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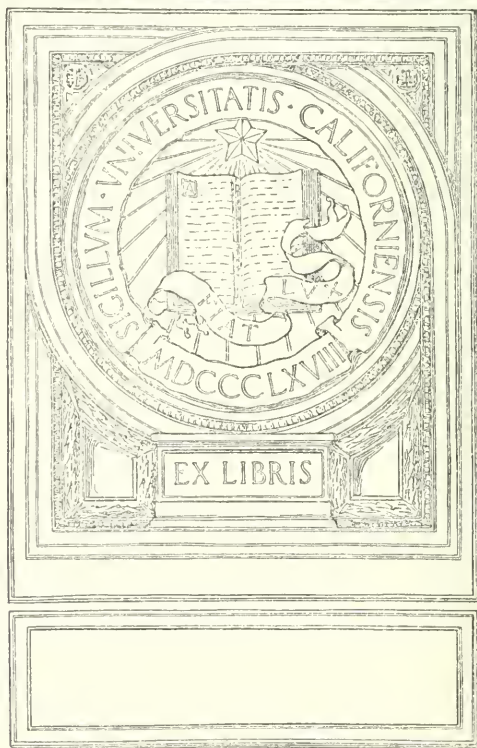
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ALBORNADO TO VIRU
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TRABU


THE MISERIE
OF FLAVNDERS, CA-
lamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of
Portugali, Unquietnes of Irelande,
Troubles of Scotland:
And the blessed State
of ENGLANDE.

Written by Tho. Church-
yarde Gent.

1579.



Imprinted at London for Andrewe Maunsell,
dwellyng in Paules Church-yard at
the Signe of the
Parret.



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TO THE QUEENES MOST
Excellent Maiestie, Thomas Church-
yard, wisheth all heauenly blessednesse,
worldly felicitie, and vnremo-
uable good Fortune.



H Auynge a duetifull desire, moste re-
doubted soueraigne, to be daily exer-
cised in some seruisable deuce and
action (that maie please my Prince
and countrey) I neither spare paines
nor season, to purchase through prac-
tise of pen, and studie of heade, my desired hope.

But waiynge the greatnesse of your Maiestie and
Princely iudgement, I am to seeke, not onely what woor-
des dooeth best become me, but likewise what woorkes I
should present, especially to her highnesse, that hath suche
giftes fro the heauens, as all our earthly imaginations, &
base matter here belowe, maie of right giue place vnto.

And to offer any present where suche perfections doe
abounde, and the fountaine of many graces dooeth freely
flowe, the presumption were greate, and the boldenesse
scarce pardonabel. Yet moste gracious Ladie, albeit I dare

A.j. not

not bryng water to the well heade of knowledge, and comfortable spryng (frō whence all kinde of people doe draue succour and releef) yet my hope is, that my humble and upright meanyng (of this my woorke) shall finde fauour in your highnesse sight.

In whiche worke I compare, Flaunders, Fraunce, Portugall, Irelande, and Scotlande, to bee the shell of a precious Nutte, the sweete Kirnell whereof is the blessed state of ENGLANDE. And though with worldly wickednesse, and troubles of our tyme, the goodly shell is somewhat wormeaten and cracked, the Kirnell shewes it self so sounde, that Gods greate goodnesse & glorie is partly or altogether therein expressed.

And now by my verses and description is onely touched (by all curtuous and reuerent meanes) but the troubles and misfortunes of euery countrie a parte, goyng no further in any frase of speeche, then Christian zeale, loue, and duetie maie commaunde a good minde to sette out, as knoweth our luyng Lorde, who sende your Maiestic many good and gracious newe yeres;
with a blessed and prosperous
olde raigne ouer vs.

FINIS.



THE MISERIE of Flaunders.



THIS soile and welthie seate,
where people plentie founde,
wth scarcities scorge is plaged soze,
and made a barraine ground:
where fruitfull pleasures greate,
was lookt for in our daies,
And where for wealth, & worthe
thyngs,

Did ronne our worldly praise.

What a chaunge is this,
that neighbours mourne therefore,
And foraine foes are greeu'd at harte,
to see the curelesse soze:

That now no sence can salue,
nor witte can helpe in haste,
Nor man maie sone, by force reforme,
till warrs and will maks waste.

Maucke Keuells sonne,
and Riotte sister dere:

To foule misrule, a mother vice,
that raignde full many a yere.

