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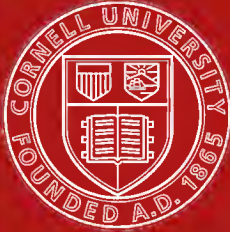
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 15

FLOWERS

EPIGRAMMES

BY

TIMOTHE KENDALL

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

1577

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1874

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PRINTED BY CHARLES SIMMS
MANCHESTER.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

KENDALL'S *Flowers of Epigrammes, out of sundrie the moſte ſingular authours ſelected,* though the translations from the various Epigrammatists are made by one writer, ſeems to form a fitting accompaniment to the reprints of early English poetical collections which have been recently made, and to complete which Robinſon's *Handefull of Pleaſant Delites* has already appeared in this ſeries (No. 8); to be followed ſhortly by the laſt of that claſs of works which requires to be reproduced, Bodenham's *Belvidere, or Garden of the Muſes* (1600, 16mo).

The Council of the SPENSER SOCIETY have therefore ſelected Kendall to form the firſt of the publications for the year 1873-4, more eſpecially as the volume is a pleaſant and amusing one and of conſiderable rarity, Mr. Bindley's copy, wanting a leaf in the middle, having produced at his ſale 16*l.*, and Mr. Corſer's, more recently, (Sale Cat., part vii. lot 115) 15*l.* 15*s.*

No other work of Timothy Kendall is known to exiſt. His book has been noticed by Warton (*Hiſt. of English*

Poetry, vol. iii. p. 432, edit. 1824), in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. pp. 150-7, and in Dibdin's *Library Companion*, pp. 646, 691; but the only article in relation to him worth consulting is that contained in Bliss's *Wood's Athenæ.*, vol. i. pp. 484-7, to which the reader is referred.

As the Council are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible with the different pieces of Wither, the second issue for the year 1873-4 is proposed to be *The Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the original editions.* Third Collection.

The remaining works of John Taylor will, it is expected, form one of the issues for 1874-5.

JAS. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

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the Philofophers faying. — Otherwife, aud fhorter. — Precepts written to HENRY KNEVET gent. — Preceptes written in his frend RICHARD WOODWARDS praier booke, fomtime his companion in OXFORD. — Of fower Beaftes and the Spider. — Ite, Venite. — Of the vanity of this world. — To Zoilus. — Of hym that marryes twife. — Of a wife. — The fame and fhorter. — Bewtie and Vertue feldom coupled. — How the Papift praies. — Who takes the paines, the profite gaines. — Who poore. — To one that married a foule wife for riches. — Of Wine. — Of Phifitions. — To an vnkilfull Phifition. — Of a Fifhe, a Swallowe, and an Hare, shot through at one fhote. *an vncertayne Author.* — To the Rechleffe route. — Of Wiuyng. — Tyme doeth all. — Be aduifed ere thou fpeake. — To one furious and full of Pride. — To Henry Kneuet gent. — *Idem est pauperibus, diuitibusque Deus.* — To Markes a marker of faultes. — To the Pope. — To a fweete mouthed minion. — A verfe wherein the numerall letters shewe the yere of the Lorde, when the Queene began her raigne ouer this Realme. — A Rime againft ROME. — To one named Loue. — To a common Bragger. — A prettie fimilitude. — Of a certayne Ruffian. — Of a certayne Ciuilian. — Of a Lawyer. — To one that fayd he was a Lawyer almost. — Agayne, of a Lawyer. — Ridyng by the way with a gentleman, and beyng Demanded by hym, the difference betwene their horfes, he thus answered *extempore.* — Wrytten to a frend, in hys extreme fickneffe. — An Epitaph vppon the death of M. Ihon Bradford. — A prancke of Pope Iulius 3. about a Peacocke. — To a certayne frend. — Written vnder the picture of M. Thomas Becon. — Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, fometyme worthie Archbifhop of Canterburie. — Of his owne picture. — Againe. — Of fower liuyng creatures, that liue by the fower Elementes. — Of Papiftes. — A faiyng of S. Ciprian. — An other faiyng of S. Cyprian. — Xij. abufes in the life of man, collected out of S. Cyprian. —

A faiyng of S. Auftin. — An olde faiyng. — Of Lacon. — Thinkyng on the latter daie. — Please, Praife, and Praie. — Fiue thynges white. — Three thynges detestable. — Three things not to be lente. — Three things should not be forgotten. — Of Mark miserable, that hanged hymfelfe. — Of faiyng grace. — The Best are hated of the Bad. — To the carpyng Corrector. — A staffe. — The faiyng of BIAS. — To a frende. — The torment of Turnecotes. — Tranflated out of Theocritus. — Preceptes writen to his Cofen Paul Tooley. — To all tender Youthes and young schollers. — A young schollers Poefie. — Verfes written at the request of his Cofen MARY PALMER, in her praier booke called THE POMANDER OF PRAIER. — To one that called hym Spendall. — To a Niggard that called hym vnthrift. — To a certaine frende. — The nature of the Hernflew. — Fower properties of the dog. — Of Boner. — To a naughty Lawier. — Tranflated out of an Italian writer. — ÆNIGMATA. Nix. — A Cherie. — Paries. — The Snaile. — A Tennice ball. — Vespertilio. — The Combe. — Castanea. — Of fower birdes, signifiyng the fower quarters of the yere. — To the Reader. — To his Cofen IHON KENDALL. — To his dere brother IHON SHEPPARD gent. of Grayes Inne. — An Epitaphe vpon the death of the right wife and worthy Matron the Lady ALSE AVENON. — AN EPITAPHE vpon the death of his deere Mother, ALSE KENDALL. Which died and lieth buried at Northafton. — ¶ An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall: which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northafton in Oxford shire. — An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare aunt ELLEN KENDALL: which died, and lyes buried at BLOXAM. — Threnodia. ¶ A forrowfull Sonet vpon the death of Walter, late Erle of Effex.

FLOVVERS
OF EPIGRAMMES, OVT OF
fundrie the moſte ſingular au-
thours ſelected, as well
auncient as late
writers.

Pleasant and profitable to the ex-
pert readers of quicke
capacitie:

By *Timothe Kendall*, late of the Uni-
uerſitie of *Oxford*: now ſtudent
of *Staple Inne* in *London*.

Horatius.

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ
Aut ſimul & iucunda, aut idonea dicere vitæ.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON
in Poules Church-yard, at the
ſigne of the Braſen Serpent,
by Ihon Shepperd.

1577.

¶ The names of all fuche Auçthors out of
whom thefe Flowers are felected.

Names.	Folio.
A ngelus Politianus.	38
Antonius Muretus.	48
Aufonius.	49
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FINIS.



To the right honourable, the
Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Ley-
cester, Baron of Denbigh, master of the Quee-
nes Maiesties horse, Knight of the noble order
of the Garter, cheefe Chaunceler of the Uni-
uersitie of Oxford, and one of her highnes
moste honourable priuie Counsell:
Timothe Kendall wisheth hap-
py health with increafe
of honour.



He honour
of youre person
(Right honou-
rable) doth not
so muche daunt
mee vwith asto-
nishment, as the meruelous mildnesse
of your courteous nature doeth mini-
ster incouragement to presume and
perfourme the dedication of this my
a.ij. little

The Epistle

little labour to youre honours happie handes. VVherein are to be seene the sundry deuises of diuers the best vvriters, as vvell antique as neoterique, of Epigrammes: a proper kinde of studie doubtlesse, & as vvith pleasure, so vvith profite in plentifull manner accompanied. VVho knowveth not that youre honour is a speciall Patrone of learning and learned men? accepting moste courteously their simple Poesies, vvhose Garden plots are not so gaily garnished either vvith such plenty or such varietie as others be, that haue more skill both to make choice of those flowers that haue the sweeter and more fragrant smell, as also to pick out such as for their fairenes and comely chaunge of colour breede speciall loue & liking

Dedicatorie.

*liking in the eyes of the beholder. This
beeing vnto me an assured and also a
sufficient encouragement, I felt in my
selfe the souden motions of mistrust-
fulnesse somewhat appauled, and the
fier of confidence and hope kindlyng
in mee, in so muche that shaking off
all manner cogitations of fond feare
and bashfulnesse, I yealded my vwill
and my vvorke vvholy to bryng that
to accomplishmēt vvhich I had pur-
posed vppon a speciall opinion of your
honours vworthinesse conceiued: tru-
styng that this my Manuell shall ob-
teyne as good place in the dedica-
tion, and as muche grace in the accep-
tation (accordyng to the measure of
the matter) as the volumes of suche
as haue discovered their skill in thin-
a.iiij. ges*

The Epistle.

*ges of greater importaunce. Which in
hope it shall be as I wish, I cease a-
ny longer to molest youre Lordshippe
with my vnpolished Epistle: besee-
ching the almighty and the most high-
est to blesse you with health, long
life, increase of honour, and all
flourishyng felicitie.*

Your honours most humble
alwayes to commaund,
Timothe Kendall.



To

To the Reader.

med to apply hymselfe to be a maintainer and defender of that false and impudent sclaunder: wherefore of mee thereof needeth no refutation. Now (courteous reader) if I should take in hand to pen and paynt forth the praise of Poetrie, and Poets inuentions, I feare mee too long my labour would laste: onely thus muche I dare boldly affirme, that no where shalt thou finde profite and pleasure better linked together, than in the worthy woorkes of prudent Poets. For *Flaccus* sayeth.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

**The price and the praise he gaineth alone,
Who profit & pleasure both knitteth in one.**
Wherefore fundrie the most learned of all ages, of all landes and languages, haue bestowed no small labour in the moste laudable practise of Poetrie. For example: amonge the Italians, *Bcmbus*, *Pontanus*, *Flaminius*: Among the French men, *Borbonius*, *Salmonius*, *Muretus*: Among the Germans, *Eobanus*, *Stigilius*, *Sabinus*: Among the Scots, *Bucchananus*: whom *Carolus Utenhouius* prettily praiseth in his *distichon*, writyng thus (in *I Sanna. H Francaft. A Flam. H Vid. A Nauger. P Bemb. Italos: Mich Hosp. Adr Torneb. Io Aurat. Gallos: & Georg. Buchan. Scotum.*)

Tres

To the Reader.

*Tres Italos Galli senos vicere , sed unum
Vincere Scotigenam non valere nouem.*

Thre Frenchmen did Italians six
for learyng great excell:
But from them all one Scot alone
doth beare away the bell.

Now (courteous reader) of all sorts of Poems,
& Poesies, none (mee thinketh) are more pithie
and pleasant, than pretty, shorte, witty, quicke
and quippyng Epigrammes : in the which kind
of writyng *Marcus Valerius Martialis* is
counted cheefly to excell. Wherefore out of him
(as fundrie other most singular authors) haue I
translated and taken fundrie short, propper, pi-
thie & pleasant verses, and Epigrammes, for thy
no little profite, and great delectation : marrie
this I must let thee vnderstand, that as well out
of *Martial* as the rest, I haue left the lewde, I
haue chofen the chaste : I haue weeded away
all wanton and woorthlesse wordes : I haue
pared away all pernicious patches: I haue chipt
& chopt of all beastly boughes and brāches, all
filthy and sulfom phrases: Which I thinke none
will mutter at and mislike, but suche as delight
more to drawe of the dregs, than drinke of the
delicate liquour. I do giue them vnto thee by
the name of *Flowers of Epigrāmes*, out of fun-
drie
a.v. drie

To the Reader.

drie the most singular authours selected. For the whiche, if thou shalt thinke well of mee, and thanke mee, I shall (God willyng) shortly as conuenient leifure shall serue, either augment these, or publish more for thy delight and profite. In the meane tyme take these in good part (I beseeche thee) whiche were made of mee.

Cum mihi vernarent dubia lanugine malæ.

V A L E.



W. Sey-

VV. Seymour gentleman
of *Grayes Inne*: in commendation
of the author.

*W*E seldom see, but that a bare respect
That takes regard, but to apply his thought:
As many tymes, may worke to good effect
As deeper driftes, with more disorder wrought:
For in attempts, where prooffe is to enseru,
It neuer skills so greatly, to inuent,
Or by deuice, to frame a fetche anew,
As with regard, to order our intent.

For prooffe we see the practise and deuise,
Of such as haue the cure of health in hand,
By traynes of sweet, who oft the taste entise
To brooke the sower, wherein the help doth stand.
Wherein, as well, in manner of the cure,
As in the meanes, the skill is truely tryde:
For that vnlesse the sweetnes should allure,
How should the sower, make profite vnapplide?
This is the cause, that moues me to commend
And prayse the paynes, that wel I see were ment:
And as I like the labour of my frend,
So I allowe the drift of his intent.
Who seeyng sortes of sundry mindes to call,
And hauyng will, to woorke in all aright:
No fitter meanes, he wist to win them all,
Than thus to trayne, to profite, by dclight.

George

*George VVhetstones gentleman in
the authors commendation.*

RARE is the worke, that liketh euery mynde,
when fundry mindes, on fundry iudgments feede:
*In flowers fooles (like Spyders) poyson finde:
The wise (as Bees) win hony from a weede.*
Euen so of bookes (in print that clothed are)
The most of them, most fortes of men perufe,
And of fuche fortes, some fortes of them prepare
With skilleffe scoffes, the writers to abuse:
No force for that: the foe himfelse doth hit
That checkes a worke, which he can not amend:
Then fure my frend (this needfull booke that writ)
Small needes to feare the frumps that fooles do lend.
For why? his paines, yeeldes fruites of fuche emprise,
As hym commendes, and doth content the wife.

Formæ nulla fides.

E. G. T O T H E R E A D E R.

L I K E as the spring by natures course doth breed
The fundry fortes of flowers of pleasant hew:
And clothes the earth with hearbes that thēce proceed,
Sweete for their sent, and pleasant to the vew:
Wheron the mynde of man is fixed fast,
Reuiued now, duld by the winter past:
So in this spring, that earthly thinges doth chere,
Kendall lends forth the flowers that he hath got,

Of

Of Epigrammes, by pluckyng here and there
Of learned men, from many a Garden plot.
Smell of his flowers, resort vnto this felde,
The Gardens be of price that these do yelde.

*Abraham Fleminge vpon T. K. his
translated Epigrammes.*

A Worke with skill beegonne
Deserues to bee commended:
But double praise (no doubt) is won
When skill the same hath ended.
Suche skill in many skante
Doeth proue them moste unskillfull:
Self-will they wed, whiles wit they want,
Like fondlynges baine and wilfull:
But as their skill deserues
Deere follie to bee named:
So where from witte will neuer swerues,
There skill her fozte hath framed.
And suche a one is he
(His trauell giueth triall:)
Whose skill amidst so many mistes
Hath planted an espiall.
Whose skill hath scattered quite
The cloudes of Poets pen,
And hath by glisteryng leames of light,
To blinde and eylelle men

Their

Their couert skill laid out
 in letters darckly showane,
 And paired away the barches of dout,
 And knotts of knacks vnknowne.
 This labour hath ben dead
 (No meruell) many yeares:
 But now reuiu'de, and to be read
 In Englishe, as appeares,
 From fozeigne phrased of speache
 ffarre sette, and also sought,
 By one in yeares (I graunte) but young,
 Whose witt the same hath wrought:
 But yet with iudgement craught
 and skill on doubtres to scan.
 Now let me tell what I haue thought.
 The worcke commends the man.

Labôri ancillatur laus.

A.VV. gent. to the courteous reader,
 in commendation of these flowers.

FReshe flowers, Cyuet, muske, & ambergreece,
 Excell in smell, eche one in his degree:
 Yet of them all if thou shouldst take a peece,
 As authoꝝ flowers so sweete all would not bee.
 Those all delight the nose with sugred smell,
 These all delight the minde with learnyng well.

The

The sent of thole, doeth perithe soone and bade,
 Of flowers, cyuet, muske, & Ambergreece: (made
 But flowers whiche *Kendalls* cunningg here hath
 Still flourish shall: of woork a princely peece
 His youth hath framd: now reader lend hym praise
 Whiche spent for thy delight his tender daies.

Oublier ne doy.

AD T. K. AMICVM LECTIS-
 SIMVM G. L. CARMEN.

S non alma suis virtus contenta trophæis
 Splenderet radijs nobilitata suis:
 Si non suspensas hederas frondésque virentes
 Temneret illæso cella superba mero:
 Te canerē *Kendalle*, tuum mica pēna cothurnum
 Tolleret, & *Musam* ferret ad astra tuam.
 Sed quia luce suæ virtus micat aurea famæ,
 Nec cupit ad titulos nomina magna suos,
 Tu virtute tua propria tu laude nitesces,
 Magnificum virtus inclyta nomen habet.
 Sat virtus ornata sibi, sibi præmia virtus
 Porrigit, & proprio lumine lumen habet.
 Testis adest locuples, librum modo perlege, cernes
 Quam renitet radijs cœlica diua suis.

EIVSDEM AD EVNDEM
 Carmen Sapphicum.

H Ortulos multi coëmunt, coëmptos
 Floribus gratis decorant, vt inde

Col-

Colligant suavis redeunte veris

Tempore flores.

Bella res certè simul & probanda,

Hinc enim crescunt salubres odores,

Hinc vigent herbæ atque inimica nostris

Pharmaca morbis.

Hortus en lautus tuus iste Kendall

Floribus cultus varijs renitet

Et suos gratis animis legenti

Fundit odores.

Hoc tuo flores capiemus horto

Quos suis vates prius inserbant

Exteris hortis, tua verò fecit

Cura Britannos.

Nos tuos ergo recolemus hortos,

Hinc Rosas, suavis Violas, Acanthum

Colligat pubes digitis Britannia

Quotidianis.

FLOWERS





FLOWERS OF EPIGRAMS:
out of sundrie the moſte
ſingular authors ſelected.



Out of PVLIX an auncient Poet.

Hermaphroditus
ſpeaketh.

While great with me my mother wēt,
vncertaine what I was:
She aſkte the gods what ſhe ſhould
a lad, or els a laſſe. (haue,
Quoth Mars, thart with a maiden ſped:
Not ſo Apollo ſaid,
It is a man: quoth Iuno then,
tis neither man nor maied.
My mothers tyme of trauaile came,
her throwes and thutches paſt:
A mungrill Herkinalfon, ſhe
did byng me foꝛthe at laſt.
A And

And askyng the fozenamed thre,
 what shoulde my destenie bee:
 To dye by dint of deadly swoorde,
 affirmed Iuno she:
 He will be hanged on a tree,
 quoth Mars as I suppose:
 And I doe thinke saied Phœbus then,
 in lake, life he shall lose.
 Their verdicts none were vaine, it came
 as eche did saie to passe:
 And how beholde: (tis straunge I tell,
 a certaine brooke there was,
 Oreshadowed with a tree, that had
 full many a leaue biance:
 In climyng vp this tree, my swoorde
 fell out, and goard my paunche.
 The bowes in fallyng, caught my feete,
 my head fell in the soorde:
 So man, maied, neither bothe, was I
 hangde, drounde, and kilde with swoorde.



EPIGRAMMES OVT
OF MARTIAL.

TIMOTHE KENDAL
to the Reader.



*M*artial is muche mislikt, and lothde,
of modest mynded men:
For leude lascinious wanton woorks,
and woords whiche he doeth pen.
In deede, fonde filthie speaches foule,
faire maners much defile:
Wherefore the learned doe but well,
to count his verses vile.
Yet though his verses some be vile,
yet some doe muche auaille:
And though his matters some be fonde,
yet some of follie faile.
His woorks are like a garden good,
with weedes muche ouergrown:
Lo reader here the fragrant flowers,
the weedes awaie are throwen.
The best be reft, the beastly left:
lo reader here to thee,
The daintie Marrowe offered is:
let this thy breakefast bee,
Accept this simple Maribone,
for breakefast I thee praie:
So maieft thou better cheare obtaine,
of me an other daie.

A.ij. Of



Of a Lion, that offended his keper.

A Trufflesse beatt, a Lion fearce,
 with churlishe chappes did bite
 And hurte his maister, whiche hym kept,
 because he did hym smite.
 But plaugde he was as he deserude,
 for that his cruell parte,
 For sith he strookes refusde with hande,
 strooke deade he was with darte:
 Now how should men whiche reason haue,
 and rulers disobase,
 Be punishte, when we byutishe beastes,
 for disobedience slaie.

Of a Tiger and a Lion.

A Tiger of the Hyrcan flocke,
 so tame, that he would stande
 Betwene his masters leggs, and eke
 moste louyng licke his hande.
 Thus tame I saie, yet did he slaie,
 a Lion huge and soze:
 A thyng so straunge as neuer erst,
 was harde the like befoze.
 No suche thyng durst he enterprise,
 in woods when wilde was he:
 Now brought with vs to liue, his moode
 moze ragyng fearce ye see.

Of

Of Leander.

What tyme Leander lustie ladde,
 his Ladie went to see:
 When as with waltryng waues out woyme,
 and wearied quight was he:
 He saied: How spight me not (ye seas,
 Leander spare to spill?)
 When I haue seen my Ladie once,
 then droune me if you will.

Of Gemellus, and Maronilla.

Gemellus, Maronilla faine,
 would haue vnto his wife:
 He longs, he likes, he loues, he craues,
 with her to leade his life.
 What? is she of suche beautie hane?
 nate none moze soule maie be:
 What then is in her to be likte
 or lobd? still cougheth she.

Of Arria, and Pætus.

Chast Arria when she gaue the blade,
 vnto her Pæto true:
 All painted and hegoard with bloud,
 whiche from her side she dyue.
 Trust me (saied she) my goared gutts
 doe put me to no paine:
 But that whiche thou my P must doe,
 that greues and greues againe.

A.iii.

To

FLOWVERS

To Fabulla, *vainglorious*.

Of beautie haue we knowe thou art,
 and eke a maide beside:
 Aboundyng eke in wealth and store,
 this ne maie bee denied.
 But while to muche you praise your self,
 and hosse you all surmount:
 Be riche, ne faire, Fabulla, noꝝ
 a maide we can you counte.

To Cæcilianus for the gender,
 and declination of Ficus.

CÆcilian when I Ficus saied,
 thou didst me floute theretore:
 And hadst me rather Ficos saie,
 and Ficus vse no moze.
 We call that Ficus whiche on trees,
 we dately see to spyng:
 And thy deseales Ficos name,
 soꝝ likenesse of the thyng.

To Fidentinus.

Thou deemst thou art a Poet fine,
 And wouldst be thought so Fidentine, }
 By hookes, and Epigrams of myne. }
 So Ægle of her self is thought, }
 To be wel toothed, though stark nought, }
 hauyng of horne & bone teeth bought. }

So

So to her self Lycoris she,
 Doeth seme of beautie haue to bee,
 Because her cheekes men painted see. }
 So thus as you a Poet are:
 You maie be busht, when you are bare.

To Lælius.

When Lælius thou thy self doest naught,
 thou carpest Werles myne:
 Leaue Lælius either myne to carpe,
 Or publishe some of thyne.

To Neuolus, a *Lawier*.

When every man doeth speake, then still
 thou speakest Neuolus:
 And thinkst thou passyng well doest plead,
 when thou doest prattle thus.
 The veriest pelter pilde maie seme,
 to haue experience thus:
 Beholde now all are silent busht,
 now speake thou Neuolus.

To Flaccus.

Flaccus, Diodor goes to lawe,
 and hath for goute no reste:
 He giues his lawier naught: I thinke,
 his fingers are oppreste.

Of Sceuola.

A.iiii.

¶

FLOWVERS

If millions many gods would giue,
 of goodly glitteryng golde:
 Should not then Sceuola be esteemd,
 and highly be extolde?
 Oh then how would I liue (quoth he)
 whereat the Gods did smile:
 And gaue hym his request: but then
 his ioyes he gan exile.
 Then ragged goune like pelyng patche,
 our Sceuola could vse:
 With patche on patche like loutishe loh,
 he cobled oft his thues.
 His table then he did neglect,
 and course fare plealde hym beste:
 With worldly cares he was so tolde,
 that scarce he tooke his reste.
 Then must I liue he often saied,
 or els the Gods me take:
 And so with wealth he gan cares encrease,
 and hym moze carefull make.

To Ælia.

AS I remember Ælia,
 howe teeth thou hadst of thyne:
 One cough did cause thee spit out twoo,
 one, twoo an other tyme.
 With lastie now still maifest thou cough,
 hauke, hem, spue, spit and spaule:

¶Fo2

For now to loose or cough awaie,
remaineth nought at all.

To Fidentinus.

TIs tolde and byted all abode,
myne olde frende Fidentine:
That thou repozttest all abode,
my bookes for to be thine.
If thou wilt graunt them myne to bee,
Ile gratis lende them thee:
But if thou call them thine, buye them,
that myne thei maie not bee.

Sabidius.

I Loue thee not Sabidius,
I can not tell thee why:
I can saie naught but this alone,
I doe not loue thee, I.

Of Gellia.

For sye deceast thou dost not weepe,
if Gellia sole thou be:
But looke when commeth companie,
the teares then gush from thee.
She naught lamenteth Gellia,
that seekes for laude and praisse:
But she who sorroweth inwardly,
tis she that wepes alwaies.

A. b.

To

FLOWERS

To Fidentinus.

The booke whiche thou doest read, it is
 frende Fidentinus myne:
But when thou ill doest read it, then
 beginns it to bee thyne.

Of Diaulus, a *Phisition*.

Diaulus a Phisition late,
 but now he buries men:
Looke what so now Diaulus doeth,
 the self same did he then.

Against Olus,

Thy beard is white, thy bushe is blacke,
 how comes it shall I tell?
With colours thou maiest paint thy hed,
 thy beard thou canst not well.

To Flaccus.

Flaccus thou knowest not Epigrams,
 no more then habes oz hoyes:
Whiche deemst them to be nothyng els,
 but sports and trislyng toyes:
He rather toyes, and sports it out,
 whiche doeth in Uerle retite
Fell Tereus dinner, oz whiche doeth,
 Thyestes supper wyre:
O he whiche telles how Dedalus,
 did teache his sonne to fle:

Whiche

Whiche telleth eke of Polyphem,
 the Shepheard with one eye.
 From hookes of myne, ace quight exempt,
 all rancour, rage and gall:
 No plaier in his peuishe weeds,
 heare prankyng see you shall:
 Yet these men doe adoze (thou sayst)
 laude, like and loue: in deed,
 I graunt you sit those they do laude,
 perdie but these thei reed,

Against Cæcilianus.

When not sixe thousande pounde,
 W Cæcilian did enioye:
 Also he hoisted was,
 in Chariot like a Roye.
 When that through Fortunes grace,
 he doubled had his stooze:
 Behelde he went on foote,
 euen like a peisaut pooze.
 The game and gaine thou haste,
 and yet to loofe doest saine?
 Tell truthe, lest Fortune scroune,
 and make thee fall againe.

Against Gargilianus.

Wilt haue me call thee bountifull,
 when gistes thou doest bestowe
 On widowes old, and lenioz chuffs,

that

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that doe in substance flowe ?
 Nothyng make moze dishonest bee,
 then these thy subtile shifts:
 How canst thou call Gargilian,
 these guiles of thyne thy gifts?
 So by the hooke the stopyng fishe,
 is brought vnto his bane:
 So by the subtile secret baite,
 the selie beast is taen.
 What tis to giue and to bestowe,
 I will declare to thee,
 If thou already doest not knowe:
 Gargilian giue to me.

Of Philæne.

PHilæne neuer letteth teares,
 but from one eye to fall:
 And would ye knowe how so it is?
 she hath but one in all.

Against Attalus.

FKende Attal, thou declamest well,
 thou pleadest causes well:
 The Histories doe passe thou makst,
 thy Verses doe excell.
 Thou makest merie Poems, and
 thy Epigrams are fine:
 In Grammer, and the course of Starres,
 thy knowledge is deuine.

Bothe

Both well thou singest Attalus,
 and dauncest light withall:
 Thy arte doth passe to play on harp,
 or tolle the Tennice ball.
 When nought thou dost is well, yet all
 thou dost thou thinkest right:
 Wilt thou I tell what one thou art?
 Ardelio, Thrafo like.

Against Posthumus.

What shall I say this same to be?
 W thy garments all and some
 Do smell of Dirrhe, and saue of Dirrhe
 no sent doth from thee come.
 This Posthumus do I suspect,
 that still thou smellst well:
 But Posthumus he smelles not well,
 who allwaies well doth smell:

Against Zoilus.

By reason of his Couerled
 sooze sick doth Zoilus lye:
 He sickness faines, to shew his clothes
 of costly purple dye,
 Braue bed he hath carud curious fine,
 and painted fair and gay:
 What doth his fained sickness, but
 his substance vaine betwray:
 What nedest thou Whissions tell?

they

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they do but thee delude.
 Wilt thou be well? take to thee then
 my homly mantell rude.

Of Sertorius.

Sertorius, nothyng finisheth,
 all thinges he doth begin.
 When as Sertorius drinks, likewise
 he makes none end I win.

Against Apicius.

Thy tounge Apicius taunteth none,
 by it no man is stung:
 Yet Dyringers, and Platters both,
 complaine still of thy tounge.

To Fabianus.

Thou beyng honest, pure, and poore.
 true bothe in tonge, and harte:
 Why dost thou trudge in towne to dwell,
 and from the countrie starte?
 Thou canst not plaie the hokyng haude,
 nor yet the reueler:
 Thou canst not cite for to appeare
 the guilty trespasser.
 Thou canst not boast and brag it out,
 thou canst do none of these:
 Canus, and graundtye Glaphyrus,
 thou canst not praise and please.

Where-

Wherefore a miser poore thou liust,
 nought gaines thy godnes thee:
 Be good, and neuer shalt thou sure
 like Philomelus be.

Of Cærelia, and Gellia.

BEyng a gerle, Cærelia calles
 her selfe an aged dame:
 And Gellia she an aged trot,
 herself a gerle doth name.
 He may the one Colinus no:
 the other be alowde:
 The one she is ridiculous,
 the other cutious proude.

Of his abidyng in the countrey.

When I in countrie soyle sweet, sappy, rest:
 how I doe spend & passe the tyme away,
 If thou do long in few to haue exprest,
 attentiu be, and marke what I shall say.
 First serud on knees, the Maiestie deuine:
 my seruaunts next & ground I ouerlook:
 To euery man his talke I doe assigne,
 when this is done, I get me to my booke.
 For cōfortes cause, I rub my corps w Dyle:
 for exercise I wrestle now and than, (toile
 With straining armes a crash: & tyd with
 I merry make, (endehted to no man)
 I powder, quasse, sing, play, bath, sup, & sleep,
 somtyme by night, to studie close I creep.

To

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To Cinna.

Mithridates did often ming
 strong poppon with his wine:
 Because no poppon pestilent
 should cause hym for to pine.
 So Cinna thou hast wrought a fetch,
 (by supping alwayes ill:)
 That famine none shall fret thee, that
 no hunger shall thee kill.

Against Calistratus.

I Am I graunt, and still haue bene
 Calistrat pooze, what then?
 Yet do the deeds of mine not lurke
 in dark obliuions Den:
 My works are red the world throughout:
 and this (tis said) is he:
 And that, that diuers death denies,
 that life hath graunted me.
 But gorgeous Mansion house of thine,
 doth glister all with golde,
 Thy Coffers crand with coyne, are worth
 whole thousands to be solde.
 Great store of Land, and goodly ground
 thy Plowe reares euery year:
 Of goodly weighty flezed sheep
 whole thousands thou dost shear.
 Lo thus am I, and thus art thou:

but

but thou canst neuer be
As I am, of the common crue
each one may be like thee.

Against Gellia.

While of thy gentry thou dost boast,
and praisest stock of thine:
To match with one of calling good
forsakes thy fancy fine.
Tush none without some Senatour
my husband I will haue
Thou saidst, now se at last thou hast
a carrier common slaue.

To Quintianus.

I cuttyng cruell cold December,
When eache to other gifts do render:
Saue bookes naught then I gaue to thee,
At home most homely made by mee.
Perchaunce thou deemst me in thy minde,
Therefore a sneekbill, snudge unkinde:
I hate (I do protest) thee dyfts,
And guilefull giuings of these gifts,
These gifts ar alwaies fishhookes like:
Bait tucht, straight taken is the Pike.
When as to riche the poore giues nought,
Then Quint should he be liberall thought.

B To

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To Aulus, against Mamerus.

MAmerus by no maner meanes,
 may brought and framed be
 To vse and rule his tonge aright,
 so cankered curst is he.
 Though thou didst passe in pietie
 the constant Curius quight:
 Although thou Nerua didst surmount,
 for calme and quiet sprite:
 Although for gentle mekenes mild
 thou Druso didst excell:
 Although for honesty to Marc,
 thou mightst be likened well.
 Although thou didst Mauricus match
 for equitie and right.
 Although thou couldst as Regulus
 with filed phrase delight.
 Though pleasaunt Paulus thou didst passe
 to make a merry Jest.
 His rustie teeth, with rancour fret,
 yet still would bite the best.
 Perchaunce thou Aulus dost hym deeme,
 a man of wicked tonge:
 But hym a wretch deeme I, which is
 mislikt all men among.

To Gellia.

When so thou sendest me an hare,
 my Gellia still thou saist

¶

I halbe seuen daies after fair:
 thus still with me thou plaist.
 My Gellia if thou doe not mocke:
 if truth thou do declare:
 I dace be bold to say that thou,
 didst neuer eate an hare.

