

The fantasies of

a troubled mannes head.

By Fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynd,
Such fantasies as my careful thought hath brought into my mynd.
And when each one was gone to rest, all softe in bed to lye,
I would haue slept, but that the watch did folow styl mine eye.
And Sodeinite I saw a Sea of woofull sorowes prest,
Whose wicked wayes of sharpe repulse, bred mine vnquiet rest:
I saw this world and how it went, ech state in his degre,
And that from Wealth ygraunted is, both lye and libertie.
I saw eke how Enbie did raigne, and bare the greatist pyce,
Yet greater portion is not found within the Cockatrice.
I saw also how soyle Willdaine, oft times to forze my woe,
Gaue me the cup of bitter swate, to plege my mortal foe.
I saw also how that Desier, to rest no place could fynd,
But styl constraind in endles paine, to follow natures kynd.
I saw also (most straunge of all) how Nature did forsake,
The blood y in her womb was wrought, as doth y lothed Snake.
I saw how fancie would retaine no longer then the lust,
And as the wynd how she doth chaunge, and is not for to trust.
I saw how stedfastnes did flye, with wynges of often chaunge,
A flying bird but seldome sen, her nature is so straunge.
I saw how pleasaunt times did passe, as flowers do in the mede,
To day that riseth red as Rose, to morow fallteth deade.
I saw my time how it did run, as sand out of a glasse,
Euen as each owze appointed is, from time and tye to passe.
I saw the yeares that I had spent, and losse of all my payne,
And how the spoote of youthly plates, my follie did retayne.
I saw how that the little Ants, in Sommer styl doth come,
To seke their fode wherby to liue, in Winter for to come.
I saw eke Vertue how she fate, the threde of life to spin,
Which she weth the end of euery woake, before it both begin.
And when all these I thus behelde, with manie moe pardie,
In me, me thought each one had wrought a greatt appertie:
And then I said vnto my selfe, a lesson this shall be,
For other that shall after come, for to beware by me,
Thus all the night I did diuise, which way I might contrayne,
To forze a plot y wit might woake thes braches in my brayne.

FINIS. A. C.

Of euyll tongues,

Of euyll tongues, which clay at euerie wynd,
Ye see the quicke, and eke the dead de fame:
Chose that liue well, some fault in them ye fynd,
Ye take no thought, in sclaudring their good name.
Ye put iust men, oft times to open shame,
Ye ryng to lowde, ye sound vnto the Skyes:
And yet in prooffe, ye so we no chynp but lyes.

Ye make great hatred, where peace hath ben of long,
You bring good order to ruine and eke decaye:
Ye plucke downe right, ye doe enhaunce the wrong,
Ye tourne swete myrth, to wo and walla waye.
Of mischeifs all, you are the ground I saye,
Happie is he, that liueth on such a sozte:
That nedes not feare such tongues of false repozte.

FINIS. q. J. Canand.

Of trust and triall.



Who trusts before he tries, may lone his trust repent,
Who tries before he trusts, doth so his care prevent:
Thus trust may not be cause of triall (then we see)
But triall must be cause of trust, in ech degre.

FINIS. B. G.

A strife betwene

Appelles and Pigmallon.

When that Appelles liued in Grece,
Pigmallon also raigned than:
Thee two did strue to frame a pece,
Which should amaze the sight of man.
Wherby they might win such a name,
As should deserue immortall fame.
Appelles then strayed euerte where,
To marke and vie to ech courtlie Dame:
And when he heard where any were,
Did well deserue the prayse and fame:
He thither rode with willyng harte,
Wher to take the cumliest parte.
And when he had with trauaile great,
A thousand wights knit vp in one:
He found therewith to worke his feat,
A paterne such, as earth was none.
And then with loye retourned backe,
For to those limmes, but lye did lacke.
Pigmallon eke, to theu white,
Did then couclde, in Juozie white
To forze and frame in euerie parte,
A woman fayre to his delihte.
Wherewith was euerie limme so coucht,
As not a dayne he lefte vntoucht.
When their two cunnings soyned were,
A woerbe it was to see their worke:
But yet it may greue euerie eare,
To heare the chaunce did therein lurke.
For though the pece they framed had,
For lone, Pigmallon did run mad.
Which seene, Appelles shut his boke,
And durst no longer beue that sight:
For why: her comelie limmes and loke,
In one did passe ech other wight.
And while Appelles wiped his eye,
The pece did mount vnto the Skye.
Wher as dame Nature toke it straight,
And wrapt it vp in linnen solbe:
Straming it moze, then the waight
Had ten times ben of glifryng golde.
Shee lockt it vp fast in a chest,
To pleasure him that shee loued best.
Appelles then dismayed much,
Did throw his boke in to the fire:
He feared lest the Gods did grutch,
That wurkemen should so high aspire.
Yet once agayne he trauailed Grece,
With lesse effect, and made a pece.
Which long time did hold great renowne
For Venus all men did it call:
Till in our dayes gan Nature fro lone,
And gaue the woikemannes woike a fall.
For from her chestt saupde all stryfe,
Shee toke the pece, and gaue it lye.
And for a token gaue the fame,
Vnto the highest man of state:
And said: since thou art crownd by fame,
Take to thee here, this woerthe mate.
The same which kyld the caruers strife,
Before that Nature gaue it life.
Lozde, yt Appelles now did know,
Of yt Pigmallon once should heare:
Of this their woike the woerthe show,
Since Nature gaue it life to beare.
No doubt at all, her woerthe prayse,
Whose selie Grekes from death wold rayse.
When those that daylie see her grace,
Whose vertue passeth euerie wight:
Her comelie corps, her chynall face,
They ought to pray both day and night.
That God may graunt most happie state,
Vnto that Princesse and her mate.

FINIS. Ber. Car.

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