In vicu and cozners cloase,

The miserie

O nourse of noughtie pranks:
And needlesse pains and labour losse,
that can deserue no thanks,
Why should I blame abuse,
where Gods greate wrath bears swaie,
And peoples heads, will haue it so,
and worldlic witts decaie:
So romnyng on the race,
of crooked carelesse stepps,
Out goes good order at a iompe,
and in rude maner lepps:
That at his firste rebounde,
shaks all in sonder streight:
And eche thyng cracks, that feels the force,
of wilfull hauocks weight.
Now leaue that long discourse,
that hatefull hauocke byngs:
(By meane of rage, and reuell route)
and speake of other thyngs.
That flanders groens to feele,
and sondre lighe to see:
And none but wails that weyes the weight,
of factes in eche degrec.
Why should riche flanders now,
to fortune, pooze giue place:
That had the harte, and hadde with all,

from

Of Flaunders.

from harmes to holde her face,
Among the beste of name,
that wealthie state could shoue:
Doe aske no moze but leaue the cause,
to hym that all doeth knowe.
Yet I with speeches free,
maie tell what troubles are:
In flaunders now, for that their broils,
began of countreis care.
And matters fitte for penne,
awhile to treat vpon:
Good whetstons for to sharpe dull witts,
the reste I looke not on.
That seru's for speciall sprecetts,
that seeth through Moone and Starre:
So thus to leaue of weightie thyngs,
and come to flaunders warre.
(That worlde bewails and weeps,
that sees thereof the ende:
And knowes that head and shoulders must,
their countreis cause defende.)
My muse bidds me bee bolde,
for therein wants no skill:
To vse apt woords, and searche out woorks,
to straine the ynkehozne quill.
For causes knowne to worlde,

The miserie

then why if men maie aske,
Doeth flaunder's learne the dolefull daunce,
and comes in open shalke,
With drum and trompet loude,
to wake the worlde from sleepe?
That at sweete reste and peace will laugh,
and at sorow warre will weepe.
Why doeth freends faule at iarre,
and slide in sects by swarms?
And heappng mischeef on their heads,
are grounde of their owne harms.
Why leaps some from their holde,
and tak's the weakest parte?
And so forsaketh God and man,
to winne a worlde by arte.
Why hacills the horses wrong,
that in right course should goe?
Why doe the wise heads embrace self will,
and weaue a webbe of woe?
The cause doeth shewe it self,
for where dissention is,
There are fewe matters well in frame,
and many thyngs amis:
Now is no nother noyes,
but howlyng vp and downe:
And doubt and daunger byngs greate feare,

Of Flaunders.

in many a noble towne.
Now wanders peoples mynd,
like waucs of troubled seas:
And neither man noz childe God wot,
is free from warrs diseas.
Death dwells in eche mans doze,
and threates mischeus great:
The riche but maeks a hongrie meale,
the pooze he starus for meate.
Was neuer seen suche want,
in any soile before:
And feawe haue little commyng in,
but spendeth on the store.
The Soldiour liu's by spoile,
the Marchaunts trade is don:
The Plowman letts the plowe alone,
and out pooze people ron:
As though that men were madde,
and knowe not where to goe:
In doubt to finde a faithfull frend,
and sure to meete a foe.
The *Pater noster* men,
oz *Mal content*, thei saie:
Hath brought our people suche a plague,
as breeds their whole decaie.
Eche Christian harte doeth weepe

to

The miserie

to knowe the carefull care:
Of flanders now, who to the chaunge,
of worldie chaunce giu's place.

FINIS.





THE CALAMITIE of Fraunce.



That Kyngdome maie,
compare with wofull fraunce,
whose ciuill warres,
did laste God wot too long:
The mightie men,
thereby felt greate mischaunce,
The feeble folke,

were forst to suffer wrong,
And no estate, was free from scath and soile,
Suche furie raingde, in rage of peoples mynds,
The weaklyngs went, to ruin, to wracke, and spoile,
As trees be toznc, with blast and whirlyng wynds,
Strong goodly tounes, were beaten doune to grounde
Hye walls and towres, were battred flat as Lake,
When trumpetts blast, and drum did slaughter sounde,
And bloudie blade, did wicked murther make.

Listen now, and heare my tale a while,
The wars of fraunce, so sharpe and cruell weare,
The sonne hymself, the father would begile,
And brother still, of brother stode in feare,
With poison foule, and murther cuery wheare.