That we should benifite our frendes.

The crafty these from battered chest,
 doth filch thy coine awaie:
 The debter noꝝ the interest,
 noꝝ principall will pay.
 The fearefull flame destroies the goods,
 and letteth nought remaine:
 The barren ground foꝝ seede receud,
 restozeth naught againe.
 The subtille harlot naked strips,
 her louer to the skin:
 If thou commit thy self to seas,
 great daunger art thou in.
 Not that thou geuest to thy frend,
 can fortune take away:
 That onely that thou giust thy frend,
 thou shalt posses foꝝ ay.

Against Posthumus.

I Minde what thou hast done foꝝ me,
 and will remember eake
 Alwaies: why hold I then my peace,
 B.ii. and

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and Postume dost thou speake ?
 When any I begin to tell,
 thy goodnes what it is
 Towardes me, tush straight they say
 hymself earst told vs this.
 Beleue me two to many are,
 this same for to expresse:
 One will suffice, if I shall speake,
 then Posthume hold thy peace.
 Though thou be trustyng franke, although
 great gifts thou giue, perdy
 Yet perithe all those gifts of thine
 by thy garrulitie.

Against Candidus.

Thy farmes are proper to thy self,
 thy gold and siluer white:
 Thine proper, proper to thy Plate,
 and chrystall glalles bright.
 Thy pleasaunt wines of sundry sorts,
 thine proper to no dout:
 Thy proper wit: and proper to
 thy hart and courage stoute.
 All doutles proper that thou hast:
 what said I all? I lye.
 Thy wife she is not proper, for
 she common is perdy.

To

To Rufinus.

I Graunt, I can it not denie,
 thou lurre hast goodly land:
 Fat farmes, and tenementes thou hast,
 and liuyngs in thine hande.
 And debtors diuers owe thee muche,
 much coine thou hast abode:
 Riche Plate of Gold and siluer both,
 thy table still doth loade.
 Inferiours thine Rufinus yet,
 disdaine thou neuer a dell.
 More then hast thou had Didymus,
 and more hath Philomel.

Against Matrinia.

I Like no Beldames, I.
 Matrinia dost complaine?
 I Beldames loue: but thou art none.
 starke dead thou dost remaine.
 I can well fancie Hecuba,
 of Ncob like alone:
 Before the one be made a dog,
 the other made a stone.

Of Fishes engrauen.

B^h Phidias art thou fishes seek,
 engrauen feat, and trim:
 Put water to them, and they will
 whip, skip, trick, frounce and swim.

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Against Ligurinus.

NO man with thee will willyng meet:
 and eache one takes hym to his feet
 Whereto thou Ligurine dost come:
 thy presence shunneth both all, and some.
 Wilt know why thus from thee they start?
 a Poet prattlyng pert thou art.
 This vice is vile all men among:
 the Tigres robbed of her yong,
 The Dyphas scorcht with skaldyng heat,
 the Scorpion that with taile doth threat,
 These monstres fell are not so feard
 as thou art, where that thou art heard:
 For who I praie thee suffer can
 as thou art such a troublous man?
 To hym that standeth thyu dost reed,
 so eke to hym that sits indeed.
 To hym that runs thou art recityng,
 to hym thou readst that is a shityng.
 Washyng at Baines, there I thee here:
 I can not swim, where thou art neer.
 To meales I halt, me dost thou stay:
 at table platt, thou goest thy way.
 All wery when I go to bed,
 molestyng mee, thou shakst my hed.
 What harme thou dost now wilt thou see?
 though honest, good, and iust thou be,
 Yet for this fault, none like of thee.

To

To the same Ligurinus.

The supper of Thyestes, whether
 Phœbus God deuine
 Mislike I know not, Ligurine
 but sure we like not thine.
 Thy face is fine and good, thy cates
 as curious as may be:
 Consideryng how thy tong doth walk,
 yet all mislikes we see.
 I care not for thy dainty meates:
 I do mislike each melle:
 What I would haue thee do, dost aske?
 what? marry hold thy peace.

To Æmilianus.

If poore thou be Æmilian,
 thou shalt be poore alwaies:
 For none but welthy wordlyngs are
 enriched now adayes.

To Labienus.

When Labienus all alone
 I saw thee sit of late:
 Three men mee thought I saw: I was
 deceaued by thy pate.
 One patch of heare there standeth here,
 another standeth there:
 Deformed thy scalp: the locks do grow

B.iiii.

¶

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I know not how, nor where.
 In midst of all, thy scone is balde:
 there allies are to see:
 Wherein not half a grasse doth growe,
 so bald, and bare they be.
 When as the Emperour deales his dole,
 thy scone then profits thee:
 Others one Basket haue of byed,
 for thy part thou hast three.
 Thou like vnto king Gerion art:
 If Hercules thee spye
 In Phillips Porch, (take heede I say)
 dead art thou by and by.

To Lupercus.

For that thou suppest oftentimes
 and neuer callest mee:
 Lupercus I haue found a way,
 How to be euen with thee.
 I will be angrie though thou sende,
 call, and request mee still:
 What will I do, dost aske of mee?
 What? marrie come I will.

To Faustinus, against an euill Phisition
 Hermocrates.

Both washt and supt Andragoras,
 with vs in health and sound:
 Yet in the mozne Andragoras,

stark

stark dead in bed was founde,
 Wouldst knowe of suche so sodaine death,
 what should thocccasion be?
 Hermocrat the Phisition
 in slumber he did see.

Against Phœbus.

With oyntment made for nonce, thy pate
 all ouer Phœb is dyde:
 And all thy stuttish scurvie skalpe
 a painted heare doth hyde.
 No Barber thou dost neade at all
 thy hed to notte, and pole:
 A Sponge or painting penüle Phœb,
 will better haue thy nole.

Against the enuious.

Some lauds, & loues, & reades my works,
 and sings them euery where:
 Each list doth hold me clutched fast,
 eache holome me doth beare.
 One blusbeth so, as red as fyre,
 anone as pale as claye:
 Anone he lookes astonished,
 as one did hym dismaye:
 Sometime he mumping mockes and moes,
 sometime he doth repine:
 Marke, this is that I would:
 now please me helles mine.

B.v.

To

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To Marianus.

Thou knowest one lurketh thee to lurch:
and he that lurkes a lout
To lucre bent: thou knowest his drift,
and where he goes about.
Yet hym thine heir thou didst ordaine
in will thou madest last:
And madman like didst will that he
should in thy roome be platt.
He sent thee gifts in deed: but how?
he sent them with the hooke:
And can the fishe the fisher loue,
that for his death doth looke?
Crowest thou this fore will for thy death
take any inward thought?
No, no: if thou wilt haue hym weepe,
then Marian giue hym nought.

Of the these Cilix.

A These that Cilix had to name,
to rob an Orchard sometime came:
In all the garden great was nought
saue Priapus, of Marble wrought.
What doth me he, (greedy of praye,)
but hailes the hugg stone awaye.

To Lupus.

PEnsiue thou art, and prosperous:
take heede lest fortune blinde

Know

Knowe Lupus this, lest she thee call
churle gratelesse, and vnkinde.

To Rufus.

A Certaine man not long agoe,
Gave me the gaze frende Rufus so,
As if some foolish fencer I
Had been, or one that went to buy.
With eye, and finger, when that he
Had looked long, and marked me:
Art thou (quoth he) art thou declare,
That famous pleasaunt Poet rare,
That men echewhere do Martial call,
Whose iests do ioye bothe great, and small?
I somewhat smilyng, tolde my name,
And saied I was the verie same.
Why then (quoth he) so ill art clad?
Because I am a Poet bad
I answered. All this is true,
Frende Rufus whiche I tell to you.
Good Rufus sende some clothes therfore,
That I maie shamed bee no more.

To Amianus.

A Serpent fell thou hast engraid,
in siluer hole of thyne
Of Mirons makyng: popson sure
thou drinkest, thou drinkest no wine.

Against Olus.

Foule

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Foule filthie faultie folks there are:
 whats Olus that to thee?
 What matters it thou honest, what
 vile vicious varlets be.
 Matho at Dice plaies all his coine:
 whatts Olus that to thee?
 Not thou therefore shalt feele the paines,
 of poore estate, but he.
 Sertorius reuelles out the night:
 whatts Olus that to thee?
 So thou maiest snoozyng soundly slepe,
 and still in quiet bee.
 Muche money Titus, Lupus owes:
 whatts Olus that to thee?
 When thou indebted art to none,
 but art from all men free.
 For all this Olus yet there is,
 that doeth pertaine to thee:
 And that vnto thy charge and care,
 of duetie doeth agree.
 Thy gowne to gage for coine doeth lye,
 this to thee Olus is:
 And for a farthyng no man now
 will credite thee, and this.
 Thy wife doeth make thee carrie hoznes,
 this to thee Olus is:
 Thy daughter now a dowrie greate
 requires of thee, and this.

Muche

Muche more beside I could declare
 what doeth pertaine to thee:
 But OIus what pertaines to thee,
 doeth naught pertaine to me.

To Castor.

CAstor, thou euery thyng doest buy:
 Sell euery thyng thou wilt perdy.

To his Muse.

Fine bookes had been sufficient,
 oꝛ sixe, oꝛ seuen in deede:
 And to muche to: why then my Muse
 to sport doest thou pꝛoceede?
 Fie, fie, forbear, and make an ende:
 my fame abroad is spꝛyed:
 And no man talkt of more then I.
 my bookes echewhere hee red.
 And when the stones of Messala
 shall lye, and hee forlorne:
 When Marble stones of Licinus
 to powder shall be woꝛne,
 Yet euery mouthe shall speake of me:
 and many a geste with hym
 shall carrie to his countrie colke,
 my woorkes and poems trim.
 I ended. Doe, then spake one of
 the sacred sisters nyne,
 Whiche had her bosome and her locks
 befringed

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besmeerd with oyntments fine,
 Canst thou, canst thou vngratefull churle
 (quoth she) finde in thy harte:
 To plaie as thou hast purposed,
 So sonde a thanklesse parte?
 Canst thou forsake thy pleasant toyes,
 and tridles that excell?
 How better canst be occupied
 when thou art Idle, tell?
 In loky stile wilt rather chuse
 feirce tragedies to write?
 Or else of blowes, and bloody blades
 hadst rather to indite?
 Then euery skowlyng scholemaster
 would read with hachie voyce
 Thy verse, then neither lad nor lasse
 would in thy stile reioyce.
 The crownyng sage, and sowre seuer
 these kinde of thinges do write,
 Who miserably spend their time
 in study day and night.
 Use rather thou thy Romain Jests,
 and pleasauntly repeat
 Thy lawes, and as for them, let them
 of what they list intreat.
 Although with sklender Oren pipe
 thou seemst perdy to sing:
 Thou dost surpasse the Trumpet, lowd
that

that in the eares doth ring.

To Priscus.

Doe ye demand a welthy wenche
why that I will not wed?
I will be bound for to obaye,
my wife at every sted.

The matrone (Priscus) to the man
must still inferiour be:
Else shall they not be equall, nor
like man and wife agre.

To a married couple, that could
not agree.

Sith that you both are like in life,
(a naughty man, a wicked wife:)
I muse ye liue not boyd of strife. }
}

Of Fabius, and Chrestella.

His wiues still buries Fabius:
Christella contrary
Her husbands buries: none they match
withall, but straight they dye.
Now Hymen cause these conquerours
together both to linke:
That so one Beare may bere them both
to their sepultures binke.

Against Gallicus.

When me thine Heire of all thy lands
to make thou diddest sweere

By

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By all the gods, that rule above,
 and by thyne hozy heare,
 I thee beleid : for willingly
 who will himself forswear?
 And still in hope to speede, with giftes
 I did thee feede and chear.
 Among my giftes a Boar I lent,
 great, fat, a waighty one:
 As huge and monstrous mighty big,
 as that of Calidone.
 Thou straightway didst lend for, and feast,
 the riche and eak the poore:
 All Rome doth belche and surfet yet,
 with eatyng of my Boze.
 My selfe the giuer (who would thinke?)
 the better nought did fare:
 I nothyng had, ne ryb ne rumpe
 did fall vnto my share.
 Friend Gallicus what should I hope
 thy land to gaine of thee?
 When that no mozell of myne owne,
 thou wouldest giue to mee.

Of Priscus, his banquet.

The learned Priscus bookes bewray
 what banquet is the best:
 In pleasant stile is muche declar'd,
 In lofty much exprest.

But

But sure with learning great declar'd
 there is both all and some:
 Wilt know what banquet is the best?
 where Winkrelles none do come.

Against Cinna.

A^ſ Astrologian Cinna said
 that quickly thou shouldst dye,
 Thy fate he did foretell thee thus:
 and sure he did not lye.
 For whilest thou didst feare thou shouldst
 leaue much behind to spend,
 Thou reueling didst coast it out
 and madst of all an end.
 Not one yere fully was expired
 but all was gone wellny:
 Declare me Cinna now, is this
 not quickly for to dye?

To Condilus.

T^Hat thou so long a seruaunt list,
 why Condil doost complaine?
 A masters greife thou dost not knowe,
 nor yet seruaunts gaine.
 Thy hard and homely couch doth yeld
 thee quiet sleep and rest:
 When Caius lo lies brood awake
 with cramping cares opprest.
 For feare thy maister dare not, but
 salute

FLOWERS

salute whom so he meetes:
 When thou maist set with cap on crowne,
 and carelesse strut the streetes.
 One comes to maister thine, and saith,
 giue that thou owlt to mee:
 And staies hym in the street, and none
 so Condil doth to thee.
 Thou fearst a pat on pate, or els
 a whirrit on the eare:
 But gronyng he with greif, and gowt,
 his fatall fine doth feare.
 Speake Condil, hadst not rather now
 still haue a seruaunts place
 Then be a maister, and remaine
 in Caius curled case?

Against Apher.

AS oft as I beholde thy wife,
 when as with thee I dine,
 Thou lowryng Apher bendst thy brow,
 as though thou didst repine.
 What fault? tell what offence it is
 thy wife for to behold:
 The sun, the starres, the thynbed thrones
 with siluer perle and gold,
 And eak the gods themselues we see:
 what should I turne aside,
 And slap my hand on face, as though,
 some Roman grim I spide?

A hoorson fell was Hercules,
 yet Hilas we might see:
 With pretie Ganimed to play,
 M. still had licence free.
 If thou wilt haue thy guests to wink,
 and not thy wife to see:
 Let Phineas blind, and Oedipus,
 thy guests then Apher be.

Against Crispus.

Thou saist thou art as much my friend
 as any man can be:
 But now, to proue this true thou saist,
 what dost thou Crisp for mee?
 I would haue borowed coine of thee,
 thou diddest mee denie,
 What tyme thou hadst as much as well
 could in thy coffe lye.
 When gauest thou mee a bullhell, tell,
 of Beanes or any graine?
 When as to plow thy fertill ground
 thy plowman tooke the paine?
 When gauest thou mee a frocke of frise
 my coyps from cold to sende?
 Or when of siluer halfe a pound
 didst thou vnto mee lend?
 Thought els I see, wherby I may
 beleue my friend thou art:

C.ii.

But

FLOWERS

But that before me ostentymes
thou gerdest out a fact.

To Phileros.

SEuen wiues of thine now Phileros
in ground engraued be:
The ground to none so bountifull,
as Phileros to thee.

To hymfelse.

Martial, the thinges that do attaine
the happy life, be these I finde:
The riches left, not got with paine,
The fruitefull ground, the quiet minde:
The egall frend, no grudge no strife,
No charge of rule nor gouernance,
Without disease the healthfull life,
The household of continuance.
The mean dyet, no delicate fare,
True wisdoms ioynd with simplenes,
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppresse.
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such sleepes as may beguile the night,
Content thy self with thine estate,
Be wishe for death, nor feare his might.

Otherwise.

THE thinges whiche cause mans life mee
most full of blisse to be, (thinkes
Are

Are these : when goods from friends do fall,
 and we from labour free.
 When fertill field growes fast abroad,
 and mind is boyd of strife:
 And merry Ihon by tolstyng fire,
 may sit with Ione his wife.
 When cozps is sound and strong with all,
 and wisdomes rules the mynde:
 And friends in frenships faithfull knot,
 a faithfull hart doth bynde.
 When face is good, though not of cost,
 and night with pleasure prest,
 Not drowly head, but merry minde,
 doth cause a quiet rest.
 To be as harte could wishe oz craue,
 thy state content withall:
 Not feare, noz wishe for fatall day,
 but come when come it shall.

Against Carmenion.

Sith that Carmenion you doe cracke
 of Corinth that you are
 A citezen, and so say all,
 I maruell how you dare
 And with what face and honestie
 call mee your brouher: why?
 You know in Spaine that I was bozne
 eke there I dwell perdy.

C.iii.

What

What do we looke alike? no sure:
 and why it shall appeare:
 Thou wandrest twice twice fine,
 with crispt and curled heare.
 But all disordered by my locks
 after the Spanish guise:
 Thou doest with ointments rid thine here,
 rough are my legs, and eyes.
 An amercous flatterying tong hast thou,
 speakyng nice, neat, and fine:
 Not halfe so womannish as thynne,
 is daughters tongue of mine.
 Looke how the Dove doth differ from
 the cheefest bird of all:
 Looke how the Deare doth differ from
 the Lion strong and tall:
 So differ we: wherefoze I say,
 Carmenion, hwyther thine
 Ceasse mee to call hereafter, lest
 I call thee sister mine.

To Gallus.

If to my grief will do thee good,
 I will be by and dight,
 Befoze Aurora doe appeare
 and chase awaie the night.
 I will about, when plunging puffes
 vturneth townes and towers:

He

He hide the byntes of frost and snow
 and hidious hillyng showers.
 But if no better thou awhit,
 if nought at all thou gaine
 By this my troublous toyle and grese,
 and grieufully pinchyng paine,
 Spare thou my tyred ghost, and from
 these tormentes make me free:
 Whiche help not Gallus thee a whit,
 but hurt and hinder mee.

To Philenis.

Dost aske with plaister on my chin
 why that I walke about?
 Philenis mine I do not minde
 to kille thee out of doute.

To Cherimon.

Sith like a Stoike, Cherimon,
 thou praisest death so muche:
 Thou wouldst bee praisde, and wondred at,
 as though there were none luche.
 What makes thee death desire so muche?
 thy broken pitcher pottle:
 Thy homely caskall harth, that burnes,
 with fire seldome hotte.
 Thy matte, and eke thy bedstead bare,
 with stinkyng Cimex fret:
 Thy curtolde castoke colde, wherein
 C.iiii. thou

FLOWERS

thou still art faine to let:
What a stoutte couragious man
 is this? how manly holde?
 That loues no dzegs of Wineger,
 nor holme, nor hzowndzhead olde.
 Well goe to: if vpon a bed
 of dowle thou shouldest lye:
 And if thy couche were cokly clad
 with clothes of purple dye.
 Then, then, full often wouldst thou wishe
 thyce Nestors yeares to line:
 No tyme then wouldst thou lose, but still
 thy self to pleasure giue.
 An easie thyng in penurie,
 this life for to dispise:
 Who can beare torment patiently,
 tis he thats counted wise.

To Parthenope.

Thy chaps and iawes Parthenope,
 a cruell cough doeth greene:
 To helpe thee, the Phisition
 vnto thee still doeth giue
 Nutkernels hozt, fine honie sweete,
 and cracknels of the best,
 And all suche thyngs as childzen please,
 and make to bee at rest.
 Yet notwithstanding all this geare,
 thou

thou coughest still: perdy
 We are a craftie knave, you cough
 to saire deliciously.

Against Zoilus.

HE did not terme thee Zoilus right,
 who ternde thee vicious else:
 If he should terme thee truely, he
 should terme thee vice it self.

To Vacerra.

A Flatterer, and a slauderer,
 Also a craftie cossener,
 A tridler vaine, a whozemunger,
 A fine soincastlyng fenceplaier,
 All these Vacerra though thou bee:
 I muze, yet mony wants with thee.

To Polla.

Why Polla me doest garlands sende
 so saice, so freshe, so fine?
 Sende rather me some Roses rubde
 with lillie handes of thyne.

Of Legeia.

If Legeas yeres and heares agree:
 Then iuste thye yeres of age is she.

Of Affricanus.

As riche as Cresus Affric is:
 for moze yet hunts the chuffe:

C.v.

To

FLOWERS

To muche to many, Fortune giues,
and yet to none iustice.

To Fabullus. Of Themison.

FAbullus frende doest aske me, why
hath Themison no wife?
He loues to bee in quiet, free
from hate, and hawtyng strife.

Against Thelesinus.

When that no gage nor paine I byng,
and of thee coine doe craue:
I can not helpe thee straite thou saiest:
gage grounde and thou shalt haue.
So thou no credite giust at all,
vnto me Thelesine:
Thyne old companion, and thy frende,
but trustest grounde of myne.
Voe Carus hath thee guiltie founde,
and banisht must thou bee:
Wouldst haue me heare thee companie?
naie, call my grounde to thee.

To Iulius.

If thou wilt eschewe bitter aduerture,
And auoide the gnawing of a pensive hart:
Set in no one person all wholly thy pleasure,
The lesse shalt þy ioy, but lesse shalt þy smart.

To Phœbus.

With

With hyde of *Asd*, thyne head is hid,
 to couer baldnesse thyne:
 He quipt thee home, who tolde thee *Phœb*,
 thy scoule was clouted fine.

To one diuersly conditioned.

Facile, and croward art thou sure,
 faunpng, and also fell:
 With thee I can not liue, nay bide,
 noꝝ yet without thee dwell.

Against *Zoilus*.

Black head, red beard, short feete thou hast,
 and pozeblinde eke thou art:
 'Tis ten to one, but *Zoilus* thou
 doest harbour harne in harte.

Otherwise.

Blacke hed, red beard, short feete thou hast,
 and eke thou art pozeblinde:
 Thou wooꝝkt a wonder *Zoile*, if thou
 hast any good in mynde.

Against *Policarnus*.

Ten tymes in twelue moethes thou art sick
 oꝝ oftner, *Policarme*:
 And this thy sicknesse neuer thee,
 but frendes of thyne doeth harne.
 For after healthy recouered still,

thy

FLOWVERS

thy frends thou askest gifts:
For shame bee sicke but once a yere,
and leaue these guilefull thiftes.



EX XENIIS, ET APOPHO-
RETIS, MARTIALIS.

Wheate flower.

The profits greate, none maie repeate
of flower so fine perdie:
Sith for the Cooke, and Baker bothe,
it serues to occupie.

Lettuce.

Sith that our auncients vld to eate,
Lettuce when all was doon:
I muse why euery meale of vs,
with Lettuce is begunne.

Leekes oft cut.

Strong sentyng Leekes of Tarentine,
when so thou crunched haste:
Be sure to kisse thy lasse with lippes,
together clinched faste.

The Dormouse.

I Slepe out all the Winter sharpe,
and fattest then am I:

All

All whiche tyme naught but slūberyng slepe
doeth make me fatte perdy.

The Conie.

The little Conie loues to scoute,
In Berries, that are digged out:
By these our foes in elder daies,
Haue learned many secrete waies.

The Ringdoue, or Stockdoue.

The Stockdoues secrete parts,
make lumpishe, dull, and dedde:
Shunne hym to eate, if thou wilt bee
with liuely courage spedde.

The Peacocke.

Thou wondrest when he spreads abroad,
his wyngs that glistering looke:
And canst thou finde in harte, to giue
hym to the cruell Cooke?

The Swanne.

With warblyng note, he tuneth verse.
The Swanne doeth sweetely syng
Before his death, tracynge a long
the streame with feathered wyng.

A shelfishe, in Latine Murex.

(Churle as thou art) with our blood,
thy clothes are purple died:

¶

FLOWERS

Yet this is not sufficient,
we made are meate beside.

The Gogion.

Although in Venice feasts they make,
and still haue daintie there:
Yet with a Gogion thei beginne,
their suppers lightly there.

The Hare.

Amongst birdes the Thrushe is best,
and beares awaie the bell:
Amongst beastes the Hare is best,
and doeth the rest excell.

Does.

The tuske the Boze doeth well defende:
the horne the Hare doeth helde:
Dooze sillie Does what els are wee,
but preyres to Doggs in feild:

Wine of Tarentum.

Alon hath Woolles moske excellent,
and Escapes moske goodly fine:
Take thou the ponderous waightie felles,
giue me the precious Wine.

Sweete oyle, or oyntment.

Now wine nor oyntment leaue thine heire:
let hym possesse thy pelle

For

For his parte: and these other giue
all onely to thy self.

Chestes made of Iuery.

In coffers these put nothyng els
saue yellow glisteryng golde:
Chests homely, rude, lesse precious,
may siluer serue to holde.

Nuttes.

Small dice and nuttes, seme trifling toyes,
and thinges of slender price:
Yet these haue made hoyes buttockes smart
with rods, not once, noꝝ twice.

The combe, to the baldpate.

With boren combe, thicke toothed sharpe,
that giuen is to thee
What wilt thou doe? when as no heare
is on thy head to see.

Otherwise.

What wilt thou doe, wth combe thicke tothed so?
whē as no heare vpo thy head doth grow.

The Coffer wherin bookes are laid.

The streict, bind hard thy bookes in mee:
lest that with Mothes consumed they be.

Light, pertainyng to the
chamber.

Thy

FLOWERS

Thy Candle bright, of chamber thine
 the secrets all I knowe:
 Doe what thou list, I still am whist,
 No secrets I doe show.

A Candlesticke of wood.

Thou seest that wood I am, vnlesse
 thy light thou do well watch:
A Candle great shall I become,
 the flame if once I catche.

Bellovves.

Fresh friskyng youth be packyng hence,
 Mild age agrees with mee:
Boyes bellowes best befeeme, and byes
 that frosty berded be.

A medicine by rubbyng to make
 the teeth vvhite.

TELL? what hast thou to doe with mee?
 fayre getles and maydens ought
Mee for to vse: I trim no teerh
 made, counterfet, and bought.

A Lanterne of Horne.

A Lanterne bright (incloasing light)
 the waie I show thee best:
The candle in my holome put
 doth shrowd, and safely rest.

A

A Flye flap of Peacockes plumes.

The taile of princely Peacock proud,
that glistering taile doth show,
Say serue to flap the filthy flies
vpon thy meate that blow.

The Parret.

Flattering Parret am, to speake
some straunge thing, learne ye me:
This of my selfe I learnd to speake,
Cæsar alhaile to thee.

The Nightingale.

Fayre Philomela howles, for fact
Of Tereus filthy kyng:
A maid she could not speake, a byrd
she loud and shyll doth sing.

The Pye.

A Chatterynge Pye am I, and doe
salute my maister thee:
If mee thou sawest not, thou wouldest sure
deeme mee no bird to be.

Cups of Christall.

When thou dost feare to bzeake these cups,
then doest thou bzeake them still:
Bold hands are ill to hold these cups,
and fearefull hands are ill.

D

A

FLOWERS

A Girdle.

Now long am I, but when with child
thy belly shall beare out:
Than girdle thou I shall be made,
and scant thee come aboute.

Hay.

When feathers want, to stufte thy couche
with hay thou maist be sped:
Pale care doth seldome come to couche
on hard and homely bed.

Leander.

Leander hold, in weltring waues,
cride, spare mee now ye Seas
Untill my lady I haue seen,
then drowne mee, if you please.

The Tumbler.

Not for hymself, but for his loyde,
the tumbler hunteth free:
Which claspt in mouth doth byng unhurt
the Leueret vnto thee.

The Ram.

With Butchers knife thou carued hast,
the Ram his tender throate:
Deserbd he this whiche vnto thee
so often gaue his coate?

The

The Havvke.

A Hauener fowle of foule he was,
 now faultkoners seruaunt he:
 He birds beguiles, yet gaineth not
 the birds that taken he.

A Cooke.

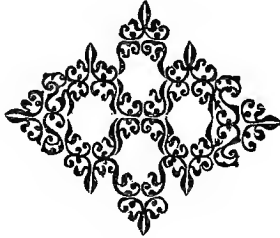
Ths not sufficient for a Cooke
 a Cooke for to be tryde:
 A Cooke must know his maisters mouth,
 and appetite beside.

A baker of fine Cakes, or like thinges.

A Thousand sweete delicious knackes
 he formeth fine, by skill:
 For hym alone they busy bee
 doth toyle and labour still.

D.ij.

P I C-





P I C T O R I V S.

To Leonellus. *Submission.*

Thy mounsyng minde doth still aspire,
thou still doest boast and cracke:

And Leonel thou wouldest be

Magister totum fac.

And whilest thou potwilt thus putt wth pryde,

and deemst thou doest excell

All else beside, thou dyuelt thy selfe,

to deepest pit of hell.

Ah, yet at length submit thy selfe,

let Pryde thee not beguile:

Deare shalt thou be to Chyist, if thou

seeme to thy selfe as, vile.

Sorovvyng for the dead.

Thou weepest still, thou skrechest thyll,

thou halest from head thyne heares:

Thy face all torne wth scratchyng clawes,

Like S. Iohns face, appears.

Dost thinke thy Connes departed hence,

may thus againe be had?

To sorow for the dead, is but

Greef unto greef to ad.

To Titus. *Naughtines borne withall.*

I Muled what should be the cause,

why men doe nothyng feare

¶202

For shame to doe offences, such
 as hainous do appeare:
 When lo I heard a voice whiche spake,
 the wordes whereof were suche:
 Ah, wicked deedes and cursed crimes,
 are cockered to to muche.

To A man thankeles.

For kinreds sake and curtesie,
 thou often doest require:
 For frendships cause and amittie,
 againe thou doest desire.
 And comfozt none thou doest receiue,
 of frend, nor yet of brother:
 And why? because thou wilt not doe
 for one good turne, another.

To Sextus. *Pittie: almes.*

Princelike Pallaces with battlements,
 thou hast erected hie:
 Thy farmes and maner howses, storde
 with euery thyng do lye.
 Thou dost abound in beddes of downe,
 thy fare is passyng fine:
 Thy clothes are costly to thy backe:
 all passyng that is thine.
 Upon thy selke, thy goods and coine
 thou spendest euermoze:
 Dost aske how bet they may be spent?
 how? marrie on the poore.

D.iiij.

To

FLOWVERS

To Baptista Castellus.

AL men (as well the riche as poore)
of force must one daie die:
And moze are riche men hurt by store,
then poore by penurie.
Goods, seldome (they) doe byng to God:
a Cable shall go in
Muche soner through a Pedels eye,
then Diues heauen win.

To Zoylus. *Weepyng teares.*

A Shipwracke thou hast made of late:
from blubbering teares restraine:
Lost goods, by loud lamentyng cries,
may not be got againe.
Thy hest is Zoyl a sinke of sinnes:
thou still hast gone astraye:
Wherefore waste Zoylus for thy sinnes,
teares washe mens sinnes awaie:
But thou dost laugh my words to scozne:
no Eyce, laugh if thou please:
Sea laugh thy fill, sweet hony still
the sickly doth displease.

To Homer. *an Hypocrite.*

I Can not chuse but praise thee, that
thou earnest art in Prayer:
And that vnto the Temple thou
so often makest repaire.
That Idlenes thou doste eschew,

whiche

whiche breeds a lothsum life:
 That thou wilt not be seen to talke,
 with any others wife.
 That thou dost not in blurie
 nor honour vaine delight:
 Yet Homer, all thing is not gold
 that shines and glisters bright.

To Zeno. *Castigation.*

HE is not still an enemy
 that makes to smart, and smites:
 He is he still a faithfull frende
 that pleaseth and delightes.
 Farre better sure it is to haue,
 sovraine Zeno vs to loue:
 Then he that sekes by flattery fayre,
 for to allure and moue.

To Caper. *tauntes. backbityngs.*

Thou doste complaine, thy fate
 vnluckie still to be,
 Because that Fabius froward foole
 bites, blames, and sleaunders thee.
 Caper content thy selfe,
 who is reproched, he
 No miser is, the Sycophantes
 themselues the misers be.

To Criticus. *Children must be instructed.*

Soft claye, may foynde and framed be
 how and to what you will,

D.iiii.

The

FLOWVERS

The tender ware, to any shape,
 is prest and pliant still:
 So youth in tender yeares may be
 instructed how you list,
 And how they frame themselves in youth,
 so lightly they persist.
 Wherefore in vertue, Criticus
 instruct thy child betyme:
 To no admonishment their eares
 the grauer sozt incline.

To Quirinus.

MENS faces diuers are and strange:
 so are their hartes likewise:
 And what lyes hidden in the hart,
 none may discerne with eyes.
 For some you see that gentle seeme,
 and courteous outwardly:
 When scorchyng hatred in their hart
 doth burne incessantly.
 Some Damons deare, in face appeare,
 and Demons dire in chest:
 So selde oz neuer still you see,
 the howe bewzaies the best.
 And frende Quirinus, Calaber
 the kyng doeth fauour thee,
 Yet mayest thou see assurde of this,
 none more thy foe then he.

Her:

Perchance my boldnesse some will blame,
 no force, I care not, I:
 Nothing maie lurke or hee concealde,
 Where frendship firme doeth lye.

To Vrfus. *a backbiter.*

For that I did refuse,
 Vrfus to aunswere thee
 Aboute Religion,
 thou muste nuiche at me.
 I giue no holie thynges to dogs,
 a carpyng currishe waighte,
 No better then a curue I counte,
 whiche still doeth barke and bite.

