable.
 Sio, 137, slay.
 Slough, 64, the cast-off skin.
 Smirk, 239, an affected smile.
 Smure, 239, smother.
 Snyte, 145, snipe.
 In sobering, 219, cleansing.
 Socrates, 119, 135.
 The Sodomites, 176, the people of Sodom.
 Soke, 217, slacken, be delayed.
 Solfa, Solfe, 145, 148, 170, to sing solfeggio.
 Solomon, King, 81.
 Soote season, 64, sweet season.
 A Souter, 274, a shoemaker.

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Sow, 239, a machine, used in sieges, to cover those who were undermining.

Spain, 21.

My spaire [= spare], 143, an opening in a gown.

Spattle, 143, spittle.

Sped, 155, 157, versed, acquainted with.

Speedful, 216, expedient.

To speill [= spele], 293, to climb.

Speir, 238, inquire.

The Spence, 237, the larder.

Spendit, 241, expended, used.

'Spence, 247, expence.

To spill, 228, come to destruction.

Spiritual gifts, 256, ecclesiastical offices.

Spirituality, 252, the Clergy, as distinguished from the Temporality, the Laity.

Spole [= *espaule*], 100, shoulder.

Good Spring of Langham, 102, a notable maker of woollen cloths.

Thou 'st, 92, 100, 103, thou must.

Stade, 238, encumbered.

Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; E., 254.

Stale, 67, decoy.

A stalworthy stripling, 171, sturdy young man.

Standards, 96, principal flags.

Stanhopes, the noble family of the, 65.

The Court of the Star Chamber, 166, 171.

States, 216, aristocracy, nobles.

Steaming eyes, 5, flaming, blazing.

Steik, 231, stick, fasten.

Stella [= Lady P. Devereux], 51.

Stemit, 239, hemmed in.

Well stentit, 224, stretched.

Stewart, Duke of Albany; J., 172.

Stith, 49, anvil.

A stob, 293, a stump of a tree.

Stokkit, 220, thrust.

A stound, 181, a time.

Stoundis, 222, pains.

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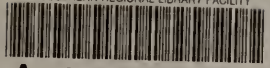
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