The calamitie

The countrey througħ, was spzed and plaged sore,
And for to make, the scourge and mischeef more,
One frende by craft, the other would betraie,
And suretie none, in Princes pallaice stode,
The house of God, where people ought to praie,
And aulter stone, was daiely staine with blood.
The streets was filde, with corpes vilie flaine,
And in the streame, and floud the babes were slong,
And Ladies throats, with kniues were cutte in twaine.
There was no hope, when Iarumbell was rong,
Bothe wiues with childe, and little children yong,
Were stabbed in, with Daggers diuers waies,
Some from their bedds, were slong amid the streets,
Suche murders Lorde, were in those bloodie daies:
As women laie, without a cloute or sheete,
(All deade and bare, a rufull sight to see)
In open plaine, yea men of auncient yeers,
Were mangled sore, and some of high degree:
And noble race, and of the *Douze* Beers,
Were naked left, and wounded to the death,
And goodlie girls, laie groulyng voide of breath:
In market place, the furie was so greate,
The rage was suche, that none might scape the sword:
Nor nothyng could, ne coole nor quenche the heate:
Of Ciuill warre, that bothe at bedde and boarde:
Was bloodie still, and yet the more was flaine,

The

Of Fraunce.

The more the broile, and grief began againe,
To tell you all, their battailes here a rowe,
Would moue your minde, and heauie harte to teares,
At sondrie tymes, their owne repozte doeth shoue,
(And good recorde, thereof true witnessse bears.)
Thei lost in feeld, two hundredeth thousande men,
Yet still their mindes, on murthyr ran so faste,
Thei went about, nothyng but bloodshed then,
To fight it out, as long as life might laste,
Reuenge did woozke, and weaue an endlesse webbe,
Desire of will, a wofull threedde did spinne,
The floodde of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A swelling Sea, of strife brought gulpyng in.
The rooted wozathe, had spzed suche braunches out,
That leaues of loue, were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spittfull twiggs, began so faste to sprout,
That from the harte, the tree was rotten thzowe.
No kindly sappe, did comforte any spraic,
Both the barke and stocke, and bodie did decreaie.
So that it seemde, the soile infected was,
With malice moods, that smells of mischeef greate,
Their golden lande, was tournde to rustie Braz:
And eche thyng wozought, as God had curst the seate,
The ground thought scozne, to byng forth frute in time
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no cozne,
Like winter foule, became the Sommers Prune,

The calamitie

The pleasant plotts, brought forth wilde brier & thorn
With Raine and storme, the lande was vexed still,
The ire of God, the people could not shunne,
Greate grewe the grief, that came by headstrong will,
And all these plagues, by proude conceite begonne,
That thought to rule, perhaps past reasons loze,
Create that who please, my muse not framde therfore:

Of warrs and woe, I meane my penne to straine,
In brief discourse, for *Wisedomes* view alone,
I skippe ouer doubts, I dare not be to plaine,
Least fire flie out, from flinte and stricken stone.

Those broolls abroche, the realme ran all to ruen:

The heads warte sicke, the members were amis,
The notes were nought, the song was out of tune,
And badde is best, where such rude Musick is.
Blood was so sought, that Butcherie boate the swaie,
A man and beast, were waied bothe a like:
The Shepe must dye, the wolfe would haue his praie,
The riche would rule, the poore must paie the pike,
The house must burne, that could not make defence,
The head must of, that had more witte then needs,
The fullst baggs, were searched for their pence.
The vains were sought, that moste the humour feeds,
The good might starue, the badde found all the grace,
The wise might walke abroad, and tell the trees,
The faunpynge foole, were moste prefarde in place.

The

Of Fraunce.

The Waspes would sucke, the honie from the Bees,
And to be plaine, abuse in all Degrees,
Bred nought but warre, and nourisht suche Debate,
That all to tozne, did lye that noble State.

And when one race, or noble house did rise,
With force of armes, to make reuolte or stoer,
Tenne thousande flockt, as thicke as starrs in skies.
About the streets, before the Princes doore,
No woords might serue, nor reason could preuaile:
The people waxte, as wilde as chased Deere,
Yea though thei heard, their wiues bothe wepe & waile,
Their children crie, their friends make mournyng there
To bloodie fight, in furie fell thei all,
And though on heaps, dead coarces laie in vieu,
The people made, accounte thcre of but small.
For battaile did, but malice still reue.