To Philenius. *a flatterer.*

The Mallarde when she sees the Hauke,
 in haste she hies awaie:
 When horned Harte beholds the Dog,
 no lenger doeth he staie.
 So frende Philenius, sugred woordes
 eschue, as enmies darte:
 The faunyng flatterer worse then foe,
 doeth smite, and make to smarte.

To Petrus. *Loue dissimuled.*

Whele some worthie woork in verbe,
 I doe present to thee:
 D. b. Thou

FLOVVERS

Thou takest all loue and frendlinesse,
 Shall ceasse, twixt thee and me.
 Euen when you please I am content,
 a flie for such a frende:
 Leude is the loue that doeth not last,
 but startyng, taketh ende.

To Arnus. *Surfet.*

DDeft aske with sundrie sicknesse,
 why men are vexed so?
 By diuers deintie dishes sure,
 diseases diuers growe.
 Our elders that one dish did vse,
 did healthfull still endure:
 Then skant ten herbes in field were founde,
 an hurte or soze to cure.
 Now hilles, and woods, and seas are sought:
 all places moze, and lesse:
 And eke we practise Magicke arte,
 and such like deuilishnesse.
 And yet our soares excede our salues,
 and needes it must be so:
 For men will rather lose their liues,
 then gluttonie forgoe.

To Marius. *Armour and weapon
 against the deuill.*

A Gainst the lie deceptes,
 of Sathan tyraunt fell:

My

My Marius, wouldst thou knowe
 how to bee fenced well?
 First curet thyne must bee,
 All pride for to expell:
 Thy helmet, as thy selfe,
 To loue thy next as well.
 Thy buckler that must bee,
 A chaste vnspotted best:
 Use patience for thy hygandine,
 when Fortune doeth molest.

To Cosmicus. *Curiositie in
 decking the bodie.*

With odours sweete of Siria soile,
 thy garments all doe smell:
 If corps thou washe not thysle adaise,
 thou thinkst it is not well.
 Thy bushe of heare is braided braue
 and friseled woondrous fine:
 No spot or mole doeth once defoyme,
 the comely corps of thyne.
 Doe these beseme a seruaunt, of
 the liuyng Loyde of light?
 No man that settis so by hym selfe,
 can please the Loyde a right.

To Pamphilus. *friendship.*

If thou doe bid me range abroad,
 by lande, or els by seas:

To

FLOWERS

To pleasure thee, I will be prest:
 I will regarde myne ease.
 No monstrous beast with grashyng chaps,
 in desert that doeth hide,
 Shall me deter: nor rumblyng waues,
 of Occian sea so wide.
 Ice, scorchyng heate of Sommer hotte:
 stormes, that so scarce are thought:
 Rockes, ratyng haile, raine, all will I
 contemne and set at nought.
 Perchaunce thou deemst I speake and prate,
 to to outragioullie:
 Tushe Pamphil, what a frende can doe,
 no tongue can speake perdie.

Repentaunce.

If thou wilt haue me deme, that thou
 repentst thee of thy synne:
 To synne a freshe in woonted wise,
 see thou doe not beginne.
 What beast is he, whiche beyng washt
 in waues of stowyng flood,
 Will straite goe bakke hym self afreshe
 in durte, and dablyng mudde.

To Propertianus. *a Niggarde.*

Who not bouchlakes hymself to helpe,
 (Philenis miser he,)
 Doest thinke Propercian he will giue,
 they

they lande he promised thee?
 Who will deceiue hym self, no doubt
 an other will beguile:
 No credite is for to bee giuen,
 vnto a miser vile.

To Lazarus. *Vice in honour.*

DDest maruell why myne anger is,
 so greate as now it is?
 My soule lothes Lazarus to liue,
 in suche a worlde as this.
 Who pointed are to punishe synne,
 themselues synne openly:
 This man he spends the Dymphants goods,
 this keepes them wrongfully.
 Now Judges bysbed are eche where,
 now hands are greide apace:
 Now now suborned witnesses,
 all thyngs in piteous case.
 In fine, my louyng Lazarus,
 who is not bent to vice:
 They count hym now a corcombe foole,
 a noddie, nothyng wise.

To Paulus B. *Of an harlot.*

Because Elisia laughes on thee,
 Paule therefore thou art glad:
 To loye in ones owne miserie,
 a mischief to to bad.

Per-

FLOWERS

Perchance she flattereth thee, and saith
 she neuer will thee leaue:
 Ah, neuer credite harlot smothe,
 she alwaies doeth deceaue.

To Ponticus. *Examples.*

Waie with thyne admonishments
 and speache so pleasaunt fine:
 Muche moue examples Ponticus,
 small moue those woords of thyne.
 An easie matter for to speake,
 but for to doe, tis harde:
 Doe as thou saiest, els what thou saiest,
 we will not we regarde.

To Marianus. *Stable abidyng.*

Thou haste begunne the pathe to thynne,
 that leades to vice, tis well:
 And for because thou haste doen so,
 my ioye no tongue can tell.
 But yet remember this biith waie,
 not he that doeth beginne:
 But who perseuers to the ende,
 shall glozies garlande winne.

Lithernes.

For daies of olde were champions stout,
 That lustie, long in healtie helde out:
 For why? of them was slurgynge slothe,
 And gluttonie auoided bothe:

¶ Now

Now deintie dishes halten death,
And bedds beceue our bodies heath.

To Larius. *Infirmities.*

The greuous goutt putteth thee to paine:
From women, cates, and wine retrainē:
This sicknelle loze, and grief of thine,
Maie byng to passe, that lawe deuine,
Could neuer byng to passe in thee:
A newe man this maie make thee bee.
This grief thee vnto God maie winne:
With doloures ioyes doe ofte beginne.

To Maximus. *a Miser.*

This is thy cast still, Maximus,
thou blest euermore:
Because thou wilt not spende thy goods,
thou sparst to feede the poore.
Ah caitiffe carle, how art thou witcht
with blinde desire of gaine:
Knowest not that carkyng couetousnesse,
byngs hell and houlyng paine?
The carle that letteth the poore to pine,
and saues his paultrie pelfe,
What seekes he but to spare his goods,
and quight to spill hym selfe?

Luste vnfatiate.

Blacke Proserpine hath neuer suckt,
of humaine bloud her fill:

The

FLOWVERS

The drie vnfaciable ground,
 doth thirst for moysture still.
 And though thou caste (and neuer cease)
 whole Forrests in the fire:
 It saies not ho, for more it calles,
 more still it doth desire.
 So greedy lust vnfaciate,
 doth not contented bide,
 Untill it hath dectroid the cozps,
 and eke the soule beside.

To Ollus. *Patience.*

NE teares auaille the sicke, incence
 nor thole, in graue now ded:
 He pearcyng plaintes when ship is sunk,
 stande Mariners in sted.
 So fades no whit thy furie Oll,
 when thou dost rage, and roze:
 But rather througth thy greuous grones,
 augments it more and more.
 What thou dost suffer take in worth,
 and beare with patient minde:
 What thou dost beare against thy will,
 more lodelome shalt thou finde.

To Iacobus Melitus. *Detraction.*

Lead still a godly life,
 well still thy selke behaue:
 Yet thee shall wicked tongues

reproch,

reproche, and eke deprave.
It is the pastime and delight
Of Zoyles, at good men still to spight.

To Vincentius Nouatus. *Shun sloth.*

If thou Vincentius carest for
the health that still doth laste:
Then farre from thee continually,
See sluggish sloth thou cast.
When basking slothfull in the sunne,
the fiend his foe doth see:
Then then with mightie hand alwaies
to weapon runneth he:
But whom he sees to labor prest,
theim lets he still alone:
He labor lothes, and loues the luske.
to ease and pleasure prone.

To Flaccus. *Extortioners,
Cormorauntes.*

One little drop of water askt
the glotton greedie gorche
With humble sute, to swage the heat
that so his tonge did scorche:
Yet neuer robd he as I reed,
the poore of ought hym selve to feed.
If that he cause he would not giue,
thus plaugd the riche man was
With torments suche in hell, what shall
E become

become of them (alas)
 That nothyng giue, but still oppresse
 poore widdowes, and the fatherles.

To Marullus. *Almesdeedes.*

DOst feare that God will angrie be,
 and turne away his face from thee
 Marullus mine? I will thee tell
 a waye, how to be safe and well.
 Thy face turne thou not from the poore:
 God, like for like, payes euermore.

The good man feareth nought.

If fortune doe but bend the browe,
 and ner so little strike:
 Thou out of courage straight art dasht,
 I neuer sawe the like.
 And yet thou countst thy selfe for good:
 but by no reason sure:
 For goodmen they with manly hartes,
 do all mishaps indure.
 Let murd'ring Mars be modie mad,
 let fire and flame destroie:
 Let fretryng samín pine and paine,
 let mischefes all annoye.
 With stout coragious minds, all thinges
 good honest men sustaine:
 Knowyng that hereby, onely they,
 thei' hauen and heuen obtaine.

By

By miseries and daungers great,
 by death it selfe, we goe,
 Unto the sweete celestiaall coast,
 where pleasures all do flowe.

To Dionisius Feb. *The holy Scripture.*

All thinges the fragrant field doth feed,
 accordyng vnto kinde:
 The birde hath seede: the oxe hath strawe:
 the dog his prae doth finde.
 Euens the sacred Bible booke,
 for euery kinde and sort
 Hath store of foode and nourishment,
 that list therto resorte.
 Here tender babes haue milke and pap:
 here ripe of yeares haue bred:
 Here also wanteth not repast
 for age with hozy head.
 Yet heresof small account is made,
 the cause may soone be knowne:
 Each one doth seeke to feede his eares,
 and let his hart alone.

To Archemedorus. *A Cussoner.*

Pleaseth thee, Birdes, to Iulius thou dost send,
 all thinges both great and small:
 And lozde, and king, and little god,
 thou alwaies doost him call.
 What meanes all this Archemedore?

¶.ii. what

FLOWVERS

what thinkst to get by this?
 To coolen hoie heares, perdie
 no easie thing it is.

To Linus. *Vice.*

GD thou where Phœbus scorching burnes,
 or go where Borias raignes:
 Go hide thy selfe in dampishe dennes,
 where darkenes blacke remaines.
 Go where and to what place thou wilt,
 thy sinnes will follow thee:
 By chaunge of place, this certayn is,
 vice can not chaunged be.
 If thou be faultie, from thy minde
 all vice abandon clere:
 And Linus lead another life,
 and dwell not other where.

To one verie timerous.

NOw Does we may call desperat,
 and Hartes coragious holde:
 For Does, and Hartes, lesse timerous
 then thee a thousand folde.
 To be afraid where is no feare,
 is signe of dastardie:
 And loone the faint of corage fall
 in snares of Sathan lye.
 Against all daunger, and mishap,
 the cheefest thing no dout

Is

Is for to haue a prudent head,
 and heart courageous stout,
 Feare not the commyng of mishappe,
 but when that it is come:
 Then stick vnto thy tacklyng stout,
 and beare both all and some.

To Katharina.

The rumor goes, and told it is
 (mine owne good Katharine)
 That thou dost blaze my name abroad,
 and laude the deedes of mine.
 Use measure in thy wordes, and leaue
 thy laudyng so of mee:
 Whom women laude are seldom likt,
 but still suspected be.
 And for thou shalt no ill misdeeme,
 nor me vnthankfull call:
 I thanke thee here, let this suffice
 in recompence of all.
 A Virgin rare renound thou art.
 now wilt thou know of mee
 What best and most becomes a maid?
 ay blushing red to be.

E.ijj. B. D A R-





B. DARDANIVS.

A liuely description of Hope.

Thou that on totteryng globe dost stande,
art thou a Goddess, tell
Or els a mortall creature bozne?
a goddess, Merie well.
Whence sprong, or how begotten, speake?
of darknesse spyng did I.
What nurse did feede and giue thee sucke?
that did credulitie.
Who at thy backe behinde thee hides?
ioyes, whiche doe glad and chere.
And what is he, that still so pale
doeth goe before thee? feare.
Alofte, vp to the loftie heauens,
thy loskes why doest thou caste?
I doe beholde the heauens, whereas
I hope to dwell at laste.
But tell me now, what doeth defoyme
thy face so faire and bright?
I vexed am when my desires,
are boide and frustrate quight.
By staffe why doest thou staie thy self?
while hope doeth feede my mynde:
Old croked age with stealyng steps,

encro-

encrocheth on hy kynde.
 Why reelst thou staggering to and fro?
 hope still doeth slipperie stande:
 The thyng whiche ofte I thinke to holde,
 doeth slip out of my hande.

The Description of Iustice.

What hights thy name, thou goddes tell?
 my name doeth Justice hight.
 Why lookst thou fell? teares, plants, noz bri-
 maie make me goe from right. (bes
 Boyne of what stocke? of Gods aboute.
 thy parents names descrie?
 Measure my life, my mother truste,
 my nurse was penurie.
 A babe who lulde thee in her lap?
 faire Prudence noble dame,
 By whom doest thou the guiltie knowe?
 Judgement doeth shewe the same.
 Why beares thy lefte hande ballaunces:
 thy right a shynng blade?
 The one doeth ponder causes iuste:
 to plague the sword is made.
 So fewe why are there thee to ayde?
 good men are banisht quight.
 Who doeth thee still associate?
 pooze plainesse pure and bright.
 Why is thy one eare open wide:

Æ.iiii.

thy

FLOWVERS

thy other closed faste?
 The good, they alwaies must be heard:
 the bad, they must be castte.
 Why in apparell art thou poore?
 who will be iuste and right,
 Shall neuer while he liues, become
 a riche and wealthie wight.

Verfes of Dardanus, sent to
 Dominicus Saulus.

SOME men for gifts, giue glistering golde
 and some giue precious stones:
 Some Iuerie, colly glalles some
 wrought curious for the nones.
 Some giuistes doe giue of grauen woork,
 and houshandmen doe byng
 Nutts, cornailes, apples, peares, & plunms,
 and many a prettie thyng.
 But sith I want the fertill grounde,
 where all these thyngs should growe:
 And sith my feelds with golden streames
 of Pactol, doe not flowe,
 I can not thee suche presents giue:
 but in the steade of them,
 I verles sende vnto thee here:
 I haue noz golde noz gem.
 But if thou saie they are no gifts,
 but triles worthie nought:

¶

I praise thee what of Irus poore,
to Cræsus maie be brought?

The song of S. Ierome in the desert.

Thou straunger, loe with ragged stones
I beate and bounce my heste:
I wasse my synnes, my greuous synns
wherewith I am oppreste.
I doe lament my leude led life,
and foymere ouersight:
(Ah blest and treble blest againe,
the pure vnspotted wight.)
If groynngs greate, get grace at God,
and loude lamentyngs, loue:
I hope my piteous pearcyng plaintes,
shall God to mercie moue.
All tisyng talke I doe auoyde,
from enuie I departe:
And thinne I doe occasions all,
that weake the manly harte.
Wherefore I haue betane my self,
in desert here to dwell:
Among a rout of rauenyng beasts,
ferce, furious, franticke fell.
And what though in this wildernesse,
no wight will come and see
The grisly wretche: yet here alwaies
my God remaines with me.

E.v.

Ro

FLOWERS

No man that loueth God a right
 (in woods or deserts wide)
 But hath sufficient companie
 and comfort to beside.
 Here chitteryng birds doe chirp and chaunt,
 in heate here pleasaunt shade:
 Here want not chrystall quiueryng springs,
 wherein to washe and wade.
 A pittance here sufficeth well:
 I banquets set not by:
 And here, because I wish for naught,
 I naught am wantyng, I.
 Here hunger is the onely sauce,
 that likes my stomake best:
 Here nothing me mislikes: enough
 sufficeth as a feast.
 Here fruite bringes forth the fertill soyle,
 Untoyld and eke vntild:
 In stead of bed I lye on leaues,
 wherewith the woods are filde.
 With blot or blame, I none defame,
 alone here as I dwell:
 No gnawyng enuie hurteth mee,
 I here do lye so well.
 No glory, nor ambition vaine
 doe here torment my minde:
 I glorie but in God alone,
 and hym I hope to finde.

Here

Here Venus prinked vp in pride
 and pranked, fine and gaine
 Doeth neuer come : no luste doeth laste,
 but hence departs awaie.
 In pleasaunt shade when so I please,
 I slepe and take my rest:
 No thundryng trump nor thumpnyng theefe,
 my slumbyngs here moleste.
 My mynde is not on money set,
 I doe not heape nor hoozde:
 Alone I seeke to please my God,
 and to embrace his woozde.
 All thyngs beside the woozde of God,
 are euen as dysflyng miste:
 Fonde, vile and haine, of none effecte,
 let men saie what them list.
 Ofte tymes here comes and faunes on me,
 fearce Lions furious fell,
 And diuers dreadfull beasts beside,
 that in the woods doe dwell.
 And still the Lorde doth lende me helpe
 gainst death and daungers all:
 I stande in dread of nothyng I,
 for on the Lorde I call.
 Yet here emong these raggie rocks,
 and beasts of cruell moode:
 Where fountayne water is my drynke,
 where herbes doe serue for foode.

Here

FLOWERS

Here sensuall pleasure doeth assault,
 to winne me by her might:
 But still with reason I resiste,
 and chase her from my sight.
 But thou whiche luste at pleasure thyne,
 and all thyngs halte at will:
 Whiche soft doest lye, which doest with cates
 and wine thy beallie fill.
 Ah wretche with heate of filthy luste,
 what toyments doest thou trie?
 When she for to assault thy mynde,
 with haltie stepps doeth hye.



ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

To Pamphilus.

Thou sendst vs wine: we want no wine,
 my Pamphil, trustie frende:
 Wilt sende vs what we want & wishe?
 then *thurst* my Pamphil sende,

To his Ladie beloued.

If rage thou turnest me awaie,
 againe thou doest me take:
 Thou harde at heeles doest followe me,
 yet me thou doest forlake.
 Kinde art thou, courteous eke,

yet

yet cankered, curst againe:
 Thou wilt, and wilt not: me thou louste,
 and me thou putt to paine.
 Thou promise makst, and it forsakst:
 in deepe dispaire I pine,
 Yet liue in hope: Ah Tantal would
 my state were like to thine.
 A painfull plague, in cristall streames,
 to bee a thirst and drie:
 But what a plague to be a thirste,
 sweete Nectar standyng by?



B R V N O.

A true faiyng.

Once woodden Chalicees there were,
 Then golden pyeistes were euery where:
 Now golden chalices there be,
 And woodden pyeistes eache where to see.

To Omellia.

Thou maruelest Omellia much,
 why none do seeke and sue
 To match with thee: what is the cause
 I now will tell thee true:
 If any man Omellia,
 should match and linke with thee:

Thy

FLOWERS

Thy husbands mother, not his wife,
thou wouldst reputed be.

A Iest of a certayne harebraind husband.

A Certen husband wilde did hate his wife:
And vld to coyle her coate, w^o cudgill rife.
One sayd to hym, beate not thy wife so fore:
Then bumping blowes good words will doe much
Now after this, y^e husband harebraind beast, (more.)
With Bible book still bounst her on the breast:
They say good words wil do much good laud he:
If good, good words wil do: thā here they be.

Against Hugo.

H Vgo doth laude no man at all,
noꝝ no man loueth he:
He thinketh, others to dispraise,
the chesest praise to be.
What gets he now by hatyng thus?
all men hym hate indeed:
And boyes call Hugo black, and say
of Hugo blacke take heede.

Of a Foole that found a Crab-fish.

B^e fortune once in sommer tyme,
when sun did frye and flame,
From natiue hooke (where he was bred)
a crab-fish crawling came.
And while he frickyng plaid on banke,
gay

gay glistering greene with grasse:
 He was by taken, by a man,
 that there by hym did passe.
 This wight that found hym was a foole,
 and had no crabfish seen:
 Wherefore he thrust his hand in haste,
 his clasping clawes betwene.
 The crab did pinch and pearce hym sore,
 wherefore he cast hym quick
 Into the flood: and layd withall,
 He teach you by to pick.
 The crab peart flappeth fast his tayle
 and in the waues doth spring:
 See said the foole, the plucking pangs
 of death how sore they sting.

A Jest of a Theefe.

A Certain Theefe found guiltie, both
 of theft and periuie:
 Was iudgd to haue his tong cut out
 with knife, most cruelly.
 Oh, sayd the theef unto the Iudge,
 your pointed purpose stay:
 Oh, saue my tongue, with caruyng knife
 and cut mine eares away.
 Twoo eares for one tongue I will lose:
 well, quoth the Iudge, agreed:
 And sent for executioner,

to

FLOVVERS

to cut his eares with speed.
 Now when the executioner came,
 his hat from hed he threw:
 And heares there did appeare, but eares
 he there had none to vew:
 (For he had lost his eares before)
 each laught to see his wile:
 And haupng thus decebd the Judge
 the theese hymself gan smile.



CYNTHIVS IOANNES

BAPTISTA.

To Diana Arioſta.

If byowe, in bzeast, in beautie bzaue,
 in ſkill, and noble name:
 Chaſt Cynthia thou reſembleſt right
 Diana, peerleſſe Dame.
 In this alone ye are not like,
 hartes wilde ſhe killed ſill:
 Hartes milde thou kiſt: ſhe kild with bowe,
 with look but thou doſt kill.

Of Niobe.

Ye pleaſaunt byutes be packyng hence,
 approche ye penſiue wights:
 And mourne with me whom ſorrowe fell,
 toyments bothe daies and nights.

Byattes

Bvattes 7. and 7 by me were hozne,
 and brought into the light:
 Of 7. and 7. (ah wretche) againe
 the Gods haue reſte me quight.
 I melted into teares, and now
 tranſſoynde to Marble ſtone:
 I drop ſoozth teares: ſo as in life
 I mourne, now life is gone.
 Learne here ye mortalles all, what tis
 with ſtroutyng pride to ſwell:
 And what likewiſe, ſoz to deſpiſe
 the Gods, in heauen that dwell.

Of his ſtraunge loue.

I ſee I freeze, in froſte I ſtrie:
 How ſo, wouldſt knowe? a louer I.

To Renata, a noble Dame.

For princely pompe, and riches greate,
 queene Iuno heares the bell:
 Pallas ſoz ſkill: ſoz puritie
 Diana doeth excell.
 For beautie braue doeth Venus paſſe:
 Renata learned well,
 Riche, chaſt, of beautie braue beſide,
 all ſotwer doeth farre excell.

Veſbia.

Three Furies (heretofore)
 haue alwaiſes been in hell:

¶

But

But now that Vesbia she is there,
there furies tower doe dwell.



T E X T O R.

Praiers for the ded, nothyng profit.

Thou sowest in lade, thou ploust y plash,
thou anglest in the ayer:
If so thou goest about to helpe,
the soule deceast by praier.

An Epitaphe.

I Laught, I wepe: I was, but now
I nothyng am become:
I plaied, but now I ceasse to plaie:
I sang, but now am domme.
I wakt, I slepe: I studied once,
but loe I now am still:
My fleshe I sedde and pampzed once,
but now the woymes I fill:
I welcomide all sometyme, but now
to all I bidde adue:
I caught, but now am caught my self:
now slaine, whiche sometyme slue:
Once laught I, now I peace enioye:
I life enioyed all right,

¶

Of right againe I must therefore
 yelde unto Mors his might:
 I yelde, and yelde I must of force:
 yearth was I once certaine,
 Yearth, duste, and now at laste I am
 yearth, duste, become againe.
 Yearth, duste, now naught at all: wherefore
 woylde vaine adue to thee:
 And sith I needes must hence awaie,
 wormes welcome you to me.

To his Frende.

Thou wont wast often to demaunde,
 when we should foes become:
 And when the knot of frendship should,
 betwene vs be vndoone.
 Can flint or Marble harde be made,
 as yeldyng Butter soft?
 Or can the lumpishe Ore be made,
 to mount and soar alofte?
 Can Woulues and Lambes agree? or can
 the scrawolyng Crab crepe right?
 Or can the Night, as gladcome Daie
 become so cleare and bright?
 Can Catte forbeare to catche the Mouse?
 can Henne and Kite agree?
 Can Daie be darke? or can the Night
 as cleare Aurora bee?

f.ii. Can

FLOWVERS

Can Crowes be made both faire and white,
 and Swannes bothe foule and blacke?
 Can colde congeled Ice, be hotte?
 can Winter coldnelle lacke?
 Can fire then Water be moze cold?
 or can the Hare, delight
 To plaie and dallie with the Dog?
 can ought be emptie quight?
 Can Winde from blowyng be restrainde?
 can surgyng Seas bee still?
 Can stopyng Fishe forsake the soorde?
 can Death leaue of to kill?
 Can fore and Henne, bothe in a Penne
 agree together well?
 Can peace abide with butteryng blowes?
 can loue with discorde dwell?
 Can seas be waterles and drie?
 can hilles be dales without?
 Can woods be boyd of trees? or skies,
 deuoid of starres throughtout?
 Can one lone Emot dlynke the seas?
 can God be from an hie?
 Can God haue euer any ende?
 can moztalles shun to die?
 Can ragged rockes be precious stones?
 can Iron Bold excell?
 Can drowtie drunkennes esteeme,
 sage sober manners well?

Can

Can fame be husht and silence keepe:
 can dyabls their tattle ceasse?
 Can Venus vicious bile be chast,
 and leaue, her beastlines?
 Whē thou canst byng these things to passe,
 eache one bothe moze and lesse:
 D; seeft them to be brought to passe,
 then shall our frendship ceasse.

To the Pope.

If that thou wilt not saue thy flocke,
 from wolues deuouring thyoate:
 At least be not a wolfe thy selfe,
 clad in a sheeplkin coate.

To spirituall pastors.

As pastor pure, preserve thy flocke,
 haue Argus eyes to watche:
 Lest that the feend the woulfe of hell,
 doe thee and thine dispatche.
 Thou oughtst their wooll and flecke to sheere:
 to sheere, but not to shaue:
 Haue Argus eyes I saie againe,
 thy flocke to shield and saue.
 No meruell now, though sickly sheepe,
 and loze deseald we see:
 For who as nowadaies (God knowes)
 but wolues their keepers be.

F.ij.

A

FLOWVERS

A woman.

A Woman fawnes, and doth intrap,
 a woman wagheth war:
 She guiles the bodie she doth blind,
 the members she doth mar.
 She febles fojce, she drawes a man,
 she burneth vp the bones:
 She fawnes, giues, askes, she likes, she lo-
 she merrie makes, she mones. (thes
 She walketh wealth, though purse be stult,
 she crosse makes the same:
 She fights, she throwes downe mighty wal-
 strong Castelles she doth tame. (les,
 She poises beares: she glalles hath:
 as pert as any Pie:
 She smelles, she killeth, and her cozps
 she loues excedyngly.
 She tufts her heare, she frotes her face,
 she idle loues to be:
 She mincyng lets: to vertue slow,
 but prone to vice is she.

How to get frendship.

Giue much, but little aske againe,
 take heede thou nothyng take:
 If muche thou giue, and little aske,
 if quistes thou doe forlake
 Among the common people thou,

thalt

Halt heace away the bell:
 And thicke and threefold frends will flocke,
 with thee to hyde and dwell.
 But if thou nothyng giue at all,
 then frends will from thee flie:
 If much thou aske, then shalt thou be
 repulled by and by.
 If much thou take, then couetous
 and carle they will thee call:
 Take naught, aske little, part from much,
 and frends haue sure ye shall.

The properties of certaine birdes.

Of the Peacok.

W^hen Argus with his hundred eyes,
 Hermes had conquer'd quight
 By sweet melodyous harmony,
 and Musyckes heauenly might.
 Then Iuno tooke his watchfull eyes,
 and brauely by and by,
 She platt them in my traine, where now
 they shine as sunne in skye.
 My name hights Peacocke comonly,
 I take a greate delight
 In setting by my plumes alofte,
 that brauely glister bright.
 I haunt where princely buildings be,
 I loth the Cottage base:

F.iiii.

¶

FLOWVERS

I haue a fearfull feendlike note,
 a rheuith softly pace.
 My flesh as hard as hard may be,
 from Samos Ile I cam:
 Iuno doth mee defend and keepe,
 and Iunos byrd I am.

The Eagle.

From all the flocke of flying fowles
 I beare away the bell:
 I mount by to the clusterng clowdes,
 I feare no lightnyngs fell.
 Ioues iolly armiger am I,
 as Poets pennes haue told:
 Among all feathered foules am I,
 the goodliest to behold.
 Gay gallaunt golden Ganimed,
 (in tallents clinched fast)
 I carryed vnto Ioue on hys,
 of whom he was embraast.
 No byrd, no fowle there is, that dare
 compare with mee to fly:
 The Eagle onely seruaunt is,
 to thundyng Ioue on hie:

The Swanne.

A Swanne my name doeth hight:
 from foxen coste I cam:
 Dame Venus Charriot I direct,

and

and Venus birde I am.
 Emong the Gods I am belobde,
 like Syren sweete I syng:
 I ioye to chaunt, befoze I feele
 of Death the dreadfull syng.

The Voulter.

I Called am the Voulter blacke:
 I clawe myne enemye
 With crooked cruell cratchyng clawes:
 a filthie soule am I.
 My foode is fullsome carrion soule,
 with every carcas dedde
 That tumbled lies in stinkyng ditche,
 I loue for to be fedde.
 With every wyters penne pursued,
 dispraised still am I:
 The foulest soule I counted am,
 of all the foules that fly.
 Yet for the sence of smellyng sure,
 no soule surpasse me can:
 The Lion, Libarde, Eagle, I
 surmount, and also man.

The Partridge.

Emong all other birds,
 mosse mettfull birde am I:
 Emong all feathered soules,
 I first complaine and crye.

J. b.

All

FLOWVERS

All in the night bothe ginnes and snares,
 are laied pooze soule for me:
 Man spares no paine, but labours still
 that I maie taken bee.
 Wouldst knowe the cause why I am sought,
 of euery fouler fly?
 The cause is this, among all birds,
 the finest flethe haue I.
 Thou seest the craftie carren Crowe,
 Is neuer cared for:
 Because his flethe is fislome vile,
 all men doe hym abhorre.
 But I am soft and delicate,
 and therefore me they gette:
 And for a princely dishe am I,
 before greate princes sette.

The Sparrowe.

The feathered Sparrowe cald am I,
 in swete and plaasaunt spyng
 I greatly doe delight, for then
 I chitter, chirpe, and syng.
 I take delight in garnisht groues
 to seke my liuyng still:
 And though but little birde I am,
 yet syng I swete and still.
 Now thou that greate and mightie art,
 despise and set not light

By

By little ones : small ones oſtymes
 ſubdue the greate of might.



NICOLAVS BARTHOLO-
 MÆVS LOCHIENSIS.

Of a dronkard goyng home from
 the Tauerne.



Dunkarde dꝛinkyng all the daie,
 At night did homward take his way:
 The dꝛinke his bladder burdened so,
 That he muſt let his water goe.
 Thereby he leande hym to the wall,
 By chaunce a ſhowꝛe as then did fall:
 He thꝛoughly dꝛunke, and tipled well,
 Did deme he piſte the raine that fell:
 His mate that with hym then did go,
 (Muche muſyng why he rarried ſo)
 Aſkt hym toꝝ wall he did cleaue:
 And ſaied, wilt neuer piſſyng leaue?
 (Quoth he) ſo long as God ſhall pleaſe,
 I here muſt piſſe, and take myne eaſe.

To one hauyng a verie red noſe.

If thou didſt plie the potte no moꝛe,
 then thou doeſt pleye thy hooke:
 Then would not noſe of thꝛyne ſo redde
 and ſirie ſlamꝛyng looke.

HIE-



HIERONYMVS BALBVS.

To Guido.

In signe of trustie frendship true,
my Guido trustie frende:
Boche Verles fine, and apples fine,
vnto vs thou didst sende.
As apples fine delight the mouth,
so Verles please the minde:
The firste in taste, the seconde graeft,
moste pleasaunt we did finde.
Thy apples passe the glistering golde:
thy Verles pearles excell:
Thy gifts from either golde, or pearle,
quight beare awaie the bell.
Not better apples then were thine,
might kyng Alcinous sende:
And Verles thyne so excellent,
God Clarius might not mende.

To Marianus.

Thou enemye to muses nine,
thou foe to learned dames:
How darst thou Poets pure dispise,
and seeke to soyle their fames?
Orpheus Poet excellent,
with song and sugred voice:

Could

Could tame the hellishe hounde, and make
 bothe stoness and beastes reioyce,
 Arion singeryng fine his Harpe,
 with cunnyng skilfull hande:
 Was by a Dolphin laued from seas,
 and brought vnto the lande.
 Amphion by his eloquence
 and sugred speeches milde:
 Brought to a ciuell forme of life,
 rude barbarous people wilde.
 Now if so thou procede and speake,
 gainst Poets that excell:
 More harde art thou then ragged stoness,
 and beastes in woodes that dwell.



ERASMVS IN HIS
CHILIADES.

Of a sheepe that fostered a wolfe.
 With milke of myne I fed a wolfe,
 not of mine owne accorde,
 (But therto forst:) for woolues you knowe,
 of sheep are still abhord.
 When I had brought hym life, at last
 my life he rest from mee:
 Lo, for no guifts nor benifites,
 may nature chaunged be.