A greate mans death, coste many small mens liues,
A small offence, did make a greate adoo,
When men forget, their children and their wiues,
And madlic faulls, to hate their countrey too.

A little sparke, will make a marucilous fire,
And then bothe Prince, and Lawe is out of minde:
Good rule is drounde, and children doo conspire,
Their fathers deaths, and kinsmen out of kinde,
Doo turne and change, as weather Locke with winde.

O Fraunce, who looke, vpon thy bloodie waies,

The calamitie

And notes but halfe, the pageant thou hast plaied:
Will be therfore, the wiser all their daies,
Or at the least, will howzely bee afraied.
To plaie suche pranks, as thou pooze France hast doon
Thou hadst a tynic, and wretched race to run.
For others weale, that can good warnyng take,
Thy neighbours haue, had laisure to regarde,
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make:
Of thy greate doole, and dulfull destinie harde.
Can greater plagues, bee seen in any soile:
Then, reuell rage, and hauocke euery waie,
A ciuill warre, with wicked waiste and spoile.
A deadlie bottie, that striks stoute harte by daie.
And kills by night, the harmles in his bedde,
O ciuill warre, thou hast a Hydraz hedde:
A Wipers kinde, a Serpentes nature thzowe,
A Spiders shape, a foyme of vglie Tode:
A Deulische face, a shamelesse blotted bzowe,
A bloodie hande, at home and eke abzode.
And if a man, would painte a monster right,
Set out in shape, but ciuill warre to sight:
Painte all the harms, that cruell murthcr byngs,
And sure that Snake, will be we ten thousande stings.
A man maie not, in colour set for the well,
A rude reuolt, a wretched ciuill bzawoll:
He were as good, assaie to painte out hell,

And

Of Fraunce.

And seeke to shewe, the sorts of torments all,
That sillie souls, doo feele with damned spzeetts,
Who sees reuolte, in feild or ciuill streetts,
Will thinke he meetts, madd doggs disgi'de like men,
Or els wilde wolues, that liues in sauage woode:
It passeth witte, and cunnyng arte of pen,
To blase out warrs, began on mortall foode.
And namely bzoyls, that breeds in publike state,
The cause whereof, bothe God and man doeth hate.

O France the flowze, and gardaine of the earth,
The soile of wealth, and topp, of triumphe all:
Where is become, thy pastyme and thy mirth,
Thy glorie great, that woridlie ioyes we call.
Hath wilde reuolt, made tame thy gallants gaie,
Fie on that braule, that breeds so greate a fraie.
Fie on that warre, that byngs riche people bare.
And foule befaule, the birds that files their neasse,
Reuolte byngs realms, and mightie kyngs in care,
And roots vpp peace, and plants discor'd in breast.
Though willfull heads, in haste reuenge will take,
And for some shreau'de, deuise drawes out the blade,
Beware through heate, how ciuill warre you make:
It wounds the state, and marrs all honest trade,
It trots found harts, and spoils eche common weale,
A cruelle soze, that no sweete salue can heale.
The sorwe mischaunce, that fraunce hath felt thereby,
(And

The calamitie

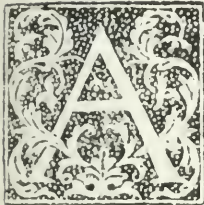
(And slaughters greate, whiche lasted many a yere)
Dooth stande so freshe, and full befoze your eye,
That worlde maie see, men bought that warre ful dere:
The flood of strife, did run so thzough the realme,
Some dreggs must needs, be left behinde the streame.
In whiche deepe drosse, maie lye more harme then good
God shield eche lande, that loues and fears the Lorde,
From suche abuse, and thirstynge after blood,
And plant therein, sweete peace and milde accorde:
From whiche pure tree, there springs a precious balme,
That keeps of storms, and byzngs a quiet calme.

FINIS.





THE MISFORTVNE of Portugalle.



As fraunce did smarte,
through rage of ciuill warre,
And flanders is,
not free from suche like foile:
So other soils,

by meane of wicked iarre,
When least is thought, are offered to the spoile,
Whose wretched ruen, the wise doeth daicly rewe,
To make the fonde, refozme their life a newe:
But where was peace, and loue long linked faste,
And people wart, bothe riche and stoute of minde,
If their mishappe, and mischeef come at laste,
What harte in bzeast, oz man is so vnkinde:
That will not waile, the woe of suche a lande,
Who God alone, hath toucht with mightie hande.

In Portugall, befell a dolfull case,
The straungest chaunce, that hath bin heard of late;
There was a kyng, who had greate gifts of grace,
A Princely sparke, of goodly porte and state:
And as his shape, was seimely to the sight,

L. j.

So

The misfortune

So loe within, his minde was shapte a right,
For forme of face, and other outwarde shoes,
Were aunswered full, with greatnesse of the harte:
And in that Prince, as now repozt there goes,
Of speciall points, was many a noble parte,

Among the reste, was one full muche to note,
He sought no will, nor would of women dote,
Desirde renowane, and yet despisde delite,
And loathed luste, yet loude a merrie meane,
To pastyme bent, yet banisht pleasure quite,
And glad to leade, a life moste pure and cleane,

And alwaies ment, to doe some mightie deede,
Against the Turkes, suche noble mynde he boze:
That of the like, a man maie hardly recde,
And in our daies, was seldome seen before,
Well, what auails, to blase his vertues moze,
His minde was suche, he would not idle sitte,
He helde good fame, moze worth then heaps of gold:
And to maintaine, his courage and his witte,
Against the Mores, a powre prepare he would,
So with his freends, and suche as wishte hym well,
He shipping tooke, and spread the seas with sails,
But now I haue, a woofull tale to tell,

And now in deede, my muse bothe weeps and wails,
And I my self, of right ought be full sadd,
To see we at large, what ill successe he had,

Bothe

Of Portugall.

Bothe he and his, full sadly sette on sboze,
On enemies' ground, and rangyng where thei would:
His foes hym mette, and fought with hym so foze:
(Whose strength and foze, were stronger treble fold.)
That he was slaine, and all his people losse:
And fewe of them, retourned home againe,
Suche was their fate, that fought that cursed coste,
To make vs muse, that doeth a liue remaine,
And make vs knowe, by this greate foughten feild:
There is no life, but must to Fortune yeild.
For at one tyme, thzee kynges made there their ende,
But none of them, maie chrysten men lament:
Sauc this good kyng, to whom the Lorde did sende,
A sodaine fall, to our greate discontent,
Pea, waie the losse, and worthe of chrysten bloode,
An let the case, be thzoughly vnderstoode.
There was not suche, a losse these hundzeth yeers,
Be iudge thereof, that knowes what Princes are:
And of the state, and rule of kyngdoms heers,
And Portugall, thou lucklesse lande of care,
Be thou the iudge, if I speake trothe or noe,
Looke how thou wilt, thou canst not hide thy woe:
In mournyng blacke, let all thy people goe:
Proclaime a fast, and stretehe your hands on hie,
And in the streets, for sorowe houle and crie,
For since thy kyng, is taken from thee thus,

The misfortune

That was befoze, sent thee to thy greate ioye:
There is behinde, a sorer plague yewus,
If carelesse heads, of earnest make a toye.
Could moze misshappe, to any soile befall,
Then lose the Lampe, that gaue the countrey light:
(And in the darke, can finde no torch at all,
Nor candell clere, to walke in Winters night,
Could fortune woozke, to men a worse despite:
Then take awaie, their hope and comfort quite.
Could people lose, a Pearle of greater price:
Then suche a Gem, as worlde con scarcely showe,
Could Heathen men, wishe any worse deuice,
To vs, then giue, so greate an ouerthrowe.
If feare the bacbs, that learns their Christs crosse row,
Will quaille for this, when we are in our graue.
The losse is yet, like fruite that is but greene,
On goodlie trees, that blasted is with winde:
But when the want, of apples shalbe scene,
With moze regarde, the matter shall we minde.
Leaue that to hym, that gius and takis awaie,
Who can at length, his secrete will bewaie.

Now sheepe from fold, maie run and meete the wolfe,
Now gibe is gone, the flocke to ruen must fall:
Now greeke passe cure, comes in through gullyng golfe,
Now Prince is dead, adue pooze Portugall.
Thy date is doen, excepte for deathlie straunge,

Of Portugall.

God sende some chaunce, to counterpaise the chaunge,

In Skies of late, was seen a blasynge Starre,
A Comete bright, that threated plags at hande,
Whiche did presage, perhaps this bloodie warre,
And Plags that are, a brotche in many a lande.