Againe

FLOWERS

Againe of the same.

W^hth milke of mine owne, a woolfe I did feed,
 compelled thereto of my sheppard indeed:
 Whē lōg I had fed hym, by hym I was spilt,
 lo naught wilbe naught, say & do what y^e wilt.

Best neuer to be borne.

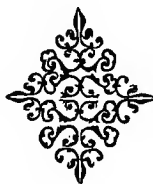
W^hat path list you to treade?
 what trade will you assay?
 The courts of plea by braull and hate,
 dōue gentle peace away.
 In house for wife and child,
 there is but carke and care:
 With toile and trauell enough,
 in feeldes we vñe to face.
 Uppon the Seas lyes dread:
 the riche in foren land
 Doe feare the losse, and there the poore
 like misers poorely stand.
 Strife with a wife, without
 your thirst full hard to see:
 Yong hys a trouble, none at all
 a mayme it seemes to be.
 Youth fond, age hath no hart,
 and pincheth all to nye:
 Chooce then the leiser of these two
 no life, or lone to dye.

Metro-

Metrodorus minde to the contrary.

What race of life run you?
 what trade will you assay?
In Court is gloꝝ got, and wit
 encreaseth daie by daie.
At home we take our ease,
 and beake our selues in rest:
The feilds our nature doth refresh
 with pleasures of the best.
On leas great gaine is got:
 the straunger, he shalbe
Esteemed hauyng much, if not
 none knowes his lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house,
 no wife then art thou free:
Blood is a louely thyng, without
 thy life is loose to thee.
Yong blods be strong, old syes
 in double honour dwell:
Do way the choyle, no life, or soone
 to die, for all is well.

S T R O-





S T R O Z A.

Of Scaurus, a riche man and couetous.

Scaurus hath sundrie villages,
 rich farmes and manners braue:
 Suche lande, fat Oxen, store of coine:
 he hath what he can haue.
 Yet still he scrapes with tooth and naile,
 more, still he doth deaire:
 With carkyng caryng couetousnes,
 his mynde is set on fire.
 Fabritius better liues then he,
 a pooze contented wight:
 Whom nether greedy gatheryng,
 nor vsury doth delight.



A N T O N I V S M V R E T V S.

Against Venus.

I f Venus, (as the lyng route
 of bablyng Poets sing)
 If she out of the surgyng seas
 and weltring waues did spring.
 How can this come to passe, that she
 should burne that so was borne?

By

FLOWERS

Yet nothyng canst thou doe.

Of Pontilianus.

When flaming Phœbus with his heat,
 doth cause the ground to chinke,
 Straight wayes Pontilian thirskie cries,
 boy hither hie with drinke.
 When so it raines, lo now saith he,
 God warnes vs to carowle:
 Which all aboute the ground doth so
 with fleet and showers soule.
 So gullyng thus, in sunne nor showers
 his drinke is not forgot:
 And somewhat still he hath to say,
 why he should tolle the pot.



AVSONIVS.

An exhortation vnto modestie.

Men say, that Kyng Agathocles
 once fed in potters plate:
 And charged ofte with Samian claie,
 his Tables where he late.
 Among which his chargers all of Golde,
 he serued in would see:
 And so together he would mingle,
 his pryde and pouertee.

Where-

Whereof this cause he gaue. Lo I
 possessyng princely place
 Of Cicil : late was sonne vnto
 a Potter poore and bale,
 Learne hence your roomes to reuerence ye
 that clime to honour fast,
 And begger brought to honours seate,
 remember what thou wast.

Of the Picture of Rufus, a vaine
 Rhetorician.

The Rhetoricians statue this,
 that Rufus had to name:
 Looke euen what Rufus was hymselfe,
 this Image is the same.
 Tongles and witles, cold and deafe,
 a stone that can not see:
 A Rufus right : one difference yet,
 moze soft was Rufus he.

Of a woman that would haue poyfo-
 ned her husbände.

A Wife, a wicked woman that
 a noughtie life did liue,
 Vnto her iealous husband did
 soule filthy popson giue.
 She demyng that alone, not of
 sufficient force to be
 To rid hym quicklie : longyng soze

B.ii.

his

FLOWERS

his quick dispatche to see,
 Quickeſiluer with the poyſon mings,
 demyng of both the force,
 Would quickly bying hym to his graue,
 and make hym ſoone a corſe.
 Theſe parted, poyſon ſtrong do make,
 (What man the ſame would think)
 But put together they preſerue,
 Who ſo thereof doth drinke.
 Now while together twixt themſelues,
 theſe poyſons both doe ſtriue:
 He voyds from hym the deadly bane,
 and ſo remaines aliue:
 What care hath God on earthly ſoules?
 he dead reuiueth man.
 And when the fates will haue it ſo,
 two poyſons proffit can.

To one that painted Eccho.

Thou wittles wight, what meanes this mad intent,
 To draw my face and ſoyne, vnknowne to thee?
 What meanſt thou to ſoy to moleſten mee?
 Whom neuer eye beheld, nor man could ſee.
 Daughter to talkyng tongue, and ayre am I,
 My mother nothyng is when thinges are wayde,
 I am a voyce without the bodies ayde.
 When all the tale is tolde and ſentence laide,
 Then I recite the latter ende afreſhe,

In

In mockyng soyt and counterfayting wise:
 Within your eares my cheffest harbour lies,
 There doe I wonne, not seen with mortall eyes.
 And moze to tell and farther to proceede,
 I Eccho hight of men below in ground:
 If thou wilt draw my counterfet indeede,
 Then must thou paint (A Painter) but a sound.

An Epitaphe of Anitia.

The thynges that many yeres,
 can scantly byng about,
 Anitia hath accomplisht, yet
 not fullie twentie out.
 An infante she hath suckt, a maide
 she quickly fell in loue:
 She linkt, conceiude, brought forth, & did
 the pangs of child-birthe proue,
 And made a mother, now at laste,
 death hence did her remoue.
 Who rightly can the fates accuse?
 she liued hath the yeres,
 Eche ages function to performe,
 as plaine by prooffe apperes.

Of a Hare taken by a Dog-fishe.

The sentyng hounds purlude,
 the hastie Hare of foote:
 The selie beast to scape the Dogges,
 did sumpe vppon a roote:

G.iii.

The

FLOWVERS

The rotten scrag it burste,
 from cliffe to Seas he fell:
 Then cride the Hare, unhappie me,
 for now perceiue I well
 Bothe lande and sea pursue,
 and hate the hurtlesse Hare:
 And eke the dogged skie alofte,
 if so the dog be theare.

Of Miron an old dottrell, that would
 haue lyen with Lais.

Old Miron, Lais wanton wenche
 to lye with hym, besought:
 Fine Lais she, did put hym backe
 and set his sute at nought.
 He knowyng sure it was his age,
 that she did so dispise:
 His hoarie head (all ouer straght)
 with blackyng darke he dies.
 And so with wonted vilage he,
 but not with wonted heare
 For to renue his wonted sute,
 goes to his Lays deare.
 But she comparyng head of his
 and face together well:
 Perchaunce this same is Miron myne
 quoth she: I can not tell.
 So she (vncertaine what he was)

dis-

disposde to sport and plaie:
 In dallyng wise thus gan she speake
 and to her louer saie:
 Why foolish fellowe soude quoth she,
 why doest thou this require?
 The thyng thou doest demaunde of me,
 I earst denied thy fire.

Translated out of two Greeke au-
 thors: Plato and Scatilius.

A Wretched caitiffe, in dispaire,
 went forth with throtlyng corde
 To make awaie hymself: by hap
 he founde a golden hoarde:
 He ioyfull was his happie chaunce,
 this hidden hoarde to finde:
 Forlooke his purpose, tooke the gold
 and left the rope behinde.
 The owner when he came, and satwe
 from thence his ruddocks restre:
 For sorowwe hunge hym self with rope,
 that there behinde was leste.

Of Venus in armour.

D^Ame Pallas Ladie Venus bewde,
 clad h^aue in armour b^right:
 Let Paris iudge (come on quoth she)
 together let vs fight.
 See, see, quoth Venus how she h^ags:
 B.iiii. a proud

FLOWVERS

a proude disdainfull daime:
Thou knowst I smocklesse conquerd thee,
peace Pallas, fie for shame.

The same otherwife.

F complete Pallas sawe,
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who saied, let Paris now be Iudge,
encounter we with hande.
Replide the Goddesse: what?
skoznst thou in armour me:
That naked erst in Ida mount,
so fosld and conquerd thee?

Of the picture of Rufus a vaine Rhethoritian,
of whom there is an Epigram before.

This Rufe his Table is,
can nothyng be moze true:
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
and he are one to betwe.

Of the picture of the same Rufus.

With visage faire, that can not speake,
wouldst knowe what one I am?
I Marrie: I am Rufus he
the Rhethoritian.
What, can not Rufus speake hym self?
he can not: tell me why?
The Image of this Image, for
he is hym self perdie.

Of

Of the Table wherein Rufus
was painted.

The portrature of Rufe this is,
whiche here you see:
Muche like the same in deede : hym self
but where is he ?
Hym self in stately chaire is platt:
what doeth he there ?
Naught els but what you see hym doe
in Table here.

Of the picture of kyng Cræsus, transla-
ted out of the first booke of
Greke Epigrams.

Thy picture Cræsus kyng that didst
foz riches all excell:
Anciuill rude Diogines
behelde beneth in hell.
And bewyng it aloofe, he laught
as though his harte would bzeake:
At laste (when he had laught his fill)
he thus began to speake.
O foolish Cræsus, what auayles
now all thy paultrie pelfe ?
Sith now thou poozer art, then pooze
Diogines hym self.
Foz what was myne I bare with me,
when selie Cræsus pooze

E. v. Thou

FLOWVERS

Thou penilelle didst packe from hence,
for all thy huggy store.

Of the drinke DODRA: Which is made
of nine thinges.

I Dodra hight: How so? nine thinges
do go to makynge mine:
Which they? ioyce, water, hony, bread,
spice, hearbes, salt, oyle and wine.

Against tvvo sisters of diuers
conditions.

W^E muse and maruell Delia muche,
(and that with cause) to see
That there suche difference is betwixt,
thy sister she and thee,
She chaste doth seeme (vnchaste indeede)
because of her araie:
Thou chaste indeede, dost seeme vnchaste,
for garments thine so gay.
Though thou be spotles pure in life,
thoug she haue honest weedes:
Yet garments thyne dishonest thee,
and her her noughtie deedes.

Of a sluggard.

T^He lucke in health is woyleer farre,
then he that keepes his bed:
Tis twise so much that he deuoures

of

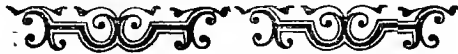
of beare, of beafe and bread.

Of the riche and poore man.

HE is not riche which plenty doth posces:
 He is he poore, that nothing hath at all:
 And of them both the pooremās nede is lesse,
 as by the sequel proued see you shal. (neede:
 The riche of Precious stones doth stande in
 the poore of graine to helpe hym in distres:
 So sith the poore & riche both want, indeede
 of both their nedes h̄ pooremās nede is lesse.

Of his deare deceafed.

Three graces sayre there were: but while
 my Lesbia did remaine
 foure were there: and now she is gone,
 there are but thzee agayne.



MICHAEL TARCHA-
 MOTA MARVLLVS.

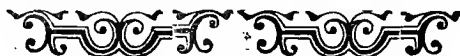
To Neæra.

My sweete, you aske what life I liue:
 Euen suche a life as you me giue,
 Distressed, dolefull, harde from reste:
 As bad as well can be expresse:
 This is the life for certaintee,
 That you my deare doe giue to me.

You

FLOWERS

You doe demaunde my deare beside,
What mates a daies with me abide:
Cares, sicknelle pale, and grief of harte,
Paine, twitching thowes, & scalding smart,
Sighes, sobbes, and teares, and great vncrest,
As bad, as well can be exprest.
Companions these and mates of mine,
These you my deare to me asline.



ANDREAS DACTIVS.

Of hym self, and his frende.

Like as the bough doeth bud and brynche,
knit to his bodie faste:
And pluckt awaie, doeth sone decate,
dye, wither, dye and walle.
Euen so by thee I stande, or fall,
I liue or dye by thee:
For vnto thee I am the bough,
and thou the stocke to me.



IOANNIS BAPTISTA

PIGNA.

Of Naijs.

When as the Sunne doeth shine,
if Naijs hide her face:

Then

Then Phœbus dies, and all the feelds
 lament in dolesfull cace.
 When as the Sunne doeth throude,
 if Naijs faire appere,
 Then darknesse dies, and all the feelds
 reioyce with gladome chere.



CÆLIVS RHODIGINVS.

How a man should prepare to dye.

God ende if thou desire, then well
 to liue thy self applie:
 A happie life if thou desire,
 remember still to die.

Piscarius his Epitaphe.

Who vnder this same Marble colde,
 engraued lyes expresse?
 A Fisher greate, in warre a Mars,
 and one that loued peace.
 What caught he fishe declare me? no.
 what then I praise thee tell?
 Townes, cities, kingdoms, kings theselues
 haught, stoute, that did excell.
 How caught this Fisher these, declare
 by what deuised netts?
 By counsell deepe, by courage greate,
 by strength that all thyngs getts.

Who

FLOWERS

Who conquerd this stout Duke at last?
 Mars, Mors, two Gods of might:
 What was the cause that them constrainde?
 vile enuious hellishe spight.
 They hurte hym nought, for still doeth liue
 his fame and glorie bright:
 Whiche is of force, bothe Mars and Mors,
 and all to put to flight.



GEORGIUS SABINVS.

Of the discorde of Princes.

Who thrustes falne at variaunce
 together feirce do fight:
 Each seekes the other for to foyle
 by strugling, strength, and might.
 The Hawke (their cruell enemie)
 beholdyng them at square:
 In cruell clutches caught them both
 and them to peaces tare.
 So christian princes while they be
 betwene themselues at bate,
 In comes the tyrant Turke, their fo,
 and spoyles them of their state.
 To a Lasse, lamentyng of her mo-
 ther the losse.

In wayling the departure, of
 thy louyng mother deere:

In

In ragyng soyt why dost thou rend
 and hale from head thyne heare?
 O spare thy locks (thou letwde)
 and ceale to pull thy pate:
 Dost thinke by baldnes pilde,
 thy doloꝝ to abate?

Of a Painter : A pleasant and mery iest.

A Painter once (that was
 a Zeuxis foꝝ his skill)
 Had childꝝen foule, deformed, blacke
 and of complexion ill.
 His wife spake to hym thus in sport,
 vpon a certen tyme:
 Why dost thou plant so naughtly tell,
 and paint so fayre and fine?
 O wise (quoth he) you knowe I plant
 in darkenes all the night:
 But paint I doe when Phoebus raises
 do cast a radiant light.

A mery iest of a *scattergood*.

W hat tyme a certen Skattergood,
 within his gates by night
 Did entryng see a pilftring knaue,
 somethyng to steale and pike.
 Thou art belnerd here in the night,
 to looke foꝝ ought (quoth he)
 Foꝝ I my selfe when Phoebus hight

doth

FLOWERS

doth shine, can nothyng see.

A Iest of a Iester.

A Scoffer fine was wont somtime,
in Iest to euery wight:
Still to rehearse Menalcas verse,
(of whom doth Maro write.)
He make that none with talkyng tongue,
henceforth thou shalt abuse:
This verse of Vergil still in sport,
and Jestyng he would vse.
But so it chaunced at the last,
for many a knauishe parte:
He was compeld by throtlyng cord,
of death to hyde the smart.
And brought to place where he should hide,
the pinching pangs of death:
The halter tide, the hangman hozst
prepard to stop his breath.
The hangman puttyng oze his head,
the halter as they vse:
Said: He make that none by talkyng tongue
hencefoorth thou shalt abuse.

A N G E-





AN GER IANVS.

To the Rose.

Thou Rose so faire doest quickly fade,
so soyme fades quickly sure:
Then thou faire Rose, & beautie haue
a like tyme doe endure.

To his Image.

My portrature so liuely wrought,
tell me who fashioned thee?
How passyng right resemblest thou,
the countenance of me.
Thou lookest pale, pale eke looke I:
thou blinde, I also blinde:
(Aye me) no mynde hast thou at all,
I likewise haue no minde.
No life hast thou, no life haue I:
thou dumbe canst nothyng speake,
(Aye me) my tongue ne talkes at all,
I dumbe and speachlesse eake.
No harte doeth harbor in thy breast,
I hartlesse am againe:
Thou hidest vnaccompanied,
so likewise I remaine:
Of ladyng paper thou compacte,
that

FLOWVERS

that quickly doeth decaie:
 My bodie eke but hyttle barke,
 vnstedfast still doeth staie.
 Thou as a shadowe of my corps,
 enduerst but little tyme:
 A fadyng shadowe followes still
 likewise the corps of myne.
 Thou feble, lone doest fade and faile:
 long maie not I remaine:
 To duste and powder thou must packe,
 and so must I againe.
 Bothe like as like maie be, but thou
 lyst merrier farre then I:
 Thou lyst and lobste not, loue makes me
 a wretche to liue perdie.

Of his loue Cælia.

The fire doeth tame the iron harde,
 harde flinte the waters pearce:
 Warne bloud doeth bzeake the Adamant,
 as sundrie bookes rehearse:
 But she whom I doe serue (more harde:
 then these repeted thre)
 Then Iron, flint, or Adamant,
 more rockie harde is she.
 For ne my fire that burnes in bzeast,
 ne teares from eyes that fall,
 Nor spinningg bloud from languine vaines,
 maie make her rue her thzall.

¶

Of Ioue.

A Swanne, a Bull, a Satyre wood,
and golde, was Ioue aboute:
foꝝ L. foꝝ E. foꝝ A. and D.
with whom he was in loue.

To the Reader.

A Although not thee, I please my self,
thou reader maiest be gone:
Sufficient if the wꝛiters woꝛkes,
doe please hym self alone.

Of hym self.

Thou laughst, thou lowest (both glad & sad)
thou bothe doest rest, and raynge:
Suche is the life a louer leads,
thou lobste, tis nothyng straynge.



IOANNES SECVNDVS.

Three Euills.

W Hiche are thꝛee illz that mischese men,
to know dost thou desire?
Haue here in few my frend expect,
the Fem, the Flud, the Fire.

The riche old man, of hym selfe.

W Hen yong I was, then poore I was:
now in my latter dayes,

H.ii.

With

FLOWVERS

With riches I abound: (ay mee)
vnhappie wretche both wayes.
When as I knewe some ble of goods,
I wanted euermore:
And now I know no ble of goods,
of goods I haue great stoze.

Of a Dwarfe.

A Dwarfe vppon a Pilmyers backe
did get hym vp to ride:
He deemed a tamed Oliphante
he did as then bestride.
But while he did aduaunce hym selfe
to bolde vppon his backe,
He tumbled downe, and had a fall
that made his guts crie quacke.
When as the Dwarfe was thus vnhozt,
each laught, both great and small:
Why laugh you masters quoth the dwarfe?
what? Phaeton had a fall.

Loue is vncurable.

A P hearb is found each hurte to helpe:
all soares haue salues we see:
Alone the wound that Cupid giues
can neuer cured be.





SIMON VALLAMBER-
TVS AVALON.

To a couetous old Carle.

Although thy hozie siluer heares,
as white as Lillies shoue:
Although thou Pylus passe in yeares,
that liued long ago:
Although y^e teeth (whiche thou hast bought)
noz crust can eate noz crumme:
Although vnto the bynke thou art
of Stygian boate now come:
Yet naytheles whole Coffers cramd
with coine, thou still dost craue:
And bags byg bolne with mony muche
thou still desirest to haue.
D dotyng fire, these heapes of coine
requires not Charon fell:
One silly pennie for his fare
contenteth Charon well.

Of Codrus.

In to a princely Pallace proude
(built haue with Marble stone)
With ragged tattered toyne attire
poore Codrus would haue gonne.

H.iii.

So

FLOWERS

So nakt (quoth one) ye come not here:
 quoth Codrus no, and why?
 The gods are nakt, and none but nakt
 must go to heauen perdie,

To Panfophus.

Though Panfophus thou pleasest none
 no maruell tis, and why?
 Thou pleasest ouermuch thy selfe
 proud Panfophus perdy.

To a Niggarde.

ALl thyng is dere thou saist,
 wine, vittayl, coyne, and graine:
 Yet miser vile well stoyed thou
 with all thyng dost remaine.
 So thou to no man deere,
 selst deere vnto the pooze:
 Alacke thou saist all things are deere,
 deere must I sell theresoze.
 Ah, sell thou miser as thou maist
 and thunne thou Vfury:

Charus. So shalt thou be to all men deere
 Carus. and deere to none perdie.

To a backbiter that was balde.

Baldscorse, I nothyng haue
 vnto thee for to say:
 But sure I laude thy locks which are
 gone from thy hed away.

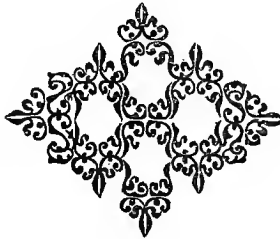
To

To Achilles Combanus.

BRight Glory rayngyng here and there,
 to seeke the shynyng bowze
 Where Vertue dwelt, hapt on thy house,
 of Vertue fragrant flower.
 And so when Glory did perceaue,
 that Vertue dwelt with thee:
 Here will I rest (quoth he) thy guest,
 I will Combanus be.

H.iiij.

OVT





OUT OF GREEK.

EPIGRAMMES.

How to vse riches.

Se riches those thou haste,
as though thou shouldest die:
Again as though thou shouldest liue,
thy goods spende sparinglie.
A prudent man is he,
whiche this consideryng well:
Doeth still obserue and keepe the meane,
whiche all thyng doeth excell.

Against riot.

Greate store of houses for to bulde,
greate store of men to feede:
To come to pinyng penurie,
the verie pathe in deede.

Mannes miserie.

I Wept when I was bozne,
and now at point of death
I likewise weepe, and weepe I shall
while bodie beareth breath.
A wretched mortall man,
weake, wofull, pensiue, sad:
Come life or death (thou list a wretche)
no comfort to be had.

Wiuyng

Wiuynge twise.

His first wife dedde (and laied in graue)
 who doeth a seconde take:
 To trie the seas againe, hym self
 a shipman he doeth make.

Wedlocke.

Virginitie surpasseth: yet
 if all should virgines be,
 Our life were vaine, and none for to
 succede vs should we see.
 Take therefore thou a wife,
 and when that thou doest dye
 Leauē to the worlde and thee an heire,
 and shunne adulterie.

Of a Thracian lad.

A Thracian boye well tiplede all the daie,
 Upō a frozen spring did sport and plaie:
 The slipper Ice with heste of bodie swate,
 On sodaine brake, and swapt his hed awaie:
 That swam alofte, belowe the carcas laie.
 The mother came and bare the heade awaie:
 When she did burie it, thus gan she saie,
 This brought I forth in flame his heire to
 The rest amidst þ' flood to find a graue. (haue,

Pittie and compassion.

A fisher fishyng on the shore,
 with anglyng pole in hande:

By

FLOWVERS

By hap a dedmans drowned scalpe,
 due by vnto the lande:
 With dzerie looke when long he had
 behelde the scone he founde,
 (With pittie pyck) he tooke it by
 to graue it in the grounde.
 By Diggyng deepe it was his hap,
 a hooꝝde of golde to finde:
 Lo neuer vnrequited goes,
 compassion curtuous kinde.

To Orestes preparyng to
 kill his mother.

Where shouldest thou in thy swoorde? through
 or pap so tender soft? (panche,
 The bellie bredde and brought thee forth,
 the pappe did feede thee oft.

A prouerbe.

Betweene thy vpper lip,
 and of the cup the hynke:
 Doe many thyngs fall out,
 the whiche thou wouldst not thinke.

How death is hastened.

Whoso he be that lothyng life,
 desireth soone to die:
 Three thyngs must folowe (whiche are these)
 Baines, wine, and Venerie.

Three

Three thynges bothe hurt and helpe.

BAines, women, wine : these thre
doe shorten life certaine:
Baines, women, wine : these thre
doe lengthen life againe.

Nothing hid from God.

THou Caitiffe though thou doe conceale,
thy crimes from men belowe:
Yet them to God thou must reueale,
whether thou wilt or no.

Fayned frendship.

NOt he so muche annoyes and hurtes
that saies I am thy foe:
As he that beares a hatefull harte,
and is a frende to shewe.
Warnde of my foe, I thinne my foe:
but how should I take heede
Of hym that faines hymself my frende,
when as he hates in deede?
Wolte sure a wretched foe is he,
whiche frendship firme doeth faine:
And seekes by all the shifts he can,
his frende to put to paine.

To muche brynges lothsomnesse.

TO muche of any thyng is naught:
yea alwaies proue you shall

That

FLOVVERS

That to muche euen of hunny hurts,
and bitter seemes as gall.

Against stepdames.

TH decke his stepdames tobe with flowers
and garlandes, comes the sonne:
Sure thinkyng now (that with her life)
her hatred had been doon.
The tombe downe totteryng on hym falles,
and killes hym by and by:
Loe liucelle tounbs of stepdames curst,
learne cankred crueltie.

Of the contempt of Fortnue.

Most restyng rode is founde,
vaine hope and hap adue:
Loute whom you lisse with chaunge,
Death shall me rid from you.

A controuerfie betwene Fortune
and Venus.

While fisher fisht at waters side,
for fishe that there did swim:
A riche mans daughter hym behelde,
and fell in loue with hym.
So that she linkt with hym to liue,
now he that was before
Base, barren, bare, and beggarlike,
doeth now abounde with stoz.

Dame

Dame Fortune by smiling gan late,
 I praise you which of vs
 Now mistres Venus (you or I)
 was cause this hapned thus.

Otherwise

While Fisher cast his line,
 the houerlyng fische to hooke:
 By hap a riche mans daughter on
 the Fisher cast her looke.
 She fride with franticke loue,
 thei married eke at last:
 Thus Fisher was from lowe estate,
 in top of treasure plact.
 Stoode Fortune by, and smilde:
 how late you (dame) quoth she,
 To Venus? was this conquest yours,
 or is it due to me?

The feuen sages names, saynges, and
 countryes, in feuen verses.

The Cityes 7. whereas the 7. wife masters rare (declare.
 VVere borne, their names, and sayngs 7. 7. verses shall
 Cleobulus of Lindia said, a meane doth all excell.
 VVife Pittacus of Mittelen, said, measure beares the bell.
 Chilon of Lacedemon said, take heede thy selfe to know.
 Of Corinth Periander said, to anger be thou slowe.
 Sage Solon the Athenian said, for ay respect the ende.
 VVife Thales of Milesum said, nought promise to thy frende.
 Last, Bias of Priæniun said, all thinges to mischefe bende.

The report of the multitude not
 to be regarded.

Solace

FLOWERS

Place and comfort thou thy selfe:
nought peoples talke esteeme:
One man deemes well of thee, of thee
an other ill doth deeme.

Or thus.

Place and comfort thou thy selfe,
care nought what people prattle:
This man talkes well with thee, that man
against thee still doth tattle.

Of a foole.

The friskyng flees þe feed on fleshe by night,
a foole in bed, did trouble, twinge & bite:
The foole put out the candle: nay (quoth he)
He marche ye, now no moze you shall me see.

Of a foolish Astronomer.

While Thales looked round about,
to bew the starres in skie,
He hedlong fell into a ditch:
and there did grouelyng lye.
A beldam commyng after hym
beheld hym how he fell,
A countrie wise that went to fetch
faire water at a well.
When as she came vnto the ditch
where lurden like he lay
She mockt hym: and with tremblyng voyce
she

He thus began to say,
 Fie foolish zealow as thou art,
 why dost thou view the skie?
 Why staark on Starres that stately stand
 and lett mean matters lye?
 The fates of other men to showe
 I deeme thee farre vnmeete,
 When buzzard blynd thou canst not see
 what is befoze thy feete.

When Women profite.

Although all women kinde be nought,
 yet two good dayes hath she:
 Her marriage day, and day of death
 when all she leaues to thee.

Of Castors Nose.

When Castor diggs, a spade
 his Nose is vnto hym:
A Trumpet when he sleepeg:
 a Sithe and Sickle trim
When as he gathers grapes:
 an Anker when he sailes:
A Culter when he plowes
 that cuts and neuer failes:
When as he taketh fishe
 a fishhooke all the while:
And when he would haue fleshe
 his Nose a fleshooke vile:

When

FLOWVERS

When as he graues in wood,
 a grauyng knife: and when
 He pyunes and drellerh trees
 a graffyng knife as then:
 A chipare, looke when as
 the Carpenter he plaies:
 A passyng picklock, when
 to open lockes he saies.
 And what so Castor doth,
 he can not misse his snoute:
 His nose must be the toole,
 his woork to byng aboute.

Of a foule wife.

The wretche that married hath,
 a dowd, an ougly dame:
 Shall still haue night, though day be bryght,
 And fire Phœbus flame.

To one, hauyng a long nose.

Stand with thy snoute against the sunne,
 and open wide thy chaps:
 And by thy teeth we shall decerne,
 what tis a clocke, perhaps.

Of a deaf Iudge, a deaf plaintife, and
 a deaf defendant.

Shap a man that could not heare
 that bozne was deafe by kinde,
 Another

Another cited to the court,
 much like hymselfe to finde,
 Whose hearyng sence was quight bereft:
 the Judge that of the case
 Should giue his verdit, was as deafe
 as deafeft in the place.
 To court they came: the plaintiffe praide
 to haue his vnpaied rent:
 Defendant laide, in grindyng I
 this werie night haue spent.
 The Judge beheld them both awhile,
 is this (at last quoth he)
 Of all your sturred strife the cause?
 you both her children be.
 And therefore her to helpe and ayde
 looke that you both agree.

Of Marcus a sluggard.

MArcus a sluggard slepyng, dreamd
 a long race that he rund:
 For feare he so should dreame againe,
 long after slepe he thund.

Against one very deformed.

To paint the minde tis counted hard,
 the corps to paint tis light:
 But now in thee so soule deformed,
 it falles contrarie quight.
 For nature thine doth plaine betwaine,
 I the

FLOWVERS

the manners of thy mynde:
And therefore how thy mynde is bent,
but easie tis to finde.
But now thy soule misshapen limmes,
how may they painted be?
And portraide out? when euery man
doth loth to looke on thee.

Against a drunkerd.

With sweet perfumes, & flowers, my graue
doe you not gratifie:
Wine, fires, vppon a stone to spend,
tis cost in vaine perdie.
Alīue giue you mee these, not dead:
with ashes wine to minge,
What is it moztter but to make,
not wine to mee to bynge.

Of drunkennesse.

Like men we still are meeke, at night,
when we haue typled well:
But when we rise at mozne athurst,
then are we fearte and sell.

Otherwise.

At night when ale is in,
like frends we part to bed:
In moztowe graie when ale is out,
then hatred is in head.

Againe

Againe of the same.

MEn hauyng quaft,
are frendly ouernight:
In dawning, dye,
A man to man a fpyte.

Against a mifer.

ALl call thee riche, I call thee pooze,
goods make not riche perdie:
This prudent Apollophanes,
could tell as well as I.
If thou thy riches vfe thy felf,
thy riches thyne are then:
But if thou faue them for thyne heire,
thei are for other men.

Of Chryfalus couetous.

Riche Chryfalus at point of death,
doeth mourne, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he fo lothe,
to leaue his life and die.
Not for becaufe he dies hymfelf,
his death he doeth not force:
But that his graue muft coft a grote,
to throude his carrion coyle.

Of a riche mifer.

A Mifers mynde thou hafte,
thou haft a princes pelfe:
I.ii. Which

FLOWERS

Whiche makes thee wealthie to thine heire,
a beggar to thy self.

Of Aulus, *Auarus*.

Riche Aulus countyng what a charge,
his daughter was to hym:
Did thowe her in the sea, to see
where she could sincke or swim.

The fame otherwise.

AVlus daughter twentie shillings charge,
eche yere was unto hym:
He drownde her : askt wherefore:
he saied she would vndoe hym.

Of Asclepiades, a greedie carle.

ASclepiad that greedie carle,
by fortune founde a House:
(As he about his lodgyng lookt)
within his niggishe house.
The chidyng chuffe began to chafe,
and (sparefull of his chere)
Demaunded of the selie beaft,
and saied, what makst thou here?
You neede not stande in feare (good frende)
the smilyng House replide:
I come not to deuour your cates,
but in your house to bide.

A

A long beard makes not a Philosopher.

If so a long downe danglyng beard,
doe make a prudent man:
The bearded beast that hight the Gote,
maie bee a Plato than.

To one lame and loutishe.

Thy lymes are lame, so is thy mynde:
thy outward forme herwaies
Thy properties, how inwardly
thou art dispoſde alwaies.

Cassander his Epitaphe.

Sith that a mortall bozne thou art,
in daunger still to die:
Account of naught as though thou shouldst,
liue here continuallie,
For all must packe: of slipperie life,
vncertaine is the staie,
Death will vs by the shoulders shake,
no helpe, we must obaye.
Cassander here lies reſte of life,
faſte grasped in his graue:
Yet for his wisdom he deseru'de,
for euer life to haue.

Timocritus his Epitaphe.

Timocritus a warriar stoute,
Loe, lies engraued here:

J.iii.

Mars

FLOVVERS

Mars spares not valiaunt champions stoute,
But dastards that doe feare.

Aristomenes.

Thou messenger to Ioue on high,
thou Eagle swift of flight:
On Aristomenes his tounge,
declare why doest thou light?
By this I giue to vnderstande,
that as all birds I passe:
So he did all men farre surmount,
while here a liue he was.
The fearfull Doves doe haunt the toombes
whiche hartlesse dastards hide:
But where are buried champions holde,
I loue for to abide.

Calimachus.

The frowning fates haue taken hence
Calimachus, a childe
fīue yeres of age: ah well is he
from cruell care exilde:
What though he liud but little tyme,
waille nought for that at all:
For as his yeres not many were,
so were his troubles small.

Olde age longed for, yet lothed.

EThe one doeth seeke and wishe for age,
all while it is awaie:

And

And fewe doe come for to be olde,
 whiche for olde age doe praise.
 When age yet comes, eche doeth it lothe,
 and all doe it detest:
 So still we lothe our present state,
 deming the absent best.

Death euerywhere.

Here buried lies a Mariner:
 and here a Corridon:
 So on the sea, and one the lande,
 death riddeth, all is one.

It matters not where
 a man dye.

It makes no matter where thou die:
 the waie to heauen on his
 From euery countrey is a like,
 be it farre of, or nie.

Liuyng on the Seas.

Shunne thou the seas, whiche brede breake,
 and quiet liue on lande:
 If thou desire in happie health,
 to flozithe long and stande.
 Long life the lande doeth alwaies lende,
 the seas make shorte our yeres:
 Upon the seas are seldome seen,
 olde men with hoarie heares.

H.iiii

Df

FLOWERS

Of Diogenes.

A Sachell and a stayng staffe,
an homelie mantell : these
Were acceptable to the life,
of wise Diogenes.

Opinion.

Greate force in thyngs Opinion hath,
thou curteous art in deede:
What then? if otherwise men thinke,
they surely will thee speede,
As once the men of Crete vnkinde,
did Philolaus slaie:
Because they falsly demde and thought,
he would the tyraunt plaie.

Epietetus.

My name did Epietetus hight,
a bonde-man bozne was I:
In bodie lame, as Irus poore,
a frende to Gods on hie.

To Gabriel.

A Painter painted Phaëton,
he painted eke the Sunne:
But no light could the Painter paint,
when all was made and doon.
Like so renoued Gabriel,
a Painter painted trim

Thy

Thy face and visage, but thy mynde
could not be made by hym.

Myrons Cowe.

The Cowe of halle that Myron made,
(by arte and cunnyng skill)
If entrailes she had had, she would
haue lootwde bothe loude and shyll.

Venus to Praxiteles.

King Priams sonne, Anchises eke,
with my Adonis dere
Behelde me nak, these onely thre:
Praxiteles but where?

Of Venus in armour.

Why hast thou Venus tell,
God Mars his armour on?
Suche boisterous stufte why doest thou put,
thy tender corps vppon?
Mars mightie thou dydst conquer quight,
starke naked, stripped cleane:
To come to men, thus armed then,
I muse what doest thou meane.

Of Cinyras a Fisher.

Vnto the Nimphes olde Cinyras,
hath dedicate his Nette:
To beate the brookes and firke the fische,
I. b. old

FLOWVERS

old age now doeth hym lette.
 Wherefore you fishes sport your selues,
 and through the waters swimme:
 For now that Cinyras is done,
 you safe in seas maye swimme.

Biton.

Biton all vnderneath this tree,
 three guiftes doeth offer here:
 To Pan a Goate, flowres to the Nymphes,
 to Bacchus God a Spere.
 He Gods accept them thankfullie,
 and make to prospere still
 His cattell Pan, his waters Nymphes,
 Bacchus his grounde to till.

Of Alcon an Archer.

ASire that Alcon hight,
 behelde his sonne einhaft
 Of Serpent readie to bee rent:
 he tooke his bowe in haft,
 And shotte with cunning skill so straitte,
 that he the Serpent kilde:
 And sadde his selie childe, whiche els
 the scrawolyng Snake had spilde.
 Thus when the Snake was slaine, his sonne
 eke saued from annoy:
 He hunge his quiver on a bough,

reusbde

reusde with double ioye.

Timon his Epitaphe.

M^Y wretched caitiffe daies,
 Expired now and past:
 My carren corps entered here,
 Is graapt in grounde:
 In weltryng waues of dwel-
 lyng seas by sourges casse:
 My name if thou desire,
 the Gods thee doe confounde.





THEODORVS BEZA
VEZELIVS.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of William Budæus, an excellent learned man of our tyme,
who died at Paris in Fraunce. Anno.
M D. XL. XII. Cal. Septemb.

BVDÆVS onely one alone,
(of wondrous arte and skill)
Hath made the earth, the heauens, &
beholden to hym skill. (men
To haughtie heauens he hath bequethd
his soule: his corps to ground:
And vnto vs he hath bequethd
his worthy workes profound.
So poore from hence he did depart,
for naught he left hymselfe:
But better far this pouertie
perdie, then worldly pelfe.

An other Epitaphe of the same Budæus.

ALL men bewaild Budæus death,
the ayre did also mone:
The bratwylng brookes eke wept, because
Budæus good was gone.
So men did waille, that euery where,
were papers printed seen

¶

Of Verles, Threnes and Epitaphes,
 full fraught with teares of teene.
 From ayre to dropt the rayny teares,
 that shed was every shower:
 So that no drop remaynd behind,
 vppon the earth to potw.
 So wept the waters, that wheras
 befoze were Barges bozne:
 There now might whirling wagons runne:
 to dust the waues were woyn.
 Now heauen and earth remaines behinde,
 these two alone except:
 There nothyng was in all the world,
 but foꝛ Budæus wept.
 But sith the heauens posses his soule,
 (and still posses it shall)
 The earth his cozps, what cause haue they,
 wheretoꝛe to weepe at all?

An Epitaphe vppon the death of
 Katharina Texea.

Who lieth lodged here belowe, (knowe:
 perchaunce thou reader saine wouldst
 And I my selfe would gladly tell,
 but that her name I know not well.
 And macuell none at all though I,
 am thereof ignozant perdie:
 Foꝛ who most learned ace of all,

woꝛ

FLOWVERS

wot not her name what they should call.
 For if by cozps suppolde may be
 her seer, then sure a virgin she:
 But sure I wot not ponderyng all,
 how I woman may her call.
 For why? noz fear, noz greef, could make
 her sturdy stomake stoute to quake.
 She wil behabd her self in nought,
 she freely spake what so she thought.
 And when that silence best becomed,
 then none then she moze silent deemd.
 She neuer she, held dauncing deece:
 she neuer deckt noz tuft her heece:
 She neuer bled paintyng dye:
 she neuer hld to role her eye:
 No wanton woꝝd would she put out:
 therefore she was a man no dout.
 Yet sure she was no man I know,
 I not why I should name her so.
 Such heavenly hue suche bewty braue,
 we neuer saw yet man to haue.
 Both man and woman then was she:
 nay that agen may no wayes be.
 I haue already proued this,
 that she ne man noz woman is.
 A goddelle then neades must she be,
 oz els a new Minerua she:
 And though she be a Lady bryght,

yet

yet hath she hart and manly might.
 Yet Pallas crueltie is knowen,
 eak vice of gods abroad is blowen.
 Wherefore of force we must suppose,
 that this same Tomb doth here inclose
 Such one as euery state did staine:
 men, women, gods aloft that raigne.

Written vpon the graue of ANTON. PRAT.
 (chefe Chaunceler of FRANVCE) which
 was a grosse great Gorbely.

A GREAT MAN here engraued lyes.

Of Titus Liuius.

For Liue late a Tombe I gan ordaine,
 what meanest thou Apollo said, retrainē:
 Such maner things become the dead (q. he)
 but Liue liues, and still aliue shalbe.

To Cl. Marotus.

A Pelles learned hand, so fine
 did paint fair Venus Queene:
 That euery one suspold that he,
 had Venus betwō and seen.
 But woꝝkes of thine Marotus lewd,
 of Venus sauour so:
 That euery one sure deemēs, that thou
 dost all of Venus know.

A

FLOWERS

A present to Truchius and Dampetrus.

Firme fast vnbained faithfull frends,
 haue vld (and vse alway)
 Eache one the other to present
 with gifts on Newyeares day.
 A Custome Laudable it is,
 at euery newyeres tyde
 Old loue with gifts for to renew,
 that frendship fast may hyde.
 Now sith my Truchius trustie true
 thou takst me for thy frend:
 And sith my dere Dampetrus eke
 his likyng me doth Lend.
 (Accordyng vnto auncient guise)
 I send vnto you here
 A present small: and what though small?
 yet fit it shall appeare.
 You both are Poets: to you both
 I verses sende to beu:
 I verses send in token of
 the loue I bear to you.
 Pure loue hath linkt you both in one,
 and sith you soynded be:
 One gift to send vnto you both,
 it seemed best to mee.

Description of vertue.

What one art y thus in tozne weed yclad?
 Vertue, in pice of auncient sages had:
 Why

Why poorly raid? for fading goods past care:
 why double fault? I mark eche fortunes fare.
 This hydle what? minds rages to restraine,
 tooles why heer you? I loue to take great paine.
 Why wings? I teach aboute þ' skarres to flye,
 why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Against a maidenly man.

FO: to be married yesterdaie,
 To Churche a gallaunt setted gaie:
 His crisped locks wabde all behinde,
 His tongue did lifpe, his visage shinde.
 His rouyng eyes rolde to and fro,
 He silkynge fine did mincyng go:
 His lippes all painted semed sweete:
 When as the Priest came them to meete,
 (A plealaunt scoule, though nought of life)
 He askt of bothe whiche was the wise?

Of a Painter, and a Baker.

A Painter and a Baker stridde,
 whiche should the other passe
 To paint or bake, twirt them to iudge,
 A Priest ordained was.
 The Painter spake (quoth he) what so
 the hugg worlde containes,
 Or what so Nature woorkes, is wrought
 by Painters arte and paines.
 (Quoth Baker) this is more then that,
K Christ

FLOWVERS

Chyist whiche the woꝛlde did frame
 The Baker formes in figure fine,
 that all maie see the same.
 Quoth Painter then, thou makest Chyists,
 mennes bellies foꝛ to fill:
 Thy Chyistes are chyusht wth crasching teeth,
 my wooꝛke continues still.
 Quoth Baker then, what thou doest paint,
 doeth no man good in deede:
 What we doe foꝛme it serues as foode,
 the hungrie soule to feede.
 Quoth Painter, Bakers bake their Gods,
 mennes bellies foꝛ to fill:
 Quoth Baker Painters paint their Gods,
 foꝛ Woꝛmes to gnaw and spill.
 Then quoth the Judge, ho holla here,
 sufficient foꝛ this tyme:
 About this waightie thyng to braule,
 is sure an hainous crime.
 Bothe to your houses now departe,
 and still in peace agree:
 And Painter paint, and Baker bake,
 your gods to hyng to me.

A sportfull comparifon, betwene
 Poets and Papists.

L D here the cause to Francis, why
 Homerus I compare:

Lo

OF EPIGRAMS.

Lo here the cause wherefore I thinke,
 that Monkes like Poets are.
 Franciscus could not see one whit,
 and Homer he was blinde:
 Homerus he was blinde of sight,
 Franciscus blinde of minde.
 Franciscus was a begger bare,
 no bigger Homer was:
 Bare beggers bothe, their tyme thei did
 in merrie syngyng passe.
 Franciscusilde the woylde with lyes,
 lyes likewise Homer taught:
 Franciscus by his byetheren,
 Homer by bookes he wraught.
 In secret woods and glomie groues,
 first Poets led their liues:
 In dampishe dennes and desarts ded,
 Monks libde without their wiues.
 Eche toune with Monkes was pestered,
 when woods at last thei left:
 With Poets every cittie swarmed,
 thei could not thence be rest.
 Still Poets syng: and moppinne Monkes,
 syng likewise daie and night:
 And none so muche as thei them selues,
 doe in their songes delight.
 Eche Poet hath his wanton wenche,
 to dandle all the daie:

R.ii.

Fo2

FLOVVERS

For feare of failyng euery Nunke,
 hath sorowe to kepe hym plaie.
 The Poet laudes (and likes of life)
 full cuppes whiche flowe and swym:
 The Nunke if he his liker lacke,
 all goes not well with hym.
 The Poet with his luryng Lute,
 his Sonets syngeth Myll.
 The Nunke with pot fast by his side,
 his carrols chaunteth still.
 With diuers Furies bothe are best:
 the Poet beares a speare
 With Iuie deckt: the makyng Nunke
 a golden crosse doeth beare.
 The Poets crowne is dyest with Baies,
 and myrtle braunches haue:
 White shynyng shitten shauen crownes,
 the Popishe prelats haue.
 For fine, to Nunke giue Poetrie,
 to Poet giue the whood:
 And so thou shalt make bothe of them,
 right Nunkes, and Poets good.

Against stepdames.

A Striplyng went with scourge in hande,
 Whereas the portraiture did stande
 Of stepdame his: in rage anone
 He fell to beatyng of the stone.

The

The stone downe on hym tattereth,
 And vnto death hym battereth:
 Thou sonne in lawe take hede, and see
 To stepdame thyne, though dead she bee.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of Ihon
 Caluin, poorely and plainly
 entered at Geneua.

The terrour of the Romishe route,
 doeth lye engraued here:
 Whose losse all good men waile, of whom
 the wicked stooode in feare.
 Of whom euen Vertue saye her self,
 might vertue learne: now why
 So grossly graude doest reader aske
 doeth learned CALVIN lye?
 While Caluin liude, dame Modestie
 did hym associate still:
 And she her self here placed hym,
 when Death did Caluin kill.
 Blessed graue that doest enclose,
 a guest to godlie graue:
 Thou doest surpass the Marble tounbs
 and kynges sepulchers hjaue.

Againe vppon the death of
 Ihon Caluin.

While Caluin thou didst liue, aliuē
 I likewise lobd to be:

R.iii.

Ap

FLOWVERS

Ay me how I could like of life,
 to leaue now life with thee.
 My life I lothe, and yet I loue
 to liue, alone for this:
 That I may weep and waill for thee,
 whom I so loze do misse.
 Ah Beza liue to wepe and waile,
 to wepe and waile at full
 Caluinus Death, ah farewell friend,
 Adue, now ded and dull.
 Untill in sweet Celestiall coast,
 we bothe shall meet againe
 In teares, in teen, in mourning mone,
 shall dolefull Beze remaine.

Martino Luthero, antichristi Romani
 domitori Trophæum.

R Ome conquerd all the world, and Rome
 the Pope did conquer quight:
 Rome conquerd al by frollick force,
 the Pope by subtile flight.
 But Lerneed Luther Champion stoute,
 how far doth he both twayn
 Surmount, who with his seely pen
 to yeld doth both constraîne.
 Now go to Greece, brag til thou burst
 of stout Alcides thine:
 Naught is his battering club, compar'd
 to Luthers pen deuine.

THO-



THOMAS MORVS.

Of an Astrologer, *That was a Cuckold.*

THU the thou ayrie Prophet, all
the starres them selues do show:
And do declare what destinies,
al men shal haue belowe.
But no starres (though they al things se)
admonishe thee of this,
That thy wise doth with euery man,
behaue her selfe amisse.

Saturnus stands far of, men say
that he long since was blinde,
And scantly could discern a child
and from a stone him finde.
Fay? Luna goes with shamfast eye,
A virgin naught will see
But such thinges as beleme a maide,
and lightnes all will see.

Ioue to Europa gaue his hart:
To Mars did Venus cleaue:
And Mars agayne did Venus serue:
Sol would not Daphne leaue
His loue: and Mercury did call
to minde his Hyrce deer:
Hereof it comes to passe, oh thou

K.iiii.

vnwise

FLOWVERS

vnwise Astrologere,
 That when thy wife delighted is
 with lusty yonkers loue:
 Thereof do nothing notifie
 to thee the starres aboue.

Of Beuty. *Dilemma.*

In faith what beutie haue auaisles,
 at all I nothyng see:
 If thou be feruent, hot, each doud
 seemes sayre and fresh to thee:
 If thou be out of courage, cold,
 the loneliest lothsum be:
 In faith what betwixt haue auaisles,
 at all I nothyng see.

Against Wiuyng.

A Misery to marry still,
 thus euery one doth say:
 Thus say they all, yet wittingly
 we wiuyng see each day.
 Yea though one bury lixe, yet he
 from wiuyng will not scape.

Againe of wiues.

Greekes greuous wiues are vnto men,
 yet gladsome shall we finde them
 And louyng: if so leuyng vs,
 they leaue their goods behind them.

And

Of a Picture liuely described.

Swell this table doth expelle,
the countenance of thee:
As sure it seemes no table, but
a glasse thy selfe to see.

Of a Niggard departing this life.

Rich Chrysalus at point of death,
doth mozne, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he so loth
to leaue his life and dye.
Not for because he dyes, he cryes,
his death he doth not force:
This cuttes, his graue must cost a groate,
to throwde his carrin coise.

The difference betwene a King and
a Tyrant.

Betwene a Tyrant and a Kyng,
would you the difference haue?
The Kyng each Subject counts his child,
the Tyrant each his slaue.

A Tyrant in slepe, naught differeth from
a common person.

Do therefore swell and pout with pride,
and rear thy snout on hie:
Because the crowd doth crouch and couch,
whereto thou comest by?

K. v. because

FLOWERS

Because the people bonnetles
 befoze thee still do stand?
 Because the life and death doth lye
 of diuers in thy hand?
 But when that diouisie sleepe of thee,
 hath euery part possest:
 Tell then where is thy pompe and pryde,
 thy pozte and all the rest?
 Then knyting lozzell as thou art,
 then lyeest thou like a block:
 Or as a carrion corpes late dead,
 as sencelesse as a stock.
 And if it were not that thou wert,
 clovd vp in walles of stone
 And fenced round, thy life would be
 in hands of euery one.

Of a good Prince and an euill.

A Good prince what? the dog that keepes
 his stocke aye safe in reste,
 And hunts the Wolfe awaie: an ill?
 hym self the rauenyng beaste.

Of a Theef and a Lawier.

A Theef ycleped Clepticus,
 that did from one purloine:
 Fearyng to be condemde, a pace
 his Lawier sed with coine.
 When Lawier his had turnd his bookes,
 and

and red bothe night and daie:
 He hoopt he tolde hym he should scape,
 if he could run his waife.

A ridiculous pranke of a Priest.

A Certaine guest the goblet clenзде
 from flies, befoze he dranke:
 And hauyng drunke, he caste againe
 the flies in goblet franke.
 And tolde the cause why so he did,
 no flies quoth he loue I:
 But whether you them loue oꝝ not,
 I can not saie perdie.

Of a waterspaniell.

A Dog that had a Ducke in mouthe,
 an other gapt to catche:
 So losse he that he had, and that
 whereafter he did snatche.
 The churlishe chuffe that hath enough,
 and sekes an others pelfe:
 Doeth ostentymes, and woꝝthely,
 lose that he hath hym self.

A Cur by a crib, a couetous miser.

The cur that couchyng kepes the crib,
 hym self doeth eate no Haie:
 He letts the hungrie horse, that saine
 thereon would feede and praise.

The

FLOWVERS

The Carle (like to the cruell Cur)
that plentie hath of pelfe:
Imparts no parte to other men,
noz spends vpon hym self.

Of a Beggar, bearyng hym
self for a Phisition.

YDu Medicus your self doe terme,
but moze you are laie I:
Mendicus. **O**ne letter moze then Medicus,
your name it hath perdy.

Of a dishonest wife.

OF children fruitfull, fruitfull, is
Aratus wise perdie:
For children thre she brought hym forth
and wich hym did not lye.

To one whose wife was
naught at home.

AT home a naughtie wife thou hast,
if towards her thou be curst,
Then worse is she: if curtuous,
of all then is she worst.
Good will she bee if so she dye,
but better if she dye,
And thou curuise: but best of all,
if hence in halte she lye.

Of Tyndarus.

Q

A Wight whose name was Tyndar, would
 haue kiss a pretie lasse:
 Her nose was long: (and Tyndar he
 a flouryng fellowe was.)
 Wherefore vnto her thus he saied,
 I can not kisse you, sweete:
 Your nose stands out so farre, that sure
 our lippes can neuer meete.
 The maiden nipt thus by the nose,
 straight blusht as red as fire:
 and with his girde displeas'd, thus
 she spake to hym in ire.
 Quoth she, if that my nose doe let
 your lippes from killyng myne:
 You there maie kisse me where that I,
 haue neither nose nor eyne.

To Sabinus : whose wife con-
 ceiu'd in his absence.

A P helpe and comfört to thy life,
 and to the age of thyne:
 A goodly childe is boꝛne to thee,
 haste hye thee home Sabine.
 Haste hye thee home to see thy wife,
 the fruitfull wife of thine:
 And eke thy blessed newe boꝛne babe,
 haste hye thee home Sabine.
 Haste hye thee home in poste poste haste,
thou

FLOWVERS

thou wilt be there in tyme:
 Although thou hve thee nere so faste,
 halte hve thee home Sabine.
 Thy wife doeth lve and long for thee,
 thy hat doeth hvaule and whine:
 Bothe thinke thou tarriest ouer long,
 halte hve thee home Sabine.
 Thou canst not be vntwelcome home,
 when that a child of thine
 Is borne, nare gotten to thy hands,
 halte hie thee home Sabine.
 Haste haste I saie that yet at lest,
 at sacred Fant deuine
 Thou maiest see dipt thy dillyng desire,
 halte hve thee home Sabine.

Of Fuscus a drunkerd.

A certaine man in phisicke skild,
 to F. spake in this wise:
 F. dvinke not ouermuch (take heed)
 for dvinke will loose your eyes.
 He pauld vppon this sentence giuen,
 and pondered what was spoke:
 And when he had bethought hym, thus
 at last his mind he broke.
 I will by dvinckyng loose myne eyes
 quoth he, tis better so
 Then for to keepe them for the worms
 to gnaw them out below.

Of

Of a Kyng and a Clowne.

A Clowne in forrest fostered vp,
 the Citty came to see:
 Then forrest Faune, or Satyre wood,
 more homely rude was he.
 Muche people all the streates about,
 together thicke did throng:
 And nothing but the kyng doth come,
 they cried the street along.
 The seely rustick halfe amazd,
 to heare so straunge a crie:
 Muche muzd, and tarried there to see,
 what should he ment therby.
 At last vppon a sodaine comes,
 the kyng with sumptuous train:
 All haue bedeckt with glitteryng gold,
 he gorgeous did remaine
 On comely courser hoisted hie:
 now euery where the croude
 With strained throates God saue the kyng
 they crie, and crie alowde.
 The king, the king, O where is he,
 the Clowne, began to crie:
 (Quoth one) with finger pointed out
 lo where he sits on hye.
 Tush that is not the kyng quoth he,
 thou art deceued quight:

That

FLOWERS

That seemeth but a man to mee,
in painted besture dight.

Of an vnlearned Bishop.

The Letter killes, the Letter killes,
thus alwaies dost thou crie:
And nothyng saue the letter killes,
thou hast in mouth perdie.
But thou hast well prouided, that
no Letter thee shall kill:
For thou dost know no Letter, thou
in Letters hast no skill.

To one light minded.

If that thou wert as light of foot,
as thou art light of mynd:
Thou wouldst outrun the lightest Hare
and make hym come behind.

A Iest of a Iackbragger.

A Country clownish Coridon,
did vñe abroad to come:
And kept a bragging Thrafos wife,
while he was gone from home.
When as the Souldier was returnd,
and heard this of the Clowne:
He stamp and stard, and swore gogs nownes,
He beat the billen downe.
And went well weponed into feeld,

to

to seeke his fellow out:
 At last by chaunce he did hym finde,
 raingyng the feeld about.
 Ho sirra said the soldier, stay:
 you rascal bilien vile
 I must you hob: the clowne did stay,
 and tooke by stones and Tyle.
 Shaking his sword the souldier sayd,
 you slaue you blde my wife:
 I did so said the clowne, what then?
 I loue her as my life.
 Doe you then confesse said he?
 (by all the gods I swere)
 If thou hadst not confest the fact,
 it should haue cost thee deue.

Against a Parasite.

When Eutiches doth run a race,
 he seemes to stand perdy:
 But when he runnes vnto a feast,
 then sure he seemes to flye.

Against Chelonus.

Why dost thou loth Chelonus so,
 the name of lumpish alle?
 The learned Lucius Appuley,
 an alle he sometyme was.
 But thou dost differ muche from hym,
 (he had a learned head)

L He

FLOWERS

He was a golden asse perdy,
 thou art an asse of Lead.
 A manly mynd, and body of
 an asse he had, we finde:
 But thou a manlike body hast:
 a doltishe asselike minde.

Of Sleep. The sentence of Aristotle

Halfe of our life is spent in sleape:
 in sleepe no difference is
 Betweene the wealthy wight, and hym
 that welth doth want and misse.
 Now Cræsus thou riche caitiffe king,
 though huge thy substance were:
 Yet Irus pooze in halfe his life,
 did like to thee appeere.

Desire of Dominion.

Amongest many kings,
 skant one king shall you see
 Content with kingdome one alone,
 skant one, if one there be.
 Amongest many kings,
 skant one king shall you see
 That rules one onely kingdome right,
 skant one, if one there be.

Remedies, to take away a stinkyng breath
 occasioned by fundry meates.

To kill the stink of lothsom leekes,
 thou must cranch Dynions fast:

¶

If thou wilt not of Dynions stinke,
 eate Garlike strong in tast.
 If after thou of Garlike strong,
 the saour wilt expell:
 A Mard is sure the onely meane,
 to put away the smell.



IO. IOVIANVS PONTANVS.

Vppon the graue of a Begger.

While as I lyud no house I had,
 now ded I haue a graue:
 In life I liude in lothsome lacke,
 now dead I nothyng craue.
 In life I liude an exile pooze,
 now death byngs rest to me.
 In life pooze naked soule vnclad,
 now clad in cloddes ye see.

Vpon the Toumbe of Lucretia the
 daughter of Alexander. 6.

Here lies Lucretia chaste by name,
 but Thais lewde by life:
 Who was to Alexander Pope
 bothe daughter, and his wife.

Of the infelcitie of Louers.

The Grasshopper in meadowes greene,
 among the fragrant flowers:

L.ii.

With

FLOWERS

With chirpyng chearfull chitteryng thill,
 doeth passe the tedious howers.
 And glads the goodly garnisht groues,
 with laies and merrie tunes:
 And lumberyng vnder dewie grasse,
 the gladles night consumes.
 She syngyng dies, and neuer feeles
 the smart of Parcas knife:
 In swete and heavenly harmonie,
 she leads and leues her life.
 O blest in life, and blest in death:
 but me aye me alas:
 Bothe daie & night through girt with greef,
 my daies in dole I passe.
 In Winter sharpe, in froste and snowe,
 (a crooked caitiffe old)
 I lye and crie befoze her doozes,
 quight curldde almoste with cold.
 Againe in Sommer cingyng hotte,
 when Phebus fierce doeth raigne:
 Dooze selie soule befoze her doozes,
 I (grouelyng) grone and plaine.
 I burne in loue, age weares me out,
 no daie I finde releef,
 No night I rest: but daie and night
 still gript with gromyng greef.
 Aye wretched are the yonge in loue,
 thysse wretched lounyng liues:

The

The Grasshopper still happie liues,
oh Cupids frantick fires.



GASPAR VRSINVS.

Of Thelesina.

S Elde Thelesina doeth frequent
the Temples of the Priests:
And when she comes, she neuer but
a pillng while peracts.
Wouldst knowe the cause why Ponticus,
abroade she doeth not come?
It is her vlc these hauelyngs still,
with her to haue at home.



ANTONIVS GOVEANVS.

Of Briandus Vallius.

When rumblyng thuder thumps are heard in C^{ELLERS}
to saue hymself, all fearfull Vallius flies
Downe to some celler (where hymself he hides)
he thynkes in cellers neuer God abides.

A pretie prancke of a modest mayden.

One Furius would haue kist a maide:
she squaimish did appeare

L.iii. And

FLOWERS

And in a fume gaue *Furius*,
 a whirret on the eare.
 And therewith saied, goe kisse your hande,
 to kisse if you delite:
 Bothe hands and lippes are fleshe alike,
 and bothe alike are white.

Of a Mounke.

A Sort of theeues had caught a Monke,
 whereas thei robde in woode:
 Thei had hym preache, or yelde his purse,
 in place whereas he stode.
 The Monke did yelde hymself to preache,
 (he durst not disobaie:)
 The theeues were silent hush, and thus
 the Monke began to saie.
 The liues, the labours eke of theeues,
 I must commende perdie:
 The toile thei take, by lande and lake,
 doth leade to loffie lkie:
 For *Christ* hym self by lande and sea,
 did trauell farre and nere:
 And neuer rested in one place,
 as doeth by bookes appeere.
 So you my maisters roue and range
 abroade from place to place:
 Still still you walke your stations,
 not resting any space.

Christ

Christ neuer plowde the clottedd soile,
 nor vled seede to sowe:
 Yet did he liue, and lacked naught:
 you liue, and lacke you? no:
 What more vnto you shuld I saie?
 to iudgement brought was he:
 And he condemned was to death,
 so likewise you shall be.
 Christ likewise he was fixt on crosse,
 and hangde in sight of all:
 And thinke you, you shall not be hangde?
 yes trust to it, you shall.
 Among the goblins blacke of hell,
 descended Christ belowe:
 And you emong the grisly fiends,
 to hell must likewise goe.
 Christ beyng thence returnde againe,
 on Gods right hande doeth sitte:
 But you shall neuer thence returne,
 once plungde in Plutos pitte.

To Andreas Goueanus his brother.

I Brother, caught an Hare: }
 He sell to your share: }
 Who caught this Hare declare? }

Againe.

I Brother caught an Hare:
 it sell to your lot

L.iiii.

To

FLOVVERS

To eate hym : so an Hare I losse,
and so an Hare I got.

To Zebedeus.

NE woords of men, noꝝ yet
the Senators decree:
Can make thee laie awaie thy beard,
so faice it seemes to thee.
The man whose beard hym noble makes,
he is not noble, he:
But who his beard nobilitates,
he noble seemes to mee.



CLAVDIVS ROSELETTVS.

A Lute of fir tree.

Iⁿ Forrest when I liud,
I had no sound noꝝ voyce:
But made a Lute (with siluet sound)
mens hartes I do reioyce.

Against womens lightnes.

The Plume, the Pumice stone, the ayre,
in lightnes doe surpasse:
The Plume, the Pumice stone, the ayre,
in lightnes women passe.

To Syluius, a louely lad but lewdly liued.

Iⁿ all thy body bewty shines,
thy forhed shineth fair:

Thy

Thy mouth doth shine, thy nose, thy chin,
 thy glistering golden hayre.
 But Syluius (as a stinkyng sinke)
 thy hest is soule within:
 Thy mynd is spotted, spatted, spilt,
 thy soule is soyld with sinne.
 Ah painted Toomb stufte full of stinke:
 moze lothsum nought we finde
 Than he that faire hath all thinges, saue
 his manners and his mynd.

The Back.

She skirring flittereth as a byrd,
 and as a beast she goth
 Foucfooted, and yet nether she
 is counted of them both.
 She feedes & breedes her yong with milke,
 she layes ne hatches eggs:
 Blacke lether wings, and teeth she hath,
 twoo lipps, and also leggs.

To a towardly yong man.

Although the roote of Vertue seeme
 bitter to thee in taste,
 Yet doe not spit it out, the scute
 shall pleasant be at last.

To a certaine Barber.

If but to shaue my beard (alone)
 I Peter sent for thee:

L. b.

Together

FLOWVERS

Together both of purse and herd,
why hast thou shauen mee?

Against a Churle or thankles perfon.

A Cuntry wight with pittie prickt,
(as wyters earst haue told)
Tooke vp a Snake rakt vp in snow,
quight curld almost with cold,
And plast hym in his bosom warme:
againe to life once brought,
He strikes and stings the man to death,
that for hym so had wrought.
Unthankfull as thou art, euen so
thy frend thou dost requite:
Thou gibst hym for a Pearch receabd,
a Scorpion that doth bite.

To a Theef.

Thy feete are slow, thy speach is slow,
thy mynd and all is slow:
But sure thy hands to filche and steal,
they be not slow I knowe.
When as thy filchyng fingers falle,
to pick thou doth prepare:
Remember still what punishments
for theeues ordayned are.

An Epitaphe, of an excellent Shipma-
ster, or Pilote.

Neptune

NEptune on Sea, gaue luck to thee:
 Mars made thee strong on land to be.
 Now ioye thou hast (with Ioue on hye)
 aboute the glistering golden skye.
 Great once wast thou on sea and land,
 now great in heuen where starres do stand.



CLAVDIVS CLAVDIANVS.

Of a Bore, and a Lion.

The cruell Bore and Lyon curst,
 together fierce did fight:
 The Bore of hystles bragd, in maine
 did lye the Lions might.
 Mars one, the other Cibel laudes,
 fighting in bloudie hostle:
 Bothe kept on Mountaines, bothe wer foild
 by Hercules his toyle.

Of a poore man in loue.