God is displeas'd, and sure his wrathe is great,
When Turcks doe scorge, and plage the chysten kings:
This angrie signe, and fearfull sodaine heate,
Maks wisemen waie, the weight of further things.
Where mightie trees, are rent with thunder cracke,
With tremblyng feare, the people homeward runne:
The tempests rage, that byngeth ruen and wracke,
Where daunger is, eche liuyng thyng will shonne:
So suche as see, where plague oz warres encreate,
Will seeke for healthe, and praie to liue in peate.

FINIS.





THE VNQVIETNES of Irelande.



To treat of Irelands tole,
and tell the troubles now,
(and paint you out in prose or vers,
the countries sorowe thowowe)
would sure containe more tyme
and earnest matter bothe,
Thā easily mē would spare to sped
or worlde would thinke a trothe.
For there these many yeres,
hath strief in state been storde,
And seldome in the quiet sheath,
can rest the trenchyng sword.
The soldiours that are sent,
to keepe the lande in awe:
Are faine to marche through thicke and thinne,
and after hve in strawe,
And feede on what thei finde,
but loe plaine countrey men,
Doeth saie our horse, eats vp their corne,
and Coignie now and then.
Maks wife and children crye,

and

Of Irelande.

and leaus the lande full bare:

It is hard to knowe if commons pooze,
or soldiours feels moste care.

The greck so common is,
that eche one beares a peece,

And God he knowes who licks the fatte,
or shears awaie the flece.

But now to tell the toile,
and trauaill soldiours take,

To those that knowes not what it means,
it would a wonder make.

For who that there can serue,
and suffer what doeth fall,

Maie bide the bzout of any warre,
in Chrysten kyngdoms all:

The strength and straits are suche,
that men must passe sointyme.

The rocks and mountains are so straunge,
whereon the soldiours clime:

Thei can not well be tolde,
nor numbred here a right.

And touchyng mightie woods and boggs,

I could name suche a sight:

As would you wearie make,
to read or looke vpon,

And who demaunds the trothe of those,

The vnquietnesse

that hath the iourneis gon.
Shall heare a thousande thyngs,
whiche worthy is the note,
The labor, paine, and prooffe thereof,
will neuer be forgotte.
Some fecis it in their ioynts,
and shall whichs lines thei beare,
And so be bolde, who tries that soile,
maie venter any where:
For toyle doeth daiesly growe,
amidde that troubled lande,
But how the cause thereof doth rise,
with wisdom be it scande.
To heare the people erie,
and see their bare estate,
Would sure moue teares in any eye,
that doeth the countrey hate.
I can but wishe them well,
my ductie claimes the same,
For that thei are our neighbors nere
and ought with equall name,
Like subiects liue with vs,
for since one Prince wee haue,
One minde & maner should we shew,
good order that doeth craue.
The hande doeth loue the arme,
and

Of Irelande.

and arme with leggs agree,
And all the ioynts the bodie bears,
in perfit peace must bee:
So head shall well bee serude,
but where those members iarre,
There wil burst out some bold abuse
some braule, or irksom warre.
Though Irelande hath bin long,
in moste vnquiet case,
It wil be well, when God shall plant,
in peoples harts his grace:
I hope to see that daie,
and that in season short,
That my plain pen shall finde greate cause,
to yelde them good repozt.

FINIS.

D.ii.





THE TROBLES of Scotlande.



If Flaunders, fraunce,
or Portugall compare,
with Scotlande now,
for trobles, straunge it were:
for that is soile,
of sorowe and of care,
And cheefest seate,

of sadnesse any where.

That ofte hath had, within it selfe suche stoor,
As spoilde the lande, and kept the countrey poore:
And when that warrs, awhile had taken leaue,
(And woe bade want, to laie doune speare and sheelde):
The one by sleight, the other would deceaue,
And than sharpe sword, should plead the case in feele.
Pea in the house, short dagger did the deece,
When murthyr might, serue tyme or turne for neede:
And noulled thus, thei were Godwot in blood,
In rage thei would, not spare, ne hye nor lowe:
Not one might buye, his iife for worldly good,
If murthyrng hands, were bent to giue the blowe:
Their hainous actes, sufficient pzoofe doeth showe,

Of Scotlande.

I neede not name, the persons thei haue flaine:
For slaughters crie, through highest clouds doeth goe,
And daicly craues, of God redresse againe.