ME pinchyng penurie doeth paine,
 and Cupid wounds my harte:
 I hunger can abide, but not
 of loue the bitter smarte.
 I liue and lacke: I liue and loue:
 want doeth men loye annoye:
 But loyer muche the frantick flames,
 of Cupid blinded hoie.

IACO-



IACOBVS ROGERIVS.

Vnder Hercules painted
spinningg.



What bynges not loue to passe?
What doeth not loue constraine?
It cauld stoute Hercules to spinne,
by whom were monsters slaine.

Against the riche vnlearned,
out of Laertius.

What tyme Diogines, a dolte
in purple did beholde:
I see (saied he) a selie shepe,
in fell and fleece of golde.

Of three Grecians, writers of Tragedies.

Three Grecian Poets tragicall,
did leaue their liues and dye
Moste straungely, as the stozies of
the Grecians tellise.

The firste ycleped Sophocles,
(as wyters lundye saie)
Was chockt with kurnell of a grape,
that in his thyoate did saie.

Euripides the seconde (that
from women did restraine)

By

By curled hap with cruell cures,
 was all to toyne and flaine.
 Now Æschilus the thirde and laste,
 an Eagle from an hye
 Let fall a shell vpon his pate,
 whiche kilde hym by and by.



GEORGIVS BVCHANA-

NVS SCOTVS.

Of Rome.

I Nothyng mule a Shepheard doeth,
 in Rome the scepter holde:
 Sith that a Shepheard built the same,
 (as sundrie bookes haue tolde)
 And sith the founder of the same,
 with Wouluiste milke was fedde:
 I maruell nothyng I at all,
 though Rome of Woulues be spedde.
 But this me thinketh wondrous straunge,
 that safe a flocke should rest
 In Rome w rauenyng murdyng woulues,
 and neuer be opprest.

Against Pope Pius.

POpe Pius heauen for money solde:
 Death will not let hym staie,

In

FLOVVERS

In yearth: then needes to hell belowe,
 Pope P. must take his waie.

Fratres EXTRA MVNDVM.

These Omnia Munda doe defile,
 with finger, taile, and tong:

In Mundo merito thei case,
 thei dwell not men among.



H. S T E P H A N V S.

Of Auctus, a swilbole.

A Lone to taste, by Auctus quast
 a hole with wine full craught:
 He was he yet content with this,
 but askt an other draught.

The goblet was not washt, he saied,
 and had them fill againe:

Whiche doen, he drinks a freshe, and lets
 no drop behinde remaine.

Now that so muche he doeth require,
 alone to taste and trie:

How muche trowe you will he desire,
 attacht with thirst and drie?

Of the booke whiche Vincentius Obso-
 pæus wrote of the feat of drinkyng.

Why doest the Germans teache that arte,
 in whiche thei skilfull bee?

Why

Why are so many Doctors, tell,
 made Schollers vnto thee?
 Gul, bib, and bole, caroule, and quaffe,
 eche can in Germany:
 Thou shouldst haue taught thē (rather then)
 the waie how to be drie.

Of Aulus.

What Aulus doeth I doe not aske:
 but whether of these twoo:
 Dꝛinke, oꝛ slepe, foꝛ nothyng els
 doeth Aulus vse to doe.

Of Marcus.

Thou slepe his surfet vile awaie,
 Marke sleepes out lightly halfe the daie.
 Some men (the cause that did not knowe)
 Did aske hym why he slept so.
 Quoth he, why doeth not Dauid saie?
 Tis banitie to rise ere daie.

To Ancus.

Thou drunken faindest thy self of late:
 thou thre daies after slept:
 How wilt thou slepe (with drinke in deede)
 when thou art througely pepst?

To a certaine drunkarde.

Who termde thee drunkard, termde thee ill:
 Whoꝛe drunke art thou, then drunkard still.
 Of

FLOVVERS

Of Aulus.

Looke when moſte ſober Aulus is,
moſte drunke is Aulus he.
Againe vnleſſe that he be drunke,
he ſober can not be.
Foz ſober ſtill he braules and braies,
he teares, and on he takes:
And like a bedlem beaſt, bothe lande
and ſea together ſhakes.
But when that he hath quafte his fill,
no coile at all he keepes:
But caſts hymſelf vpon his couche,
and (ſnoꝝtynꝝ) ſoundly ſleepes.

An Epitaphe, of a notorious
drunkard.

The corps clapt faſt in clotted claiſe,
that here engraude doeth lye:
On death-bedde ſwore, in all his life
that he but once was drie.
And (ſurely) thou mayſt credite hym
foz that whiche he did ſaie:
Foz all the while his life did laſt,
he thirſtie was alwaie.

To Pontifer.

A Springall thou (in prime of yeres)
a heldame old doelt wedde:

¶

A toothlesse, tough, old Mumphima,
 with quueryng palsey spedde.
 Thou thoughtst thy pelfe and poked pence,
 by this deuice to spare:
 Thou thoughtst a maide would eate to much
 and make thy bouget bare.
 Thou art deceiude: by this deuise
 naught shalt thou laue: I thinke
 Young maides thei will not eate so muche,
 as aged trotts will dvinke.

Of a Iade most vile and pestilent.

HArde yon spurres no more esteemes,
 this dull and blockishe Iade:
 Then spurres of woole, or silken spurres,
 as softe as can be made.

Againe.

This Iade doeth seme no more to feele,
 the prickyng of a spurre:
 Then doeth a stone, or member dedde,
 the whiche maie nothyng sturre.

Againe.

The spurre that cuttes and gores the guts
 no more doeth he regard:
 Then sturdie stith, where beates the Smith,
 the batteryng hammer harde.

Againe.

¶ By

FLOVVERS

Bickynge spurre doest seke to sturre
 thy seeede that will not stere:
 Thou goest about to tell a tale,
 to hym that can not heare.

Againe.

Spare spare to spurre it nought auaisles:
 Spurres serue for other hoyle:
 Kicke, picke, spurne, spur : pinche, pūch and
 thou shalt not stirre a coyle. (panche

Againe.

This blockishe beaste, as sone as he
 of any man is spide:
 Straitwaies he saieth, behold an Ass,
 trust vp in hoyses hide.

Againe.

Slowly goes this mopishe Jade,
 (whereon you vse to ride)
 As hard and skant of Linx hym self,
 his mouyng maie be spide.

Againe.

If sluggishe sloth had euet sonne oz child:
 This same is he, vnlesse I be beguild.

Againe.

Euen looke how muche the Harte excelles
 the Ass to runne a race:

So

So muche this horse of euery horse
beside is paste in pace.

Againe.

HE seemes as he were still a slepe:
it maie be so he sleepes
As doeth the Hare, who sleepyng still,
his eyes brode open kepes.

Againe.

Cut out this cursed Cabals cods
betyme, if you doe well:
What will his offspring be, but euen
a very plague of hell.

Againe.

What shall we do with this same beast?
how shall we ble hym, tell?
Hym serue as Flaecus alle was serud,
and so you serue hym well.



OUT OF THE POEMES
OF M. GVALTER HADDON.

The way to liue well.

If thou wilt leade a godly life,
and not from vertue swerue:
Be wary wise, and alwaies these
five thinges in minde obserue.

¶.ii.

Remem-

FLOWERS

- 1 Remember first the Lorde thy God,
whiche thee of nought did make:
 - 2 Next mind thou Sathan serpent nye,
that seekes thy soule to take.
 - 3 Next mind the shortnes of this life,
that fadeth like a flower:
 - 4 Next mynd thy graue, continually
which galpes thee to deuour.
 - 5 Next mind thou gladcome Joyes of heauen:
 - 6 next lastyng plagues of hell:
- And so an ende : minde these, and thou
canst neuer liue but well.

Precepts of wedlocke.

The husbands requests.

My wife, if thou regard mine ease:
Praye to the Lord : hym praise & please.
Displeas not mee (for any thyng)
Care how thy children bp to bring:
Let still thyne house be neat and fine:
Alwaies prouide for children thine:
Be merry, but with modestie,
Lest some men blame thine honestie:
Let manners thine be pleasant still:
With Iackes yet doe not play the gyll.
Go in thy garments soberly,
Let no spot be thereon to spie.
Be merry when that I am merry:

When

When I towe, sing not thou Hey derry.
 The man that lyked is of mee,
 Let hym likewise be likt of thee.
 That which I say in company,
 See thou reuell not openly.
 If ought I speake that likes not thee,
 Thereof in secret monish mee.
 What so in secret I thee tell
 Reueale not, but conceale it well. (warne
 Thinke not straunge Wines doe make mee
 When I thee hurt, shew mee thy harme.
 Confesse when so thou dost offend:
 Chide not to bedward when we wend,
 Sleep lightly: rise betyme, and praye:
 When thou art drest, to woork away.
 Beleue not all thing that is saide:
 Speake little (as belemes a mayde)
 In presence mine dispute thou not:
 Reply not: that must be forgot.
 The honest do associate still:
 Loth luyng with the lewd and ill.
 Let lewdnes none thy life affoord:
 Be alwaies true of tongue and woord:
 Let shamefastnes thy mistres bee:
 Do these, and wise come cull with mee.

The wiues aunfwere.

Husband, if thou wilt pure appeare,
 (Euen as thy self) then holde mee deat.

D.iii.

So

FLOWERS

So shalt thou please Iehoue deuine,
 So shalt thou make mee noyrishe mine.
 See that our house wherein we dwell
 Be hantsome, holsome, walled well.
 And let vs haue what vse requires:
 Make seruantes sweate at woozke, not fires.
 See that thy speech be mild and meeke.
 Of froward frumps be still to seeke.
 If thou wilt haue mee do for thee,
 Then see thou likewise do for mee.
 If thou on thy friends do bestowe,
 Be liberall to my friends also,
 For seruantes thine keepe tauntyngs tart,
 Admonishe gently mee aparte.
 And when in sport some tyme I spend,
 Do thou not sharply reprehend.
 And when I ioy with thee to iest,
 In angrie moode, do not molest.
 'Tis not enuffe, that I loue thee:
 But sometime thou must make of mee.
 If I shall not of thee be ielowes,
 See thou cleaue not to many fellowes.
 Though thou hast toyled out the daye
 At night be merry yet alwaye.
 We neuer muche abroad to come:
 But still keepe close with mee at home.
 Thou saidst muche, when thou wast an woer,
 Now (we are coupled) be a doer.

Penelo-

Penelope if I shalbe,
Then he Vlisses vnto me.

Desire not to obtaine, that whiche thou
canst not gaine.

HE that will choole a wretch to be,
A very wretche indeed is he:
Then he that goods desires to gaine
Which by no meanes he may obtaine
A very wretch inderde is he:
For he doth choole a wretche to be.

BY VERTVE NOT VIGOVR.

Winne euen the wayward Vertue will,
and Vertue maketh willyng still.
Force furious somyng fighteth fearce:
But Vertue doth with reson pearce.
In body Force his seate doth finde,
Vertue triumpheth still in minde.
Force maketh men like beastes to be,
But Vertue maketh men we see.
Wherefoze rude boysterous Force fare well,
For Vertue hzaue shall beare the bell.
Let Force to Vertue bow and bend:
O Mistres on the Mayde attende.

How euery age is enclined.

The Babe (denoyde of wit and sence)
In Cradle still doth crye:

¶.iiii.

The

FLOWVERS

The Lad by lightnes lewd doth loose
his tyme, and runnes awrye.

From 12. to 21. Youth
runnes rashly on his race:

The Lustie Youth to lawles luste
and riot runnes apace.

The Man still hunts for honours hie:
the Senior serious seekes
For wealth and coyne : glad when into
his pygged purse he peeke.

A noble dame : *I hide her name.*

FOr visage thou art Venus right:
Pallas for flowing haire:

To finger fine the Harp or Lute
Apollo thou dost staine.

Mercurius rules thy filed speache,
thy manners Cynthia chast:

A gallant goddesse : Iuno meet
with Ioue for to be plast.

Of the Queenes Picture.

O Witty great alas to see,
that Vertue shynng so
With Bewtie haue, must forced be
at last away to go.

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, som-
tyme Archbishop of Canterbury.

Well

Well learned, and well liued too,
 good Cranmer wast thou sure:
 Faire lucky times and lowlyng both,
 God made thee to endure.

Of his owne picture.

(F)Dole as thou art) what dost thou mean,
 thy fadyng forme to drawe?
 A newe face, or els no face, thou
 shalt haue to morrow, daw.

Of the picture of the most excel-
 lent Dame A. H.

FOr prudence, a precious pearle:
 for face, a famous dame:
 In fine this peece in euery pointe,
 deserueth laude and fame.

To his Bed.

M^y bed, the rest of all my cares,
 the ende of toilyng paine:
 Whiche byngest ease and sollace sweete,
 while darknesse doeth remaine.
 My bedde, yelde to me slumber swete,
 and tridyng dreames repell:
 Cause carkyng care from lobbyng breast
 to part, where it doeth dwell.
 All mockeries of this wretched woylde,
 put cleane from out my mynde:
 Doe these my bedde: and then by thee,
 M.v. muche

FLOWVERS

muche comfort shall I finde.

An Aunswere.

That I maie be a rest of cares,
 an ende of toplyng paine:
 See stomacke thyne be not surchargde,
 when slepe thou wouldest gaine.
 If sugred slepe (deuouide of dreames)
 thou likest to enioye:
 Then liue with little: and beware,
 no cares thy hedde anoye.
 And lastly deme thy fetthered hedde,
 alwaies thy gualpyng graue:
 So rest by me thou shalt obtaine,
 and eke muche comfort haue.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of Sir

I H O N C H E K E.

The maister of good maners milde,
 the glisteryng lampe of skill:
 Dame Natures golden workehouse rare,
 now death hath rid from ill.
 Ah noble sir Ihon Cheke is dedde,
 whiche stedfast still did stande
 Not one to many, but to all:
 the lanterne of this lande.
 The gem of this our Englishe soile:
 fell death that riddeth all
 So riche a iewell neuer tooke,
 noꝝ take hereafter shall.

I H O N



I HON PARKHVRST,
late Bifhop of NORWICH.

To the Reader.

W*Hē reader thou doeſt read this booke,
With frownyng forhed doe not looke:
For Cato curſte, nor Curius,
Nor frownyng ſowre Heraclitus,
Theſe are not made: but if thei bende
Their eyes to ſee what here is pende:
Suche toys thei ſhall bee ſure to finde
As will refreſhe the meſtfull minde.*

To Torpetus.

T*hy wife Torpetus byngs thee naught:
Thou muſeſt what ſhould let:
Muſe not: how cā ſhe byng thee aught
When thou canſt naught beget.*

An Epitaph vpon the death of a
Couetous Miſer.

A*n yearthly wight in yearth,
I ſtudied yearthly thyngs:
Euen like a Holditwarpe,
to yearth whiche alwaies clings.
Now yearthly bodie myne,*

in

FLOWERS

in yearth with woymes doeth hide:
 But synfull soule (alas)
 to Limbo doune doeth slide.
 Waifarer hence departe,
 take heede, be warnde by me:
 Remember heauenly thyngs,
 caste yearthly thyngs from thee.

Of Robin Bartlet fallyng into the
 handes of Theues.

BArtlet a pleasaunt scone, whose mirth
 all men did muche delight:
 Ridyng towarde London on a tyme,
 amongst Theues did light.
 When thei had robde hym of his coine,
 quoth one (among the reste)
 My maisters let vs cutte his throte,
 for feare we be expreste.
 Then Bartlet aunswered pleasauntly,
 (nais doe not serue me so)
 My maisters if you cutte my throte,
 how shall my drinke doune go.
 At this the Theues gan laugh apace,
 and from hym went their waie:
 So sillie Bartlet saude his life,
 although his purse did paie.

Against Battus, an euell
 Singer.

While

While Battus synges, he would be thought
 suche one as well could doe:
 So would the birde that Cucko cries:
 so would the Nightcrowe to.

To Ihon Foxe.

Sith that thy life is spotlesse pure,
 deuoid of fraude and blame:
 I maruell why of craftie Foxe,
 my Foxe thou hadst the name.

Of an old trot Persephone, and
 Pyllo a yongster.

Persephone a heldame, hath
 an house wherein to dwell:
 Pong Pyllo needs must marrie her,
 he saies he loues her well.
 Now Pyllo she doeth like of life,
 and he doeth let greate stoz
 By her faire house: what weds he her?
 no sure: her house therefore.

To Marcellinus.

Sometyme thou wilt haue wealth
 to ble: and sometyme not.
 Sure either thou art to muche wise,
 or els to muche a sot.

Against Bossus, a Prieste.

¶

FLOWVERS

W^E must not touche a woman, we,
 thus Boffus still doeth saie:
 We must continually (saieyth he)
 serue God bothe night and daie.
 But Boffus by his leaue doeth lye:
 thei tzuuche and tzuuche againe:
 Or els somany baldpate pzielts,
 could neuer fires remaine.

Of Lupercus.

A Fruitfull wenche God sende me, saied
 Lupercus when I wedde:
 I hate (saied he) these barren dames,
 that neuer will be spedde.
 He married Frances at the last,
 and so he had his prater:
 The next daie after thei were linkt,
 he brought hym forth a paire.

Of Molzus that caste his
 wife into the Sea.

W^Hat tyme a troublous tempest rose,
 and tost the tumblyng Seas:
 Eche one threwe in his heuieft stuffe,
 the loaded barke to ease.
 But Molzus (one among the rest)
 caste in his wife, and saied,
 Naught heauier than a kholdyng wife,
 I deme there can be wated.

Of

Of Lollus and Cæciliana, man and wife.

Seldome doth Lollus dyne at home,
and not against his will:

And that he seld may dine at home,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Seldome doth Lollus sup at home,
and not against his will:

And that he seld may sup at home,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Seldome doth Lollus sleepe at home,
and not against his will:

And that he seld may sleepe at home,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Seldome speakes Lollus with his wife,
and not against his will:

And that he may but seldome speake,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Seldome doth Lollus kisse his wife,
and not against his will:

And that he may but seld her kisse,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Seldome lyes Lollus with his wife,
and not against his will:

And that he may seld lye with her,
Cæcilian witheth still.

Lollus doth loue anothers wife,
and not against his will:

And

FLOWVERS

And for to haue another man
Cæcilian wisheth still.
What a passyng concord is,
betwene this man and wife?
What so the one of them doth loue,
the other likes of life.

To Sixtus.

A fair wife thou hast married, this
doth please thee Sixtus well:
A shew thou married hast, doth this
well please the Sixtus, tell?

Of a certain Duke, and Robin Bartlet.

A Certain Duke with Bartlet chaste,
said, leaue you knaue to scoffe
And mend your manners, or I sweare,
thy head shalbe cut of.
Quoth Bartlet, God forbid, that were
to me vnhappy hap:
If that my head were gone (quoth he)
where should I set my cap.
At this the Duke gan laugh a pace,
and set his hart at rest:
Thus all the boile and anger great,
was turned to a Jest.

To Alexander Nowell.

Great Alexander all the world
did in subiection byinge:

Rude

Rude barbarous people thou dost tame:
thou dost a greater thing.

To Candidus.

POze Proclus Martha tooke to wife,
of lofty Linnage he:
She was not Candidus his wife,
but mistres his perdie.

Of certaine faire maydens plaiyng
with Snowe.

YDu virgins fairer then the Snowe
wherwith you sport and play:
The Snowe is white, and you are bright,
now marke what I shall say.
The Snowe betwene your fingers fades
and melterh quight away:
So glisteryng gleames of betoties blaze
in time shall sone decay.

To Hallus.

HAllus thine aking tooth makes thee
that thou canst rest no night:
With good tongue (Hallus) licke thy tooth
and paine will vanishe quight.

In quendam.

Thou likst ill men, ill men thee laude.
So Mules of mules are scrypt and clawd.
N To

FLOVVERS

To a certayne Draper.

MEn many Draper deeme,
thou dost abound with stooze:
Thy Nose is precious, full of pearles,
Draper, canst thou bee pooze?

Against Boffus.

ALl Priests must gelded be,
thus laist thou Boffus still:
They must be gelded sure thou laist,
the scripture so doth will.
If Boffus thou hadst gealt thy selfe,
and stoncs of thine cut out:
So many halsterd hys of thine,
had not bene bozne about.

Of Attus.

If Attus face thou doe beholde,
a good man he will seeme:
But if thou doe beholde the rest,
ill then thou wilt him deeme.

To papisticall Prelats.

Why doubt you dottrell priests as yet,
chaste honest wines to wedde?
Wedlocke is good, and pleaseth God,
adulterie must be fledde.

Of the Lady Iane Gray.

Doest

DDeest muse with skill of Grecian tongue,
 how Ladie Lane was fraight?
 As sone as euer she wan bozne,
 she was a Grecian straite.

Graia be-
 yng her
 surname in
 Laten, si-
 gnifieth a
 Grecian.

Against Colte, a coltish Preist.

Sith Colt thou plaieest the Colt, to kille,
 before the face of men:
 When no man sees thee Colt (I muse)
 the Colt how plaieest thou then?

Of Holus a Souldier beyng lame.

Of Holus I did aske, wherefore,
 limpyng to warre he went:
 Tush aunswerde he, though lims be lame,
 my mynde to fight is bent.

To Ihon Gibbon.

Dissolue this darke Ænigme,
 my Gibbon if you can:
 Thou shalbe reckned Oedipus,
 a cunnynge skillfull man.
 This is my riddle darke:
 no Woulues in Englande are,
 Yet Englande harboures store of Woulues:
 how can this be declare?

Against Alanus.

Thou louest Doggs,
 Doggs doest thou feede:
 ¶.ii.

But

FLOWERS

But thou doest hate
 thy wife in deede,
 Thou chidest her,
 her doest thou beate:
 Her thou doest spurne,
 her thou doest threate:
 And still with her
 thou art at strife:
 Better to be
 thy Dog then wife.

Of Diogenes.

W^hoth one vnto Diogenes,
 what shall I giue to thee
 And let me giue thy hedde a bore:
 an helmet aunswered he.

Against Fridolinus.

A Chast life best becomes a priest,
 thou Fridolin doest late:
 But whence hast thou thy laddes and girls,
 now Fridolin betwixt?

Of ROBIN BARTLET, fainyng hymself
 deafe to get lodgyng, beyng on
 a tyme benighted.

W^hen doune Dan Phebus gan to ducke,
 and throude hym in the West:
 When darksome night approched fast,
 and

and all did silent rest,
 When Æolus kyng with puffed chekes,
 gan blowe and bluster fearce:
 When dathyng showers doune dinglyng fast
 bothe man and beast did pearce.
 When fire flakes, and lightnyng leames,
 gan flathe from out the skies:
 When stiffe, strog, struglyng, sturdie storms,
 began for to arise.
 All in this hurly hurly greate,
 it chaunced to perdie:
 That merrie Bartlet was abroade,
 deuoyde of companie.
 In ridyng he had lost his waie,
 in greate distresse was he:
 For postyng here and there, he could
 no toune nor village se.
 But he that lookes at last shall finde,
 so he by Fortune sawe
 At laste a simple cottage poore,
 all homely thatcht with Strawe.
 His hands he heaues to heauen on high,
 and thankes with harte and voyce
 His God that gaue hym this good hap,
 and greatly did reioyce.
 He commeth to this cabbín course,
 and knocketh at the doore:
 And straite with humble sure and mone,
 R.iii. for

FLOWVERS

for helpe he doeth imploze.
 If any wise dwell here (quoth he)
 that honellie doeth loue:
 Let this my piteous Percyng plaint,
 her mynde to mercie moue.
 Then loe the goodwife of the house,
 (whose name did Florence hight)
 Came to the dooze, and spake vnto
 pooze Bartlet wofull wight.
 Awake quoth she, what ere thou be,
 be sure thou comst not here:
 So late thou wandrest in the night,
 thou art a theef I feare.
 Be packyng while your bone be whole:
 I thanke you Bartlet saied:
 (And saind hym self for to be deafe)
 I thanke you for your aide.
 Maie horse of myne haue roume (quoth he)
 here likewise to remaine?
 No no quoth she: I thanke you sure,
 saied Bartlet here againe,
 And went to Stable with his horse:
 at last he did her win
 (By thankes and gentle wordes) to ope
 the doze, and let him in.
 All that same night he snortyng slept,
 fast by the fier side:
 And all his garments lowst with raine,
 by

by smokyng fier he dyde.
 When faire Aurora at the last,
 began soꝝ to appeare:
 And bright Apollo with his beames,
 began to glister cleare.
 Dame Florence starteth vp from bed,
 and sone she slippeth on
 Her petticote: and fetchyng wood,
 she maketh fire anone.
 She deeming Bartlet fast a sleepe,
 eke deaf, a fact let flee:
 God moꝝrow dame (quoth Bartlet straight)
 what speake you vnto mee?
 Quoth Florence what? and can you heare?
 now sure I Joy therfoꝝe:
 I see my taile hath made you heare,
 whiche could not heare befoꝝe.

Of Cælia, and her sonne, now
 redie to dye.

When Cælia (sad and sorrowfull)
 her sonne soꝝe sicke did see:
 Now when his breath began to faile,
 with blubberyng teares said she
 O my sweet sonne, ere life be donne,
 speake one sweet woꝝd to mee:
 But one sweet woꝝd, my sweet sweet sonne,
 I doe request of thee:

R.iiii.

The

FLOWVERS

The sonne now giuyng by the ghost,
 as breath away gan passe:
 Cried, honny, honny, mother mine,
 (sweet hony) ah alas.
 And soundyng so these sugred woordes,
 he dyed by and by:
 And cherefull thus vnto the heauens,
 his soule soard swift on hye.

Of Editha, trauelyng in child-bed.

When as a new bozne blessed babe,
 Editha soothly had brought:
 The women sayd he was as like,
 his sire as might he thought.
 What is his crowne balde (bare of heare)
 I pray you show, said she:
 And thus Editha signified,
 a Heist the sire to be.

Of a certaine Bishop, and his
 foole Philibert.

A Certen Prelat kept a foole,
 to make hym game and sport:
 This foole hight Philibert: his lord
 did loue him in suche sort
 That he would let hym lye with hym,
 in bed whereas he lay:
 Not side by side, but at his feet
 this foole did couche alway.

One

One night the Bishop had his trull,
 in bed with him to lye:
 The foole was waking, and by hap,
 fower leggs he felt hym by:
 Ho maister (quoth the foole) I feele
 fower leggs: whole be they, thyne?
 Hea (quoth his maister) Philibert
 those leggs they all be mine.
 Then Philibert straight startyng vp,
 vnto the windowe hyes.
 And (puttyng out his noddyes nose)
 with Stentors voyce he cries
 Monstrum horrendum come and see,
 all men, both yong and old:
 My maister that had twoo feet erst
 Hath fower now to beholde.

Against Claudia.

A Virgin thou wilt called be,
 a virgin counted eake:
 And still in praise of virgins puce,
 still Claudia thou dost speake:
 But why dost thou praise virgins so?
 thy selfe no virgin art:
 For thou didst bear a virgin late,
 which was no virgins part.

To a certaine frend.

A Kerchief thou dost weare: head ache
 doth not torment thee rise:

R. S.

R. S.

FLOWVERS

For sickness: surely thou hast felt,
the Distaffe of thy wife.

Of an egregious drunkard.

A Drunkard greate did fall into
a feruent feuer soze:
Wherby he felt a greater thirst,
then earkt he did befoze.
He lendeth for Whisitons straite:
vnto hym thei doe giue
Bothe for to cure his feuer, and
his thirst awaie to driue.
To whom the pained partie spake:
Whisitons, onely see
That you my feuer cure, my thirst
leauē that to cure for me.

To certaine proude Papi-
sticall persones.

Some men doe call you holie men:
and some againe doe chuse
To call you fathers: glad are you
when thei suche titles vse.
But holie I can not you call,
whiche holinesse disdaine:
But fathers I maie call you well,
for hats you get amaine.

To Pope Paulus. 2.

Thou

Thou needst not Rome for to request,
 of Paul his stones to shewe:
 He hath begot a daughter la te,
 he is a man I trowe.

Of Pope Ione the 8. and of the maner
 of makyng the Pope.

Pope Ione in mannes apparell went,
 and saind her self a manne:
 And by this straunge disguisynge, she
 at last the Popedome wanne.
 At last she plaid a piuishe part,
 and let her seruaunt ride
 In saddle hers: she trauailed,
 brought forth her child, and died.
 When as the Carnals (Cardinalls
 I would saie if I could)
 When thei perceiude this filthy facte,
 thei all agreed none should
 Be Pope created after that,
 vnlesse he had his stones:
 Thei would not haue y^e Popedome staynde,
 with any moze Pope Iones.
 But now adaiers at Rome we see,
 this custome waxeth colde:
 What is the cause thei grope not now,
 as thei were wont of olde?
 The cause is, now thei knowe befoze,
 that

FLOWERS

that thei are men in deede:
For now in every corner swarme
their whores, and bastarde breede.

Of Lucretia whiche was daughter
and wife to Pope Alex. 6.

What makest thou Lucretia,
with chaste Lucretias name?
Thou art an other Thais, thou,
an other Lais dame.

Of Nodosius, a Papist.

A pointed seasons still,
Nodosius doeth refraine
From eatyng fleshe: and yet from fleshe,
no daie he doeth abstaine.
Dost aske how this maie be?
I will explaine the case:
Dedde fleshe mislikes Nodosius, but
liue fleshe he doeth embrace.

Of a certaine yongman, and
a toothlesse fire.

A yongman and an aged fire,
at Tauerne dinkyng late:
At last (well whittled borthe with wine)
thei fell at greate debate.
And struide aboute a thyng of nought:
the yongman all in yre

Burst

Burst out and saied, turde in thy teeth,
 old crooked crabbed sire.
 The old man pleasauntly replide:
 turde in his teeth (quoth he)
 That hath teeth: I haue none at all,
 beholde, and thou shalt se.
 And so he shewed his naked gummes,
 where no teeth did remaine:
 And thus the strife and greate debate,
 did ceasse betwene them twaine.

To a proude princox.

Why art thou proude? stoute poutyng pride
 from heauenly ioyes on hie
 Doune hedlong tumbled Lucifer,
 in Limbo lowe to lie.

To Pigmenius.

Thou wealthie hast bothe house and lande,
 Eke thou the Latwe doest vnderstande.
 By hooke and crooke thou catchest still,
 In culnyng craft thou hast greate skill.
 Thy fingers to can filche full faste,
 (For all these) yet no coine thou haste.
 How commeth it to passe wouldst knowe?
 The speckled bones ofte thou doest thowe.

Of Cotilus a Priest.

N^D maydes loues Cotilus: old wiues
 he loues (as all may see)

What

FLOWVERS

What is þy cause? maides þyng foorth þyats,
old wiuers still barren be.

Against Huberdine, an old dottrell
and peuifh Preacher.

Who preacheth naught but triflyng toys,
vnto the people still:

A pratyng preacher may be calde,
deuoyde of witt and skill.

To Ruffina. *He playeth the woer for a frend
of his, of person as pretty as a Pigmey.*

Dispise not this thy suter small,
that loues thee as his life:

And thee desires Ruffina faire,
to be his spoule and wife.

In bodies dect of dapper Dickes
great vertue ofte doth dwell:

Perchaunce in bed thou shalt hym proue
a man, I can not tell.

Of the vnsatiable couetoufnes of
this worlde.

A Golden great vngodly world,
this may be counted well:

Each man loues gold: but godlines,
who loues I can not tell.

To Pontiana, a mayd so called.

Snowe helde vnto the fire doeth melt,
and ceasseth Snowe to bee:

So

So Pontiana perishe those,
that burne in loue with thee.

To Claudia.

Of late thine heares were black, but now
thei shine, gold like vnto:
With any Painter fine of late,
tell, haddest thou to doe?

Of Antonina.

If holome hers, a dapper Dogge,
still Antonina beares:
She lulles hym, culles hym, lounngly
she luggs hym by the eares.
She would not misse her filtyng curce,
foz any thyng: and why?
Fozsothe when to she letts a scape,
she cries me, fie curce, fie.

To Ihon Cullier.

Like dombe dog Hennus neuer barkes,
all preachyng he doeth shunne:
And yet thou saiest his dutie still,
by hym is duely doon.
He drinks, he hunts, he hunteth whores,
he smacks: how saiest thou? tell?
Doeth he his duetie due? doeth he
perfoyme his function well?

Of Glaurus an old dotyng Priest.

Glaurus

FLOWVERS

GLaurus is crooked, all for age:
 he still prepares to dye:
 Yet Glaurus hath a prettie wench,
 at home with hym to lye.

To Hermannus Mennus.

Poore haue I been, and poore I am,
 and poore still shall I bee:
 And Mennus loe, the cause I will,
 declare and shewe to thee.

Martial. *If poore thou be Æmilian,
 thou shalt be poore alwaies:
 For none but wealthy worldlyngs are,
 enriched now adaies.*

Of Clytus.

On Saterdaie no fleshe,
 will Clytus eate perdie:
 But for to steale an hoise,
 on Sunday he will hie.

This Monostichon here followyng, was
 written vpon the gate of the Mo-
 nestarie of the *Benedictines*,
 or blacke Monkes.

Hic intret nullus, nisi pullus sit sibi Cullus.
 No maner twight, shall enter here:
 Unlessse blacke hooide on hacke he beare.
 Barbara vox Cullus: pro qua ponēda Latina est
 Et

Et poterit carmen forsitan esse bonum.
 Cullus is sure a barbarous woorde,
 Skant Latine for an whoode:
 To Culus Cullus therefore chaunge,
 So maie the verbe be good.
 Hic intret nullus, nisi pullus sit sibi Culus.
 No maner wight shall enter here:
 Unless he blacke be, you wot where.

Of the aunswere of a foole
 to a certaine Duke.

Unto the pällace of the Pope,
 there came a Duke of late:
 The Popes foole chaunst to mete the Duke
 before the pällace gate:
 Where is thy master quoth the Duke?
 not farre the foole gan saie:
 For but euen herie now his grace,
 was with his whoze at plate.

Of Rob. Bartlet, and of one that had a foule
 byg nose, and a precious (as
 they terme it.)

By fortune merry Bartlet saw
 a man with monstrous Nose:
 Beset with Rubies riche: his minde
 thus Bartlet gan disclose.
 Goodfellow, friend, (quoth Bartlet) when
 wast thou with goldsmith tell?

¶ The

FLOVVERS

The other musing stayd, and knew
 not what to aunswere well.
 ¶ I aske (quoth Bartlet) for because
 he colened thee ¶ I see:
 He for a golden nose hath giuen
 a copper nose to thee.

The Louer.

Who more a wretch then he
 whom loue tormenteth sore?
 With scorchyng heate of Cupids coales
 he burneth euermore.

Of Loue.

Loue is for to be liked, if
 both loue (so as they ought)
 But where one loues, the other lothes,
 there loue is vile and nought.

To Hordenus.

I Marrisge mind : thou mockest mee
 as muche as may be thought.
 If whores I both should hunt and haunt
 what wouldst thou then say? nought.

Of Alphus.

Negge on friday Alphe will eate,
 but drunken he will be
 On friday still : What a pure
 religious man is he.

Of

Of him that is in debt.

Who owes much mony, still
 he thunns all company:
 And is like to an owle
 That in the night doth flye.
 To Ponticus.

Dost aske why (Ponticus) I call
 thee not to supper mine.
 The cause is this: thou calst mee not
 hog Ponticus to thyne.
 To Minsiger.

As pooze as Irus once thou wast,
 but now thou dost abound
 With wealth and store: by marriage thyne,
 great plenty hast thou found.
 But now thy wife is dead, thy coyne
 thou lathest out amayne:
 Spare Minsiger lest thou become
 as Irus pooze againe.

Of Squire, *an old man flewmatike.*

Squire seld oꝝ neuer Oysters buyes,
 Squire eate no oysters will:
 Yet notwithstanding Squire spits out
 and spatoleth oysters still.

Of Cotta.

Whoze hath Cotta to his wife,
 he knowes it, and he sayes:

D.ii.

Dne

FLOWVERS

One Lampe sufficient is to light
ten men and ten alwayes.

N. NOMAN To B. Bonner.

ALL men a noughty Bishop did thee call:
I say thou wast the best of Bishops all.

To a certaine Papist.

IT ill becometh prestes to wed
thus Papist thou dost say:
What well becomes them (then declare)
with whores to sport and play?

To a wife, whiche set a pot full of flowers
in her windowe.

TO make a fragrant saour sweet,
in windowe thou dost set
freshe flowers, and for to make them grow,
thou stinkyng mier dost get:
Wife, cast the mier away, or herbs,
or both I thee desire:
The flowers they doe not smell so well,
as ill doth stinke the mire.

Of a counterfet Diuell.

BLASTUS a cunningg Painter, (that
Apelles past in skill:)
Did paint the Diuell in this wise,
in forme and fashion ill.

Monstrous

Monstrous, deformed to beholde,
 fierce, blacke, and horrible:
 Daunting the hearts of men with dread,
 and feare moste terrible.
 His eyes did shine like sparklyng fire,
 all hode and blasing bright:
 His snout was stretched forth, his taile
 was long, and blacke to sight.
 His chappes were great, and galping wide,
 all ready to deuoure:
 With long doune dangling ragged beard,
 he looked grim and lower.
 His hoynes were like vnto the Moone,
 that glisters in the night:
 His pawes were like fell Harpeyes pawes,
 that scratch and teare out quight.
 In right hand stones he clinched fast,
 in lefte he held a booke:
 And eake a payr of beades he had,
 whereon to praie and looke.
 His outward garments all were blacke,
 euen such they were to eye
 As mopishe Monkes, and foolish friers,
 did weare most commonly.
 A Monke came by (by chaunce) and sawe
 the Picture set to showe:
 Ho where is Blastus saide the Monke?
 is he at home or no?

D.iii.

¶mary

FLOWERS

Pmarrv Blastus answered,
 what is your will with me ?
 The Diuelles picture will you buy ?
 perchance I will laide he.
 But tell mee Blastus laide the Monke,
 why is he made so sell ?
 I like hym not in some respectes,
 in some yet woondrous well.
 Wherefoze now hieely Blastus thow
 (in fewe declare to mee)
 Why thou hast made hym in suche sort,
 as here I doe hym see ?
 Then Blastus answered (and laide)
 if that you doe not knowe
 The causes why I made him thus,
 the causes I will shoue.
 Well (quoth the Monke) then tell mee first,
 why didst thou make hym blacke ?
 Quoth Blastus, for becaule that he,
 doth faire conditions lacke.
 Quoth Monke, why is his beard unkemd,
 and danglyng downe so lowe ?
 Quoth Blastus, for becaule he was,
 an Hermit long ago.
 Why quoth the Monke hath he a tayle ?
 he moues to Lechery:
 Why hath he crooked cruell clawes ?
 he loues to catthe perdie.

Why

Why in his right hand holds he stones ?
 with stones Christ tempted he:
 What booke in lefte hand doth he hold ?
 Hopes holy lawes they be.
 Why are suche hoznes fixt on his front ?
 like Moses he in this:
 (Yet godly Moses he doth hate,
 this sure and certen is.)
 Why is he picturede like a Monke ?
 he monkery did deuile:
 Monkes mischeuous he first brought forth,
 and noughtie Monnes likewise.
 The Monke no longer now forebeares,
 but for a cudgell feeles:
 And Blastus to auoide the blowes,
 straight takes hym to his heeles.
 The purtie Monke pursues him fast,
 and takes him by the heare:
 And all to thumpes him with his fist,
 his nailes his face doth teare.
 Better prouoke the fend hymself,
 then monke that ragyng raues:
 Dooze Blastus did not know that Monkes,
 were vile and testie knaues.
 An Epitaphe vpon the death of KYNG
 EDVVARD the 6.
 W^{hen} EDVVARD prince most excellent,
 fell cankered death did kill:
 D.iiii. W^{hen}

FLOWVERS

When God did giue him place in heauen,
 with Saincts to soiourne still,
 Good Kyng Iofias came to hym,
 and did him fast embrace:
 And said, ah welcome brother mine
 to happy heauenly place.

Of Lydia.

Seven yeares was Lydia linkt, and liude
 with husband hers in deede:
 And all the while pooze Lydia lackt
 and could no childzen breed.
 She of Physicians counsell alkt,
 their medicines wrought but dull:
 Of Boffus preist the counsell alkt,
 and straightway she was full.

To Florianus.

Thy first wife (still thou sayst)
 brought thee no childe at all:
 But sure (thou sayst) thy second wife,
 brought thee a prettie squaule.
 Indeed, a hat she did thee bring,
 yet none she did bring thee,
 For it it named thine to be,
 and yet thine not to be.

To Hærillus.

Now worke Hærillus doth, and yet
 he labours euermore:

How

How labours he ? euen of the gotore,
whiche doth torment hym loze.

Of Hassus.

Did demaund of Hassus, how
his wife (loze sicke) did fare:
She will come shortly well abroade
(quoth he) I take no care.
Now (sure) who would not Hassus deeme,
a Prophet true to be ?
The next day after (on a Beare)
stone dead brought forth was she.

Of Furnus a Cuckold.

Men say that Furnus zealowes, is
as quick as Linx of sight:
And ostentymes he vseth eyes
of glasse, cleve glistering bright.
Now sith that Furnus hath foure eyes,
and well decerneth still:
It makes mee mule and maruaile much
why still hee sees so ill.
His wife is wicked, wanton still:
whiche he doth neuer see:
foole Furnus doth not see so well,
but sure as ill sees hee.

Of Pope Innocent. 8.

Eyght hopes Pope Nocent did beget,
as many maides in all:

Q. b.

Q

FLOWERS

¶ Rome, most iustly maist thou sure
this Pope a father call.

Of Alexander 6. and his daughter
Lucretia.

N^o gelding Alexander was:
now dost thou aske mee why?
Lewd Lucrece was his daughter, and
his wife with him to lye.

Against Claudia.

TW^o kisses Boffus askt of thee,
when I in p^resence was:
(He would haue geuen mony to)
of him thou didst not passe.
Thou giuste no kisses openly,
close thou dost kisse amayne:
¶ kisses thou to sparing art,
to lauishe eke againe.

To Dauid Whitehed.

V^{nto} mee Willobey doth w^rite,
that Podagra the gowt
Doth paine thee still: but Chiragra
doth payne thee out of dout.
The first remaineth in the feet,
the second in the fist:
Thou canst not w^rite to mee, but go
well canst thou, if thou list.

To

To Leopoldus.

I haue thee promisede muche, thou saist:
 what now declare to mee?
 What I haue promisede I will giue:
 I nothing promisede thee.

Against Gaspus, whiche with one
 draught of wine or ale would
 be made drunke.

Gaspus, if thou wilt not be drunke
 then marke what I shall say:
 When as thou drinkest, drinke thou of
 an empty cup alway.

Against Colt a Preist.

Those that deeme Colt hath nothing done,
 they greatly are beguild:
 He hath done somewhat, he hath plaid
 the colt, and got a child.

To the Reader.

If so but six good Epigrams,
 in all my booke there be:
 Then all is not pild paultrie stuffe,
 whiche reader thou doost see.
 But if six good thou do not finde,
 refuse then all the rest:

And

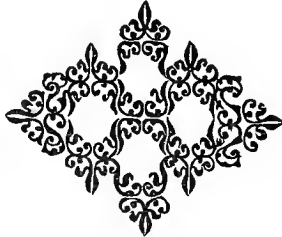
FLOWERS

And let them serue to wipe thy tayle
if so thou thinke it best.

To the Reader.

Sufficient now, nay to to muche
I trised haue with thee:
Farewell good reader : here an end:
no more Ile troublous be.

Ludicra per verba res sæpè notatur acerba.





M. ROGER ASCHAM.

The sentence whiche Darius Kyng of Perfia
commaunded to bee engrauen
on his Toumbe.

DARIUS the Kyng, lieth buried here:
Who in ridding & thoting had neuer pere.

The gracelesse grace of the Court.

To laugh, to lye, to flatter, to face:
fower waies in Courte to win me grace.
If thou bee thall to none of theese,
Away good Pekegoole, hence Ihon Cheese.
Marke well my woide & marke their deede,
And thinke this verle parte of thy Creede.

A verse of Homer, translated into
Englishe, by M. Watson.

ALL travelers do gladly report great praise of
Vlyses:
For that he knewe many mens manners, and saw
many cities.

Of the herbe *Moly*, translated
out of Homer.

NO mortall man, wth sweat of brow, or toile of minde:
But onely God, who can do al, y^e herbe doeth finde.
Of

FLOWERS

Of Newters.

Now newe, now old, now bothe, now neither: (they:
To setue the woꝝldes course, they care not w' whe-

Master Aschams lamentation for
the death of master Ihon
Whitney.

Mine owne Ihon Whitney, now farewell,
now Death doeth part vs twaine:
No Death, but parting for a while,
whom life shall ioyne againe.
Therefore my harte cease sighes and sobbes
cease sorowes seede to sowe:
Whereof no gaine, but greater grief,
and hurtfull care maie growe.
Yet when I thinke vpon suche giftes,
of grace as God hym lent:
My losse, his gaine, I must awhile,
with ioyfull teares lament.
Houg peres to yeeld suche fruite in Courte,
where seede of vice is sowne:
Is sometyme redde, in some place seen,
amongst vs seldome knowne.
His life he lead, Christs loze to learne,
with will to woork the same:
He read to knowe, and knewe to liue,
and liude to praise his name.
So fast to frende, so foe to setue,

so

So good to euery wight:
 I maie well wishe, but scarcely hope,
 againe to haue in sight.
 The greater ioye his life to me,
 his death the greater paine:
 His life in Christ so surely set,
 doeth glad my harte againe.
 His life so good, his death better,
 doe mingle mirth with care:
 My spirite with ioye, my fleshe with grief,
 so deare a frende to spare.
 Thus God the good, while thei be good,
 doeth take: and leaues vs ill:
 That we should mende our synfull liues,
 in life to tarry still.
 Thus we well left, be better rest,
 in heauen to take his place,
 That by like life and death, at last,
 we maie obtaine like grace.
 Myne stone Ihon Whitney againe farewell,
 a while thus parte in twaine:
 Whom pain doeth part in yearth, in heauen
 greate ioye shall ioyne againe.

A golden sentence out
 of Hesiodus.

That man in wisdome passeth all,
 to knowe the beste who hath a head:
And

FLOVVERS

And meety wise eke counted shall,
Who yeelds hymself to wise mennes read:
Who hath no witte, noz none will heare,
Among all fooles the bell maie heare.

A verse of Homer.

What follies so euer greate princes make:
The people therefore doe goe to wacke.

An excellent faiyng of Homer.

Who either in earnest oz in spozte,
doeth frame hymself after suche sort,
This thyng to thinke, and that to tell,
my harte abhoyreth as gate to hell.

A faiyng of Adraftus, out
of Euripides.

What thyng a man in tender age hath moste in bre,
That same to death alwaies to kepe he shalbe sure:
Therefore in age who greatly longs good fruite to
In youth he must hym self apply good seede to (now:
(lowe.

F I N I S.





TRIFLES
BY TIMOTHE KENDAL

deuifed and written (for the moſte
part) at ſundrie tymes in
his yong and ten-
der age.



*Tamen eſt laudanda
voluntas.*





CORNELIVS
GALLVS.

*Diuerfos diuerfa iuuant, non omnibus annis
omnia conueniunt, res prius apta nocet.
Exultat leuitate puer, grauitate senectus,
inter utrūque manens stat iuuenile decus.
Hunc tacitum tristemque decet, fit clarior ille
lætitia, & linguæ garrulitate suæ.*



¶ THE AVTHOR TO HIS
Pamphlets and Trifles.

BOrbon in France beares bell awaie,
foꝝ wꝛytyng trifles there:
In Englande Parkhurft playled is,
foꝝ wꝛytyng trifles here.

Now sith that these were learned bothe,
and trifles did indite:

Shall I now thame, of youthfull daies,
my trislyng toyes to wꝛyte?

No sure I blushe not: hence my booke,
let all men read thy verse:

*Graue men graue matters, sportfull youth
must sportfull toyes rehearse.*

Now reader lende thy listnyng eare,
and after syngyng Larke:

Content thy self of chattyng Crowe,
some homely notes to marke.

P.ii.



The Author to hymself.

- T To serue thy God, thy Prince, thy soile,
endeuour all thy life:
I In peace delight: seke still to staie,
the stormes of sturdie strife.
M Make muche of Modestie: be meke:
take heede to cliime to hye:
O Offende not one: be true in harte:
all filthy flattery flie.
T Take tyme in tyme: temper thy tongue:
from filthy talke refraine:
H Helpe haplesse men: & hope for heauen:
by patience conquer paine:
E Eate so to liue, liue so to die,
die so to liue againe.
-
- K Kepe Counsell close: be fast to frende:
and alwaies knowe thy self:
E Esteeme thou lastyng heauenly ioyes:
passe not for worldly pelfe. (kept,
N Naught tell, that close thou wouldst haue
greate guile in men doeth lurke:
D Delight not to deceiue by craft,
go plainly still to woork.
A Abandon vice, let vertue guide:
byle sloth eschue and shun.
L Learne stil to knowe, & knowe to liue,
and liue to praise the Sonne.
L Liue in the Worde: so shalt thou liue
at last when all is doon.

A

A Comparifon betwene CHRIST
and the POPE.

To rule & raigne in pompous Pride,
nought cared Christ at all:
The Pope by wiles and wicked war
fubdues both great and fmall,
A Crowne of thorne with fcratching prickes
our Christ did willing weare:
A triple gorgeous crowne of gold
the Pope on hed doth beare.
Christ wafht his pooze Difciples feet
as facted Scripture fhoves:
The Pope muft haue the regall kinges
come kille his fpangled toes.
Christ like a painfull Paftoꝝ pure,
his flocke did feede and fill,
The Pope in pleasure fpendes his tyme
and liues in riot fill.
Our Sauour Christ endured paine
and fufferd pinchyng want:
The greate and glorious golden world
the Pope fufficeth fcant.
With patience Christ the Crosse did beare
and was content with it:
The Pope on fhoulders bozne by men
in folemne foꝝt muft fit.
All worldly wealth our Sauour Christ
P.iii. contemnd

contemnd and set at nought:
 The Pope doth burne with loue of golde
 as muche as may be thought.
 Our Sauour Christ did tribute pay
 (as Scripture mention makes)
 The polyng Pope the Clergy plagues
 and of them tribute takes:
 The Marchaunts from the temple, Christ
 expulsit and put away:
 The Pope receiues them willingly,
 and keepes them still for ay.
 Our Christ in quiet pleasing peace
 did soy and take delight:
 The Pope in blood and battle byagges
 and weapons glisteryng hight.
 An humble hart, and mildenes meeke
 in Christ did still abide:
 The surly Pope doth swim in silkes
 and swell in powtyng pryde.
 Our Sauour Christ had still his hands
 all naked, plaine, and bare:
 The Pope hath fingers fraught with ringes
 and stones, both riche and rare.
 Our Sauour Christ regarded nought
 this royltyng rich aray:
 The Pope hath makkyng mad attyre
 of gold and purple gay.
 Christ for a Colt an asses sole

his

his two disciples sent:
 And on their homly mantels rude
 to ride he was content.
 The Pope on Courser hoysted hye
 through Rome must pycke and let:
 Whose hydle braue and saddle thines
 with Pearle and gold becret.
 All Dyenances, statutes, lawes,
 that Christ did keepe and will:
 All enery one both moze and lesse
 the spightfull Pope doth spill.
 Christ to the golden sky ascends
 that glitteryng, glorious shawes:
 The Pope to Pluto plunging packs
 where fier with bymistone glowes.

Written in heuines.

LIke as the wounded wight
 desires the Surgions hand:
 And as the Creeple lame
 desireth legges to stand.
 And as one farre on seas
 for land both longes and lookes:
 And as the thirsty hart
 desires the water byokes.
 Euen so my soule O God,
 doth long and looke for thee:
 Ay mee (alas) when shall I come
 my Sauour sweet to see?

P.iiij.

An

An old verſe.

*Quod ſibi quiſque ſerit: præſentis tempore vitæ:
Hoc ſibi meſſis erit, cum dicitur, ite, venite.*

In Engliſhe thus.

What to each moztall man doth ſow:
While he on earth doth hide and ſtay:
Suche he againe ſhall reape and mowe:
When it is ſayd, aproche, away.

Otherwiſe.

What to each ſowes while he,
in earth his race doth run:
Such ſhall his harueſt be,
when it is ſaid, go, come.

To an Epicure.

What profits pleaſure thee to day:
if all to morrow faile?
Ah wretched caſtife, ah alas,
what doth one day auaiſe.

A letter written to T. w. gent. when
he was ſcoller in Oxford.

Penelope that pearleſſe peere
of whom you often reed:
Did neuer loue Vlyſſes ſo
as I do you indeed.
For why a thouſand thinges there are
which

whiche you haue doon for mee:
 That if I should liue Nestors yeres
 could scant requited be.
 But yet I trust my chaunce may chaunge
 the prouerbe old doth say:
 The weake may stand the strong in sted:
 a dog may haue a day.
 Till tyme that fortune turne her wheell
 till thinges do go aright:
 Accept my Wilmer will in worth
 till welth may debt requite.
 On Saterday I will you send
 some Lessons for your Lute:
 And for your Citterne eke a few:
 take leaues till time of fruite.
 And thus I end desiring you
 to let my letter by
 Lockt vp in coffer close that none
 the same but you may spie.
 For like as scriblers loth to haue
 good Scriueners vew their lynes
 So practifers mislike to haue
 good Poets read their rimes.
 Farewell my friend, and see you send
 a letter backe againe:
 So shall I thinke I well did spend
 my paper, pen, and payne.

P.v. Verfes

Verfes written to his father when he was
fcholler in Æton.

Scriptit admodum puer.

What merrit parents, fuche
as doe their childzen let
To fchoole, wherby they may
both welth and wil dome get.
If fuche deferue (as fure they doe)
Perpetuall praife and fame:
Then doutles you, O Father deere,
do merrit euen the fame.

Of Loue.

Loue worketh woonders great,
ftraunge thinges it bynges to paffe:
It maketh of a prudent man
a very doltifhaffe.

Of Boner, and his brothers.

Foule Boner with his curfed crue,
that loued fo the Pope:
Did diuers plague and punifhe, with
the rodde, the racke, and rope.
But (God be thanked) now their foze,
doeth faulter, fade, and faile:
Their rods are fpent, their rackes are rent,
their ropes no more preuaile.

Of Pope Alexander. 6.

His

His Christe, his keyes, and altars all,
doeth Alexander sell:
Which he maie doe of right, and why?
before thei colte hym well.

To one of a diuers and straunge nature.

Sometyme a lotozng looke thou hast,
sometyme a laughng face:
Now walpithe, waifward: to doe ought
willing an other space.
Mournfull now, merrie anon:
now surly, sullen, sad,
Potzng: pleasaunt anone againe,
pette, iollie, iocunde, glad.
Thou bothe art like Democrit, and
Heraclitus beside:
No man without thee can remaine,
noz with thee well abide.

Of the workes of Poets.

AS in a pleasaunt groue,
oz goodly garden grounde:
Among sweete smellng flowers,
some stinkyng weedes are founde.
Like so in Poets plottes,
bothe good and bad is towen:
Be warie therefore, choose the best,
and let the worlke alone.

How

How to get the loue, bothe
of God and men.

WHo leaues, who loues, who liues, who lends:
who spares, who spies, who speakes, who
Shall purchase to hymself the loue, (spends,
of men beneath, and God aboue.

Exposition.

WHo leaues to lead a lothsome life:
WHo loues the Lazor poore to feede,
WHo liues in loue, and hateth strife:
WHo lends who lackes, and stands in neede.
WHo spares to spende, and wareth wise,
WHo spies the baite, and shūnes the hookes
Who speakes the truthe, and hateth lies:
Who spends his tyme in sacred bookes.
Hym God hymself in heauen aboue:
And men beneath shall like and loue.

A similitude, of Idlenes.

AS water cleare and cleane corrupts,
and stinkes by standyng still:
So sluggishe clothe doeth slaie the soule,
and eke the bodie spill.

What thyng he feareth moste.

NO stabbyng glaue, nor stickyng knife,
Nor darte dread I, that reueth life.
No fencers skill, no thurstyng pycks,

¶

No thundersyng threates of despirat Dicks,
 No chillsyng cold, no scaldyng heate,
 No graslyng chaps of monsters greate,
 No plague, no deadly vyle defeale,
 No boylyng blaze, no swallowyng seas.
 No gaulyng greefes, no cares that crashe,
 Of these I seeke not of a Rushe.
 An ill there is whiche doeth remaine,
 That troubles moze and putts to paine:
A fawnyng frende mozte mischief is,
Whiche seekes to kill yet semes to kisse.

How the xij. signes doe gouerne
 and rule in mannes bodie.

The Ram is Rex, and rules,
 aboue in hedde and face:
 The necke and thyoate the Bull,
 posselseth for his place.
 In armes and shoulders bothe,
 the Twinnes doe raigne and rest:
 The Crab is kyng, and keepes
 the stomacke, lungs, and bzeast.
 The Lion kyng of beasts,
 doeth bide in backe and harte:
 The Virgin hath the gutts
 and bellie for her parte.
 In reines, and luttie loynes,
 the Ballaunce beareth twaie:

Among

Among the secret partes,
the Scorpion still doeth staie.
The Archer hath the thighes,
and Capricorne the knees:
The leggs the Watermannes,
the feete the Fishes fees.

Commendation and praise
of Vertue.

By riches none are happie made,
foz riches slide awaie:
Though got with sweate and labour greate,
at length yet thei decaie.
Faint faultryng fumblyng feble age
decreaseth sturdie strength:
Health sicknesse quailles: and beautie braue
doeth slittyng fade at length.
Sweete ticklyng pleasure carries not,
noz maketh any staie:
But in an hower, a little tyme,
doeth banishe quight awaie.
But Vertue faire adoynes the mynde,
and perfect doeth remaine:
She stedfast bides, and neuer slides,
and naught maie Vertue staine.
No tyme can Vertue faire deface,
she after death endures:
And vs aboue the clustryng cloudes,
a place with God procures.

Vertue

Vertue doeth make vs blessed, and
 a happie ende doeth giue:
 And when we rotten bones remaine,
 yet Vertue makes vs liue.

The couetous carle, com-
 pared to a Mule.

The churlishe chuffe, that hath enough
 in Coffe lockt and laied:
 And liueth harde, with Baken swarde,
 a Mule maie well be saied,
 Mules carrie coine, and iewelless ofte,
 plate, golde, and riche arrais,
 Create treasure: yet they droplyng drudge,
 and feede on homely haie.

To a frende.

Live as a man, persist in doying well:
 Endeavouryng aye, all others to excell.

Christe speaketh.

The ayre, the yearth, the seas, the woods,
 and all shall once awaie:
 Alone my worde shall still remaine,
 and (standyng stedfast) staie.

To hymself.

What likes thy mynde or fanſie beste?
 what doest thou molte desire?
 Doest couet costly buildyngs braue?

oꝝ

or riches doest require?
 I force not these: what then wilt haue?
 greate store of lande to eare?
 Kyngs pleasures? or delightt thou in
 fine princely daintie cheare?
 If these should like me, I should like,
 with toyle and care to be:
 For rest and riches make no matche,
 thei hardly doe agree.
 As Irus I should liue, though I
 whole kyngdomes had in holde:
 And Cresus though I did enioye,
 thy heapes of houred golde.
 Bare, naked, came I hether, and
 nak't shall I hence againe:
 Why therefore should I care for aught,
 or put my self to paine?
 In ioye and mirth I spende my tyme,
 and naught shall me anoye:
 I laugh to scozne, the mucke, the mould,
 whiche worldlyngs riche enioye.
 What? carest thou for nothyng then?
 yes, this of God I craue:
 That still I maie a quiet mynde,
 and healthfull bodie haue.

To one so giuen to goe braue.
 That at last he left hymself like a slaue.

with

With hyaue outlandishe straunge araic,
 you (lusty) long were clad:
 And sundrie lutes of sundrie sortes,
 for sundrie tymes you had.
 Sometime freche fashions pleald you best:
 sometyne the Spanishe guile:
 In costly colours cuttyng skill,
 you went with staryng eyes.
 But now at last you royste in rags,
 rude, rogishe, rent and tozne:
What fashion this? or whole? declare
 is this beyonde sea wozne?

To one that made his bragges that he was
 nofed like vnto kyng Cirus.

Thou saiest thou art hauknosed right,
 so as kyng Cirus was:
Saie to thou hast kyng Midas eares,
 who earde was like an Alle.

Of money and lande.

This siluer, coine, and money, what?
 ruste, though it glad:
Possessions, lande, and liuyng, what?
 duste, euen as had.

Learnyng,

Learnyng doeth all thyngs farre surpasse,
 naught Learnyng maie excell:

 **W**hat

What profite comes to man thereby,
ne pen, ne tongue maie tell:
A spurre to youth, that pricketh foꝛ the
faire Vertue to obtaine:
To crooked age a greate delight,
and sollace sweete againe:
A rocke and refuge foꝛ the wretched,
and foꝛ the needie poore:
And to the riche and wealthie wight,
of substaunce greater stoꝛe.

Of Tyme.

Tyme byingeth lurking thinges to light,
tyme secrets doth betwꝛay:
The priuy pilfering pygging theefe,
tyme doth in time betraie.

Of Dice.

The curled play of deuellish Dice,
The daughter vile of auarice:
The plague of loue and amitie:
The very nurse of theuerie:
The exercise of fury fell:
And last the pathway plaine to hell.

Of women, water, and wine.

Wine, wemen, water, each
doth hurte, and put to paine:
Wine, wemen, water, each
doth helpe, and ease againe.

Of

Of wemens lightnes.

What more then feathers light,
 Dye leaues, and withered graffe?
 Yet these in lightnes wemen do
 Surmount and far surpasse.

Again of the same.

What thing is lighter then the flame?
 bright lightnyng . what is thought
 Then lightning lighter? wind. then wind?
 wemen. then wemen? nought.

Of the misery of man.

Weeping come into the world:
 and weping hence we goe:
 And all our life is nothyng else,
 but grief, payne, toyle, and wo.

To his vnkle : HENRY KENDALL.

My trislyng toyes you soye to reade
 and what my Muse doth wyte:
 My Muse (deere vnkle) soyes againe
 of you soꝝ to indite.
 If you mine onely prop do slip,
 my Muse remaineth slow:
 The siluer Swan doth feldom sing
 but *Zephir* milde doth blow.

Of the Poet Lucan.

D.ii.

Foule

Foole moody Mars his bluttryng boyles,
to see with cunnyng pend
Who longs, let hym his listning eare
to learned Lucan lend.
So well his woakes, do martiall feates
and warlike deedes expresse:
As noble Tullies bookes betwray
the fruites of pleasant peace.
As quiet peace is to be wisht,
and Tully to be red:
So Lucan he that wyites of warre
ought not for to be fled.

Christ.

Who dyes in Christ, doth liue: who liues
in Christ, from death is free:
Where Christ doth present still appere
there death can neuer be.

Gold, not God, regarded now adayes.

This age hunts all for hatefull coyne,
for pompe and gloiy vaine:
Addicted none to God, and Good,
but all to Gold, and Gaine.

Of hymself.

The Bowe that bended standeth still,
his strength will loole and lack:
The lusty houle is laund, with to
muche burden on his back.

But

But I, let fortune spit her spight,
 and spurnyng still disdaine.
 Will (God to frend) contented hide
 and stedfast still remayne.

Remedies against loue.

Loues rigorous rage, or abstinence
 or tanyng time restraines:
 If these do misse, for remedie
 alone a rope remaines.

To all men.

Shun man, shun (oh) soule stayng sinne,
 serue God vnto thy graue:
 Foule filthy foolish faulty folke
 the fynds of hell shall haue.

Of Dearh.

The regall kyng and crooked clowne
 all one, alike, Death dꝛiueþ downe.

Death spareth no kinde.

No state in earth we see,
 but dꝛaweth to decay:
 The Lyon made at last,
 to smallest birds a pray.

Who riche, who poore.

Rich who? who cares for naught,
 and is with small content.

D.iii.

Booze

∅ooze who? coyn caring carles
to pelf and paultry bent.

Labour killes loue.

If that in toyle and takyng paine,
thy pleasure thou do put:
The fire doth die, fond fancies flie:
Cupidos combe is cut.

The more a man hath, the more
he defireth.

As riches rise, mans nature is,
to grope and gape for more:
Men couet most, when as their bags,
be cramd and stuf with store.

To Iesus Christe.

If euer me thou loue,
I ioyfull am for ase:
If euer me thou leaue,
my soule doeth sorrowe slaie.
If euer me thou loue,
thysle happie then am I:
If euer me thou leaue,
then (out alas) I dye.
If euer me thou loue,
abounde I doe in blisse:
If euer me thou leaue,
then all thyng doe I misse.

If

If euer thou me loue,
 who then as I so glad?
 If euer me thou leaue,
 then who as I so sad?
 If euer me thou loue,
 thou euer makst me liue:
 If euer me thou leaue,
 deathes dart thou dost me giue.
 If euer me thou loue,
 who liues so glad as I?
 If euer me thou leaue,
 who dies so bad as I?
 If euer me thou loue,
 in heauē thou makst me dwell:
 If euer me thou leaue,
 thou driust me doun to hell.
 Wherefoze O louyng Lorde,
 loue still to make me liue:
 So shall I neuer leaue,
 thee laude and praise to giue.

Of Pope Iulius. 3.

W^Ell tyled at the table once
 with drinke, when Iulius late:
 (A man whom wicked Rome her self,
 did spight, abhoire, and hate.)
 As it is saied thre holes at once,
 for hym were ready made:

M.iiii.

That

That he thre burdens might at once,
in vessells thre unlade.

The first of all the vessells thre,
heilde with vomit bile:

The next with pisse, the other he,
with ordure did defile.

No man can doe twoo thyngs at once,
the prouerbe old doeth tell:

This was a passyng Pope I trowe,
that could doe thre so well.

To Zoilus.

BArke Zoilus till thy beallie bryake:
Of railyng thyne I will not reake.

Of an Afrnomer, and
a Plowman.

A Kyng sometyme determined,
an huntynge for to ride:

Of diuers persones did demaunde,
what weather would betide.

A student in Astronomie,
(there standyng by) did tell

It would be faire, so that his grace,
might ride on huntynge well.

A Plowman poore vnto the Prince,
gan thus replie againe:

Beleue hym not sur, bide at home,
for sure I cham twoull raine.