The murtheryng minde, is neuer free from foe,
Noz sure of frende, noz yet of life in time,
But dwells in doubt, and lius like curssed Caine:
O happie wight, that hath suche grace deuine,
That neuer will, his harte noz conscience staine,
With brothers blood: and blessed is that hedde,
And hande withall, that neuer blood did shedde.
Bothe beasts and birds, will fall out sondrie waies,
And strue awhile, and yet at length agree:
But as thei waste, their collar so decaies,
And cleane forgotte, the quarrells are you see.

Shall man, that hath, the reason to forbear,
Bee worse then beast? O God that fault forbid,
Shall mallice finde, a place and succour there,
Where Gods greate gifts, ought lye like treasure hid:
Shall harts of men, (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, and nourishe foule discorde?
Shall those that knowes, what lawe & peace is worth,
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede dissention still:
The tree is badde, that byrns such branches forth:
The hedds are vaine, that shoves no deeper skill,
The ground is nought, that breeds but forattung byers
And soke not good, where murther still appers.

The troubles ()

And yet the grounds, can beare no blame of this;
Whys hearts vnsounde, turns many thyngs amis.
O els the fate, that is from heauen sent,
And cruell course, of Planetts may be cause:
That people are, to troubles daily bent,
And so forgetts, good rule and wholesome lawes.
If Planetts could, woork that effecte in man,
Where should Gods grace, haue force and vertue than?
It were a faulte, and errour wonders great,
To trust or thinke, that Planetts could doe ought,
In man who takes, his force and kindly heate,
His forme and shape, his sence and feelyng thought,
From hym that sitts, about the Starrs and sees,
How Planetts moue, and how the worlde agrces.
Would God those soiles, where greatest iarrs haue bin,
And all the sorts, and people of the same:
Would from henceforth, suche trade of life begin,
As in our worlde, might purchace endlesse fame.
For bloodie braulz, that hurlic burlie breeds,
With murthers foule, and treasons voide of feare,
Coms out of vice, and spryngs from wicked seeds.
Thei are a drossie, and Darnell in good Corne:
A gracelesse graine, that poisons man and beast:
An open piague, a priuie prickyng thorne:
A bankette fine, to grace a filthie scasse:
A dishe of swill, drecte vp like daintie cheare:

Of ScotlanDe.

A melle of brothe, that marrs the Dinner quite:
A colde conceite, of Cookrie bought full deare:
A connyng knacke, of knauiie spicke with spite:
A tricke newe leatnde, beyonde the Alps I throwe:
A toye brought home, by those that traueils farre:
A simple Snake, a smilyng suttell shrowe:
A signe of Peace, but grounde of greuous warre.
What can be named, of all vile earthly thyngs,
But murthers reache, and monstrous treason byngs:
The lande that hath amid his bowels bred,
This soze disease, and will no medson take:
Is sure not well, and sicke from fecte to hed,
And of it self, but small account doeth make.
No state can stande, where Justice bears no swaie,
The leggs are launc, that full of humours are:
The man must fall, that hath no certaine feare,
Where vertue wants, vice walks but thin and bare.
A patched waule, is bakte a sonder streight:
It lasts no while, that is set vp by sleight:
Our Nature hactis, the thyng that is not good:
And suche as halte, are spied by vpright sence:
And kinde abhors, the blade embued in blood:
Who striks the weak, that can not make defence,
Dare not in feild, a point to meete his foe.
Who macks a bande, to murther one alone,
Loues neither Prince, nor commonwealth I knowe:
And

The troubles

And who delites, to here the guiltlesse grone,
Doeth beare mans shape, and Tygers nature shoue:
Well, let that passe, greate troubles maie a rise,
In angric worlde, that is dispicaide for nought:
But suche as fall, to murther are not wise,
Their witts can not, conceiue how man was wrought
For who regards, the wrongs good people haue:
Whils guiltlesse blood, a right reuenge doeth craue.

FINIS.





THE BLESSED
state of Englande.



That blessed hap, and happie daies,
our Kyngdome doeth posses,
the welthe & peace that here aboüds
to worlde maie well expres:
What greater ioye cā peoplē haue
than rest and riches bothe?

And many other fruitfull thyngs,
that on those braunches groweth.
What earthly fame, is like to this?
What wisdome can bee more?
Than shunne the broiels, that follie bryngs,
and laie up wealthe in store.
For warrs when cause commaunds the same,
what can wee wishe so well
Than, at a tyme of troubles greate,
in quiet house to dwell.
But waye a while with iudging witte;

E.j.

what

The blessed state

What woe our neighbours taste:

What wealth he goes out, what worlds unreste
comes in with warre and waste,

A lustie brute, cries all for warre,
and suche as little haue:

With Princes paie, or poore mens goods,
would faine goe gaie and braue,

But tastyng warrs, bothe he and more,
that buyes their knowledge dere,

That goes out well, coms home with losse,
and than rests quiet here.

Cries out of warrs, finds fault with toile,
and trusts to that will laste,

And so with sadde and heaue minde,
forgetts the labours paste:

And faulls to take the ease we here
enioye, with peace at home.

A Iewelliche full feawe shall finde,
that lists abrode to rome.

For rounde about vs euery where,
the worlde so runs on wheels:

That

Of Englande.

That we are blest that here no parte,
of their affliction seeles.

Here haue wee scope to skippe or walke,
to ronne and plaie at base:

Still void of feare, and free of minde,
in euery pointe and cace.

Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
the Prince and Ladde obaied:

And neither straunge, nor home borne childe,
of Fortune stands afraied.

Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,
and heads haue quiet sleeps:

And wisdome gouerns so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.

Here mercie rules, and mildnesse raigns,
and peace greate plentic bryngs:

And sollace in his sweetest voice,
the Christmas carrowle syngs.

Here freends maie feast, and triumphe too,
in suertie void of ill:

And one the other welcome make,

The blessed state

With mirth and warme good will.

The grounde it bryngs suche blessing forth,
that glad are forrains all:

Amid their want, and harde exstremes,
in fauour here to faull.

Heer wounded staets doe heale their harms,
and straungers still repaire;

When mischeef makes them marche abroad,
and driue them in dispaire.

Heer thousands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heaue cace:

And freendly folke with open armes,
doeth sillie soules embrace.

Heer thyngs are cheape, and easty had,
no soile the like can shoue:

No state nor Kynngdome at this daie,
doeth in suche plentie flowe.

The trau'lar that hath paste the worlde,
and gone through many a lande:

When he comes home, and noets these thyngs,
to heauen holds up hande:

And

Of Englande.

And museth how this little plotte,
can yeeld suche pleasures greate:
It argues where suche graces growe,
that God hath blest the seate.

Bothe Prince and people euery one,
and where his blessing is,
There neither wants no earthly ioye,
nor hope of heauens blis.

This ILE, is Kirnell of the Nutte,
and those that neare vs dwell,
(Our forraine neighbours rounde about,)
I counte them but the shell:

That holdeth in this Kirnell sweete,
as Nature hath a siende.

And as some shells worme eaten are,
yet Kirnell sounde we finde:

So sondrie soils, about this Ile,
are crackt, and crosh'te ye knowe:

With furies rage, and force that fills
their countrey full of woe.

Whiche force of men, or rage of warre,

The blessed state

macks calme the lookers on:

*And bids wise heads, to quenche hotte fire,
and stande as colde as ston.*

*When siriief would storre up quiet state,
to striue for feeble strawes:*

*And leaue the loue of countries zeale,
and holde with ferraine cause.*

*O ENGLANDE, thou art blest in deede,
thy necke is free from yoke:*

*Thy armes are strong, thy body sounde,
and in good iuure be spoke,*

*Thy youth and age haue able ioynts,
to trie thy cause in feelde:*

*And as that now in troublous tymes,
the Lorde hath been thy sheelde.*

*So looke when comes in, cunningg knacks,
thy whole account is made,*

*That plainnes shall make finenes feele,
the weight of Bilbowe blade.*

*More blessed than thy neighbours all,
by proof thou art as yet:*

More

Of Englande.

*More likely art thou by that cause,
in peace and reſte to ſit.*

*More good in ſeaſon haſt thou doen,
than thouſands well can waye:*

*Moſte happie is thy ſtate therefore,
and ſurer ſtands thy ſtaye.*

*Tban maiest thou be the Kirnell ſweete,
that many wiſhe to haue:*

*But none can ſpoile, nor ſcarce dare touche,
ſuche grace greate God thee gaue.*

*That garde ſhall keepe the Kirnell long,
from worme and wicked foile:*

*And ſende good fortune ſondrie waies,
vnto this bleſſed foile.*

FINIS.



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