The

The kyng did laugh apace, at last
 all busynesse let aside:
 The kyng with troupe, and all his traine,
 doeth forth on huntynge ride.
 Not entred scant the wood, but straite
 vppon the trees did dash
 A poweryng shower that paled them all,
 and well the kyng did washe.
 The prince the Plowman praisde: and said
 looke thou where Starres do stand
 Dooze Plowman: and proud Strologer,
 take thou a whip in hand.
 The like Astronomers to this
 we haue in Englande here:
 More fitter for to till, then tell,
 except thei wiser were.

To Zoilus.

Who hath bestowed vppon thy browe,
 a garlande braue of Baie?
 Suche as can cliime Parnassus mount,
 those leaues should decke alwaie.
 To scoffers Zoilus suche as thou,
 and suche as syng with tong:
 To singers suche a slyngyng crowne,
 of Pettelles doeth belong.

Of Zenabon.

While Zenabon vnhappie man,
 did Venus pleasures proue:

D.v.

His

His members bile were whipt awaie,
by her whom he did loue.

Anacharfis the Philosophers
faying.

LIke as y^e webs which spiders spin ye see,
By subtle sight doe tangle, take, & tye,
The feble small and feely shiftes bee,
And let the bigger breake away, and flie.
Like so the lawes the lower, mean, & pooze,
Do plague, and punish loze, & make to pay:
The noble man, oz riche enioying stoze
With small ado quight scotfree scape away.

Otherwise, aud shorter.

AS Cobwebs catch the lesser flies,
and let the greater go:
So those of power, and not the pooze
the Lawes doe fauour shoue.

Precepts written to HENRY
KNEVET gent.

Hurt not thy fo, help still thy frend:
Endure like DAMON to the end.
Neglect not bertue: vice eschew:
Reward the good with guerdon due.
In peace delight: foule discorde flie:
Eate so to liue, liue so to dye.

K Know

K Knowe thou thy self : soule slaying sinne,
N Nip in the head, ere it begin.
E Endeavour not to clime to hye:
V Use not the needy to denye,
E Exalt the hiest with praises oft:
T That thou mayst mount the skies aloft.

Preceptes written in his frend RICHARD
 WOODWARDS praier booke, fom-
 time his companion in
 OXFORD.

R Refrain from sinne,
I In vertue grow:
C Care for thy frend,
H Hate not thy foe:
A Abandon vice,
R Regard the wise:
D Delight in loue,
E Enuy dispise.

W Wynn wealth against
O Olde age in youth:
O Order thy tongue,
D Declare the trueth.
w Ware pryde, twill haue
A Alwaies a fall:
R Remember death
D Dispatcheth all.

Of

Of fower Beastes and the Spider.

The Boare in hearing vs doth passe,
the Ape in tast, the Linx in sight:
In smell the Gripe, in sealing quick
the Spider goes beyond vs quight.

Ite, Venite.

GO, ah a griping woozd will be,
but Come, a golden glad:
Come shall be sayd toth blessed good,
Go to the curssed bad.

Of the vanity of this world,
What profits pompe and gloz of
the world so wicked vaine?
Sith after death we crumbling dust
and rotten bones remaine.

To Zoilus.

The Fem, the Floud, the Flame
thre mischefes Zoilus be:
But Zoile thy tongue a mischefe worle
then these repeated thre.

Of hym that marryes twife.

His first wife dead, and laid in graue,
who doth a second seeke:
Unto a momithe martner,
and shipman he is leeke.

Who

Who hauyng broke his bark and scapt,
 with percill great and paine:
 The surgyng swallowyng swelluyng seas
 allayes and tries againe.

Of a wife.

To comberlome a clog
 a wife is vnto man:
 She neuer doth hym good,
 noz profites him, but whan
 She dyes, and leaues to tread
 this toylsome worldly path:
 And leueth in her sted
 the golde she hoozded hath.

The fame and shorter.

A Husband of his wife
 hath neuer proffit, saue
 When she doth leaue her goods behind
 and goes her selfe toth graue.

Bewtie and Vertue feldom coupled.

Where amorous bewtie haue doth hide
 doth vertue seld abound:
 The canker couchyng commonly
 in fairest rose is found.

How the Papist praies.

The Papist praies with mouth, his minde
 on gatheryng woolle doeth goe:

Like

Like to a iabberyng Ape, whiche doeth
naught els but numpe and mowe.

Who takes the paines,
the profite gaines.

Who crackes the Nut, the kernell findes,
the taste the sweete that sweate:
The lasie Lurden liues in lacke,
and nothyng hath to eate.

Who poore.

The wight that liues in want, is not
to be accounted pooze:
But he that swimmes in plentie riche,
and yet desireth moze.

To one that married a foule
wife for riches.

Thy wife is foule, deformed, blacke:
but stoyde with coine is she:
Thou marriedst for thy hands to feele,
not for thyne eyes to see.

Of Wine.

Wine makes men sad, and febles force,
wine maketh strong and glad:
If to muche taken be thereof,
if that a meane be had.

Of Phisitions.

Three

Three faces the Phisition hath:
 first as an Angell he,
 When he is saught: next when he helpes,
 a God he semes to be.
 And last of all when he hath made,
 the sicke defeated well
 And askes his guerdon, then he semes
 an ougly Fiend of hell.

To an vnskilfull Phisition.

A Chilles wth a sword did slaie his foes. (was
 Thou killest wth a hearbe on ground y^e gro-
 Thee worthier then Achilles I suppose.

Of a Fishe, a Swallowe, and an Hare,
 shot through at one shoote.

an vncertayne Author.

A Hare to shunne the gredie Crewnde,
 that did hym ferce pursue:
 Lepte in a riuer, thinkyng so,
 to bid the Dog adue.
 An Archer by beholdyng this,
 with Bow there ready hent:
 (In hope to hit hym as he swam)
 an Arrowe at hym sent.
 By hap a Swallowe skirde betwene,
 withall by lept a Roche:
 And so the Hare, the birde, the fishe,
 his shakte at once did hroche.

To

To the Rechlesse route.

No longer linger, leaue delaie:
tyme swifte awaie doeth runne:
Repent betyme, no man knowes when,
the latter daie shall come.

Of Wiuyng.

A Marryng for to marrie, still
thus all men all doe saie:
Thus saie thei still, yet wittyngly,
men marrie euery daie.

Tyme doeth all.

The huge greate Oke was once a plant,
a whelp the Lion fell:
And famous learned Cicero,
once learnde his words to spell.

Be aduised ere thou speake.

The woorde that once hath past thy lips,
can not be calld agen:
Aduide be theretofore how thou speakest,
to whom, what, where, and when.

To one furious and full
of Pride.

If Seneca of auncient tyme,
or Terence had thee seen:
Thou wouldst haue Senecs Ajax feirce,
and Terence Thrafo been.

To

To Henry Kneuet gent.

I knowe not where the Poets laine,
the Muses soꝝ to bee:
But this I knowe my Kneuet sure,
they tarrie still with thee.

Idem est pauperibus, diuiti-
busque Deus.

The beggars, and the biggers birth,
and ende all one soꝝ aye:
As deare to God the selie swaine,
as he that beareth swaie.

To Markes a marker of faultes.

MArkes, marke what I shall saie to thee,
the truthe I tell thee plaine:
If Markes thou marke me any moze,
I shall thee marke againe.

To the Pope.

Thy harte is on thy halfpenie,
hoyle, harlots, haukes and hounds:
No recknyng of Religion made,
where vice so muche abounds.

To a sweete mouthed minion.

Eche curious cate, eche costly dishe,
your daintie tooth must taste:
Ne licks, ne likes, your lippes the meate,
K where

where pleasure none is plasse.
Fine benzon fatte must be your fooode,
Larke, Partridge, Plouer, Quaile:
*A likerishe lip, a likerishe lap,
as tongue is, so is taile.*

A verse wherein the numerall letters shewe
the yere of the Lorde, when the
Queene began her raigne o-
uer this Realme.

The pope, eke aL His paVLrIe trash
VVas banIshT qVight and CLeen:
VVhen nobLe saIre ELIzabeth
VVas CroVnD fIrst engLIsh qVeen.
Nouembris. 17.

A Rime against ROME.

Rome couetous for coine doeth call:
She empties coffe, pouche and all.
If thou doe let thy purse alone,
From Hope and patriarkes thence be gone.
But if with pence thou plie them still,
And if their chests with coine thou fill,
Absolue thei will and pardon thee,
How faultie soule so ere thou bee.
Ho, God be here: whose there?
a maide.
What comst thou for? to craue
your aide.

Hast

Hast coine? naie crosselike cleane:
 then kepe thee there:
 I haue: howe muche? enough:
 then come thou nere.

To one named Loue.

I Loue the Loue, my loue:
 loue me my loue therefore:
 And when I leaue to loue my loue,
 then let me liue no more.

To a common Bragger.

Thou sturdie calst thy self: but thou
 canst better facte, then fight:
 Put S awaie, and what thou art,
 thou then declarkest right.

A prettie similitude.

Like as the beggar hides his skinne,
 where it is faire and white:
 And will not open any place,
 that whole maie seem to sight.
 But contrary his lothsome soares,
 he shewes for men to bewe:
 His bloudie cloutes, and rotten raggs,
 that all might on hym rewe.
 So ne should we of our good deedes,
 or bragge or boaste at all
 Before the Lorde, but shewe our synnes,
 R.ii. and

and so for merrie call.

Of a certayne Ruffian.

A Smithfield Ruffian in a fray
as feircely he did fight:
Was of the hand that held his sword,
by sword dispatched quight.
Whiche whipt away (in suche a sorte)
as lone as he did see:
Flingyng his dagger at his fo,
nay then take all sayd he.

Of a certayne Ciuilian.

Thou calst thy selfe Ciuilian,
thou art not full so muche:
If Ci. be out, as then remaines
in deede thy name is suche.

Of a Lawyer.

Thou saist thou art a Lawyer:
the letters two next L
Put out: and then the rest declares
thy name and nature well.

To one that sayd he was a
Lawyer almost.

Thou saist thou art a Lawier
almost: thou dost not lest:
Put letters two next L. away
and then thou art the rest.

Aagainc,

Agayne, of a Lawyer.

Thou saist that for Lawier,
then thee none may be better:
For none so good (say I) put out
the third and second letter.

Ridyng by the way with a gentleman, and
beyng Demanded by hym, the dif-
ference betwene their horses,
he thus answered *ex-
tempore*.

The difference dost thou aske
betwene thy horse and myne?
What difference twixt a soltyng Jade
and Halfray amblyng fine.

Wrytten to a frend, in hys extreme
sicknesse.

M Titus if thou hast thy health,
then shall I greatly Joy:
As for my selfe, I am in health,
if health be sicke anye.
I pine (God helpe) in feuer salne:
a wretche of wretches I:
Farewell, vnlesse the highest helpe
my dayes are done, I dye.

An Epitaph vppon the death of M.
Ihon Bradford.

R.iii.

Ro

NO Scholler ought or must,
 about his master be:
 Who so doth serue, and honour God,
 great troubles suffers he.
 Eache sonne the Lord doth loue,
 he beates and scourgeth ay:
 Vnpleasant, hard, and strait the path
 to heauen that leades the way.
These saynges, blessed Bradford, while
 thou didst reuolue in minde:
The thundryng threates of wicked wights,
 their cruelties vnkind,
Their flatteries fair, their force, their fraud,
 thou nothing didst let by:
But didst yeld vp with willyng hart
 thy Cozps in fier to fre.

A prancke of Pope Iulius 3. about
 a Peacocke.

A Certaine Pope that Iulius hight,
 at dinner on a time,
Appon his table placed had,
 a daintie Peacocke fine.
Which though it were a daintie dishe,
 he could not tutche as then:
Wherefoze, go take this same away,
 he said vnto his men,
And keepe it cold till supper tyme.

and

and see in Garden fair
 I suppe at night, for vnto mee
 as then will guests repair.
 When Supper tyme approched was,
 among his sumptuous meat
 And Peacocks whot, his Peacocke cold
 he saw not there to eate.
 Wherefoze he gan to lowze, and potot,
 to sweate, to swell, to sweare:
 Such thundring threathnings thzowing out
 that all amazed were.
 A Cardnall by beholdyng this,
 entreatyng hym gan say:
 O holy father be content,
 and this your anger stay.
 Indeede your waiters worthy are,
 for to be chid and hent:
 But sith it was against their willes,
 let passe and be content.
 Then Iulius Pope with comyng mouth
 and flashing fire eyes:
 In angry mood, as he were mad,
 gan answere in this wise.
 If God for apple onely one,
 so angry were quoth he:
 That he expeld from Paradice,
 our Parents, he, and she.
 Why may not I his Vicar here,
 K.iiii. be

be moovd to anger then
For this same bird : better this bird
then apples ten and ten.
Although this Pope with Peacockes fleshe
lovd still to cram his crow :
Yet for a Peacock thus to rage,
he showd hymself a daw.

To a certayne frend.

Sometimes in London thou dost liue:
sometimes in Cuntrey soyle :
In Cambridge now and then : sometymes
in Courte thou keepst a coile.
Leaue rangyng thus : ceasse thus thy self
still to and fro to tolle:
The restlesse stone, that rowleth still,
doeth seldome gather mosse.

Written vnder the picture of
M. Thomas Becon.

LDe reader here, his portrature,
as liuely as maye bee:
What Painters pen and paine might doe,
(good reader) thou doest see.
The dowments of his mynde deuine,
whiche pen might not displaie
Noe Painter paint, hym self doeth by
his learned woorkes betwaie.

Of

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer,
sometyme worthie Archbi-
shop of Canterburie.

Learned thou wast, and godlie hothe,
while Cranmer thou didst liue:
A happie and a happlesse life,
vnto thee God did giue.

Of his owne picture.

My front well framd the Painter hath,
whiche he behelde with eye:
My harte is knowne, to God alone,
whiche holdes the heauens on hye.

Againe.

My browe the Painter hath exprest:
God knowes the secrets of my brest.

Of fower liuyng creatures, that liue by
the fower Elementes.

The beast Camilion liues by ayre,
the Herryng doeth dwell
In waues to liue, the Mole in mould,
the Spotted beast in fire.

Salamäder.

Of Papistes.

If murthering monsters mount the skie:
Then Papists thither packe perdie.

A saiying of S. Ciprian.

R.v. Thei

Thei whiche doe loue them selues to paint,
with coulers straunge and gair:
Thei haue to feare that God will knowe,
them at the latter daie.

An other faiyng of S. Cyprian.

The leude whiche loue to paint their locks
with red and yellowe fine:
Thei doe prognosticate, but how
their heads in hell shall shine.

Xij. abuses in the life of man, colle-
cted out of S. Cyprian.

- 1 **W**ithout good woorkes a prudēt wight,
- 2 **A** fire without Religion quight.
- 3 **A** youth without obedience:
- 4 **A** wealthie wight that giues no pence.
- 5 **A** woman that is shamelesse stout:
- 6 **A** guide that vertue is without.
- 7 **A** Chyistian man contentious:
- 8 **A** pooze man proude and sumptuous.
- 9 **A** kyng that ruleth not by right:
- 01 **A** bishop negligent and light.
- 11 **F**olke without discipline and awe:
- 12 **S**ubiectts that liue, and haue no lawe.

A faiyng of S. Austin.

This naught on women but to looke,
tis woyle with thent to chat:

But

But women for to touche, perdie
naught maie be worse then that.

An olde saiying.

A Hunters breakfast cheefest is,
a Lawiers dinner best:
Hokes drinkyngs, Marchants suppers fine
surmount and passe the rest.

Of Lacon.

Why Lacon didst thou choose thy wife,
(quoth one) so feate and small?
To choose the lest, I holde it best,
(quoth he) of euells all.

Thinkyng on the latter daie.

If every man and woman would,
thinke on the latter daie:
Then men would mende, and women would,
the wantons ceasse to plaie.

Pleafe, Praife, and Praie.

Be sure not long the worlde will laste,
Pleafe, Praife, and Praie therefore:
Praie to the Lorde, hym praie and pleafe,
and care thou for no moze.

Fiue thynges white.

Fower thyngs are wondrous white, þ̄ fitte
thyngs moze then all the rest:

Snowe,

Snowe, siluer, Ceruse, hoarie heares,
a chaste vnsported hest.

Three thynges detestable.

Three thynges are detestable, vile:
a beggar proude and hye:
An old man leude and lecherous:
a riche man that doeth lye.

Three things not to be lente.

Three thynges a man not lendeth rise:
his hoyle, his fighting sword, his wife.

Three things should not be forgotten .

Three thynges should be remembered,
and prynced still in hreast.
Good turnes receyvd, good precepts pure,
and those that are deceast.

Of Mark miserable, that hanged
hymselfe.

Mark miser yester day I hard,
the hanging craft would trie:
And vnder thre pence (caitil wretche)
no Halter could he buy.
I buy no Ropes so deare (quoth he)
the price amazd the else,
For twoo pence halfpeny he agrees
at last, and hangs hymself.

Of

Of faiyng grace.

Who sitting downe doth take his meales,
And thankes not God in gratefull wise:
Goes as a brutishe Oxe to boord,
And rudely like an Ass doth rise.

The Best are hated of the Bad.

The ouglum owle Ioues bird doth hate,
the lothsum Ape doth spite
The Lion king, the carren Crow
the Swan fair, siluer white.

To the carpyng Corrector.

With kitish eyes thou canst decerne,
the scapes of other men:
But when thou shouldst correct thine owne,
as blind as Bubo then.

A staffe.

A Seemely thing in hand I am,
old age vphold I right.
I rule the steppes, I fear the dog,
I eate the wery wight.

The faiyng of BIAS.

BEhold thy selfe in Glasse,
and if so faire thou be:
Then doe thou fair and honest thinges
as best becremeth thee.
But if deformed, fowle,

and

and lothely thou appeare:
Requite that foule deformitie,
by manners fair and cleer.

To a frende.

When fishes thun the siluer streames:
When darknes yeldes bright Titans bea-
When as the bird that Phoenix hight, (mes,
Shall haue ten thousand mates in sight.
When Ioue in Limbo low shall lye,
And Pluto shall be platt on hye:
Then I will thee forlake my deere,
And not before, as shall appeare.

The torment of Turnecotes.

If readyng once a certaine booke
cald Pasquin in a traunce:
To finde the turnecotes toymnt there,
by turnyng twas my chaunce.
Suche as will ne hold with the hare,
noz yet run with the hound:
Suche as like waneryng whetheroocks,
with euery blast turne rounde.
Suche as with nether, hic, noꝝ hæc,
doe loue to be declinde:
But still with hoc, like neuters nought,
that turne with euery winde.
These faines he to be fast with cozde,
betwene two pillers bound:

About

About the mids, so that they hang,
 and can not tutch the ground.
 Upon their heads a pair of Harts
 huge hoynes are surely fixt:
 Hauyng a saile of linnen cloth
 their hidious hoynes betwixt.
 And at their heeles there hangs a bag,
 with coyne and mony stuf:
 So turne these turnecotes whirling round
 with euey little puff.
 For as the winde doth rise and blowe,
 and strike the strempyng sayle:
 Their heeles are headd on hie to heauen,
 then eache turnes by his taile.
 And as the wind doth ceasse to blowe,
 and quiet doth remaine:
 Then doth the ponderous poundstone purse
 bying doune their feete againe.
 So are these wretches whirld about,
 and now their heads on hie:
 And straight their heeles are heued vp
 vnto the loftie skye.

Translated out of Theocritus.

CVpido Venus dearilyng deste,
 to sweete his lipps with mell
 Soze longyng, came vnto an Hie,
 where Bees did shroude and dwell.

And

And myndyng now with Honie Sweete,
 to fill his bellie full
 He thursts his hande into the Hiu,
 and fast beginnes to cull.
 The Bees bestirre them, by and by,
 and pickt hym with their stynge:
 Wost Cupid dolefull doeth depart,
 and takes hym to his wings.
 He stamps, he stares, he taketh on:
 he knowes not what to doe:
 At last with tinglyng stynge hande,
 he comes his mother to.
 And thus begins to make his mone:
 ah mother, mother myne:
 The Bee mosse vile and pestilent,
 hath kilde Cupido thyne.
 Ah, out alas, what shall I doe?
 I neuer would haue thought
 The selie simple thistle Bee,
 could haue suche mischiefe wrought.
 Quoth Venus smilyng: what? alas,
 and doeth it greue you so?
 Content your self, you are but small,
 yet how you strike you knowe.

Preceptes written to his Cosen
 Paul Tooley.

P Dute

P **P**Are toward thy frende perseuer still:
A Auoide all anger that is ill.
V Upon the pooze thyne almes bestowe:
L Leaue vice, in vertue loue to growe.

T Talke little, heare muche: tell truth:
O Obeie thy better: hydle youth.
O Obtaine the loue of greate and small:
L Look on the Scriptures, ponder Paul.
E Earne, learne to liue, with life and lim:
Y Yelde praise to God, and praise to hym.

To all tender Youthes and
young schollers.

I f learnyng you neglecte, in age
 you will cris, ah alas,
Why did I not to studie sticke,
 in childhoode while I was.

A young schollers Poesie.

L *Eaue plaie, and loue learnyng :*
For feare of stripes earnyng.

Verfes written at the request of his Cofen
 MARY PALMER, in her praier booke
 called THE POMANDER
 OF PRAIER.

Make muche of modestie: be alwaies meke:
A bandon vice: for golden vertue seeke.

S **R**egard

R egard the good : the ill let nothyng by:
Y n mynde remember still that thou must die.

P lease parents thyne : persist in doynge well:
A y striue to staine the rest : and to excell.
L iue, learne, & loue : & alwayes know thy self:
M use al on heauē : passe smal on woꝝldly self.
E ndeuour at the narrow gate, to enter in:
R ule so thy self immoꝝtall fame to win.

To one that called hym
Spendall.

T hou spendall doest me call : I graunt
muche coine I spende perdie:
But thou doest spende thy self on whoꝝes,
thou spendest moꝝe then I.

To a Niggard that called
hym vnthrift.

T hou saiest I spend all, spend all still:
and nothyng ble to purse:
Thou pursest all, and spendest naught:
I ill doe : thou doest woꝝse.

To a certaine frende.

T hou spendall doest me call:
thou calst me rendall to:
I spende, rende, nothyng mende thou saiest,
yes sure, I mende my thoo.

The

The nature of the Hearnshew.

The Hearnshew though she haue y^e brookes,
 and riuers eke that runne:
Pet rayne and tempest she abhoyses,
 and seekes the same to shunne
By soying by and mounting hie:
 she thowdyng still doth rest
A loft in tops of tallest trees,
 and there doth make her nest.
She shuns her foe the Goshawke great,
 and Hawkes of other kinde:
Her hates and plagues the Hawk again,
 when that he can her finde.
When as the Hawke and Hearnshew fight,
 and strue aloft in skie:
For this one thing, with might of wing,
 both strue especially
Who may aboute the other get:
 if Hawke haue highest place
With earnest sight he conquers quight,
 the Hearnshew in short space.
But if the Hearnshew highest get,
 she squirtyng downe doth cast
Her dirt and dunge, the Hawke vpon,
 and spoiles hym so at last.

Fower properties of the dog.

Fower propertyes praiseworthy sure,
 are in the dog to note:

S.ii.

The

He keepes the houle, he feares the thefe
by barking with his throte.
He playes well the Whifition,
with lickyng tongue he cures:
Unto his mafter still he sticks,
and faithfull fast endures.

Of Boner.

Of Bifhops al, the beft fome did thee call:
Indeed thou wast the beaft of bifhops all.

To a naughty Lawier.

Wouldest haue mee tell what law thou hast?
thou hast as muche as need:
An old laid law, need hath no law.
no moze hast thou indeed.

Translated out of an Italian writer.

Lycoris in her bosome beares,
two Apples faire that shine:
Againe two Strawberries she beares,
in bosom hers deuine.
Her hourly beastes two apples be,
her nipples be two berries:
Her apples shine as white as snowe,
Her nipples red as cherries.
Loue came and suckt her tender beests
and said, now milke farewell:

My

My mothers byells with milke do strowt,
but these with Nectar swell.

ÆNIGMATA.

Nix.

More white I am then plume of Swan:
Daughter of Winter colde I am:
Lesse harde then Ice congeaid am I:
Yet not lesse colde then Ice perdie.
Thinner then Husshome that doeth growe:
To water thin heate makes me goe.
The letter first take from my name,
And nine in number thou doest frame.
If this woorde COR thou ad to me:
The blackest birde I am to see.

A Cherrie.

A Red skin glistering me doeth hide,
I doe with ioyce abounde:
In steade of harte I holde a stone,
wherein is kernell founde.

Paries.

With Lime together linkt am I,
strong made with stone am I:
I shield from shatterng showers the house,
the house I fortifie.
Take E awaie, and I shall be
of Ida Shepherd then:

S.iii.

The

The Judge betwene the goddesses
the wjacks of Troye agen,
And eke moſte filthie Leacher vile,
if P thou take awaie:
With hornes I puiſhe: walles doune I ruſhe:
the heauens I garniſhe gaie.

The Snaile.

BOneleſſe and footleſſe quight am I,
and quight deuouide of heare:
I haue no eyes to ſee withall,
but what my hornes doe beare.
Where ſo I goe, or where I touche,
I leaue a filthie ſlime:
Salte frettyng, doeth me ſoze annoy:
the talleſt tower I cline.

A Tennice ball.

Wthout, without here ſmothe I am,
yet full of heare within:
Rounde like a Boule: though feete I want,
to runne I doe not lin.
Although fine feathers light I lacke,
yet mounte I doe alofte:
And looke when I am ſtriken, then
my ſtrength repaire I ofte.

Vespertilio.

O f Euenyng darke my name I take:
my winges are made of ſkinne:

Ag

As other birdes I am not clothde
 with feathers light and thinne.
 I onely byng forthe ponge : alone
 my duggs with milke doe swell:
 All other birdes want teeth, with teeth
 but I am fenced well.

The Combe.

A Doynde with teeth on euery side,
 I framed am of boxe:
 Let baldepate me forbeare to vse:
 I parte the kangled locks.

Castanea.

My forrest faire I growe:
 eight letters spells my name:
 Take thre the laste awase, and so
 thou skant shalt finde a dame.

Of fower birdes, signifiyng the fo-
 wer quarters of the yere.

The Chaffinch shoves whē winter comes,
 whiche synges in Winter colde:
 When chittering Swallowe doch retorne,
 then Spryng is come he holde.
 The Cuckoo chauntes in Sommer tyme,
 when all thinges glister greene:
 The birde that hightis Ficedula,
 in Autumne still is seen.

S.iiii.

To

To the Reader.

Take in good parte these triflyng toyes,
good Reader whiche I write:
When as I was a boye with boyes,
these toyes I did indite.
Tuthe, tuthe, thei foolishe are thou saiest:
I graunt, thei are in deede:
But where are thy wise wondrous workes,
now where are thei to reede?

To his Cosen IHON KENDALL.

M^r Kendall cosen deare and frende,
all thyngs kend of thee bee:
Of thee the Scriptures all are kend.
is not all kend of thee?
He whiche knowes all, & knowes not Christ
naught knowes he: this is plaine:
Ken all of Christ, whiche is the hiest,
and count the rest as vaine.

To his dere brother IHON SHEPPARD
gent. of Grayes Inne.

M^r brother deere, my hope, my chere,
my trusty Sheppard true:
The surest Sheppard I can finde
among the Sheppards true.
By name thou art a Sheppard sure
a Sheppard eak in deed:
A happy Sheppard I thee finde

to

to mee in all my neede.
 So long as thou my Sheppard art,
 in lacke I can not liue:
 To pasture greene, by pleasant hokes,
 thou daily dost mee driue.
 Thou plaist the part of pastoz pure,
 thou keepst me in the way:
 Thou wilt not let mee wander wilde
 in wildernes astray.
 Thou wilt not let me let my foote,
 in Dypithe path to tred:
 Thou dost abhorre as Plutos Pit
 his mitred monstres hed.
 Perist good brother in the race,
 thou hast begun to runne:
 Serue God so as thou daily dost,
 the snares of Sathan shunne.
 Fight like a valiant Sheppard stout,
 against the Woulfe of hell:
 Feede like a Pastoz pure the poore,
 so as thou hast done well.
 So shall the Lord be Sheppard thine,
 and pay thee double twice:
 And byng thee to the pasture pure,
 of princely paradise.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of the right
 wife and worthy Matron the Lady

ALSE AVENON.

S.v.

¶

If that a modest Matrones milke,
 should moned be with cryes:
 Then theek and cry for her alone,
 that here engraued lyes.
It for to wayle the want and losse,
 of suche a Matrone rare
It be a fault, for her alone
 your cryes and theeches spare.

An EPITAPHE vppon the death of his
 deere Mother, ALSE KENDALL.
 Which died and lieth buried
 at Northaston.

Lo here she lyes, whose honest life
 perpetuall praise deserbd:
Lo here she lyes, whose life well led
 from vertue neuer swerbdde.
Lo here she lyes, whiche lkd in loue
 still with her linked fear:
Lo here she lyes, whiche while she lkd
 still held her children dear.
Lo here she lyes, whiche lkd her friend,
 and hated not her fo.
Lo here she lyes, that was belodd
 of all sortes, hye and low.
Lo here she lyes, that alwayes lkd
 her neighbour as her selfe:
Lo here she lyes, that moze esteemd

of

of heauen, then worldly pelfe.
 Lo here the lyes, whiche hated lies,
 and lodd to tell thee troth:
 Lo here the lyes, whiche gaue the pooze,
 both mony, meat, and cloth.
 For fine, in few wilt haue declarde
 of euery man the mind?
 Here lyes ALICE KENDALL worthy wife,
 the flower of woman kind.
 Here lyes her bones, hard crusht with stones
 in life lame were her lims:
 Now dead, her soule in siluer streames
 of Sollace sweetly swimmes.

¶ An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall : which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northaston in Oxford shire.

Here lies he dead, with stones opprest,
 whom stones opprest in life:
 Aye me that he was forste to dye,
 by dint of deadly knife.
 Who worthe the wretche that ript his fleshe:
 yet wretche why saie I to?
 Sith needs he would suche toyments trie,
 to ende his paine and woe.
 The life he liu'de, was sure no life,
 but euen a death in life:

And

And therefore pluckyng pangs he probdē,
 of cutters caruyng knife,
 He thought by pluckyng pinchyng pangs,
 to ende his pinyng paines:
 He thought to rid the ragged stone,
 that tide hym so in chaines,
 But (out alas) he ridde his life,
 (oh grisly gripyng greef)
 He was dispatched of his life,
 and I of my relect.
 Ah farewell father myne moste deare,
 in earth we parte with paine:
 Northaston wants thee, wailles and wepes,
 wishyng for thee againe.
 We want and wishe: we waille and weepe:
 we mourne (alas) and misse:
 Thou ne doest mourne, nor missest ought,
 nowt plasste in heauenly blisse.
 My losse I doe lament: and yet
 I ioye for gaine of thine:
 I losse a father, thou hast gainde
 perpetuall ioyes deuine.

An Epitaph vpon the death of his deare aunt
 ELLEN KENDALL: which died, and
 lyes buried at BLOXAM.

Here Ellen lies lapt vp in earth:
 whiche alwaies liude to dye,

And

And died to liue, to liue againe
 in lastyng ioyes on hye.
 Aye me when (wretche) I first gan liue,
 then gan the life to leaue:
 I thought to reape greate ioye by her,
 but she did me deceaue.
 She moze esteemde of heauen then earth
 and therefore God did giue
 Heauen vnto her: she hopte for heauen,
 now she in heauen doeth liue.
 Ah farewell Aunte, thou gauste me life:
 I lakte thy tender byeste:
 Thou diddest rocke me, when a babe
 in cradle I did reste.
 And haue I lost thee now so sone?
 no force: greate is thy gaine:
 In heauen we shall with pleasure meete,
 though here we parte with paine.
 Still didst thou liue the Lorde to loue,
 and thou didst loue to liue
 Still with the Lorde: and now the Lorde
 vnto thee life doeth giue.
 Lo, LIVE AND LOVE: this lesson learne,
 you that in earth remaine:
 That when you leaue to liue, you maie
 obtaine to liue againe.



THRE-

THRENODIA.

¶ A forrowfull Sonet vpon the death
of Walter, late Erle of Essex.

The Primrose cheef of princely peeres,
the Starre of Englande bright:
The Prince of perfect pietie,
the Diamonde of delight.
Dogged Death by direfull darte,
from Englande thou hast reft:
Our follace thou hast tane awaie,
and vs in fozrowe left.
We lothe to liue, and yet we loue
to liue, alone foz this:
That we maie waile this worthies want,
whom we fo foz doe miffe.
Ah farewell Erle moſte excellent,
foz thee doeth Englande weepe:
The Prince, the peeres, the people ſhreke,
in Death to ſee thee ſleepe.
Thy corps is clapt in cloddes of claie,
thy ſoule is loard on hie:
With ſainctes about the cluſteryng cloudes
to pearche perpetually.

Post cineres, virtus viuere ſola facit.



¶ *Imprinted at LONDON in Paules
Churche yarde, at the Signe of
the Brasen Serpent by
Ihon Shepperd.*

Anno. 1577.



MARTIALIS.

*Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse sui.*

Spenser Society.

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For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
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